

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

ABCDEFGG,
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,
a Saint Louis Card, 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,
crushing cruel invaders
who wanted Slavs to 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 shoe,
nor Mister V. I. Lenin
nor Mister Trotsky too.

But this is what the Russians
can offer at this time,
a leader for their country,
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 so quickly,
the present turns to past,
the case fills up with goodies,
things don't seem to 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 may stay afloat
and Russia may 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 Deutsch 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.