

The background of the entire page is a reproduction of Michelangelo's famous fresco, "The Creation of Adam". It depicts Adam reclining on the left, his body in a state of tension, reaching towards God who is reclining on the right, supported by other figures. The central focus is the gap between the two hands, creating a sense of divine spark and tension. The fresco is set within a white rectangular frame.

SPECIAL SONGS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

LOUIS J SHARP

Chapter 1

GRANDCHILDREN

These poems were inspired by my grandchildren and are presented with love for them all.



SECTION 1

Those Eyes



My granddaughter Regan O'Hara Sharp

Those Eyes
Like a Frisbee floating in the air
They circle the horizon looking, seeing
Finally settling on the familiar, unusual
Accepting love, giving it back

Those Eyes
Pools of deep blue diamonds
Scanning you, letting you see her
Raising her arms for the pick up
Giving a hug, pressing for kisses

Those Eyes
Some from mommy, some daddy
Jesus watching over the little one
Her heart as one with His
Seeking to grow up, finding her way

SECTION 2

Baby Boy Sleeping



My Grandson Luke Norman Nichol

He seems so calm, before the storm
All pink and blue
Wrapped in softness like an old down comforter
Eyes slightly fluttering
With wrinkles and folds and soft little toes
Baby boy sleeping

He doesn't even know how special he is
Send kisses and hugs
But when he awakes and finishes his nap
Looking for mommy
Screams and shrieks and seeking a snack
Baby boy awaking

SECTION 3

All In A Row



My granddaughter Madeline Sarah Nichol

A confluence of spring,
Florida and little girl
Pink, blue, green or flowered
Ready for use
Flip-flops in a row

On waking at morn
Worn from the left
Replaced on the right
Carefully aligned
Flip-flops in a row

Each in their place
With shorts, dress or skirt
Coordinated for wear
A ritual repeated
Flip-flops in a row

Orders given, relayed
Be careful at night
Do not mix or bump
Stir or confuse
Flip-flops in a row

A sweetie each day
Bright, bubbly at play
Ready to swim
Or walk with a smile
Flip-Flops in a row

SECTION 4



Big Hugs For The Neck

Certain things are life's special gifts
The love of a daughter
Innocent and complete
A son's camaraderie
At work or at play
More fun than Christmas presents
And all special times
But in the autumn of life
What is best are
Big hugs for the neck
Given by little ones so warm, so lovely
Like a velvet collar
Soft on the skin
Each time they arrive and leave
Arms wide apart
Running to find that special person
Squealing with joy
Unbridled glee
Just waiting for the lift, to give
Big hugs for the neck

SECTION 5



My Big Sister

With curly hair, and sunshine smile
My big sister
Moving at will, calling my name

First to be born, learning to talk
My big sister
Trying to help, even when small

Willing to try, but also to teach
My big sister
Seeing the moon, bright in the sky

Swinging so high, so high, so high
My big sister
Splash in the pool, warm and inviting

Always a friend, ever so long
My big sister
Learning to be just like her

I only dream, as I look back on life
My big sister
She could be mine in a time long ago

SECTION 6



Dancing With Joy

After dinner the cry went up
Music, daddy, music
Please, princess music
Two little sisters began the romp
Both blond, one older, one younger
Each a dervish twirling
Skipping, prancing, hopping in concert
Watch me, no watch me
See I can gallop, see papa
With a mixture of ballet, jazz and tap
They twist like a maple seed
Blowing in the wind
But with shrieks of joy
Pure ecstasy for all
I hope they relish this time
When life is easy, when all worries
Are about dancing in joy together
Sisters as one

SECTION 7



For my grandsons, Luke, Louis, Keating and Jack

Little Truck Noises

Emanating from the floor while sitting
Or in his seat at rest
The new voice brings forth
Little truck noises to please himself
Sheer delight at the sound

Giggles at his sister's noisy scampers
Following their antics
Silly clown faces made for him
Making squeals of excitement
Happy to see them all

Playing with toys, stopping the wheels
Of his little truck or tractor
Eyes survey the situation
With the brightness of learning
Excited at the prospect of fun

SECTION 8



Little Blond Smiles



Little blond smiles running in the hall
Little blond smiles laughing at all
So much energy, so few cares
So much to do, with long flying hairs

Little blond smiles please go to bed
Little blond smiles don't knock your head
So many stories to read and to tell
So much play and fun things to quell

Little blond smiles you appear as an angel
Little blond smiles always tied in a tangle
So many kisses to give to your daddy
So many hugs to lavish on Poppy

Little blond smiles when you grow tall
Little blond smiles remember the hall
So many children to hustle in curls
So many tales for your own little girls

SECTION 9

Each A Treasure



For my children and grandchildren

Each little life
Given in love
Is a treasure to behold
To cherish
Some are old, some young
Some are here, some gone
But a treasure just the same
More precious than gold
Or a meadow of daisies
God entrusts them
To us
Just briefly
Preparing them to return
To Him who sent them
Some soon, some later
But each a treasure
In my life to love

SECTION 10



Little Legs



Little legs covered with socks
Tight below the knees
Little feet in little cleats
Pink and black with stripes

Running on the field of grass
Green and short and cool
With ponies bouncing all around
Blonde curls tied in bows

Shouts of joy and hugs for all
Having lots of fun
White spiders run in a pack
Up and down the pitch

Brings me back to long ago
Mommy looked the same
In her soccer socks and shoes
Shorts with little legs

SECTION 11



Little Voices, Little Sayings

Little voices and little sayings
Make Papa laugh
And fills him with pride
Like a bright colored balloon
Ready for a party

“Hailey, do it” announces
Independence, growing up
Determination and pushing
Blond hair flying in the breeze
Marching off on her own

With arms uplifted to the sky
And those blue eyes bright
“I hold you” means
Let me hug you
With arms snaked around your neck

Papa questions can he talk,
Or sit, or does he have teeth
“No, Lukie’s too little”
With bubbling giggles
And sparkling smiles

As we plan for the day
“Let’s recap one more time”
Bursts forth amid laughter
As she teases her Papa
See how grown she’s become!

Grandfather’s pride
Sometimes is shown only
In the joy received
Multicolored Christmas presents of
Little voices, little sayings.

SECTION 12



Princesses Afloat



Little princesses in pink and blue
Excited each evening to
Seeing monkeys and elephants
Folded in towels
Little girls prancing and dancing
In swimsuits and sundresses
By the azure swimming pool
Enjoying the sun on their hair
Ariel, Aurora, and Cinderella
Dressed in their finery
Smiling and posing and thrilling
Each of the little ones
Three princesses and one prince
Cruising the world with
Nana and I
Pleasure for all

SECTION 13



So Early, So Little



You came into our life
So early, so little
Pink and cuddly
A perfect little boy
With fingers and toes
Wriggling about

Having many names
Peanut, Buddy, LJ
Each special and
Each perfect
Whispered in your ear as
We touch and hold

So much to teach us
Love and trust
Your heart connecting with ours
By just being yourself
Each day a gift
Your gift to all

SECTION 14



Given in Love

Some are leaders
Priests or farmers
Parents, children and friends
But one was given as pure love
To be shared in stories
And memories
Hugged in our dreams
As we do our pillow
Soft and sweet.
The ache is still there
Will always be
The hole in our hearts
But love can be shared
Her life with ours
This is the gift to us
Given in love

SECTION 15



One More Gift

A tiny little one
Making her purchases
With care and delight
Wanting a present for herself
But not enough for one more gift

She made a choice
More adult than most
To give of herself
To provide for others
Not enough for one more gift

That little one did not realize
That in this choice
She received the grace of giving
An inspiration for Papa
More than enough as one more gift



Chapter 2



FAMILY



These poems are for and about my family, who supply me with support, love, laughter and inspiration.

SECTION 1

Being a Dad is Hard

I don't think my father really warned me
About the daddy issues I'd see
As I worked to be a husband and father
Being a dad is hard

When they are born and in the crib
At the table, in the highchair with a bib
We laugh at their silly antics
Being a dad is hard?

There are times when you have to warn
Set boundaries to keep them from harm
Wishing you could use a feather pillow
Being a dad is hard.

A kiss from a daughter, a hug from a son
Their first joke or story, laughs by the ton
These are the things you remember
Being a dad is hard?

As they grow and make mistakes
One can allow that or give them breaks
It is always so hard to see this happen
Being a dad is hard.

Driving the car, going on a date
Staying awake as they come in late
That worry continues as they grow older
Being a dad is hard.



When they are down in the dumps
Or are out of sorts with the grumps
You find the patience to cope
Being a dad is hard

Many times you continue when sad
Find the strength to deal when mad
It always gets better with time
Being a dad is hard.

Seeing them grow to a mom or dad
It is really quite enjoyable, not sad
They make you happy and quietly proud
Being a dad is hard?

There are always more good times than bad
So even with the work of being a dad
Remember the reward for you in heaven
Being a dad is hard?

SECTION 2



A Brother Keeper

Young or old does not matter
Brothers are special like a soft pillow
They prop you up when exhausted
And always have your ear
They share your story, your life
Even when far away
The challenge is always there
To stay ahead
To guide
But also to follow and support
My life is golden and rich
Because of his presence there
My brother, my keeper



SECTION 3

Cousins

Cousins are like brothers and sisters
Just a little more distant
Butterflies with different wing patterns
But warm and familiar
Nourished from the same garden
Reminding each other of stories
With laughter and love
Of times long ago when parents were young
Brought together often in thought
If not in flesh, no matter
When they gather at times
Of joy or sorrow in celebration
Love is the bond, the reason
That cousins find to enjoy
The sips of nectar that is family



SECTION 4

Family

Family is warmth
Love, sharing, solid
Each individual, a member
Like a bouquet of roses
All beautiful but different
Family is love
Shown in so many ways
Caring, helping, feeling
Pulling together
Being in support
To spread the burden
Of worry
And share the joy
Of life



SECTION 5

Master Teacher



What is a master teacher?
They guide, instruct, care
But mostly love
Love their subject, school, and life
But mostly their students

What is a master teacher?
They excite, explore, experiment
But mostly expect
Expect hard work, focus, and precision
But mostly the best

Who is a master teacher?
They are young or old
But surely alive
Alive in their attitude, devotion, and mind
But mostly their spirit

Where is a master teacher?
They are here and there
But usually rare
How do I know? I know
I am married to one.

SECTION 6

My Love



Girls look for a prince, starting so young
To carry them off, into a magical place
A place to share, to love, to be
But what of young men, how do they see?

I know not of others, and what they seek
But for me, my love sat down to eat
At a table of friends, but I only saw one
Shining that time, as bright as the sun

We spent time, special time for sure
Just being together, for lunch, and in talk
The weekend too short, each journeying home
Counting the days, by mail or by phone

A prom in South Bend, taking her home
Then sharing graduation, my family, my love
In soft evening light, not wanting to part
Decided to ask and give her my heart

Our wedding was grand, then off to the west
A long trek back in a year and a half
Babies arriving, one, two, then, three
All of them growing, getting big as a tree

Now they are gone, with families their own
My love is still there, shining bright as before
Still learning to love her, my heart is alive
As we look to the future, another long drive

God will guide us for sure, He always does
As we enjoy our life, the journey still left
But I remember that day so long, so clear
When my princess sat down, to by me be near

So now you see what a young man does think
As he finds his true love, his heart
And takes her off to a magical place
To share, to be, to give each His grace

SECTION 7



Not Prepared

When it happened, I was not prepared
Not sad but not prepared
I had to talk to each son
In person, in intimacy
The trip to the arch was quiet
The wake was busy, remembering
Being glad he was my dad
A time to bond with my brother
A time to celebrate his life and mine

It happened again and I was not prepared
Just a short time later
It seemed
She was prepared not me
Books in a row for each
Laid out near the door
A return to the arch
To gather as family
Celebrating her life and ours

It will happen again
This time I need to be prepared
Having shown my heart
To the children
Giving them my story
So that I have no regrets
Being ready for Jesus
And the final trip
To celebrate in eternity

SECTION 8



To Be Young Again

Time ago in innocence we began
Together, engaged, in love
A trip to take
Down a path thought straight
To be young again
Years pass, fast forwarding life
Experience replaces innocence or does it?
The road forward still straight
That back not so
To be young again
Generations pass as little ones grow
Recreating life anew
Gray in the mirror not the inside
Love ever expanding as life
To be young again?
We still are

SECTION 9

What Do I Love



A soft voice
Fog-like but challenging
From behind a warm smile
Given in love
Makes me realize my potential
Is it the voice of the Lord
Or my dearest?
Maybe the same

Sweet curves
Pressed against me
Holding my hand, warm, moving
Entreating to follow
Or journey her along with me
Beauty to savor
Excitingly calm
To the end of our time

Tears of compassion
Dripping like dew on blades
In joy and in sorrow
Opening up
The depths of her heart
Ever young
And so vibrant
Touching my very soul

Gift of herself
Passed to each child
In selfless offering to them
Modeling Jesus
Showing His loving way
Always a light
In their lives
A beacon of strength

SECTION 10



Your Beautiful Face



Your face is a portrait of the soul
Streaming the light
Of love
Or the clouds of pain and despair
Beaming across the table
A mirror of reflected warmth
Giving a hint of
The effect
Of my own love flung back