

# Note to Ares

*This is from The Final Chapter of The [Chronicles of Diana Marsson](#)*

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Oh what a tangled web we weave,  
when with the fabric of Time we do intercede.

If you compare Time to a book,  
the future's the sequel, the past can be read with a look.

When playing in Time, one thing you must recall  
change the past – you could change it all.

One tiny event many seem to be innocent  
but with time, it may have been significant

For one event leads into another  
Change one thing, the result would alter  
the sequence of events leading to your present  
so that when you return, it you may resent.

The first incursion was part of Hera's call.  
To get rid of Herc's meddling once and for all.

The second seemed at time a good bet  
To let Herc see Clark, the son he'd not yet met.

And now my dear, I've come to conclude  
That you were right when you said, with Time we must once more intrude.

For things are not going as they should  
You can fix it, my love, I know you could.

If you return to the day He entered my sight  
Stop him, send him back, everything will be right.

And when you succeed, you'll have what you wanted  
You and I'll be together, forever, unhaunted  
By the ghosts of this future's past  
We'll have eternity, we'll have a blast.

# Swords Message

*This appears in Chapter 11, Scene 76 of The [Chronicles of Diana Marsson](#)*

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The moon and the stars shine brightly upon you.  
Knowledge and power are soon to be within you.  
Change is upon us, on this great night.  
Mankind shall prosper to a new height.

As new worlds are created.

The light of the moon, shall change before you.  
The redness of war, shall turn blue.  
As power unleashes the creative light.  
The hand of God touches the sky.

Do not attempt to stop the flight.  
Of the powerful beam of magical light.  
Stand back and behold, the gift of life.

# The Ballad of Mike & Debbie

## An Airwolf II Poem



Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful trip.  
That started from a desert port, from a tiny air strip.

The pilot was a Company man, and an Air Force Major.  
Just, one, passenger was on his flight, for a three hour tour.  
A three hour tour.

The plane, went out of control, the pilot could not correct.  
The radio was broken, so they both had to eject.  
They both had to eject.

They swam away from the wreckage, to the shore of a desert isle.  
And camped out on the island, in primitive native style.

The pilot's name was Michael, his passenger Debbie.  
There on the island, they'd only each other for company.  
Each other for company...

Mike knew his friends would find them... it was only a matter of time.  
St. John, Jo, and Airwolf, could not be far behind.  
Could not be far behind.

They'd know he was missing, when he missed the morning meet.  
They'd use Airwolf to track him, by his watch's locator beep.  
His watch's locator beep.

Airwolf arrived next afternoon, landed on the isle.  
Rescued Mike and Debbie, and flew back home in style.  
And, flew, back, home, in, style!

### *Note*

*This poem is sung/spoken to the "Gilligan's Island Theme". It appears in my AIRWOLF II saga story, Chapter 1*

# A Forever Knight Poem



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**By: Debbie Roche (June 1996)**

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If you work the night shift, please lend me an ear;  
my kind's all around you; we're really quite near;

Do you know someone, you never see during the day?  
Outside in the sun, at work or play?

Does he never seem to eat or drink at any time?  
When he does, it's from a bottle, he claims is red wine?

From social functions and gatherings, does he shy away?  
Is his skin, kinda pale, even gray?

Family and relatives, does he claim he has none?  
A wife, lover, girlfriend, ever seen him with one?

If any of this is true, ask questions, inquire?  
Could your friend, boss, co-worker, partner, be a vampire?

# A Forever Knight Poem



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**By: Debbie Roche (June 1996)**  
*(From LaCroix to Nicholas)*

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Twinkle, Twinkle, little star;  
Oh my son, what a fool you are.  
When will you learn, when will you see,  
That with me, is where you should be.

From the day we met, all you've done is rebel;  
But is what I gave you, really such hell?  
I made you, what you are,  
I own you, like you own... that car.

Through the ages we've seen many die;  
But you started to care, to love, to cry.  
Over the centuries we've been many things;  
Knights, lords, princes, some even Kings.

We are of one body, one soul, one mind;  
You can not resist the ties that bind,  
Us together, though you may disagree;  
Are there forever, for e-tern-i-ty.

Whether it's a century, a decade, a year, or a day,  
You never are happy, satisfied, 'less you've had your way.  
You walked out on us, you closed the door;  
You said you couldn't live like you had, anymore.

The life of a creature of the night can be fun;  
So get used to it, grow up, it's over, it's done.  
There's no going back, no reverting, no cure;  
You can search forever you won't find one; trust me, I'm sure.

Your search, your quest, it is all in vain;  
All you cause yourself, is heartache, and pain.  
Your life would be, so less com-pli-cated,  
If you'd just come back to us, gods know we've waited.

The Ancient gods, they had it all;  
But I was there when they had their fall.  
The world went on, it didn't end;  
Where are they now? In myth and le-gend.

If they were here, what would they say about me?  
For I once worshipped them you see.  
Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Neptune and Mars,  
Now have planets named after them; while the Greeks have stars

I was a general, in the Roman ar-my,  
Lived in Pompeii, not knowing what was to be.  
There I was, on the brink of destruction;  
When my very own daughter took me, an abduction?

She brought me into a world where the sun has no place,  
What was it you called it? A fall from grace?  
I never regretted my choice, not a bit;  
But you've searched the world trying to find a place to fit.

We have seen in the making, what mortals call hist'ry;  
We were there when it happened, to us there's no myst'ry.  
Met many great people, artists, leaders and poets;  
All though at the time, their greatness? We did not know it.

Hitler, Nero, Khan, Bonaparte;  
I knew them all; and you Mozart.  
In our life we've no hassles, no worries; we play;  
But you have a job, you work, take pay.

Your think your im-mor-tal-ity is a curse;  
But would you rather be a pass-enger of a hearse?  
We are everything, present, future and past;  
We were there on the first day, we'll be there on the last.

"To Life Immortal" is what you should say;  
Don't live for tomorrow, take it day by day.  
To your every wish, every whim, I did cater;  
But you left with-out even a goodbye, see you later.

Things are not the same, as they used to be;  
We can't kill at random, bodies build up you see.  
In the past deaths could be blamed, on plagues and cancers;  
But today mortals asks questions, demand answers.  
The world today is so sci-en-tif-ic;  
Men don't believe in us anymore, or for that matter the mys-tic.

On mortal blood, you have given up;  
You refuse to taste even one single drop;  
It's been animal blood for the last cen-tu-ry;  
It's gross, how you stand it, is be-yond me.

You cannot go on, on cow's blood alone;  
The hunger inside, through the decades, has grown.  
Think of it Nicholas, all mortals do die.  
Does it really matter when, or how, or why?

I've lived a long time; I'm one of the Ancients;  
But you my dear Nicholas, are beginning to try my patience.  
Today I'm the Night Crawler, a radio jock.  
And you my son, what are you? A homicide cop?

You play in the world, where mortals dwell;  
To redeem the soul, you think has fell.  
You use your skills to help fight crime;  
To repay humanity for your sins, every dime.

It's been so long, since you quenched your desire;  
You feel drawn to her, like a moth would a fire.  
Her heart cries out to you from across the room;  
The scent of her blood intoxicates, like a sweet perfume.

You cannot resist, your need for blood;  
It's part of your nature; like a pig's is mud.  
Go to her, take her, give in, don't forget;  
Who you are, what you are; You should never regret.

You search for love with a mor-tal lady doc,  
But your feelings, your urges, you hold like a rock.  
There once was another, there from the start,  
She brought you to me, and gave you her heart.

One day you'd argue, bicker, fight, break-up;  
The next all was forgiven, you'd kiss, make-up;  
All though you fight us, even loathe us; admit it,  
You cannot face immortality without her in it.

She's always been, in some way, there for you;  
Without her in your life, what would you do?  
She ac-ci-dentaly gained what you lost;  
And when death almost claimed her, you brought her back across.

She's been many things to you, lover, sister, now daughter;  
But I, my dear child, am forever your mentor, your father.  
Nicholas, Nicholas, by now you should see;  
that with me forever, is how it was meant to be.

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## Note

Part of this poem appears in the story [Uneasy Alliances \(Forever Knight / Kung-Fu: The Legend Continues\)](#)