

A PASSION FOR POETRY

By

Philip Gerard

September 1995

"NATURE'S PALETTE"

Nature abounds in color,
Some flowers light, others duller.
Green and yellow reign supreme,
While the reds glow and gleam.

The purple lilac is a favorite of mine
While the rust of the Japanese maple is divine.
Yet there is none so delightful as the dogwood
white,
Bursts thru the green shimmering, striking sight.

The Sun shines on high,
From a mild blue sky.
There, a white moon glows,
As the World's eyes close.

"OUR FIRST LADY"

She means more to me in death,
Then she did when she still had breath.
For all that she symbolized,
And for all she was lionized.

Is still alive, and more meaningful,
Then when she shared with her heartful-
For those in need and care,
With or without lair.

Jackie was resolute and real,
She did deeply feel-
The pain of others,
Who were her sisters and brothers.

She was a saintly person,
A poetic soul to write verse on.
She'll be remembered for her being,
She felt deeply and was all-seeing.

"OUR CITY"

When I was a child,
The city was safe and mild.
We played stick ball in the streets,
There was penny candy for treats.

Our homes were securer,
The crowds were fewer.
Daily violence and crime,
Were scarce at that time.

Police walked the street
For their duty called to cover their beat.
They carried a friendly club,
And were leaders in their hub.

They built their careers,
And overcame their fears.
They gave back to their town,
The bounty earned by a crown.

"GRIM AND GAY"

The day is grim or gay,
Depending on the play.
And the lines one has to say,
As we flit and flay.

A tender touch from another being,
And one feels his pain fleeing.
A smile like an embrace,
Is a touch of joy face to face.

If you give, we get,
So there is no need to fret.
We live in a wonderland,
Some day you'll rake it,
And eventually you'll make it.
So keep the juices flowing,
And your hopes growing-
For there'll come a day
When you'll have this to say:
"Thank you Lord-
For being aboard."

"SHARING"

It's the end of the day,
All work and no play.
I feel a little weary,
Yet I'm not all teary.

I am aging, but with it all,
There are times I feel ten feet tall.
The past is all memory,
Faded and, at times, empty.

A few precious moments do remain,
And remind us, life was not all in vain.
My children and grand-children all
One evidence that it's great to be alive-

And share my life,
With my devoted wife-
As we struggle to survive.

"POETRY"

Poetry is my language,
It frees me from anguish.
Each word embraces a tender theme,
And thunders as it reveals its scheme.

Rhythm and rhyme create a mood,
Often of love and sometimes lewd.
It touches the memory and soothes the soul,
The poet is sensitive and sees the whole.

He knows the past and ponders the future,
His insight serves as a soothing structure.
Words are like a tonic tending a tune and tone,
Poets move all, including those made of stone.
So read the great poets whose works you've known,
And you'll find your mind will never be alone.

"CLAY"

Clay takes you back to another day,
When it was not all work and there was some time
to play.
Art was for the creative, a game for the gay,
Each one had his own say.

But clay was for the young and old,
It takes a little courage, and helps to be bold.
The figures that emerged of dogs and dames,
With men restraining horses with their reins'.

These primitive artists captured their dreams,
In striking unforgettable scenes.
Children evoked simple pleasures,
Which they possessed like golden treasures.

Clay has reflected the story of mankind
Beginning with the stabs of barbarians, the
earliest find.
And thru the ensuing years,
Explorers have uncovered burials and biers.

Thru the centuries, clay was essential to house,
home, and building,
And to the facilities that decorated each abode
from flooring to ceiling.
To the implements used,
And the rest that were fused.

Clay has not seen its day-
There is more to come,
More to say.

"WEATHER"

When showers and cold come together,
It's brutal and bruising weather.
Storms sweep across the roads,
And rout tots and toads.

Dogs race across the space,
A set a furious pace.
While cats fawn and fowl,
And yip, yell, and yowl.

Birds fly in the sky,
And rise higher and high.
Then they soar, more and more,
Till they reach their core.

They sway as they swing,
With a tuneful thing-a-ling.
The weather sinks,
There were no longer pinks.

The sun erodes,
According to the codes.
The moon lunes
All missions are in tunes.

"THUNDER"

When I listen to the sound of thunder,
I am awed by a sense of wonder.
All is still except from the sky,
Which speaks with a voice on high.

The world is shaken as it hears,
A rumbling that roars and raises fears.
Lovers leap into each others arms,
While parents protect their kin from acute alarms.

A wind sweeps across the seas,
With a turbulence that topples trees.
Ships ride the crest of water canyons,
As if they were old and friendly companions.
When the stars blink at night,
There is no longer any fright.
The crew are all in their allotted space,
Except for one who has lost his place.

"PRECIOUS"

The love of your life,
My devoted wife.
The parents who served,
And earned what they deserved.

The children that grew,
And were true to you.
The friends you made,
Who didn't fade.

The teachers you respected,
Who gave you the marks you expected.
The Reverend you revered,
As you were being reared.

The world you knew,
As you matured and grew.
The home you left,
And then felt bereft.
The child you were,
Whom they now call, "Sir."

"THE CORRIDOR"

Walking thru a hospital corridor,
You are assaulted by illness more and more.
Nurses dominate the scene,
Which despite the trauma, remains serene.

Young doctors come and go,
Heading here and there and to and fro.
Patients suffer silently,
Except for the extreme who respond violently.

Surgery silences the sick,
While the surgeons take their pick.
Like custom tailors, they design for a belle
or a beaux,
They respond like a friend, never a foe.

"GAY DAY"

A spot of sun,
When there is none-
Turns a sad day,
.....gay!

"VICTIM"

Who will it be, she or him?
Sex is no issue, as one is picked for the trim.
In the flotsam and the float,
Of life's cruising boat.

There are no victors, all are victims,
And most eventually are stripped of their limbs.
Those that escape are over-looked,
But they too are on the list to be cooked.

How does one cope?
To avoid the rope.
You can prey in your pew,
Which might save a few.

Or do good bode,
And lighten the load.
But most of all,
When you're ten feet tall,
You've made it, for the others are all small.

"TEARS"

Life is a drama with its laffs and gaffs,
The curtain descends for all, regale and riff-
raffs.
We live our play each day of our life,
Some with joy, others with pain as sharp as a
knife.

Our actions determine our destiny, which has
the last say,
So remember, there is a great force as we make
our way.
We earn what we get, and relish what we give,
In sharing and caring, we have goals by which
to live.

Love is the ultimate achievement,
Which makes grief the deepest bereavement.
In parting, there is no sweet sorrow,
There are only memories for tomorrow.

And these are fleeting and not forever,
They even ascent, like the weather.
Tears are tangible reminders of feelings that
are deep,
Of the love we shared for those for whom we weep.

"SENTIMENT-A BOY AND A GIRL"

Sentiment may flow shallow,
And often runs fallow.
Yet in my lair,
All lies fair-
For love levels.
And provides revels,
Like ecstasy and joy-
Creates a girl and a Boy!

"FATE"

A bird fell at his feet,
As if to welcome and greet.
Except she was dead,
Shot thru her head.

A black bird flew by,
Moaning on the high.
I've met my fate,
I've lost my mate.

"DYING"

I've never been so alive,
I continue to struggle and strive.
Yet, I am tormented by a thought,
Which seems to be self-wrought.

I cannot hide or be free,
From what's inside of me.
The din of dying,
Persists in crying.

I listen to a theme of sorrow,
As if it's my due tomorrow.
I hear the beat of my heart,
Wondering if it will stop or start.

My mood has turned down,
I now wear a frantic frown.
An overwhelming sense of intimidating fear,
Surrounds me and comes nearer and near.

Although all is calm and serene,
I sense something sinister and mean.
Then suddenly the sound of music floats thru
the air,
Carrying a theme for all to share.
"There's a long, long trail a winding,
Into the land of my dreams-
Where the pale moon is shining while my star
beams."
I feel inspired by the lyred,
But suddenly a sadness overcomes me...
For tomorrow offers more than I can see.

"THE HOMELESS"

The homeless finds home in the park,
Where they rest and walk-
Thru the day before dark,
And occasionally engage in talk.

But mostly silence reigns,
Among each muted human.
As a lined face feigns,
A sign of artless acumen.

Children are animated and gay,
While dogs run and play.
Squirrels search for food,
While birds protect their brood.

When dusk descends the Park,
There is no time for a last lark.
Each one packs his bag,
The chimes ring, there is no time to lag.

The sun moves as if for the moon,
Which glows none too soon.
For the light of each night,
Comes from this radiance, of the bright.

The stars sparkle in the sky,
Scattered on a high.
They burn brilliantly and bright,
Throughout a luminous night.

"PARKS"

Parks are places of wonder,
When the sun shines, and even with thunder.
Shrubs and plants bloom with the season,
Tilling and toiling are part of the reason.

Buds brighten the springtime,
While bouquet like blossoms beam in the summer.
Providing joy in their time,
Like the pleasure of a poet's rhyme.

Comes the fall, and they fade,
As if they were spurred by a spade.
They sleep thru the winter,
Warmed by nature's vintner.

Then the cycle is repeated,
And all intrusions are defeated.
As the earth spins,
And The Lord Wins.

"DESTINY"

Life is like a play,
Scripted day to day.
Destiny has a role,
And takes its human toll.

Each of us finds a way,
To express ourselves and say-
"What road do I take?
So I don't make a mistake."

I find myself roaming,
As I seek my site to homing.
I come upon a sign, that's mine,
Philip Gerard-17E 97ST-10029.
I enter a barren building,
That is strange and forbidding.
The lights are out, all is dark,
The silence is solemn and stark.

The occupants are ogres,
Who move with the grace of cougars.
They wink their eyes,
As they move on the sly.

Yet, here is a friendly world,
Where goodwill and wishes are hurled.
Dreams are realized and fantasies fulfilled,
Life is as rewarding as it is tilled.