

**THOUGHTS ABOUT LIFE
VOLUME I**

written by:

Rob Davis
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Our Style

Written by: Rob Davis
4/3/05

We live in a house on a very busy street
out front the cars whiz by
at certain times of the day it can really be tough
just getting out of the driveway can be really rough
the location definitely lacks the neighborhood feel
being on a street with sidewalks and fences
houses side by side that tend to have children inside
who meet their friends and run around and play
whose moms call them in at the end of the day
like the postcard type of neighborhood but one that is real
when we moved to the burbs we lived in one like that
it was much better for our kids than a city habitat
still it was a major adjustment in many ways
mainly for my wife who resisted the move
don't think you'll make me Sally Suburb she'd say
its pretty funny how things change over time
though we talk of moving back and where we would live
it's nice having space for her stuff and mine
it would be hard to go back to a much smaller place
we did move from that sweet neighborhood after a few years
to the house on the street where the cars whiz by
it's a warm, friendly house though no sidewalks connect it
and houses around are just too far away
for a neighborhood and contact with neighbors each day
so wit kids all grown and off in their own lives
our life is back to being about us
the traffic can be noisy in front of our house
but it's really quite peaceful out back in our yard
the kids stop by to chat about life, love or power
with a granddaughter due we had our first baby shower
it looks like we'll be in this house for a while
on the busy street where the cars all whiz by
hard to believe but the city's just not our style.

Light of Day

Written by: R.E. Davis
3/30/05

Running has been a fairly
big part of my life
I feel it's kept me healthy
and helped me deal with life
I've had a number of friends
who have joined me
through the years
some single timers
and a few who have hung in there
over months and even years
we've passed many miles
sharing tales of our
joys and our tears
what's happening with our kids
and wives and health
and joke and fears
when you're out there
with someone
for countless hours over time
you tend to get to know them
to really hear what they say
you get by the superficial
you see defenses and pretenses
simply slip away
things tend to get shared
that would otherwise
in all likelihood
never see the light of day
if you're deeply concerned
about letting your guard slip
but were thinking of running
with someone to get in shape
I'd think twice if I were you
before you make that date.

Out To Lunch

Written by: R.E. Davis
7/13/05

My wife called my office I think she's dying she said
Honey what's the problem I thought she had a little virus
Well she's fading away in my arms and my mother's instincts tell me
that if something's not done fast our child may soon be dead
look could you be over - reacting you've been to the Dr.'s twice today
don't you hear me she screamed. What more must I say
as usual you're not here I know my child she shouldn't be this way
I think that Dr. was just out to lunch and didn't really pay
serious attention to what I told him what should I do
call him back and tell him something is scaring you
and that you insist he re-examine the diagnosis he made
to get to the bottom of what has you so afraid
that her precious life may be slipping away and he must see her today
say what you must just get your damned way
I'm calling a car it's the fastest way home
just get here fast I feel scared and so alone
meet me at the hospital now he wants to see x-rays
I'm already in the car and well on my way
he took one look at the x-ray and nearly passed out
I checked with the expert and there's not any doubt
it's called Intussusception a rare infant condition
if we'd waited til tomorrow she would have been done
her intestines are backed up and must be yanked out
the best guy's at Columbia and he's meeting us tonight
there's no time to lose but I think we're alright
we know what we're dealing with and where we must go
thank god for your instincts I love you both so.

Pride in Her Brother

Written by: R.E. Davis
6/5/05

He suddenly appeared at the top of the stairs
as if suspended by some invisible means there
tall and languid looking around as if without a care
unfazed by the enormity of the crowd, place or occasion
there in his cap and gown was the lawyer my son
his sister scurried closer with her camera in hand
to capture his descent along with the others
for a place in the annals of family treasures
that mean so much to her father and mother
a breath caught in my throat as his descent began
and I felt the squeeze as my wife took my hand
as we watched that boy who had given us fits
who had challenged our sanity and used up our wits
walk through the passage to his place as a man
it was he who'd decided he needed more tools
and went through the process to go to law school
it was he who had labored those three tough long years
and he who now had his mother in tears
he seemed quite light hearted as he walked this last mile
when he spotted his sister he gave her a smile
she captured that moment with pride in her brother
then slid back to her spot by her father and mother
to watch as the ceremony would through its paces
as one by one the grads took their places
and walked up those stairs and across that stage
to receive their diploma and turn the next page
not many moments well top that one in my life
about all I could do was to smile at my wife
and know that somehow at the end of the day
we'd done something right along the long way
to help get our boy who'd transformed to a man
launched on his path with a heck of a plan
we'll see where it goes but we're proud of our son
and pleased with the chapter that now has begun.

Thunder

Written by: R.E. Davis
3/31/05

Running with Chip on an early Sunday morning
the weather can whip up
with hardly a warning
you can be out there a few miles
cruising in high gear
the sun can be shining
you feel like you're in a groove
when the clouds start to gather
and we start to move
we may have been speaking of life
just moseying along
when the thunder clatters
just like a big gong
and the pace starts to quicken
meaning from a crawl to a trot
we surge to try to make it back
before the lightning starts to crack
of course it isn't always like that
most times we just take our time and chat
Chip likes to say "we start slow and taper off"
but I remember one fall
when he was really on fire
training for a marathon
and pushing himself wire to wire
when we'd get to a hill
which were in plentiful supply
off to the top he would take off and run
then when I'd catch up gasping
he'd say wasn't that fun?
I've loved running with Chip
he's been a really great friend
golf's got him for now
but it's a ways to the end.

Friendship

Written by: R.E. Davis
5/18/05

When I first met my friend Bill we played
junior high football
he was bigger and tougher than most of the kids
while I was not tough and really quite small
he was born with a cleft pallet and a very harsh Dad
when he heard Billy speak he'd really get mad
for his voice was nasal and hard to understand
his dad would scream at him to speak like a man
meanwhile I had my own problems blocking my way
my two front teeth were knocked out of my mouth one day
I'd arrived at school and just walked through the door
when I was shoved into the wall as they fell to the floor
I picked them up and ran home gasping with tears
when I met Bill I was still suffering from fear
healing the fracture had taken three years
we were two kids with self esteem that was low
but friendship was born and we stated to grow
we learned how to dance cool and date girls
slowly we learned how to deal with this world
as the years passed by we had our share of ups and downs
still I always took comfort to know he was around
but I guess I learned better though I'll never know
how Bill reached the point where he just had to go
and now that he's gone I'll remember til the end
what it meant to my life that Bill was my friend.

Merely Matter

Written by: R.E. Davis
5/23/05

My eyes creak reluctantly open this morning
as I'm forced to acknowledge the new day's arrival
with no influence at all and not one word to say
I could employ histrionics and put on quite a show
I could stomp, scream or holler and no one would know
all my polish and practice reduced to its worth
not even a dime to any one on this earth
no the sun will rise with or without my ok
and like it or not I will get that new day
I'm simply mere matter to who ever calls the shots
subject to my own peculiar, particular lot
culled from the grist of my own unique brand
woven specifically by each woman or man

I draw to myself just what I've become
there's no place to hide and nowhere to run
I plant my own seeds til the earth as I do
what's returned to the fold is simply what's true
by virtue of my own caring or lack
the tally is swift and given right back
its usually taken as reward or bad luck
as though life is lucky or else it just sucks
on a level I know neither one is the case
though I easily forget when caught up in the race
that nature is pure with no favorites at all
I build my own stairway and cause my own fall.

First Light

Written by: R.E. Davis
4/25/05

My wife and I have a volatile relationship
there are days when she is rational,
 supportive and loving
then others when I wonder what planet
 I woke up on today
surely her body had been snatched
 and I was being tricked into believing
 that it was really her
but who was it truly
at times it can seem so intense
that one more ounce of angst and
surely all will tumble down and crumble

but it is not always that way
sometimes it is so, so sweet
that life seems truly complete
and things are lite and happy and loving
at such times we lie together
 and talk and talk
about our kids and hopes and fears
and what has gone wrong or right
 over our years
and we speak of hopes and plans and dreams
until the morning's first light beams
then fall asleep together so entwined
and in a state of being so aligned
that I completely forget about that
 fearsome person who was such a pill
that she screamed at me to test my will
and I found in the end that no matte my pride
for when I really probe and search inside
the truth is that above all else I love her still.

Verses

Written by: R.E. Davis
May 1, 2005

I like to write songs and poems about life
there are times when I start pretty late at night
some thought comes to mind and captivated my attention
and I'm compelled to put pen to paper and write
I usually have no idea where it will all lead
and once I'm started it takes a life of its own
in fact when I look at the folder where I keep them
I'm amazed myself at how thick it has grown
whether poem or song they seem to flow through me
with much greater ease when my life is at peace
though some say that pain is the great motivator
I personally find that discord is the creativity terminator
though happily I've found that it does work both ways
that being creative changes the course of the day
and can lift me from being stuck and downhearted
to wondering what took me so long to get started
I could dwell on all the wasted time I've let slip by
get down in those dumps and let out a deep sigh
but I just don't want to waste any more of my time
when I've got songs to write and verses to rhyme.

Don't Eat Too Much

Written by: R.E. Davis
4/12/05

Steve was my running pal for exactly ten years
three or four days a week light or dark
we'd meet at the gym and steal a loop of the park
we were remarkably consistent over all of that time
some days he'd badger me, other time the jab was mine
his assistant Caroline and I had our own special code
is he there I would say, a wink in my voice
he's just leaving for lunch she's respond oh so sly
and the restaurant he's book for you is such a great choice
tell him I'll be there before him for sure
I will, but don't eat too much she'd say
why with all of these lunches you might get stuck in the door
not to worry I respond with a grin
I'll just read the menu so I can stay thin
the gym had a closet where we kept our gear
rain snow or shine hot or cold sick or healthy
we'd run every day that we could each week of the year
out of the door at fifty second and Lex we'd go
then up to the park to begin the day's ride
as our arms locked in motion we'd hit on our stride
up and down the hills we'd go at times working so hard and going so slow
but pity the poor soul who might pass us
and light Steve's reserve of competitive fire
our pace would start to quicken to keep them in reach
then slowly build to devour the gulf
the breathing would settle in the chin set in place
and somehow I'd find myself in a blistering race
as we'd approach the proximity of the perpetrator's rear
the signal would come from the nod of his head
and we'd sweep past that innocent
who never knew what he'd started
simply by passing by two seeming slugs
there'd be no slowing now as we'd surge like to demons
locked in their own brand of collective power
til back at the club in barely an hour
damn that was good fun I would say
yup we sure blew that sucker away
ya know tomorrow I'm really under an onerous time crunch
great he'd respond what do you say we do lunch?

Colliding

Written by: R.E. Davis
5/18/05

I have lots of feelings
about all sorts of issues
which mostly I keep pretty securely
locked up somewhere down there inside
I don't know how conscious I am
of the process that takes things
that move me and affect me
and sometimes give me pain
and stuff them in a place
where they can hide
at least until the dam bursts
and the torrents pour forth
completely unrestrained and
accompanied by the depths of despair
and great quantities of pain
and anger and sadness
sadness for what was hoped for
and to some degree expected
based in many cases on the most
superficial and unsubstantive
indications colliding with
my outsized need and desire
for connectedness of any kind
anger at my own foolishness
and stillness and immaturity
for falling so easily prey
to my own particular flavor
of need sure to bring
an unparalleled certainty of failure

Life with Some Happiness

Written by: R.E. Davis
6/2/05

Kaylie was born today at 10 minutes to 2
and a life was begun that's completely brand new
no baggage yet to color how she responds
leave that to the follies of her dad and her mom
they'll lay their trips on her as time passes by
exactly the same way that I did to mine
hoping like me that at the end of the day
they'd make enough good choices to show her the way
to a life with some happiness and love and health
and whatever adds up to the things she'll call wealth
we all do our best we don't mean to harm
before I'd see my child hurt I'd lose my right arm
and I know Kaylie's dad is the same like the rest
in his heart all he wants is to do his level best
but we all screw up badly it's just how it goes
and eventually the evidence will begin to show
thankfully there's a saving grace to the thing
moments we do something right that take out the sting
there are even occasions when we string them together
get thinking those good times will just last forever
may sound like a cynic but it's just wishful thinking
we all have those times when we feel like we're sinking
still I hope Kaylie gets those good times in spades
and I wish her great happiness that never fades
I'd like her life perfect, with no fuss or bother
what else would I want when I'm Kaylie's grandfather.

A Place in the Rocks

Written by: R.E. Davis
6/6/05

Sedona is one of the earth's most beautiful places
gazing at the rocks there one can see faces
and objects of all sorts that surround them
like a teapot and bell rock and colors that change
as the sun moves through the days from golden to red
and stars so bright you can reach out and touch them from bed
it is certifiably unique a one of a kind place
but I once had a visit when it took on a sad face
we were on vacation enjoying the sun and the air
and awaiting the results of our amnio there
somewhat curious about the sex but with hardly a care
when news arrived that slammed me with despair
it seems there appeared to be a serious problem
the noise from that call made a terrible, howling sound
and screamed that our baby was most likely a Downe
syndrome that is spinning my thoughts all around
could I just please find some place to stand on solid ground
where the earth was not quaking or breaking or shaking
was there nothing I could say or do about making
the nightmare go away what in the world could be taking
so long for the equilibrium in my mind to return
what was it that had caused life to become so stern
there's a place in those rocks where a chapel resides
that looks out over nature with many candles inside
where I spent time searching for something to guide
me to understand what had become of our dream
in my useless attempt to suppress my sad scream
but finally I bellowed and cried swollen tears
I've returned to Sedona over intervening years
and visit the chapel to try to be clear
to try to make sense and to stay in good cheer
to try to use that brush with real sadness
to compel me to a state of true gladness
for all in my life that has gone so right
I'm grateful there's so much to keep in my sights
the stars are incredibly clear on a Sedona night

Life in a Snapshot

Written by: R.E. Davis
4/1/05

Sometimes just getting out the door
without getting distracted
by some thought or chore
is the greatest victory
a runner has that day
and you know when you've done it
that you've saved one
that could easily have been lost
as you gratefully settle in
for a run that will deliver
you in much better shape
in all sorts of ways
and virtually guaranteed it to be
a much better day
than what might otherwise have occurred
of the voice crying to get out
had just never been heard
it happens to all runners
on a regular basis
even when you choose
to be in training for races
people and circumstances
and weakness intervene
and conspire to keep you
from hitting your paces
it's life in a snapshot
distractions that keep you from your goals
if you're seeking a measure of yourself
to see what it shows
look at how you handle those distractions
and that's how you'll know
I've done it myself and been quite dismayed
at how often I let one just slip away.

Reverberations

Written by: R.E. Davis
11/23/05

It is the start of the holiday season
and I'm searching for why I am grateful
it seems like this year just merely capped
a whole string of brutally challenging ones
that have been long on the stress and short on the fun
it's easy when I find myself searching for a reason
to explain all the bad things that have appeared
to throw the blame on any number of people
or just lump them together as the cause of it all
it's where my mind takes me to rationalize the fall
that I've taken in some quite important ways
and obfuscate the feelings that I've seen my best days
it's the kind of bait that's so easy to bite on
in my state of imperfection exacerbated by misperception
we're all human I say as if that explains it
as if it's natural that life should be in disarray
though I know that is simply a cop-out and worse
like a very bad rhyme in a very bad verse
there's nowhere to turn for a good explanation
of those actions of mine that have reverberations
not just for myself but for others around me
the door has been locked and I can't find the key
I'm just stuck to deal with the truth of what is
until I can set a new ball in motion
which at this point is like turning that ship in the ocean
but not impossible if I can just stay the course
and not get bogged down in regret and remorse
about things I can't change no matter how I try
the season's upon me time to get under way
that ship will be turned by the end of the day.

The Warrior

Written by: R.E. Davis
6/26/05

The car in the driveway
 has its motor running
as it waits out there
 to whisk me far away
I'm off to close some prospects
 so I can afford my life
 take care of my children
 and support my home and wife
it's time for me to get out there
 and do my best to win the day
 to cover ground and have my say
 and hopefully to come away
 still in the game another day
I'll have to win all that I can
 return home a resourceful man
the warrior who hits the road
 and does his best to bear the load
the driver's out there waiting
 for his airport ride
I can hear the engines purring
 time to go outside.

Common Ground

Written by: R.E. Davis
7/7/05

I'm about to fly away on a trip with my wife
the plane is literally on the runway waiting
to wing us away to some joy in our life
to ease some of the stress and strain and strife
for a time to recapture reunite and some mating
craving as we do to find precious common ground
where chords of harmony are the primary sound
that permeates our private space and
gives us valued time far and away from
all that's noisy harsh and tears away some
of love's sweet tenderness and trusting
to rebuild the foundation and remember
all the reasons that I fell so fo her
back when she was all and I was lusting
beyond totally out of my mind
when any sign that she might want me too
left me sure this love was one of a kind
and that never ever again would I find
such gentleness beauty and love in my life
it was so crystal clear that she should be my wife
now there are times when her words cut like a knife
and mine fly back on the same sharp blade
not exactly the sound of love's sweet serenade
we both have our sad moments of such angst and doubt
but the love runs so deep the foundation so strong
that we both know we simply must work it all out
so we wait on the runway to fly to that sweet song
where it's all about love not who's right or who's wrong.

Risky Courses

Written by: R.E. Davis
7/11/05

I have noticed that even a touch of adversity
can throw me into a serious tailspin of doubt
that forces me to question even the strongest of convictions
that are suddenly turned inside out and tossed all about
like a falling leaf in a strong and stormy wind
as if one is supposed to cave in to give up and rescind
the path and direction that you were so sure
was the right and only one for you to take
as though your entire rationale was some kind of fake
assemblage of ideas that you should throw right overboard
so they'll fade in the distance and be lost in the wake
of your sensible acceptance of your get real now buddy fate
it can emanate from quite a wide variety of places
you can hear it in the voices and see it in faces
of those who'd be just as pleased to see you fail
or think you've bitten off more than you can chew
with what's at stake it may not be the path to take
to follow up such crazy and highly risky courses
attempting to stand up to such overwhelming forces
what were you thinking to imagine you could do
all the things so needed to effectively follow through
it can cause one to question and perhaps even to cave
and throw in the towel in the hope that they can save
some vestige of something though I really don't know what
regardless I won't be caving no I'm taking my best shot
there's truth aplenty to be told and in time it comes around
and until I get it all out there I won't be backing down

Crucial Choices

Written by: R.E. Davis
8/24/05

I'm really glad I packed my bags
before I hit the sack
so there's nothing that important
that I really must decide
in the foggy state I'm in
as dawn is breaking
it's not the time that
someone should be making
crucial choices about
what they should be taking
when the brain has
still not finished waking
it's much better to have
done it with a clear mind
than to be stumbling in a fog
to sort it out
and keep everyone waiting
while I continue vacillating
just to leave and still
be in a state of doubt
ok let's go, no I forgot them
no I have them, I can't find them
ok I'm sorry but we
really must go back
I'm so glad I packed my bags
before I hit the sack.

Stuck in Clay

Written by: R.E. Davis
7/20/05

What is the thing that they call inspiration
how does it work is what I want to know
for example when I sit down and try to do this
how can I be sure that the words I need will flow
where will the ideas come from that I want to express
how will I get clear when there's so much I repress
and just let it flow I'd really like to know
why it's so intimidating to open up and let go
I can know deep inside I want to do this every day
but distractions make me feel like I am stuck in clay
or simply look the other way and turn
my attention to activities that block it all out
and facilitate my inclination to indulge myself in doubt
about my very ability to express myself and say
anything of consequence or even of intelligence
that might make sense in the slightest way
when out of nowhere there comes flying from someplace
the urge to wrack my brain and attempt to trace
the thread of thought about some thought or place
that rises up from out of nowhere like a dare
and puts me directly in the glare to try and nail
the sum and substance of the tale or at least to make
a useful point that someone else can take
back to their lives if only for the sake
of gentle provocation or idea generation
which is why I keep on trying hard to grasp
what is this thing that they call inspiration.