

A POET'S PLEASURE

***A COLLECTION OF POEMS
BY
PHILIP GERARD***

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PHILIP AND LILLIAN

In 1936-

We made our fix.

Fifty-seven years ago,

We became Belle and Beau.

We had our dreams;

Most, it seams-

Have been fulfilled,

As we toiled and tilled.

We harvested a girl and a boy,

Who have given us unending joy.

Through Peter, Zoe, and Elliot,

We continue to share in life's beauty.

We are grateful for all we receive,

From the Lord in whom we believe.

PHILIP GERARD AT 80

Looking back at an earlier date,
When I was only eight.
It does not seem so long ago,
Although many, many miles did I hoe.

The years went quickly,
Some smooth, others prickly.
But I grew and matured
I chased and I was lured.

I suffered, yet was sufficed,
I received and I sacrificed.
I learned about life through living,
I was fulfilled in love through giving.

I shared life and love,
With a wife beyond whom there is none above.
I have two siblings,
And three triblings.

I have been blessed,
With the best.
Now at eighty-
I have fulfilled my fate

I thank the Lord,
For being aboard.

JULY 4TH

The Holiday above all,
When the bugle blows the rollcall.
The Star Spangled waves on high,
Rippling through the sparkling sky.

Young and old salute their flag,
Proud of their banner, whether silken or rag.
The history of this date,
Set America's faith and fate.

Free men fought for independence-
And the right to elect their presidents.
We had founded a free nation,
Which is the essence of our July 4th celebration.

DEATH

Is it the end or the beginning?
In baseball we have a last inning-
When one can still win or lose,
We can only try, we can't choose.

Life is like a drama that comes to a close.
The curtain comes down whether you dance or doze.
We are all part of the audience or we're on stage,
Your name is called by God's page.

We leave this earth and a stone behind,
Which tells our story to those who see the blind.
Young and old, meek and bold,
Inevitably we enter God's world.
We're blessed, like all the rest,
Who lived the good life and met the test.

Death is not a time for despair,
It's a prelude for a reckoning and repair.
It's a time to say good-bye,
As you soar to God's sky.

FEAR

I awoke to a strange state-
Something I've sensed of late.
My mind is no longer clear.
My mood is clouded by fear.

Usually I'm shocked by an inner drive-
I seek, I reach and I strive,
But day to day I find,
I'm slowly falling behind.

What is the cause of my dilemma?
Which is accompanied by an occasional tremor.
Is it the aging process?
Which accounts for these losses.

Or am I slightly confused,
And being abused-
By a world that is spinning,
And no longer winning.

Mankind is threatened,
They fear being jettisoned-
By their enemies sword,
Or by the wraith of their Lord.

LIGHT

Light is like a bar of gold,
It shines brightly and is bold.
The sun is the source that feeds each day.
And provides the setting for children's play.

When the sun sinks into the night,
Children, birds and animals take flight.
Sleep embraces all man-kind,
To rest their bodies and their mind-

Stars flicker in the dark,
While the world's creatures remain stark.
Except for an occasional squeal.
This is the landscape that is rife and real.

The dawn comes up out of the bay,
Launching a brisk and brighter day.
Birds and beasts herald the morning.
While hunters prepare for the fawning.

The shots of guns shatter the stillness,
And a sense of uneasiness.
Squirrels squint, salamanders and birds squeal.
This is not nature. This is unreal.

THE LIFE WITHIN

We all lead double lives,
And each of them strives.
There's one you can see,
While the other is me.

On the outside, Philip is known,
The inner is all alone.
Each day is a challenge of survival,
For both Philip and Phyvel.

There is pain and pleasure in play,
Which each enjoys as they may.
Then as the sun sinks,
One sleeps as the other thinks.

Then with the coming of the dawn,
You rise and shine, as he totters with a yawn.
You shower, shave, and select a suitable suit.
He looks you over, is pleased, but remains mute.

Then you're off on a date,
And he makes you a little late.
You embrace many a charming lady,
But to him, she's his whole friend Sadie.

ABUSE

A child can't refuse,
Which leads to abuse.
He's an intimidated victim
Of an irrational dictum.

So he's seduced;
His esteem is reduced,
And what remains
Is one of his childhood refrains.

"Mom, I need you.
It's dark, there's no view.
I'm lost and alone.
I feel I'm in a poem."

The dream is real,
And he's left to feel the source of strife...
The pain of life.

LOVE

There is no emotion,
As deep as devotion-
And when charged with Love,
You've been blessed by the above.

In a life,
Full of strife-
Love reigns
Despite the strains.

The tests of time,
Confirms the rhyme-
"Love is all"-
Beyond any wall.

So when pain pierces,
And your spirit ceases-
You feel strength
Beyond any length.

You rise to the challenge
Of a fist or a falange.
And assert your right-
With all your might.

A WORLD WITHOUT

As I look about,

I'm free of doubt-

About the world we live in,

As I see growing despair and desperate sin.

Man's inhumanity to man,

Demands a universal ban.

There is only one world;

And if it is to remain unfurled-

All of mankind

Black and white need to bind-

And give to each other,

Like a caring brother.

The future is ours,

There are no bars-

Except for the hate,

Which is not Man's fate.

But a sign of ignorance,

And a symbol of intolerance.

The Brotherhood of Man,

Is a goal we can-

Enjoy and embrace,

And save our human race.

JUST FOR YOU

I look, but don't see,
I am but can't be.
I listen, but don't hear,
I'm close but not near.

I speak but don't say,
I walk but don't sway.
I sing without sound,
I'm lost and not found.

I'm pained, but don't cry,
I'm alone, but don't sigh.
I struggle, while trying,
I'm alive but dying.

I look for answers,
And find only cancers.
I seek the joy of love,
I find only the ploy of a dove.

I've decided to live a life of my own,
I've been moved to disown all I've known.
I'll take a turn at the end of the road,
I'll start a new life in a new abode.

I'll find me a beauty of a bride,
I'll put all the others aside.
I'll say good-bye to our earth and our place
We'll take the next missile to out of space.

HI-LOW

Manic-depressives,
Are most expressive-
When they are high,
They reach for the sky.

When they are low,
It's simply no go.

They'll reach out,
And all about,
Also when edgy, they're slightly combative,
Yet, they are always the most creative.

WORDS

Words are to be uttered-
And never sputtered.
If you want to be understood,
One must speak as he should.

Clear and precise-
With sounds that are nice.
Lips shape syllables,
And launch precious parables.

Words that are a whisper-
Can have the force of a bluster.
While hurricanes are horrendous-
They come and go without fuss.

And storms can be bright,
When they turn darkness into light.
The ultimate power-
Which above all tower,
Is the way words are conceived.
In truth and in deed.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Life is more like a T.V. show,
Than most of us know.
As days go by with an occasional highlight,
We drone on as we approach the twilight.

There are hit shows that turn you on,
And the dull ones that remind you of "once upon."
Then suddenly to your surprise,
You recall a day through sleepy eyes-

When all went right,
And you reached your height.
You helped an old lady with crooked feet,
Walk with ease across the street.

Then a blind man came along,
Tapping his stick and singing a song.
You offered your arm,
With a gesture to disarm.

He said "I'm blind, as you can see,
But I am able to do and be."
He thanked the stranger for his concern,
Then tapped his way across the turn.
When he arrived on the other side,
He thanked the Lord for being his guide.

THE BLIND BARBER

I walk into his shop,
With a brisk step and a hop,
Today was my night-
With Lilly, lilting and light.

I sat in the first chair,
And with a flippant air-
Said my head is in your hands,
"So strike up the bands."
The barber stepped behind,
And quietly said, "I'm blind,"
But I can see by a mile,
Exactly your accustomed style-
So you can feel relieved,
And have no cause to be grieved,
When I'm through with you,
You will feel brand new.

You'll have the cut of your life-
And be admired by your girlfriends and wife.
"Now let me see, Do you prefer short or long?"
I am known as the barber who has never been wrong.

YESTERDAYS

Looking back, my vision is clear,
I recall those days which I hold dear.
I entered the orphanage when I was twelve,
And brought along a few problems to solve.

My father died when I was ten.
I was cared for by mother and other kin.
Then suddenly I was placed
Among a rare and raucous race,
The inmates of the HOA,
The Hebrew Orphanage Asylum,
Which is closed today.

There were few orphans among the group.
Mostly they were from broken homes,
Families who no longer sat on the stoop.

The ages were from eight to eighteen,
These young lives were steeped in the city's scene.
But once they entered the orphanage,
They felt they had crossed a beckoning bridge.

JOGGING

The trouble with women,
As I see them.
Is they lack femininity,
And no longer offer serenity.

They either wear pants or shorts,
And their aggression leads them to the courts.
What use to be,
One can no longer see.

Their chests are flat,
So boys no longer pat.
Their asses have fallen behind,
So you might as well be blind.

In stead of walking, they jog.
Then they look like animated logs.
Their hair is matted and their body soaking.
They look beaten and their voice is croaking.

She has a date,
With her future mate.
They embrace, he thinks of the pleasures to reap.
She's enraptured as she slowly falls asleep.

FACES

As I walk along the avenue,
And absorb the colorful view,
I'm struck by the variety of faces,
Which reflect all of the races.

There's the beauty from Ethiopia,
Radiant and fresh like a cornucopia.
Look to Japan, China, and the rest of Asia,
For fabulous females from Fantasia.

From Iceland and the North,
A new breed has come forth.
They are cool, cozy, and caressible,
When in heat, their temperatures hit the highest
decimal.

Southern sirens strike the bell,
With a sexy style so all can tell.
She plays the game to win,
For she excels in sin.

But the best of all,
Is a gal six feet tall.
Who when called to the mike,
Reveals she's a delicious dyke.

MAROONED

Not since 1888...

History remembers that date-
Has a storm descended,
Its equal until this weekend.

Then the skies turned angry,
And unleashed on you and me-
A storm unlike any other,
That left us to smother.

Westport was in a state of emergency,
From which no one could flee.
The roads were blocked with mounds of snow,
All was still, there was no go.

The railroad trains were immobilized,
Despite their engine power and their size.
Those caught in a state of despair,
Were taken to shelters for care.

Doctors and nurses gave to those in need,
While the Red Cross provided food for feed.
Friends and strangers came together,
And shared a camaraderie that eased the weather.

When the storm subsided,
And the residents returned to where they resided-
The sun burst upon the scene,
And again all was serene.

CARING

Climbing up hill is a task,
Usually covered by a writhed mask-
Of sweat, stress and pain,
Which often leaves you with a cane.

But the try is worth the effort,
You're on your own without support.
Each challenge that you master,
Leads to a pace that is faster.

Victory in each one's life,
Is earned through unending strife.
The contest is in the center of the ring,
Your fans whistle "of thee I sing."

You win some and lose others,
You all go down like beaten brothers.
Yet in daily life we share,
We give, we love, we care.