

*Fragments of My Mind*



*A Ride Through Time*

*By Desmond B. O'Neill*

# FRAGMENTS OF MY MIND

A RIDE THROUGH TIME

By  
DESMOND B. O'NEILL



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Houston TX 77065

[www.sbpra.com](http://www.sbpra.com)

ISBN: 978-1-68181-194-9

## DEDICATION

*I dedicate this to all my family  
and friends  
of whom I write  
and are within these pages.*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Jutta Goertz*

Author and script writer for ABC, also a writing teacher. She taught me how to use words.

*Leeanne Vernon*

Author, *Netball Dreams* and other novels. She insisted that I am a writer.

*Zoe Kellin Illustration*

Artist, for her great work on the cover design.

*Viv McDonald*

Type setter, for her construction of this finished project.  
[www.thewebonwheels.com.au](http://www.thewebonwheels.com.au).

*Chloe*

For being the inspiration behind many of my words.

*Margo*

For her perseverance as reader crash dummy.



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## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Desmond's birth was at number four,  
Were his brother's clothes that he wore.  
Their home, Doveton, a tough Aussie Town,  
Working fathers toiled with a sweated frown.  
Together the Town cheered their might,  
Then lads found a gang to roam the night.  
It was at the table, there to dine,  
With children's numbers swelled to nine,  
Fancy stories told of each ones day,  
The ones with gloss held the sway.  
In writing, Desmond thought himself nursery,  
Far below the ones with tertiary.  
He roamed the years with a mind of fog,  
Providing laughs, with a belly of grog.  
With three children now, all grown,  
Came grandchild Chloe, and the unknown;  
Spinal Muscular Atrophy is her fight.  
Her stories there, Desmond had to write.  
As a grape matures with coming age,  
His words spilt upon the page.  
People liked his rhyming note,  
And asked more of what he wrote.  
He still works the dirty factory floor,  
His eyes upon tomorrow's door.



## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to my stories within,  
A creative mind, that's my sin.  
Pearls of Wisdom you shan't find,  
Just Fragments of my Mind.  
The English grammar I didn't qualify,  
'Tis with words that I get by.  
So I present this for you to read,  
So you too will find your need.



## RIDING BUTTERFLIES

The other night Chloe gave me a call,  
She said, "Pop, I have butterflies on my wall."  
"My goodness Chloe, please take care."  
"Silly Pop, Mummy and Daddy put them  
there.

They all have such coloured wings,  
and sometimes we hit into things."

Feeling a bit mystified now,  
I asked her exactly how.

"Well, Pop, when there are happy skies,  
I take a ride on my butterflies.

We do not go out the door,  
and fairies dance on the floor.

I fly sometimes at the night,  
that is when we hit the light.

And Pop you can ride a butterfly too.

Just believe. That's all you do.

But you must be happy in my room.  
You know butterflies don't fly in gloom."

## ARCHIE ROBERT — WELCOME

I sat in the hospital with two on my knee  
The new born Archie Robert and adorable  
Chloe.

Chloe said to me, "Pop, we mustn't make any  
noise,

And Archie he can share my toys."

To Archie, "You have an elephant on your  
clothes,

And Daddy will they stick anything up his  
nose?"

I sat there with everything just right  
On my knees a double delight.

Archie said to me, "Hi Pop, tell my mum  
I had to eat then just run.

Thank goodness I'm out of the tum.  
And whoever made that elephant tone  
It's okay for now, but I'll be my own."

With them sitting on my knee

Young Archie and little Miss Three

I said, "Now there isn't just the one

It's going to be double the fun

Birthdays, Christmas and lots more.

We'll have toys all over the floor

With kisses and hugs and love galore."

Archie Robert — Welcome

I can see Rebecca's dismay  
When it's time to go and play.  
Standing there with hands on hips  
She says with smiling lips  
"Michael Fairweather and young Archie  
Robert  
Those muddy knees and all that dirt."  
They ask me Pop, "How you know?"  
I said, "Because I'm Pop and can make it so."

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