

*Life
Happens*



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Life happens

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Cathy Wagner

Dedicated to my beautiful family and to all those people I saw on my many train journeys who gave me inspiration as well as those friends who encouraged me to write and get this happening.

This is Book 1.

Life happens

Life is how you want it to be

You feel like you just want to frown

Life it seems is wrong, not right

But wait, don't fret, just hold on tight

You see life's full of downs and ups

But don't let it muck you up

Get up, smiled and happy be,

Let your life be full of glee

Only you can change it you see

You wake up and you're feeling down

Life is how you want it to be!



Life happens

Friendships

Friendships come and friendships go

But none are like the ones I know.

My friends are true my friends are blessed

My friends all help, they're the best.

You know good friends are hard to find

That's why I value all of mine.

So when you're feeling like a friend.

Remember, the ones that are true to the end



Life happens

Good friends

I am so lucky to have good friends

Who I can always meet

Whenever I'm down or feeling blue

They always seem to greet.

I know I can rely on them

To have a talk or two

And always laugh and have some fun

Whenever I feel blue.

I know that they are always there

No matter the time of day

I know that I can call on them

Whenever I'm sad or afraid

And so I feel real happy

That I am blessed with friends

So try to find a friend or two

Cause they make life much better for you!

We often try to get together

Life happens

And have a coffee or two

But sometimes it is just so hard

When we've got so much to do.

However, I know that no matter what

No matter how long it's been

I know I can rely on them

To help in times of need.

And do I'd like to say thank you

For always being there

I hope that I can do the same

Cause friendships always care.



Life happens

Tough times

Why is it that it's so hard to be

In places where people are mean to me

I try to do my best and yet

Some can't forgive, and I can't forget.

I've tried to do the best I could

I came to a new place and felt that I should

I felt I was led here, I don't know why

But it's time to move on before I cry.

I wanted to please and make it good

I was told it was falling apart and I should

I thought I could help, I came enthused

However I leave being very bemused.

For being different, I was knocked

I wasn't accepted or one of the lot.

I lost my enthusiasm from the first day

Life happens

I wanted to run but instead I prayed.

Although I had done lots of jobs

I wasn't from the same job lot

I wasn't accepted by some who made

Me feel like I was a little strange.

They knocked me and mocked me

I felt stabs in the back

And when I was down

They said I was slack.

A few they supported me

And became good friends

But too they were snubbed.

I hope now it might end.

Now that I'm leaving to please the strange few

But yet, I feel great it's me going, not you.

And so, for the ones who eventually became

Friends I could talk to, Thank you again.

Thank you for your support and love.
I know that you're from heaven above.
Although somehow, I feel you won't ever
Be happy until you've left here too, forever.
But then I found the perfect job
Where I was meant to be.
'Tis writing down what I have found
True life as is for me.



Life happens

Why do I write?

It's funny how when I feel sad or blue

I feel like writing a poem or two

It's like there's a part of me that wants to come out

And tell the whole world what my life's all about

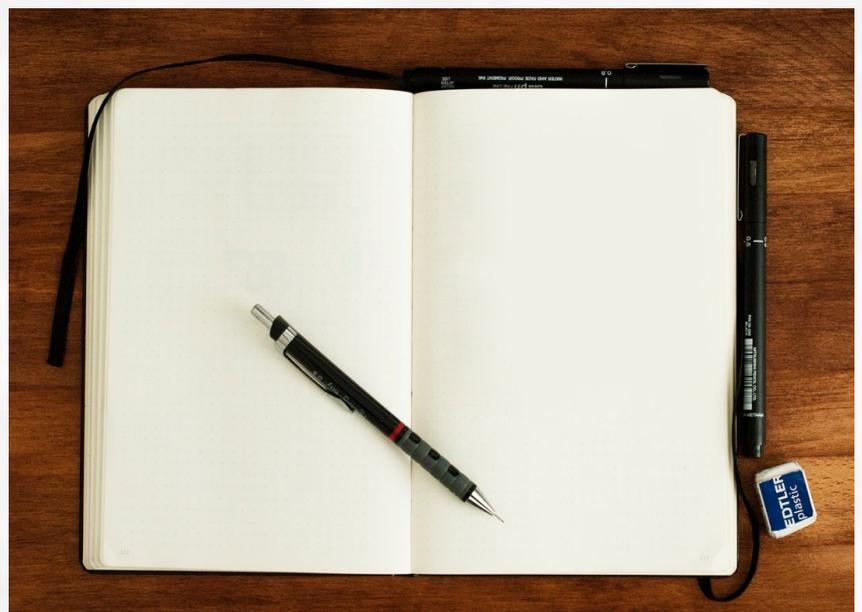
It's like someone inside me says right now, let's write

A poem or so - that's what it's about!

So here's yet another of those poems inside

That comes out every now and then

When it time not to hide!



Life happens

Grown up

I hear the words I hear the song

And yet it seems that it's all wrong

You see its making me feel sad

When all I want to be is glad

You see I found a purpose to

What my life is supposed to do

I've found my heart is lifted up

I'm not alone, I have grown up.



Life happens

Sunset

As the sun goes down and chill sets in

I seek to listen from within.

I sit and ponder what's to come

Will I ever find some fun?

Will I find the life I hope?

Of laughter, and a great old joke?

And so I meditate and pray



- To find an answer for today.

Life happens

Music

I listen to my songs with ease

I listen to opera it makes me pleased

I love the quiet songs they sing

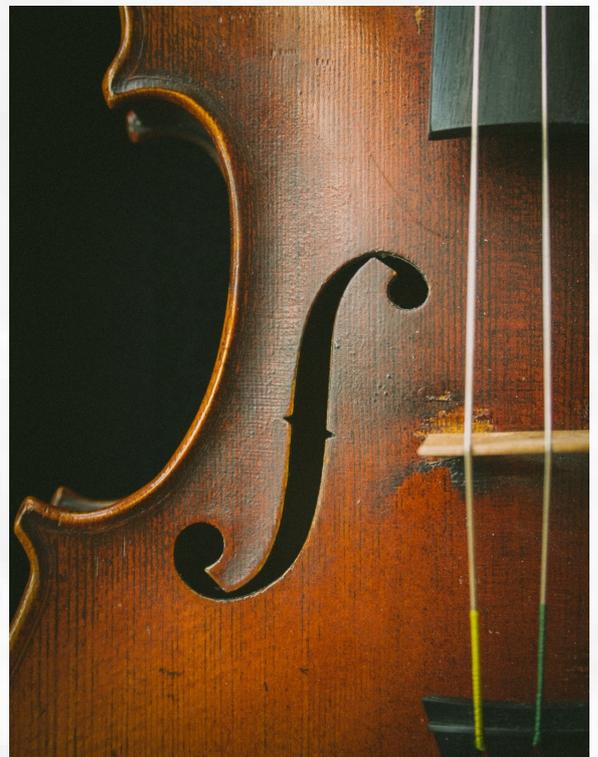
The pleasure that it brings within

I hear them sing some songs to soothe

I hear the words to ease my mood

I love to share songs in my heart

With those I care for and I love.



Life happens

Funny old streets

Life's full of funny streets

It takes you where you don't want to be

It's full of hurdles you don't really like

And ups and downs and sometimes strife

I'm not really sure who writes the book

Of life's hurdles for us, each to look

I think it's chosen before we're born

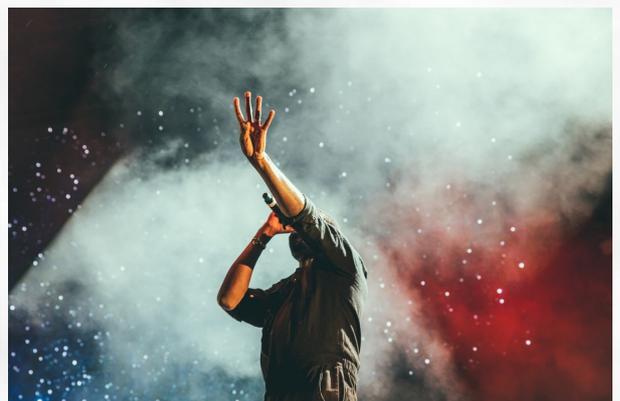
Of the challenge that we would like to learn

I think before I came to be

I wanted a challenge, just for me

Is this how my life's turned out to be?

I guess I'll just have to take it and see!



Life happens

Life's Too Short

Life's too short to get things done

Just when it starts, it's over at once

It seems that when life starts to get a bit better

Something else comes along, just to test the weather.

Life's too short not to be at peace

When it comes down to why, God doesn't desist

He doesn't give in, He tests you again

And then when you're there, It's nearly the end!



Life happens

Lost time

As I sit here and contemplate

What is my future, what is my fate?

I realise that I've been forgetting

The important things like "What's in heaven?"

I realise that I've forgotten

What it's like just to do nothing.

I've forgotten what it's like to sleep in a little

Or lie around thinking, what's for dinner?

I've forgotten what it's like to hear the birds

Or listen to my children's words

I realise now that time's passed by

I've been left behind I've lost my time.

But now it is time, to get it all back.

Now is the time to spend time together

With people I love, for now and forever.

Life happens

The lady in the house

I used to walk on by your house and see the two of you

I'd stop to say hello and then I'd walk on further too.

I'd stop and talk and say hello and talk about the weather

We'd talk about the flowers too and then you'd walk together.

And you were always there, the two of you together.

You both seemed so happy then

In the garden and beautiful weather.

I'd always see the lady of the house out in the yard so green

She'd always stop and say to me

"How are you and where have you been?".

She always liked to keep the place

So fresh and nearly new

And keep it neat and very clean

The pretty flowers too.

And you were always there

The two of you together.

You both seemed so happy then

In the garden and beautiful weather.

I walked one day and missed your dog

And wondered how he was

I know he was old and not too well And hoped he wasn't gone.

And then my life it got too busy

And I never had time to walk

Around the block to see you both

We never got to talk.

*And you were always there The two of you together. You both seemed so
happy then In the garden and beautiful weather*

But then again, I drove on by

And noticed that the space

Was getting rather overgrown

And not quite the same place

The flowers that used to be so neat

That it has always been

And all that in between.

And you were always there

The two of you together.

You both seemed so happy then

In the garden and beautiful weather.

And then I heard your wife had gone

And hoped it wasn't true.

I wonder now and then of you

And wonder should I call.

I would like to say hello to you

Just to let you know

I often think of you both

And wonder how you're going.

I wonder that you may miss her

I wondered what had happened to

The garden all so green,

And know how you must be

To have someone you loved so much

I wonder how you feel.

And you were always there

The two of you together.

You both seemed so happy then

In the garden and beautiful weather.



Life happens

Exercise

I find I ride to exercise

It also helps me exercise

My thoughts so deep and dark within

I bring them up, till I feel thin

I ride until I puff and pant

"It helps me think" I say and rant

I find it helps me think so clear

"It does all that?" you say, I hear?

So I am grateful for my ride

I thank my boss for giving me time

For me to stay at home to work

So I can clear my head to start



Life's Collections

Nature

The green pond frog sits on the toad

He watches flowers and seeks a load

Of insects that he wants to eat

Oh for his life if peace I seek!



Nature's song

I like to listen to the words

Of people animals and birds

They all have something they want to say

They speak the language of the day

The birds they twitter and they squawk

And people they just want to talk

A dog it barks and frogs they croak

But God He calls them all His folk

He doesn't talk or squeak to sing

He tells you to listen to within

He comes in dreams and quiet times

We need to listen for his rhymes

And so next time you hear a sound

Listen within to answers you've found

Faces

So many faces on the train

I wonder about

I look in each one

And see what life's all about

There's kids wagging school

Having fun, fancy free

They don't care what they do

Or whether they're noisy

Then there's the man in suit

With glasses on his nose

He looks to seem busy

No time to smell the rose

A young couple in love

Shows what life's all about

They seem to say

"Look I'm in love" they shout
There's one woman of
Greek or Italian descent
One fat, one thin, they are happy life's spent
And another, she sits by the window
She seems so sad and unhappy
As she stares out the window
Looking for love and some glee
Then a woman in a scarf who shows some religion
As she reads her Koran
She shows obligation
And the two at the back
They chatter away
About nothing in particular
So engrossed in what they say
One sleeps, one snores, one reads the paper
As we all go to work, We've found life, until later!

Your mind sets you free

A life so it seems

Has its ups and downs

But it's really how you use it

And approach it's sounds

For no matter what our life

Dishes out for us all

It's our thoughts and our minds

That enhances it all

There's those that are trapped In a body so frail

And some are confined

In a small, city jail

Yet their mind is still free

To explore the worlds secrets

It's that wide universe that's gives them no limits

There's those that are trapped

In a marriage unloved
Or a job that seems boring
It's the walls that are bars
There's some who appear
To have no life at all
So where are you at
In this life that's worth living?
Are you being a carer
For family so small ?
Or are you now living
A life that's freefall?
Are you trapped in your mind?
Or have you started forgiving?
But whatever life brings
Be it prison or home
It's your mind - sets you free
Keeps you from being alone.

Selfish woes

Why is it seems to be

That people are selfish it seems to me

They think not of others but themselves

Their problems and woes but no one else

Their life is trapped "Oh help me please"

They think that no one else has grief?

Their health, their kids, their marriage woes

Are all that they think of, all we're all told?

If only they could turn it round

To see some others on the ground

To serve to see, to find another

Their life would then be happy for others

But alas it seems, it is not so

That some can think of another's woes

Me thinks this world would better if we gave to others .. What we give to thee

Trapped

Feeling trapped is in the mind

Regardless of the bars we find

Whether marriage or jail or health keeps us bound

It's our mind that keeps us there I've found

And so we need to think of those

Who may be worse off than our woes

We need to wonder whether another

Has out life or is trapped in another

So set it free that mind that ponders

What's its like to be there yonder?

Don't be held by physical bounds

Let your mind set you free to be without sounds

Let it drift and seek another" who gives back and frees you brother

Frees your mind to realise, there's no limit to the skies

So just relax think not of chairs. Think of thin and free your reigns!

City streets

I watch the people come and go

And pass the others they don't know

Each seems to keep all by themselves

They don't even speak or seem to delve

They pass on by the man in the chair

Who cannot walk and goes nowhere

He tries to blend into the crowd

And doesn't want to seem too loud

And there's the one who sits alone

Out on the streets without a phone

They pass on by, ignore his pleas

For coins or food, he says with ease '

How has it come this to be unkind

To walk in by without a care

Is it 'cause they don't wish to stare?

Why can't they just stop once to say
"How are you" or "Have a nice day"
But instead, they walk on just walk on by
It makes me say, I want to cry
"Just stop and look at what you are,
You've come to this, you're worse by far!
Why don't you stop for just one moment
And give to others a smile, a token.



Greedy people

My Lord I pray for those that are here

That they could feel the need

To give some time to other's thoughts

Instead of their own greed.

You see dear Lord they suffer so

And think that they are ill

They whine and tell me that they're sick

But they're not, that I know.

They feel its life that"s let them down

They seem to be depressed

But yet it's life they"re missing now

Unless they find life's debt.

If only they could see it's that

They need to give to others

Not think of their only woes ... and whine about the others!

Life's Collections

Depression

Help, I'm depressed, my life's slipping by

Help others to see, my need, I cry

Life's hard I know but its slipping by

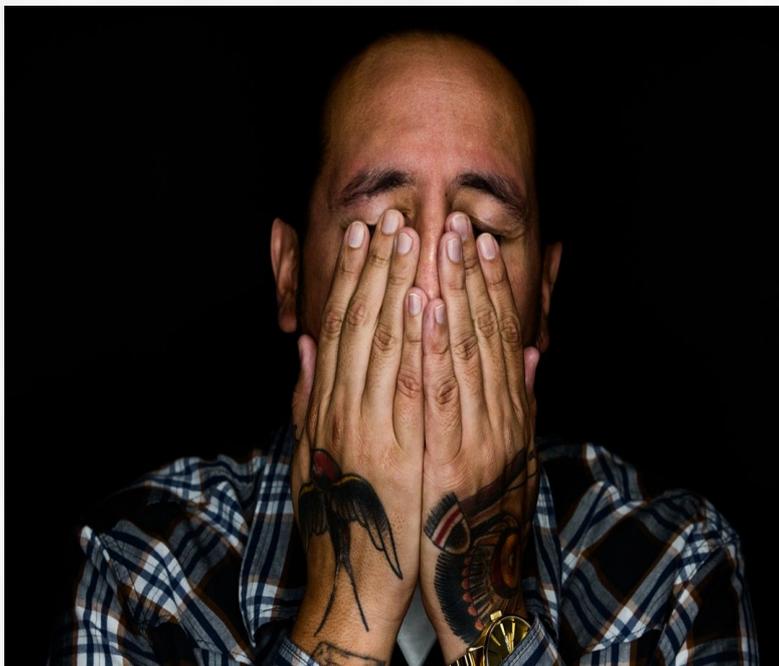
So help me to see and help me to try

I need to get out and see life again

And find what its like to live with no pain.

I need to smell flowers and see the blue sky

And help others see why life just slips by.



What life's all about

It's life that I know now

Is what you make of it

Not wallow in pity

Instead of get on it

I've woken from slumber

I've now seen the light

And life is not yonder

Its under my eyes

I now smell the flowers

I now see the sky

No longer it's foggy

It's mine now to try

And so I'll come out now

And find earth's true love

There's so much to live for

And so many to hug
Its suddenly I've found
Life's not about me
It's about helping others
And helping them see
That their life's a wonder
And it's not in pain
I'll have to get out there
And tell them to gain
That life with-out misery
And drugs and life's woes
Get out, give to others
That's how life should go.



I've had enough!

The man he sits, she's in his ear

He looks as if to say "my dear,

Why don't you stop this talking now?

I'm tired and want some rest, somehow"

But she ignores his pleading eyes

And talks non-stop

"Oh please" he cries

"I've had enough,

I want to rest

Just let me be". He stops to test

And then it's like she seems to know

He's had enough

Its time to go!

Train stations

“Stand behind the yellow lines”

The man he calls to those so blind

The rule says “don’t go over it

Or the train will make you stick”

But people they ignore his pleas

Until enough he’s had of these

And yells “that one in jeans and shirt Just stop and listen .. or you’ll be dirt!”

The crowd it stops and then it sees

The person he talks of, if you please

They laugh and talk and then somehow

They go back and ignore the crowd.



Trains

One train, two trains,

Three trains, Four

They seem to come

And go for more

They grunt and they squeak

And sway with such ease

And those are inside

Just sit there with ease.

They seem to trust

That it will stop

At where they need

To be their stop.



Train Stop

“Next stop, Picton”

The train guard says

On the trip to the end of the road,

Thank goodness we're there

I hear myself say

And it's the end

Of another hard day.

The trip seems so long

Two hours each way

To travel to the CBD

Is all I can say.

What choice do we have?

No jobs to be had

So life it is now,

And long journeys on a train.

Life's Collections

Waiting

Standing on the station

Waiting for the train

Cold air surrounds me

What is there to gain

Station master tells us

The train's late today

I wrap my scarf around me

To make it seem ok.



Life's Collections

Train Station Parking

A parking lot's a lonely place

In the middle of the day

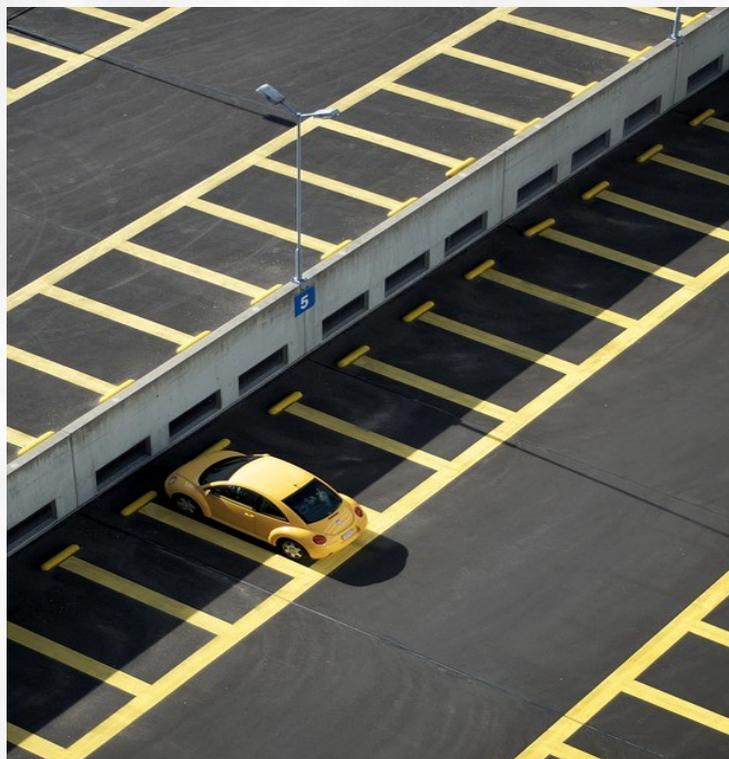
Unless you're a cheeky car

Who wants to be there to play

The red, the blue the yellow cars

They all come out to park

At the station's parking lot



Until it gets dark!

Smokers

They stand on the platform

And draw their last breath

They hurry it up

The trains due to leave

Its seems that they need

Just one more puff

To ensure they survive

The long trip, it's tough.

If only they knew

The effects it would have

On their lungs and ours

They are such a pain.

But no, they go on

They're addicted to it

It's a shame they invented the damn think I think!

Life's Collections

People

People come in all shapes and sizes

Some black, some white

There's no prizes

With blond hair or brown Black, red, died or blue

With glasses and freckles

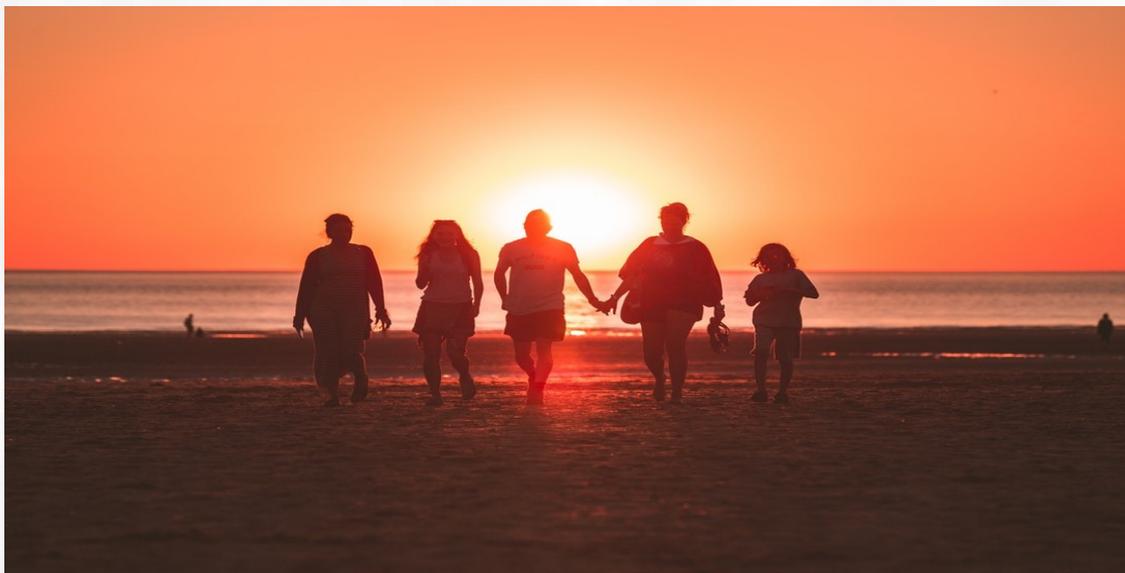
And pimples there too.

No matter what looks

A person may have

In God's eyes they're perfect

They're loved and they're glad.



Life's Collections

A bag's life

A bag's a pretty life

To have when new and clean

The lady buys it off the shelf

And wears it to be seen

But then it's put down on the ground

And thrown back in the car

It's bounced around and tumbled down

It really does go far

But then it's time to trade it in

It's really all a tatters

It holds no more

It's time to trade

That's really all that matters



Life's Collections

Music

He listens to his music loud

His headphone on his ears

“It's really loud” the people say

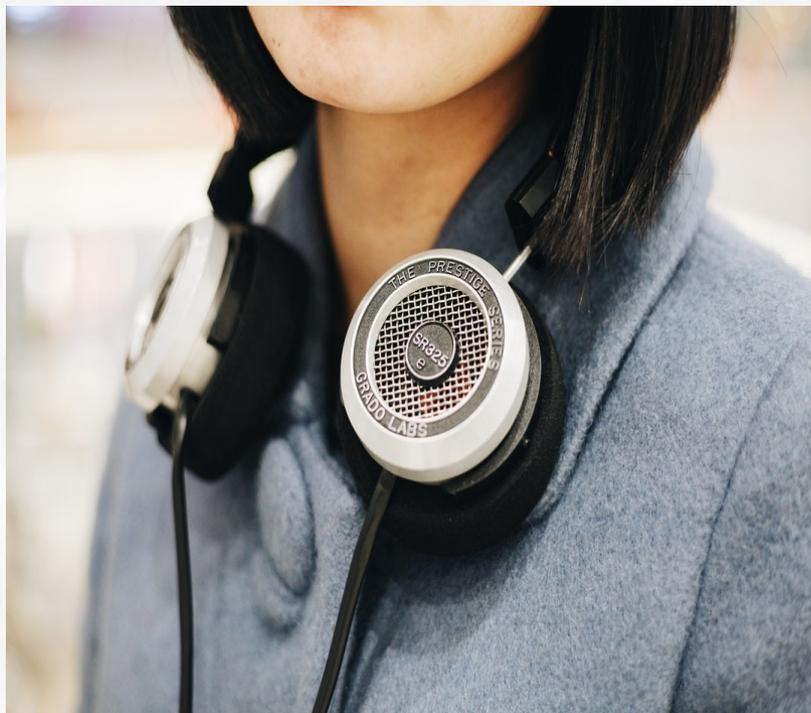
“It brings you down in tears!”

The boy he seems so ignorant

Of what this sound has done

But those around they get so mad

They really seem undone!



Her Beauty

Spending time to do her hair

She tries to make her face

She looks up in the mirror

And tries to paint the space.

But really she is beautiful

So beautiful and fair

It's only others make her feel

Her beauty is not there.

She puts on her clothing

She tries on her new shoes

She tightens up her bra line

To give her nice full boobs

She looks in the mirror

And tries to fix her clothes

To fill in all the spaces

Life's Collections

So she can be noticed
But really she is beautiful
So beautiful and fair
It's only others make her feel
Her beauty is not there.
She walks to the party
She finds the right man
He makes her feel beautiful
And tries on his plan
She drinks to feel better
He gives her some more
They make love forever
Until they're both sore
And now she feels beautiful
So beautiful and fair
It's only him that makes her feel
Her beauty is so rare

Life's Collections

But then its tomorrow

And he's all but gone

It's only his aftershave

The smell lingers on

And suddenly she realises

What's been done that night

It's not just virginity

He takes so polite

She suddenly now feels lost

She tries to feel better

She washes and scrubs herself

To take off his letter

But now she feels not beautiful

Not beautiful and fair

She kills herself to make her feel

Much better now she's not there

Life's Collections



The man in the wheelchair

The man he sits all by himself

His legs they just wont go

The carriage is too small to fit

His wheelchair there and so

He sits out in the space outside

That is between the sides

Its cold and damp and no ones there

To talk to him besides.

He tries to feel as if it's fine

And really doesn't matter

But yet he's really lonely there

Cause no ones there to chatter

He reads a book and when its time

To get off at his station

The station master comes and takes

Life's Collections

His chair to the right platform.

I don't know what he does from there

I'm sure he finds another

We part because we've separate lives

Until we meet much later.

But next time I think that I will stay

To try and make some chatter

Maybe we can try to find a place

That is so much better

Then we can feel comfortable

In the train together

And we'll both feel so much better.



Life's Collections

Old age

Old age

Freedom dying

Bones creaking

Memory sliding.

Fear mounting

God nearer

Praying harder

He's hearing.

Have faith

Be proactive

Take time now

To be active.

Don't get depressed

Think good actions

Try to walk more

Life's Collections

Get bones acting.

Life's a cycle

Watching young ones

See life growing

Learning actions.

Heart now gives out

Slowly acting

Happy feelings

Seen more action.

Time to leave now

Gone to heaven

Memories now

Of life's lessons.



Life's Collections

When I was young

When I was young I used to run

And jump and skip and play

But now I try in vain to hide

Those wrinkles I have gained

My life it seems has worn itself

All out from head to toe

My skin it sags, my hair it lags

My energy's all but gone.

And so I paint my picture

Just to make myself look young

Just to try to feel a little better
And to look good for my loved one....

Time

Time catches up

With all of us

Life's Collections

And aging we all do

Along with it

We find we fit

No longer into shoes

A lonely life,

We hide from strife

We find we're missing those

That we knew

Who lived so few

We ache from head to toe.



Wrinkles

Wrinkles, pain

And aches we have

A lonely life, we find

We yearn for that

Of life we had

And that we left behind.

We miss our friends

Our dogs and cats

And those that we once loved.

We treasure them

And think as they

Are now in heaven above.

And so its life

That's passed us by

And given so much pain.

Life's Collections

And yet we should
At our age instead
Have so much to gain.
And so we live
The final days
With those also so frail.
I guess its time
To leave behind
Those memories we refrain.



Sad eyes

Sad eyes I see

They look at me

And seem to say

I want to play

I wonder why

They seem to be

What is it so

That makes them tho

I look at her

And see a life

Not of love

But of strife

She seems to say

I'm sad today

For something's bad..

Life's Collections

I feel so mad

Why can't it be

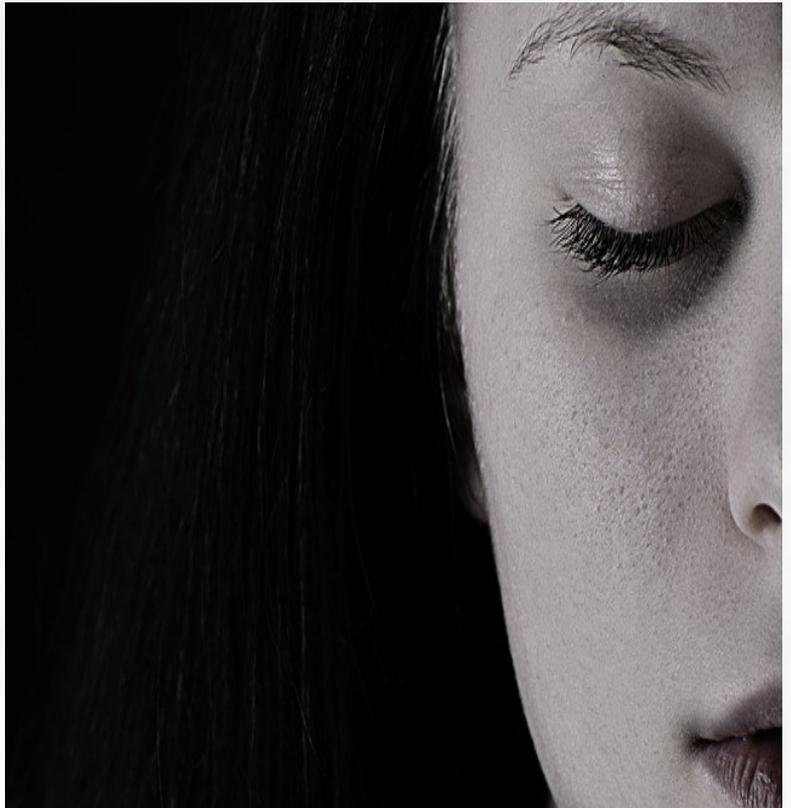
That life is free?

And so I pray

For her today

That she may see

A life more free.



Life's Collections

At the end of the day

At the end of the day

Words can be so hard to say

At times, depends on time of day

Sometimes it's hard to say what counts

Those little words, they seem to mount

Its words like "sorry" "love" and "help"

They seem to take some time to tell

And yet there are some words that say

And shouldn't be said at the end of the day

Those words they seem to hurt at times

I'm sure there's other words that rhyme

That way those they're meant to be for

Won't get upset and say some more

Instead we should use more of those That are hard to say, although they grow

So come let's all try to say "I love you" every minute, of every day.

Flowers

Blooms and perfume

Colour they do show

Joy they give me

Love they do show

Life they bring now

To those somehow

Who I have lost

Love or forgotten such

So I give you

Flowers to show who

Those I care for

And I adore.



Life's Collections

Colours

Blonde or brown

Black or white

Life seems so

To be polite

Then there are those

Colours that show

That loves been there

For those to share

So colours mix

And become betwixt

Like fawn and olive

And colours not solid

They bring a side

To those who hide

And show that grey, comes into their day.

Life's Collections

Next stop

Next stop, "Domestic Airport"

Those that stop here will then deport

From this city to another

Perhaps to see a sister or brother

Or on business for the company

Life it seems to be worth something.

And so I see them off the train

And see them leave with so much pain

Until they return to the city

Or where they're from...

Its such a pity.



Loneliness

Loneliness it seems to me

To be part of many a scene

It's sad to think so many so

Don't share their life to help them grow.

We just go about our day alone

Instead of talking on the phone

Or saying "hi" to those who care

About what we would like to bare.

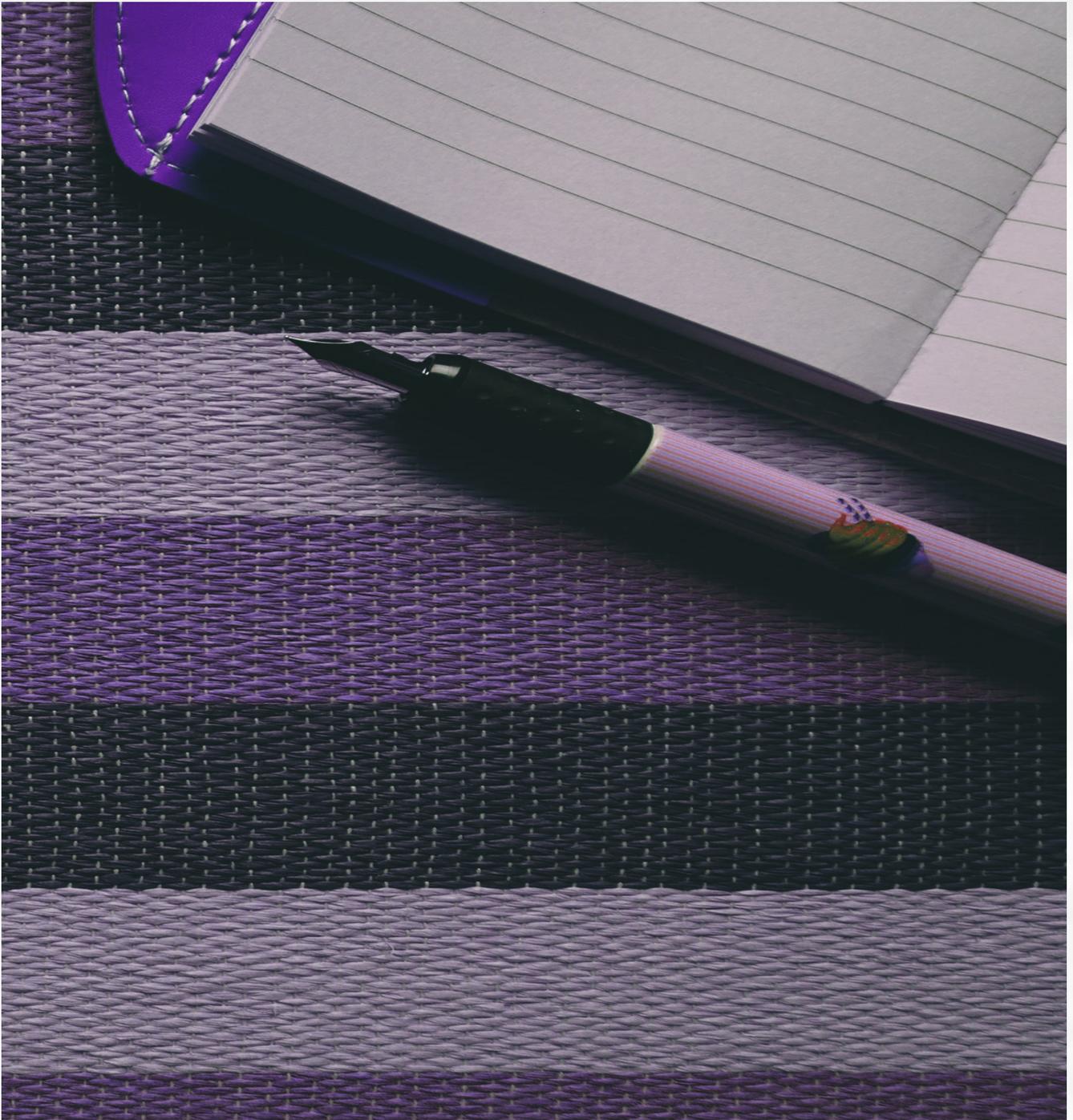
And so we should not lonely be

We should get out and share and see

Those others that have lonely lives

And share ours too with those who try.

Life's Collections



Life Happens

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