

# A PILE OF PENS

I hope you enjoy reading these poems. The poems here are not about prison, though I wrote them here in prison to try and connect with the free world as best I could for at least a few moments at a time awaiting my release.

Poetry

By Nicholas A. Superstein

Nicholas Superstein DC # 606338  
Suwannee Correctional Institution  
5964 US HWY 90  
Live Oak, FL 32060

C3523468-3496

Alan Superstein

P.O. Box 111

Earleton, FL 32631

April 2013

## Table OF Contents

TOC	I
A Nations' Notions	ps. 1
Birthday Ballouns	ps. 1
Awoken By An Alarm	ps. 2
Full OF Focus	ps. 2
Acclaimed Artwork	ps. 3
The Pied Piper	ps. 3
Beginnings To Brain Storm	ps. 4
The Start OF Spring	ps. 4
Mickey's Missing Mouse	ps. 5
Breakfast Baste	ps. 5
Searching For A Sign	ps. 6
Marvelous Merisold	ps. 6
Shown A Sign	ps. 7
A Crack In The Concrete	ps. 7
Baking Banana Nut Bread	ps. 8
Through Being Timid	ps. 8
Basking On The Beach	ps. 9
Elegant Eyes	ps. 9
An Appreciated Apalusy	ps. 10
Men In The Mirror	ps. 10
Flying A Frisbee	ps. 11
Cheese And Crackers	ps. 11
A Parting Pelican	ps. 12
A Little Lizard	ps. 12
Aiming An Arrow	ps. 13
A Drop OF Dew	ps. 13
Climbing Through The Clouds	ps. 14
Audience Applauce	ps. 14
A Fine Forecast	ps. 15
Pineapple Pizza	ps. 15
A Batch OF Brownies	ps. 16

Present Pandemonium	pg. 16
Beef And Bean Burrito	pg. 17
A Couch Upon Lochine	pg. 17
High Hopes	pg. 18
A Delicious Danish	pg. 18
Spectacular Sunflower	pg. 19
Single Star	pg. 19
Requiring A Rhyme	pg. 20
A Segment Of Suspense	pg. 20
A Sadly Sung Song	pg. 21
A Pike Of Pens	pg. 21
Sand By The Sea	pg. 22
Collapsing With A Crash	pg. 22
Other Books	pg. 23



## Awoken By An Alarm

page 2

I am snoring  
In the early morning  
The sun has yet to come up  
There is no coffee yet to fill my cup  
And then suddenly a loud noise erupts  
I am awoken by an alarm  
And flail at it with my arm  
I roll over  
And drink a little longer  
But then the noise is too much to take  
And I am awake

## Full of Focus

My goal is in sight  
It's something only right  
A just reward  
Something to hoard  
It'll take my inner vision  
And a little decision  
But I'm focused to achieve it  
That is it

## Accclaimed Artwork

Page 3

Of the highest measure  
A artistic treasure  
A fine piece  
To see the least  
This magnificent artwork  
Belongs in the finest gallery of New York  
True imagination  
Accomplishing in factive

## The Pied Piper

Playing his hypnotic songs  
To a gathered throng  
The Pied Piper put the people in a trance  
Making the melody dance  
Then the Pied Piper led the crowd  
At first just around  
And then past the gates of town  
He's leading them to a new place  
With flute playing grace  
In their old town the people can no longer stay  
Because a travesty is on the way  
The town will be enchanted to safety  
While the Pied Piper plays his flute gayfully

## Beginning To Break Storm

Page 5

My mood begins to soar  
As thoughts begin to pour  
The blank isn't there anymore  
I just see new ideas with more in store  
Thought after thought  
I'm thinking a lot  
A brainstorm has begun  
Thinking is so much fun

## The Start of Spring

The snow begins to blow  
As winter withdraws its deadly claw  
Trees come back to life  
As winter ends its strife  
The land begins to turn green again  
And you start to notice the bluejay or little wren  
Squirrels' scurrying around  
Eating fresh acorn dungs found  
And the first wildflowers start to bloom  
For beauty at the start of Spring there is much room

Who's that scurrying around the house  
 It must be my pet escaped mouse  
 So small  
 How would I know he could climb out of his cage to tell  
 It would take fifteen of him  
 Just to reach the rim  
 Who let him free  
 Was it someone trying to settle a score with me  
 Maybe it was an animal right? Slender  
 Who spouted Chipper in my shirt pocket when I used that telephone booth  
 He tracked me down  
 To let Chipper free to run around  
 Off he runs out the door  
 I'll never see my escaped convict friend anymore

### Breakfast Bask

In the morning when I want more than eggs or cereal  
 Is a breakfast bask  
 Toasted with cream cheese  
 Enough to bring me to my knees  
 I like to eat it on the porch  
 Before the sun begins to scorch  
 Accompanied with some juice  
 Oh yes and raisin I'll make it a duce



## Searching For a Sign

em 7

Looking for something to show me the way  
Asking God if He has something to say  
Where's His message in my life  
Is it in my kid's and wife  
Is it in my trips to the ocean  
Or in a promotion  
Has God ever talked to me before  
Is there anyway I can be sure  
One day will I ever find  
A concrete sign  
Like a miracle

## Marshall's Marigold

A beautiful flower perched on the lawn  
Gathering drops of dew at early mornings dawn  
It shimmers in the limited light  
It's yellow petals something bright  
I hope it never withers and grows old  
The Marshall's Marigold

I've prayed and prayed  
With doubts of God my mind has stayed  
My soul has stayed  
For this day to come  
For a miracle to be done  
Today my prayers have received an answer to my call  
And God has knocked down one of Satan's fortified walls

### A Crack In the Concrete

There as I walk  
A crack in a concrete block  
Giving life  
Though with much strife  
To a weed  
A unique plant indeed  
It has sun and a little dirt  
I'll watch my step to make sure it doesn't get hurt

Baking in the oven

A loaf of love, mother love

The sweetest thing my mother can bake

It's not Dutch Fudge chocolate cake

It's something special, gold, and brown

It's something that would make me drive over across town

Baking banana nut bread

And I can't seem to get the fulfilling sweetness out of my head

The timer about to ring

And I know that bread will make my husband sound a satisfied man

Two minutes and counting

Two more minutes of my mouth watering

### Through Belts Tied

I'm not going to be shy anymore

Being by yourself is kind of a bore

I'm going to find a friend or two

I'm going to stop being and be somebody new

I'm going to be part of a crowd

It's time to start looking around

## Basking On the Beach

page 10

I lay on a blanket on the beach  
Just out of the water's reach  
I lay listening to the ocean's roar  
And look up to watch a group of pelican's soar  
The sun beats down on my arms, legs, and chest  
While I peacefully rest  
It's a nice feeling I get  
Sometimes venturing to the surf to set my toes wet  
Here at the beach I find  
Solace for my mind

## Elegant Eyes

Sparkles so bright  
To light up the night  
What beautiful eyes  
Telling sweet little lies  
Serenity to the mix  
Incapable of telling facts  
Pure blissfulness  
Shows elegance

## An Appreciated Apology

page 11

"I'm Sorry" She Said

And it caused euphoria to flow through my head

I wanted for those words to come

For her to prove she wasn't numb

She has a heart

That spark can kindle a new start

I appreciate that apology

Even if I did use a little psychology

## Man In the Mirror

I look in the mirror and see a reflection of a young man

A man perhaps without a plan

Without a clue or a brain

Looking handsome just the same

Brown hair and eyes

Occasionally my nostrils flare and give a sigh

I look at my skin pale and white

Then I flip the switch and say goodnight

## Flying & Frisbee

page 12

Flies into the air  
A frisbee flies without care  
I find a special joy  
In flying this round toy  
I run and then I catch  
In throwing it back and forth fun is sure to hatch

## Cheese and Crackers

A few slices of Cheddar  
And some crackers to make me feel better  
A little snack  
To appease my hunger attack  
I wonder who was the first chef to put cheese and crackers together  
The invention is quite clever  
Good for a brunch  
Or with a little juice or soda even a light lunch

## A Pointing Pelican

page 13

A pelican sits on a post  
Looking as thin and pale as a ghost  
He flaps his wings  
And opens his mouth making a sound to see what it brings  
No luck for the beseeching bird  
No fisherman acts as if he's heard

## Little Lizard

Creeping through leaves and grass  
Arching his neck to the sun to meditate and watch time pass  
A little lizard puffs his neck out  
And twitches his white tipped tail about  
A fly whizzes by and he gives chase  
Now he is no longer resting still but on the hunt for an evening insect treat  
A little run  
Then he whips his tongue  
Volla! His hunt for lunch is done

## Aiming An Arrow

Page 14

I pull the bowstrings tight  
Gouging the target with my sight  
Then let the arrow take flight  
I hit near the center  
The luck of a beginner  
I take arrow after arrow from my quiver  
And one by one they all deliver

## A Drop of Dew

A early morning drop of dew on a twig  
The size of a pea not very big  
Produced from a change in the air  
Do you see it there  
It's so beautiful  
Wonderful  
I think I should take a picture  
To capture another picture



Up into the Sky  
I fly  
I keep climbing  
Through the clouds and into Heaven  
Where I meet my ancestral brethren  
I have finally met their feet  
I talk to a relative that is much older than great  
I sip ancient wine and eat ancient meat  
While a servant washes my feet  
Then I meet people that passed not long ago  
People I even used to know  
I talk to my Grandpa and Uncle Moe  
And they offer me candy and snacks  
Then I meet my old pit dog  
In a cloudy fog  
She brings me a stick to chew  
And from my experience's in Heaven that's all I know

### Audience Applauds

I've worked up enough bravery not to choke  
I can deliver a descent joke  
I can stand on stage with that mike in my hand  
And make them understand  
I can make them laugh and spit their spit  
I can drive them nuts!  
But when the act's over and I give my thank-you nod  
It's the audience going to applaud

## A Fine Forecast

page 16

Tomorrow will be a fine day  
A day to ~~go~~<sup>go</sup> outside and play  
No rain if forecast  
And the temperature will be mild and serene  
The sun will be out  
And a little wind will blow the leaves about  
A day of good weather  
The forecast couldn't be any better

## Pineapple Pizza

The delivery says here  
I pick up the phone and twenty minutes later dinner magically appears  
Pineapple chunks on top  
Keep on with the Oregon don't stop  
One bite  
It's enough to make a good night  
Slice after slice  
Pizza this good is worth double the price  
Give me one of those garlic rolls  
I'm eating till my stomach fills

## A Batch of Brownies

Page 17

Covered with plastic on a plate  
There they sit in my refrigerator to wait  
There's a big dinner tomorrow night  
I hope they come out right  
I baked them last  
And went through mixing them kind of fast  
Maybe I'll eat one for a taste  
... .. Umm, my brownies are the best

## Present Pandemonium

At this present moment in time  
I find it difficult to rhyme  
For there is a great commotion  
To distract my motivation  
Pandemonium has filled the house  
For my sister has seen a mouse

## Beef and Bean Burrito

page 18

Beef and beans frying in a pan  
Part of my early evenings culinary plan  
I prepare the lettuce, cheese, and onion  
While the beef and beans get done  
I go to the fridge and get the sour cream  
Put it all in a shell and take a bite through the steam

## A Lurch Upon Culina

Laying upon the beach  
Now safely out of the surf's reach  
Nests a light green shell  
Brought to shore by a mighty swell  
In the shape of a spiral  
A few hours ago I noticed it'd arrived  
Rolling across the ~~beach~~ <sup>Culina</sup> to lay still  
Occasionally conjured a little  
Large in size  
I couldn't help but notice it with my wandering eyes  
I walk over and pick it up  
I put it to my ear and listen to the echo's erupt

I want it so much  
I can feel the touch  
Here I'll stay  
Because I know it's on it's way  
Not long will I have to wait here  
For that something else  
It's coming do you hear  
It's coming hear

### A Delicious Danish

On the shelf of a bakery  
Something quite savory  
A delicious danish with items on top  
After one bite I can't stop  
I eat it all at once  
And order two more for brunch

## Spectacular Sunflower

page 65

Flower standing tall in a field so high  
At first I'm not sure if you're a trick on my eye  
Bright yellow petals and a long green stalk  
Oh, how I wish you could talk  
So you could tell me why you're so tall  
And other flowers so small  
You're a Spectacular Sunflower  
I wish we could talk hour after hour  
To other flowers you're a king  
Oh, if you could sing  
What joy that would bring  
You and I will be friends forever  
One day I will teach you how to talk and sing because surely you must be clever

## Single Star

Up in the sky high away from the Earth so far  
I see a Single Shining Star  
Why is it the only one  
Did it leave the others because it wasn't having fun  
Is it an orphan living a lonesome life  
Is it shining so bright to attract a wife  
It must be lonely all alone  
In that vast sea of darkness it calls home  
Is it lost is that why it's by itself  
Is it carefully guarding a great wealth  
Agh. Here comes the day  
TV took it away

I sit and I think  
 Maybe while sipping a cool drink  
 Not just about anything  
 How am I going to make this poem sing  
 Which words will I use  
 To shock, sadden, or amuse  
 What's going to be at the end of the next line  
 . . . . .  
 Is the poem too short or too long  
 Is it too dull or have the nature of a good song  
 Sometimes I think I should let my parents see  
 To let the ink dry on the page  
 Like a fine wine  
 And then a couple days later add the finishing line

### A Segment of Suspense

Sometimes it's a bore  
 Or sometimes it's a chore  
 (Like during commercials)  
 But I certainly have my tube watching credentials  
 Comedies alright  
 I can watch re-runs all night  
 But I truly like a show with suspense  
 It brings a break from the regular cadence  
 If the plot's afoot  
 It even intrigues the most experienced sleuth  
 A Segment of Suspense  
 Followed by something intense  
 Is to die for  
 I won't tell you anymore

## A Sadly Sung Song

page 28

His voice sounds like a man  
As he sings about a broken home  
There's a sadness in his eyes  
As he harmonized his cry's  
You can hear the grief in his voice  
She had no other choice  
Their love is gone  
Such a sad song.

## A Pile of Pens

An empty pile of pens  
My old friends  
I used them to write many stories  
There they lay in a stack on the table  
My ink spilling stories of fables  
With blue pen I wrote some of my best  
Now they are discarded empty of ink laid to rest



## Sand By The Sea

Page # 22

Wet and soft  
Only some tiny shells and a light bird can stay aloft  
I take a step and sink down in  
While a seagull cry is deafend by the wind  
I pick my feet up  
While a kid makes a sandcastle with his cup  
I kneel down and press firmly with my hand  
It makes an imprint in the wet sand  
Water fills the left  
Sand by the sea I remember it from my past

## Collapsing With a Crash

The overhead starting to break  
Everybody run for dress socks  
There's too much rain  
For the little frame  
Here it comes crashing down  
We're the unlucky people in town

## Other Books

Page 23

I have written more than 1400 poems so far, and have one book published on Amazon's Kindle named *Fueling The Fire*. I also have another book on the Prison's Foundation website named *Sanity Somewhere*. Please feel free to read these books along with the one you just read.

*Master Drop*

2013