

# **Poems by Phillip W. Weiss**

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## Yes and No and No and Yes

Yes and no and no and yes,  
everything is in a mess,  
bells go klang,  
the door bell rang,  
and then it came,  
the thing that sang,  
it was not human,  
was not a clown.  
was not a bird,  
which never frowns,  
it had a way,  
you know, with words,  
but still it was  
a thing absurd  
and making sense  
of all of this  
is just a form  
of hypnosis;  
so if you think  
a trifle fast,  
then maybe  
you're an alley cat,  
and if you are  
please say meow  
and not a moo,  
like a silly cow,  
'cause when you moo  
something real nice,  
it's sounds like snow  
on creaking ice,  
which then does melt  
and makes a lake  
right in the park  
where people skate,  
and then the sun  
follows the moon  
and people laugh  
'cause it is June,  
a real fine month  
for all of us,  
except of course  
for winter buffs

who like to skate  
on real thick ice  
which makes them slide  
at speeds so nice,  
but still who needs  
the winter time,  
when spring and fall  
are really fine  
and summer too  
is a good place  
for man and beast  
to meditate,  
a word that's used  
for creatures too  
who can feel blue  
and think boohoo,  
the kind of thing  
that can't be heard,  
yet flies away  
just like the birds  
who're in the know  
about those things  
that make us laugh  
with big guffaws,  
the kind of noise  
that breaks all laws  
which make us feel  
that we've deployed  
a navy ship  
ten-thousand tons,  
that makes big waves,  
and has big guns,  
and makes that noise,  
with horns, big too,  
which tell the world,  
hey, we are here,  
the number one  
in all the seas,  
the greatest fleet  
the world has seen,  
just floating here  
and floating there,  
and scaring fish  
who really care  
about the sea  
where they do live

and propagate  
'cause that is fair,  
'cause after all  
that is their home  
and why should they  
be all alone  
when they can swim  
in a big crowd  
which makes a splash  
and they're so proud,  
you know for what,  
(or should I say?),  
for they are fish,  
that we do eat,  
but in fish-land  
they're more than meat,  
they are the best  
of creatures all,  
with sleek, smooth bods  
which make them tall,  
or should one say  
it's not the height  
but rather length  
that here is right,  
and not so wrong  
just like the way  
they talk sing-song,  
la-dah-dee-dah,  
and do-re-mi,  
such pretty sounds  
for you and me,  
and me and you,  
which brings us 'round  
from what we knew  
when these fine lines  
were something new,  
like one and one  
does equal two,  
which like the words  
that are so fine,  
and are so simple  
and are so kind,  
those two good words  
that are so cool:  
yes no to us  
and

no yes to you,  
like black and white  
and day and night,  
like up and down  
and in and out,  
they do define  
what life's about,  
and make us smile  
and make us sad  
especially when  
we've been real bad,  
the kind of fun  
that feels real good,  
like eating cheese  
or Chinese food,  
though egg rolls make  
you laugh and drool  
and think that you  
are in a pool  
of lentil soup  
with fried acorns  
which germinate  
and go ka-pop  
and give us food  
always nonstop,  
now that's a lot  
for one to eat,  
with beer and coke,  
they're both real neat,  
or make you sleep  
or make a veep  
spend his big dough  
on funny things  
or pretty babes  
to make them act  
like little bo-peeps  
or something more  
that's worth their keep,  
for that's what makes  
us feel so beat  
and makes us act  
like silly clowns,  
when we do want  
what we can't have  
and do those things  
that make us sad

or make us glad  
depending on  
one's point of view,  
and who needs flies  
when birds can do  
what flies cannot  
and that is coo,  
and fly like flies  
except the flies  
have little wings  
while little birds  
have big wing things  
that flap and flap  
and push the air  
away and down  
it's so unfair,  
when others try  
to do it too,  
it just makes noise  
with much ado  
but does not give  
that sense of lift  
that we all need  
to not feel miffed  
and reach the sky  
and do high-five  
while engines roar  
right to the core  
which soon enough  
becomes a bore  
and then become  
a source for more  
of what we need  
to keep us clean  
which some of us  
do seem to want  
like when it's hot  
and need a cot  
to rest our heads  
and cool us down  
as we do sweat  
and make those sounds  
when we do drink  
and make the rounds  
from bar to bar  
both near and far

and quench our thirst  
with cream de mint  
which makes us laugh  
and sometimes cry  
depending on  
the kind of place  
that makes us feel  
that we are in  
a movie reel  
with movie stars  
of which we're one  
and say those lines  
with lots of fun  
except of course  
when we do talk  
it sometimes seems  
that we do balk  
like we are in  
a real ballpark  
and mentally  
feel right and sane  
and ready to  
get on that plane  
and fly away  
to Rome or Spain  
and drink tequilas  
in the rain and  
what's the point  
of all of this,  
is this a way  
to get a gift or  
get a pat on  
one's ego  
so one can feel  
like Mister Moe,  
you know, the stooge  
who was the boss  
of those fine guys  
who made us laugh  
when they threw pies,  
and said those things  
so out of tune  
you know, just like  
in a cartoon,  
with Popeye, Bluto  
and all the rest,



and Olive Oyl  
with her black vest  
or rather was it  
a long, frill dress  
that covered her  
from head to toe  
which brings us back  
to Mister Moe,  
who was a gas  
and a real blast  
with Curly, Larry  
and Curly Joe,  
real troubadours  
just like those kings,  
those two kind men,  
who made us laugh  
and were so fine,  
with one so skinny  
and really sly,  
with shaggy hair  
and always cried,  
the other large  
just like a bear,  
and now they're gone  
a real long time  
but still we know  
how they could rhyme  
and make us laugh  
for just two-bits  
when dollar bills  
did not give fits  
and had real worth  
and felt real good  
'cause they could buy  
a cup of tea  
plus soup and meat  
in society,  
okay those days  
had problems too  
with lots of anger  
which went kaboom,  
but Babe and Lou  
and Dizzy Dean  
made little kids  
feel really keen  
and way above

the grind and dirt  
that parents fought  
just to survive  
so kiddies could  
fork up a dime  
and buy a Coke  
with lemon lime  
and then go to  
the old sandlot  
and play a game  
that they did love,  
except of course,  
when they did lose,  
which made them yell  
and start a brew  
which sometimes went  
from dawn till dusk  
especially  
in the summer musk  
when things were warm  
and drinks were cool  
and kids had fun,  
and were not in school,  
and traveled to  
the old ballparks  
where they did watch  
in light not dark,  
the Yankees and  
the Brooklyn team,  
and the New York Giants  
who were also keen,  
with Duke and Willie  
and Mickey too,  
they were the best  
of a fine lot,  
and hit the ball  
with real panache,  
and made the fans  
real glad or mad  
depending on  
who you did like,  
just like the game  
or show  
that we call life,  
that's when your  
lungs breath in and out,

and things do make  
you grin and pout,  
and sometimes make  
you hit and shout  
and then you go  
and have some tea,  
you sing and laugh,  
but want to flee  
'cause laughing's  
just a cover up  
for what's inside  
and is gonna pop  
'cause feelings can  
be sad and blue  
and make you  
want to go boohoo  
or maybe make you  
cough and sneeze  
and maybe even  
make you wheeze,  
which makes your  
day a little rough  
'cause without air  
things can be tough,  
though fishes really  
do quite fine  
with their red gills  
and fins so fine;  
okay, we know  
about the sharks  
with their big teeth  
who go and bite  
and make their marks,  
but what's a shark  
supposed to do,  
when they need food  
and are hungry  
too  
and you are in their  
wet, cool home,  
when maybe you  
should be away  
on land with mom  
and brother Jay  
(that is his name?)  
and watching sports

and reading books  
or drinking tea or  
playing games  
like kids did once,  
the game stickball  
which was much fun,  
you hit a ball with  
a broom stick  
and for a time  
you were the Mick,  
boy he was great,  
a real sports gem,  
he hit those hits  
and scored those runs  
and people cheered  
and he was loved  
and admired too, but  
he was also  
human too  
but for a kid  
he was like god  
and he was a champ  
just like the Rog  
who beat out Mick  
to beat the Babe,  
sixty home runs  
that's what he hit,  
then Mister Rog  
hit that plus one,  
but who cares now  
he's long since done,  
just like the Mick  
and Mister Duke,  
the Dodger guy  
in Ebbets Field  
(yes, that place  
in Brooklyn town)  
where ballgames reigned  
and people flocked  
to see the stars  
like Gil and Jack  
and Pee Wee too,  
they were great men  
in white and blue

and played the Yanks  
and beat them once  
and then they moved  
and that was that,  
and people cried but  
life goes on,  
those were the days  
when kids had fun  
and played and laughed  
and went to school  
while mom and dads  
were heroes too,  
some were vets  
and all did work  
and mommies cooked  
and all was fine,  
that is, of course,  
if you were ten  
without a care  
in all the world  
'cause mom and dad  
were there for you  
and helped you  
grow and be true blue,  
all just a dream,  
you know, a whim,  
what's then is now  
and what's now  
has been  
'cause time is money  
and money is time  
and present tense  
becomes the past  
while what is past  
is gone at last  
to something fine  
we hope of course  
as we all wait  
to reach the gate  
and play and love  
and have some fun  
or feel real bored  
with naught to do  
which only means  
that you are blue

**so get yourself  
involved anew  
and show the world  
that you are here  
and have a song  
that you must sing  
to bring a smile  
upon the face  
of those who sleep  
in daytime too  
when it is time  
to plan and do  
and make the world  
better for you.**

## Blah

So much I want say,  
so much I want to do,  
so much to think about,  
so here's what I will do:  
I'll say out loud a B,  
then afterwards an L,  
and follow it with A,  
and end up right away  
with a letter called an H,  
which all together  
spells,  
the finest word since pay,  
which is saying more than hay,  
'cause you know right away,  
what it is I want to say:  
Blah, blah,  
blah, blah,  
blah, blah,  
The finest of all words,  
it says it short and sweet,  
how things are in the street,  
the place where people laugh,  
and walk with dogs real neat,  
as they saunter in the heat,  
and say the magic word:  
Blah, Blah!  
to all the world!

## Alphabet

ABCDEFGH,  
the alphabet's for you and me,  
now here comes H and I and J,  
those three fine letters  
for those who play;  
well hello there,  
K, L and M,  
please doff your hat  
to mister N,  
who then says hi  
to O and P  
and Q and R  
and S and T,  
which takes us now  
to U and V  
and the W guy  
and Y and Z.



## Renewal

We were together, like two stars so bright,  
a couple so fine, it was a delight.  
Away we would go to places so nice;  
spellbound was I by your charms that entice.

As night follows day I believed you were mine  
and that you would always be loving and kind.  
The sun would arise and drench us in light;  
the world was so good and all did seem right.

Then something so evil and foul came to be.  
It was so dreadful that I cried whoa to me.  
You left me alone and went to kiss him;  
the light deep inside me became oh so dim.

But I'll not succumb to tears and despair,  
for my one true love is waiting out there.

## Change

Mickey and Willie and Harmon and Duke,  
Marvin and Sandy, Drysdale and the Hoot,  
the last guy did pitch, he was really tough,  
named Mister Bob Gibson who had real great stuff.

And Juan and the Rog, and Willie Mac too,  
were also real great just like Eddie Mathews,  
and Rocky and Boog could hit the home run  
and made it look like they were having fun.

It was a great time to be a sports fan,  
when tickets were cheap throughout the great land;  
we knew every player; we knew every team  
and going to games was something real keen.

But that's in the past; it's now a mere dream  
as time rushes on and wipes the slate clean.

## Why Hello There My Good Friend

Why hello there  
my good friend,  
I hope that things  
are fine,  
and that your day  
has been grand  
and that  
everything's  
in line;  
it is so nice to  
learn that  
you are  
really high class  
with eyes that  
shine so brightly  
and a way that  
does relax;  
you have a lot  
to offer  
and a lot to  
show off too,  
but showing off's  
not your style  
and that shows  
that you're good;  
you've sent me  
your fine emails,  
and I have sent  
some back,  
and through that  
two-way process  
a song has  
come to pass;  
for this is  
like a sing-song  
with you singing  
so high, with  
me inside the  
chorus, making  
music that's  
so fine;  
you must be  
someone special,  
someone who

wants to please,  
in fact I know  
that you are,  
which makes  
me feel at ease;  
and when you  
write to me now,  
I feel that I'm  
a star  
and that is a  
good feeling,  
and something  
nice so far;  
it's something that's  
outstanding and  
something that's  
alright,  
and something that's  
fantastic and  
does bring much  
delight;  
you should feel  
good about this,  
about what you  
have done,  
and how I feel  
about this,  
which makes  
for lots of fun;  
now you are in  
a place that for  
me is far away,  
a place where  
Mister Lenin  
had much to  
do and say;  
and after he  
departed, then  
came the  
Man of Steel,  
a man named  
Mister Stalin,  
who ruled with  
brim and steel;  
you all did fight  
a big war

with the Fuhrer  
who did charge,  
and sent a real  
big army to  
make the  
Russians poor;  
but to the world's  
amazement,  
the Russians did  
survive and  
turned the tide  
of battle into  
one big, huge  
landslide;  
and then there  
was a new war,  
a cold one they say,  
with nukes and walls  
and loud shoes,  
like Nikita did  
that day;  
and then the wall  
did crumble and  
the Soviet collapsed  
and along came  
Mister Yeltsin  
with bravado and  
much brash;  
and now you have  
a new crew,  
with Putin who's  
in charge  
and things seem  
to have settled  
and all is good  
once more; now  
I know you are pretty, and  
I know you are nice, and  
I know that you're lovely,  
and that  
you really entice;  
so please accept  
this message  
and please do  
so with ease, for

it is meant  
to touch you and  
it is meant  
to please;  
you are in  
a big country  
that's  
very, very large,  
and I am in  
the U.S. with  
it's sports, and  
bars and cars;  
but if you ever happen  
to come to the U. S.,  
remember this,  
my good friend,  
you'd be among  
the best;  
for what is a  
good friendship,  
if it is just  
some words  
(with nothing there  
to make it  
become more  
than mere  
words?);  
of course, you  
have your own  
thoughts about  
these subjects too,  
but, please,  
my friend,  
remember,  
that one and one  
is two, which  
means that  
your opinion  
plus my opinion too,  
can lead to  
something different,  
combining thoughts  
as two;  
so good bye now,  
my good friend,

**and have a  
good-night's sleep  
and have a really  
fine day  
and laugh  
with joy complete.**

## Sandy

A guy from Brooklyn,  
one of the crowd;  
grabbed a ball  
and made us proud.

Played a game  
meant for kids,  
ball and bat,  
that's all there is.

Went to work  
upon a mound,  
threw that ball,  
was most profound.

He was great,  
he threw real heat,  
the batters swung,  
but they were beat.

He was the best,  
at least for his time,  
he was a champ,  
you can't deny.

## Stars

The show has finally closed down,  
the lights have faded to black,  
the props are now discarded,  
it's time to now relax.

But though the gig has ended  
and we have said good bye,  
the remembrance does still linger  
for now and for all time.

For those who've never acted,  
at least not on a stage,  
they can never have full knowledge  
of what it takes to speak a page.

It takes a ton of courage,  
along with talent and skill,  
to go before the public  
and show 'em what you will.

And when rehearsal's over,  
and the props are all in place,  
and the curtain's 'bout to go up,  
it's time to show your face.

For some that can be scary,  
for others a real big drag,  
but for those who really got it,  
it's a time that makes you glad.

'Cause now you're in the spot light,  
your moment has arrived,  
it's time to meet the public  
that awaits your first reprise.

You deliver your recitals  
in front of friends and fans;  
you galvanize your psyches  
and give it all you can.



**Then after it's all over,  
the final act is done,  
the audience's applauding;  
it's all been lots of fun.**

**And then the theater empties  
and people start their cars,  
but for you it's just beginning  
because now you all are stars.**

## Tanya

Tanya you are fine-ya,  
a Moscow gal you are,  
where Khrushchev and Joe Stalin  
held court and were big stars.

You live where Mister Brezhnev  
held court with all its pomp,  
and Lenin and L. Trotsky  
gave speeches with no stops.

The Russian Revolution  
proved to be such a blast,  
they had so many ideas  
which they thought would always last.

Hey who needs czars and princes  
when the peasants work the land,  
and workers sweat and toil  
so that boyars can sit and fan?

The war of nineteen oh four  
woke up the people fierce  
who then demanded reforms  
that the nobles loathed and feared.

And then the ferment worsened  
as the people got more bold  
with government's lack of action  
as their plans were put on hold

We all know what then happened  
a few years afterwards,  
the revolt of swirling masses  
led by Lenin and his crew.

They fought a bitter conflict  
against enemies in and out,  
and set up peoples' councils  
which had a lot of clout.

And after Lenin parted  
a fight did then break out,  
between the Trotsky faction  
and Stalin, what a bout!

We all know who won that fight,  
as Trotsky left the land  
and settled in Mexico City  
while Stalin became the man.

And many years did go past  
while Stalin had his way,  
some say his rule was brutal,  
some people at times do say.

Yet Russia under Stalin  
beat back the Nazi fiend,  
thwarting hordes of cruel invaders  
bent on making Russia bleed.

Now people say that Stalin  
was wrong to make a deal,  
with Ribbentrop and Hitler,  
whose plans were quite unreal.

But what about that conference  
in Munich the year before  
when the Czechoslovak country  
was sold out to Adolf's hordes?

All this stuff is tragic,  
the mistakes did quite abound,  
as we look back twenty-twenty  
amazed at what we found.

Now Joe and Brezh are long gone,  
and Lenin's in his tomb,  
and FDR and Winston  
are part of history too.

The Cold War is over,  
the Soviets bit the dust,  
and in their place came Boris  
with Russia going bust.

But time goes by and things change,  
at least that's what some say,  
as then came Mister Putin  
who seemed to save the day.

He may not be Joe Stalin,  
nor Nikita with his shoes,  
nor Mister V. I. Lenin  
nor Mister Trotsky too.

But this is what the Russians  
can offer at this time,  
he's the leader of their country,  
maybe the best that they can find.

And who knows what will happen,  
the future is a place,  
that is an unknown region  
like a big, unopened case.

And as time flows the future  
becomes present then the past,  
as the box fills up with goodies,  
which once there will always last.

And who knows what the future  
will place in Russia's box,  
she's gone through lots of struggles,  
which seem to be nonstop.

But with the present leaders,  
the ship will stay afloat  
and Russia will do quite well  
with Tanya on that boat.

## People Talk

People talk, sometimes yell,  
making noise, need to quell.

People work, sometimes slave,  
losing sleep, but cannot save.

People fight, sometimes flee,  
losing peace, never free.

People laugh, sometimes cry,  
want relief, but the well's all dry.

People seek, sometimes find,  
they get upset, and want to hide.

People scream, and argue too,  
it's not so nice, and it's not so cool.

People dream, and have ideas,  
for a better life that brings more cheers.

## The Saga of Julie

There is a guy named Julie,  
he lived in the USA,  
he served in the US Army  
then came back to make his way.

He met a lovely Fraulein  
who then became his wife;  
they had a Sohn named Johnny,  
and went on with his life.

Then to the west they traveled  
and lived in a nice big home  
in the town of Tucson, AZ  
where the sky is a big blue dome.

At night he looked up skyward  
and admired all the stars  
that flickered bright and shiny  
seeming near but really far.

He also worked in Winslow  
leaving his Frau and Sohn behind;  
it really caused him heartache  
'cause he missed them all the time.

Then one day his work was finished,  
the job was not for him,  
it was time to get some payback  
for the time that he'd put in.

So then he filed his papers  
and got some needed cash,  
which he had paid for while a worker  
through his annual income tax.

Then he and his Frau decided  
it's time to make a move  
and left to join his in-laws  
in Hamburg near the fluss.

Since then he's lived and acted  
as best as he knows how,  
with his Frau and Sohn together,  
occupying their Deutsche house.

It's hard to clearly fathom  
why really he did move  
from the desert of the Southwest  
to regions far removed.

But that is best unanswered,  
he did what he thought right,  
and today still dreams and ponders,  
as he searches for more light.