

A
Poet's
View
by
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POET TREE

Beneath my window stands a poet tree
That whistles in the wind which pleases me.
The birds nestle at noon
And sing a melodious tune
Reflecting the joy of the day
About which they chant and say:

Life is full, life is gay
If you live it our way.
A tree speaks with authority
Which is intended for you and me.
For squirrels and burrows
And birds and bees,
For plants and flowers and all other trees.

So when poetry is read,
Trees listen, words glisten
Nature is aglow
With sound and glory
To tell a universal story.

The sun shines, the moon pines
The ocean roars, the elephant snores,
Here is a symphony of life,
Rigorous and rife,
Played on a toy
Giving the ultimate joy.

A LIVING OBITUARY

I have never written an obituary before
So I really don't know what's in store.
I'll just have to try
For all of us will have to say good-bye.

I guess it's best to start at the beginning,
Like a ball game in the first inning.
I was one of four siblings
In a family without golden rings.

My father died when I was eight,
My mother was left without a mate.
The four of us went to an orphanage
And there was no grudge.

For we were groomed and cared for
And as we grew, given more and more.
Although we missed the love of parents,
We were not errants.

We learned our lessons and performed our duties,
We were surrounded by boys and lots of beauties,
We grew tall and strong
As we went along.

Those with superior knowledge
Went off to City College.
I was one of the lucky ones,
Like scoring the winning run.

I became a member of the staff,
I was gentle but took no gaff. .
At City College I met a gal,
Who has become my life-long pal.

We married fifty-five years ago
And have traveled to and fro.
We have covered the world,
And things remain like a pearl.

We're blessed with our family,
Our son, daughter and grandchildren three.
We've had successful careers
And have met all challenges and fears.

We look ahead to those golden days
When the sun shines through the haze.
We have each other
And she is like none other.

Together we have cared
For fifty-five years we have shared.
We have traveled across the bend
And will continue to the very end.

ACT OF LOVE

Not all love is reflected in kissing and embracing.
Sometimes it is revealed through painful separating.
When I was ten, my father died,
My mother, left with four children, was full of pride.

She had some help from the family and the City,
The last thing she sought was pity.
She was courageous and kept us together as long as
she could.
Then she made a decision that was best for her brood.
She went to the Jewish Welfare Board and stated her
case,
They were compassionate, there was no loss of face.
Through the Children's Aid Society, they were placed,
Their new home was the Hebrew orphan Asylum.
On the hill at 136 - 138 Street and Broadway and
Amsterdam.

A thousand children swarmed the grounds,
Running and playing, but always within bounds.
At the end of the day, our police officer O'Grady
made his rounds,
Walking through eight dormitories, listening for
strange sounds.
Commands were given by counselors who shouted "all
still!"
You stopped what you were doing, even against your
will,
And listened to orders loud and shrill,
Which could be heard across the hill.

We grew up in this private world.
Many prospered, others were soiled.
I look back on these years
Without sadness or tears.

I know now it was through love
My mother pursued the above,
The pain I knew then
I never felt again.

TOMORROW

I look ahead,
To the day to come.
I've gone to bed,
Not quite numb.

Sleep is a magical state.
It gives you sublime rest.
Especially when shared with a mate
Then it's at its best.

The night is a healer,
These hours are special.
You're in the hands of a dealer,
Who sees and knows all.

It's a time for dreaming,
For pleasurable thoughts.
Put aside all your scheming,
And all you have wrought.

As you envelope the night,
Your sight is clearer.
Things go right,
For those who are nearer.

With the coming of the dawn,
And the rising sun,
You can no longer fawn,
There is much to be done.

You meet each challenge
As they come along:
You're engaged in exchange,
You're feeling strong.

You deal with each character
Like in a play.
They are all skilled actors,
So watch what you say.

You go about your duty,
Throughout the day.
Except for a cutie
Who had her way.

You took her aside
And looked into her eyes.
Then told her lies
As you felt her hide.

There was little else to do
Except, hopefully, to screw.

So you filled the time and waited
Anticipating what was fated.

The night was bright,
It turned into a delight,
As our lady friend
Extended her hand.

Then embraced
With extraordinary haste.
Shut the door
And slipped to the floor.

I could tell you more and more
But would rather leave it to you to score.
As they went from bit to bit
Fondling tit to tit.
The rest is for you
To view on cue.

It was quite a day
And quite a night.
Full of play
And delicious delight.

Now there is one concern,
We suddenly learn.
To our sorrow,
What are we going to do tomorrow.

THE LETTER THAT NEVER ARRIVED

He was my friend at five,
We were both vital and alive.
We struggled together through our growing years,
We had our triumphs and faced our fears.

Then off to college in different worlds,
We had our dates with lovely girls.
We shared our experiences through the mails,
And wrote of triumphs which one hails.

Graduation and honors for each,
Then on to careers,
One for the law, the other to teach.
Each letter was anticipated like the morning news
Along with its gossip and personal views.

As the years went by,
The letters no longer came on the fly.
Then, from time to time, a missile arrived,
And each no longer felt deprived.

Their friendship grew, as it would for you.
After all these years, full of joy and few tears.

Then the day came when a letter returned.
Read " no longer at this address."
It was spurned.
I wondered why.
I did cry.

LOSS

It is curious how ignorant we are,
About a most crucial impact we are likely to endure.
We take for granted all our relationships,
As though they will remain forever as they exist.

Love and warm feelings are enjoyed with our close
ones -- with family, friends, daughter and son.
We give to each other
As we did to Father and Mother.
It's all there for us to share.

Until suddenly one day,
You get the news without delay,
John has passed away.
What does one say?
I am bewildered by this loss,
And the pain it cost.
Friendships are taken for granted
Until the two are parted.
Then suddenly there is remorse
And we twist and toss.
Wondering why
Friendships die?

NON SEQUITUR

People used to be simple and plain,

Now it's not the same.

Some are double-talkers,

Others are critics and squawkers

But worst of all

Are the non-sequitalls.

You never know what they have to say,

But they go on talking in their own way.

Occasionally they'll listen,

But they never hear.

For they're full of fear,

So they go on talking.

Whether they are sitting, running or walking,

Or having a drink at some joint,

They still don't get the point.

There is nothing left to do,

Except to leave and say "Fiddle-adieu."

TO LILLIAN

In looking back I recall
Memories which reflect the best of all.
Richard and Jena at play in the park,
Joyful antics and finally a lark.

We no longer roam,
We are on our way home,
For dinner and bed
Where stories are read.

The years go by,
The young ones grow,
And say good-bye,
They're on the fly.

As the college years take over,
And our siblings star in clover
Phi Beta Kappa and honors
Are earned through long study-hours.

Now they've made their careers,
And have earned our love and cheers
I feel so strange and wonder why?
I have all one needs, and yet I sigh.

If love is to fill one's life
I have the dearest and most devoted wife.

My son is fulfilled though his family and career,
He has fathered two children who provide much cheer.
My daughter is like none other,
A loving wife and devoted mother.

I have earned success and achieved my goals,
Yet with it all, life has taken its tolls.
The old family is mostly gone and so are many a friend,
As we move on and approach the end.

The years to come are known as the golden days,
Yet as we look ahead, we begin to see a haze.
So we'll take each day as it comes and goes,
And sail with the river of life as it flows.

We've met the test,
We've had the best
Of love and life,
As I've shared the years with Lillian,
My dear and devoted wife.

DIVINE PLAY

My instructor, vivacious Vera, says,
"Working in clay
Is divine play."
And I say, "Yea."

I've known the challenge of a ball.
It's in your hands, that's all.
Then a vision comes to mind,
You can see, you're no longer blind.

You press and squeeze.
You don't let it freeze.
You're all in motion,
Fulfilling a notion.

The vision that flashed,
Leaves you unabashed.
In your hands there evolves,
A figure that solves --
An enigma of the past,
Now resolved at last.

You embrace the image,
As if in a scrimmage.
The past is the present
All else is evanescent.

SCULPTURE

I look upon these sculptured heads
And listen to what each one says.

Some are wry, other smile;
A few remain a sullen pile.

Clay is a lively material;
It can be molded into the ethereal.

At times I attack the clay,
Then I'm as gentle as I may.

It depends on my perception
But one must embrace it -- there is
No exception.

I get back what i give to clay;
It reflects what I have to say.

I'm gentle, yet firm
As I twist and turn
Out of which evolves
A form that solves
My fantasy and aspiration
A response to my inspiration.

I hold it and behold it
And pick the place where I'll install it.

Until the next piece challenges its place
In my private world of little space.

ONCE UPON

The dawn opens the curtain on a new day.
The stage is set for work and play.
The light shines on the world anew,
Each player takes his cue.

The script evolves from eternity,
It's a drama, with music, you must see.
From the very start, each of us has his part.

Some scenes are gay, some are sad.
There are the good guys, and the bad.
The play is a hit,
Your role is just a bit.
The run goes on and on,
And like, "Once upon" --

At the end of the day,
At the close of the play,
We're back to dreaming
With inner beaming.

As we embraced those we love,
Blessed from above.

BASEBALL

All you need is a bat and a ball,
It helps to have a glove.
Whether you're short or tall,
It's a game you'll love.

You play it on a diamond
With nine men on a side.
Your team-mates include Billie, Jack and Hyman
There is no place to hide.

Three outs and your team is down.
You go out to the field and wear a frown.
Your opponents are now up at bat,
The first hitter is quite fat.
He hits the ball, but cannot run,
The fans in the stands have a lot of fun.
The umpire calls him out,
The ball ~~be~~ts him by ten feet or about.

The games goes on through the afternoon,
The score remains one, none
Until the last half of the ninth
When their home-run hitter drinks a pinth.

Then steps up to hit,
He swings and gets a bit.
Strike one, the Umpire calls.
The next pitch, and the batter falls.

"Ball one" he roars,
While in the stands, nobody snores.
The fans whoop, yell and scream,
Each rooting for their team.

He's up peering at the pitcher.
He's determined to hatcher
The ball comes in
And you could hear the din.
All over town
As he went round and round.
Flying across each base
As if he were from outer space.

The game was over.
The winners were in clover.
The losers were down,
All wearing a frown.
And whispering a tune,
"Wait 'til June
And our next game,
It won't be the same."

TO REMEMBER OR FORGET

I find it harder to remember than to forget,
Some things cling to me like a debt.
Others fade away in a haze,
And remain only as part of forgotten days.

Moments of pain remain,
Like an ugly stain.
While the pleasures fade
As gracious good-byes are bade.

In parting there is no sorrow,
There is only time for tomorrow.
For life is like a clock that is running out.
While we pursue our purpose,
Hoping to find out what it's all about.

Answers to questions remain unresolved,
Others are ultimately painfully solved.
Although life is not full of clover,
Yet when it's over,
We hope we have left a heritage
Worthy of our simple peerage.

WHERE DOES TIME GO?

Where does time go
When it leaves us standing still?
It has a rhythm and a flow,
As it goes on its own will.

Time is consumed,
And ultimately doomed,
An asset to be used
And not abused.

Time gives us a chance,
To glow and advance,
But when slighted,
All is blighted.

To a child, it doesn't exist.
To others, they can't resist.
Time makes up the day,
Which slowly ebbs away.

Where does it go
When there's no longer a glow?
To the other side of the world,
Where it remains unfurled.

DISORIENTED

I start to the right, then turn to the left,
I think I know, yet I feel bereft.
I decide to phone,
But forget her number at home.

We have a dinner date,
But it's just my fate.
The place where we're to meet,
A dandy little retreat.

Yet, despite how high it's rated,
I can't remember where it's located.
I stop roamin'
And start phonin'

Yes, that's it -- le Bistro,
Just down the row.
I arrive at eight,
Expecting to be late.

But apparently I'm early
For my precious girlie.

She finally turns up,
Instead of a smile, I get a snub.
I wonder why?
I would like to cry.

I embrace her tenderly,
She responds and is friendly.
I feel much relieved,
For a moment, I thought I had her deceived.

I wave to a Maitre D'
And for an outrageous fee,
We're seated in a corner,
And if she's alert, this should warn her.

The drinks flow easily,
And I quip teasingly.
She responds with nervous laughter
As if she knows what I'm really after.

The dinner is delicious,
Even without knishes.
The mood is light,
The night is right.

We decide to roam,
And I walk her home,
When we get there
We stop and stare.

I wonder why I'm not asked in,
You would think I was about to commit a sin.
Then suddenly she turns around,
 She waves and shouts,
"My Mother is homeward bound."

HE WHO WAS

He who was is best of all
As he responds
To his duty and call.
For he who was
Has to have been
To have learned
And to have earned --
To have coped
And cared --
As he fared.

He takes it all in stride
With a touch of pride
Then onto a new stage
With the wisdom of a sage.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BUS

What little style is left in the City
Is found aboard the dollar and ten cents jitney.
Drivers are helpful and polite
And sometimes call your stop when in sight.

Manners still prevail
As seats you hail --
One offered to the blind,
Who are standing behind --

The elderly and the lame,
Who are treated the same.
It's nice to see courtesy
Offered without a plea.

It reminds us,
That kindness --
Is still the juice and sap,
That flows through the Big Ap'...

WAITING

The problem with waiting
Is you're likely to start creating,
Writing a ballad or thinking a thought,
Like where is she, the one you sought.

Then back to brooding,
Which is unsuited --
To me, who is known as intrepid,
Suddenly has turned inept.

There is not much you can do
To aid the one you woo --
Except to turn to prayer
And hope for all that is fair.

Then suddenly a call,
Which explains all.
There is no reason to be harried,
She just left to get married.

YOUTH

I'm obsessed with the beauty of youth.
When I was young, I did not see the truth.
Have the young grown more alluring?
The thought is not reassuring.

Their sparkling faces,
Which age erases,
Captures my fancy,
But it's all very chancey.

If on the sly,
I capture their eye,
They'll turn their head.
It's all left unsaid.

When I meet them one-to-one,
And my heart they've won,
They'll unwittingly tantalize
As they play with their prize.

I'll have to take lessons in life
Before I encounter a wife.
For the way things are going now
I'll be labeled less than a wow.

Then came the lay,
That made my day.
I met an older woman,
And soon had her swoonin'

We spent a night
Full of delight.
She gave me a Ph.D.
I gave her a nominal fee.