

*A Writer's Gift,  
Or a Small Poetry Book of Definitions,  
And Sayings,  
From the other side (of life).*

*By Kevin R. Cooper*

*A Writers Gift*

*A writer's gift,*

*Is going on the same journey,*

*That they are destined to take their readers on,*

*Time and time again...*

*-The gift being*

*That they are the first ones on that journey.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

*Suicides*

*We have a way of saying things are fine...*

*-We smile too much sometimes.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

Cats

*Of someone thinks,  
That they don't know what a profanity is,  
And how to issue one,  
-Just ask a cat.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

## Handicapped People

*So you're handicapped you say,*

*Well what a shame,*

*I mean for us, not you,*

*For we are the fools,*

*Because we cripple ourselves through our own  
weaknesses...*

*That leads me to believe,*

*If you took,*

*Put us all in wheelchairs,*

*And told us to walk....*

*-That handicapped people,*

*Would be the first,*

*To walk among us.*

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Pain

*Pain is the signature,  
That we etch upon our souls.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

*Without You*

*I love you so much that,*

*Being without you,*

*Would be like being forever lost in a winter...*

*-One in which,*

*Despair and anger alone,*

*Could not atone.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

*A Closed Mind*

*A truly closed mind,  
Lends itself to superstition quite well,  
By keeping all ideas locked up,  
Inside a darkened passage way,  
-Through which,  
Realities light of day,  
Can not be shed.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*



*The Voice of Glory*

*Oh tell me,  
The beautiful news,  
So that I can rejoice,  
And speak about the story,  
Of how our own voice,  
Came to be heard,  
Both proud and true,  
-All because there was a man,  
Who sprang forth from the blues,  
Known as Langston Hughes!*

*Kevin R. Cooper*

What A Teacher Made Me See

I don't know how I would have believed it,

I just know it was there for me to see...

A room full of blind people,

That were given the ability to see...

-Just ask a teacher,

And you'll know what I mean.

Kevin R. Cooper

Everything We Seek

Everything we seek,

Is cast upon us,

Is cast upon us,

By a vision,

And its belief.

Kevin R. Cooper

*A Grain of Sand*

*One night,*

*I dreamt that,*

*While walking along the beach one day,*

*I found a way,*

*To change the world...*

*Because in this dream*

*There was a person standing next to me,*

*Explaining that,*

*Like the grains of sand on a beach,*

*Of someone wants to change something big,*

*They must start small,*

*And that an ocean can move a whole beach,*

*Yet it starts with one grain of sand...*

*-And in the dream,*

*This person looked at me and said,*

*"Why not be the one,*

*Who moves that first grain of sand?"*

## Radio

*Radio was a canvas,  
On which people used to paint pictures,  
That were cast into the hearts and imaginations,  
Of millions throughout the world.*

*Kevin R. Cooper*