



Spatter Joy

*A Rhymer' Primer
of 31 days of poems
to spatter joy,
for every day of any year*

a collection of poetry
by Dahni
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A collection of verse

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A collection of verse

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to spatter joy for every day of any year)*

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FORWARD

by Arman Sicovia
editor for I-Magine Publications

The word "spatter" brings many images to mind that are instantly familiar to most everyone. Paint, water, mud and other liquid-like materials are just a few of the things which could be 'spattered.' But "joy" (technically an emotional response to stimuli), we may not ordinarily think of something which can be spread or 'spattered.' As it is used in this collection, it fits perfectly.

From time to time, most of us if not all of us have experienced something that has given us some measure of happiness or has made us happy. "Joy" is, a word which is most often a word used to express or define something which cannot be expressed or defined. It is considered something far deeper inside a being than happiness. As a figure of speech, the words, "Spatter Joy," implies that this "joy" could be 'spattered' or spread to others. In poem 24, they are associated with words and ideas as: "infection," "contagion," and "inoculation." These words we understand when it comes to the spreading and prevention of communicable diseases, bacteria and viruses etc. There is an expression used for enthusiasm, that— "if you want to spread the measles, you have to first have a good case of them yourself." One cannot spread or spatter joy without first having it themselves.

Dahni's confession is that this whole collection was written in just two days and was a direct response to his own personal, fullness of joy that he could not help, but to— "Spatter Joy!"



FORWARD (cont.)

For Dahni, the 2015 winter holiday season began in March of that year, with the announcement and his involvement with his one his nieces and her first child and now, his first and only, grand nephew. The season culminated with a lovely dinner with friends that he prepared, two weeks before Thanksgiving. Then it was Thanksgiving with family he also, cooked for.

Next, travel to witness the birth of a new baby. Then it was home again for the first holiday concert of his twin boy grandchildren, the early completion of a Christmas Story for another grandchild (originally intended as a story for all of the five grandchildren). Then came the announcements of yet another grand niece and another grandchild, both to be born early summer of 2016. On Christmas Eve 2015, Dahni and his wife were on the road again to share and cook dinner for family on the 25th and 26th. On December 29th, he and his one sister celebrated with their older brother on his birthday. This was the first holiday season that the three of them have been together in about thirty years. Finally, he returned home once again to celebrate New Year's Eve and Day and yet another Christmas/New Year's celebration, with more family (a brunch) on January 2nd that Dahni just refers to as, a "Merry Happy," celebration. Indeed, these many events lead him to joy, kept him full of joy and has made him desirous that it continue.

When we are happy and joyful, if is difficult if not impossible, for others around us to NOT be happily affected or infected with this joy. It is a spill-over effect and affect!

As many of us do, Dahni thought on the custom of New Year's Resolutions. We each want for ourselves and for those we love to have more and be more, do more, give more, love more and just, 'Be More' in the coming year than the previous one. When it comes to the subject of "joy," the reason for it and the purpose for this collection is set in the smallest poem which is the first one. Basically, after the winter solstice around December 25th, the days are getting longer and for those that cannot wait until spring comes again and we can be outside again, this is certainly something to look forward to, to be happy about; to joy and for and to others to, "Spatter Joy." And as for New Year's Resolutions, Dahni states his intentions and desires in poem #2 that it be the same, "every year" and that is to daily, "Spatter Joy," each and every single day, every year.

This entire collection was conceived and written in two days, from December 31st, 2015 and completed January 1st, 2016. Though the verses are simple, they are NOT over-simplified or simplistic. It is difficult to find words that rhyme with "joy," but it was intentional and purposefully planned to repeat, to reiterate, over and over again, the theme and title to—"Spatter Joy."

**FORWARD** (cont.)

In one sense, this collection seeks for Dahni to continue spattering his joy from the previous year, for the readers to have one poem, for each day in January, one each for the new month of the new year. Though this collection ends as the month of January ends on the 31st, it continues as the line of his final poem states, "I must just continue to— Spatter Joy!"

As Dahni lives and seeks to perpetually 'Spatter Joy,' this is the purpose of this collection that each of us catch a big dose of our own joy and splatter it everywhere to everyone that they too will in turn— 'Spatter Joy!' What motive could be clearer than this whole collection being offered to anyone and each and every one of these poems and the whole collection, FREE of cost to anyone! One cannot pay ANY amount for joy. Something so rich and so full; so inexplicable and so often un-deserved surely is, meant to be given and to be spattered. Be a joy spatterer' and 'Spatter Joy!'

Deeply,

Arman



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“Great titles for poems aren’t they” 🤔



Dedicated to: The Spattering of Joy and the Joy Spatterers



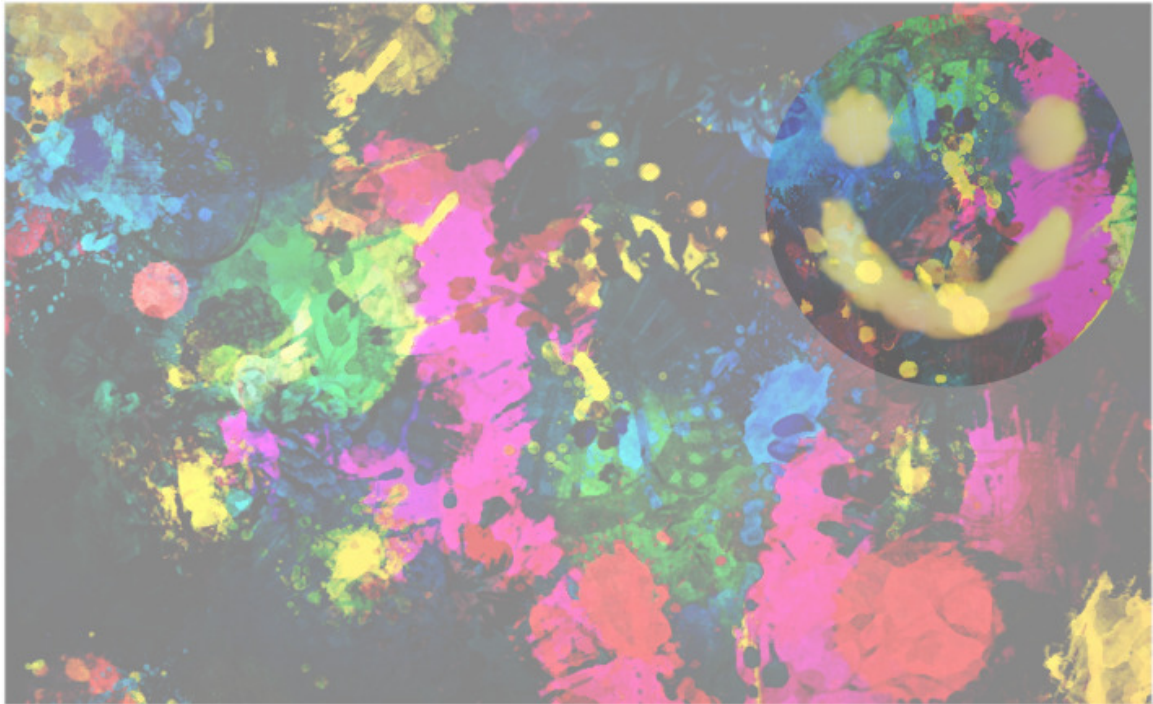
1
*Good Morning to ever aged girl and boy,
the days are getting longer— Spatter Joy*

from the collection: Spatter Joy
by Dahni © 2016, all rights reserved



2
*My resolution, for every single year
to daily collect at least a single tear
witness some happiness in some place
and gather emotions from the face
to give the right amount and not to cloy
but instead to— Spatter Joy*

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3

*My assignment for today
as I go along the way
No matter how long it takes or just a little while
I know it's in there and I'm gonna' extract a smile
So do not turn away and don't be coy
Help me, help you— Spatter Joy!*

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4

*There's a captive audience where it seems like they feel they must PC tolerate you
and a captured audience where nothing said or done will do*

So, if you find yourself in some space

I'm gonna' try and influence tour face

Whether you're a girl or a boy

I'm gonna' try and Spatter Joy

PC = Political Correctness

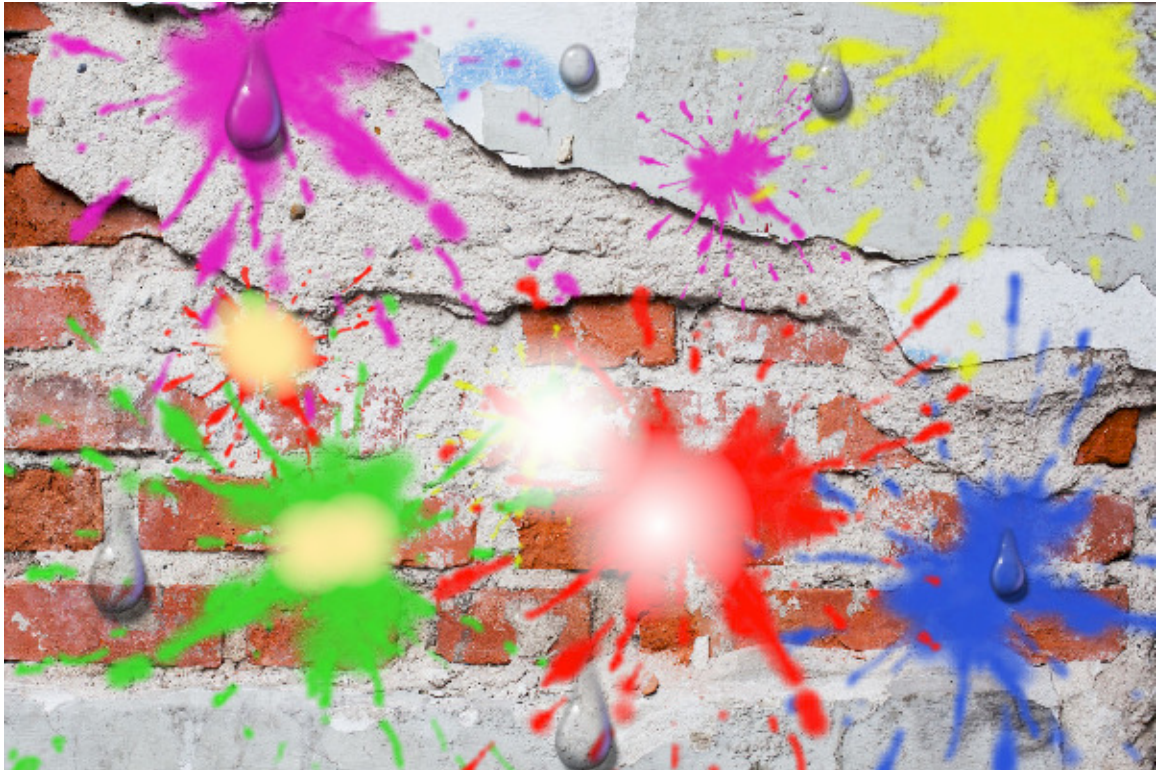
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5

*Well, today, there's some bad and some good news
Some cheery and some blues
Which would you rather or which should be first?
But really, for which do you thirst?
I cannot make you think,
but I can choose what I will drink
So I'm sipping on Happy
and spitN' out the crappy
So can every aged girl or boy
spew out the negatives and Spatter Joy*

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6
*Pitter patter
What does it matter
it all comes down
to a smile or a frown
My only choice will I build or destroy
Tear down or Spatter Joy*

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7

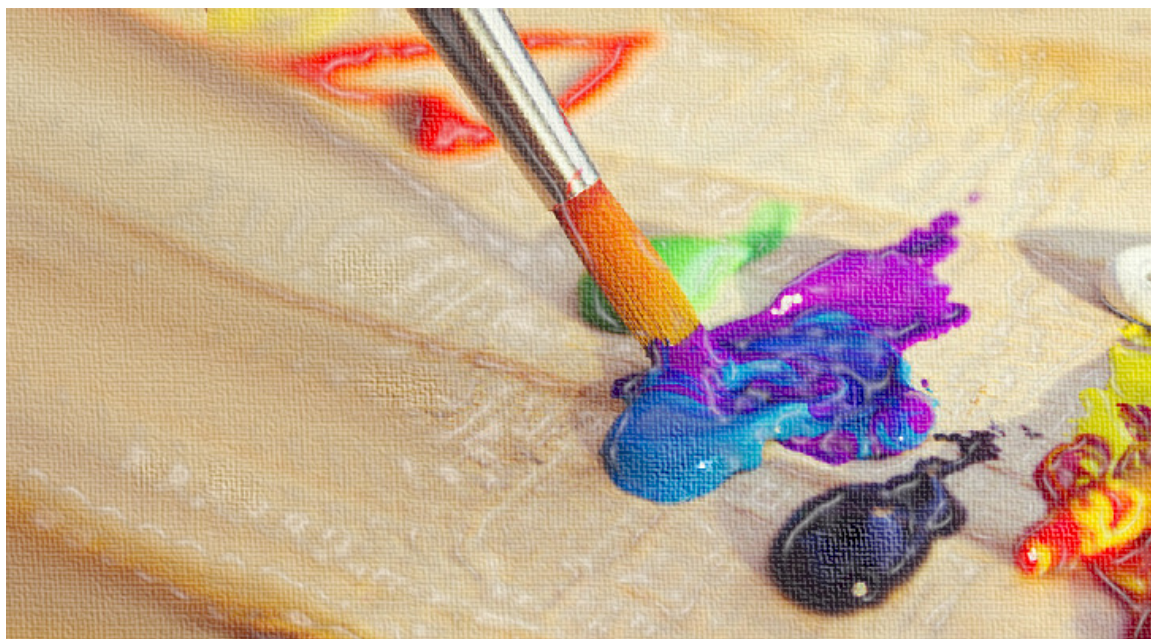
*Let us agree if we must, to disagree
and keep this agreement, between you and me
You keep your causes and politics
And I'll keep my delicious brownie mix
We'll each mix and pour and bake complete
Then see who shows up, to eat
And know what others truly enjoy
But in my kitchen, I'll Spatter Joy*

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8
*Face it, we're all gonna' step in a puddle
and we could think of it as a muddle,
but when the feet splash down
we could choose to smile or frown
splish and squish and scatter— annoy
or simply just to— Spatter Joy*

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9

*We're all painters, it's so very true
What colors are the best for you,
fingers, roller, brush or spray
what's best for you today?
Paint the colors and the way you most enjoy,
But as for me, I'll just spatter Joy*

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10
*We each choose our garment or frock
mine's just, a spattered smock
Yours might be better
and mine may be wetter
And yours the mark of the life you employ
mine is just to— Spatter Joy*

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11
*Upon this thought do you ever think-le'
why do the stars all seem to twink-le'
Is it just a trick of the eye, some decoy
Or do they really— Spatter Joy*

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12

*From sunup to sun downed
what goes, comes back around
like a drop of water ever spreading
no end in sight to where it's heading
For what end, its purpose to deploy
I think it just to— Spatter Joy*

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13

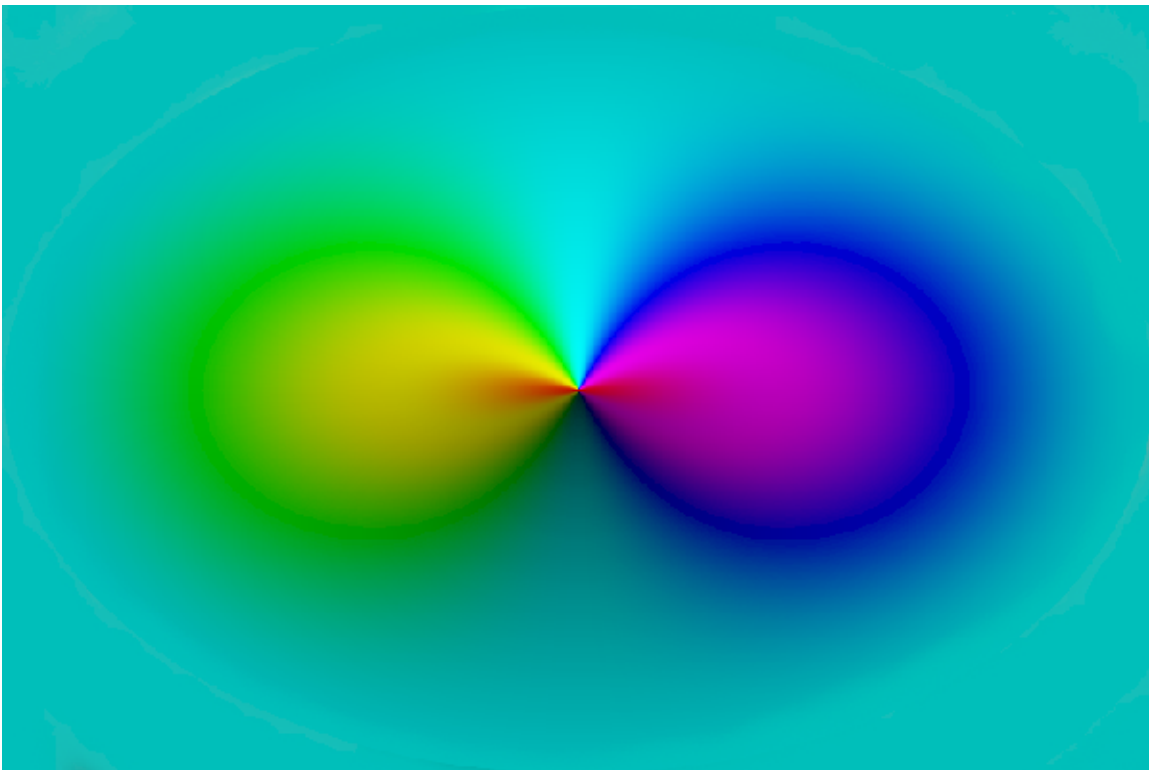
*Sure, you can flip or skip me
rip or trip from what you see
and find nothing in me save a silly old boy
but when you walk on, I'll still be— Spattering Joy*

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14
*My Mommy's tiny, little blip
took a long and arduous trip
My Daddy's little splurt'
With my Mommy's egg did flirt
and I was born, a bouncing baby boy
a splattering to— Spatter Joy*

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15

*Just throw it, against the wall
see what sticks or starts to fall
flinging and clinging
singing and bringing
It's not some sinister ploy
It's just to— Spatter Joy*

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16

*As rain is to a gutter
so is melting, just like butter
And if you truly want to know
where its hither and its flow
The single purpose, both employ
is always to— Spatter Joy*

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17

*I'm only here a little while
make you frown or make you smile
there's no getting around it, something I will spread
from my first breath until the last and I am dead,
but even then, it'll just keep on going
and I suspect, will keep on growing
So, the question is, why not be a tool and a toy
to build up others and— Spatter Joy*

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18

*Are you sick of these, my silly, just yet;
are you sorry that we ever met?
You can never read here again; you're always free to go,
but if you do, there's something you need to know
Check the back of your blouse or shirt
I promise that, it will not hurt
But there is something splattered that I stuck
and you could wash to no avail and call it your bad luck
And whether your name is From A-Z or Betty or Roy
I've splattered you blouse or shirt with— Spattered Joy*

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19

*Once upon a time
you may not have felt you were worth a dime
But that's a million dollars+ not true
and I'm telling you
Whether of any age girl or boy
you were richly made to— Spatter Joy*

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20

*"Whatcha' gonna' be when you grow up,"
said one seed to the other, over tea,
with cream and sugar in a cup,
"Yes, what would you like to be?"
One said, "A tree and a seed scatter-er"
The other, "A tree and a Joy Spatter-er"*

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Note: The Rainbow Eucalyptus is very much a real tree! The phenomenon is caused by patches of bark peeling off at various times and the colors are indicators of age. A newly shed outer bark reveals bright greens which darken over time into blues and purples and then orange and red tones. The seeds are in front of the tree. Seeds scattered or joy spattered, both are meant to be spread.



STU
XY and



21

*A lert we must B, don't cha' C?
DEF and G
HIJKLMNO and don't forget to P
QRSTUV
WXY and Z
The alphabet, fully employ
With every letter, Spatter Joy*

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22
*There's almost always, thirty days
and who can count the number of ways?
Twelve months of reasons
and usually, four seasons
months and months of many toys
to splatter with and Spatter Joys*

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23

*At the beginning it might have seemed little and dumb,
but at its end, a tidy little sum
It might have seemed like useless junk
and just all, emotional bunk
Not something you would try at home?
A silly little, useless pome' (poem)
un-reasoned rhymes, but they never hurt
instead of those abrupt and curt
and even if you raised a curious brow
they still got to you, somehow
and that's the purpose of their employ
to scatter and to— Spatter Joy*

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24

*To catch and spread anything
you must yourself a good case
a contagion infecting, the whole of your face
Inoculate or you'll be infected too
this is, absolutely— true
I apologize NOT, if you catch what I've got
and be advised, it's quite a lot
Ok then, I'm like a virus on deploy
Infecting, spreading and Spattering Joy*

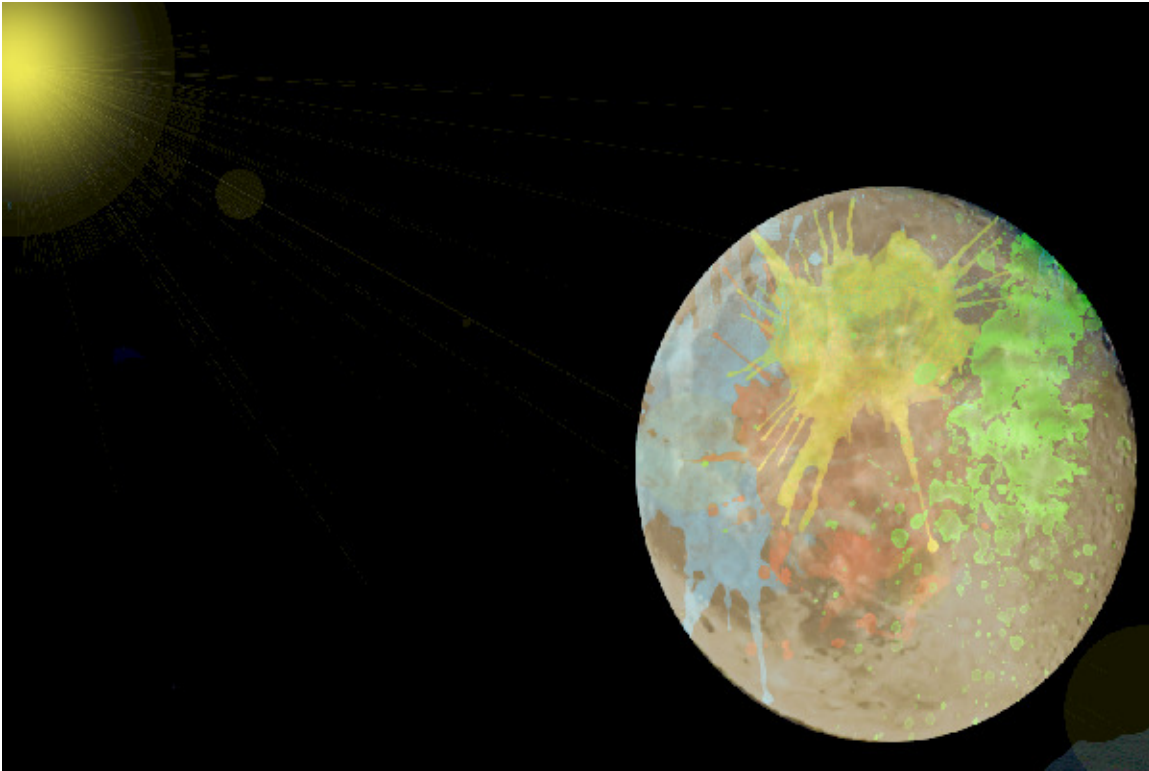
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25

*If my days are all numbered and they are
what should I spread and leave, how far?
I figure we've all enough sadness, sorrow and woe
I'll just leave all that and let it go
Instead I'd rather here deploy
with all my days to— Spatter Joy*

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26

*In the deepest, darkest coldest night
what makes the moon so full, so bright
from millions of miles
and countless smiles
the sun is set, to employ
through space and time to— Spatter Joy*

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27

*Except in a pocket of splattered ink
this stuff is awesome or so, I think,
for it reminds me of my favorite toy
and that is, to— Spatter Joy*

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28

*Almost done, can you not wait?
But I cannot afford it to be late
Though the series is, nearly done
still I must, send this on
It's like a burning
and a yearning,
to send it on to you
Oh yes, my yes, it's true
Bursts from within, it employs
to scatter and to— Spatter Joys*

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29

*Of this to you I would remind
like Emerson said, "Be silly, be honest, be kind."
No second chances on yester-day
so, make the best of every day
Whatever occupation you employ
Scatter, splatter and Spatter Joy*

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30

*Just one more and then that's it
so, don't go have, a hissy fit
No harm's been done
just let it all run
On and on to every aged girl and boy
Cease not, ever, to— Spatter Joy*

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31

*Now tis month is, nearly done
for a month my silly, has been run
You can choose to continue
or choose to forget,
But there's a heap of joy-ing, still to let
We each choose what we allow out and in
who, what, where, why and when
But I've no choice, so full of it is, this old boy
I'll just be going now, to—*

Spatter Joy!

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About the Author



Dahni is a writer, poet, photographer, artist and composer. His one name he purposely spells differently, but it is his real name. His one name is to try and make a brand name, but he has a last name. He said, *“Perhaps it was left out, just in case I have or might embarrass friends or family (living or not) that knew or knows me. They could say, I don’t know who Dahni is and that would be the truth”*

Born and raised mid-morning near the middle of the month, in the middle of the 20th Century, in a middle class home in the Midwest, about middle of the state, in the middle of a mid-size town, Dahni has pretty much ever been in the middle of something.

One set of grandparents were highly educated people from affluent backgrounds. The others were from large farming families - the ‘salt of the earth,’ full of common sense and rich in flavor. He once set out to become a doctor, shifted to law, landed in ministry and then flew and stuck with imagination. From such varied influences, Dahni grew up with a passion for people, places and diversification. The desire to help others evolved, but has never changed.

A love for reading, stories and having a vivid imagination, interest in the arts only seemed natural and almost as second nature as breathing.

Once in the 6th grade, he had an assignment to write a report on the classic tales from ‘Arabian Nights.’ Dahni ended up illustrating his work and wrote it as an original poem. He has been reading, writing and pursuing the arts ever since.

Banging out just five notes on a piano while waiting for his high school date to get ready, the repetition may have bothered many, but a love for music grew out of this. It has caused him to continue to bang out notes ever since. No formal lessons with any instrument or music theory has kept him silent nor prevented him from original compositions if for no other than himself.

His many experiences, his travels and training as an investigative reporter, years involved in the principles of research along with a deep curiosity, offers a unique perspective for mining the gold of dreams and the silver of truths. Dahni refers to himself as a perpetual student of life-learning, as an I-magineer, an Amer-I-Can and 1 of WE the People. A graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, he holds a master’s degree in Trials & Errors, but a PhD in Imagination.

*“Everything great in life happens because –
Somewhere, someone at some place and at some time,
Thinks I-imagine and believes I-Can.”*

-Dahni-



Let's Connect

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