



No time for long goodbye's

Murder, Madness & Mother Nature

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Author's message;

Since being diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2011,
I have retired from my property investment business,
And focus my time on writing poetry.

My first book of poems was called "Shaken and not Stirred"
... Living life with Parkinson's disease.

The second book deals with suicide amongst teenage boys and young men.
Called "Touching the Silence"

My third book is about gambling addiction.
Aptly called "Know when to fold them"

My fourth book is about battling throat cancer.
Aptly called "Finding my voice"

My latest piece "No time for long goodbyes"
... Murder, Madness and Mother Nature

Looks at some crazy moments in a 10 week
period during September — November 2012 ... sharing their life experiences.

I hope you enjoy reading my books

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Early one Saturday morning
on her way home from a bar
in Melbourne's Brunswick
Jill Meagher was raped and murdered
... here are her tribute poems

Fare ye well ... Gillian (Jill) Meagher

I only knew you for 5 days
 Tis but a blinking of an eye
 Who is the lady behind that smile
 Your beautiful image made me cry

On news you'd vanished without trace
 From what we'd call a safe street
 All of Melbourne united to find you
 Through mouse click or on our feet

My wife being Irish ... close to home
 For I know their gentle touch
 The big heart always willing to help
 We'll all miss you very much

To someone else's tune we dance
 When it's our time to leave
 Those left behind must find the strength
 Hold on to faith and their belief

Jill dances with the angels now
 Not hindered by time or space
 The problems of our World left behind
 The future for us all to face

Goodbye Jill our Irish lass
 May yer fields be green, sky forever blue
 All of Melbourne is richer today
 Because we've been touched by you

Our hearts go out to Tom and family
 For the pain that they must feel
 We send our love and understanding
 Pray that with time they may heal

I have one simple request right now
 To the angels by your side
 May they take good care of you
 For you carry Melbourne's pride

I am forever within your heart

My love I have a message
 I need to pass to you
 I hope that at this time and space
 It helps to get you through

Our journey has been altered
 Before either of us planned
 The next few weeks will test you
 Take strength ... hold my hand

I am always with you
 Your conscious mind can't see
 When you feel tightening in your chest
 That's just a hug from me

Your eyes may be filled with tears
 They are there to cleanse
 Wash away your thoughts off loss
 Draw strength from family ... friends

When you walk in the rain
 Each raindrop you feel and see
 Is a reminder of the love we shared
 They're a gentle kiss from me

When you walk along the beach
 Feel the warmth of the sand
 As it drifts between your fingers
 That's me holding your hand

If you find yourself in a dark place
 Your heart breaking ... missing me
 Simply close your eyes and breathe
 My scent will set you free

Like Celtic lovers we've been blessed
 Shared moments and by chance
 Our souls will meet again my friend
 Together they will dance

My earth time may have been
 Cut short before my time
 Angels had other plans for me
 Look at the message I've left behind

Between being asleep and awake
 Every night when in your bed
 I'll meet you there to hold you
 Gently stroke your head

As time passes the pain will ease
 You will find the strength to live
 My love for you will be eternal
 That promise to you Tom I give

How does a brother say goodbye?

It is hard for me your brother
To express my loss and sorrow
At times I think this is all a dream
Disappear when I wake tomorrow

To think I would be the last
Friendly voice you'd ever hear
Makes me angry . . . bloody mad
I wish I had been more clear

A big black hole is left where
My heart is ripped . . . is ajar
My sorrow held down to help support
Tom and our Ma and Da

If only I could work the clock
Turn back the hands of time
I'd hold you in my arms . . . protect you
Ensure that you'd be fine

Now I need to ask what lesson
This tragedy holds for me
The angels obviously had plans
For you and set you free

Fly my lovely free bird
Let no shore be too far
I will always remember you
When I see a twinkling star

I'm with you ... you'll survive

When you look up at the sun
Feel its warmth upon your face
That's a kiss from me my love
My soft lips caress your face

If a butterfly should cross your path
Its wings flutter ... it's free
The gentle wind from its wings
Is a loving breath from me

When rain falls upon your face
Each drop that touches skin
Will remind you of the love we shared
You will feel the warmth within

A song may bring back memories
Of times when we did dance
You gladly took my hand in marriage
Together lost in loving trance

If sadness wraps around your heart
Feel like you shouldn't be alive
Close your eyes and think of me
I'm with you ... you'll survive

The moment between awake and sleep
To stop the noise inside your head
Spray my perfume on your pillow
I am with you in our bed

Doves fly ... so can we

Doves have been released
 Our hearts a little eased
 We've all in our way said goodbye

What this tragedy has proved
 Is that Melbourne can be moved
 Can we trust one another and still offer a smile?

Will we safely walk the Street?
 Look out for those we meet
 Or will we just fall back in our old line?

Is there a lesson to be learned?
 Of how a life can be over-turned
 Should we strive for more ... rather than just fine?

Take some moments from your day
 To your loved ones ... be sure to say
 Just how you love them more TODAY than yesterday

For you never know how fate
 May make this your last date
 The words spoken may be the very last you say

Jill Meagher . . . a month has passed

Oh people of Melbourne how are you
Have you yet forgotten me?
A month has passed I'm off the news
Do you again feel safe and free?

Have the talks you planned to have
With daughters / wife's all been said?
Or has life just kicked you from behind
The moment slipped from your head

A young soul has joined me here
Just 12 years old . . . she had no cares
Was murdered by two teenage boys
Who took her life for bicycle spares

This message is not to scare
Cause you to panic or point to press
It is just that every one of you
Had a lesson to learn from my distress

Each person's lesson was their own
You know what yours should be
Don't sit back . . . make it happen
If you need take strength from me

For lessons will continue to
Present themselves they will
Until you learn them you will keep
Living life against your will

I love you both more today

Hello Ma hi ya Da
 Hope you're both doing grand
 I've been watching over you
 Yes that's me touching your hand

The goose bumps that you often feel
 Is where my breath touches your skin
 I am always by your side
 Will be there through thick and thin

I know that what happened to me
 Was on no one's bucket list
 Sometimes I would have to swear
 When planning the angels are pissed

They must all come from Ireland
 Too much Jameson's and mirth
 In their unusual secret ways
 Planning both death and re-birth

I need to reassure you both
 It was simply my time
 We don't get to choose the exit door
 That's left to those more Devine

Your own purpose on the Earth
 Is altered now for better or for worse
 Choose what you make of your life
 In your own shoes you must traverse

Just know this from all my heart
 I love you both more today
 Than all my yesterdays added together
 This to you both I say

The strength that you saw in me
 Was but a mirror of my DNA inside
 Ma and you Da you gave me that strength
 Now you should walk with pride

Take care of each other
 And my darling brother Micheal
 Of course my love Tom
 You'll always carry part of my soul

In Canada a young 16 year old girl
called Amanda Todd posted a suicide
video on You-tube ... after
systematic cyber-bullying
Here is a tribute to Amanda and all
victims of bullying

Goodbye Amanda Todd

I have nobody I need somebody
 Your words really broke my heart
 How can such a lovely young girl
 Feel so un-liked . . . so far apart?

But a babe still in your teens
 The World still at your feet
 Yet you chose to leave this life
 Walk the lonely side of the street

It is a measure of our times
 That social media can be both curse and king
 The place you were tormented most
 Now thousands of people your praises sing

The angels will guide you now
 The earthly pain for you no more
 Until they send you back again
 Your soul spirit health you must restore

Those who bullied ask yourselves
 What is missing in my own life
 That I have this need to inflict cruelty
 To cause for others such immense strife

Go to the library or Google 'KARMA'
 You will see that where you make your bed
 For the rest of your life you must sleep in it
 Amanda's spirit . . . may just choose
 To mess with your head

What are you doing here my dear?

As the young girl slowly makes her way
Towards heaven's pearly gate
The angels sent to welcome her
Stood and stared in quite a state

What are you doing here my girl?
You don't choose your time to leave
Your lessons on Earth remain undone
Not yet have you learnt to believe

Why have you come back so early?
You were to see the brutal truth of life
You were meant to change your ways
Not just focus on the strife

Only 15 earthly summers pass
Since we sent you back to find
Your true purpose "The Meaning of life"
To trust yourself . . . and not your mind

Human beings can be so cruel
Through both their words and deeds
They are but an opinion from the past
On your strength their hunger feeds

You must now return to earth
Discover the correct path to take
Go back and learn to believe in self
Or again this journey your soul will make

Make a change for other's souls
Live your life . . . don't hesitate
Be an angel for those who are in need
Then your soul can walk through this gate

In New Jersey USA

A 12 year old girl called Autumn
Pasquale was murdered by two teen
brothers for BMX spare parts ... here
are Autumn's tributes

Goodbye to innocence

Oh what is our World coming to?
 When a 12 year old girl can lose her life
 To be murdered by teenage boys
 For spare parts from her bike

Autumn you have touched my soul
 Such innocence gone to waste
 To see your smile in photographs
 It is salty tears I taste

The angels have chosen way too soon
 To take you by their side
 Now left for others to ask why?
 Why such pointless homicide?

We are here but for a moment
 Just a blinking of an eye
 No time for asking WHY? WHY? WHY?
 But to simply to say good-bye

Travel well young child of CLAYTON
 May your eternal spirit float free with ease
 The pains of the World are gone for you
 Sweet child . . . you Rest in peace

Walking with an Angel

As I ride my bike along the Street
 I feel something has changed
 Like the pieces of my chessboard
 Have somehow been re-arranged

I see people searching, crying
 Calling out my name real loud
 I don't know who most of them are
 But it's an ever growing crowd

Then as I ride into my Street
 I see police cars everywhere
 Signs posted "Have you seen Autumn?"
 I am here . . . don't you care?

Then I see my mum and dad
 Two policemen by their side
 One tells them something and like a bolt
 Both my parents start to cry

My mommy is now on her knees
 My daddy's trying to be strong
 I call out "Here I am, can't you see
 Mommy what is wrong?"

As I reach out to embrace my mum
 On my shoulder I feel a gentle hand
 I look around and standing there
 A being . . . not woman or a man

My sweet child your purpose on Earth is done
 You'll never have to be alone
 I am here my precious child
 To guide and take you home

But what happened why the tears?
 Can't they see it's me?
 You have returned to spirit form
 From your body you are free

But I don't understand what happened?
 My child we have erased that part
 From your memory as it serves no purpose
 Your spirit needs a clean start

But what about my mum and dad
 Will they be ok without me?
 That is their lesson to be learned
 We'll just have to wait and see

My angel walking as my guide
 As we walk toward the light
 I make a wish for mum and dad
 That they too will be alright

Hurricane Sandy ... the biggest
storm in a 100 years hit New York
and surrounding areas ...
these tributes are for
the lives lost

The night the World stood still

Huddled around the TV screen
Trying hard to understand
Mother Nature and her wrath
Has sent us Sandy by her hand

Prepared as one can possibly be
We'd stocked up on water and on food
Not knowing what will lie ahead
Soon we'd change our mood

The wind is screaming in our ears
It sounds like a war zone
Hearing trees crack and fall
Roofs ripped off houses . . . insides prone

We now huddle in the basement
I can taste the fear inside
The children crying the cats razzed
In darkness we must hide

An explosion outside my home
Rocks me to my very core
A tree fell onto my house
Came crashing through the door

I close my eyes hug my kids
Pray that this night will end
Wondering what we humans did
That Mother Nature we did offend

To all the survivors who witnessed
Sandy's fury on this night
Say a prayer for those we've lost
Together let's help others plight

Can you hear me mommy?

I feel strange just not myself
 Standing on my Street
 My best friend us standing with me
 Kicking stones with his feet

What are we doing outside?
 In the wind and pouring rain
 Last thing I can remember
 Watching TV ... now blank is my brain

I see people running screaming
 Our names they are crying out
 Here we are ... can't you see us?
 In unison we both shout

Then a gentle hand touches
 Our shoulders and instantly
 Everything that's happened
 All comes back to me

I ask the being just who are you
 I'm an angel standing by your side
 Your earth time is now completed
 I am here to be your guide

But what about my mommy
 Will she be alright I ask
 She has her own lessons to learn
 Eventually she'll complete her task

I try just one last time
 Mommy can you hear me now?
 As tears roll down both my cheeks
 I realize I'm going back home now

As much as I know we'll be missed
 Hearts will break before they're free
 This journey is a little easier
 Because my friend Mike is with me

Jessie and Jacob and dog Max

When you have a dog
 You understand desire
 Keep them away from harm
 You'd walk for them through fire

Max a white pit bull
 Was lost on Monday night
 Sandy's fury beating down
 Would have caused him such a fright

Two best mates decided then
 Max needed them ... to save
 From the beast of a hurricane
 Their actions were quite brave

Sandy in her mighty fury
 She had her own evil plans
 Tear down trees, rip lives apart
 Leave clean up in others hands

One tree snapped to their left
 Another to their right
 They started running for their lives
 But would not survive the night

A tree the size of a tanker
 Was snapped like just like a stick
 The boys had nowhere they could run
 At least the end came quick

The angels now walk by their side
 To their special tune we dance
 A plan they had for these two friends
 Disguised as simple chance

Goodbye Jessie and Jacob you both carry
 Sorrow of a Nation with you today
 Whilst we mop up the mess left by Sandy
 We remember you both in our own way

Oh you might be wondering
 What did Max fare?
 Recovering in animal shelter
 He is now in a neighbours care

No time for long goodbyes

There is no time for long goodbyes
 So wipe away your tears
 Life must be treasured from the past
 Now they've lost their living years

Brandon 2 and Connor 4
 Brothers ... lost their short lived lives
 Glenda Moore their grieving mum
 Just struggles to survive

Their home was flooding so in haste
 As any mother she would do
 Tried to drive them to her mother's home
 For safety ... wouldn't you?

The flood came fast and the car stalled
 She grabbed boys by their hands
 But destiny is often written
 By someone else's hands

Losing grip on both their hands
 In desperation she tried to hold
 But flood waters were too strong
 Waters freezing ... rain cold

She knocked on a door of a neighbour's home
 Begging help they share
 We don't know you ... no help came
 Closed their doors ... did not care

To someone else's tune we dance
 And when it's time to go
 There is no time for long goodbyes
 Cause that would be too slow

The boys dance with angels now
 Never to be hindered by old age
 The problems of this World are gone
 They dance on a different stage

To someone else's tune we dance

Hearts across the World
 Have felt peoples pain
 We've all endured our own Sandy
 At times the Worlds insane

From Black Saturday bush fires in Oz
 To The earthquake in Christchurch
 The inland tsunami in Japan
 Prayers unanswered in the church

As a community in need
 The best in the human race
 Is often present in times of crisis
 Volunteers join to fill the space

We donate, bury our dead
 Cry ourselves to sleep in bed
 Often wonder how we survived
 With an aching in our head

The seedy side is also present
 From looters to opportunistic freaks
 Or even neighbours who refuse to help
 Sometimes frustration reeks

It's been said that we all dance
 To someone else's tune
 If that is true to take life for granted
 It may just end too soon

Tell the people who matter most
 That you love them more today
 Than every yesterday gone before
 Could be the last words you say

To serve and protect

He joined the police department
 To serve and to protect others
 Artur was a model policeman
 Will be sadly missed by NYPD brothers

When Sandy brought her flooding fury
 Upon his house that night
 The family of 8 huddled in the basement
 Assumed they'd be alright

But when flood waters started rising
 Artur did what policemen are trained to do
 Took control of the situation
 Moved his family to attic two by two

Seven family members were saved
 Including a 15 month old boy who he kissed
 Artur headed back to basement
 Making sure that nobody was missed

When he failed to return
 His girlfriend dialled 911
 His comrades in scuba gear came
 But Hurricane Sandy had already won

A true hero of whom we all
 Should be proud and show respect
 To all the Arturs in the force who lose their lives
 To honour . . . "Serve and To protect"

Max ... a life without Jessie

Max and owner Jessie and her friend Jacob
 On Monday night whilst out making doggie tracks
 Were hit by a falling tree from Sandy
 Killing Jessie and Jacob ... pinning Max

Rescued on Tuesday morning
 By a good Samaritan who knew
 They had to get Max some help
 If he was to survive a day or two

Recovering from severe head injury
 In a clinic in Vera South
 Max is lucky to be alive with broken jaw
 Head injury and lacerations to his mouth

The Vet has taken good care
 Of this poor dog who'd know
 Living in shelters is no fun
 Jessie saved him from one 2 years ago

The Vet will keep him pro-Bono
 Until Jessie's family are ready
 To pick him up and take him home
 He needs strength to walk steady

Thank you all for caring
 For the dog who against the odds survived
 Let's hope a bright future he can have
 We're all glad he's still alive

Sandy ... we're ready for you

We wondered what our owners
Were dressing us up for
Not grabbing our walking leads
Or heading for the door

Then we realised something else
Was about to go down
Oh ... the noise that Sandy made
When she came to town

I know we don't look it
But we were really scared
Everything was dark and wet
But our family for us cared

They always made sure
That we were safe first
Even before the children
In case a protective barrier burst

Unfortunately we didn't all make it
Some pets lost their lives
Whilst others battle with their wounds
Struggling to survive

So take a moment and give a thought
To your tiny bestest friend
You know we would stick by you
Until the very end

Mitik ... the Walrus VS Sandy the Hurricane

Murphy's Law has something
To answer for I say
Two tragedies on one poor walrus
Yes me ... should be no way

Saved from imminent death just weeks ago
Off freezing water Alaska thought I
Was being brought to relative safety
To New York ... turned out to be a lie

Nobody told me that in NY
A hurricane called Sandy would hit
Sending my rapid recovery
Back by quite a bit

My aquarium got flooded
My carers fussing in every way
Making sure I'm healthy
I am now growing a pound a day

The carers are excited
A mate for me they have
30 year old female Kulu
She don't look too bad

I have to wait till I grow some more
Kulu is 1000 pounds heavier than I
I'd probably get crushed to death
If mating I should try

Spring night in Melbourne ... 6
Children aged 12 — 16 steal a car and
go for a joy ride

The 16 year old girl driving loses
control and she and two others are
killed and 3 rushed to hospital

Live fast ... die hard

Oh I am sooo bored
There's nothing here to do
Why don't we just LIVE a little
Steal a car or two

Go for a quick joy ride
Hang out with my pack
pretty cool I must say
Just gotta look out for the Jack

Load um up guys this rides free
As 6 of my best-ies pile in
Tons of laughter everyone's pumped
Let this joy ride now begin

I race along the Streets and roads
The crew start egging me to speed
Faster Terri ... c'mon you piker
It's just like X-box ... Xcept you bleed

A car pulls up at traffic lights
Gives a throat gurgling rev of gas
We all know what's in store
We're about to kick his ass

Flying ... heart pumping oh what a rush
To be so young in a free for all
Taking corner way too fast
Slamming into a great big wall

I stand there looking at the car
Great I made it out alive
I can see body's everywhere
Many would not survive

Then I look at the driver's seat
My eyes they fill with tears
It is my body all crumpled up
End of my life ... just 16 years

Two more spirits join my side
If only I can wind back time
Two more of my friends are dead
Just 10 minutes back we'd all be fine

I used to joke about the saying
"Live fast ... die young" as if it was a rule
More like "Live fast — Die hard"
Kill yourself and two friends NOT COOL!

Mid September 2012 a man is killed by a train in
Melbourne ... it takes 2 months and
a Worldwide social media sharing campaign
to find his family ... believed to be from Sweden

This is close to my heart as I set up the Facebook
page which helped his family find him

In respect of his family
I have changed his real name to 'HANSEL'
From the fairy tale Hansel + Gretel ... as I
believe he eventually found his way home

Authors note:

At time of printing both Victoria Police and the family had indicated that they were 99% sure this was the right person

At time of printing ... no formal identification has been released by either party

Help my mother find her son

I lost my life two months ago
Hit by a Melbourne train
I am now stuck in limbo
Can't be united with my name

The angels are not ready
To take me by their side
Until my mortal body
Somebody can identify

My mother would be worried
May take her some time to stir
Before she really panics
I was a bit slow in calling her

They have named my body John Doe
An un-identified young man
please share my story online
And reunite me with my mam

Somebody must know me
Or of me or had seen
Surely I was not invisible
On my journey where I'd been

So use the social media
Spread my image far and wide
Let my mother find her son
So I can walk by the angels' side

Women seem to care more

Whilst trying to identify
A young man killed by a train in September
In Camberwell, Melbourne, Australia
Via Facebook . . . hoping someone will remember

Around the world his image has
Been shared by 50,000 people . . . how nice
Reaching 1.7 million viewers
Many sharing the message at least twice

4500 people . . . by clicking LIKE on this page
Have assured they will receive
Updates from Victoria Police as we get them
Unlike those who SHARE and leave

But looking at the statistics
Being the anal-itical man I am
I notice the gender of those LIKE-ing
Is not led by my fellow man

83% of LIKE's are women
From all corners of the Globe
Wanting this "John Doe" to be reunited
With family . . . so with interest they probe

Come on I say to all the men
As this could be your son
Or brother, nephew or grandchild
Not knowing would not be fun

So please continue to SHARE this story
With your effort we hope one night
This man's family will find their son
Finally end his lonely plight

Let the angels lead you to peace

- RIP 'HANSEL' (Not his real name) from Sweden -

To a parent the loss of a son
There is no greater worldly pain
Questions of why, how, where
Keep spinning through the brain

Your story it has touched the lives
A million people both wide and far
Each one sharing in your family search
To reunite you . . . no door was left ajar

Your end was tragic . . . and the reasons
Remain for your family to come to peace
Our goal was simply to re-unite you for closure
To help put your family's minds at ease

Dear 'HANSEL' if your soul can feel
The love from all the people who do care
The angels who now walk beside you
Will lead you to peace up there

Your story was close to my heart
As four sons my wife and I have raised
Aged 19 — 23 years young . . . like you
Their life choices we have praised

When I see my sons next
I will hug them and squeeze tight
I'll think of you . . . 'HANSEL' from Sweden
As the angels walk you towards the light

Sarah Cafferkey from Bacchus Marsh
In Victoria was killed in November 2012
Her body dumped in a wheelie bin
Like with Jill Meagher . . . another
Senseless murder

Sarah you have touched my heart

Oh my Melbourne what has happened
 Your innocence is gone away
 Another life has been cut short
 Her spirit sent too early on its way

Sarah you are being remembered
 By thousands in the Sunday walk
 Whilst everyone tries to come to grips
 Why true justice is Victoria is all talk

Your smile instantly brought tears
 As the image reminded me once more
 Of Jill Meagher who lost her life
 Only eight weeks before

I wonder if Jill is there with you
 To greet you ... be your friend
 Do the angels have new plans for you?
 Focus on a beginning not the end

Your journey as short as it was
 The lessons you were here to teach
 Are for those of us left behind
 Like scattered pebbles on a beach

Your brothers they will feel the loss
 Anger may consume their heart
 Lets all send strength to them
 So that healing it may start

Your friends who live in Bacchus Marsh
 Will band together to support give love
 To your grieving family and your friends
 I know you'll be watching from above

Good-bye Sarah from all of us
 Who knew you ... or those who feel
 That your life has touched us all
 Melbourne's heart will take some time to heal

A Jane Doe nicknamed "Angel" is found
in NSW State forest of Belanglo in 2010
possibly a German Backpacker
Nobody has claimed her body ... case unsolved

Help this Angel RIP

New South Wales in Australia
 In the State forest of Belanglo
 In 2010 my body was found
 Where I am from nobody seems to know

A backpacker from Germany
 Has so far been suggested
 Responsibility for my death as yet
 Nobody has been arrested

Karma can take care of that
 Retribution for their evil deeds
 All I desire is my family is found
 Reunite me to fulfil their needs

I may have travelled for some time
 Possibly ten years or more
 May have worked at a Margaret River winery
 On Australia's South West shore

My body has lain in the forest
 From six months to ten years
 I know what some may think
 Serial killer ... brings on tears

My age is somewhere in-between
 13 and 25 ... I know very uncertain
 Unfortunately decomposition of my body
 Has revealed a fuzzy forensic curtain

My facial image that you see has been
 Re-produced by an expert in the field
 I am hoping it triggers recognition
 Some information it may yield

The one item which may help
 My T-shirt with Angelic print as shown
 Maybe someone remembers me
 It could help me find my way home

So please share my story
 Social media be a useful tool today
 Reunite me with my family
 For my soul's journey please pray

This is a poem for my little friends
at the Chiang Mai Orphanage.

These children are so happy . . . They are well
fed well clothed, but what they miss most of all is the
hugs and kisses that our children were brought up with.

If you enjoyed "No time for long goodbye's"
all I ask in return is that you visit my foundation
called "Happy Hands Foundation" and make
a donation to help my little friends.

www.happyhandsfoundation.com

What I'd give for a bedside story read to me by Mum or dad

When I wake up in the morning
I look around and something just not there
No mommy . . . No daddy to wake me up
It really isn't fair

I have 60 friends to share my time
And there are my carers too
Sometimes we get volunteers
For excursions at the zoo

My clothes are all packed away
In my slide-out draw
My shoes are stacked in a row
With 59 others . . . at the door

I have food in my belly
Bath twice a day . . . it's really not so bad
But what I'd give for a bedside story
Read to me by Mum or dad

At least I am healthy
Unlike some children . . . Who have HIV
Sometimes they cry out late at night
I'm glad it's them not me

What did I do that is so wrong?
What have I done so bad?
That I should have to live my life
Without both mum and dad

I have lived here since I was one
That was five years ago
Sometimes life just flashes by
But some days it goes real slow

I wake up often in my sleep
I'm afraid of to lose my toys
When I turn seven . . . Is time to move
To live with 125 older boys

No more girls to play with
I won't be the big boy any more
I've heard from other boys who've moved
And I'm afraid of what's in store

For 10 more years I need to wait
Until the day that I'm set free
When I can finally leave this orphanage
And rely just on me

I promise that when I have children
I will be there . . . To take care
To tuck them in to bed at night
And let them know I'm there

If you can share some of your wealth
For a better future is my goal
Knowing your money is helping orphans
Will be like feeding your own soul