



*A
Love
of Life
&
A Life
of Love*

*By
Paul Unger*

*Short Stories
Poetically Scented*

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PREFACE

Boy meets girl in 2000.

Although in our mid-forties both we were young at heart.

*As we spent more time together I learnt that her amazing,
“Love of Life” had been forged from an enormous amount of personal trauma.*

*My empathy for an individual was awoken by her stories,
Not since 1989 had I been drawn to put into words feelings of encouragement.*

*A few years later we went our separate ways,
Her memory lingered and I continued to write whilst personal traumas beset myself.*

*In hope of a future relationship,
I began to write on subjects of the day that I had dealt with.
But which would confront children of a future marriage,
Looking in the mirror of the past my summary is a “Life of Love”.*

One Example

*My sister had a cake shop as an owner/operator & she became unwell,
Mum’s only asset her farm which was full security for the business.
So I jumped in the deep end and cooked cakes, pies & sausage rolls with no training,*

*I did that 5 & 1/2 days per week midnight till 8am with no pay,
At the same time doing my own job 12pm-8pm to pay my bills.
That continued for about 15 months until the cake shop could be sold.*

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By

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Boy meets Girl

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Solitude Suffering

Suffering, I Solitude

*It is a little tough for you stay at home,
In your heart that feels like stone.*

Suffering in Solitude

*For the partner is tough stuff,
With a hurt that's shared with no solution aired.*

Suffering Inn Solitude

*Allows friends to call and grievances to stall,
May become a crack in that wall.*

Solitude Suffering

*Has no time table for life to disable,
Needs no remorse to run its course.*

Solitude I'm Suffering

*A plea for glee with a bended knee,
Given way to a warm yawn.
When met with the gentleness of a fawn,
Grazing on corn, not scorn.*

PRINCESS CHARMING

Hello Princess Charming,

Whom time has been disarming.

Your difficult days and ways have caused me no alarming,

Whilst I've been busy farming.

Daddy taught me to think before I act,

In some ways a sad matter of fact.

For the thing called spontaneity,

Is replaced with a lack of gaiety.

To catch a 'fallen star', won't get you far,

Let her be bright and in flight.

Not breathing down her back,

Will put her heart's melody in its 'owned track'.

We all have an individuality,

Sometimes difficult to see and gets mixed up with reality.

When was our generosity 'overcooked'?

Perhaps it was the times ourselves we've overlooked.

I'm grateful to hear that you enjoy your life today,

Savour those times which are long overdue in coming your way.

Let your heart have its way is my point of view,

Protect what you have like wool does protect a ewe.

When it is time you'll perhaps part with your fleece,

To warm another like feathers from geese.

You are a star, sometimes near and sometimes far,

We are neither fussed on whine or wine from a cracked jar.

*Rights and Responsibilities**I am a child. What can I get?**I am a child, what must I get?**I am a child, what should I do?**I am a child, what must I do?*

*These are all 'hard' points of view,
 Created from greed's boiling stew.
 Greed is good in that it creates an appetite,
 Need is better in that it creates delight.*

*The rights of a child are perhaps but a few,
 However many are the times that they are due.
 A child needs their body to be warm and clean,
 Free from torture and the touch of those who are mean.*

*A child needs shelter from the wind and cold,
 And not for their innocence and kindness to be sold.
 Is shelter from the wind and snow?
 The same as prevention of words harsh that dim a childish glow.*

*A child needs food from the ground to survive,
 And the food of knowledge to thrive.
 A child needs clothes to be sewn,
 And a joy for life to be shown.*

*A child needs to be protected,
 When anxieties are detected.
 For them extract the fact from fiction,
 Through dialogue of clear diction.*

*Responsibility for a child has three parts from the start.
 Respond respectfully to the food that is fed,
 Respond graciously to the words that are said,
 Respond lovingly to love given, even if it strikes like a dart.*

Fears & Tears

*A cascade of fears, ends in a pool of tears,
When there is life without hope over the years.
Hope without foundation belies the human urge for
creation,
It is like wars between cultures and nations.*

*Memories of life cause no strife,
To the heart of the brave.
They are a part of a bitter life,
Within a world of promised love, we can feel like a slave.*

*Give rise to the meek with a fresh start,
With memories of life to the weak of heart.
So climb aboard life's rattling train,
Where even in joy there can be pain.*

*For each of us our book of life,
Contains pleasure and pain.
Sunshine and rain,
With loss and gain.*

Perhaps Guilt
Is God's Quilt of Love

*If it covers only my toes,
Then I'll cause troubles and woes.*

*If it covers only my knees,
Then I'll never be pleased.*

*If it reaches only my thigh,
Then in love I'll always lie.*

*When it covers my heart,
Good prevails and bad fails from the start.*

*When it covers my mouth,
It is difficult to speak my mind.*

*When it covers my ears,
My heart wells with tears.*

*When it covers my nose,
My cheeks no longer look like a rose.*

*When it covers my eyes,
I can no longer see clearly God's sky.*

Right of Reply

(3 year old girl died while under the notice of D.O.C.S.)

*Beautiful party butterfly,
You were meant to live, not die,
Your plight was detected but not corrected,
Your death a profanity on the insanity of humanity,
Your last breath, a blight on the righteousness of mankind.*

&

A ten month old (sex unknown) died also under the care of authorities.

*Your years had not yet numbered one,
On your face was written wonderment and fun,
Your finger did cuddle every toy with a curious joy,
You were certainly heaven sent, a complete bundle of joy.*

&

Sophie and Molly

(Pre-school burn victims from a car crashing into their school)

*Prevention of a tragedy is the only cure complete,
Too young to learn of pain's tears, Life can be indiscreet,
Their journey has been bitter, may they again see life as sweet,
Certain are the horrific events of yesterday, may they soon together again play.*

&

Speck of Gold

*If I die tomorrow will I have left sorrow or of it only borrowed,
You see to me, I can't imagine a place or space with such embrace as the human race,
Not for what it has given to me,
But rather for femininity, life's prettiest tree.*

Grief

*I've just lost my spouse,
Grief is trying to move into my house.*

*We saw it coming,
Whilst the bees in the garden were humming.*

*This chapter of my life,
Has sadness as its wife.
It I can't divorce,
Like a winding river it will run its course.*

*For me there will be a tomorrow,
With each day will come less sorrow.
Our time together had so much to show,
That sadness within me will never grow.*

*Every emotion has a part to play,
In the passing of a day.
I don't need to like it just the same,
About our life there was no shame.*

*From our courtship years,
To our senior days filled with tears.
My spouse I will truly miss,
And her memory my heart will often kiss.*