

To Our Son, Doug (Spooner)  
Essence of our Boy

This is a notebook of our young man's travellings of the mind. He always used to say that he was a poet, he just didn't know about it yet.

We love his poems and we love him and although every parent thinks their son is the best, ours really is.

He has a poets mind, heart and soul in abbreviated fashion. He doesn't talk much or explain much but he sure can write a mean poem. Of course this is only when he is made to. You had to pull these poems out of him. Yet they are him. A boy, a young man. Our son Doug.

Many of these poems are simple statements of youth or a made to fit assignment for class, yet the content shows his simple soul. Happiness mixed with wonder, humor, trite, angst.

I wrote this earlier this year as I was putting these poems together and we are sharing them now so you can know our son...

It seems like just the other day I was running around the baseball diamond for little league. But time passes and things change. They have changed for me more than most of my peers. I now use a wheel chair. I no longer have dreams of playing professional sports. However, I still think of myself as a normal teenager, if there is such a thing.

My disease keeps me from doing certain things with my friends, but they are reasonable and find ways to include me. I go to movies with them, even though they may whine about loading my chair into their cars. We play games and joke around with each other. They don't feel sorry for me; they shouldn't.

My family and I now have to plan where we go more carefully. We need to make sure that the places are accessible. We even had to remodel

part of our house recently, so that I can learn to be more independent. I'm not sure what I want to study in college, but I am somewhat interested in marketing. It's not football, but it works for me now.

My disease is called Friedreich's Ataxia. It affects the nervous system and gets worse over time. I prefer not to think of it as a disease, just more as a change in my lifestyle. To tell the truth, I usually prefer not to think of it at all. I try to not let it change the things I do and the ways I think. It does limit the things I am able to do, though. I am, for the most part, a normal kid. There is nothing I can do to get rid of my disability, and I don't plan to let it get me down.

### Early years

### Discrimination

Discrimination is like picking vanilla candy, and leaving the chocolate out to spoil.

### Ice Cream Store

I feel a cool breeze and  
Hear the chugging motor  
On the boat on the way  
To the ice cream store.

### Cats

I don't like cats too much,  
They are my dogs' enemy.  
My dog chases cats.

### Dogs

Dogs make real good pets.  
My dog likes to chase squirrels.  
I love my puppy dog.

I have a dream of being a vet  
And having a dog for a pet.

Dog  
Playing, eating, sleeping  
Bed, outside, bed, litter box  
Hissing, scratching, hiding,  
Sleepy, not fun  
Cat

Blacks  
Luck  
African American  
Carelessness  
Ku Klux Klan  
Hard life  
Ignorant  
Slaves  
Torture  
Ouch  
Racial discrimination  
Yolk of slavery

## Dogs

All the good and the bad  
In this world of ours.  
How'd the world be  
If it wasn't ours?

Say the dogs ran the world  
Every day and night.  
With just their short lives  
They'd have no need to fight.

Dogs don't drop bombs  
As everyone knows  
So why's it a "dog-eat-dog world"  
As the saying goes?

Maybe they aren't the beasts  
We take them for.  
It is us who are the beasts  
And fight the wars.

This can't work for us  
We live too long.  
We need to fight  
And do what's wrong.

Or so I'm told,  
Through society  
But the point  
I cannot see.

G

My gggggggggggg key sticks.  
I can still type words  
As longggggg as I don't use g words.  
My gggggggggggg key sticks.  
I'll gggggggggo on with my thouggggggggggght  
This key won't make me distaugggggght.  
My gggggggggggg key sticks.  
But it won't gggget in my way  
I've had worse problems in my day.  
My gggggggggggggggggg key sticks.  
But I'll continue with this poem  
So you can head on home.  
My gggggggggggggggggggg key sticks.  
And I think it's gggggggggggggggggettinggggggggggggggggggg worse  
Almost as bad as this verse.  
My gggggggggggggg key sticks.  
It's such a small worry  
I wrote about it for no apparent reason.  
My gggggggggggggggg key sticks.  
That last line didn't rhyme  
But my gggggggggggggggg key is on my mind.  
My gggggggggggggggggg key sticks.  
Somethingggggg can only make you upset  
If you stop to worry about it

## Name Poem

D - Dog-loving

O - Oven-hating

U - Unmotivated

G - Good at math

L - Lazy

A - Always listening to music

S - Stubborn

R - Relaxed attitude for everything

O - October 2nd birthday

B - Bad organizer

E - Euchre tournament player

R - Refuse to plan the future

T - Takes life as it comes

S - Slow-paced

P - Procrastinator

O - Open-minded

O - Only child

N - Never formal

E - Easy going

R - Responsible when needed to be