Seeker, Teacher, Poet, Preacher
Poetry, Limericks, and Haiku

by Lewis Robert (Bob) Comé

A collection spanning many years with a little something for everyone. Poems both religious and secular with a little inspiration, humor and thought-provoking.

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To

Best & Gladys

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Ode to The Pen

What miracle is this?
To what do I owe the ability
To write thoughts down?
To freeze in time an idea
or question, plan,
To remind, to share, to teach
To travel great distance...
To convey a thought
To paint a picture in the mind
To create beauty in rhyme of verse,
and nature it not be lost.

What miracle is this?

The Quill...
The Pen!!

*
I sit at my desk, with pen in hand,
and stare at an empty page.
My mind races, back and forth...
like an animal in a cage.

"Just force it loose," I tell myself,
"let it wander where it will.
Don't just sit and stare blankly.
you have a page to fill.

But it must flow freely, of itself
without too much control.
You cannot force it from the mind,
it loses from the soul.

And don't be disappointed,
if it isn't profound or deep.
I sometimes get my best ideas
while in bed, half asleep.

Oh dear, now I've done it;
with all my wisdom, wiz.
I've exposed the poet's greatest secret;
how simple it all really is.

*
Poetry... what a noble way
to occupy the ear
and to imprint what's in the heart.
that sometimes brings a tear.

So soothing in its rhythm,
to feel the ebb and flow.
Aside from one of nature's songs,
the sweetest sound I knew.

The sound of surf or waterfall,
the wind or gentle rain,
those once sounds that we all love,
but no words could contain.

Sometimes there's a special thought;
we don't know how to say.
Then poetry says it better,
than any other way.

There are so many topics,
that we try to brood about,
shapes are just to entertain,
and some inspire hope.

Poetry has a quality,
and makes all fit own.
Poems that touched me as a child,
still do now that I've grown.

Can you imagine life without them?
I think nothing could be worse,
than ceasing to immortalize,
our thoughts with Rhyme and Verses.

*
Poetry of Old

by Lenie R. (Bob) Cane

1-7-8

I don't think Poetry is meant to be read,
I think it should be listened to,
For the verbal inflections intended by the poet
are unlikely to be read by you.

Sometimes when read, the meter seems off,
you may have to read a line twice.
That's why a poem from the poet's own lips,
is the only thing that will suffice.

In the day of the Beatnik poetry flourished,
in coffee houses throughout the land.
A simple stage, one poet, one stool,
not even a microphone stand.

They listened intently, sometimes with closed eyes,
as the poet imparted his heart.
The writing is only half the task,
the recital is the important part.

The power and brevity were the poet's choosing,
the way it's supposed to be.
The listener offered the sincerity
as the words painted pictures to see.

But there's so many people and so little time,
I can't possibly speak to you all,
and having my poems are read and enjoyed
makes it feel ab hundred feet tall.

*
Rain
by Lewis R. (Bob) Cone 186

Falling steady  Falling freely
Drops of water  Drops that fall

Falling steady  almost dreamy
Hypnotizing  Mesmerizing

Falling purely  Cleansing all

Falling steady  Falling harder
Moisturizing  Revitalizing
Drops of water  Drops that fall

Fall in summer  Fall in winter
Steamy hot  Greasy bitter

Falling steady  Steady falling
one of nature's sweetest songs

Day or night time  Falling freely
Falling lightly  Falling strongly

Trees don't mind the rain...
Should I?

*
Tree Gossip
by Lewis R. BobWCome
12 May '15

Mumbling incomprehensively, unselfconsciously, Can anyone hear me? I'm worried about that. I would be crazy.

Trees rustling their leaves in the afternoon breeze,
gossiping with each other, laughing at us, behind our backs.

"Look at them, silly things, scurrying about here and there,
scuffling around, endlessly searching, for the next thing."

"Totally unaware of exposing themselves by their behavior,
nervous—uneasy—unknowingly confessing
their inner discomfort
without saying so."

"Ceaseless endeavor to find just the right distraction

to subdue the subconscious desire for introspection."

"Self in the way, hindering the looking at
the understanding of Self."

"I want so badly to tell them, "Silly, silly thing, be still,
don't run from this rain, let it Fall on you. Embrace it."
"Let it trickle down your body, meditate
on its cleansing
renewalizing nature,
let it draw from you your discomfort,
your despair,
as it runs down from your head to your feet
and return it to the ground."

"Be still. Be at Peace."

"Shhh!!" the others say. "Don't give up our secret."

*
The Beckoning
by Lewis R. (Bob) Come
26 Sep '07

Since childhood, from time to time, a voice calls out to me, from across a great expanse, perhaps a distant shore.

Maybe from a former life, or long-forgotten dream, a voice with gentle whisperings, I know I've heard before.

A voice that speaks uncommon words of things I know not of, yet somehow so familiar, as though they were mine.

It speaks of things so dear to me, that nothing else seems real, it takes me to another place, perhaps another time.

It all seems so familiar, the ocean being calm, the terror of a hurricane, not knowing what comes next.

Standing in the crowd next, with a hot breeze in my face, looking down on sunburned backs, bare feet upon the decks.
The Beckoning
Cont.  by Lewis R. Gordon  25 Sept 07

Did I once captain some tall ships,
that danced upon the sea?
What memory still haunt me,
like it was yesterday?

Did I crew for Magellan,
when he sailed around the horn?
or did I sail it long before
he ever knew the way?

I tell you that I've been there,
I don't know where or when,
I just know that it's real for me,
and I want to go again.

*
Quiet Reflection

Peace... a rolling stream... a gentle sigh
I can feel you breathing, misty rain

Falling leaves
The children laughing, welcoming home

Peace is in the knowing, that everything will be okay.

Love is in the showing, things that words could never say

Life... the hopes and dreams... a few regrets
The quiet reflection
A baby cries, life goes on

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Day in: Day out
by Louis F. (Bob) Comrie

20 Dec 07

Is it Thursday already?
Torrid to my chores.
Saturday I just waiting
for the new week to begin.

With nothing of real interest,
to mark the passing days.
They come and go like summer breezes,
and I lose them in the haze.

Would that I were a child again,
when time drags by so slow.
Each day seemed a week, each week a month,
and each month a year or so.

I guess time passes slower,
when everything is new.
So few things seemed familiar,
as they came into view.

We savored every minute,
that slipped into the past.
We studied closely each new thing
that came into our grasp.

Now everything seems so basic;
another day ha - hum.
Have we become so jaded?
Have we become so numb?

I guess it’s not such loss,
and I don’t begrudge my age.

I just sit and watch it all go by...
Can We be Strangers?

I see qualities in you
you wouldn't let a stranger see.
It's funny, when you know someone,
you treat them differently.

With someone you first meet,
you're never quite as bold.
You wouldn't dare let a stranger think
that you could be so cold.

When we first meet we smile so sweet
and overlook the flaws.
But after awhile we lose our smiles,
and get down to teeth and claws.

Rebuke is sharp from someone
that you've known for half your life.
That little store, that clever quip,
can cut you like a knife.

The first few times for this or that,
are memories held so dear.
Now everything is questioned,
if it is indeed sincere.

Familiarity breeds contempt,
that old cliché is true.
We realize what underlies
each little thing we do.

Can we go back to being strangers
like we were at the start,
and somehow be together
yet still comfortably apart?

Page 11
A moment of Peace

by Lewis R.

12 May '15

She looked so much like a child, it brought a tear to my eye. It couldn't have happened if she'd seen me.

Sitting alone in the greenhouse, with her flowers putting some together for the supper table, talking to them.

"You're so pretty, you'll make Bob smile."

And then laughing at herself?

I think not.

A product of the moment I should imagine.

Rapt.

Set apart.

How wonderful.

How beautiful.

How miraculous.

To be afforded with youth, joy, and innocence.

Mercifully free... if only for a moment.

From the unspeakable agony of the loss of our child.
Tarnished Nirvana, resembling remnants
of up-ended utopian expanders
once delicate, once thriving
now desolate, now starving

Dumbstruck Society: Jews escape
with unrequited entitlement mentality
"They take Food Stamps?"

Three-piece suits attempting to cover the fifth
of unmitigated litigation, bordering semantics
butchering Truth to justify the Nth degree of shame
and bold-faced evil
Homicide, Suicide

Indifferent Society: Black educator faces
standing before the parade of pornography and degradation
in the presence of their children
"Cotton Candy?"

Sealed Society: Unchecked by video streams
of shootings and suicide bombings
Yarning in the face
of no longer shocking horror
"Pass the biscuits".

Remembering History with out learning a thing
Only to repeat the Error
Only to repeat the Decline
Only to repeat repeating, going further astray
Only to repeat the Question
As they stare at each other in their disbelief
How did they let this happen?

*
Limericks
Assorted

Clean Nantucket

There was a young man from Nantucket
Who carried his lunch in a bucket
His wife would not pack
A sandwich in a sack
So the poor guy just had to gut luck it

T. D. C. J

What a pity the great state of Texas
Feels that having more prisons protects us
But it won't be so funny
When it costs us more money
Than our tax base can bear, it'll vex us

Irish Lassie

There once was a sweet Irish lassie
Who was well mannered, never got sassy
She had grace and poise
And the loveliest face
But her pipe smoking wasn't too classy

Civility

Whenever at work or at play
Be mindful of things that you say
To respect someone else
Brings respect to yourself
And your pride only gets in the way
Haiiku

All by Lawrence R (Bob) Come

Haiiku form

It's five-seventy-five
Keep the syntax true to form '86
or it's not haiiku

Mother Earth

Pity spaceship earth
Forever sailing onward
Tethered to the Sun '86

Free Will

We all have Free Will
To grow enough in wisdom Apr '08
To surrender it

Love

Love has visited
Love has lingered and gone full Sept '08
Love has left and gone

F.B.I.

F.B.I. stands for
Forced benefit of intellect '03
Tell them it's a joke

Truth

Truth is purity
Independent of belief 15 Jun '08
Fact inviolate
Vanity
(For Solomon) by Lewis R. (Bob) Camp

In what shall people put their trust,
when everything is vain?
The exuberance and strength of youth,
ends up in death and pain.

The fleeting joys we cling to,
while knowing they can't last,
all become fond memories,
as they slip into the past.

The iron gates begin to creak,
and then give way to rust.
The mighty oak will break and die,
and decompose to dust.

The gardens that were once so green,
will wilt due lack of rain.
The finest wine comes to its end,
or a headache and a stain.

We're here for just a season,
and question why we came.
We wonder of our purpose,
it everything is vain.

And though our cuts and bruises heal,
and clothing we can mend,
adversity returns again,
and we wonder to what end.

There is a bigger picture,
our finite mind can't see.
We all come here to learn the Truth,
and the Truth will make us Free!

*
I cannot imagine what it must have been like, to see Yahshua walk down the street, and to instantly know in my soul it was Him, and feeling my heart skip a beat.

And then to drop everything and follow behind, just to see how close I could get.

I have no idea on earth what I'd say, if by chance we had actually met.

But I'd follow all day and into the night, just to hear the sound of His voice.

Or if He should stop and begin to preach, oh how my heart would rejoice.

Or to be with the crowd that ate by His Hand, some fish and a portion of bread.

Or hear from His lips a parable sweet, and bring on each word that He said.

Or better yet ... to be crucified ... beside Him that day on the hill.

And say to Him, Master remember me, then I'd be by His Side even still.
Ask Yourself
by Lewis B. (Bob) Comer

16 Jul '72

Would you be a horse and not run?
Would you be a bird and not fly?
If given the chance to ascend,
Why would someone not even try?

Should the talented never perform?
Should the wise be reluctant to teach?
Life would be stagnant and boring,
if everything fell within reach.

To grow and progress is our calling,
the path we tread is our own.
The height of our goals is our choosing,
our efforts will be clearly shown.

Will you settle for less than you should have,
before everything placed on the scale?
Will you know that you did all you could have,
and have no remorse if you fail?

Did you know all along you were special,
and the test to: Husten or host?
Will you be content with your position,
and test as though you passed the test?

It cannot be known if you're wealthy
unless you have occasion to err.
Your character lies in your choices,
It has to be known that you care.

So be ye not weary in well-doing
and sow with all that you've got.
For in due course there is reaping,
of reward for those who toil not.

*
Goal Oriented

We all have many goals in life,
    to work for, to achieve.
Our lives would be a void indeed,
    without something to believe.

For some it's money, for some it's power,
    some just want peace of mind.
And some will search their whole life long,
    for a thing they never find.

We set small goals as stepping stones,
    to help us reach the top.
Small victories to catch our breath,
    so we don't go till we drop.

Some are blinded by their goals,
    till they can't tell right from day,
and will not hesitate to step on,
    any one that's in the way.

My only goal is pleasing Yahweh,
    and keeping my Faithful Servant.
So I can hear Him say, Well done,
    thou good and faithful servant.

*
Above and Beyond

Above our planet molten core,
above earth’s inner core,
lie miles of unknown strata,
of minerals, rocks and stones.

Above the ocean’s murky depth,
so cold and black as night,
avove the level fisher live
and swim within sunlight.

Above the mines we dig so deep,
for coal or precious stones,
above the holes we search the part
and dig for fossil bones.

Above the place where sea meets land,
gull soar above the surf,
above the plains where man till soil
and cattle graze the tuff.

Above the beauty of rolling hills,
cold breezes and bright green,
above the tree-line eagles soar,
where mountain air is clear.

Above the clouds so soft and white,
that float along so free,
and store up rain and snow,
until it falls on you and me.
Above and Beyond

Cont. by Lewis R. (Bob) Comery

Above all that and farther still,
above the Northern Lights,
up above the atmosphere,
above the satellites . . .

Beyond the comfort Earth affords,
the emptiness of space.
No ground to stand upon, no air to breathe,
a cold and lonely place.

Beyond our brave friend the Moon,
atmospheres beyond,
beyond the place where we started down,
and the footprints that we left.

Beyond the belt of Asteroids
and the outer planet's story,
Beyond the distance we have reached,
Beyond what Man can do.

Beyond all that there is a place,
of safety and rest,
A place that Yahshua prepared,
were His invited guest.

A place where sin cannot breathe,
no tear, nor doubt, nor pain.

Believers will be leaving soon,
the others will remain.
Most who look around can see
The time is coming soon.
Those who scoff and laugh their fill
Will sing a different tune.

So when I die, Yahshua comes
I know I will rejoice.
I need only remain faithful,
I've long since made my choice.

Yahshua came to conquer death,
and free us from despair.
Heaven is for us to choose.

I hope to see you there.

*
The Battle
by Lewis R. (Bob) Image 198-07

There's a battle gone on
for this planet and its people,
in every back alley,
every building with a steeple.

It's a battle over souls,
so it means our very lives,
Tell your sisters and your children,
Only the Strong will survive!

It's a battle that's been raging,
for thousands of years,
In every mode and method,
From missiles to spears.

So keep your powder dry,
and sharpen all your knives,
and never give an inch,
Only the Strong will survive!

The times are getting closer,
The war is near we agree,
The signs are getting clearer,
It's the blind who cannot see.

There'll be no time to look behind,
for husbands or for wives,
It really is that crucial,
Only the Strong will survive!
The Battle

The earth will be inherited
by the humble and the meek.
But there are traits that come from strength
and do not mean we're weak.

So grip your teeth and hold on tight
'till Yahshua arrives,
and don't kid yourself,
Only the Strong will survive!

So keep a constant vigil,
Keep your Bible open too,
Keep Yahweh's Spirit and Foremarks
in everything you do.

Keep a prayer upon your lips,
and keep your Faith alive.
And Seek Ye First the Kingdom,
Only the Strong will Survive!
Thank You Father

by Lewis R. (Bob) Come' 198

What shall I say, "Thank You," "I'm great full?"
to a Father who's given me much more than life?

Who's allowed me to examine my own life completely,
to see for myself the struggle and strife.

To see the extent and the depth of the turmoil,
As if watching a film of a life not my own.
To see the seeds that were planted in childhood,
the disastrous effects long after I'd grown.

To know in my heart it was all my own doing,
with ignorant choice seeming right at the time.

How could I not know it was Yahweh I needed,
and the life I destroyed in the process
was Mine?

So Thank You, My Father,
for divine inspiration
and letting me see my way clear
through the haze.

And deep in my heart I shall carry you with me,
and witness Your Glory the rest of my days.

*
If Christ be not Risen

Our teaching is vain
Our Faith becomes empty  With nothing to gain

The Curse would continue, with no hope in sight
Our struggle still futile, between wrong and right

No way to recover, when we fail to obey
So we're left with the guilt, and a debt we can't pay
With no Crucifixion, we're left all alone
Our prayers go unanswered, our sins unstoned

A Tomb without blameless is all that would do
Our spotless and perfect
Unlike me or you

The Ransom of many, with blemished Blood
To cover our sin
With a soul-cleansing Blood

So Praise Yah! He's Risen!
Praise Yah He came

Our teaching is Truth and our Faith rest in vain
Faith
by Lewis R. C. Bob Comer 1988

Faith is hope of things to come,
evidence of things not seen.
Faith is all we have sometimes,
to set our spirits free.

Free from all the doubt and fear,
we face from day to day.
Our Faith becomes a beacon,
to guide us on our way.

Faith is a quiet knowing,
that things will be alright.
Our Faith is what we cling to,
with no hope left in sight.

When things in life have gone away,
and don't make any sense,
you must decide what you believe,
you can't sit on the fence.

And once you have decided,
don't feel all snug and safe.
Accept what life has laid down,
and hold on to your Faith.

*
Grace
by Louis RB, Bob Corning

Grace is unmerited favour,
loving kindness we do not earn.
From Yahweh it flows freely
in hopes that we may learn.

Learn how to love each other,
as we are loved by Him.
By grace we do not step aside,
and let one sink or swim.

By Grace we give to feed the poor,
with no thought of their past.
Their past does not negate their need,
with Grace our tears are cast.

Grace that is given is Grace received
much the same as Love.
The Grace we offer to our neighbor,
comes to us from above.

*