

COLLECTION OF POEMS

By

PHILLIP W. WEISS

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MY NAME IS NEVILLE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**My name is Neville;
I'm as mad as the devil;
I'm feeling blue
and it's because of you.**

**I am a Brit
and I'm full of grit,
so let's be friends
and make amends.**

**If you mess with me,
I'm gonna make you flee;
so take my advice
and try to be nice.**

**But if you want to fight,
I'll put out your lights,
and you'll go down
like a silly clown.**

**This ain't no jive,
so let's high five,
'cause if you don't
I'm gonna sink your boat.**

**We won the war,
so don't be a bore;
so let's cut a deal
which will be ideal.**

**Who wants to fight
to prove who's right
when there should be a way
to avoid a fray.**

**But if you choose
to Mein Kampf me too,
I'll call your bluff
and show you my stuff.**

YOU'LL BE GOING DOWN INSIDE OF FOUR

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

You'll be going down inside of four
if you push and hassle me some more
and that's the truth to the real hard core
and a fact you just best not ignore.

So you better talk to me real straight
or it may become a little too late
to keep the lid on that rusty can
so that the crud won't hit the spinnin' fan.

And if you think that I'm not right,
you might as well just fly a kite
and tell me "Nev, have a real good night,
tomorrow we're gonna have a fight."

That certainly would be sad indeed,
that you know that you'd be taking the lead
in startin' somethin' we don't need
but for which you've planted a big ripe seed.

So what I say do keep in mind
or I may become a little unkind
and put you in a real tight bind
which will make you feel like you're in a grind.

I wish that things were not like this;
I'd prefer goodwill and peace and bliss;
but sometimes that just cannot be
when two parties cannot agree.

So please quit goofin' and jivin' me
like I'm some kind of foolish enemy,
but if you don't want to be my friend,
you're gonna be finished, big time, in the end.

You now have my direct warning;
my scorn and anger is now forming.
So tell me what you're gonna do,
the rest is now all up to you.

YOU REALLY GOT ME TRULY MAD

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**You really got me truly mad
and how I feel is not a fad.
So don't treat me like a simple lad
because if you do, it's gonna be bad.**

**So now you have a clear-cut cue
of what I intend to do to you
when you make me feel real sad and blue
and mad enough to wanna sue.**

**So get up off that dirty floor
so I can knock you down at least once more
and show you that I'm really the man
and not some garbage in a can.**

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YOU TOOK ME FOR A SILLY RIDE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

You took me for a silly ride
and then I let you slip and slide,
but that's a phase that's finished now;
it's time for you to take your bow.

I did not have the slightest clue
of what you really intended to do,
but if I had known your plans before
I would have flipped your bod' onto the floor.

I know that money really talks
and what you want to do is buy me off,
but ya better put your cash away
or I'll pound you into a clump of clay.

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I'LL FIRST DECIDE TO LEAVE YOU BE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I'll first decide to leave you be
and have myself a cup of tea
and then figure out what I should do
to make you feel extremely blue.

I surely know what you want right now
and it really makes me want to frown.
So give it up before you make
an irreversibly dumb mistake.

To back off now is smart indeed,
it's something for which you should take the lead
because of you don't you'll become a case
if you keep on pushing into my face.

So try to put yourself in place
or I may have to get onto your case
and help you get yourself in line
and stop being so uncool and unkind.

The world really cannot afford
to experience anymore discord,
so just give up this stupid fight
because what you're doing simply ain't right.

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I KNOW NOW THAT YOU'RE REALLY SICK

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**I know now that you're really sick
and that you need a good, swift kick,
because what to you is a serious gripe
is to me nothing but a phony hype.**

**I came to you to talk things out,
but instead you had a nasty pout,
which made me want to bash you down
and treat you like a silly clown.**

**So who knows now what is in store
for the world which is in a real uproar
and what has happened here today
is the start of a truly tragic play.**

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I WENT TO A WEDDING

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I went to a wedding in August,
it was really quite an event.
I met so many fine people
and danced and cheered and laughed.

But the most special part of the wedding
was the bride who was all aglow;
she shined and looked so exquisite
and was clearly the star of the show.

The bride and groom are now married;
the celebration is now in the past,
but the memory of the event still lingers;
romance still has a chance.

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A RANDOM CHANCE ENCOUNTER

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**A random chance encounter
can lead to many things.
It can open the gates to romance
or just lead to a meaningless fling.**

**But whatever actually happens,
one can easily learn to surmise,
that between a man and a woman,
such encounters become a grand prize.**

**We all have needs and desires,
and wants and wishes too,
but when it comes to romance,
we hope our dreams will come true.**

**So please consider the message
that this poem is meant to convey,
when thinking about your desires
and what you hope will happen each day.**

**A random chance encounter,
sometimes that's all it takes,
to bring about those changes
that poets find so great.**

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ARCANA LODGE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Arcana, a lodge of Freemasons,
a beautiful lodge indeed.
So noble, so learned, so special;
so great, so fine, and so free.**

**It began its life like an acorn,
a small seed which was almost unseen,
but from which there grew a huge maple,
a grand tree which produced many leaves.**

**Its branches did yield much good fruit,
every season, year in and year out.
A horticultural triumph,
a tree so strong and so stout.**

**But as the months and years kept on passing,
there came the inevitable change,
that even the stalwart Arcana
would have no choice but to respond and obey.**

**The change has occurred, and thus far,
it can be said what has happened is good.
Arcana Lodge is now transformed,
but its name still shines and endures.**

**But no matter what may still happen,
Arcana will always be great.
It will always have its own story,
and it will always have its own place.**

**Now it's time for Arcana to move on,
time for Arcana to leave this good room.
An era has finally thus ended;
let us now say: "Farewell, Doric Room."**

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A DIFFICULT QUESTION

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

“Who am I?”

**A difficult question indeed:
hard to answer;
requires thought;
requires honesty.**

**The question
vexes me;
annoys me;
threatens me;
even makes me angry.**

**Why? I'll tell you why:
Because the question demands
sincerity, openness and forthrightness,
which scares me;
which intimidates me;
which makes me have to grope
for answers.**

**For although the question seems simple,
its answers can be profound,
especially if I am truthful.**

**In fact, the question is a challenge
which makes demands of me:
enough evasions,
enough avoidance,
enough rationalizations.**

**Time to come to grips
with the truth of who I am,
even if it hurts.**

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CHANGE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**I am getting older:
friends disappear;
neighborhoods vanish;
relationships become vague memories
from a distant past.**

**What used to be important to me
is trivial now.**

**What I never used to think about
now moves me to tears,
sometimes from sadness,
more often from fear.**

**Change is relentless,
like the flowing torrents of a
mighty river:
never stopping;
never ending;
always rushing by;
inexorably shaping my life.**

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MOTHER AND CHILD

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

No longer a child,
but still a child:
that is me
as I think about
my mother.

She is frail, yet strong,
still a child am I:
that is me
as I think about
my mother.

Now roles are reversed;
I'm the caregiver now;
confusion of roles ensue.
Am I finally a grown up
or still a clinging child?
I'll find out,
as I think about
my mother.

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WHAT DO SEA LIONS DREAM ABOUT?

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

The sea lions:
admirable creatures,
swimming to and fro;
posing for the crowd;
barking for attention.

At feeding time,
thronging of people
gather to admire them:
for their strength,
their form,
their gracefulness,
their enjoyment of life.

But when the zoo closes,
and the visitors leave,
and the attendants go home,
and all is quiet,
and the sea lions go to sleep:
what do they dream about?

The days when they
roamed free in the seas?
The days when they
frolicked in the waves?
The days when they
swam with the whales?
The days when they
caroused with the polar bears?

What do sea lions dream about?

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WHO ARE THE APES?**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**At the zoo,
people visit
the house of the great apes,
where there lives,
in peaceful tranquility,
the noble gorilla.**

**A magnificent creature,
so calm,
so stoic,
so majestic,
so steeped in dignity.**

**Sitting quietly,
in noble repose under a tree,
like a philosopher king
in deep meditation and
thoughtful contemplation.**

**Meanwhile the human spectators,
exhibiting wild behavior:
hooting and hollering,
pushing and shoving,
screeching and screaming,
pointing and gesturing,
running hither and yon,
behave like monkeys in a cage.**

**In the house of the great apes,
one can wonder:
who are the apes?
The humans or the gorillas?**

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WOMEN WALKING**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Women wearing dresses and shorts,
walking on the street,
striding forward,
showing off their legs,
like well-conditioned athletes,
thigh muscles bulging,
calf muscles straining,
Achilles's tendons stretching,
smooth skin rippling,
like waves in the ocean,
with each rhythmic stride.**

**Powerful legs:
built for running and jumping,
like springs ready to pop;
built for men to take note of,
like flowers that attract the bee;
built for bearing the weight
of an unborn baby,
like pillars of marble
that support a temple,
thereby ensuring the propagation
of life.**

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A LITTLE BABY**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**You're born,
helpless,
a little baby,
innocent.**

**Then you grow up:
your body gets bigger;
you mature;
you let your hair grow long;
you decorate yourself with tattoos;
you pierce your skin with metal objects;
you talk loudly,
like a bear roaring in the forest.**

**You do all this
to show your stuff;
to feed your ego;
to assert your individuality;
to let the whole world know that
you're mean, tough, and smart.**

**But it's a mere façade,
a protective shield,
against the rigors and challenges of
an often unforgiving world,
in which you are
still helpless;
still innocent;
still a little baby,
no matter how much
you may deny it.**

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JOURNEY OF LIFE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**I am on a
journey of life,
a journey I travel alone.**

**I have relatives;
I have friends;
I have hobbies;
I have work;
I have traveled
and have done
many interesting things.**

**Still, I am alone,
profoundly alone,
a microbe in the sea of humanity,
a molecule in the vast expanse
of the universe,
a plankton in the riptide of life,
subject to forces that overwhelm me,
carrying me somewhere,
I know not where.**

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THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

It's an old structure now:
rusting steel,
needs constant repairs,
covered with soot,
grimy,
taken for granted,
simply a means of conveyance.

But when it was new,
it was grand,
it shined in the sun,
a marvel of engineering
and a work of art,
and still is today,
if you look closely.

Its massive steel girders,
its tall support towers,
its wide roadways
and long subway tracks
proclaim to the world:
We are important!
We matter!
We still count!
So don't forsake us!
Don't tear us down
only because we are old!
Let us live!

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THE STAR

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

She works the cash register
like a machine:
taking money, giving change;
it's hard work.
Yet she talks,
she laughs,
she copes,
defiantly asserting her humanity.

For her, the cash register
is more than just a work station,
more than just a place
to earn a living.
It is a stage
where she is
the star,
the main attraction,
the main event,
the prima donna,
putting on a show
for all to see and appreciate
even if nobody cares.

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CIRCUS OF LIFE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**People on the street:
walking
running,
riding,
doing
all sorts of things.**

**They are a cavalcade of stars,
all mingling together,
like actors on a stage,
performing in that big show
unfolding right in front of me,
a spectator in the stands,
who is a participant too,
in the circus of life.**

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NIAGARA FALLS

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Niagara Falls,
majestic curtains
of surging water
cascading, never-ending,
onto the jagged rocks below.

Creating a roar,
like rolling thunder,
a tidal wave of sound
reverberating off the cliffs,
both powerful and soothing,
it can even lull a baby
to sleep.

And of course the mist,
floating high into the sky,
the plumes of gossamer silk,
meeting the rays of the sun,
forming radiant rainbows,
each a crescent of dazzling colors,
like a tiara of diamonds
adorning the head of
a royal queen.

For Niagara Falls
is nature's gift to humanity:
her splendor unmatched,
her beauty sublime,
to be admired and treasured,
like a priceless gem,
for all time.

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SURGING WATER

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Millions of gallons
of surging water,
unstopping, relentless,
swirling through the gorges,
hurdling over the rocks,
furiously charging, headlong,
like a mighty herd of buffalo,
racing madly toward a precipice,
but on a scale
and with an intensity
that overwhelms the observer,
reducing one to a mere spectator,
humbled by the sound and the fury
of nature's most enduring
exhibition of unbridled power
at a place called ...
Niagara Falls.**

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THE NURSING HOME

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

The nursing home,
tomb for the living,
but who are no longer really alive,
a place where people collect dust,
like relics of the past
in a museum,
living monuments to another time,
and place,
when they were young,
and were in charge,
and were strong,
and ran their lives:
they were vibrant
and vivacious,
and had dreams,
and wants,
and desires,
now submerged
deep in their memories,
clouded by age,
and wear and tear,
like their bodies,
all worn out,
just sitting,
just watching,

as the second-hand
slowly ticks,
marking the passage of time,
a commodity that,
in a nursing home,
is in short supply,
yet seems to extend for an
eternity,
as the residents
wait and wait
for that shining train
that will whisk them to
the final inevitable stop,
where they will again be free,
and then be remembered
and revered
and mourned
by those who could only
stand by and watch
as their heroes and
role models
exited the house of life,
leaving behind mementos
and memories
for others to keep and
treasure.

PLAYTIME

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I

A dog is playing,
 running to and fro,
 fetching a ball,
 looking for praise –
 and gets it.

II

“Oh, what a good dog!”
 the human exclaims,
 beaming with
 satisfaction and pride
 each time the dog
 retrieves the ball,
 while the dog,
 in response,
 looks up
 with those big watery eyes
 (which speak volumes
 without uttering a sound),
 waiting for its
 well-earned rewards –
 attention and affection –
 which the human gladly provides,
 and which the dog
 eagerly returns,
 without pretense or
 ulterior motive,
 that is,
 with unconditional love.

III

For this is what life is all about:
 the simple acts of give and take,
 innocently performed,
 like a game of fetch between
 a human and a dog,
 which bring feelings of joy
 and warmth
 and security
 and hope
 for a brighter future,
 with peace and prosperity
 in every country,
 in every town, and
 in every home
 throughout the world.

NEW YORK SUNRISEBy **PHILLIP W. WEISS****I**

It's a grimy city,
crowded,
congested,
filthy,
people pushy,
indifferent,
sometimes nasty.

II

It's a noisy city,
lots of cars,
lots of buses,
lots of trucks,
a cacophony of sights
and sounds,
irritating to the eyes,
disturbing to the ears,
indeed, insulting to
all the senses and
bodily organs,
especially the brain,
which can barely cope
with all the pressure
and sometimes
breaks down.

III

Yet despite the grime,
despite the noise,
despite everything,
that makes
life in the city
cold and hard,
there are mornings
when the sun shines
through the clouds,
like a glowing beacon
on a fog-shrouded beach,
creating streams of light
that beam to the earth
and illuminate the sky,
producing a
vista of beauty
that brings tears of joy
to the hardened city dweller
and makes life,
once again,
worth living.

CHAMPS**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Grown men,
wearing baseball uniforms,
tired,
yet jumping up and down,
like little boys
bubbling with energy
and delirious with joy,
for they just won
the championship
and can now proclaim
to all their loyal fans
and to all people
throughout the world
that they are the best,
that they deserve respect,
that the long years of
futility, frustration and despair
are finally ended,
even if it's just for
the moment.**

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POLITICIANS**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Politicians,
driven by passion:
they want to do
what is right;
they want to
 serve the people well,
to gain their trust
and unite them under
the banners of
democracy and freedom,
concepts that
 are not mere words,
but are firm principles
cherished by all
freedom-loving people,
like the patriots and heroes
 of 1776
who overthrew tyranny
and founded a
 new nation,
conceived in liberty,
which is the
envy of the world
and the hope
for all mankind.**

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LOVE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

A man was surfing
on the internet,
looking for something
special;
clicked onto a website ...
and fell in love.

What he saw on the screen
mesmerized him,
infatuated him,
caused his heart to
palpitate,
his pulse to race
and his breathing
to become deep and rapid,
like a stud in heat.

So strong and overwhelming
was the rapture he felt
that he almost fainted,
for he had finally found the
object of his desire ...
a Canon® Powerhouse G5 camera,
which for him
held the promise
of blissful pleasure
and which one day
would be his
to touch,
hold,
caress
and use,
not as a tool,
but as a friend,
who would be his
faithful companion
on the road of life ...
as long as the
batteries last.

WHORE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

A fine man meets a woman;
they have a pleasant chat;
the man is very handsome;
the gal's a cunning cat.

She knows what the man is thinking
while he's glancing at her chest;
he's nonchalant and pleasant
and acting close to the vest.

He gives her a "once-over"
and then a little wink
that the woman quickly picks up
and causes her to think.

"I wonder how much money
this man is gonna spend
to get to know me better
and get me into bed."

The woman just smiles coyly,
like a tigris on the prowl;
she's sizing up her victim
who wants to be her pal.

The man is really clueless
as to what this woman wants;
to him she's just an object
to satisfy his lust.

But the woman, who's much smarter
then the man will ever be,
has the situation sewn up
with the trap all set to spring.

She knows how weak all men are
at the sight of a lovely babe,
and how they fear rejection
which affects them all their days.

So the woman beams a big smile
and spreads her legs real wide,
which makes the man go crazy
with lightening in his eyes.

Such simple little gestures,
that's all it really takes,
to make the man's knees buckle
and put him in his place.

And now the man has urges
that overwhelm his brain;
he'll do and say whatever
to give his seed away.

And as the man gets frantic
and starts to lose his mind,
the woman quite so calmly
now knows that "he is mine."

She now can set her own price,
which will be very high;
it's nothing but extortion,
to make the man comply.

For what the woman does want
transcend financial greed;
she wants the man to hold her
and give her what she needs.

She wants much more than money;
she wants much more than sex;
she wants to have a household
where she's the leader of the pack.

So if the man wants action,
he'll have to do some things,
and in return the woman
will throw him real good flings.

But what the form of payment
the woman will extract
depends on how much money
the man has in his sack.

'Cause what the woman does want
she herself does not realize,
for her she just wants payment
in return for her sweet prize.

For it you asked this woman
what it is that will suffice,
she would say "Listen, my friend,
this man must pay my price."

But when the man has paid her
and she's given what she's got,
the man will get up and leave
and inside she'll have a knot.

"I now have some more money,
and inside me this man's seed,
but once again I'm single,
is this really all I need?"

And if she's truly honest,
and takes some time to think,
she'll look at all her money
which to her will start to stink.

"I really want this good man
who popped his cork in me,
but if he wants to play me
I'll just get up and flee."

So now she's finally willing
to take a real big chance
to get beyond the money
and get some real romance.

And, of course, we all do hope that
she finds what she's searching for,
and if and when that happens,
it sure won't be as a whore.

NATURE**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

A man meets a woman
and notices her cleavage,
which is like a deep canyon
dividing two prominent peaks;
and notices her stomach,
which is as flat and hard
as a board;
and notices her long legs too,
which are smooth and shapely,
each like a finely sculpted
work of art; and
he likes what he sees.

Yet the attraction is superficial,
crass and banal too;
without substance,
almost foolish,
merely a hormonal response
to primordial urges that
overwhelm the intellect
and brings out the beast.

But such is the force of nature,
which is unrelenting and
unforgiving
and brooks no opposition,
no matter how unfair the results
or however much we may
deplore that which can only be
checked and repressed,
and even denied,
but never fully doused.

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LIFE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

She went on a trip,
had a great time,
visited an exotic foreign country,
got away for a few days,
had a taste of the good life,
came back with fond memories,
and nothing changed.

Same drab office,
same paper-pushing job,
same bland co-workers
who like her but don't
understand her
or what she is really all about
or what drives her to yearn for
the romance and adventure
that travel brings,
even if it's just a temporary reprieve
from the hum-drum banality of
everyday life.

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VOLUPTUOUS**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**A woman is called
voluptuous.
What does it mean?
What does it stand for?**

**Is it a compliment?
Or is it a put down?**

**The word evokes feelings
of sensuality and sex,
of opulence and
physical pleasure,
of basking in the sun
and reclining on a divan,
like the ancient Greeks and Romans
depicted in Hollywood movies,
all senses being gratified.**

Pleasant thoughts, indeed.

**But the woman is more
than just a source of pleasure.
She is more than what she is
conditioned by society to be.**

**She is a lioness, a tigris,
an eagle and a hawk,
whose life transcends the
quest for creature comforts
as she strives ever-forward
in her search for knowledge,
breaking free from those
constraints
that relegate her to the status of
a silly fool
who is meant to
give pleasure without question and
dutifully respond
to the whims of others
who wish merely
to satisfy their primeval lust.**

DOGGIES

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Thank you for sending the pictures,
they were a wonderful sight to see,
so cheerful and so very charming,
of your doggies, so dapper and free.

I'm certain that whenever they see you,
they get frisky and jump up and bark,
knowing that they will be petted
and be taken for their walk in the park.

And then the moment does happen,
when they're with you in that place in the park,
where nature dictates certain actions,
both in the daytime as well as the dark.

And when their actions are over,
and their needs once again have been met,
you can say to yourself most sincerely:
"My dear doggies are really the best."

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ADVICE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I'm happy that you really found
what I sent to you to be profound.
It really made my entire day
and makes me now get up to say:

“Now remember this for all the while,
and always with a cheerful smile,
that man's best friend is a happy dog
in the real bright sun and the dull-grey fog.

“A faithful dog always does care
whether things are bad or sweet and fair,
because he lives to romp and play
and have a place where it's safe to stay.

“So take this bit of sound advice
and treat your dog real fine and nice,
and he'll treat you the same way back
like you're a front-page queen in a Cadillac.”

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THE DREAM

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I went to sleep last night
and slumbered like a log,
and had a real weird dream
in which I was a dog.

In my dream I woke up
and bounded from my bed,
and to my great amazement
my hands were paws instead.

And then I ran to a mirror
and noticed my long snout
containing large incisors
and a tongue that was hanging out.

And then my lady grabbed me
and placed me on a leash
and told me "Hello, Fido,
it's time to take a leak."

We went outside; it was cold,
which made me start to drool,
and then the magic happened,
I produced a real large pool.

And then my bowels did rumble,
and then I felt the cramps,
and nature then demanded
that I perform a special dance.

I circled twice, first clockwise,
and then I barked real loud,
and then I circled thrice more
and was beginning to feel real proud.

And then my bowels delivered
what nature did demand,
and out then came the plop-plop
which made me feel real glad.

And later on my lady,
who was my mistress now,
fed me real good dog food
which I ate real fast and loud.

And then my dream departed
and I woke up in a fog;
again I was a human
but I now missed being a dog.

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MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Majestic mountains,
Jewels of the earth,
Regal beings,
Awesome too.

Seemingly placid,
Just standing there,
Immovable, immobile,
Like they can last forever.

But don't be fooled,
Those mountains are alive,
Just waitin' for the right time
To surprise us all.

Mount St. Helen's a case in point:
She was just standin' there,
Nobody gave her a second thought,
Then – KABOOM!!!!
She's never been the same since,
And we've never been the same either.

Then good ol' Mount Hood,
With that snow capped peak,
Skiers havin' their fun, clueless
To what's happenin' deep inside her.

'Cause she's Mount St. Helen's sister,
The pretty one, like Little Red Ridin' Hood
(Get it?)
And you know how sisters are,
How they like to copy one another.

So hold on to your hats
And get ready to run,
And grab your camera and
Camcord,
'Cause it's just a matter of
Time before the pretty sister
Blows her top too.

It won't be nice
And it won't be fun
And it'll make a lot of
Noise and scare a lot of
People too.

But what a great foto-op
It will make,
Especially for all those
Guys and gals too dumb
To vamoose, or just
Too hypnotized by the
Grandeur of it all to tear themselves
Away, havin' to bear witness to
What is both beautiful and
Catastrophic,
You know, like a pretty woman
Who's throwin' a mean temper
Tantrum and all you can notice
Is her body getting' hotter and hotter:
Don't like the yellin' and the cursin'
And all the venom
Spewin' out of her mouth,
But sure do like that bouncin' body,
Oozin' with all that oily sweat,
And all that raw heat.

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MOUNT ST. HELEN**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**She's like an evil lady,
Deadly but fascinating,
Like a Siren, ever beckoning,
Knowing men's weaknesses
And what they will do
For that one moment of pleasure,
Even if followed by waves of
Pain, guilt and regret,
Like when she's ready to blow
Her top again, and men are
Warned to stay away,
And will they? Of course not,
Because what's evil
Always attracts, disguised
By an eerie beauty that's ready
To suck you in and spit you out
While you're enjoying the show,
Oblivious to the danger, ecstatic
Beyond all expectation, while
Rolling headlong toward the cliff
Leading to your redemption or
Your demise.**

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COURTSHIP

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

A man and a woman,
each with their dreams;
hoping that one day
their dreams will be redeemed.

Then one day they meet
without any warning;
a look, a smile,
then a ritual starts forming.

The man sees the woman
and he likes what he sees;
the woman then wonders:
“Who is he actually?”

“My heart has been broken,
which has caused me much grief,
so I must be real careful,”
thinks the woman with firm belief.

She wants love from a man,
which is what she does dream,
but fears being hurt
or feeling cheap or demeaned.

But as for the man
there is something to say:
he wants to be serious
and does not want to play.

But the woman is doubtful
and in fact does believe
with all of her heart
that all men can deceive.

Then the man joins the woman
and asks for her name;
his intentions are honest;
his mind is quite sane.

He looks right at her face
and his behavior is nice,
and shows the good woman
that he is breaking the ice.

For the man wants this woman
and doesn't want to cause hurt,
and therefore will act
like a gent, not a jerk.

The woman observes this,
but to her he is rubbish,
under such bleak conditions
can romance ever flourish?

But despite these cruel hang-ups,
the couple do touch;
they're driven by passion
that social rules cannot crush.

“There's something about him
that I really do like,”
so thinks the woman
who now feels delight.

So this is the contest
that makes life all worthwhile,
as the man and the woman
kiss each other and smile.

ODE TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I met you one day without any warning,
at a happy event that was friendly and warming,
the occasion was special and remarkably festive;
I was calm like a cat and felt fine and reflective.

You were completely involved in that rip-roaring party
and looked wonderfully brilliant and really so charming.
We talked for a while and exchanged a few words,
which flew into the air like unfettered freed birds.

You were a beautiful sight to partake and behold,
which caused me to feel both brazen and bold.
For romance and passion had begun to set in,
strong feelings that rocked me and made my head spin.

I thought only about you throughout that first night
and said to myself with much joy and delight:
“This lady is dazzling and is smart and real great,”
and thereafter looked forward to our very next date.

Then the following day like clockwork did arrive,
and I saw you again which brought tears to my eyes.
We talked, we dance, we sang and we cheered
for the people we felt were so special and dear.

And a wonderful thing right away did occur
during that moment of passion I was sharing with her.
Then what followed thereafter that incredible night
was something momentous and definitely right.

But I had to leave town the very next day,
a sad occasion for me I really must say.
I had to leave quickly, so could not say good-bye,
but left with a heartache so intense that I cried.

But now I look forward to that promising day
when we will meet once again and will frolic and play;
I'll embrace you with gladness in my welcoming arms
and hug you and kiss you and enjoy your sweet charms.

REMEMBRANCE**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**I went to a funeral;
listened to the eloquent eulogies,
replete with fine accolades,
honoring a man,
a brother Mason.**

**He was very sick,
but survived longer than expected;
he wanted to live;
he never gave up;
he was a warrior.**

**Now he's at rest,
in a place way up high,
sitting in the East,
leaving us a legacy of service,
not to be forgotten.**

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THE FAN**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Went to work;
Had a cup of brew;
Saw the sports page,
Then started feeling blue.**

**Dredged up some memories
Of things from the past,
When I was a kiddie,
Which I thought would always last.**

**We went to the ballgames;
The tickets were cheap;
Cheered for great players
Who were the best in the heap.**

**I remembered when Mickey
Was the king of the roost;
He and Maris went at it,
And gave baseball a boost.**

**And then there was hockey,
Which we all really liked,
With Andy and Gump,
Whose play caused delight.**

**We went to see pro hoops
At the old Madison Square;
Saw Jerry and Bill,
They were the greatest in there.**

**I recalled the Bald Eagle
Who captained the team,
Coached by Al Sherman,
It was a big blue machine.**

**They went up against Green Bay,
But twice they did lose;
It's now all forgotten,
But back then it made news.**

Now many years later
Things really have changed;
The players are juiced up
And are really depraved.

They're bigger and stronger
Than the guys in the past,
But lack what it takes
To do great things that last.

They can set all the records
To their utmost content,
But forever there'll be questions
Whether their stats are legit.

Because what it comes down to
Is a matter of trust:
Is the player a cheater
And just one big bust?

Maybe the problem
Goes beyond the ballpark;
Perhaps we have to look at
What's going on inside us.

The players and owners
Are in society too,
And if they are cheating,
What are we supposed to do?

The players are heroes
That is what we are told;
They're supposed to do great things
And act really bold.

Times have changed greatly;
Expectations are high;
The money is big;
The payoff real fine.

As long as the fans
Are willing to pay,
The players will do things
To make sure they make hay.

**Because what it comes down to,
Is what the fans want,
The cheating will cease
When they finally say “enough!”**

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TATTOOS

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

It's the big fad,
everyone, or almost everyone,
is doing it, you know,
getting tattoos.

Some get flowers,
some get names,
some get all sorts of pictures
stamped permanently into their skin,
like hieroglyphics etched in stone.

A tattoo is a personal statement,
meant to impress,
an assertion of one's individuality,
telling the world that its bearer
is unique and important,
even if you have to become a
human billboard to prove it.

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THE DA-DA KID**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

He's a fine fellow,
a friendly child,
less than year old,
happy, smiling,
has tons of toys, but he's not spoiled.

He has wonderful parents,
doting and caring,
they're One Happy Family,
sharing a nice house;
living The American Dream.

He's a curious child,
always looking around,
with his inquisitive eyes,
speaking volumes:
I wonder what he's thinking?

Whenever he's excited,
he starts waving his hands,
and stomps his feet,
and beams a big smile,
and shouts "Da-Da!"

It's a statement more compelling
than any long speech,
simple and charming, and
pleasing to the ear,
causing all to feel joy
as well as good cheer.

For the Da-Da Kid
reminds us of
innocence lost,
of a time when
we were children too,
with few cares,
simple wants
and the future before us.

BONNIE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Young Bonnie Parker,
A sad little girl,
Ran with the wrong crowd,
But sure had a whirl.

Her boyfriend named Clyde
Was to her quite a find,
He craved fame and money
To impress and to shine.

Young Bonnie did like that,
Or so we are told;
She helped out her man
To make him more bold.

They were violent, no doubt,
Left behind many tears;
They engaged in sheer terror
Meant to instill abject fear.

Yet young Bonnie Parker
Had a much softer side;
She wrote long fine poems
To everyone's surprise.

That sweet side of Bonnie
Is rarely discussed;
It's not part of the myth
That the public does want.

An accomplished fine artist
She was in her way;
She revealed in long verse
Things she wanted to say.

She had writing talent,
Which was frittered away;
It's really too bad;
She may have written a play.

Her life has been studied
By the movies, you know;
She was a wayward young lady
Who became quite a show.

But if someone had told her,
“Hey Bonnie, get wise,”
Maybe her life would
Have been longer and nice.

Maybe she would have
Become a good girl,
Then gone on to college
Where she'd shine like a pearl.

And then maybe she'd win
The Nobel Peace Prize
For helping the poor
With her gift for the rhyme.

But so much for maybes,
It just didn't happen:
She took a direction
That caused lots of havoc.

That's the way it is then,
The way things do work out;
It's the luck of the draw –
Is that what life's all about?

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CREATIVITY**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Within you there is the poet,
waiting for the time and the place
To burst forth,
like a volcano ready to erupt
after being dormant for so many years.**

**But wait not too long,
for time goes by fast
and before long what is
present is past
and is forever lost.**

**Break free from the
self-imposed restraints
and the paltry excuses
that render you meek
and deny to the world
all that you must share.**

**For within you there is a
fire burning,
ever hotter and
ever brighter,
producing a flame so intense
that it cannot be contained
within that furnace of creativity
deep inside your soul,
which, now ignited,
will never again be doused.**

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CRAP AND EAT**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Crap and eat,
eat and crap,
the two go together
like sugar and fat.
The life of a dog
always follows that path.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.**

**The dog eats the food
then out comes the crap.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.
It's the cycle of life,
it's as simple as that.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.**

**When the dog gets stopped up
and can no longer crap,
then give it some tonic
and watch it react.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.**

**When the dog drinks the tonic
and the laxative acts,
then the dog will feel good
and soon it will crap.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.**

**So feed your dog well
'cause when you do that,
the dog will be happy
and make lots of crap.
Crap and eat,
eat and crap.**

A STRANGER IN MY OWN TIME

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Remember when a subway ride cost fifteen cents?
And a pack of baseball cards cost a nickel?
It was a long time ago.**

**Remember when Mickey and Y. A.
were the talk of the town?
And Casey managed the Mets?
And there was a place called the Polo Grounds?
And Tom Tresh was the AL Rookie of the Year?
It was a long time ago.**

**Remember when two eggs with home fries,
toast and juice cost a dollar?
And a hot dog cost a quarter?
It was a long time ago.**

**Or how about when major league baseball played
double-headers?
And gasoline cost thirty cents a gallon?
And three hundred a month was real steep rent?
Or when apartments were rented, not bought?
It was a long time ago.**

**Or how about when people went to drive-in movies?
And a double-feature cost fifty cents?
And Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable were still alive?
And Johnny Carson was a game-show host?
It was a long time ago.**

**And what about a time when families stayed together?
And divorce was almost unknown?
And children respected their parents?
And Fess Parker starred as Davy Crockett?
And Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey were our
medical heroes?
It was a long time ago.**

**Remember when we read the *Daily Mirror* and
Herald Tribune?
And WMCA, WABC and WINS
played music ("The home of the good guys")?
And WFAN was WNBC?
And WHN broadcast the Rangers' games?
It was a long time ago.**

Remember when we watched "Car-54,"
Jack Benny and Mister Ed in black and white?
And Elvis was young and alive?
And New York City had a mayor named Wagner?
It was a long time ago.

Remember when there were factories?
And a college education was affordable?
And housing was affordable too?
And silver coins were not collectibles?
It was a long time ago.

Remember when the United States seemed
really united?
And neighborhoods were stable?
And kids played stickball, punch-ball and box-ball?
And we had faith in our political leaders?
It was a long time ago.

Remember when the World Series was played
during the day?
And Pete Runnels and Tony Oliva were AL batting
champions?
And Dick Donovan and Bill Monbouquette were
20-game winners;
And Harmon Killebrew, Jim Gentile and
Rocky Colavito were hitting home runs?
THAT was a long time ago.

Remember when the military was respected?
And the policeman walked the beat?
And every daddy was a hero and breadwinner?
And our Presidents were stalwart?
And the United Nations meant something?
And Alan B. Shepherd was a national hero?
And Vietnam was just a name on a map?
That was a long time ago too.

Now everything has changed,
And once what was is gone forever,
Transformed by time and
Revealing in its wake a landscape
Full of landmarks now devoid of meaning,
Mere monuments to a time long past
And soon to be forgotten.

FALLEN HERO

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Oh Fallen Hero,
Now disgraced,
A victim of unrelenting pride,
Now brought low,
Humbled by his own humiliation,
Sinking into a pit,
Bottomless,
Dark,
Foreboding,
From whence no one ever returns,
For whom the bell never will toll.

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RAGAMUFFIN DOG**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Her face is sad;
she hardly makes any noise;
her hair is shaggy,
like an unruly mop;
all she wants to do is
rest, play and
be loved.**

**She's a ragamuffin dog,
old, but wise;
she's seen it all,
and has done it all
(for a dog that is),
surviving and thriving
in benign captivity,
a noble creature,
cloaked in dignity,
observing life
in silent repose.**

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THE STRIKE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Stalwart workers,
Organized and united;
Producers of wealth;
Demanding
Respect,
Consideration and
Justice.**

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I MET YOU

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

I met you
in the people's park,
you were dressed in blue
and smilin' too
and talkin' nice
with lots of spice
and things to say
in a meaningful way
which made the day
like a scene from a play.

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COMMUNITY

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Children playing,
Screeching with delight,
Bouncing the ball,
Running, jumping,
Having fun in the
Bright, sunny day.

Adults talking,
Watching their kids,
Shaking hands,
Laughing, happy,
Confident that they
Are part of something
That unites them as one,
A community of
Sisters and brothers,
Forged together
By the ties of friendship
That makes life worth living.

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PUBLIC SERVICE

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**The President gets on TV,
he has smirk across on his face,
he looks straight into the camera,
with a smile that's out of place.**

**He's wearing a dirty T shirt
and his face has not been shaved,
he's prepared to share his brilliance,
words of wisdom that he has saved.**

**He says, "Good evening my friends,
I hope you all are well,
you chose me for this office,
which has now become my hell.**

**"Everything I do is all wrong,
no one is satisfied,
if I go to the left I'm yelled at,
if I go to the right I'm fried.**

**"You people are sure fickle,
you don't know what you want,
I went and cut your taxes,
then I'm accused of being bought.**

**"So then I raised the taxes,
And the screaming did not stop,
I was called so many vile names,
that I felt my head would pop.**

**"This thing called public service,
is just a thankless joke,
that serves no useful purpose
except to make me want to croak.**

**"No longer can I take it,
the jeers, the sneers and boos,
so here's what I want to say now:
to all of you, F--- YOU!"**

BRONX GUY**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**He's Popeye the Sailor®;
He's traveled the world;
He seeks great adventure
And gives life a whirl.**

**He thinks what he says
And says what he thinks;
He's a man of the world
Who likes blue and not pink.**

**He grew up in the Bronx,
The home of the Yankees,
But rooted instead for
Williams and Pesky.**

**He went into the service
And was sent overseas;
He fought for his country
Then worked on Wall Street.**

**Then he worked for the V.A.
Where he helped fellow vets
Who needed assistance
Getting government checks.**

**He then left the V. A.
And retired from work
But still had a dream
That was not a mere quirk.**

**Since then he's been traveling
Outside the U. S.
Where his dreams come alive
And he finds happiness.**

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ONE OF A KIND**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**He was one of a kind,
of that there's no doubt;
his exit was sudden:
What is life all about?**

**When he was with us
we all did agree
that he made our world
seem bright and carefree.**

**He had serious problems,
of that it was clear,
but also brought humor
and at times even cheer.**

**He drank and he laughed
and always wanted to play;
for him life was a lark
to be molded like clay.**

**He went to his parties;
he met numerous girls;
he collected their numbers,
which to him were like pearls.**

**And then it was over,
he died on the street,
overwhelmed by conditions
that he could never defeat.**

**He was one of a kind,
with an unusual style,
but whenever he's thought of
it's with always a smile.**

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RIVER OF TIME

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Don't be angry,
don't be sad,
just be happy,
just be glad.

Life flows on
just like a stream,
it passes by
like a sleeper's dream.

You walk your dogs
and you pet your cats,
it gives you pleasure
that you hope will last.

So when you chat
just keep in mind,
that life's a-flowin'
down the river of time.

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OLD LADY**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Old Lady,
Sad Lady,
No longer in charge,
Frustrated beyond words,
Dependent on others,
forlorn,
At times reduced
to tears,
But still fighting to
survive,
Undaunted by age
or illness,
Not giving up,
Her will still strong,
Clinging tenaciously
to life.**

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LITTLE GIRL HAPPY

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

**Little girl happy,
Smiling, secure,
Grand parents beaming
With pride,
As their precious progeny
Pirouettes,
Like a star on the stage,
Bringing joy to all.**

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GASOLINE, CARS AND BASEBALL

By PHILLIP W. WEISS

Have no time
for playin' pranks,
gotta know
if gas's in the tank.

Whatcha say?
Why all the complainin'?
At three-fifty per
I just keep on payin'.

Remember back
in 'fifty-nine
when gas was cheap
and life was fine?

We went to school
then played at night,
had tons of friends
who were all alright.

The New York Yanks
had Yogi and Mick,
and a guy named Guerin
was a New York Knick.

The baseball cards
were ten for a dime,
"I'll trade you my Turley
for your Clem Labine."

In nineteen-sixty
the Pirates won,
they beat the Yanks
on a great home run.

Then 'sixty-one
was a special year
with Mick and Rog
who were in fourth gear.

Then in 'sixty-two
the game did change,
the New York Mets
appeared on the stage.

And although the Mets
lost lots of games,
they won the fans
and were steeped in fame.

The subway cost
just fifteen cents,
but drivin' a car was
still the best.

Pay was low,
but rents were cheap,
the cost of gas
could not be beat.

Now when you go
to "fill 'er up"
ya better have
a hundred bucks.

So if you drive
a big fine car,
just remember those days
when your money went far.

BROOKLYN GUY**By PHILLIP W. WEISS**

**Born in Brooklyn
he's quite a guy,
he went out West
for a piece of the pie.**

**Really good natured,
and generous too,
he knows what to say and
he knows what to do.**

**He has his opinions,
like all of us do,
he reads and he listens
and follows the news.**

**He's a regular guy,
worked all of his life,
he's earned his bread
through sweat and strife.**

**Although he's friendly
he takes no bull,
and will speak right up
if played for the fool.**

**So whenever you meet him
don't tell no lie
'cause he knows the score,
he's a Brooklyn Guy.**

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