

**FIRST
IMPRESSIONS**



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TELSTAR PUBLISHING
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**POETRY
BY**

**VIVIAN
BOGARDUS**



Vivian Bogardus

(Update: Now over 100 awards)

Winner of 44 writing awards for her poetry, articles, essays and short stories, she is also a published composer and lyricist. She is a member of **B.M.I.**, the **Broadcast Music Inc.** licensing agency. Vivian was Music editor for **Songwriter's World Magazine** for three years and wrote for the **Country Songwriter Magazine**. She plays the acoustic guitar.

Her illustrations and cartoons have appeared in **Animal Tales Magazine**, **Rhyme Time**, **Writer's Info**, and **Editor's Digest**. She writes columns, features, and illustrations for **Recording And Publishing News**, and free-lances nationwide.

First Impressions is the first in a series of four chapbooks to be released after September of 1990. The next chapbook, titled **Class Reunion**, deals with life experience through middle age. The third chapbook is titled, **River Of Years** and the fourth is a collection of Vivian's award winning poetry.

OTHER BOOKS BY VIVIAN BOGARDUS

Confetti
Myths: Book 1
Animal Tails
Styles
All About Songwriting
Country Scrapbook 1

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ABOUT THE POET

Born Vivian Elaine Copple, February 11, 1941 in Sioux City, Iowa, she graduated from Central High School and later married Ronald Forest Bogardus.

In the fall of 1972, the couple and their two children, Romand and Rhonda, left for Haines, Alaska, toting a forty foot trailer over the rugged Alaskan Highway. Shortly after their arrival, Vivian began to write poetry for the **Haines Chilkat Valley Newspaper** and a smaller local publication.

After a two year stay, the family moved to Sandpoint, Idaho and have stayed in the area for the last sixteen years, settling finally in Sagle, Idaho, a small community 6 miles from Sandpoint.

Her son Romand, died August 10, 1987 after being involved in a motorcycle accident. Rhonda, the daughter, lives in Georgia.

Vivian began writing at the age of 13, but was not published until 1969 when she began to write for a small press publication in Redwood Falls, Minnesota (**The Friendly Way Magazine**), where she won her first writing award - first place for a non-fiction story which she illustrated.

Since 1969, she has written for a number of magazines, such as **Grit**, **Byline**, **Copper's**, and several poetry anthologies including **Sentinel**, from **Telstar Publishing**.

HOLDING PATTERN

A mother holds her children
in her arms at the start,
and then, when they have grown,
she holds them in her heart.

When her children
have children of their own,
the pattern is repeated
and another generation is sown.



Dedication,

To my Mom and Dad who nurtured me,
and to whom I owe the debt of my love
forever.



Vivian Bogardus

About the Author

Vivian Bogardus was born in Sioux City, Iowa to Jace and Madeline Copple on February 11, 1941. Since an early age her main interests have been writing and music.

Author of seven poetry books and two technical books, she has been honored with more than 100 writing awards. She currently writes for *Anterior Monthly Review*, *the Country Western Corner*, *the Midwest Country News*, *Khepera Poetry Magazine*, and *Writer's World*. She is also Contributing Editor for the *Sandpoint Newslite*, a local paper. Vivian was named *Poet of the Year* by *Rhyme Time Magazine* in 1990. She is listed in the 1993-1994 *Poets and Authors of America*

Vivian is also a published author/composer for Broadcast Music, Inc. (B.M.I.) She plays the guitar, accordion, flute, and chromatic harmonica.

The informative years
shape a child's future way,
It's a time for nurturing
and they wonder about everything,
It can be grand or tragic,
It can be glum or magic.

A child takes on your shape,
a fate they can not escape.

So, during shaping time, be kind,
and in the future you will find
children you are proud to know
if you teach them
while they grow.



TO TOUCH A SUNBEAM

There's magic in a sunbeam
that only a child can see;

Like the grains of golden sand
as she walks beside the sea.
It can be a stage-light
where she performs for you,
or a jungle of animals
like ones she saw at the zoo.
It could be a magic slide
for creatures of the air,
or it could be a place to hide
when danger seems everywhere.

While adults think with disgust,
Look at that awful dust.



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KINDERGARTEN

Let go of that hand,
you can if you try.
You thought you'd be glad
but now you want to cry.
Go home to your silent house,
your tears will dry;
all children grow up.
Oh, God, don't ask why.



TO TIE A SHOE

I'll learn to do it, someday.
What's all the big to-do?
The knots are so confusing
when I try to tie my shoe.

But all my friends can do it,
I'm the last to learn how.

And, as I bend to do it,
after many tears,
I pull the bow up tight,
to all the neighbor's cheers!





LEARNING THE ROPES

Your first word evoked
joy, as if an angel spoke,
Your first step proclaimed
my life would never be the same;

Now you'll learn your ABC's,
to eat broccoli and peas,
and learn to tie your shoe,
copying the things that big folks do.

Puppy love will come,
and it's bound to hurt you some.
But, for now, I hope
I can help you learn the ropes.



WHAT LIES AHEAD?

You innocently sleep in your bed
and I place a kiss upon your head;
you stir and coo, a smile on your lips
and hold my heart in your grip.

I worry about how you will fare
and pray your life's within His loving care.
You stretch and yawn. I watch and cry.
I hope I raise you well, I'll try.
I silently pray
that I can guide you on your way.



MERCHANDISING

A childless couple
can rent a womb for a fee,
or sperm banks, for male apathy.

We merchandise babies today,
adopt them, or birth them for pay.

Human life is so frail,
it is hard to believe that
it is for sale.



THE SUIT

New baby, swimming around
in my aquarium,
I thought you'd like your dad,
I was going to marry him.

I thought you'd go to good schools
because he's famous and rich,
I figured that your lullabies
would be in perfect pitch.

I wanted to move to his house
and drive his expensive cars.
But, I guess all that
wasn't written in the stars.

When I told your dad
how big you had grown,
he blacked my eyes, pushed me down,
and left me on my own.

But don't worry, baby.
We'll get along just fine
because I've sued that S.O.B.
and some of his money will be
yours and mine.



EASY DOES IT

Just as the doors closed,
(Just as "big" as you please)
a pregnant woman
fell down to her knees.

I gasped, unsettled,
(wondering what to do)
but a doctor in
the elevator knew.

The woman wasted no time,
(in labor or groaning)
and the baby was born
amidst cheers and moaning.

When the doors opened,
(what a strange day)
the woman gathered her baby
and simply walked away.



THE GREATEST GIFT

Labor is induced ahead of time:
forceps clamp his head
as the baby is born before his prime,
and the doctor prays the child
isn't dead.
The air fills with shrieking cries,
(Mother almost didn't survive)
and death is, again, defied.

The baby fought and won
because he was intended to live.
Mother suckles her new son
knowing life is
 God's gift to give.



LEGACY

I am despised, considered
 a cancer, as I grow
 in my mothers' womb.
There is no joy
 at my creation -
 only a burning anger.
My mother has left me
a legacy of hatred.

She schemes to put an end to me.

I struggle with the will to live.
The faith born
 of a mothers' love
 is absent.
There is one moment of light,
then all is dark and
 silent.



A HOME

Too young to know
life's full scope,
riffled with pain,
she lays without hope.

She remembers home
and her parent's disgrace
because this child
would be of mixed-race.

She feels weak but
her courage is strong;
her heart quickens,
she senses something is wrong.

She pushed, then screams -
strange cries fill the air.
She instantly wonders,
is his skin fair?

Praying he finds a good home,
she dies, alone.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

What is this pressure I feel,
and where is my cushion
of warm water?
I'm pressed through a channel
into blinding light.
My lungs are bursting,
but my first breath stings.
I cry in pain and terror as
air hits my tender skin.
Shouts hurt my fragile ears
and mucus chokes me, as I am
lifted and hung from my heels.
I am slapped sharply
on my backside, but cannot breathe
until a suction instrument
is forced into my mouth, to remove
the stubborn mucus.
A blanket is tightly wrapped
around me.
I am transported
to my mother's belly.
I recognize her familiar voice.
I feel safer.
Everything will be all right now
because I hear her saying,
"I love you, baby."



THE NEW ONE

Scanning the page,
she adjusted her glasses,
reading about natural child-
birth classes.
She reads about breathing techniques,
to unwind
the fear of pain in the back
of her mind.
With her husband-coach,
she'll follow through,
and birth a child,
as all women do.

Will he be handsome,
if a boy,
Or if a daughter,
will she be a joy?
Will the baby be healthy,
she prays it is so,
and have normal intellect,
she'd like to know?
Will she die in childbirth?
She prays to survive,
and wonders if this one
will be born alive.



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CRACK BABY

Named for the sound it emits,
pregnant, she continued to smoke
a substance called crack;
a drug much like coke.

Her son was addicted
at birth,
and now his child-coffin
is deep in the earth.

His odds of survival
were almost nil;
crack has scored
another baby-kill.



13

I T

She resigned herself
to the fact,
though she secretly wished
it would die.

When it did,
she felt like an
executioner.
As though it had
read her thoughts and
acted accordingly.
She kept right on referring
to the baby as "it",
as though it was inhuman.
But when the time came
to name it,
(for the burial)
she lost her
mind.



L I F E ' S P L A Y H O U S E

Life is stark like an empty stage,
waiting for direction.
A script is ready for first page,
to study character projection.

An overture is playing,
and the curtain is due to raise;

You are the star tonight,
and survival is your motivation.
As you enter beneath the spotlight
your birth brings elation.

