

By Dotti Holmberg-Waddell

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PART VI: SALT & PEPPER POETRY



"Snuff 'N Stuff"



Gatoo—as he chews
That snuff `n stuff
Makes some but not my gramps look rough

Swish-swash as he takes each flavor in
Chew-chomp as it winds up "stuff" in bin

It may not smell like an "aroma" pipe
But I can tell to snuff gramps 'has a like'

Although it's been "around" so long
It still just winds up spit on ground

But I'm not complaining for I have my gum
That I'm sure works same as snuff for some

"Being in his glory,
Chomping with the breeze"

Gatoo—as he chews
That snuff `n stuff
Makes some, but not my gramps look rough



“Juice It Up!”

**Boy, I feel great!
How do you feel today?
Oh, you must not be starting off right
Haven't you heard the way?**

**(Chorus Line:)
Juice it up!
Drink a cup
You better shape up
And Juice it up!**

**Come alive—
Take *Awake*, take *Hi-C* or *Tang*
Or if you prefer some other cure
Numaid and *Sunkist* have twang**

**Don't fade away—
You must survive with nature's feeding vitamins
Giving way to muscles, bustles
Omitting would turn your body to tin**

**Unglue those heavy eyes and cloudy heads
And see those blued skies aren't red
You'll look with two new eyes instead
When you make sure your body's correctly fed**

**Don't you want to be beautiful or handsome?—
Well, just follow my instructions
And become a healthy sun of a gun
Follow me—and you'll see the outcome**

**(Chorus Line:)
Juice it up!
Drink a cup
You better shape up
And Juice it up!**

"Kitchen Chemist"



When I prepare myself to cook
I take out my kitchen chemistry book...
Showing how to combine this with that
Producing reactions to make some fat

Using baking soda and baking powder
Which bubble being catalysts when hitting the water
Flour and water even make paste—
Cooking ingredients never have to waste

How fascinating yeast can be!
When dough can rise to such a degree
Look how many meats can be baked—
When slowly cooked, the gravy juices they make

I like to be a kitchen chemist
Working with a chemistry list
But I hope my results are rated to eat
For I like my productions to be a treat



“I Want to Draw Pictures with Words”

With pen in hand, I want to draw allusions of pictures
With mind on flowers and spring, I want to make an artful mixture



Efficacious—is what my thoughts should create to the reader
Oh to write, yet to be artful with words and to be an “image leader”

Hold your imaginary level—
 & tune into my words of beautiful things
For I want “picturesque expression” to hold you
 in my world that sings

"Enough to Freeze Your Nose Off"

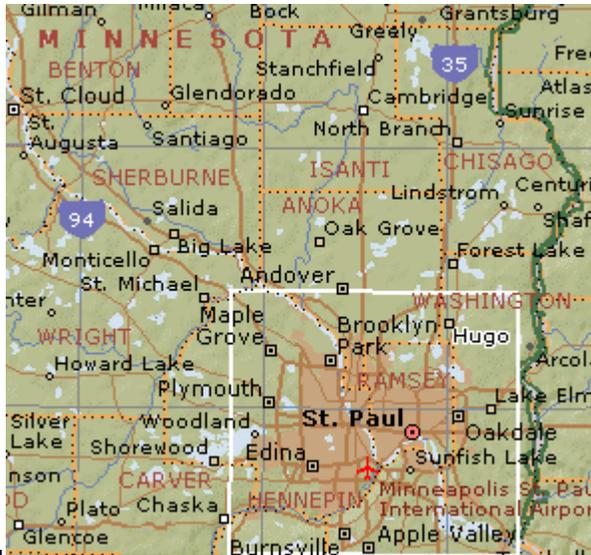


No, you're not from the Pole
But from the Midwest
But now you're living in California
A little nippy weather is a test

You get accustomed to a place
A town and its weather
And now you're like a chicken in the cold
Who lost its last feather

When the slight chill nips at your nose
You start to sneeze and cough
And being spoiled, you complain
Saying, "This cold's enough to freeze your
nose off!"

(But put me back in Minnesota
And see what I would do,
I'd probably be like a typical westerner
And wilt up and turn blue)



HUGO, MINNESOTA....

is like the daisy patch 

with the railroad tracks 

running through to meet

the little old blue jean man 

running to the bank  ...but first stopping

to chase the cows 

out of the bar 

“Country Castle”

**Dedicated to Grandma & Gramps in Hugo, Minn.
while I was living in Hollywood, California from 1965
to 1974*

If I could leave this town for one whole day
I would go back to my country castle of yesterday,
House planted on rich black soil
While grandma will bake, gramps in garden will toil

Hmm, that homemade bread and homemade jam
My memories still sense and can
see grandma can...

Those pickles and beets and peaches and beans
Starting from their raw garden product
to finding their means

A couple in a palace, not of gold but of God
Always learning and concerning together
in their own Cape Cod
The fresh air and birds sing their own song
And tune into grandma’s kitchen all the day long

The cows in the pasture
The water in the creek
The fresh smell of daisies
The warmth on my bare feet



Grandma & Grandpa Holmberg

If I could leave this town
for one whole day
I would go back to my
country castle of yesterday,
House planted on rich black soil
While grandma will bake,
gramps in garden will toil

"The Smog"

**Dedicated to Los Angeles 1965 to 1974...I was raised a country girl in Minnesota with fresh air...*

Creep, Creep...
As you're fast asleep
Soon a surprise may you awake
As bodies in stillness slumber
This mass gathers more than you can take



Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

As it's black body tiptoes over the city
I try to hold my breath
And think of something cheery and witty
Before I choke to death

Why, Sir, I love your black suit
Oh, tell me is it new?
"No, Mam" he replied, the smog got to it
"Oh, yes and it used to be blue"

Don't worry about this Halloween
For it may last longer this year
The masked children may start in the day
Mistaking dust to be night's near

What happened to the morning dew?
And the sunshine's radiating light?
Now all the dawn will let me see
Is far from being white?

Ok, smog, take us all...
Invade this land of ours
But first notify the government
So we can choke one last tomorrow

"Where I Live...Everyone's a Star"

Oh, some people have been discovered by their unusual
rock-roll screams
Or, Oh, by their weird ways of doing such unusual things
as breathing or humming in the background

Yes, I guess I must tell you what you may already know...
Where I live in Hollywood, California.... "Everyone's a star"

Where I live, my mother brought a "singing sewing machine"
So a knitting grandmother sang a "hell of a song",
which was obscene
But my dog challenged them all with his good pitch
Since then, he has been signed up as background for Mitch

My neighbor has the only voice that can talk back
Her name is "RCA" and time has shown her vocal knack
And her mother's name is "Jude Box",
having an overabundance of nickels
And my aunt has such a pure voice, she can sing with a pickle

My recording studio is my acoustical bathroom
Myself being the engineer and the walls producing the "echo boom"
My voice is only recorded but a shower's time
And I'm sure to hear it played back, I would pay a dime

Yes, we all act around here too
We all have our own personalities and wear our own shoes
We all perform on stages in our own homes
And we all think we are the first as was Rome

“Movies and Life”

Movies contain actors and actresses
That play all kinds of roles
From bums to civilians to kings and queens
But in movie stories, is reality told?

We all live our own roles
Each day a new scene
But is my kind of life also an acted one?—
If so, is someone hidden in my house
with a filming machine?



“Gretchen Trip”

There once was a girl who could be you
Who did not always watch her step
Making wrong moves by all her mistakes
Others watching the advice she wouldn't accept

Her feet led her astray...

Falling into traps

Fumbling along her merry way...

Someone should draw her a map

Her acquaintances called her Gretchen Trip
For she caused others problems too
By using her bad sense of direction
Well, she better straighten out for her own protection

“Robot Children”

**Click, you move a leg
Snap, you maneuver an arm
Zip, your mouth can sag
Whop! You put on all charm**



**We're robot children
To our father machines
Just a couple million
Living in the same scene**

**Playing with time
As a clock plays its chime
Being helped by the mechanics
Of a "fast age" moving panic**

**I know my words
Sound like rationalized verse
But look around you today
And think what has happened since last May**

**Do we want to be lazy?
Or aren't we aware, but hazy?—
To the fact how we're being replaced
But our new mechanical race**

**Don't we need exercise?
Can't we with machines compromise?
Or are we to let our muscles
Go to waste in all "this hustle"**

**Instead of riding—take a walk
Instead of floating—take a swim
Get things done yourself—don't talk
Don't think inventions are just a whim**

**Yes, we're robot children
Sitting & taking advantage...
Of the mechanical helpers they're building--
Maybe, they'll build us a cage**



"The Unknown"

**Here today
May be gone tomorrow
But where did it come from?
How far did it go?**

**The Unknown, the strange
Pop up now and then
Things we can't name or explain
Covering up, having to pretend**

**Sights of oddly shaped bodies are seen in the night
Also some oddly shaped creatures are spoken to in light
Sometimes the sky is full of surprises too
Such as flying objects that light up the blue**

**Our government may be keeping secrets
To unlock the mysteries of Big Foot and Loch Ness,
Or of proof of ghosts, to saucers, to little green men...
That some sightseers have said claim to be friends**

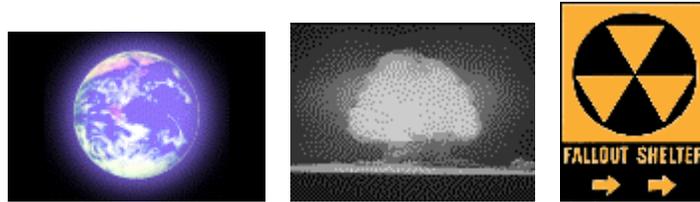
**Also people have been said to return from the past
Telling reincarnation stories that can leave you aghast
And objects have been known to float 'round in a house
That aren't air objects—having cause to arouse**

**Our public is held in suspense
Searching for all the answers
And if we feel something's injurious,
we build up our defense
But searching out all the Unknown
is like curing all cancer**

**Here Today
May be gone tomorrow
But where did it come from?
How far did it go?**

"How Long Will Our World Last?"

(Written during the Vietnam War era)



How long will our world last?
For enemies build up in a mass
The "sounds" of July 4th may be over
But "exploding news" is daily discovered

Close your eyes, plug your ears
Turn off the news so more turmoil you won't hear
But soon these "sounds" may be knocking at your door
And then, not only the rain from the sky will pour

What does a fight produce but the beginning
of a new one?
Soon a busy sky will hide the sun
Why can't all countries link as friends?
So we can share and enjoy our life's amend

Hold onto your hat
And hope someday you may throw it up and cheer
And put out your door mat
To people far and near

But how long will our world last?
For people in wars are wiped out fast
We hope for the best, so many soldiers can rest
Well, at present we don't know....And Time is the test

“They’re In the Army Now”

(Written during the Vietnam War era)

Now—

They’re in the army now
But they rather work the plow
Well, he is off,
Leaving smoker’s cough
 He’d rather get rich
 Than dig his own ditch
They’re in the army now

While Vietnam is hot
We’re boiling in our pot
And the boys can’t find a spot
Where a potato won’t rot

As they march on down the line
They count our world’s time
And it would only cost a dime
To put up a stop sign

But—

They’re in the army now
Fighting—Hoping—Winning, but how?
As a pasture keeps in its cow—
They’re in the army now

“Where Have They Gone?”

(Written during the Vietnam War era)

Happy people went
Sadness slowly sent
World—why so small?
With scars and all

Today again you wound
And watch the world waste & ruin
Come—stop—see—small can't more dwindle
Only the flame of hate can kindle

Black, white, or green—just colors
For not one's heart can be fuller...
All feel love and human hurt
And see and feel the rocks and dirt

Where have they gone?
The people who sang the happy song
But protests keep ringing on & on
And the road to peace gets long

"Frustrations"

You wake up and greet the world
And a door slams in your face,
As you're at a steady pace

Your feet hardly hold you up
Then a someone steps on you,
And a storm begins to brew

You try to put out friction
Then a pressure lights the match,
Your problems just won't patch

Red is red and black is black
Worry, disgust, regret
Are in your mind well set

Oh, woe is me! When is right?
The sparks are flying high,...
And you feel you're soon to cry

“What Would You Like for Dinner?”

Say, what would you like for dinner? ...
Pot Pies, T.V. dinners, or store boxed pie?
You say, you would like “What fried?”

But, Honey, you know I haven’t the time
And food can be so conveniently bought...
Dinners and appetizers that are already made,
What? You’d not like to give the matter a
second thought?

But didn’t you know I sold my pots and pans
And bought that sleek new dress?
After all, I seldom use cooking utensils
For the new foods just require less

You say, you’re getting tired of that commercial taste?
Why, I must be getting used to it! ...
Although now thinking back to that homemade bread,
That new dress just doesn’t seem to fit

"The Egg's Fate"

A long time ago, there was a chicken
It was a bird
A long time ago it laid an egg
Which at the time was "roundish" but still looked weird

But, still at present, as I lay this egg on my plate
It says a lot
For at present, I think of its many forms
Starting when it was a beginning tot

This shelled little creature is eaten each day
But it also flies--
For, if hatched and not eaten it's a baby bird
That plays with the sky

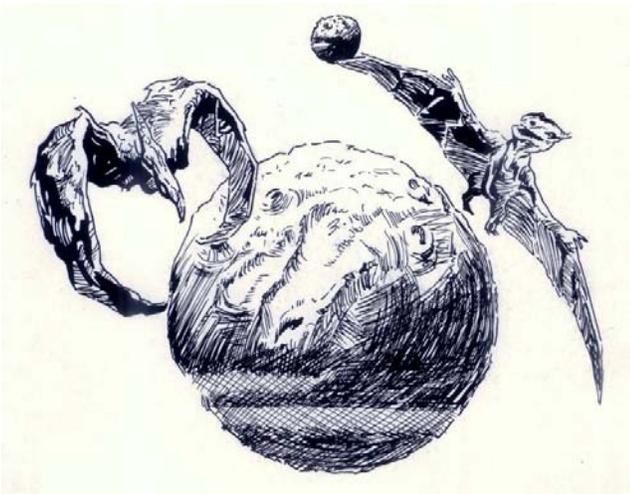
But how can a yolk and a white be legs and two eyes?
I guess, it's only God's fate and way...
Of showing what a chemist he can and has been
And to us forever will stay



*“She Visualizes People
as Prehistoric Animals”*

(To an Acquaintance)

**My husband’s a Brontosaurus
his hairline goes back real far
he has big ears and small eyes—
maybe he’s in disguise**



**My country friends are Saber Tooth Tigers
with teeth and all—
being short and tall**

**Obese persons are Mammoths
with big ears
soaking in everything they hear—
sometimes causing them tears**

**Many acquaintances are Dinosaurs
looking stupid and big—
to this kind, what a dig!**

**“Flighty women” are Flying Reptiles
when their eyes get real round
they take off so fast—
sometimes they fall down**

**A preying salesman is a Tyrannosaurus
being a vicious ugly man—
selling all he can**

**A “typical child” is an Armadillo
having a defense
biting into skin—
sometimes a friend**

**(So, we’re “Personality Creatures”
wandering around...
So many creatures crowded into one
area...Always walking into and on each
other—Let’s run for cover!)**

"The Peepers"



WE'RE people who peek out from behind
We almost appear as in disguise
Sometimes our face you cannot find
And a dog's contest may win us the prize

We look like beatniks or the Beatles—take your pick
Really, we're neither just ourselves
At least, we don't have that look "combed back slick"
Or weird hairdos that make us look like elves

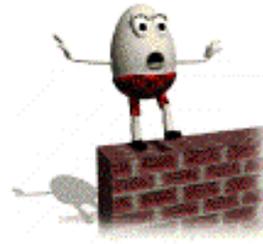
People protest against us—we get used to it fast
For like them, we protest too
Against people who don't think we peepers will last
For us, short combed-back hair won't ever do

"The Flushing---"

The flushing toilet
The flushing sea
A flushing sink
Roots flushing water up into a tree

The tide flushing on the angry rocks
Your wet feet flushing in your old wool socks
A wet head flushing in a bowl or sink
Makes you observe how fascinating all kinds of
water flushes
Water makes you think

HUMPTY DUMPTY
spiddles doo
friddletty
dattletty
What's wrong with you?



shikkerty
shackertty
shippitty
shoa
slikkitty
slakkitty
Who do you owe
for all the nonsense
you just caused all
of you to read?...

this is a recording
of how well you
articulate...this is a ...



Stupidity can be
the life of the party
knocking over things
and making us laugh
but don't slip
and break your knack.





“Nursery Satire”

London Bridges falling down
Hope not the Eiffel Tower

Mary had a little lamb
For now he’s grown up

Jack Sprat could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
And so they sat down together
And argued on what to eat

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater
Had a wife and couldn’t keep her
It was his third divorce

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe
She had low rent

"A World of Names Can Be Fun"

**Our earth is called the world
So, you must know you can have your own show
For thinking of fun names can pile high as a steeple**

- **Joe Blunt disconnected himself while talking to Frank Ness**
- **Jim Newhart was placed in the medic ward**
- **Jane Pad sat through it all**
- **Tom Thumb could only point**
- **Nancy Advance studies the Theory of Progression**
- **Sue Cavern based her decisions on deep thought**
- **Joe Strong put up a good fight**
- **Granny Goose cracked many jokes; must be a chip off the old block**
- **Joe Smith is still looking for 'his Pocahontas'....Pocahontas can't seem to find John Smith's number in the telephone book**
- **Ervin Cookalot starved one night... he lost his can opener**



a cigarette
Puffed
in
and out
takin' up all
the extra time
and absorbing
all sorts of
things.



"Sticks and Stones"

Sticks and stones may be but a rhyme
But sticks and stones are played with in time
People try protection with a backyard fence
But objects can be thrown o'er
and a fight will commence

Sticks and stones may break your bones
But sticks and stones better leave me alone



“Lightning, Thunder”



Lightning, thunder
Makes the world feel
Like it's going under
Vibrant noises, electronic sights
Changes the daylight into night

Bolting, echoing the sound
Crash! Zap! Boom!
Falling to the ground
Knocking over a tree of pine
Running into a hot wire line

Partners together
Bringing on the rain
Pressures playing with the weather
As if God were to say:
“Our world is an angry one today”

“Colors”



Rainbows of rainbows
Prisms of light
Painting a day
Painting a night

Pigments to build
Our atmosphere
Abstract modern art
Using colors clear

Reflecting a ray
Absorbing the heat
Great combinations
A color's repeat

Colors-candy, clothes
Decorating all
Highlights to make big
Shadows to make small

“Soaring”

Soaring...rising up!
Reaching God’s emptiness of
altitudes
Engulfing each breath of air
Smothering it in each wing

Going up...soaring even higher!
Staring down at the earth and its
children
Trying to caress a star
Never quite touching it

Soaring...being independent and
free
Playing “games” with the breeze
Singing up to the sun,
Meeting, greeting a friend



Saying: “Lift your spirits and join me, also,
in my Heavenly journey”

Photography by Daniel Catherine

"The Dude"

**Dedicated to Uncle Maurice (my grandma's brother,
who was a poet, actor & professor)*

He wears a "feathered hat,"
carries a cane
And he drives a little French car
He's grand, I call him The Dude
He's never mistaken afar

He's a little gray man
To me a "hip" personality
Willing to always lend a hand
To his Scandinavian family

He was an actor years ago
And achieved honor ratings
So, he can now dream
& reminisce
With his youthful picture
paintings

He's wise to the world
Sharing knowledge in wisdom's
seat
Once saying, "If you can't use your
head,
You may have to use your feet"



(This is a youthful photo of Uncle Maurice)

Mr. Dude can be grand
Mr. Dude can be sentimental
And as he gazes back in time
Little has he done to be resentful

“Mr. Tallyman”

Oh, he’s got things figured out
And even says he knows what we’re about
His friends call him Mr. Tallyman
Cause that’s where he stands

He said—
Mary had just one lamb
And Little Jack Horner one pie
And the mighty ocean grows the clam
And knows “why why is why”

He totaled up the goodness we had
And said he found some bad
And worked out our expenses
And said we need defenses

He knows how much blue is in the sky
And had counted tears that people have cried
And tabulates the world’s cure
And said we haven’t one for sure

We asked him to patch up things for us
And be our Tallyman
But he said, “Everyone can think for himself—
Cause that’s where people stand!”

“Crazy Lingo”



As you travel through our United States
You'll hear all sorts of tongues
Created from our American English
"Characteristic talk" comes from climates to
nationalities you're among

It's crazy how lingo can differ
As you go from north to south
For in the north many words come out crisp & clean
While in the south, talk's drawn out slowly from mouth

The Eastern part of our country
Has the Nuu-Yah-ker sound
And if you go further down the coast
The Nuu-Joi-see people are found

The pure Midwesterners use nasal tones
Drawing out vowels like bāāg
While Californians are "hip" to themselves
Every area has its own lingo as each country its flag

Also, different locations make up their own words—
For you'll often hear new vocabulary
Every place creates their own type of talk
Which sooner or later may hit the dictionary

Crazy lingo is hard to understand
But I know I speak crazy too
And our different lingo's make up our land
Our country's English can be as different
as animals in a zoo



“For the Birds”

****Dedicated to Aunt Dorothy, grandma’s sister***

Those “for the birds”
Are those of kindness
Feeding the nature
From the eagle to the tiniest

Doves hover over her yard
Sparrows following closely behind
Bluebirds awaiting in a tree
Forming hungrily in a line

A bread crumb is thrown
On their dinner ground
As a band of her friends
Cluster anxiously around

Fighting for the last bite,
Feeding their feathers
Tummies that greedily bulge
May put one bird under the weather

“For the birds”
May be but a phrase
But those who feed their feathered friends
Is living hope for the human race

“Cough Drops”

**Little ditty you people may eat up....”Hack, Hack!”*

Dear Doctor,

**May I have a prescription for that new tasty cough drop just invented?
You know, I’ve tried all the old ones and just as styles go out, I need a
change to rid me of this terrible....”Hack, choke, cough!”**

**For as their flavors come in style
So do my colds....
Lemon and cherry ones make me smile
And each advertisement guarantees their cough drop is gold.**

**As I rush to the candy stand
I sometimes mistake cough drops for candy
But as a Fad, cough drops have their demand
And as a snack, they just seem to be handy**

**Trying all kinds—soothing mind and throat
And now only coughing on smoke
And finding myself singing a true-pitched note—
For at bedtime, I took a cough drop,
And in the morning, I healthily awoke**

**But I believe in these drops so much
I ate (took!) them each day
But now I think I’m immune to their cure’s touch
Yes, I need a new brand—the old cough drops just don’t pay**

**So you know, Doc—I need the latest, which will most likely be the
greatest—Also, please give me the secret how to eat those “darn
things”...For do you know that my last cough was diminished by that
delicious honey licorice drop—by drop—by drop, until my poor stomach
was left with a syrup sticking to my ribs?....Yes, thinking, which I do
concentrate on....please prescribe me the correct formula for digesting
the different cough drop brands...**

**Forever dropping my colds—
“drop by drop”**

-Dotti

"The Good Humor Man"

Every evening promptly at eight he passes down the street
The Good Humor Man all the children want to meet
As the music box on his truck rings on
The little customers soon sing their song:

May, I please buy an ice cream bar, peanuts or candy?
Mom, Dad, as you can see the Good Humor Man's handy
Let's hurry before he passes too fast
For not too long his goodies will last

Yes, Mom, I know candy's not good for my teeth
But once in a while, it's good to have something sweet
Besides, I'm just a typical kid
And you can't say when young,
From the Good Humor Man you hid

So, as you can time your clocks by this man each night
If all children had been good, the parents might
Give some small change to each one for a treat
So, the Good Humor Man, they can meet

My first job in Hollywood, Calif. after The GoldeBriars' broke up was at the movie theatre across from the Grauman's Chinese Theatre in mid-1960s...as a...

"Girl of Counter with Candy"

I confess, Yes, I am one to hungry people I'm handy
Only the theater girl of counter with candy

Gigantic *Hershey's*, *Dots*, and *Black Crows* do I sell
Making cravers happy till they find all teeth have fell

Each year taxes go up, so do "sweet prices"
Confronting "penny pinchers" with slow minds and hands of
dices

Serving rude ones and "Hollywood weird ones"—
Many faces I do meet
Filing to my counter as they rush off the street

I confess, Yes, I am one to hungry people I'm handy
Only the theater girl of counter with candy