

COLLECTION OF POEMS II

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

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A BABY'S CRY

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**A baby's cry,
No sound more plaintive,
No sound more basic,
No sound more compelling,
No sound more demanding,
Communication at its
Most primeval,
Simple,
Wordless,
A signal,
A call,
A shriek,
An alarm,
Like a siren wailing in the night,
Impossible to ignore,
Impossible to stop,
Piercing even the mightiest walls.**

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PEOPLE, PEOPLE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**People, people
going hither and yon',
laughing and shouting
with much aplomb.**

**People screaming
and crying too,
when they're sad
and feeling blue.**

**People complaining
and really quite mad,
they want what's theirs
to make them feel glad.**

**People seeking
the meaning of life,
their place in the world
that's full of strife.**

**People playing
but not so nice,
for them the future
is a chunk of ice.**

**People joking
and trying to cope,
their future's uncertain
but they still have hope.**

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WHO WILL REMEMBER?

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Traveled the world,
had my flings,
wrote my poems,
did lots of things.

Played and studied,
wrote and spoke,
did some good,
never went broke.

Always a worker,
pulled my own weight,
did my duty,
tried not to be late.

Had good times,
and bad times too,
got through them all,
and kept my cool.

Now it's the present,
what's past is the past,
it's all just a memory,
which is not meant to last.

So who will remember
the things I've done,
the things I shared
when I had fun?

Who will remember
when I held hands
with pretty ladies
in different lands?

So when I'm gone
and not around to see,
who will remember
a guy like me?

MOURNING**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**The Old Lady's gone;
she's in a Better Place now;
her work is done;
her labor has ceased.
She will be remembered.**

**But we the living carry on,
bearing the loss,
feeling the anguish,
experiencing that
gnawing, gaping
emptiness,
which will recede
with time,
like the outgoing tide
at the ocean's edge,
and then return
from time to time
with a force
that will break down all barriers
and help us
remember what was,
and appreciate and treasure
what is.**

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WHO WILL REMEMBER – SHORT VERSION

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Traveled the world,
had my flings,
wrote my poems,
did lots of things.**

**Played and studied,
wrote and spoke,
did some good,
never went broke.**

**Always a worker,
pulled my weight,
did my duty,
tried not to be late.**

**Had good times,
and bad times too,
got through them all,
and kept my cool.**

**Now it's the present,
what's past is past,
it's all just a memory,
how long will it last?**

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MEMORIES

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**The condolences stop,
The telephone calls cease,
The commiserating ends,
The beloved is now at rest,
Leaving the bereaved
With their memories,
Some bitter,
Some sweet,
Which will stay with them
Forever.**

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LOVE and HATE**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**You told me you were voluptuous,
But what does that mean?
That you have big tits?
Large boobs?
Juicy jugs?
That you want to ---k?
That you need someone
To be with?
That you want a man to
Stick it to you?
To be your plaything?
Or vice-versa?
Or to grab you?
To feel you?
To hold you?
To do anything to get into your pants?
To shoot his load into your womb?
Or into your mouth ... or onto your face?
So that you can be his boss?
Knowing that he will worship you
And hate you 'cause you have
What he wants ... and needs
And will do anything to keep you
And ---k you and love you,
Because the alternative is too much to bear,
The mere thought of living life alone
Too awful to contemplate,
Which feeds his desperation
And makes him even more frantic,
Terrified that each ---k may be his last,
And then he will lose you
And all that you have,
Those special features that separates you
From the boys,
And makes you,
And your big, succulent tits,
More important to him
Than anything else
In the whole wide world.**

THE NOSE**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**The nose,
Pulsating and throbbing,
Congested,
Wheezing,
Sinuses clogged;
Almost too much to bear;
Changing colors too,
Pressure building,
Contracting and expanding,
Like a volcano ready to erupt,
Spraying foam,
Producing raucous sounds,
Getting ready to let it go,
And then KABOOM!
Nature unleashed!
Life again triumphant!
As the mucous flows and flows,
Like an undulating river of lava
Cascading from deep within the recesses
Of your sinuses,
Producing a feeling of
Joy and relief so intense
That it brings tears to your eyes
And peace to your mind
Knowing that once again
You can now breathe free.**

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FLY AWAY

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**They say birds of a feather flock together,
well that's a fact, no matter the weather.**

**Some can fly, all have feathers,
they do survive, they're very clever.**

**Some live in cages, but most do not,
they soar through the sky,
they're a happy lot.**

**When things are tough, they take to the air,
and fly away, to who knows where?**

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