

A POET'S LANDSCAPE

BY

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A POET'S LANDSCAPE

A poet absorbs the
World and gives it back
In a word.
A painter in a stroke,
A singer in a song.

SCULPTORS

Although they enter the body
Of other sexes,
Sculptors are not adulterers
They may be concerned with
The bust,
But their feelings are not
Inspired by lust.

POETRY

Like Jimmy Stewart,
I too woo it.
Words are like clay,
So we write and play.

It's a lot of fun,
If even only a pun.
Before you know it,
You've become a poet.

Then all you've sown
Will show you've grown.
Who knows, one day,
"An epic," they'll say,
While reading your poems,
From New York to Rome
And even in Paree
Where they adore poetry.

JIMMY STEWART

He was once a star,
In time, not so far.
Now he shines high
In another sky.

He paints with words,
And like birds,
They sing songs,
Of right and wrongs.

Of good and evil
And even of the boweevil
Of hanging bowers,
And blooming flowers.

Of young and old,
Of the brave and the bold.
We worked together
In stormy and shining weather,

"Bend of the River" and "The Glen Miller Story,"
Provided lodes of gold and much glory.
A hero who never blew it,
That was our Jimmy Stewart,

And to end our poem,
So you'll really know him,
Meet his leading lady Gloria,
Lovely, devoted and full of euphoria.

THE POET

A poet absorbs
The world and
Gives it back
In a word.

THE POET

A poet's writings
Are the strokes of a
Self-portrait.

POETRY

Free verse and rhymes,
Which reveals the truth in time,
And enhances its validity
Is the essence of poetry.

POETRY

Writing poetry is
Like walking or talking
On an emotional
Landscape. The poet
Reaches high
And feels deeply.
Eventually he draws
A self-portrait. He
Needs readers and
So do I.

MEMORY

As you grow old and gray,
Memory slips away.
But memories glow bright
As we approach the night.

JUST A LAD

I was a light headed lad,
Until I was had
By the love of my life,
My adoring and adorable wife.

A WISH

A child requested to make a wish,
That Santa Claus tends --
Asked "Please, make my
Mom and Dad be friends."

THE ARTS

A bulletin from the Vatican,
Written by Terrace Rattigan,
Said, "Pay attention to the arts
And we'll flourish in all parts
They'll be joy at our health
And peace on Earth."

CATCH HER IF YOU CAN

When Margaret Thatcher ran,
She said "Catch me if you can."
Then she took a flop,
But it's unlikely that she'll stop.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

From your President Bush
Read my Tush,
And you'll find
What's on my mind.

W. W.

Walter Winchell
A terror in his time,
Had the awesome power
To make some preen and others cower.

He died a broken man,
Without a single fan.
All were relieved and none grieved.

Except his devoted daughter,
And for this, we laud her.

THE SAINTS THAT AIN'T

Saints there ain't
Or they're slightly faint.
Just when we need them,
There ain't a single gem.

So we strive
To survive,
And aspire
To inspire.

We miss the saint
That ain't.
Where shall we go
For that holy glow?

That eases pain
And never in vain.
Some say therapy
Can make you happy.

Others reach for the horoscope,
While their counterparts seek the telescope.
Then there are the leaf readers,
The gurus and their healers.

However, these are all slightly tainted
And none were ever sainted.
So where do we go?
And how do we hoe?

To find answers,
To the chances
That come our way,
Day to day.

To some it's the lucky penny.
But not to many.
While others woo,
A finder's horse shoe.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

If I could write a sonnet
I would have done it--
But I'll need time
For tender rhyme.

So while I apply my mettle,
You'll have to settle
For a simple line,
That has served through time.

Je t'aime, mon amour,
And more and more and more/
Especially on this day,
Your Happy Birthday.

YOUTH

The young need to debate
Their current state
And take chances
To find answers.

A FROST BITE

Good fences
Make good neighbors!
A Gerard Riposte
Good defenses
Make wary neighbors!

POETS

Poets I've read
Write for other poets.
I've been writing rhyme
All this time
And didn't know it.

A QUEEN

I knew only one queen
My sister Pauline.

A GRACIOUS GREETER

What New York City needs
Is a greeter with a boutinere
And a smile,
One who speaks for all creeds
And is gracious and without guile.
Bring back Grover Whalen
And once again we'll have smooth sailin'

LEW

I was fortunate to
Know Lew Wasserman,
For you'll never know
A wiser man.

THE TRUTH

A childhood friend, Marcus Meyer,
A natural born liar,
Found telling the truth
Irksome and uncouth.

FIDDLEDIDUM

Life is a conundrum
Full of fiddledidum.
You'll only find answers
If you take chances.

PEACE

Each day is precious
So let us
Live in a way
That we may say --
Here's a toast
For what means the most --

"Love and friendship,
We share with kinship
And for strangers, too,
We wish for you --
For war to cease
And a world of Peace."

PEACE

All our lives,
We've lived with war.
Now there's a threat
Of more and more.

The sound of war
Should implore
The rattling to cease
To preserve peace.

The price we pay,
The other way
In lives lost
Is a staggering cost.

Lift up your voice
So we may rejoice
In victory
For civility.

For decency and morality,
For love and spirituality.
A world made secure
For rich and poor.

This is our hope
As we continue to cope--
To make life free
For you and me.

DEAR DINAH

Your one liner
Is finer
Than mine 're.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh say can you see,
In our land of the free,
The poor and the homeless
Throughout our beautiful country.

POWER

Bush has a feeling for power
But not for people.

ECONOMIC ROYALISTS

It's appalling to see wheeler-dealers,
Who have a calling to be stealers
Of stock-holders' money,
From whom they take the honey.

They leave as little
As they can piddle
For those who invested
And are now being bested.

By a new kind of criminals
Who are among the minimal.
They are the slick and shy
And their truth is a lie.

So beware of the Wall Street Sleuth,
Who is oily and uncouth.
There is no end to their greed,
Which they continue to feed.

So if you don't want to end a miser,
Start being wiser.
Put your money into piggy banks
And to these others, say, " No Thanks."

READERS

Poets need readers
So I hope you will bear
And care
As I dare
To share
My verse
With a few
Especially you.

POETRY

Poetry is a
Reflection on an
Emotional Landscape

POETRY

A poet has a vision
On a higher level of being
And a deeper level of feeling.

LOVE

I've known the joy of love
And I've shared it with another.
I fear the unknown
And to be left alone
For there will be no other.

MARRIAGE

Marriage calls for sharing.
When two people care about
each other and are aware of
each other's needs, they are
building a relationship that
serves them well -- each and
together. This is the basis for
a lasting marriage. Under
these circumstances, love
flourishes, grows and
deepens.

THE H.O.A.*

An orphanage for Jewish children,
There are none like it today.
A thousand children -- an intimate den--
They have all gone away.

I wonder why?
In looking back
I don't weep or cry
For nothing did I lack.

Except the love of Parents,
Which was sought in vain.
But they were not the errants,
Life caused the pain.

So we were taken in
To an asylum on The hill --
Where the children enjoyed the din,
Until a voice thundered, "All still!"

If you moved an inch,
You could get stopped or pinched.
So to the very end,
You learned to fend.

You went to schools,
Hebrew and public,
You obeyed the rules,
You were part of a clique.

The group gave you support,
Friendship and warmth.
Alone you were naught,
Together you could triumph.

As the years went on
You learned about life.
It was no ballad or song,
It was struggle and strife.

I took a path
And wandered my way.
I was free of wrath
I would not change a day.

Now that I approach
The end of the road,
I have no reproach

I've carried my load.

I enjoyed receiving and giving,
I toiled and tilled,
I learned through living,
My life has been fulfilled.

* Hebrew Orphan Asylum

MY BROTHER BILL

Although he was my brother,
And devoted to me,
I should have been the other
As it was meant to be.

Yet there was a distance
Which was on my part.
I built a wall of resistance
And never opened my heart.

He gave to me and mine,
His care and concern.
An unending line
Of loving at every turn.

My love for him grows each day.
My feelings are deep, very deep.
Now that he's gone away,
I weep, I weep, I weep.

HEADING HOME

Living is being
And being is feeling
Then giving and caring
And doing and sharing.

Through it all, moods play a part.
We're all fine tuned from the heart.
Sometimes we're high and then we're low.
It all depends on the nature of the blow.

Through the years
We've learned to shed tears--
For joy and pain
And not all in vain.

Like day follows night,
Darkness turns bright

And empty spaces
Are filled with faces.

Yours and mine
That through time
Have shared a love
Blessed from above.

So as we age
A hand of a sage
Shows us our way
Day by day.

We're on a road
For which we sowed.
There is no bend.
There is no end.

We'll no longer roam,
For we're headed home,
Our eternal resting place,
Somewhere in space.

DYING

Each day I die a little bit,
Although I try to resist.
I turn and I twist,
Still I die a little bit.

Although I think of tomorrow,
And without sorrow,
The day is lit,
Yet I die a little bit.

I go on living
And I'm full of loving
Yet it is my writ
To die a little bit.

My cup is no longer full,
Yet I'm no empty hull.
I'm still strong and fit
But each day I die a little bit.

There is no forestalling,
When the end is calling.
So like a softening tit,
I die a little bit.

I see beauty in the faces
Of the young and the fair,
I hear the lilting music in the air.

Like the day no longer lit,
I die a little bit.

Yet while I'm dying
I go on trying --
Through struggle and strife--
To fill my life.

With love and joy,
And without a plotted ploy.
But by giving and caring,
By loving and sharing.

TO MY LOVE

The wind whipped
The trees are stripped
The air is clean
All is serene.

If I could whistle,
I'd blow a thistle
And sing a song
About all that's wrong.

The tune I'd play
Would simply say
I feel that pain
Once again.

I reach for you
Beyond my view
And embrace my love
In the world above.

MY BOY

Along my side
There's a boy inside
An intimate friend
To whom I tend.

He's as close to me
As one can be.
He shares my pain
But not in vain.

For when there's joy
It goes with my boy.
And through the years,
He's helped ease my fears.

He's given me strength
And will go to any length
To buoy me in troubled waters
Or buttress me with solid mortars.

While I've aged,
He's saged.
Yet, I'm no miser,
Still, he's the wiser.

My boy
Is no toy.
Nor do I think of him
As a Tiny Tim.

As a metaphor, he's a giant,
Which surely I ain't.
How fortunate for me,
There's me and he.

So together
We can weather
Life's ebb and tide
With my boy at my side.

THE EMPTY SPACE

What is in this empty space?
A man who lived with grace.
His life is gone
But he lives on.

In the hearts of those he touched.
His voice was heard when all was hushed.
He spoke with a gentle tone,
And is remembered, although unknown.

There are those who pass us by,
When we doubt and deny
And leave a spark of light
That turns bleakness bright.

A TERSE VERSE

If I could write a poem
I'd show 'em.
It's never too late
To expunge hate.

With verse
It's terse
So I would reach for poetry,

To touch one's sensitivity.

And make clear
That one needn't fear
To embrace a brother
Or another.

For each and all
Are on call.
So while we wait
For our ultimate fate--

Let's live our lives with love,
Touched by grace from above.

GRAFFITI

When I see startling stripes of color
Painted on walls of wood and stone,
I hear the sounds that holler,
"Listen to me and hear my tone."

They cry in a voice loud and clear.
They are the young and the bold,
They reveal their hopes and fears,
Their stories are yet untold.

They have their dreams and despair,
They reach out for a helping hand,
They know life can be unfair,
Still they have in their promised land.

So they continue to scrawl,
Yet look up and pray,
While they scrape and scrawl,
Waiting for a brighter day.

Stripes and colors,
Grit and grime,
Cries and hollers,
Tell us much of our time.

FACES

Now that I'm alone,
I see faces
Of those I've known
In empty spaces.

In the bright sun,
I look ahead,
I spy one

And recall he's dead.

I walk the streets,
I mix with the crowds,
I have a vision that bleats
For all my friends wear shrouds.

I see a smiling face,
A jovial lass,
I seek to embrace
As we pass.

Young and old,
They all go by.
I'm left in the cold,
I'm no longer high.

The night descends,
The day is done,
Life gives and rends
To everyone.

So I see the face I've known
Through the years
And find it's my own
That has reflected joy and tears.

Visions in empty spaces
Are like lovers.
There is only one face
And no others.

BAGELS

It is curious
Among the penurious
And the regal
It's the bagel.

It reigns supreme
For kings and queens.
For those with taste
And the unchaste.

What's the mystery
Of this consistency.
It pleases all,
Short or tall.

Large or lean,
For all careen
For the delight
Of this bountiful bite.

There is something here,
That's not quite clear.
Is it the roll
Or is it the hole?

While searching the answer,
I'll continue to prance.
And sing t praise
Of the Bagel craze.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Shelly Schriff became Winters;
It could have been Pinters.

Ira Gussel was Jeff Chandler;
Blame it on his handler.

Bernard Schwartz switched to Tony Curtis
Which didn't hurt him or us.

Rosetta Jacobs bloomed as Piper Laurie,
But that's another story.

Roy Fitzgerald turned into Rock Hudson,
Like which there was no other one.

And Archibald Leach was Cary Grant,
An extraordinary talent with a delightful cant.

And least of all,
Your reporter without rival,

In his early days can recall
The sound of his name Phyvel.

And finally Gabowitz to Gerard
Was truly a la card.

NO BODY WRITES

What ever happened to the letter?
I remember when times were better.
The mailman would usually deliver
Mail I welcomed with joy or an occasional quiver.

Now with the fax machine
Letter writing has turned lean.
And the infrequent note
Is mostly by rote.

So I depend on my granddaughter's ditty,
Which is usually bright and witty.
With "I love you, I miss you, See you soon."
Which to me is a bountiful boon.

But what will they do when the power is gone?
The phones are off, the lines are down?
We'll all have to pick up a pen
And hopefully start writing again--if we ken.

THE THREE R'S

Life is a continuum
Of reward, redemption,
And renewal.

JUST A VERSE

The writer absorbs the world with a word.
Nature with a bird.
The painter with a stroke.
The composer with a note.
The choreographer with a twirl.
The dancer with a whirl.
The singer with a song
Heard the day long.
And the Poet with a moon
That brightens the night in June.

OCTAVIO PAZ

I feel a sense of awe and reverence
In your saintly presence.
There is a touch of genius in your being
With an eye that is all-seeing.

I PONDER

I ponder
As I wonder.
I see a world spinning
And no longer winning.

Poverty pervades
As wealth evades
And lets people starve
As they continue to carve

The riches of the earth
While the rest take the dearth

And only survive
As the elite thrive.

There are solutions
Known as revolutions.
Waged at a high cost
In lives that are lost.

As the rich get richer
And the poor, poorer,
A day of reckoning
Is surely beckoning

Then we shall see
A bizarre tragedy.
Rich and poor
Will find no cure.
In the willing killing
That leaves all chilling.

A hopeless despair
Pervades the air.
One feels the gloom
Of the foreboding doom.

Yet there are a few
Who continue to renew
Their faith in the Lord
And give up the sword.

They are the source
A stalwart resource,
For building a world
With the flag of peace unfurled.

NEW YORK CITY

What a pity
New York City!
A town to visit
If you've missed it.
But, day to day, it takes its toll,
For it's a city without a soul.

So wrote a poet,
Who didn't really know it.
For he never lived in our town,
Which has earned world renown.

For its bearing and sharing,
A melting pot, then and now,
To all the world for caring,
It can take a bow.

PHYFFLE

To a boy named Phyffle
It's no trifle
To pick a card
Named Philip Gerard.

ONCE UPON

Once upon
Not so far in time
There was a star
Shining in a murky sky
Who was riding high
Until the day came
There was no longer fame.
He was left bereft
All was gone
What was left
Was, once upon.

LISTENING!

In our eagerness to receive
We only perceive
The sounds we hear
Through the stress of fear.

So tune in now
And find out how
To seek answers
To questions and glances.

Learning to listen
Will make things glisten
And you'll find
A brighter mind.

Will serve you well
Then you can tell
Friend or foe
What you really know.

Now you can expect
The proper respect
As they acknowledge
Your superior knowledge.

TO JENA, MY EDITOR

Here I go again, more rhythm and rhyme,
For that book of mine.
As you can see, I compose as I write,
Which provides me with delight.
My intention is to amuse you,
But I wonder if I confuse you.
With all that I send,
To which there seems no end.
That's enough,
Of this stuff.
So let's leave it at this,
And with one fond kiss -
And the usual ten percent,
That goes to an editor's rent.