

Card for high school graduation:

A bunch of summers added up
And winters piled on, too.
Autumns got in on the act
And springy sprung a few.

They all made hots and colds and whiles
And passages of joy
To sing together of delights
In choruses of boy.

And when the boy he summered on
And winter froze his tush
And autumn always wrapped him 'round
In colorific mush
And when the boy in spring sprang on
In gladsome noise and noisesome song

Well –
Then once upon the circling 'round
Of seasons then a man is found –
All boyish in his autumn hue
And full of brightly summer, too;
All sunnish glow and winter's cool,
All sky so red and grass so blue
All thought of whither life is bound
And how the wind-y road is wound.
Now come the seasons to ensue
A-springing on to all that's new.

Invitation to a spring party:

Springy sunny sylvan hopes
For freedom from the winter mopes
Bidding bye, so-long, farewell
To frozen tales too long to tell.
Lotsa food and personnel
Makes a celebration swell

Card for a 21st birthday:

Adding one to post-teen twen-
Ty is mashed up with some zen
That contemplates the timeless truth
While daily matters brew for youth.

Such a sum is merry grand
Dancing, laughing through the land
While eyes go crossed with bills to pay
To pass in rent another day.

How now post that new day's dawn?
Light a candle, sing a song?
Presents open with great glee?
Twine the nighttime coupling chi?

All good and perfect! Yo! The best!
Happy day is great birth-fest.
So the stars a-flicker, too,
Universes sing a coo.

All hail the warm vermillion nights!
And minds chockfull of fancy flights!
Senses rubbing twigs to flame
And twenties puzzling out life's game.

All welcome child's up and come
And adding on to sums a one:
An arbitrary roundelay
Of earth to sun in cosmic play?

All good! That's how we humans roll,
Our sapien humor rather droll.
And did I mention how the one
Of twenty makes a unique sum?
Hormone-ly charged and leg'ly, too,
Situationally new,
Open minds and casting eyes,
Reaching out and touching skies –
(Tropes, clichés and blurbs abound
But suchness makes the world go 'round.)

How can the now be more than past
When past was most of everlast?
Thus the child, in mystery,
Shall always loved more ever be.

Some clues for a birthday treasure hunt for gifts:

Mystery of cyber-world
With a few strokes come unfurled.
Mass consciousness within a key
Of nothing more than A to Z. -> (under computer keyboard)

Looking out and at and wide,
Tossing head from side to side,
Looking 'til you might erupt.
I'm just hangin' – Hey, whassup?-> (tacked to ceiling)

Dimly seen, emerging through
A fog of inky dapple-dew.
Does façade of one so zen
Hide the object of your yen? -> (taped behind Buddha scroll on the wall)

Blending not and stirring nay,
Intermingling nought today.
Synthesis is nothing here,
But mixing prompts a hearty cheer. -> (under soundboard)

What of dim sum? How chow mein?
Deep-fried eggroll, may it reign.
What the fry, all these delights
When passing quasi-Asian nights? -> (inside wok)