

Terse Verse

By

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A CODE

As the days go by,
I muse and wonder why-
Things happen as they do,
To me and to you.

Are our acts rewarded,
For the good and the sordid?
Are heroes' always nourished,
And villains duly punished?

Then why is crime so prevalent-
When the price one pays so evident?
There are compulsive wheeler-dealers,
And born to the froth stealers.
The slickest swindlers of all,
Are cunning con-men six feet tall.

They greet you with a smile,
For they have you in their file.
Their line is irresistible,
And is dependable as a combustible.

They are like bankers selling bunk,
Who reap gold from junk.
Our values have been distorted,
And need to be aborted.

It is a time for a pause,
And the passage of laws.
To make the game of living,
Rewarding in the giving.
So that each is fulfilled,
By the worth he has tilled.

OUR CITY

When I was a child,
The city was safe and mild.
We played stick ball in the streets.
There was penny candy for treats.

Our homes were securer,
The crowds were fewer.
Daily violence and crime,
Were scarce at that time.

Police walked the street,
For their duty called to cover their beat.
They carried a friendly club,
And were leaders in their hub.

They built their careers,
And overcame their fears.
They gave back to their town,
The bounty earned by a crown.

THE PARK

Of all the sites with^hin "The City,"
There's only one without graffiti.
Nature is intimidating and formidable,
Central Park shines with a light that is interminable.

The blossoms of the flowers,
Light up the day in the early hours.
The green of the grass,
Is like a blanket to mass.

Children play or nap,
While the birds take the sap.
Seniors sit and sleep,
While lovers kiss and reap.

HOLD THE PRESS

When I read the newspapers, I'm confused,
Is this news or views.

One writer reports what he's seen,
The other on what's been.

By-liners do think pieces,
Which letter-writers find specious.
What ever happened to the hard news?
Reported from subs, pubs, and pews.

As the price of papers rise,
More and more, I'm left to surmise.
About the news of the day,
And what's worth seeing in the latest play?

OCTOBER

Time and space,
Create a pace
Which is unique,
Especially for those who seek.

I wonder as we move thru the years,
Where are the joys? Why the fears?
I was not the least surprised,
As I pondered and surmised.

The heavens played a role,
Sometimes ominous - often droll.
When lightning strikes and thunder roars-
It is so unlike the sun that bores.

In the country side all is mellow-
The leaves are turning from green to yellow.
The animals roam in the fields,
Where the rich earth blossoms and yields.

Fruits that are rich and savory,
Are indulged in without bravery.
Until one bites into a nut,
Then you're kuput - you're in a rut.

Until along comes Rover,
Who barks, "move over."
The two embrace,
Face to face-
With smiles all over,
On this first day of October.

THE LIBRARY

I am at ease in this special world,
Where scholars and writers have toiled.
The shelves are lined with gems,
Including histories, biographies, and fiction, like fatale
femmes.

In this setting one travels the universe,
Thru books that are extensive or terse.
The globe comes alive,
As we read, think and thrive.

Here one is at peace,
The sounds of the turmult cease.
One's mind is at rest,
As we enjoy the best.

THE CHALLENGE

I've seen nature at its best-
Stimulating energy - followed by rest.
I've climbed the hills,
And enjoyed the thrills-

That come from the peaks and valleys,
I've moved at a pace, paused and dallied.
Then renewed my journey up the hill-
I was imbued, inspired and must not fail.

The silence of the of the mountain was grim,
The scene was sparkling - bursting at the brim.
The challenge was awesome and real-
Inviting fear that was fraught with steel.

I cautiously crept, step by step-
And then I reached and leapt.
I landed on a stone...
With the grace of a drone.

I engraved the date and my name,
For those who would follow and try the same.

SCULPTURE

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

Some are wry, others 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 the 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.

RACISM

Racism is a form of hate-
Utilized as a bit of bait.
Every group indulges in its own iniquities.
All are losers, there are no victories.

Among whites, blacks, and yellows,
There is a constant demeaning of other fellows.
Humanity calls for a touch of grace-
While mankind feels the loss of face.

Children are taught to discriminate-
As if destiny was confronting their fate.
Yet they know that love and friendship-
Will provide the means for joy on their life's trip.

SITTING BY THE SEA

To sit by the Sea,
Is to be ultimately free.
The Sun rises on a serene green,
By the end of the day it is turbulent and mean.

Ships ride the crest,
As do all the rest.
While an occasional swimmer,
Courageous and cunning, attempts to trim her.

He plunges and splashes;
And finally makes desperate flashes.
When one of his crowd,
Calls out loud.

This is no time to drown,
So don't go down.
Keep your head up,
Like a good pup.

We'll be back late,
So take care of your fate.

BOATS

I sit at the pier,
Where the world is so near-
And wonder where the boats go,
When the sails are up and blow.

Off in the distance,
Where the winds offer resistance.
I see a flag flying,
On top of a sail plying.

The water is green,
And appears to preen.
Ships fly their prow,
Skippered by a captain and his crew.

The sun bursts its light,
And shines with all its might.
Sails spot the sparkling horizon,
All boats are afloat before the day is done.

Then the sun starts to sink,
Leaving behind a crest of pink.
The boats turn about,
As if in a rout.

They are heading home,
Leaving a trail of foam.
As night enveloped the scene,
All was still - all was serene

BERMUDA

Leave behind your BMW, bike, and scooter,
For walking is the way of life in Bermuda.
Their barren beaches and hibiscued hills,
Offer visitors unending thrills.

Seductive sunshine penetrates the clouds and mist,
While harbor boats turn and twist.
The day is full of rhythms,
And the light of the sky plays as thru prisms.

As the day ends,
And each one fends-
The sunshine is subdued,
Yet we remember all that we viewed.

RAIN

A touch of rain,
A sign of pain.
A reminder of the past,
That continues to last.

As one ages,
Time no longer rages.
Memories ease,
There is no peace.

Until death do us part,
Relieving the heart,
For life-
Is strife.

Until the end-
When we no longer fend.

THE EYES HAVE IT

As I look about,
There is no doubt-
The eyes have it,
And you're instantly lit.

Her figure is trim,
And she is very slim.
There is not much bust,
Which lessens the lust.

You offer your arm,
In a manner to disarm.
She passes it up,
And dismisses you like a pup.

I'm in total distress,
Like I was hit with a fist.
I'm in an awful mess,
I'll have to call my analyst.

DESIRE

The essence of desire,
Is to reach and aspire.
Thru this eternal drive,
The force is fed that keeps us alive.

When the energy slows,
The will and the being doze.
It takes a special strength-
Which is reached for at any length.

When the sparks are ignited,
All is then righted.
The juices begin to flow,
Your world is aglow.

LOVE

We search thru life,
Seeking a bud that's rife-
With color, bead, and bloom,
And an ineffable perfume.

In the early dawn, when all is still.
We enjoy the beauty and embrace the fill.
Of nature's wonder and God's work,
Created for man as a special perk.

Our maiden dances across the road,
With the ease of a tiny toad.
She rests upon a leaf,
Seeking a touch of relief.

Then off she goes-
Where? Nobody knows,
Except we hear,
The song of a peer-
A love duet,
From two newly met.

LOVE LETTER

Once in a life time-
Does one really fall in love.
Then like a perfect rhyme-
You're blessed from above.

The heart knows the truth,
It avoids the uncouth.
It seeks the joy of bonding,
After the foreplay of fondling.

The passion that arises,
Is full of surprises.
In the persistence of pleasure,
One discovers the rewards of a treasure.

Which fills one's being,
With the ultimate feeling.
One seeks a partner that gives and gets,
Who lets the sparks fly without regret.

Memories are made of moments like these,
Then one forgets and forgives those who teased.
For the best of all in life's daily play,
Are those that truly love and stay.

THE ETERNAL ONE

I've seen sun bursts before,
I've had lovers to adore.
I've been saturated with joy,
I've turned away those who annoy.

I've had friends who were devoted,
And others who were double-coated.
I've known the awe of earned acclaim,
And the sparks that brighten the private
world of fame.

Yet with it all --
And despite a sense of being ten feet tall,
I find myself feeling smaller than an elf.
With a voice that squeaks, and an eye that peeks.

In this mood, I crawl.
I feel a sense of pall.
The lights in the park
Have all turned dark.

I'm alone, all is asunder.
There is no sense of wonder.
Yet, I feel no fear
For my God is near.

A FAMILY TREE

I know no more beautiful tree

Than a family tree.

In our family there were three remarkable women.

Three sisters -- Pauline, Fanny and Rose.

I was blessed for each was a mother to me.

I learned about family values from other families

And my sister Pauline.

She was an acting mother to her siblings, Bill,

Helen and myself.

She gave more than a performance for she was

a part of our daily lives.

Pauline was devoted to us. She exercised an

Authority and a discipline, which we respected.

She was an exciting person.

She had the love and admiration of not only her

own family,

But a score of devoted friends.

She was a modern independent woman, long before

the feminist revolution.

My Mother had great courage when she placed us

in the H.O.A.

The Hebrew Ophan Asylum. For there we were safe

and sound and secure.

And grew up strong for we made our own way and

we did.

The family values we learned there, through

Deprivation are stronger than ever, and are

Shared with our loving family,

Our children and our grand-children.

I lived a life of fulfillment and my devoted

And loving partner, my Wife Lillian,

Inspired me and made it.

Thank you for being part of my past

And for your love and friendship today.

ALONE

I walk the streets alone.
I feel as silent as a poem.
I look here and there,
And wonder if people care.

My family is all gone,
It isn't like once upon.
I look and I seek,
Hoping an eye will peek.

A beggar approaches with his cup,
He's as meek as a pup.
I give him a dollar,
Then I hear him hollar.

"You're a real friend,
You've put me on the mend.
You really care,
How the lonely fare!"

A LIFE

I'm weary and worn,
Sometimes I wonder why I was born.
Crisis come and go,
They are part of life's flow.

I have been to the brink,
And almost did sink.
I was rescued by chance,
Since then I have taken a stance.

I meet problems as they come,
They add up to quite a sum.
Yet with it all,
I shall never fall.

I take each day,
And pay my way.
The roads are rugged and rough,
But I've got the stuff.

I take the measure of each stride,
I have nothing to hide.
I have more to give,
And a life to live.

I care and I share,
Especially with one so fair.
She is the love of my life,
My adoring and asorable wife.

DREAMS

Through out one's life,
Joy comes when we're rife-
With dreams that are unending,
And there is no pretending.

For our night fantasies are fulfilling
As long as we are willing-
To let them come and go,
Like a rhythm in a row.

Dreams are made out of living,
And the best is when you are giving.
For in the play of the mind,
Nothing is left behind.

Each act of each day is recorded.
In your mental computer where it is hoarded.
Your moves and thoughts, good and bad, are filed on a film-
In the mind's eye which never goes dim.

As you live and learn you store,
What becomes the essence of your core.
Your dreams are essential to your being,
They herald what eventually you'll be seeing.

DEATH

It's time for death,
When there is no longer breath.
The head bent while blood seeps as it flows.
The brain ceases to function,
All senses are stilled at this junction.

Energy is dissipated,
Then pleasure is eliminated.
The juices run dry,
Hope can't fly.

You sink into a mire,
Your world has been set on fire.
Just as every stay comes to an end,
So does life, when we can no longer fend.

POETRY

Poetry is a form of release,
When within you it wells-
Your mind seeks peace,
So it quietly tells.

A story of pain or pleasure,
Which you listen to,
At your leisure-
And then say adieu.

Although you have turned the page
And looked ahead,
To another stage
You remember what has been said.

For poetry reveals the truth,
And gives vent to hopes and feelings.
They are touchingly human and never uncouth,
For words provide a source of image and gentle healing.

So reach for poetry,
When in need.
You'll find divine diversity
And joy indeed.