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# POETRY OF GERALD BOSACKER

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## **A Lonely Tree**

In the middle of a field of high yield corns,  
stands a solitary oak. Morose, it mourns  
its siblings harvested for oak barn beams,  
while it alone survives. The lone oak dreams  
of a grove of descendants, shedding seed,  
sterile where chemically tilled of weed-  
killers making the fertile former wood land  
uniquely corn. Does this lone survivor stand  
as victor, or only as a token of the past?  
For one century this spreading oak cast  
cooling shade for explorers, and pioneers.  
Now, in it's heartwood, fresh new rot appears,  
hollowing the trunk that dare not bend  
to winds that profane a great tree's end.

## **Advertising Truth**

The most successful fiction writers are those  
that mask the issue of thorns on a rose,  
pushing wormy apples, as protein enhanced fruit,  
Labeling "descent guaranteed" on a parachute,  
assuring us we won't keep floating in the sky.  
When used, you will come down, they did not lie  
How euphemistically, I am informed of fact,  
in advertising that is camouflaged with tact.  
Hyperbole is the ad copy writer's norm  
from soft pedaling to those that over-inform  
Ads for Pharmaceuticals that I must obtain  
now warn of side effects like death and pain,  
and these frank admissions legally insulate  
them from judgments courts might advocate.

## Picking Etiquette

You can pick a wife or a rose,  
and then quite sensibly  
the right card, your teeth or new clothes,  
a guitar, a friend or your foes,  
and often, quite privately  
that icky stuff between your toes.  
Pick garden weed that stubborn grows  
and winning numbers I suppose  
or your butt when no one knows  
but mothers and teachers agree  
it's never nice to pick your nose.

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**Gerald Bosacker**, once a prosperous business man and corporate executive, has abandoned all forms of non-altruistic endeavor and now is dedicated to expiating his past crimes to the environment, people's feelings and over-rich customers eager to spend their money for things they really didn't need. His contrition will be expressed with sensitive poetry and moralistic worldly tales with twisted endings. Go to <http://www.bosackerbooks.com>