A PILE OF PENS

I hope you enjoy reading these poems. The poems here are not about prison, though I wrote them here in prison to try and connect with the free world as best I could for at least a few moments at a time awaiting my release.

Poetry
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"I think it's great."
"Our leaders shouldn't hesitate."
"So, it's something new."
"Does our President have a clue?"
"We may be living in the last days."
"This is going to mean more deaths."
"We will certainly win."
"I've lost my best friend."
"I didn't know she was so smart."
"Nothing will ever tear us apart."
"I love this place!"

*Such a distinguished taste*

---

**Birthday Balloons**

To go with a gift

Sometimes that has a little lift

Colorful to accent the moment and spread away

Birthday balloons to complement a birthday boy's joys

Handily floating in the air

They leave onlookers at the park to stop and stare

Made for the party moment

And bettered around for enjoyment

Birthday balloons that explode with amusement
Awakened by an Alarm

I am soundless,
In the early morning,
The sun has yet to come up,
There is no coffee yet to fill my cup.
And then suddenly a loud moose crafts.
I am awakened by an alarm.
And flee at it with my arm.
I pull over,
And doze a little longer,
But then the music is too much to tell.
And I am awake.

Full of Focus

My goal is in sight.
It's something only right.
A just reward.
Something to hoist.
It'll tell my inner vision.
And a life decision.
But I'm focused to achieve it.
Acclaimed Artwork

Of the highest measure
An artistic treasure
A fine piece
To say the least
This magnificent artwork
Belongs in the finest gallery of New York
True instruction
Accomplishing infortunie

The Pied Piper

Playing his hypnotic song
To a gathered drum
The Pied Piper put the people in a trance
Making the melody dance
Then the Pied Piper led the crowd
At first, it was around
And then past the gate's of town
He'll leadem them to a new place
With flute playing grace
In their old town the people can no longer stay
Because a truth is on the way
The town wells enchanted to safety
While the Pied Piper play his flute sweetly
My mind begins to slow
My thoughts begin to pour
The blank isn't there anymore
I just got new ideas with more in store
Thought after thought
I'm thinking a lot
A brainstorm has begun
Thinking is so much fun

The Start of Spring

The snow begins to blow
All winter withdrawal it's deadly slow
Trees come back to life
As winter ends it's strife
The land begins to turn green again
And you start to notice the bluejay or little wren
Squirrels sensing ground
Eating fresh corn in their found
And the first wildflowers start to bloom
For beauty at the start of spring there is much corn
Who'd think someone around the house
It must be my pet escaped mouse
So small
How could I know he could climb out of his cage to tell
It would take fifteen of him
Just to reach the sink
Who let him free
Was it someone trying to settle a score with me
Maybe it was an animal rights Sinner
Who spotted Chipper in my short pocket when I hung up telephone back
He tracked me down
To let Chipper free to run around
Off he ran! Out the door
I'll never see my escaped convict friend anymore

Breakfast Basic

In the morning what I want more than eggs or cereal
Is a breakfast basic
Toasted with cream cheese
Enough to bring me to my knees
I like to eat it on the porch
Before the sun begins to shrink
Accompanied with some juice
Omelet and raisin I'll make it a dinner
Looking for something to show me the way
Asking God if He has something to say
There's His message in my life
Is it in my kids and wife
Is it in my trips to the ocean
Or in a promotion
Has God ever talked to me before
If there's anyway I can be sure
One day will I ever find
A concrete sign
Like a miracle

Mark Ishmael Mardis

A beautiful flower perched on the lawn
Gathered drops of dew at each morning dawn
It shimmered in the limited light
It'll yellow petal, something bright
I hope it never wither and grow old
This Mark Ishmael Mardis
I've prayed and prayed
With Dues it up God my mind has stayed
My soul has slowed
For this day to come
For a miracle to be done

Today my prayer has received an answer to my call
And God has knocked down one of Satan's fortified walls

A Crack in the Concrete

There is I walk
A crack in a concrete block
Giving life
Peace with much strife
To a need
A unique place indeed
It has sun and a little dirt
I'll watch my step to make sure it doesn't get hurt
Baking in the oven
A loaf of sweet, sweet corn bread
The sweetest thing my mother can bake
It is not dates, fudge, or white cake
It's something special, soft, and brown
It's something that would make me drive clear across town
Baking banana nut bread
And I want to get the fulfilling sweetness out of my head
The timer about to ring
And I know that bread will make my tongue a satisfied one
Ten minutes and counting
The more minutes, the more delicious

Through Being Tired

I'm not sure to be shy anymore
Being by yourself is kind of a bore
I'm sure to find a friend or two
I'm going to stop looking and be somebody now
I'm going to be part of a crowd
It's time to start looking around
I lay on a blanket on the beach
Just out of the water's reach
I lay listening to the ocean's roar
And look up to watch a group of pelican's soar
The sun beats down on my arms, legs, and chest
While I peacefully rest
It's a nice feeling I get
Sometimes venturing to the surf to get my toes wet
Here at the beach I find
Solace for my mind

Elegant Eyes

Sparkles, so bright
To light up the night
What beautiful eyes
Telling sweet little lies
Serenity to the heart
Incapable of telling lies
Pure blissfulness
Shine elegantly
An Appreciated Apology

"I'm sorry," she said.
And it caused Emphoria to flow through my head.
I waited for these words to come.
For her to prove she wasn't numb.
She has a heart.
That spirit can kindle a new start.
I appreciate that apology.
Even if I did use a little psychology.

---

Man In The Mirror

I look in the mirror and see a reflection of a young man.
A man perhaps without a plan.
Without a clue or a brain.
Looking handsome just the same.
Brown hair and eyes.
Occasionally my nostrils flare and sire a sigh.
I look at my skin pale and white.
Then I flip the switch and say, "goodnight."
Flying a Frisbee

Flying into the air.
A frisbee flies without care.
I find a special way.
In flying, it round the way.
I run and then I catch.
In throwing it back and forth fun is sure to catch.

Cheese and Crackers

A few slices of cheese.
And some crackers to make me feel better.
A little snack
To appease my hunger attack.
I wonder who was the first chef to put cheese and crackers together.
The invention is quite clever.
Good for a brunch,
Or with a little juice or soup even a light lunch.
A Pouting Pelican

A pelican sits on a post,
looking as dim and pale as a ghost.
He flaps his wings
and opens his mouth, making a sound to see what it brings.
No luck for the fishing bird.
No fisherman acts as if he's heard.

Little Lizard

Creeping through leaves and grass,
arching his neck to the sun to meditate and watch time pass.
A little lizard puffs his neck out,
and twitches his white tipped tail about.
A fly郴es by, and he gives chase.
Now he is no longer resting still but on the hunt for an easy insect.
A little run.
Then he lifts his tongue.
Villa! His hunt for lunch is done.
Aiming An Arrow

I pull the bowstrings tight
Coursing the target with my sight
Then let the arrow take flight
I hit near the center
The brush of a browser
I take arrows after arrows from my quiver
And one by one they all deliver

A Drop of Dew

A early morning drop of dew on a twig
The size of a pin not very big
Produced from a change in the air
Do you see it there
It’s so beautiful
Wonderful
I think I should take a picture
To capture another picture
Up into the Sky
I fly
I keep climbing
Through the clouds and into Heaven
Where I meet my ancestral brethren.
I have finally met their fate.
I talk to a relative that is much older than great.
I sip ancient wine and eat ancient meat.
While a servant washes my feet.
Then I meet people that passed not long ago.
People I even used to know.
I talk to my Grandma and Uncle Matt.
And they offer me candy and sweets.
Then I meet my old pet dog.
In a cloudy sky.
She brings me a stick to chew.
And from my experience's in Heaven that's all I know.

Audience Applause.

I've worked up enough sorrow not to cry.
I can deliver a descent joke.
I can stand on stage with the mike in my hand.
And make them understand.
I can make them laugh and spit their guts.
I can... drive them nuts.
But when the act's over and I give my thank you nod.
I get the audience going to applaud.
A Fine Forecast

Tomorrow will be a fine day
to outside and play
No rain or sunshine
And the temperature will be mild and serene
The Sun will be out
And a little wind will blow the leaves about
A day of good weather
The forecast couldn't be any better

Pineapple Pizza

The delivery guy's here
I pick up the phone and twenty minutes later dinner magically appears
Pineapple chunks on top
Keep on with the Oregano don't stop
One bite
Is enough to make a good night
Slice after slice
Pizza this good is worth double the price
Give me one of those seven rolls
I'm eating till my stomach fills
A Batch of Brownies

Covered with plastic on a plate,
There they sit in my refrigerator to wait.
There's a big dinner tomorrow night.
I hope they come out right.
I baked them last night.
And went through making them kind of fast.
Maybe I'll eat one for a test.

---

Present Pandemonium

At this present moment in time,
I find it difficult to rhyme.
For there is a great commotion
To distract my motivation.
Pandemonium has filled the house.
For my sister has seen a mouse.
Beef and Bean Burrito

Beef and beans frying in a pan
Rest of my evening culinary plan
I prepare the lettuce, cheese, and onion
While the beef and beans set down
I go to the fridge and get the sour cream
Put it all in a shell and take a bite through the steam

A Lament Upon Cucina

Lament upon the beach
Now safely out of the party pool
Rests a bright green shell
Drunk to shore by a mighty swell
In the shape of a Spiral
A few hours ago I noticed it's arrival
Floating across the cucina to lay still
Occasionally conjured a little
Large in size
I couldn't help but notice it with my wandering eyes
I went over and pick it up
I put it to my ear and listen to the colors erupt
I want it so much
I can feel the touch
Here I'll stay
Because I know it's on it's way
Not long will I have to wait here
For that something dear
It's coming do you hear?
It's coming here

A Delicious Danish

On the shelf of a bakery
Sometimes quite savory
A delicious danish with jam on top
After one bite I can't stop
I eat it all at once
And order two more for brunch
Flower standing tall in a field so tall
At first I'm not sure if yours a trick or my eye
Bright yellow petals and a long green stalk
Oh, how I wish you could talk
So you could tell me why you're so tall
And other flowers and small
You're a spectacular sunflower
I wish we could talk hour after hour
To other flowers, you're a king
Oh, if you could sing
What joy that would bring.
You and I will be friends forever
One day I will teach you how to talk and sing because soon you must be slow.

Single star

Up in the sky, high away from the Earth, far
I see a single shining star
Why is it the only one?
Did it leave the others because it wasn't having fun?
Is it an orphan living a lonesome life?
Is it shining so bright to attract a wife?
It must be lonely, all alone.
In the vast sea of darkness it calls home
Is it lost or does it have itself?
Is it carefully hoarding a secret wealth?
Ah, here comes the day
To check it away.
I sit and I think
Maybe while sipping a good drink
Not just about anything
How am I going to make this poem sing
Which words will I use
To shock, to sudden, or amuse
What's going to be at the end of the next line

......
If too short, or too long
If it's dull or have the nature of a good song
Sometimes I think I should let my poems age
To let the ink drag on the page
Like a fine wine
And then a couple days later add the finishing line

A Segment of Suspense

Sometimes it's a bore
Or sometimes it's a chore
(Like during commercials)
But I certainly have my tube watching credentials
Comedies alright
I can watch reruns all night
But I truly like a show with suspense
It breaks a break from the regular cadence
If the plot aloof
It even surpasses the most experienced sleuth
A Segment of Suspense
Followed by something intense
So to die for
I can't tell you anymore
His voice sounds like a raven
As he sings about a broken heart.
There's a bitterness in his eyes,
As he harmonizes his cries.
You can hear the grief in his voice.
She has now other choice.
Their love is gone.
Such a sad song.

A pile of pens

An empty pile of pens.
My old friends.
I used them to write many stories.
These day lay in a stack on the table.
My ink speckles stories of fables.
With these pens I wrote some of my best.
Now they are discarded, empty of this lead to rest.
Wet and Soft
Only some tiny shells and a light bird can stay afloat
I take a step and sink down in
While a Seagull cry is deafened by the wind
I pick my feet up
While a kid makes a Sandcastle with his cup
I kneel down and press firmly with my hand
It makes an imprint in the wet sand
Water fills it soft
Sand by the sea I remember it from my feet

Collapsing with a Crash

De overwhelm, starting to break
Everybody run for dearness sake's
There's too much pain
For our little frame
Here it comes! Crashing down
We're the unluckiest people in town
I have written more than 1,500 poems so far, and have one book published on Amazon's Kindle named "Feeling the Fire." I also have another book on the Prison's Foundation Website named "Sanity Somewhere." Please feel free to read these books along with the one you just read.

Mister Drops

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