

# “ACTS OF OMISSION”

by

**J. H. Johns**

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How long  
is long enough,  
how important  
is important,  
when does  
family mean us?

When is love  
not quite love,  
when is caring  
something less than that-  
how stupid  
does stupid have to be  
to pass for just  
plain and simple stupidity?

When is doing  
just not enough,  
when is not enough  
just a little bit short,  
when is blindness total-  
and you need  
the dog, the stick  
and the cup?

When are lives lived  
and other lives forgotten,  
when does the past  
crumble into the sand-

when they can and have done,  
when they knowingly  
commit  
acts of omission.

**END**

# “A FLICK OF A SWITCH”

by

**J. H. Johns**

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A flick of a switch,  
was it a knife,  
no,  
it was a gun,  
a flick of a switch-  
in the brain-  
makes it all  
sad and done;

gone forever;  
gone for what;  
gone for nothing-

he shrugs-

“oh, so what?”

A flick of a switch,  
that’s all it would take,

a flick of a switch  
and you find you’ve got

one colossal mistake...

**END**

# “A WAKE-UP CALL”

by

**J. H. Johns**

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We slumber,  
we sleep,  
we pass  
part of our lives  
being practically unconscious;

unawake and unaware;

quietly at rest;  
sensing little  
of the world  
or the people  
near us;

oblivious  
to all of the sights  
and most of the sounds  
around us;

lost  
to ourselves  
and to love;

to sentience  
and  
numeracy;

losing touch,  
losing track of the time  
as we effortlessly  
glide  
down the river  
of our life  
toward that sea  
beckoning beyond;

easily,  
smoothly-  
until the alarms go off

telling us-  
announcing  
with the full fury  
of reality-  
that it is time  
to wake up;

and,  
what do we do then-

acknowledge the storm  
in our midst  
or  
just hit  
the snooze button  
and  
go back to sleep?

**END**

# **“WHERE WERE YOU?”**

**By**

**J. H. Johns**

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Where were you?

Here you are now,  
what took you so long-  
no matter-  
you're here now;

now and not later,  
later  
would have been too late.

I'm glad I found you,  
I truly believe it's fate.

**END**

# **“THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF MY LIFE”**

**by**

**J. H. Johns**

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Finally,  
it was over;

after  
so long  
and so much time,  
it was  
gloriously  
over;

the sounds,  
the noise,  
the sights-  
over;

in the aftermath,  
I awoke  
to what was  
the first day  
of the rest of my life;

able now-  
to look forward  
with you,  
to go forward  
with you,  
to strive forward  
with you

into the present,  
into the future;

able now-  
to take along  
the parts of  
the past  
that I want  
and leave

the rest behind;

able now-  
to distance  
myself,  
and see  
myself  
in a new light;

starting now,  
on the first day  
of the rest of  
my life.

**END**

# **“THIS IS STILL KANSAS”**

**by**

**J. H. Johns**

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Dorothy still lives down the road  
and Toto hasn't been housetrained,  
you know that time has swirled around them  
and, yet, nothing at all has changed.

The storm may have passed,  
the skies may have cleared  
and the rain may have stopped,  
but this is still Kansas.

So, you'd better be careful and  
run for cover while you still can,  
because the winds of change change nothing,  
they just rearrange what's on the land.

The storm may have passed,  
the skies may have cleared  
and the rains may have stopped,  
but this is still Kansas-

but this is still Kansas.

**END**



