

A TOUCH OF LOVE, LIFE AND LUST

BY

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NOT BAD

When commenting on my poetry,
I'd rather read a critic's carp
And wince at his biting barb.
Than hear a friend's rating
Which is so devastating
As "not bad."

Or even worse --
An unintended curse,
Which one should never use --
Unless you intend to abuse,
As one could --
With "pretty good."

SUBLIME

Random thoughts in rhythm and rhyme
I would like to think they're subtle and sublime.
Hopefully they will be in time.
In any event, they're all mine

HOPE

Hope is a reflection of man's dreams,
To some it only seems --
To others, it beams.

STRESS

We are often pressed,
By unknown stress
Which releases itself through dreams
Or so it seems.

SOUL MATES

A bountiful love for each other,
A bonding like none other.

THE TRUTH

Sometimes the truth
Can be uncouth,
But the pain has to be revealed,
If the hurt is to be healed.

CHARMERS

Beware the charmers!
They really are alarmers
And have more in mind
Than the other kind.

FIDDLE FADDLE

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

CHILDREN

Teachers try
Children cry.
Some abide
Others hide.
But all respond
When one is fond
And show the above
All their love.

PETER

Peter, a natural leader,
Is lean and tall
and excels in all.

ELLIOT

I know a boy named Elliot
He's sparkling bright
and I'm delighted to tell you it.

ZOE

I know a girl named Zoe
Who is beautiful from head to toe.
To anything she asks,
I can never say "No."

JOY

A child finds joy in a toy
A father in a boy
A girl in a curl
An Arab in oil.

THE SEA

The expanse of the sea
Leaves me in awe
Even more
Than the ocean's roar.

BALDERASH

What a word, what a sound, what a meaning!
It always leaves me careening.
Then it comes to me in a flash,
It's not unlike McDonald's hash!

I'LL TAKE IT RARE

I reach for Chop Suey
Rather than Rattatouille
And a bite of ham
To a taste of clam.

But to state the truth,
I'm quite uncouth.
For in foul weather or fair,
I'll always take a hamburger rare.

KNISHES

Kisses are delicious
But not as much as a knishis.

BIKINIS

Ladies swim suits
Are getting barer and barer,
Which doesn't make them fairer and fairer.
For my eye, the more the merrier.

TUCK IT!

Sally Bean, an ex-Ziegfield Follies queen --
Has fled into Nantucket
Where she reigned supreme,
At 83, she rode her bike in a bra and said "fuck it."

ONCE UPON

Each man's story has a touch of glory.
Although dreams are ephemeral,
There are moments that are memorable.

A first love blessed from above.

The birth of a son
-- victories won.
The joy of a daughter
like none other.
Growing like flowers
with the passing of hours.

Time moves swiftly
And we look wistfully.
As childhood passes,
And lads and lassies
Offering promising results,
Turn into young adults.

Parents glow as they grow.
They achieve and receive.

The rewards of their doing

And with the years ensuing
Build their families with bubbling babies
Who will glow as they did,
When they were kids.
So the cycle goes on,
As we begin again, "Once upon."

HOARIES

These rhythms and stories
are for those times of hoaries
When dreams were new
Still wet with dew.

Those were the days
When the sky was ablaze.
The sun was bright
And all was right.

For youth was on our side,
And we took each challenge in stride.
Now it can be told
We're coming to the end of the road.
Although we close each day with a sigh
We go on holding our head high.

JUST A THOUGHT

The sun, the moon, the tide
Are nature's eternal pride
From which no one can hide,
And only man can abide.

One finds life full of wonder,
And occasional thunder
There is no end to discovery
So live each day to the full.
There's little reason to mull
Each man tells his own story,
And each lives a moment of glory.

NANTUCKET

A world of wonder -- a paradise.
A fabulous feast for discerning eyes.
Dropped into the ocean with special devotion.

Bursting with beauty throughout the land,
And bound by beaches of sparkling sand.
The natives are known for their concern.
They are cordial and helpful at every turn.

Among the most colorful flowers of all
Are the lovely lassies grown tender and tall.
Each wearing a rose
A gift from a beau.

So may the rhythm of this world
Remain unchanged and unspoiled.
May the sun rise in all its glory
And continue to shine for the young and the hoary.

SAILING

I see the sailing ships
Leaving their weathered slips
They race into a sea churning
And toss about twisting and turning.

The winds blow and off they go.
Like birds flying in a row.
The race is on,
And soon they're gone.

They offer little resistance,
As they speed into the distance.
We spend the day on the beach,
Rooting for a winner each.

Then off in the horizon
In the face of a setting sun
We see the flags flying
And their masts rising and plying.

They splatter the foam,
on their way home.
As they near
The crowds cheer.

They are all winners,
And are welcomed
With home-cooked dinners.

DUNES

Dunes are nature's palette,
On which children sketch with a mallet.
They draw a face on empty space
Which breezes blow over and erase.

They try again and go deeper,
Then a whining wind strikes steeper.

Shifting sands cover more and more,
Leaving me with a sense of awe.

Then from the sea a vision arises,
And I'm left without surprises.
For who can it be
But me, only me.

A LADY FROM NANTUCKET

A lady from Nantucket
Rode a bike with a bucket.
She peered at her peers
And leered at the queers.

She held her head high as a queen,
And reigned supreme
She lived in castles
Attended by vassals

As she grew older
She became bolder.
Until her beauty soured
And she was no longer devoured.

Her lovers left
And she was bereft.
Although memories remain,
It was not the same.

She lived in the past
And hoped it would last
For all time
Or at least for the length of this rhyme.

THE WOOD BOX

A charming cottage of much tradition,
It has the beauty of a lovely vision.
Its proprietor is a genial host
Its gracious guests come from coast to coast.

It's part of the wonder of Nantucket,
Where lovely belles and bright beaux have met.
They come together once again
For celebrations and amen.

AN ISLAND SERENE

An island serene
It remains as it has been.

Natives at ease,
Caressed by the seas.

The rhythm is slow
Voices are low.
Children prance
In this broad expanse

Tradition is nourished
And graciously encouraged
As you come and go
One is greeted by a friendly hello.

A sparkling sun welcomes the day.
A mist descends, then slips away.
The air bristles with the breeze.
All is bright over land and seas.

The sun sets beyond the steeple.
All is well with these gentle people.

YELLOW ROSES

Nantucket is an island bursting with beauty
But above all are the yellow roses

Lithe and tall whose tresses blow in the breeze
Like sails tossed on the seas.

Their shining faces caressed by the sun,
Sparkle and glow when the day is done.

They're not for picking for each is slated
For a special beau to whom each is fated.

FLYING HOME

We flew Delta
And never felt a
Ripple in the air
For the weather was fair.

All was serene
As it has ever been
Our holiday was over
And our days of clover.

But all will remain in our memory,
Washing over us like the sea.
So we leave a land unspoiled,
For another world.

Where struggle and strife
Are the essence of life.
For young and old
And meek and bold.

It takes endurance
And a sense of assurance
To survive in a city
Which is grimy and gritty.

Where graciousness and geniality
Suffer from frugality.
Yet each finds his space
in a favorite place.

Which he shares
With those he cares
And along with the above
His devoted and eternal love.

MOODS

Life is a series of moods
Some are bright and some are brewed.
Sometimes you're up and then
You're down.
You wear a smile and then
A frown.

Sometimes you feel you've come to
The end of the road.
Then suddenly you discover a rich lode.
An old friend has just returned,
With whom you shared an affection you earned.

Together you've seen the meaning of things
That hope eternal inevitably brings.
Each challenge has its own reward,
So keep your faith and trust in the Lord.

FAITH

Hear me out if you will.
I never believed in ritual.
I attended service every day of my youth.
It was like being in an empty booth.

For the leader was a layman without reverence,
Which left me with total indifference.
I learned to trust through living my life.
I forged my faith in struggle and strife.

HOPE

To be alive
Is to struggle and strive
To cope and contrive
To resurrect and revive.

With every day
In an unending way
We seek the hopes of yesterday
For which we continue to pray .

DAY BY DAY

To make your way
Day by day
In a world that's teeming
With sighs and screaming.

One has to struggle and strive
To stay alive.
One needs more than hope
To meet the challenges and to cope.

It takes courage of a special kind
And a strength of mind
To give one the assurance
That fortifies endurance.

As life unfolds
And one sets goals
What is returned
Is what is earned.

THE JOY OF LOVE

I've known the joy of love
And shared it with another
I fear the unknown
To be left alone
For there will be none other.

TREASURES

I have known treasures
Of silver and gold
And some of an even richer lode
Among those that I prize
Are the friendships and ties
Made over the years
And shared with laughter and tears.

But the treasure I cherish
Beyond any other
Is a special lady --
My children's mother.

RHYMIN'

Although she does not like rhymin'
She'll always chime in
But what she knows
Keeps me on my toes.

While I write with rhyme
I'll try not to commit a crime
For although poetry is a subject of taste
I would hate to see mine go to waste
So I'll mull the matter for awhile
Yet I know I won't change my style.

WAITING

I find waiting often leads to stress,
Circumstances decide the degree more or less.
If I am expecting a call, and the phone doesn't ring,
I sit by forlorn and suddenly I spring.

She's on the phone, and I'm filling time,
We've made arrangements to meet and dine.
I arrive at Chambord promptly at nine
Then it starts again with the same old line.

I guess it's my fate
To wait and wait and wait.

ON TIME

I've been trained to be on time
While those I pursue unanimously decline.
My wife is on top of my ailing list
And it's clear she's determined to resist.
So I'm resigned to wait and cope with fate
But I am more than confused when she arrives a day
late.

DIAMINS ARE FOR RHYMIN

I sit and quiver
About what to giv' er.
She has my pearls
Which she constantly twirls.

I've thought about a ruby,
But that's yet to be.
Then there is a sapphire,
Which I would have to hire.

Diamonds have come to mind,
And quickly left behind.
So what will I give her?
She'll just have to wait and purr.

HUSBANDS

Husbands are essential
For all things consequential.
And in a crisis
They are often their nicest.

But when you confront them with trivia,
It's a cold eye they'll give ya.
And dismiss you with a look of disdain
Which they can hardly refrain.

For their ways are set in cement.
And they never ever relent.
So the only thing to do
Is to let them rue.

If you decide to win him over,
You'll need all your charm
And a four-leaf clover.

T SHIRTS AND TROUSERS!

I remember when fashion meant style.
That's before t-shirts exploded,
Which caused me to rumble and rile.
Now I am rooting to see them out-moded
Then once again we'll be able to know
Whether he's a belle or a beau
For today they all look the same
We'll no longer reach in vain.

Here's to skirts and blouses
For T-shirts really don't tease
While the old look did arouse us
We have only disdain for trousers.

LUST

I decide to take my chances,

And reach where romance is.
So I embrace her
Full of lust,
I reach for her bust.
But what do I find?
She's of the other kind.

BEAUTY

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
So I told her --
She was the person for whom I lusted
And I hoped I was the one she trusted.

I felt she had listened,
But when she stiffened
I released my hold
For I was not so bold.

As to read a cue
Which might lead me askew.
Then to my surprise,
She looked into my eyes
And I knew I was in luck
As she whispered "Let's fuck."

WHAT A BELLE!

I looked at her and mused "What a belle!"
I wondered if she had a beau?
I thought to ask her and hoped she'd tell.
She did, she said "Go to hell!"

LOVE

Love can come and go
As if embattled blow by blow
One moment you're high,
Then suddenly there's a cry
And I wonder why?
It will all pass -- and so will I.

A GAL NAMED FOSTER

I knew a gal named Tessie Foster,
Who had marvelous breasts and all the rest.

Then one day I tossed her and lost her.
Now I am no longer blessed.

LOVABLE LASSIES

First there was tender Teresa,
With lovable breasts -- ah.
Then exquisite Elsie revealed she was all mine,
So I put in on the line.

Along came marvelous Marjorie with her kisses,
Which were truly delicious.
Finally my fabulous femme fatale Frances,
Who provided all -- especially bliss.

ABIDE

When I sit beside her,
I can't abide her.
But when I tried her,
I plied her.
She cried, and I lied,
"I love you -- I love you."
If she really knew,
I would surely rue.
My days of clover
Would now be over.

I WONDER

I sit in the sun and muse
And wonder if she'll refuse.
She's feckless and fickle,
And moves like a trickle
Yet she has that look
Which rates high in my book.
So I'll keep on trying
Although I know I'm lying
When I say, "I love you,"
I don't really mean, "I do, I do."

A BITE, A BRUISE

I looked at her and she seemed so bright
Her face was lit, although she was slightly tight.

There was lots of laughter
Then and thereafter.

She had a flashing wit
And with each tidbit,
There was a bite and a bruise,
For those she would choose.

Whether friend or foe,
She would let go
With lines that pained
For that's all that remained
Of a rich lode
That once glowed.

WAITING FOR A CROSS-TOWN BUS

Waiting for a cross-town bus
can be destroying,
Especially when No. 1 and 2
passes you by as if
You were annoying.

So I stand by in line,
Hoping the next will be mine.
Then along comes No. 3,
But that's not for me.

Finally there's No. 4,
Which settles the score.
I take the next
And close this text.

SAM -- SAVE THE OZONE

There'll be no dozin',
While I keep my eye on the ozone.
I'll stay alert
And pick up additional dirt.

I'll be wide open
And will keep on copin'
With the problems of the earth
Of which there is no dearth,

But with men like yourself in the lead
We may yet succeed
In building a better world
And see the banner of peace unfurled.

NO OZONE

If I were a zealot,
I would really tell it
So the whole world would hear
What they have to fear.
"Save the ozone
Or there'll be no safe zone."

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

He taught me to listen.
He taught me to hear
The sound of music
That fills the atmosphere.

He was a brilliant performer...
An inspired composer...
A sparkling conductor.
His life was music
Which he shared with all.

I heard him in the park
Where his music lit up the dark.
Sunday, at Carnegie Hall,
Was the best of all

For we shared ideal space
And could see his animated face.

His presence was inspiring
And never, never retiring.
He was concerned about people
From whatever steeple.

He never stopped caring,
For his life was in sharing/
He felt his music deeply,
As he did all humanity.

To the very end
I thought of him as a friend.

LENNY

I hear the sound of his music
I know Lenny is alive.
For I feel it in my vibes.
Then I see his animated face
On the TV space,
And I know all is well.
For I can tell,
As long as we hear
He'll always be near.
Sharing with all
His musical call.
That touch of genius
Which he left to us.

THE SUMMER SUN

The summer sun burned like a torch.
Young and old felt the heat of the scorch.
There was no relief in the sky,
And many felt they were about to die.

Then suddenly came the thunder
And all seemed a world of wonder,
As the winds blew
And the birds flew.

A sense of ease
Descended with the breeze.
All was well,
And one could tell
The spell was broken,
For God had spoken.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Summertime with the sun ablaze
Each of us enjoying some special phase
With an island breeze
Blowing in from the seas--
Those were the days!

The beaches were sparkling,
Life was harkening.
Children at play,
A world at peace--
Those were the days!

We moved about
And saw our seed sprout.
Life was spacious,
And aging was gracious--
Those were the days!

Our loved bloomed
And hopes zoomed.
We could tell
All was well--
Those were the days!

Our children grew,
And we knew,
Beyond and above
They would continue to love--
Those were the days!

The road was winding,
But our love was binding.

PSYCHIATWISTS

Freud and his team
Reigned supreme.
Around a single theme,
The interpretation of a dream.

Adler, Breuer, and Dower
Would coo and cower
For they were in awe
Of what they saw.

Then along came Jung
And they all got sprung
Into the Oedipus Complex
Which they considered a hex.

But to each discipline
There was a single sin.
One sure test
Sex -- and the hell with the rest.

Patients were meek,
As they continued to seek
Aid for their neurosis
And to avoid psychosis.

They were in awe of their physicians
Whom they thought of as magicians.
They revealed their feelings of violence,
As their "head men" sat in silence.

I remember the fee
When it used to be
By the hour -- fifty,
Then I was thrifty.

Today it's two hundred,
And I feel I'm being plundered.
If I only felt wiser
I wouldn't mind becoming a miser.

Now all mine is his
And I'm out of biz.

LIGHT

Light comes with the end of siestas.
It opens up vistas
Still unexplored
Offering reward,