

A PINCH OF POETRY

BY

PHILIP R. GERARD

POEMS BY PHILIP R. GERARD

OBOE WHERE IS THY STRING?
O'BEAU WHERE IS THY STING?

PEER

I have a peer,
Whom I revere.
He has the wisdom of a seer,
But he bears the look of a leer,
Which occasionally raises fears.
Then I remember I am not one of his dears,

ICING

In a group I awe some and bore some.
I find one-on-one more enticing.
Although some leave and others come,
She'll always be my icing.

CLAY

Clay is life's mold
Of which figures untold
Are formed each day
By hands that love and play.

HEROES

What will become of us
If we don't have heroes
About whom we can fuss.
Soccer stars and ball players
Are not enough,
For they really don't have the stuff,
That makes for lasting legend-
Or myths we cannot rend.
So we'll have to look to outer space,
For the winner in this dramatic race.

YOUTH

I look back on a long life,
With its cheers and its strife.
My youth seems so long ago.
When I planted seeds and I did sow.
Crisis came with each new season,
And I found the answers through reason.
I fought my battles with my peers,
and found my only enemy were my fears.
The New York streets were my oasis,
Where I romped and played, for there were no other places.
We were content for we were all friendly faces,
Including those of other races.
There were no girls as part of our group.
For we gathered together like a troop.
And left the fair ones on the stoop.
They knew we would be back to be caught in their hoop.
I left the streets but took my memories,
Which stayed with me through all the years.
For they were joyful days without fears,
When the clouds lifted and the mists cleared.

-- Philip Gerard

HERE'S TO LIFE

by

Philip Gerard

I have experienced all states of being,
Including the pain of emptiness.
It strikes when you are reeling,
And leaves you bathed in acute distress.
All the joys have vanished,
Life has lost its glow-
Delight and pleasure are now banished,
You are caught in a web of woe.
The day is as dark as the night.
There is no sun in your sky.
There is only gloom, no glare, no light.
You feel nothing, you cannot even cry.
You once had faith, but now it's gone
You have your loved ones, but you cannot love.
All you know is a world of alarm,
Until light shines from above-
And then you sense all is not lost.
Each of us is vulnerable to a sickness of the soul.
We learn the true meaning of life and pay a high cost.
We are bruised and battered but come out whole.
Each of us is tested in different ways.
Some struggle to the very end.
Others are cut down on by-ways and highways.
So remember, life is for living, never surrender.

GIVING

By Philip R. Gerard

Each day I give to some unknown,
A part of me which I own.
He may be homeless or helpless.
My gift is like a gentle caress.
He smiles at me as if life were renewed.
His face lights up and is no longer crude.
He reaches out with a tired hand,
And waves to me as if life were grand.
It takes so little to lift a soul,
To pull one out of a threatening hole.
So I give to those in need,
Like slaves who wait to be freed.

OUR TOWN

By

Philip R. Gerard

Our town is the center of the world,
Where all is unfurled.
Children swarm, friendships form.
Love that flourished continues to be
nourished.

Here there was joy and pain,
We struggled and strived, but not in vain.
For our hope and dreams, like sparkling
springs,
Were sowed in the doing and fulfilled in
the renewing.

We left for greener pastures,
And life's rewarding raptures.
As we look back on the past,
We know our town will always last.

LOVE

By Philip R. Gerard

Love is inspired from high above,
And carries its message by a singing dove.
The light shines bright throughout the night,
While brass brightens the stars-
And plays songs in flight.

Here on land waits a shimmering child,
For the cloud that promised her a ride.
The sun shines bright,
And the sky is blue.
There is a cloud above looking for you.

It sweeps down low,
And off you go-
As if in a race,
To a place called out of space.

LAIR

By Philip R. Gerard

When a man walks up five flights of stairs,
It shows he really cares.
However, these hide away affairs,
In remote and silent lairs~
Are beginning to wear.

Although he protests, he loves her.
He's developed a painful spur~
So he's got to make a choice
Between a lovely lass~
And a pain that won't pass.

VERA

By

Philip R. Gerard

I have a fabulous teacher named Vera.
Who has a magnificent look.

I keep hoping to get near her,
For I am really on the hook.

But students have awe for their teacher,
So one's feelings get set aside.

For I know I'll never reach her,
And my despair I'll just have to abide.

EAST MEETS WEST

By Philip R. Gerard

I'll tell you something confidential,
I'm fascinated by the oriental.
As each goes by, I look on the sly,
And feel I am on the way to a new high.

It's not their walk or the way they talk.
It's their look that makes it in my book.
Their eyes sparkle like the stars,
Their hair shines like ebony bars.
When they smile, a light goes on,
And when they speak, you are really gone.

It's not my fate to have an oriental for a mate,
But Fantasy can provide ecstasy.
So I keep thinking of that lovely face,
That glows as if touched by grace.
She moves like an angel in diaphanous lace,
And winks to me as she flies into space.

LONELINESS

I am part of a group but still alone-
I hear voices like a rumbling tone.
I look around but I don't see.
For all I know there's only me.

My mind is a screen reflecting things.
They pierce me but leave only stings.
They fly away on gossamer wings.
Leaving me a bewildered being.

I reach out to touch a memory.
But all is gone there is nothing to see.
For I am all alone, just lonely me.
I listen for a familiar sound,
Which seems to be going round and round-
And I hear my heart, for I know the pound.
It stalks me like a hunting hound.
I look about and what do I see? Nothing, there is only me.
I look above and see the sun, setting on a day that's done.
And through the light I see her face.
A joyful look that is meant for me.
I am no longer alone. I am finally free.

-- Philip Gerard

THE CRY

The cry comes from a variety of feelings.
There are those that come from deep rooted pain.
And the gentle purrings that come during healings
And from those who sob when all is in vain.

There is the cry that comes from the joy of life,
And the spiritual cry when blessed from above.
There is the sound of pain that comes with darkness and the night.
Then comes the happy sound with the lifting of the pall
and the entry of the light.

A child's cry is clear and plaintiff.
His sounds are varied and truly creative.
Some children are singing through their tears,
While others are distressed by fanciful fears.

The young seldom cry for they have their hopes and ride high.
The cry of the old says all in the gentle sound of good-bye.

--Philip Gerard

HEALING

Trauma, like a cyclone, leaves one battered and bewildered.
It shatters as its sweeps all before it, leaving many
pummelled and pillaged.

A strange quiet descends as the storm subsides,
And a golden sun rises as a lonely vultur^e gapes and glides.
Nature cares for wounded birds and battered beasts,
While men of courage and compassion serve like priests.
They roam the countryside giving aid to the injured
and hope to the fallen.
Before the end of the day, peace has conquered this awesome scene,
And life moves on with a sense of grace,
As man and nature find their proper place.

- Philip Gerard

"AGEING"

by Philip Gerard

When I was young, it was all gung-ho.
Now that I have reached that score and four,
it is mostly no go.
But I remember a time when life moved
like a perfect rhyme,
And the sounds of the city were like the bells
of a chime.
Each day had a lively pace,
And the world was a joy to face.
Our friends were loyal and warm,
We sought each other like a swarm.
Then like the seasons, changes came,
Careers, marriages, children, and it was
no longer the same.
We began anew with a different rhythm but
our old refrain.
Youth was gone and so went our dreams,
We were now assaulted by reality and the
pain it brings.
The years flew by as if on wings,
And with it went the hopes of Spring.
When winter came we were no longer bold,
We embraced each other, as we defied the cold.

AGEING (Cont'd.)

We had reached that time when lights were blinking,
When much about our world was slowly sinking.
Our friends were gone leaving barren trees,
Yet we had all we needed in our fond memories.
We look back now on our distant lives
 with our dimming sight,
And see the early embers still burning bright.
So in my heart all is well as it has always been,
Although I know, one day soon, I shall be saying
 goodbye to all my Kin.

MEMORIES

Memories are life on a small screen.
Played by an all star cast as if in a dream.
They vary from an aesthetic moment,
To times of pain and torment.

Still your memories often lie dormant -
Until a flash of insight opens the door,
And you enter into more and more,
Of a world gone by, and discover memories never die --
They are just put away,
For a very special day.
Suddenly part of your past will come to you -
You'll be fascinated by the drama that unfolds
And the myriad of details it holds.

You are making memories every day.
Some are sad; some are gay.
Some are long ago and far away.
They will always be there
As long as^y_Aou're in the play.

- Philip Gerard

ESPECIALLY YOU

By

Philip R. Gerard

I have known highs and suffered lows.
There were days of sighs and painful woes.
Then the darkness lifted and the sun poured in.
I felt renewed and without sin.

I've done my best for all the rest.
I've lived and loved on the crest.
I've disappointed some and inspired others.
I've looked to the sky and seen the flying plovers.

Life has been rich, despite its blows.
I have developed family, friends, and few foes.
I've learned to take the bitter with the sweet
I've experienced ecstasy and feel replete.

So it's time to go and say "adieu" --
To those I love, "especially you."

TO SAY GOOD-BYE

By

Philip R. Gerard

Our years are going,
As we end our sowing.
The sun in the sky
Is no longer high.

Dusk is arriving,
Yet we go on striving.
The pace is slower,
Our voice is lower.

As we reach out-
And look about,
We see the empty places,
Where once were friendly faces.

Their love remains a memory,
Which I shall take along with me -
As I say good-bye to those who be,
And greet the others I am yet to see.