

Poetry Series

**Philip Lore**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Philip Lore()

Vietnam/Iraq combat veteran US Army, Paratrooper, Combat Infantry Badge, Bronze Star for valor, Purple Heart, Air Medal w/V device, Meritorious Service Medal (2) Army Commendation (3) Army Achievement Medal (3) Vietnamese Cross of Galantry w/V, Senior Paratrooper, Republic of Vietnam Airborne Wings, numerous other Federal and State awards. Retired Jersey City Police Officer, Pilot, Fixed and Rotary Wing certified. Married 35 years to Cathy, 2 children, 6 grandchildren.

# A Boy...A Man...A Soldier

Mommy....Daddy,  
A young soldier screams out in pain,  
Wounded and dying,  
Unbearable pain.

He squeezes his eyes,  
Filled with remorse,  
Remembers his birthdays,  
A present....a horse.

How he would ride him...  
A smile on his face,  
Never again,  
Won't make it out of this place.

Vietnam was Hell,  
It took his young life,  
No present, No future,  
No kiss with a wife.

Machine gun fire splinters the ground,  
Remembering the fun,  
On the merry-go-round.

Shrapnel from rockets,  
Hot shards fly through the air,  
Peanuts and popcorn,  
Every year at the fair.

He whispers a prayer,  
To God up above,  
Tell Mommy and Daddy,  
I send them my love.

His closes his eyes,  
Takes a deep breath,  
Alone in the jungle,  
He suffers his death.



# A Cute Little Girl

She came into this world,  
Late in the winter night.  
Our lovely first granddaughter,  
Oh! What a beautiful sight.

Tender, soft pink skin,  
A sculpted, dimpled chin,  
Cute button nose,  
Ten little finger,  
Ten little toes.

We all fought for position,  
Just watching her standing there,  
Our Little Kayla Catherine,  
Thin, wispy, golden hair.

With tears flowing in our eyes,  
We shuffled in our place,  
Tracing hearts upon the window,  
Staring at her face.

Crying babies, oh how they cried  
Kayla smiled, Awwwwh....we sighed.  
Our hearts were filled with love and pride.

We kissed our children, held them tight,  
To Kayla Catherine...sweet dreams...  
Good Night!

Philip Lore

# A Day At The Beach

Warm stiff breeze blowing granular sand,  
I rush to the beach, a kite in my hand.  
Fresh ball of string, stiff off shore breeze,  
My kite takes flight, feeding string with ease.

A three foot tail, steers it true,  
Puffy white clouds, sky deep blue.  
Amazed at the quickness of its flight,  
It soars up high, to my delight.

Just a tug on the string, it dances in the air.  
Should I fly it higher?  
Do I dare?

The higher it flies,  
Its harder to hold  
I can do it!  
Spirit bold.

Suddenly! ....My kite is out of control,  
Powerful gusts, break my hold.  
I knew my kite was doomed right then,  
But...I'll be back....tomorrow again!

Philip Lore

# A Day In Iraq

The air is thick, burns your eyes.  
Snakes, scorpions, swarms of black flies.  
The desert here is like a dump,  
Scrawny camels with one little hump.

Gun shots, rockets, mortars explode,  
Searching for IED's along the road.  
The children I see, are homeless and lean,  
Fear in their eyes from the death they have seen.

I pass the rubble, that once was a home,  
A stray dog barking, all skin and bone.  
Deep bomb craters litter the ground,  
Bodies rotting in holes all around.

Weapons quiet, held by a still hand,  
Another lying broken in the warm desert sand.  
Gun trucks burning, with bodies inside,  
These are the visions I keep and I hide.

Sometimes I think I'm going insane,  
Fighting sandstorms, the sun and the rain.  
I'm leaving in four months,  
I'll never look back,  
At the time that I've spent,  
Fighting hard in Iraq.

Philip Lore

# A Glorious Moment

Without a sound, from some distant star,  
Hovering silently, they traveled far.  
A metallic disk, pulsating lights,  
Alien eyes...search earth's night.

So much deception,  
This is no perception,  
Deceivingly so,  
A UFO.

Today's logic,  
Forget the past,  
The future arrives,  
The mold is cast.

Our futures connect  
Dreams of the past.  
Aliens here!  
A hoped meeting... at last!

Probabilities can be computed,  
This encounter never refuted.  
A journey into abstract conceptions,  
Glimmering hope, at a momentous reception.

Engines brightly glow,  
Rotating lights, dim gray,  
It slips away its existence,  
No glorious moment,  
It slips away.

No one will know,  
A few hours ago,  
Why this UFO landed,  
Where will they go?

Philip Lore



# A Gunfight

Gunpowder and cordite hang in the air,  
Searing lungs, I whisper a prayer.  
Tensions thick, bullets flying,  
A time for killing...A time for dying.

Pools of blood flood the ground,  
Wounded and dying all around.  
Staccato firing deafens my ears,  
A state of ultimate exile,  
Ultimate fears.

When the gunfights over, I look around,  
No one speaks, heads just hanging down.  
Every day and every night,  
That's what its like in an Iraqi gunfight.

Philip Lore

# A Kiss

A kiss from a friend,  
Means...that they care.  
A kiss from your Dad,  
It's pretty rare.  
A kiss on the cheek at Grandma's house,  
A kiss from a wife, a kiss to her spouse.  
A kiss from your lover,  
Lets passion unwind,  
A kiss from Mom, one..of..a..kind.

A kiss from the stars,  
Shining above,  
A kiss from your daughter,  
Showing her love.  
A kiss from the sun,  
Softly brushes my lips.  
A kiss from your fiance,  
A kiss won't last for just a day.

A kiss on the doorstep,  
A kiss at the train,  
A kiss in the moonlight,  
A kiss in the rain.

A kiss for your kiss,  
A kiss on your lips.  
A kiss from far away.  
From my bunker, straight to you,  
I'm sending one today.

A kiss to bring a welcomed smile,  
I'm sending just for you,  
A kiss to cheer you up today,  
For feeling oh so blue.

Philip Lore

# A Kiss From Daddy's Little Girl

Daddy, do you miss me?  
Daddy, will you kiss me?  
Daddy, when are you coming home?  
Daddy, are you all alone?  
Daddy, why did you go to war?  
Daddy, I can't take it anymore.

Daddy, you're always in my heart,  
Daddy, it hurts that we're apart.  
Daddy, I know why you fight,  
Daddy, nightmares fill my night.

Daddy, I'm still your little girl.  
Daddy, you're still all my world.  
Daddy, I pray you are doing fine.  
Daddy, you're always on my mind.

Daddy, you were always there.  
Daddy, remember, when you brushed my hair?  
Daddy, words cannot explain,  
Daddy, my tears fall like rain.

Daddy, I just want to sit and cry,  
Daddy, ....Please....Please...Please don't die.

Philip Lore

## A Lonely Soldier Writes....

I'm just a soldier,  
Stuck in this fight.  
Dreaming of home,  
So alone in the night.

I miss those long walks in the park,  
As I wait in this fighting hole, alone in the dark.  
Just a wandering soul,  
While we're apart,  
I keep you near Cathy...  
Close to my heart.

Philip Lore

# A Mother's Grief

O' stricken mother's soul,  
For your soldier, the sad bells toll.  
Lay him down to rest,  
From gunshots to his chest.

Your sorrow hurting so,  
For him the bugles blow,  
A young man lying cold,  
Never to grow old.

No consolation,  
Just frustration,  
A folded flag from a grateful nation.

Staggering emotion at his grave,  
Remembering his smile, his sad, last wave.

As darkness covers the sky,  
Its hard to understand why,  
Your little boy has died.

Philip Lore

# A Pirates Legend

Shiver me timbers, hoist up the sail,  
Draw loose ye sabers, ready to the rail.  
Hasten, me hardies, open ye eyes,  
There lies a merchant, a pirate prize.

Ready the cannonball, set straight the course,  
Sink her me laddies, have no remorse.

The desperate Captain, let go a holler,  
Spotting the pirate flying the 'Jolly Roger'.  
Watching Old Black Beard,  
Through his long looking glass,  
His merchant ship helpless,  
The 'Old Witch' so fast.

The 'Old Witch' came broadside,  
And fired away,  
Splintering deck, shouts of Hooray!  
Black Beard with a wooden leg, boarded his prize,  
Long, matted black beard, lifeless dark eyes.  
3 pointed hat, with a ruby red jewel,  
A blood thirsty pirate,  
Merciless and cruel.

He sailed the sea, he ruled all the highland,  
Legend says he buried his gold,  
On Treasure Island.

Philip Lore

# A Rose

Your beauty unriveled, Its you that I chose,  
Petals entwined, a sweet lovely rose.  
Prickly thorns protect you in bloom,  
Enticing, sweet fragrance,  
Drifts in my room.

Never wilting in sunshine,  
Radiating so red,  
Growing tall in the valley,  
In a thick, thorny bed.

The highest trees bend to your grace,  
Sending leaves to the ground,  
To gaze at your face.

Fine flower of the valley,  
Its my love that you tally,  
Your beauty so vain,  
Growing near the window pane.

Some day, a time when you will wilt,  
I reconcile my deepest guilt.  
Why then did I not leave you be?  
My heart pines vacant, softly for thee.

Philip Lore

# A Soldiers Impersonal War

Nothings sacred,  
There is no glory,  
Just daily shock and awe.  
No imagination,  
Just wringing emotion,  
I suffer this impersonal war.

Preservation, obligation,  
Waiting in the night,  
Fear consuming, rockets booming,  
Future not too bright.

I have no time for idle cares,  
Blood shot eyes, vacant stares.  
A thousand voices, unearthly groans,  
Ungodly, battle noises droan.

Days burn hot, nights much colder,  
Breathing faint, I feel much older.  
Nervous faces, jaws clenched tight,  
Tired bodies have to fight.

All existence has no meaning in this war,  
A few more months, I can close this door.

Philip Lore



# A Soldiers Journey

In wars beginning, I see my end,  
No emotion, no laughter, just my soul to mend.  
Soiled hands and blistered feet,  
Sordid images, incomplete.

Reaching for my journeys end,  
Infinitely suffering, with hollow men.

In wars cruel circle, I must remain,  
At one with my destiny of indescribable pain.  
Life unravels, unproved, undesired,  
Flushed, bored, withered, tired.

This dead end still holds a flicker of light,  
No more Godless people,  
Transitory life.

Always wondering beyond life's door,  
To live a blissful life and suffer no more.

Philip Lore

# A Walk Down My Memory Lane

Remember...  
The day we wed.  
Remember...  
How we snuggled in bed.  
Remember...  
Walking in the oceans' sand,  
Remember...  
I'm in a hostile land.  
Remember...  
The ring, you're first surprise.  
Remember...  
My happy, green eyes.  
Remember...  
How I used to smile.  
Remember...  
Its been a long trial.  
Remember...  
My devotion.  
Remember...  
All my emotion.  
Remember...  
Christmas and Thanksgiving.  
Remember...  
To be open and giving.  
Remember...  
Our old birch tree.  
Remember...  
Remember me!  
Remember...  
The hot tub bath.  
Remember...  
Walking on the forest path..  
Remember...  
Your wedding gown.  
Remember...  
The love we found.  
Remember...  
When the war has passed.  
Remember...

Our love will forever last.

Philip Lore

# A War Poem, Up Close....And Personal

In the cold desert night,  
Through my night vision sight,  
Tracers, burning red,  
Counting the enemy dead.

Chattering guns continue to fight,  
Bullets missing me, left to right.  
Sweat pouring down, it covers my face,  
The fighting intense,  
In my battle space.

War is Hell,  
Organized confusion.  
Dying here,  
It's no illusion.  
With an absence of all of our social norms,  
Its hard to describe blowing desert sandstorms.

Sadam's Palace, filled with 24 carat gold,  
My spirit challenged, I'm feeling old.  
Many tear filled eyes, no telephones.  
Fighting spirit, flattened homes.

We see Iraqi people everyday,  
Vacant stares, stark terror in their eyes.  
Yet, its just another day here in Iraq,  
Where nobody cares,  
Who lives....who dies.

Philip Lore

# A Wife Fears...Your Husband Died In Iraq, Signed.....

Cathy, If its meant for me to die,  
Please sweet baby, don't you cry.  
I know about dying,  
Taking my last sweet breath,  
Please be strong, to explain my death.  
Explain to all why I died this day,  
I believe in God,  
Just kneel and pray.

So if they carry me from the battle zone,  
Be assured, I never died alone.  
I know my memory won't fade away,  
Remember the promises we made that day.

To have my name etched on the cold wall,  
To show your soldier, stood proud, stood tall.

Did my fighting, VietNam and Iraq,  
Cathy, darling, don't look back.  
So I know that you would miss me,  
Don't just look around,  
Just look up to the Lord in Heaven,  
With Him I'll be safe and sound.

I'm sure my memory will never fade,  
Don't let tears, smear your pretty blue eyes.  
I have my faith, my trust in God,  
That death, won't be my fate.

Philip Lore

# A Wife Is Waiting

I watch my soldier leave today,  
I saw him walk away.  
Leaving for Iraq, a hostile land.  
A Burning sun, and drifting sand,

I see my soldier again in my dreams,  
I feel my hot tears, I hear my screams.

As he walked up to the gate,  
I saw him glance back and hesitate.  
With a tear dropp in his eye.  
I wish I could hold him one last time,  
But if I could... I know... I would cry.

Staring intently, I'm stand my ground, .  
When he's out of sight, I call but there is no sound.  
I feel my shoulders droop,  
I feel them as they shrug.  
I wish I could hold him just once more,  
To give him one last hug.

Then its time,  
I must leave,  
I break down and start to cry.  
Its tearing me apart,  
I cry, I cry, and cry.

My man is gone, gone to war,  
He the beating in my heart.  
I love him so, I told him so,  
Be safe while we're apart.

Tossing and turning,  
That very same night,  
Wishing and praying,  
With all of my might.

As I lay down to my empty bed,  
I'm holding back a scream,

I Can't believe why this is happening,  
It's real, not just a dream.

My soldier, my lover, he is my life,  
He truly warms my heart,  
He is my moon,  
He is my star,  
He's my planets all in line.  
He is my life,  
He brings me hope,  
He's a ray of bright sunshine.  
Our love is like a bunch of grapes,  
Maturing on the vine.

Our souls were joined together,  
We weathered stormy weather,  
Its a bond that will last,  
Forget all that passed,  
Forever, till the end of time.

He loves me with such tenderness,  
With a sparkle in his eye,  
He gives me so much happiness,  
Please God....Don't let him die.

Philip Lore

# All I Need Is Good Lovin'

Good lovin'...yes indeed,  
Good lovin' is what I need.  
I've been dreaming, to hold you tight,  
For good lovin' in the night.  
I've got this feeling, oh...so bad,  
You're the best good lovin' baby... I've ever had.

Philip Lore



# All Night Long

Let me feel your lovin' charms,  
I wanna hold you tight in my lovin' arms.  
Never, ever gonna let you go,  
I'm tellin' you baby... I love you so.  
I might seem crazy, but I ain't wrong,  
Gonna love you baby....all night long.

Philip Lore

# Alone

To feel alone on earth, as I am now,  
Deeper wrinkles stamp my brow.  
A climax of blotted human ills,  
The worst of woes when a soldier kills.

I love the world, does it love me?  
Pray for peace daily, on bended knee.  
Discontent so unconfined,  
Need not to hate, but the truth to find.

Dark-heaving memories that I keep,  
Delirium in this desert heat.  
War shedding our tears and many more,  
Desert sand covered with blood and gore.

For war is such a vicious life,  
Human wretchedness, awful sight.  
Sometimes crazed, feeling low,  
My time here done, its almost time to go.

Philip Lore

# Always And Forever

Always and forever,  
Together, you and I.  
We've been through stormy weather,  
We can touch the rainbows, if we try.

Come together and be one,  
Home at last and forever free,  
Always together you and me,  
Relaxing in the sun.

Darkness fading into light,  
No crossroads to look beyond,  
As time draws near, my heart grows fond,  
Darkness fading getting bright..

You have my heart, I'll have yours,  
When we back together,  
No more fighting on distant shores,  
Always...And...Forever!

Philip Lore

# Am I A Stranger?

Do I have the eyes of a stranger?  
If you look deep do you see danger?  
Does your heart begin to race?  
As sweat runs down my face.

Its been such a long time since I saw you,  
You are still my dream come true,  
I've released all the demons in my head,  
I'm alive...My nightmares dead!

Now I'm in another place,  
Back in the human race,  
All my hopes and expectations,  
Please don't ask for any explanations.

When I'm home it's gonna be a new day,  
Just cuddle up and take me away,  
I'm feeling so secure,  
Your love has been my cure.

Philip Lore

# Am I Here?

Am I here to stay?  
As darkness engulfs the earth,  
To Heaven I hark, I pray.

This world so heartless,  
Oh, so dreary,  
Am I sound...?  
Thinking clearly?

To the light,  
When I finally rest,  
Wistful charm,  
Sweet tenderness.  
Brilliant lights...  
Lift the looming darkness.

Philip Lore

# Am I Strong?

Am I strong,  
Am I wrong,  
To hide my emotion,  
Show my devotion.

Should I feel remorse,  
Some say of course.  
Do I die alone,  
In the battle zone.

Daily quick reaction,  
No satisfaction,  
Firing in the night,  
I long to hold you tight.

I know about dying,  
I know about crying,  
Am I going insane?  
Who should I blame?  
The tension makes me snap,  
Babe, can't wait to come back.

Philip Lore

# And The War Goes On...

Evolution, Revolution,  
Atom bomb, Vietnam.  
Television, exorcism,  
Mao Se Tung, communism.  
I'll watch the front,  
You watch my back,  
Fighting hard while in Iraq.  
People dying in this war,  
I can't take it anymore.

Robin Hood...He did good,  
Drive by's in the neighborhood.  
Kids growing up too fast,  
Dying from a rocket blast.

JFK...Camelot,  
Sniper fire...Deadly shot.  
Astronauts on the moon,  
Fighting hole...There's little room.

Ham and eggs, soda pop,  
Dried out fields, farmers lose a crop.  
People running here and there,  
Soldiers dying everywhere.

Can you feel our pain?  
Its here we must remain!  
And the war goes on.....

Philip Lore

# Anxious

Anxious to leave, I've paid my dues,  
My reward will be home, that's what I choose.  
Thank all my friends that I admire,  
As time moves on, my tour will expire.

I'll sit at home with a life so new,  
Watching the winters frosty snow.  
Rebuild my life, just me and you,  
It seems my future is ready to go.

Philip Lore



# Be My Valentine

I think of you every night... all day,  
Sending my love, my heart your way.  
From my heart, to your soul,  
This love of mine will not grow old.

You are the reason I go on,  
Here in the desert,  
In the blazing sun.  
When I dream with tight, closed eyes,  
I picture you a diamond,  
In the dark, night skies.

Remembering your laugh, your lovely face,  
Here in the desert, this lonely place.  
You are my box of cherries,  
Sweet like the words I send,  
So, will you be 'My Valentine',  
Sent with love, that will never end.

Philip Lore

## Cathy....You Are....

Cathy, my darling Cathy,  
You are...The wind beneath my wings.  
You are...The sweet song a robin sings.  
You are...A loving gentle wife.  
You are...The spirit in my life.  
You are...The warm, tender touch.  
You are...The one I miss so much.  
You are...The moon, the stars, the sun.  
You are...The one and only one.  
You are...My rose, my sweet bouquet.  
You are...The one I miss today.  
You are... Everything in my life.  
You are...My beautiful, loving wife.  
You are...These things for all my life.

Philip Lore

# Color My World

Color my world...Blue,  
'Cause I'm so in love with you.  
Color my world...Yellow,  
I'm such a lucky fellow.  
Color my world...Brown,  
Right now its upside down.  
Color my world...Black,  
In four months, I'm coming back.  
Color my world...White,  
Can't wait for our first night.  
Color my world...Gray,  
I think of you everyday.  
Color my world...Maroon,  
We'll be walking on the beach in June.  
Color my world...Tan,  
I'll be the happiest, luckiest man.

Philip Lore

# Consumed

Utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
Weighed upon with such heaviness.  
Ask me no more, my fate is sealed,  
For your touch, dear love, I yearn, I yield.

On a bed of sand reclined,  
I strive in vain to lie sublime.  
Heavy, the weight of all my cares,  
Faces flushed, vacant stares.

Wandering dunes of fiery sand,  
Ghastly sights, spirit bland.  
Tired eyelids, on tired eyes,  
Shadows of doom sweep with surprise.

To enjoy nobler modes of a simple life,  
Beyond this war, beyond such strife,  
And may there be farewell, sadness, no more,  
Just love for my wife... for all she bore.

Philip Lore

# Country Livin'

Proud bald eagle soaring up so high,  
I wish, I wish, that I could fly.  
Squirrels scamper on a thick old branch,  
Ride my horse, when I get a chance.

Sweet apples hangin' from our apple tree,  
Buzz, buzz, buzzing of a bumble bee.  
Our dogs romping freely in the field today,  
The 'Old Mill Stream' where I used to play.

Daddy on a tractor plowing in a field,  
Momma's in the kitchen, fixin' up a meal.  
Grizzly fishin' at the waterfall,  
Little sister hangin' at the local mall.  
Horse shoe playin' in the gritty sand,  
Listenin' to Johnny Cash and his country band.

Livin' in the country its so peaceful there,  
Watch a deer a runnin' from a big black bear.  
Fireplace cracklin', burnin' apple wood,  
Smells so fine, makes the air smell good.

Resting in a hammock in the afternoon,  
Rockin' in my chair, under a harvest moon.  
Crickets snappin' in the dark of night,  
June bugs a hoppin' in the bright sunlight.  
Our cozy log cabin, how I miss it so,  
Left it for Iraq, 'bout a year ago.

Philip Lore

# Courage

Consumed by never being young again,  
Maintaining hope, watching over my men,  
With courage, fortitude, I set the trend,  
Who knows when my courage will end.

Learning quick to master fear,  
No where safe, self-affirmation clear,  
Upon this soil, we have fought to save,  
Paid with the life-blood of our young and brave.

Philip Lore

# Daddy...Teach Me What You Know

I'd rather hear your sermon,  
Than to read one, any day.  
I'd rather you should walk with me,  
Than merely show the way.

I can soon learn how to do it,  
If you let me see it done.  
I can watch your hands in action,  
Take it slow, no need to run.

All the lectures you deliver,  
May be wise and very true,  
But I'd rather get my lesson,  
By observing what you do.

Though I may not understand you,  
And the fine advice you give,  
So there is no misunderstanding,  
I'll just watch how you act,  
And how you live.

Philip Lore

# Daddy's Special Gift

Riding around in an old beat up car,  
Rusted and dented, I drove it quite far.  
A present from Daddy,  
Not new, but used  
No Lincoln, No Caddy,  
Just old and abused.

Proudly, I drove it,  
With thanks and with pride,  
As you watched me,  
A smile so wide.

You worked hard all day,  
Saved some money, some way,  
With dimes and quarters tossed in a jar,  
You finally saved,  
For that old beat up car.

Daddy, thank you,  
For giving it all,  
I miss you in Summer,  
Winter and Fall.

Because of your struggle,  
I learned this from you,  
Give gifts from the heart,  
Its not hard to do.

I miss you Daddy,  
To me you're my star,  
I too, now save,  
Coins in a jar.  
I'll never forget when you gave me,  
That old beat up car.

Philip Lore



# Death Is On The Battlefield

The shadow glides effortlessly,  
Across the golden sand.  
Like an eagle soaring,  
It drifts from man to man.

What specter is among us calling,  
Dressed in black, its hard to see,  
Roaming, seeking, as men are falling,  
Finger pointing,  
Does it look for me?

No visible face,  
No footprints in the sand,  
Sickle held by a skeletal hand,  
A bullet finds its place,  
I fall bleeding in the sand.

Trouble hearing, body bleeding,  
Struggling to take a breath,  
Cold, cold hands embrace my body  
I close my eyes to Death.

Philip Lore

# Deaths Journey

Death like a cancer grows,  
When it comes, nobody knows.  
Enslaved in shadow,  
This 'Killing King',  
In wicked wonder, I feel Deaths sting.

Silent destiny,  
Death follows creation,  
Across the oceans,  
Its mankinds damnation.

Death takes the young,  
Visits the old,  
Rich and poor alike,  
Releases the soul.

What is this specter we call death?  
It hunts and prowls for our last breath!

Death is with us everyday,  
Bringing pain and sorrow,  
It will never go away.

Pain, sorrow, misery, and tears,  
Inevitable death,  
Rules my fears.

A blackened spirit, wanting more,  
Ending lifes' journey,  
Will death knock on my door?

Philip Lore

# Don'T Break My Heart

Don't break my heart,  
Cause I love you,  
We've been so apart,  
I send my love so true.

Don't break my heart,  
Look deep in my eyes,  
Without you I'd die,  
I promise no more goodbyes.

You touch my soul,  
Its been a hard trial,  
Can't wait to see...  
Your loving smile.

Don't break my heart,  
We'll make a new start.  
We share many tomorrows,  
Forget all the sorrows.  
I'll be your loving man,  
When I leave this land.

Philip Lore

# Don'T Stop Believin'

Don't stop believin',  
That I'll soon be leavin'.  
Time here is draggin' by,  
Don't you worry, don't you cry.

My heart can't love no one but you,  
Had this dream for a week or two.  
Woke up cryin', couldn't stop,  
Time still draggin' on the clock.

Just look at the moon, up above,  
It shines so bright, just like my love.  
When I leave here I'll be free,  
I'll settle down, just you and me!

Philip Lore

# Down On The Mississippi River

I was born by the Mississippi River,  
Lived in a small, tin, rusty shack.  
Made some money choppin' cotton,  
The sun beating down on my back.

Me and Daddy fished the river,  
A bamboo pole with a fishin' line,  
On the banks of the Mississippi River,  
Down by the county line.

Daddy, he cut lumber,  
Carried it on his back,  
He built us a log cabin,  
No more small, tin, rusty shack.

Momma she was always home,  
A smile always on her face,  
She cooked us grits and fixins,  
Daddy he said Grace.

One day, Daddy had a gift for me,  
A dented, battered horn,  
I practiced under the ole' oak tree,  
That was the day, the blues were born.

Music flowed up from my soul,  
My heart played through that horn.  
I played for Momma and Daddy,  
On each bright, quiet Sunday morn'.

One day, I took my horn to school,  
My teacher asked me if I would play.  
I played sweet notes, from the ole soft blues,  
The class began to sway.

Ten years past, I have a brand new horn,  
My music is so sweet,  
Now, I play with Louie Armstrong's Band,  
Thank you, Daddy, my life's complete.

Philip Lore

## Dreamin' Of Home...

Dreaming of pasta, steam rising high,  
Licking my lips, a sparkle in my eye.  
Sausage and meatballs,  
Warm, crusty, Italian bread,  
Peppers and onions,  
A bottle of red.

I remember the family card games,  
Music playing on our Sony,  
Strong espresso,  
If I could only.....

Watching late night TV,  
We sat in our place,  
Glowing embers rising,  
From a warm fireplace.

These are my dreams,  
That seem so...far...away,  
I want to go home...  
To enjoy them someday.

Philip Lore

# Dreaming In Iraq

When I look up at a shooting star,  
I dream of my Harley,  
My hot-rod car.

Waking wearily, at the break of day,  
I hope you thought of me today.

Struggling, trudging, through the burning sand,  
I'm proud to be an American Fighting Man.

Trying to remember,  
Your smile,  
Your face.  
Memories fade,  
In this terrible place.

Broken strands of old barbed wire,  
Weapon off safe, ready to fire.  
I yearn each day for your burning love,  
Wishing to feel a, tight, loving, hug.

My heart beats strong with burning desire,  
Our love stills grows higher and higher.  
I wish for this with all my might,  
To hold you and kiss you, in my arms tonight.

Soon, my darling, I'll be on a plane,  
With you my sweet Cathy,  
No more war, no more pain.

Philip Lore



# Dying In The A Shau Valley, Republic Of Vietnam '69

Our spirit weary, eyes are red,  
Our bodies tremble, counting the dead.  
Smoke from gunfire hangs in the air,  
We gaze at each other with a thousand mile stare.  
Troubled, saddened, our thoughts we hide,  
Stare at the battlefield, where our buddies just died.

We remember the good times,  
With Mikey and Jack,  
Carry their bodies in a green zippered sack,  
Thinking to ourselves, they will never be back.

We remember their pictures,  
Their girls, Mom and Dad,  
Remember all the joking,  
The fun that we had.

We carry them gently,  
Hold back a cry,  
We always knew,  
Some day we could die.

The reason we fight,  
We have one another,  
Not for anything else,  
Just brother with brother.

Dedicated to all the Airborne troopers 101st ABN DIV 1969

Philip Lore

# Feelings In War

Strength, weakness,  
Goodness, wickedness.  
In my thoughts they dwell.

Cowardice, bravery,  
Life, death,  
Can you image wars hell?

Pleasure, pain,  
To laugh, to cry,  
Entangled in war,  
I must remain.

Diversity, equality,  
To pursue or flee,  
Senseless acts of war I see,  
Troubled by stirring insanity.

Each moment so shapeless,  
Entangled patchwork in my mind,  
No common human pattern,  
Just worthy men who do their time.

Philip Lore

# Fighting In The Sands Of Iraq

Grimy hands hold my weapon tight,  
The sun beats down upon my head,  
I whisper a prayer, I'm ready to fight,  
I want to rest instead.

My eyes are drooped,  
My weapons like lead in my hand,  
Burning sand under my feet,  
...I could barely stand.

I struggle to blink away the sleep,  
All I can see is a herd of sheep,  
One boot forward, then the other,  
We fight together, brother to brother.

Finally....it's time to sleep,  
I dream about my wife,  
Just to hear her sweet, sweet voice,  
It cuts deep like a knife.

I wait on a long, hot line,  
Ask her how she's doing,  
She sobs, then whispers softly,  
I'm okay....she sobs, I'm really doing fine.

Then a rocket breaks our calm,  
With a tight smile drawn, the call is done,  
I whisper, 'Babe, I gotta run'.  
Running fast in the merciless sun.

After long hard hours pass,  
I dropped down to my bed,  
Exhausted, dirty, hot and dazed,  
My growling stomach unfed.

Just a few hours later,  
Another fight has begun,  
Tie my boots, grab my gun,  
Ready to fight in the morning sun.

Think of my wife, I try to put it aside,  
I lay down, in the deep hot sand,  
Lock and load, eyes are fixed,  
Rifle in my hand.

No more quads,  
No more Harley,  
No more boat,  
No more, 'How's it going Charlie? '  
No more fun fly fishing,  
No more walking holding hands  
No more tender kissing.

Iraq has taken all it can,  
So I 'm still fighting here,  
Doing the best I can,  
Fighting in this hostile land.

Philip Lore

# Fiona

Fiona, she's a special friend of mine,  
She reads my verses all the time.  
Sincerest comments she always writes,  
For many days, many nights.

She follows up, this poets friend,  
When she writes, her comments mend.  
Even though we're far apart,  
Fiona, I thank you, from my heart.  
Never missing a single line,  
Forever, you'll be... a friend of mine.

Philip Lore

# Fly Fishin'

What joy I feel casting a long fly line,  
To hook a trout, the very first time.  
Cold, running water, hitting my chest,  
Waders keep me warm,  
A dazzling sun does the rest.

Trying not to slip on the moss covered stone,  
Relaxed and peaceful, all alone.  
Watching my fly go out, feeding out my reel,  
In a babbling stream, conditions ideal.

Chirping yellow birds, high up in the trees,  
Sweet smell of pine, gently arrives in the breeze.  
Bull frogs calling on the banks of the stream,  
What a gorgeous day, such a peaceful scene.

I wish to be wading back in those streams,  
Tonite...I'll be there...  
If only in my dreams.

Philip Lore

# Frustration

It is not eternally and completely wise,  
To have constant, suspicious, watchful eyes.  
I remain resigned with no consolation,  
With consummate, callous, hidden frustration.

The ultimate liberation in my spirits well,  
Is being consumed with dreams of this living hell.

Cardinal virtues, not such intensity,  
To persevere with durability.

I will find my way,  
With meaning, I will be whole,  
Compassion, not hate, resting in my soul.

This will be my rightful ways,  
Inevitable, quiet, peaceful days.  
Never again to feel ashamed,  
No more accountability,  
No more blame.

Philip Lore

# Gi Coffee

You call it coffee,  
We call it Joe,  
It looks like motor oil,  
But it keeps us on the go.

We always drink it black, thought that you should know,  
Its such a simple treat, to sip a cup of Joe.  
No sugar, got no milk, haven't got heavy cream,  
Just hot, rich Army Joe,  
Ummmm, sniff its rising steam.

Rising up early, from a bed of sand,  
Blackened canteen cups, held tight in our hand.  
First Sergeant screams....  
Is it ready? Is it hot?  
Pipping hot Joe, from our beat up coffee pot.

Dedicated to my roomie, SSG Ford, Boy, does he love coffee!

Philip Lore



# Gimme' Music

Music brightens up my dark, gray day,  
Anger, depression, frustration fades away.

The sound of music just moves my soul,  
I need some heart pounding, Rock and Roll.

Its a rhythm that can't be beat,  
Can't deny it sounds so sweet.

Won't sit still, gotta move my feet,  
When I'm tired, depressed and beat.

Sweet music ringing in my ears,  
I forget my worries and fears.

Philip Lore

# Goodnight...My Love

Goodnight my darling, you're my sweet, sweet love,  
From my bunker under the stars above.  
Just to hold you in my arms again,  
To kiss you lips, I try to remember when.

I wish that I could leave this horrid place,  
Hold you tight, and gaze into your face,  
When I'm down and out and feeling blue,  
I know you'll wait because our loves so true.

Tell the family, that I miss them so,  
It seems I left you, oh so long ago.  
You're in my heart and soul each and every day,  
I've had a long and trying time today.

Goodnight, my love, from Iraq, so far away,  
I pray to God that I make it through the day.

Philip Lore

# Great Battle Lost

What shall it take to make me whole,  
Will the light of Heaven fill my soul.  
Death has touched my shoulder cold,  
Stormy sunsets blazing bold.

Fools rage, dogs defile,  
I forget it all for just a while.  
Holy Fire,  
Unborn child.

Time decays....  
Upstanding men,  
Tides dim,  
A candles end.

An acre of ground cast aside,  
Leaves fall and rise,  
Evil will hide.

Noble children girl or boy,  
Beaten city, onset of joy.  
Heaven and Hell at close of day,  
Deeds undone, weigh down today.

Clouds on airs whispery breath,  
Demons exultant at sinners death.  
Trees covered with mossy dew,  
Flames of hope we must renew.

Philip Lore

# Hamburger Hill...Vietnam

At the end of the fight,  
In the early morning light,  
This feeling of dread,  
When we pick up our dead.  
I can never explain,  
The hurt and the pain.  
I pray that people will understand,  
That war, the suffering, this weary,  
Fighting man.

On a muddy, red, clay slope,  
We called it 'Hamburger Hill',  
North Vietnamese soldiers fought us,  
They fought hard and tested our will.

We fought a desperate battle,  
Sometimes, hand to hand,  
Bayonets fixed, charging up,  
Fighting man to man.

101st Airborne, 'Screaming Eagle' patch on our shoulder,  
Many troopers died, they will never grow older.  
We fired our weapons, charged up that hill,  
Brave young troopers, iron willed.

I have always been proud, how we fought that day,  
Forty years later, it's still with me today.

Philip Lore

# Having Some Fun Writing...In My Bunker...In Iraq

Mickey Mantle, home run hitter,  
Three's Company, with John Ritter.  
Don King, prancing in the ring,  
Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Carole King.  
JFK, Jackie O  
Watching Leno's late night show.  
American Idol,  
Paula, Randy, and Simon,  
Frank Sinatra, Elvis, Frankie Lymon.

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck,  
Porky Pig, and Momma Cass.  
Drinking beer from a tall, cold glass,  
Quarterback completes a touchdown pass.  
Play the blues, blue suede shoes,  
Pay the toll, Rock and Roll.

Italy,  
Sicily,  
Paris France,  
The two step dance.  
Germany,  
World War Two,  
Serving for the Red, White, and Blue.  
Got a hole in my left shoe.  
Baby, I'm so in love with you.

Throw the dice,  
Snake eyes,  
The war in Iraq,  
A soldier dies.  
Freddie Crougar,  
Scary guy,  
Howard Hughes,  
He loved to fly.  
Godzilla, Wolfman,  
Dracula and old King Kong,  
Al Pacino, Robert DiNiro,  
Jerry Lewis, Cheech and Chong.

Aerosmith, MC Hammer,  
BJ Thomas,  
Johnny Cash.  
Fred Flintstone, George Jetson,  
Michael Jordan,  
The cast of MASH.

People drinking at a bar,  
Paul Newman's racing car.  
Bob Hope, Batman,  
Jill St. John, Vietnam.

Annie Oakley, Wyatt Earp,  
The Starship Enterprise,  
Captain Kirk.  
Telethon, Morrison and the Doors,  
You are mine and I am yours.

Holy mackerel, gee wiz, Wow!  
Lord have mercy, Holy cow.  
Speeding train, sleet and rain,  
Iraq can really be a pain.

Bullet holes, save your souls,  
IED's and RPG's.  
Machine gun,  
Never fun,  
Incoming rockets,  
You better run.  
This little poem was fun to rhyme,  
I hope you read some more of mine.

\*\*IED-Improved explosive devices RPG-Rocket propelled grenade

Philip Lore

# Help Me Go On...I'M Tired Of This War

What will it take,  
To help me go on,  
I can't understand,  
Don't have any plan.

Send me your love,  
So I can be free,  
The here and the now,  
Is a trial for me.  
Help me go on,  
I wish you could see...

I will do what it takes,  
I feel so alone,  
How my heart breaks.  
Wishing for home,  
Help me go on.

The spirit in my life,  
Shattered and strained,  
All of my troubles,  
All of my pain,  
My dark thoughts,  
Rage in a storm,  
With thunder and rain,  
Help me go on.

My memories fade,  
Drifting far away,  
A heavy weight on my chest,  
Never much rest.

Its been difficult,  
This war, this tour,  
Send me your love,  
Help me go on.

Philip Lore

# Heroes

A hero's strength one cannot compare,  
When two pilots flying, fell from the air,  
Their will renewed, suppressing fear,  
Bounding down, the Hudson River near.

Somewhere in their spirit strong,  
Strength, not weakness, when all went wrong.  
Peace and calm, hold back their fear,  
A crippled plane, sudden death so near.

All of their strength came to bear,  
Dedicated pilots of US Air,  
A water landing, hard to face,  
Landed safely, resting in place.

Seemingly disastrous, in a hopeless way,  
Instinct to survive, no one dies today.  
With courage, fear never taking hold,  
Guided by angels, their strength untold.  
Strength, honor, courage and respect,  
Hundreds of lives saved, from a watery death.

Philip Lore



# Holding You Close

When I hold you close,  
It will be forever.  
All my love I'll give,  
When we're together.

I'll never again, say good-bye,  
Promise, you won't have to cry.  
I know its been a trial,  
You always tried to smile,  
I'll be coming home,  
You'll never be alone.

We will walk hand in hand,  
You'll be mine,  
And I'll be yours,  
Our futures looking grand.

We'll always have sunshine,  
No more cloudy days,  
Looking for rainbows and stars at night,  
When I come home, darling, from this fight.

Philip Lore

# Home

Home is safety, I'll be glad when I'm there,  
A place of comfort in my rocking chair.  
At home I'm finally not alone,  
Resting in my bed, talking on the phone.

Home is where I store my things,  
Wear my watch, my wedding ring.  
I can peacefully lay upon my throne,  
Drink fresh cold milk, eat an ice cream cone.

Home...it's where I belong,  
A few more months, it won't be long.  
Home is where I'll spend my time,  
Peace and contentment, will be mine.

Philip Lore

# Hooked On Power Drinks In Iraq

Red Bull, a potent power drink,  
Without you I'd be lost,  
I'd charge a case on my eagle card,  
No matter what the cost.

Monster drink, in a tall green can,  
Drink it down in a two minute span.  
Rip It really wires you up,  
Straight from the can or a canteen cup.

Mix them in a can of juice,  
Wired up, your body loose.  
Gives you energy for a really long day,  
But there is a price to pay.

Teeth grinding, your jaws will mash,  
You lose your edge, start to crash.  
That's when you down a second shot,  
Those power drinks sure hit the spot.

Philip Lore

# I Am

I'm a fighter,  
I'm a writer,  
In a far away land  
I'm trying hard here, making my last stand.  
I'm a dreamer, dreaming deep,  
I'm making a promise that I'll keep.

Will you know me as I am?  
Will you remember your soldier man?  
Will I be different with a far away stare?  
Will I open my heart to share?

I'm just a soldier man,  
I'm doing the best I can,  
I'm trying hard to adjust,  
I'm gonna need your trust.

Will I be stable?  
Will I sleep at night?  
Will I be able to forget this fight?  
Will I surrender all my fears?  
Will I? Will I? After all these years.

Philip Lore

# I Believe

I believe that somewhere in the darkest night,  
Our love still grows.  
As I lay here fighting, I just miss you so,  
My darling, I struggle here, I want you to know,  
My world just ended when I had to go.

Its almost time, no more stress of war,  
I'll be yours and you'll be mine forever more.  
Just can't wait to settle down,  
No more bodies on the battleground.

Philip Lore

# I Can'T Go On Like This...Far Away In Iraq

I can't go on like this,  
Missing your sweet tender kiss.  
Dear God, please ease my pain,  
When your teardrops fell like rain.

My heart is beating so,  
Seems like so long ago.  
These memories are not the same,  
You cried, when my orders came.

Sad blue eyes, when I left for war,  
The day, I walked out the door.  
You watched me walk away,  
I'll never forget that day.

My feelings all shut down,  
Blue eyes, staring at the ground.  
I turned and saw you wave goodbye,  
You never saw me sigh and cry.

My heart just skipped a beat,  
I could barely move my feet.  
Wanted to hold you just once more,  
But you turned, and closed the door.

My darling Cathy, I'm sending you this,  
My one last...I....miss....you....KISS.

Philip Lore

# I Can'T Take This Pain Here Anymore

I can't take this pain here anymore,  
Sometimes I forget just what I'm fighting for,  
Everyday the temp is one hundred four or more,  
I can't take this pain here anymore.

My feelings fragmented, all shut down,  
Bullets flying, rockets screaming, hit the ground,  
Just want to close the door on war,  
I can't take this pain here anymore.

Iraq is where we fight and die,  
Sandstorms blowing, blocking out the sky,  
Sunburned face, weary arms, feet blistered and sore,  
I can't take this pain here anymore.

Struggling daily just to take a fresh breath,  
Staring deeply into the face of death,  
Not knowing if I can close this door,  
I can't take this pain here....Anymore!

Philip Lore

# I Grow Old

After dark comes the day,  
Agony of the world weaves its way.  
Dreams under a wintry moon,  
A tender rose that blooms in June.

When youth is pale, full of sorrow,  
Young eyes sad beyond tomorrow.  
Haunted air,  
Gray whispery hair,  
Leaden eyes, filled with despair.

In shades of darkness, there is light,  
Tender is the earth at night.  
Full of truth, this world unseen,  
The sounds of silence dance and sing.  
Stately skies with realms of gold,  
As I gaze with wisdom....I grow old.

Philip Lore



# I Hate Chicken

Roasted chicken, fried chicken,  
Chicken is all we eat!  
What's the matter with the Army?  
Can't they serve some other meat?

Chicken dinner, I just can't eat,  
T-bone steak, now...there's a treat!  
Thick brown gravy, it can't be beat,  
Mmmm...covered in mushrooms, onions too,  
Chicken, chicken...I'm so sick of you!

Now they start to serve chicken tenders of late,  
Damn, it's still chicken that's on my plate,  
On a scale of ten, a minus ten I rate.

So, my darling Cathy,  
It's the one thing I hate!  
Please don't offer me a chicken plate.  
It makes me crazy, so irate,  
No more chicken, get it straight!

Philip Lore

# I Hate The Dentist Chair

Moaning and groaning, hitting the roof,  
Unbearable pain, I've got a bad tooth.  
Nothing I take can ease the pain,  
Not ice packs or aspirin...I'm going insane.

Relentless throbbing deep in my jaw,  
At the end of my string, I head for the door.  
Sweat covers my face, soaks my hair,  
My body shakes, I'm filled with despair.

Waiting to see the dentist,  
I hold in my fear,  
Sharp pains pulsating,  
My eyes starting to tear.  
Holding my chin,  
Running my fingers through my hair,  
I fidget,  
I cringe,  
Thinking of the dentist chair.

He tries to hide the needle,  
That will make my face so numb,  
The dentist thinks he fooled me,  
Does he think I'm that dumb?

I feel him drill at a merciless pace,  
Oh God, bits and pieces hitting my face.  
Smoke rises up, he continues to drill,  
I begin to squirm, I can't sit still.

My eyes open wide, they flutter in pain,  
Another big needle filled with novacaine.  
My face gets numb,  
Can't feel my nose,  
Feel so uptight,  
I Scrunch my toes.

He packs my jaw,  
With wads of cotton,

Taste my blood,  
Breath smells rotten.

With rubbery legs,  
Sore finger tips,  
I try to speak,  
What's wrong with my lips?

Saliva dripping, down my chin,  
I sound so silly, I begin to grin.

So I give you this message,  
Believe me...It's true...  
Don't eat candy...  
Cause this will happen to you!

Philip Lore

# I Love Rock And Roll

I love Rock and Roll,  
Moves me right down to my soul.  
My heart is in that music,  
Always play it loud,  
Listening to the drummers beat,  
Hear that sax wail so sweet.

Elvis is its King,  
His music won't grow old,  
You will always here me sing,  
Gimme that Rock and Roll.

Round about the sixties,  
Jimi Hendrix started to play,  
All across this nation,  
You can hear his music today.

Bruce and Jon Bon Jovi,  
'Jersey Boys' like me,  
Rock the crowds when they play,  
Blaze of Glory, Born in the U.S.A.

Rock and Roll is here to stay,  
It will never die.

Philip Lore

# I Watched At The Base Of The Twin Towers

As I stood at the base of the twin towers,  
Mere words cannot explain.  
The fear, the shock, this deliberate act,  
By terrorists, who hijacked two planes.

The engines screamed as it started down,  
Seconds passed like years.  
People stood in shock and awe,  
My heart beat fast, I felt my tears.

Just then I thought...This must be a dream,  
A second plane veered in.  
I froze...and then...with body tense, I began to scream.  
The crowd just stared with out a sound...  
Dear Lord...It' happening again.

Flames burned metal, pieces fell,  
It must have been a living hell.  
Bodies falling from way up high,  
Oh God! How many people will have to die?

New York's finest rushed our way,  
Little known, they would die this day.  
New York's bravest held their ground,  
Crushed by the towers crashing down.

Father Mike rested in a chair,  
As Firemen carried him away.  
It was hard to believe he died today,  
I closed my eyes and began to pray.  
I asked the Lord why was this his fate,  
He whispered softly....to my call.  
So Father Mike can greet them all,  
With Saint Peter...At Heaven's Gate.

Philip Lore

# If

If I could, I know I would,  
Say these words to you.  
I love you so...I'll never let you go,  
Our love is strong and true.

So, baby...I just want you.  
Baby, ... I just need you.  
I'm just anticipating...  
Knowing that you're waiting.  
Until I'm back with you.

If I could... I know you will,  
Give me all your charms.  
I will wait for the day... until,  
We back in each others arms.

Philip Lore

## If I Could

If I could be there and hold you tight,  
My life would be so complete.  
To share a star filled night,  
I'd never leave your sight.

When I look into your eyes,  
My tears will fall like rain,  
I'll close the door on war,  
Begin my life again.

Philip Lore

## If I Had Wings...I'D Fly....

If I had the wings of a morning dove,  
I'd fly home to give you all my love.  
If I was a mailman, I'd bring you a letter,  
I'd carry sweet words, to make you feel better.

If I was a star, twinkling so bright,  
I'd remind you of the diamond ring,  
On our engagement night.

If I was a cloud, soaring high up above,  
I'd form in a heart, to show you my love.

If I was a mechanic, I'd sell you a part,  
Not being together,  
Leaves a void in my heart.

Philip Lore



## I'LI Be

I'll be your candle in the night,  
Your diamond shining bright.  
A shooting star for you to see,  
We'll dream together just you and me.

I'll be your sweet flower in the morn',  
A gentle breeze, you're velvet song,  
I'll be your dream to hold on to,  
A new time for just me and you!

Philip Lore

# I'M Just A Honky Tonk Man

I'm just a honky tonk man,  
Playin'...in a honky tonk band.  
Singin' and a playin',  
Down in Ole Dixieland.  
Driving' around in our ole' Chevy van,  
Playin' our Honky Tonk,  
Where ever we can.

Just a playin' all of those honky tonk tunes,  
Back in those seedy, dark, smokey rooms,  
Or..playing on bandstands,  
Under... the light of the moon.

Straighten' up our cowboy hats,  
Dust off our boots,  
Playin' for youngins' and old crusty coots,  
Drive through the backwoods of Ole'Dixie Land,  
Those ole' juke joints we play,  
In our honky tonk band.

Philip Lore

# I'M So Hungry!

Chocolate bars in my nightly dream,  
Fresh strawberries topped with cream,  
Thick filet mignon, crisp curly fries,  
I lick my lips, my imagination flies.  
My stomach growls for these things to eat,  
When I get home, Oh..Boy..What a treat!

Philip Lore

## In A Soldier...You Will Find...

In a soldier...  
Loyalty and strength you see.  
In a soldier...  
Discipline, bravery.  
In a soldier...  
A world that is free.  
In a soldier..  
Sacrifice, so the world can be free.  
In a soldier...  
No compromise.  
In a soldier...  
Courage in his eyes.  
In a soldier...  
A special bond.  
In a soldier...  
Iraq, Viet-Nam.  
In a soldier...  
Sad, drooped eyes.  
In a soldier...  
Pain, when a buddy dies.  
In a soldier...  
Terrible places.  
In a soldier...  
Tough, grim faces.  
In a soldier...  
Stories untold.  
In a soldier...  
Action makes him old.  
In a soldier...  
Dark, frightening nights.  
In a soldier...  
Missing his lovely wife.  
In a soldier...  
Memories of a decent life.  
In a soldier...  
Scars deep in the mind.  
In a soldier...  
An exploding mine.  
In a soldier...

The thrill of leaving war.  
In a soldier...  
No more pains anymore.  
In a soldier...  
No more tears.  
In a soldier...  
Leaving war, after a long, trying year.

Philip Lore

## In Her Eyes...

I fell deep into your lovely, blue eyes,  
When you passed me in the street.  
As I stood there kissing another girl,  
My heart beat wild, my mind in a whirl.

Left my date and rushed over to you,  
Radiant face, eyes so blue.  
My pulse throbbing hard,  
At such a high rate,  
I politely asked you for a date.

When I picked you up in my car that night,  
It felt so good, it just felt right.  
We danced every dance,  
Holding each other so tight.  
I held you tight with all my might.  
So close, your head pressed on my chest,  
No more dating, for me, I found the best.

A beautiful person,  
To share my life,  
A soul mate,  
A partner,  
To make my wife.  
I've had such a full, exciting life,  
So glad, so thankful,  
We're husband and wife.

Philip Lore

# In Memory Of Tippy...My Little Puppy...My Pal

Cute little button nose,  
Alert black eyes,  
Cold damp nose,  
My birthday surprise.

A little runt,  
Stubby paws,  
A nub for a tail,  
Sharp tiny claws.  
He would let out a yip,  
Boy, he could wail.

Romping and yipping,  
Too young to bark,  
My cute little puppy,  
Enjoyed our time at the park.

Panting and running,  
Here and there I would hide,  
My little Tippy,  
Always ran to my side.

My little pal Tippy,  
Such a loyal sidekick,  
I'd give him a treat,  
He'd learn a trick.

One day while strolling,  
Home from a game,  
Horror and shock,  
A speeding car came.

Tippy was running,  
Looking at me,  
From across the block,  
I new that car would not stop.

The driver never saw little Tippy,  
He raced closer,

Never slowed down.

My heart skipped a beat,  
Tippy was crushed,  
Dead in the street.

My cute little buddy,  
He was the best,  
With a broken heart,  
I laid him to rest.

A cute little puppy,  
Who slept in my bed,  
I can't get that picture,  
Out of my head.

It's been a year,  
Since Tippy went away,  
I still miss my Tippy,  
My buddy,  
Each waking day.

Philip Lore



## In My Heart...

In my heart...sweet devotion  
In my heart...deep emotion  
In my heart...lies true bliss  
In my heart...your warm, last kiss  
In my heart...a burning fire  
In my heart...endless desire  
In my heart...our love was built  
In my heart...I hide no guilt  
In my heart...memories of our love  
In my heart...I keep your last hug  
In my heart...Memories of this war  
In my heart...I don't want them anymore.

Philip Lore

# In Steel Horses...We Ride

In the desert we roam,  
Steel horses we ride,  
Gunnery scanning,  
There's no where to hide.

I am the Infantry, 'Follow Me, '  
American bred, in 'The Land of the Free.'

We came here young,  
Leave worn and old,  
Troubled mind, restless soul.  
Vacant stares,  
Sunburned brown,  
Finally...one day, put our weapons down.

Greet our families,  
Hug them tight,  
Finally rest, from this year long fight.

No more hunger, no more death,  
Clean, fresh air,  
Take a long deep breath.

Silken sheets lay upon my bed,  
Never again will I count the dead.  
Every morning when I rise,  
No more rockets will fill the skies.

So, when I lay down and finally sleep,  
I'll keep my secrets,  
Hide them deep.

Philip Lore

# In The Arms Of My Lover

In the arms of my lover,  
Is where I want to be.  
Safe and in her comfort,  
She's my world, my reality.

To hear birds sing a sweet song,  
To love you all night long,  
When I'm there and look around,  
No more bodies on the ground.

Philip Lore

# In This Moment

In this moment...

I want to hold you tight.

In this moment...

I'm engaged in a fire fight.

In this moment...

I'd say these words to you.

In this moment...

I send my love so true.

In this moment...

You would be a sweet surprise.

In this moment...

I pray no more good byes.

When I hold you...

And take a walk by the old koi pond.

When I hold you...

All my fears will all be gone.

When I hold you...

You'll know I'm home to stay.

When I hold you...

It will be my brightest day.

When I hold you...

They will be no stress or strain.

When I hold you...

All my tears will fall like rain.

Just to see you...

Will make my life complete.

Just to see you...

I will sweep you off your feet.

Just to see you...

To be in your arms again.

Just to see you...

Like a rose, you're my bouquet.

Just to see you...

....If...only...for...a day.



# Intensity

Do I pretend to have no shame,  
Morality cannibalizes my weary brain.  
Duty is my inclination,  
Is there morality, in wars desperation?

Shades of neuroses in my head,  
Discourse, disappointment, aimless dred.

Secrets kept, never revealed,  
Multiple ironies, half-truths sealed.  
Fears and lies intensify,  
I relish life,  
I watch men die.

Duty, no feelings in this hell,  
Tragedies I can never tell.  
Sustain my strength,  
Disowning tears,  
Mend my heart,  
Collect my fears.

Philip Lore

# In the Summer Of '69 In Vietnam

Punji sticks, propped up in the ground,  
Silently kill, without a sound.  
Bouncing Bettys, fly chest high,  
Strike the plunger,  
A terrible way to die.

Booby traps,  
Monkey chatting,  
Mortars dropping,  
Bullets cracking,  
Soldiers dying,  
Bodies stacking.  
In dense jungle,  
With machete's hacking.

Deadly snakes,  
Rice cakes,  
Hot beer,  
Cold steaks.

F4 Phantoms dropping bombs,  
VietCong soldiers burning in napalm.  
LBJ, Cam Ranh Bay,  
China Beach,  
Georgia peach.

Firing with my M16,  
Bodies tan, bodies lean.  
Peace symbol, around my neck,  
Staring at a chopper wreck.

I can't get no satisfaction,  
Rolling Stones, quick reaction.

Kill zone, Drop zone,  
Always feel so all alone.  
This was Viet-Nam in '69,  
Shared for you, from within my mind.  
It took forty years,

To talk this out,  
Read these lines to yourself out loud,  
That's what this war was all about.

Philip Lore



## Iraq...These Things We Do

Point a weapon, kill a man,  
Every day is so trying,  
In this desert land.

Soldiers dead, in green body bags,  
Sniper rounds, throwing frags.  
Bodies shattered all around,  
Bombed out buildings, bombed out towns.

EFP's, night patrols,  
Soldiers waiting in hasty holes.  
B-52's flying high,  
Hearing bombs drop,  
Heaving a sigh,  
Watching men die.

Putrid smells, death in the air,  
Shooting and killing,  
Violence lives everywhere.

MRAP's moving, not in a line,  
Everyone eye watching,  
Out for a mine.

The enemy here,  
Hates President Bush,  
Fighting and dying in a deadly ambush.

Eating cold, MRE's,  
Baghdad with tall, lush palm trees.  
Days that are hot,  
Nights that are cool,  
Swimming in Saddam's,  
Olympic size pool.

Never to ask, why we fight this war,  
I'll do my time, finish my tour.  
When I rotate back,  
To my simple life,

I'll hug all the grandkids,  
Kiss my sweet wife.

Remember the troops,  
Still fighting here,  
All of their troubles,  
All of their fear.  
I'll pray to the Lord,  
When I'm all alone,  
To end this war,  
So, that they can come home.

- \*EFP's-Explosive Formed Projectiles
- \*MRAP-Mine resistant armored protected vehicle
- \*MRE-Meal ready to eat
- \*FRAG-Fragmentary grenade

Philip Lore

# Is There Tomorrow?

Bullets flying, homes burning,  
Soldiers moaning, my stomachs churning.  
Daylight burning, gun in my hand,  
Can you really understand?

Explosions flashing, shrapnel falling down,  
Rivers of blood flowing on the ground.  
When we die, we die alone,  
Write our names on the cold gray stone.

I still remember how I lost my way,  
But I know that you love me anyway.  
There are some secrets, and its hard to say,  
How many soldiers died in battle today.

Shadows darken when the fightings done,  
Will tomorrow ever come?  
When its over, just want to fly away,  
Please...Dear Lord, let me live today.

Philip Lore

## Is This Place Hell?

I hope that we can work it out,  
Some things I'll never speak about.  
Suffering here, I must remain,  
Daily stress, monsoon rain.

Sand so deep, its hard to walk,  
Stark drawn faces, white as chalk.  
This war seems like it will never end,  
It fills my dreams, again...and...again.

My world, my life's turned upside down,  
Everyday this war rages, its all around.  
Someday soon, we'll be together,  
No more fighting, stormy weather.

I hope to find where I belong,  
In this place, it feels so wrong.  
Will I make it...I cannot tell,  
From this land called Iraq...,  
A living Hell.

Philip Lore

# Its Been A Long Long Time

Its been a long time...  
Since I held you tight.  
Its been a long time...  
Everyday in this fight.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
Since I've had a kiss.  
Its been a long time...  
You're pretty blue eyes I miss.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
This Iraqi tour.  
Its been a long time...  
I miss you so and more.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
Hot days with freezing nights.  
Its been a long time...  
Sunburned face, mosquito bites.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
Had a real bad day.  
Its been a long time...  
Lost some soldiers today.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
I suffer everyday.  
Its been a long time...  
For me to be away.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
For me to be alone.  
Its been a long time...

No talking on the telephone.  
Its been a long...long...time.

Its been a long time...  
Since you heard me say...  
Baby, my sweet darling...  
I'm leaving Iraq today!

Philip Lore

# Its Getting Brighter

My heart is at rest within my breast,  
Everything still from East to West.  
Killing and war, I put in a secret place,  
Pride deep in my heart, a smile on my face.

A better man with happy days,  
Family man again, with gentle ways.  
Self-transition back to the human race,  
No more miserable days in the hostile place.

A place where all will be quiet and still,  
Content to be home, misery nil.  
All that old misery locked away tight,  
My best years ahead, for the rest of my life.

Philip Lore

# I've Got The Blues

Destiny with a broken heart,  
We carry on in worlds apart,  
Death hiding in the darkest night,  
Going nowhere in this fight.

Living here with deep emotion,  
On and on in constant motion,  
Who will win...Who will lose?  
A thousand reasons to have the blues.

Philip Lore



# Just Hold Me Tight

I hurt all the time,  
From these feelings inside,  
Alone in the dark,  
All I have is my pride.

Depressed, but not weak,  
I fight street to street.  
When I'm away from the fight,  
I wish you could just hold me tight.

When I am back in your arms,  
As I break down and cry,  
Just hold me tight,  
There'll be no more good byes.

The secrets I keep,  
Forgetting the pain,  
If only you knew,  
The stress and the strain.

I search for a way out of my fighting hole,  
Fighting it out,  
Fulfilling my role.

I'll be in your arms,  
No more momentary highs,  
To gaze at your face,  
And your pretty blue eyes.

No more fear in the night,  
If you just hold me tight.

Philip Lore

# Just Love A Soldier

Walking patrol, under a burning sun,  
Suddenly..just a kid...he fires his gun.  
Some will question these things we do,  
To shoot him down, does this shock you?

Let me tell you the reason why,  
Should he live...that I must die?  
What about my family waiting at home,  
No more daddy..my wife all alone.

This is war, our enemies hate us so,  
They shoot at us daily, wherever we go.  
Its hard to do, can't pick or choose,  
Hesitate once, you'll surely lose.

Don't be so fast to criticize,  
Tell me how you'd feel, closing your buddy's dead eyes?  
I hardens your spirit, being in war,  
We just want to be loved,  
Not misunderstood anymore.

We were once your little children,  
Holding your hand,  
Now we're dying here in this hostile land,  
So love us and trust us, as long as you can.

Just love your soldier,  
He's only a man,  
Doing his best,  
The best that he can.

Philip Lore

# Last Time I Saw You

Last time I saw you it was late December,  
What a sight for my eyes to see.  
We had a great time, do you still remember?  
Just relaxing.... and oh so free.

We took a walk in the evening night,  
Holding hands and hugging you right.  
I told you that I had to go an fight,  
I remember how you cried that night.

Cathy....hang on....,  
Just wait till June,  
I'll be there real soon.

I promise you when this is done,  
We'll walk on sandy shores in the morning sun.  
Your love will mend my sad and broken heart,  
For this I promise, that we will never part.

Philip Lore

# Lay Me Down

Lay me down,  
In earths warm ground,  
When the bugle sounds,  
Fire twenty one rounds.

Faced my fears,  
I stood so tall,  
Write my name,  
On the cold, gray wall.

Philip Lore

# Lies

You need the truth,  
I'll tell you lies.  
I can't let you into this landslide of pain,  
You just want to hear these things,  
But, there's really no gain.  
You need the truth,  
I'll tell you lies,  
It sounds convoluted,  
I know that's its wise.

There's a room in my heart,  
You'll never see through,  
From what I've seen and done,  
I can't explain it to you,  
You need the truth,  
I'll tell you lies,  
It sounds convoluted,  
I know that its wise.

If I told you these things,  
They will seize your heart,  
Grind you down, tear you apart.  
This is my first truth I'll tell you,  
When I gaze into your eyes,  
No more farewells,  
No more goodbyes.

Philip Lore

# Livin' In An Old Cardboard Box

In an old cardboard box,  
Weathered and torn,  
Lives a homeless, poor soul,  
Shoes broken and worn.

Layers of hand-me-downs,  
Keeping him warm,  
A scruffy black beard,  
His nails dirty and long.  
Matted curly hair,  
Just humming a song.

I looked in his eyes,  
Hope and spirit gone.

Shock comes over me,  
A tear falls down my cheek,  
I remember his face,  
Its Nicky the Greek.  
He owned that cozy diner,  
Down on West Bleecker Street.

He was always friendly, the crowds they would come,  
He just sat there unblinking, continued to hum.

Softly, I asked him, how he ended up here,  
He broke down crying, it's been a long year.  
My diner exploded, such a tragic fire,  
Killed my lovely wife, my love, my only desire.

Heart broken, penniless, down on the rocks,  
This is why I live... he sobbed....  
In a old cardboard box.

Philip Lore

# Lonely Nights

I can't take another lonely night,  
Without you I have to hold on tight.  
Nights are colder, here without your love,  
The moon is rising, stars shining high above.

My burning love for you, its been a year,  
I close my eyes before I shed a tear.  
No more farewells, no more long good-byes,  
I miss your smile, your lovely deep blue eyes.

My life has always been built around you,  
I'm so lonely I don't know what to do,  
Can't wait to settle down and be with you.  
No interruptions, only just us two.

Philip Lore

# Look Into My Eyes..You Can See My Soul

Look into my sad green eyes,  
Can you see my soul?  
Can you see the heavy weight,  
The horrors that they hold.

Some say we are 'killers',  
Wreckless, cold, and mean,  
Just take a walk along my trail,  
And see what I have seen.

Many young lives taken,  
Fathers...brothers....A son,  
Giving their live freely,  
Getting the mission done.

We fight our fight for freedom,  
This is why we die,  
Some wonder why we fight this war,  
Our mission we can't deny.

We will always fight for freedom,  
Never asking....Why?  
Keeping our emotions hidden,  
Trying not to cry.

Many times we die alone,  
It's hard to say good bye,  
When a buddies shot on the battlefield,  
You watch your best friend die.

My eyes are windows to my soul,  
Look and see my tears,  
Look and see my troubles,  
Search deep and see my fears.

We go away to far off lands,  
Leaving our loved one behind,  
These secrets are the things we keep,  
Deep within our mind.



Philip Lore

# Love Is...

Love...

Means sharing,

Love...

Means caring,

Love...

Means a compliment,

On the dress you're wearing.

Love...

Means having fun times.

Love...

Means we'll have ordinary times.

Love...

Means accepting challenging times.

Love..

Means knowing all the time,

Life is sweeter because your mine.

Love...

is shared by two,

I'm happy its me and you.

Cathy, my love is true.

I'm forever in love with you.

Philip Lore

# Love Me Deep. Love Me Long

Dim the lights down low,  
I feel my hardness grow.  
I've had a sense of demise,  
Now, there is only lust in my eyes.

Once, in war, surrounded by death,  
Now I smell your hot, sweet breath.  
My love is roaring,  
Pulse is soaring,  
Love me deep, love me do,  
I want to come...my darling,  
Deep inside of you.

Trigger my throbbing love,  
Till I spent and done.

Thrust your passion,  
Feel my bliss,  
Devour me lover,  
Spare no kiss.

Watch the sweat trickle down your breast,  
Thrusting hard, I want no rest.  
As your hardened nipples rise,  
Taste your body, close my eyes.

Climax comes in sweet sensation,  
Rest my head from your duration.  
Take me deep till I overflow,  
Come together... I love you so.

Philip Lore

# Love Me Tender

Long last thoughts and memories,  
Merge with harsh realities.  
Here its war, I pray for peace,  
One day all of this will cease.

Many highs...many lows creep,  
Still the wind blows in this tropical heat.  
Close my eyes to get away,  
You're always with me everyday.

Love me tender, I've been through so much,  
Just a sweet embrace, a tender touch,  
To hear your sweet voice, hold you tight,  
My inner flame will burn so bright.

Philip Lore

## Loving You...Cathy

I will forever love you,  
My darling wife,  
I send you my sweet words, so true,  
Though they cut like a knife.

Darling, I miss you so,  
Memories of our sweet love,  
Sorry, I had to go,  
I cherish our last hug.

My love for you, your last warm kiss,  
Will never die, its burning bliss.  
I want you today,  
In every way,  
With endless desire,  
My heart is on fire.

Philip Lore

# Memories In Iraq

All the memories of my life,  
Are visions, in Iraq, of my caring wife,  
Memories etched deeply in my mind,  
My family and friends, I hope they're fine.  
Thinking of them helps me to unwind.

These memories, they are wonderful,  
Memories of my life,  
Memories of my sweetheart,  
So beautiful,  
MY WIFE

Philip Lore

# Mommy's Dead

When Mommy died, the last of our parents,  
Her skin was cold, her eyes transparent.  
Our priest blessed her body, annointed her head,  
We wailed, we cried out....Mommys Dead!

We prayed for her soul, to Christ above,  
No more Mommy, no more love.  
No more kisses, no more hugs,  
No more music, No laundry to do,  
No more telling her I love you!  
No more holding us, tender and sweet,  
No more rocking us gently to sleep.  
No more pain coming in the night,  
Mommy's dead, she died tonight

Philip Lore

# My Basic Training Days

Back in the summer of '66,  
Went to reception, welcome to Fort Dix.  
Go off the bus and saw my first DI,  
He sure was crazy and made some young guys cry.

They shaved my head,  
My arms felt like lead.  
They made us double time instead,  
With our duffle bags held overhead.

They screamed at us all day,  
They screamed at us, if we started to sway,  
They screamed at us, till we shook with fright,  
They screamed at us till they dimmed the light.

We dropped to bed when we stowed our gear,  
Some were quiet, some showed fear.  
We learned to shoot,  
We shot on sight,  
We learned to move in the middle of the night.

Our arms were muscled, our bellies tight.  
Our eyes were steady, wide and bright.  
Our bodies golden with a tan,  
Our mission next, was Viet-Nam.

When I think back its plain to see,  
Those DI's made a man out of me.

\*\*DI-Drill Instructor

Philip Lore



# My Childhood Faded Away

My childhood has faded away  
In those days I had no bills to pay.  
I close my eyes and remember those days.

Childhood dreams filled with love,  
Hide and seek, my baseball glove,  
No heavy chains,  
Warm summer rains.

Fiery dragons, flying high in the sky,  
Pirate ships, Captain Bligh.  
Munching sweet apples,  
Candy peppermint,  
Rosy red cheeks,  
Innocence.

Long ago, not by chance,  
Under my bed, monsters danced.  
Through the years a backward glance,  
Wishing I had my bell bottom pants.

Eyes so bright,  
Flying a kite,  
Birds singing cheerful songs.  
Quiet days, star filled nights,  
Winter snow, on frozen lawns.

I wish that I was back today,  
But I've put that life far away,  
My childhood moments that I recall,  
Childhood years, were the best of all.

Philip Lore

# My Daughter Writes...While I'M In Iraq

Daddy do you miss me?  
Daddy will you kiss me?  
Daddy when are you coming home?  
Daddy are you all alone?  
Daddy why did you go to war?  
Daddy I can't take it anymore!

Daddy you are always in my heart.  
Daddy it hurts when we're apart.  
Daddy I know you have to fight,  
Daddy nightmares fill my night.

Daddy I'm still your little girl.  
Daddy you are all of my world.  
Daddy I pray you're doing fine.  
Daddy you are always on my mind.

Daddy you were always there.  
Daddy remember when you brushed my hair?  
Daddy words cannot explain.  
Daddy my tears fall like rain.  
Daddy I just want to cry.  
Daddy...Please Daddy... Please.....  
Don't you die.

Philip Lore

# My First Grandson...Vincent

Vincent, you're such an incredible lad,  
Remember our vacations...In ole' Mexico,  
The Cattlemans'Restaurant, cheese cake to go.  
The mountains of Germany, Italys' lake,  
Largo Di Gardo, mountains streams roaring so.  
The desert in Texas, visiting Fort Bliss,  
These are the memories, the things that I miss.  
Disneys' magic,  
Fun in the yard,  
The spill that you took, riding your quad.  
Sitting we me on the dock, bass fishing,  
These are the things, Poppy is missing.

Playing with X-Box, PSP too,  
Bowling on WII, just talking with you.  
Teaching you notes on your favorite guitar,  
I keep these memories close,  
So you're really never far.

Writing your stories, collecting comic books,  
Tall lean and lanky, with really great looks.  
Bright teeth, clear eyes, you've grown like a tree,  
You're a special grandson,  
To Nanny and Me.

Philip Lore

# My First Love

I went to the circus,  
Saw the man on the flying trapeze.  
Eating hot dogs, soda and popcorn,  
Squirring on Daddy's knees.

I saw the lions,  
The tigers were roaring loud,  
Elephants dancing, Horses were prancing,  
Clowns amusing the crowd.

Then a surprise...With wide opened eyes,  
What I sight to see...  
That's when I saw her, the 'Fat Lady of the Circus'  
She was the one for me.

Everyone laughed, she was embarrassed,  
A tear in her eye I could see,  
Then I stood up, I blew her a kiss,  
She smiled and looked at me.  
I sent her another, One after the other,  
I sent her a total of three.

Who in the world loves 'The Fat Lady of the Circus,  
Only this boy,  
This little sad boy,  
Only a 'Fat Boy'...Like me!

Philip Lore

# My Heart Cries Out For My Cathy...

With a trembling hand, unsteady pen,  
These words of love to you I send.  
I want you to know Cathy, I'm not weak,  
I'll open my heart and soul...  
Now...Take a peak.

I hope to come home,  
The man that you loved and knew,  
Loved you then...  
I still do.  
The experiences here, rip me apart,  
So, cuddle me tenderly,  
Soothe my broken heart.

Holding you Cathy,  
At home one day,  
It will be a difficult journey,  
To put these memories away.  
These poems I write are from deep inside,  
Not written in weakness,  
Guilt,  
But with pride.

Late at night,  
Sleeping restless, I drift from this land,  
Dreaming of walking peacefully,  
Just hand in hand.

But...  
The killing, the violence, its hard to erase,  
Warm, flowing tears, its common place.

I try to be strong,  
But when I look around,  
Shattered, broken bodies,  
Litter the ground.

Never, will I ask why we fought this war,  
I'll do my duty quietly, I'll finish my tour.

Soon, I'll be back to the simple life,  
Hug and kiss the grand kids,  
No more stress or strife.  
No more bearing a challenged heart,  
Or sad, sad, soul,  
No more blowing sandstorms,  
No more cringing, laying, in a fighting hole.

Cathy, you are everything I'd hoped for in my life,  
My battle buddy, my cherished wife.  
Thank you for always being so strong,  
Hiding your fears, never carrying on.

As I write these words,  
I'm wiping my tears,  
Never told you these things,  
For all these years.

I want the whole wide world to know this day,  
Your soldier loves you in a special way,  
By writing these words to you today.

God blessed me, I've had such a great life  
Beautiful family,  
And a wonderful wife, My Cathy.

Philip Lore

# My Heart Is Breaking Here In Iraq

My heart is breaking, I miss you.  
Look into my eyes, you'll know its true.  
The time we spent down in Mexico,  
It feels like a hundred years ago.  
Do you remember snuggling at our fireplace,  
Your tender touch, your beautiful face.  
A tender kiss, your sweet emotion,  
I send my love with deep devotion.  
You are deep in my heart and in my soul,  
While I'm here in this fighting hole.  
Yearning, hard just to hold you tight,  
Can't wait...but I'm in a firefight.  
I sometimes drift to our wedding day in June,  
Remembering you are my sun, my stars, my moon.  
All my love I sent to you,  
Goodnight, sweet darling, I Love You!

Philip Lore

# My Last Days In Iraq

One day...  
When I am free,  
My fighting days done.  
One day...  
With my burder lighter.  
One day...  
We can rest,  
Have some fun.  
One day...  
My world will be brighter.

Someday...  
I'll find a way to forget this war.  
Someday...  
When I retire.  
Someday...  
I can close that door,  
Someday...  
When I can hold you tighter.

One day...  
A warm kiss, when we sit by the fire.  
One day...  
I will kiss you lips with burning desire.  
One day...  
All these memories I will leave behind,  
One day...  
I will have peace of mind.  
One day...  
They will fade, no more fears,  
One day...  
We'll have happiness,  
No more tears.

Philip Lore



# My Little Hootchie-Koochie

Way down south on the Chat-a-hoochie,  
I found a sweet girl,  
She's my hootchie-koochie.  
We fell in love, by that river so wide,  
Buried her near, on the day she died.

About a year ago,  
MaryJo complained about her heart,  
Knew that she was sick,  
The Doc came and did his part.

MaryJo, my baby,  
How she suffered so,  
My little Hoochie-koochie,  
I begged her not to go.

Her beauty slipped away,  
On my knees, I prayed each day.  
I loved her so.....  
My future slipped away.

O' merciful Lord in Heaven above,  
Please ease the pain of my sweet love.  
Sweet Jesus, take her to the promised land,  
I pray as I hold my MaryJo's hand.

I kissed her softly, she let out a sigh,  
My senses numb, I sobbed, I cried.  
She whispered...I love you, my sweet man.  
Jesus is here...He's holding my hand,  
I'm going with him....She let go of my hand.

Philip Lore

# My Lord

Lifted from darkness,  
He brought me out of distress.  
Give thanks to my Lord for lifting my chains,  
I shout with joyous happiness.

He heard my cry,  
Sent signs from up high,  
In the midst of my day,  
To Heaven, I pray.  
From Heaven above,  
So great is His love.

Praise the Lord for my soul,  
For forgiveness untold,  
Shout for joy to the Lord, my King,  
My heart, my soul will sing.

Philip Lore

# My Lover

You are my lover forever,  
We share in everything,  
A partner through ups and downs,  
That life sometimes brings.

A companion in the good times,  
When the world is warm and bright,  
A comfort and a source of strength,  
Who helps me make it right.

Philip Lore

# My Memory Seems To Fade In Iraq

Memories seem to fade,  
Memories fading away,  
Memories of your love,  
Memories of a hug.

Memories of your deep blue eyes,  
Memories of star filled skies.  
Memories of your kiss,  
Memories of true bliss.

Memories that you'll find,  
Memories I left behind.  
Memories of you and me,  
Memories of the old apple tree.

Memories of your smile,  
Memories I want to hide.  
Memories of firefights,  
Memories of those who died.

Memories with no emotion,  
Memories of your devotion.  
Memories that sometimes sting,  
Memories of our wedding rings.

Memories hung out on a vine,  
Memories of good red wine.  
Memories that you built,  
Memories of guilt.

Memories of my fears,  
Memories of tears.  
Memories in my heart,  
Memories that tear me apart.

Memories of today,  
Memories that drift away.  
Memories deep inside,  
Memories I want to hide.

Memories of a crackling fire,  
Memories of desire.  
Memories of this war.  
Memories I want no more.

Philip Lore

# My Sad Guitar (In Iraq)

When I play...my sad guitar,  
With powered chords...of deep emotion.  
I strum the strings...with such devotion,  
When I play...my...sad...guitar.

When I play...my sad guitar,  
In a bunker, built in the sand.  
This war torn country, this desert land,  
I miss playing...In a rock and roll band.  
When I play...my...sad...guitar.

When I play...my sad guitar,  
My memories play,  
Deep in my mind,  
I try to find-  
Our... wedding... day!  
When I play...my...sad...guitar.

When I play...my sad guitar,  
I think of my Harley...My hot-rod car,  
Wishing I was home,  
With a beer in a bar.  
When I play...my...sad...guitar.

Philip Lore

# No More

No more dying,  
Cryin',  
Hunger,  
No more Pain.  
No more sun stroke,  
Gunsmoke,  
Sandstorms,  
Monsoon rain.

No more fighting,  
Trouble writing,  
No more sunsets all alone.  
No more waiting,  
Debating,  
If I'll ever... see my home.

No more desperation,  
Separation,  
Feeling blue,  
Missing you.

Philip Lore

# Nowhere

Going nowhere,  
Getting somewhere?  
Anxious to get home.

Secret places in my heart,  
Brain and mind torn all apart.  
No more dynamic words to say,  
Just dying soldiers, from day to day.

Wistfully watching with liquid eyes,  
Wars great weight in spirits rise.  
Self contained, feeling weak,  
Repressed secrets, never to speak.

Fear, repression, grip my life,  
Whirls round and round, stabs my life.  
No evolving, just futility,  
Darkens my eternal souls purity.

Never ceasing pain,  
Abounds in my life,  
Breaking, separating, devouring strife.  
I travel on so confused,  
Consumated by war, distressed, abused.

Philip Lore



# O' Darling

O' Darling,  
How I miss you.  
It's been so hard being...away.  
Some days I'm just so sad and blue,  
I know that I can count on you,  
This is how I'm feeling here today.

My heart skips a beat,  
Without you, I'm incomplete,  
You're always, always on my mind.

I've been writing all year long,  
You're the music to my song.  
So believe me when I tell you, ,  
I'll never do you no wrong!

Philip Lore

# O Mighty Sea, How I Miss Thee

Sweet wind on the western sea,  
Breathe thy salty mist to me,  
Seize my heart,  
As your rolling waters flow,  
Roaring waves crashing so.

To lay upon your pleasant shore,  
Your mist upon my resting face,  
To hear your waves for ever more,  
They crash and leave no trace.

Roaring down over dunes of sand,  
Slowly dying, to a foamy end,  
Beyond the waves, more bubbling foam,  
Stark sunsets, an evening star all alone.

I look deep at you with no regret,  
Thinking of days when we first met,  
In shallow slumber, yet still I dream,  
Resting hopeful, peaceful, so serene.

My restless, weary spirit flows,  
No haunting troubles,  
No more nagging woes.

Philip Lore

# Officer Down

I wear this badge, just a piece of tin,  
With numbers on my chest.  
A revolver loaded at my side,  
Will I pass the test?

Broken glass, crystal shards,  
Break beneath my feet,  
I twirl my baton,  
Straighten my hat,  
As I proudly walk my beat.

A pistol shot, a shrill alarm,  
A murder taking place,  
I try to keep my heart rate down,  
As I approach....I start to frown.  
A young man sprawled, bleeding on the ground.  
Small bloody hole in the center of his head,  
His pupils fixed, he makes no sound.  
I knew that he was dead.

Quickly, I secure the scene.  
The crowd was ready to fight.  
They threaten me, I draw my gun,  
I grip the handles tight.  
I scan to the left, I scan to the right,  
Several shots come in the night.  
They strike, and knock me down.  
A young man lies dead tonight,  
....With an officer down.

Dedicated to the memory of Jersey City Police Officer Casper Buonocore, who  
died by gunfire while on duty. Rest in Peace Brother.

Philip Lore

# On The Beat In Jersey City

With a pistol strapped to my side,  
I see frightened people,  
They run, they hide.  
A badge of silver, adorns my chest,  
A second chance, a bullet proof vest.  
I walk my beat down the Greenville side,  
My chest fills deep, I beam with pride.

On these mean, dark streets,  
Stripped cars, their frames on crates,  
Check the doors, watch the alley,  
Stores locked behind steel gates.

Wise guys swagger in silk Italian suits,  
Black Panthers stroll wearing black combat boots.  
Juvenile gangs taunt everyone,  
Carrying knives, armed with a gun.

Working 'The Hood',  
Layered in crime,  
Keeping the peace,  
Putting in time.

Turning your back is a dangerous thing,  
Answer the 'Call Box', when you hear it ring..  
I've learned to be tough, kind and witty,  
Walking a beat....alone.... in Jersey City.

Philip Lore

# One Day In June

One day in June,  
Will be our second honeymoon,  
We'll snuggle tight,  
Kiss in the moonlight,  
I just can't wait,  
Let's make a date.

No more goodbyes,  
Or watery eyes,  
We will be together,  
Forever and ever,  
One day in June.....  
Its coming soon.

Philip Lore

# One Day...When The Fighting Is Done

One day...  
When I walk free, my fighting days done.  
One day...  
My burder will be lighter,  
One day...  
We can try to have some fun,  
One day...  
When the world will look brighter.

Someway...  
I'll find a way to forget this war.  
Someway...  
When I finally retire.  
Someway...  
I can begin to close this door.  
Someway...  
When I'm holding you tighter.

I pray...  
That I can lead a normal life.  
I pray...  
That I can unload this strife.  
I pray...  
For peace and not have to fight no more.  
I pray...  
No more bodies, no more gore.

One day...  
A warm kiss, as we sit by the fire.  
One day...  
On your sweet lips with burning desire.  
One day...  
I'll leave all these memories far behind.  
One day...  
When I'll be yours and you'll be mine.  
One day...  
All these horrors will fade, no more fears.  
One day...  
I'll have happiness and no more tears.

Philip Lore

# Our Gifts

Snow fall, pristine, on a steep mountain slope,  
A grizzly bear, an agile antelope.  
Dazzling sun rises at dawn,  
Nursing doe with a speckled fawn.

Colorful pheasant roost in the trees,  
Majestic butterflies, honey bees.  
Golden eagles soar high, up above,  
The hoot of the owl, the coo of the dove.

Fields of wildflowers dance in the breeze,  
Birch, Oak and Maple, barren of leaves.  
A leathery beaver building his dam this day,  
Coyotes and gray wolves, hunting their prey.

Squirrels prancing deep in the snow,  
Catfish and trout in the waters below.  
Turkeys like statues, standing so still,  
Wild geese flying, ducks with colorful bills.

Rabbits romping across the drifts,  
There are the wonders.....These are 'Our Gifts'.

Philip Lore



# Pain

Am I still awake,  
My eyes are open,  
So I must be.  
I can't move,  
My bodys' frozen.  
What's happening to me?

The armor that I wear,  
Protects me from shrapnel  
In the air.  
My steps begin to falter,  
Eyes stare blank in the burning sun,  
Struggle in my weakness,  
This battle has just begun.

A rocket blast,  
Just over my shoulder,  
Brings terror back to me,  
It marks the visions that I see.  
It sears the ground,  
As they fill the air,  
These are the terrors, I must bear.  
Daily visions that I see.....  
I try to...let it be.

For when the firing stills in town,  
I ask if I'm still awake,  
Its if I'm floating in a dream,  
I want to shout,  
I want to scream, but just shake.  
Someone calls cease fire.....,  
Time to take a little break.

My head is bowed down from the strain,  
Eyes gives sorrow away,  
A sheepish grin brings a smile today,  
A few short weeks, I'll be home to stay.



# Please Forgive Me

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
While I'm fighting in Iraq,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I pray that I make it back.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
For not being home with you.  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I'm so in 'Love with you',

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
For leaving you alone,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
For the tantrums I have thrown.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
My world's turned upside down,  
Please 'Forgive Me',  
Even though I'm not around.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I have terror here to bear,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
Tell me that you still care.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
Till I'm in your arms again,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
In the letters that you send.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
So I can smile today,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
When I come back home to stay.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I'm so angry from this fight,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
As I write this in the night.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I killed a man today,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
It will take my sorrow away.

Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I feel so all alone,  
Please, 'Forgive Me',  
I'll be coming home.

Philip Lore

# Poetry

Poetry burns in me, a raging fire,  
A welcome guest, that I desire.  
From deep with the darkness of my soul,  
Its endless explanations make me whole.

I write sometimes in madness,  
Optimistic, and in gladness,  
About convictions in my life,  
Emptiness...my wife.

With willingness in my heart,  
Twelve thousand miles apart.

Like a blindman, I'm willing to see,  
Yet still, there's no guarantee,  
Wars' my present and my past,  
Scars I hope won't last.

Suppression that I find,  
Irregularities in my mind,  
But now a sudden rush of new ideas,  
Distilling all my fears.

Philip Lore

# Possessed

I remain self-possessed, deadly tired,  
Recalling things I have desired.  
Are these ideas right or wrong?  
Or just my worn-out common song?

About to reach my journey's end,  
This war's my enemy, not my friend.  
My heart longs for warm, quiet, summer days,  
Turn my tide to brighter days.

I have endured this war's adversity,  
Ventured far, soon I will be free,  
Bound for better things in life,  
A loving family, my sweet wife.

Philip Lore

# Ptsd...Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Bright summer days,  
Snowy winter nights.  
July's bright fireworks,  
Decembers Christmas lights.

Bitters memories, choking my brain,  
Duty calls, in Iraq, in this war I remain.

No imagination here, to settle me down,  
Just grim, scarred souls, staring at the ground.  
Profoundly aware of wars reality,  
Dreaming of home,  
How great it can be.

No expression,  
Justy agony and strife.  
Fighting with the bravest,  
Fleeting images of our life.

Battling depression,  
I fight it so hard,  
Atone my transgression?  
...Or disregard?

All my memories in life,  
Are of my beautiful wife.  
Her warms, gentle charms,  
Just to be in her arms.

Philip Lore

# Put Your Arms 'Round Your Soldier

Preparing for battle,  
I spot check each man,  
I love them, lead them,  
Do the best that I can.

Life is so short,  
In this desert land,  
Put your arms 'round your soldier man.  
Love 'em and hold 'em,  
As long as you can.

He has little comfort,  
Lives and dies in the sand,  
So, put your arms 'round  
Your brave soldier man.

Philip Lore



# Rage

Where is the life that I have lead?  
Am I alive or am I dead?  
See the revolution of these times,  
To willful men, the death toll chimes.  
All woe stirs to merciless souls,  
Across the deserts sandy knolls.

In a rage, with a frustrated will,  
No comfort, or glory, when I kill!  
These are not mere words,  
But madness!  
Life and death,  
Such tragic sadness.

Doomsday eclipses in my minds eye,  
Fate predicts and then you die.  
Am I a monster in my thought?  
For all the pain and suffering I brought.  
Hideous deeds, tragic scene,  
In all I've done, In all I've seen.

Blind fortune is so profane,  
Vile acts in war,  
Am I insane?

Guilty deeds abhorred by fighting men,  
Grapple my soul, over and over again.  
Into madness will I rave?  
I'll take it all to my untimely grave.

Philip Lore

# Reverence To Our Earth

Full of truth, this world unseen,  
The sounds of silence scream!  
Stately skies with realms of gold,  
I gaze up with wisdom, truths untold.

A changeless heart fondly yearns,  
For oceans, boundless, deep,  
Birds on air, geese and terns,  
Grand mountains rolling steep.

An unscrupulous world filled with strife,  
Purest man rules his human life.  
Mother nature, pre-destined years,  
Life comes and goes, mixed with fears.

Sad reputations, mans' temper droans,  
Those who laugh, much grief they own.  
Earths spinning axis through the day,  
Shades of the sky, dark and gray.

Intellect, rank and social worth,  
Foolish people consume mother earth.  
Prejudice conceals our natural grace,  
Scorn, disdain on every face.  
Life of man sets in its place.

Spirits clear, merit our success,  
Many centuries....Yet for us to test.

Philip Lore

# Riding With Death

From the thunder and the storm,  
Throughout the night and into the dawn,  
This war has binded me tight,  
I can't awaken from this fight.

My darling look for me in the moonlight,  
Weapon by my side,  
Death at every mile,  
Along the road that I must ride.

Tensions strained, hours pass like years,  
Drenched in sweat, choked with fears.  
Blood red eyes, search the night,  
If I could only....Hold you tonight.

Philip Lore

# See Me

When I see myself,  
I wonder if I really exist?  
Will I ever feel the same?  
When I'm hugged and kissed.

No more absence in my soul,  
I can escape! ...I will be whole!  
Lie down beside you, there I'll stay,  
Forever, till my dying day.

Philip Lore

# She's Gone

In summer when the days were long,  
Momma rocked me, sang a sweet song.  
She loved me gently to my delight,  
We buried Momma,  
When the fields were white.

From my voice, a pleasing song.  
Tears on my breast, shadows long.  
Above the passion, teary eyes break,  
Ask the Lord, Momma's soul to take.

As this song rings in my head,  
I'm all alone, my Momma's dead.  
A sad wind blows,  
My song rushes on,  
I loved my Momma,  
Now....she's gone!

Philip Lore

# Silence In Battle

Shapeless shadows, in silence listening,  
Deepest feelings in restraint,  
A silent voice calls in mournful feeling,  
We move in silence, voices faint.

Harmful silence touches the soul,  
A larger loneliness laid untold,  
So speak only when you must,  
Infinite dread, a knife's deep thrust.

Darkness and silence lay so long,  
Self control from dusk to dawn.  
Awful darkness and silence reign,  
Over the lifeless, barren, Iraqi plain.

Crouching down when nothing stirs,  
Mysterious night, we temper her.  
Rocklike hardness in our mind,  
Tryant silence steals our time.

No echo sounding when I speak,  
Body trembles, silence deep.  
We shall remain thousands of miles away,  
Uneasy silence, dreadful day.

Philip Lore

# Slipping Into Darkness In Iraq

I've been slipping into darkness,  
Body, mind and soul.  
A void without much happiness,  
Heavy chains, this darkness holds.

I don't know if I belong,  
I've been in this darkness,  
Seems so wrong.

Iraq leaves me nothing more to see,  
Screaming in the darkness...  
Can anyone hear me?

Darkness in my life, in the rising sun,  
This tour, this struggle has just begun.  
Darkness lingers in the pale moon light,  
Suffer my soul in the star filled night.

Will I succeed,  
I cannot tell.  
To struggle and suffer,  
In this living hell.  
Demons of darkness follow me,  
This war is my only reality.

Nobody cares,  
No one knows my cost!  
I pray for peace,  
Pray it isn't lost.

Philip Lore

# Snow Days

With rosy, red cheeks,  
Muffler wrapped tight,  
On my Red Ryder sled,  
I scream with delight.

Fresh snow packed deep on the hill,  
Sled riding down...Oh! What a thrill.  
Heavy snow building up on the ground,  
Parents watching,  
While their children slide down.

Trip after trip,  
They fly down the hill,  
Laughter abounds,  
In winters cold chill.

Always a snowball fight,  
During part of the day,  
Romping and playing,  
Until the dark of night.

They pull their sleds home,  
With eyes burning bright,  
A steaming hot chocolate,  
Warms bellies at night.

Philip Lore



# Soldiers

Long ago, my heart used to sing,  
Now I'm fighting here,  
Surrounded by Deaths burning sting.  
Vacant eyes seek to find,  
Reeling thoughts inside a soldiers mind.  
In the present, will there come a time?  
When I can forget these memories,  
Leave them all behind.

I see courage in every soldier,  
Loyalty in their eyes,  
I see terror in a soldier,  
Right before he dies.  
I see strength in every soldier,  
With love deep in my heart,  
Our strength and willingness to sacrifice,  
Makes soldiers stand apart.

Bullets whizzing, mortars explode,  
Rockets cratering the ground,  
Terrifying noises day and night,  
Stay alert....  
Stay alive...  
Keep your sense,  
When you're in a firefight.

War is death,  
Four more months...  
I hold my breath.  
War is pain,  
In this hostile land,  
I fight each day in the blowing sand.

Philip Lore

# Someday...When The Fightings Done

My love burns bright for you today,  
I love you more and more each day,  
When I sleep I dream of you...  
Blonde hair, warm smile, eyes so blue.

You are my future to forget the past,  
I'll be coming home at last.  
Fleeting images of stress and strife,  
A time for us...to share our life.

Philip Lore

## Such Fear In Soldiers Hearts...

Swirling winds, shapes the drifting sand,  
Burning hot, its fury stings and sears.  
Carrying finite particles,  
Of blood, sweat and tears.

Woes reside deep, attacking my open heart,  
Consuming my lungs, exploding apart.  
Burning hell,  
Blazing flames,  
Fates' malicious grin,  
Burnes within.

Anger, revenge,  
Fears dimensions blind,  
Creeping darkness,  
With a murderous mind.

Valor in fear,  
Home and over here,  
You can smell it,  
Taste it, this growing cyst  
Like a lowly, lurking, cunning rapist.

Fear with strength, withers the soul,  
Ages the body, with darkness untold.  
A soldier with fear,  
Deep in the night,  
Thoroughly consuming,  
His capacity to fight.

Fear of the enemy,  
Fear of the night,  
Uncontrollable fear,  
It lurks,  
No will to fight..  
In the darkness of fear,  
Sleepless nights,  
Tossing and turning,  
Eyes burning bright.

Destroying the will,  
A pure delight.

Raging fire, burning coal,  
Molten cinders,  
Ignite my soul.

Merciless fear,  
Loiters on the battleground.  
Fighting soldiers feel it abound.

Fear of dying,  
Fear of the grave,  
Fearless soldiers fight it off,  
Proudly,  
Willingly,  
Brave.

Philip Lore

# Suesie

SueSie, you are always there for me,  
Your comments always set me free,  
You are very special... a good friend to me.

SueSie, when you write, you ease my pain,  
SueSie, you make me feel alive again,  
I'll shout it loud...that you're my special friend!

Thank you SueSie, for always being there,  
For your picture...Oh...what flaming hair,  
I can write because you're always there for me,  
My favorite critic...my friend...SueSie.

Philip Lore

# Sunshine

Not a dark cloud in my sight,  
Sunshine, shining, oh so bright.  
It shines its rays, a golden hue,  
But never quite as bright as you.  
You are a brilliant light in my darkest day,  
A radiant beam that lights my way.  
So, bright, I miss you everyday.

Philip Lore

# Take A Walk On The Wild Side

Talk a walk on the wild side,  
Fighting here is a deadly ride.  
In a humvee, with an armored hide,  
Take a walk on the wild side.

Fight through an ambush in a killing zone,  
Not knowing if you'll ever make it home,  
Take a walk on the wild side,  
Count the bodies of the young that died.  
It rips your soul, so very deep inside,  
Take a walk on the wild side.

Philip Lore

# The Attack

The Katusa's were fired,  
From a field just nearby...  
As I watched their trajectory,  
I knew someone will die,  
They fell in the night,  
Explode, kill and maim,  
Followed by sniper fire,  
Sporadic....well aimed.

Mortars follow next, as they whistle down,  
They impact to my right, I'm hugging the ground,  
Shrapnel screams...As it cuts through the air,  
Concussion waves follow, I'm filled with despair.  
A wave of hot air and a horrible sound,  
The call for a medic...a body was found.

Finally it stops, I take a quick breath,  
I'm lucky tonight,  
To escape such a death!

Philip Lore



# The Captain Is Dead

I wait here in the sands of Iraq,  
Loaded rifle, pack on my back.  
Scanning the desert for enemy presence,  
Thank you honey for all the Christmas presents.

Walking, then clearing the mud huts nearby.  
Staying alert, we search side by side.  
A shot from a sniper,  
Rings with a crack.  
The Captain lays dead,  
Shot in the back.

I remember his smile.  
Now, shock on his face,  
His blood dripping silently,  
Lying still, bullets trace.

I race to the building,  
He fires again, a miss to my right.  
Lower my weapon,  
Stare down my sight.

Fire my weapon, let go twenty rounds.  
Hitting my target, he drops to the ground.  
No satisfaction, as I start to leave,  
It was for 'The Captain'  
Forever....I'll grieve.

Philip Lore

# The Knights Of The Round Table

In the days of Olde,  
When knights were bold,  
We would trek the land,  
Mighty swords in hand.

Feathers adorned our brim,  
Bodies lean and trim.  
To protect, serve,  
Honor the King,  
Our lives we pledged to him.

We'd drink barrels of wine,  
From the fruit of the vine,  
Many legs of venison eaten,  
Lay the sword to our enemies,  
To our foes, and every lowly creton.

We are King Richards men,  
Numbered ten,  
Stout mounts await us in the stable,  
Spirited, armored and able  
King Richard proclaimed our title,  
'The Knights of the Round Table'.

Philip Lore

# The Wild Wild West

Early each morning,  
After my chores are done,  
I saddle my horse,  
Ride into the sun.

Over West Texas trails,  
Got a ten gallon hat,  
Spurs on my boots,  
Follow old railroad rails,  
I'm back in the saddle,  
Back to my roots.  
Feet locked in the stir-ups,  
With my ole cowboy boots.

Goldie, my horse is gentle and tame,  
Ride her easy, don't want her lame.  
Stop for a drink, at the mouth of a brook,  
Dismount from my saddle,  
Take in a long look.

Mountain tops covered with snow on a ridge,  
Amazed at the workmanship of an old wooden bridge.  
A gentle breeze brings such a sweet zest,  
Just me and Goldie,  
Its really the best,  
Riding the dusty old trails,  
In the Wild, Wild, West.

Philip Lore

# The World Back Home...The Soldiers Life

A baby is born on a bright sunny day,  
Soldiers dying in Iraq today.  
Business men with their hot latte,  
Soldiers hiding their fears away.  
Children frolic, running around,  
Soldiers dead on the battleground.  
Stars fill the sky on a summers' night,  
Soldiers fighting, shooting on sight.  
People on the beach with a golden tan,  
Soldiers had to fight in Viet-Nam.  
Teenagers drinking Cola, eating pizza pie,  
Soldiers very young, waiting to die.  
Boys kissing girls up on lovers lane,  
Soldiers fight in the heat... die in the rain.  
Boyfriend and girlfriend take in a show,  
Soldiers in Korea, they froze in the snow.  
A wife shops for food in the grocery store,  
Soldiers have to fight for a year in this war.  
Workers are proud of the streets they pave,  
Soldiers buried in an unmarked grave.  
Lovers talking on the telephone,  
Soldiers wounded in a battlezone.  
Priests bury soldiers whey they die,  
Mothers and Fathers never understand why!

Philip Lore

# These Arms

These arms...Long to hold you oh so tight.  
These arms...Hold a rifle in a fight.  
These arms...Want to hold you in the night.  
These arms...Reach out to hold your hand.  
These arms...Are far away in a war torn land.  
These arms...Will caress you soon one day.  
These arms...Hold my hands tight, when I pray.  
These arms...Carry bodies ripped and torn.  
These arms...Held our children, when they were born.  
These arms...Wipe the tear drops from my eyes.  
These arms...Are weak when a soldier dies.  
These arms...Yearn to touch your face.  
These arms...Want to leave this terrible place.  
These arms...Won't leave till its time to go.  
These arms...Are open for our love to grow.  
These arms...Touch you softly in the night..  
These arms...Want to leave this terrible fight.

Philip Lore

# These Eyes

These eyes, see horror in this war torn place,  
These eyes see the strains on my soldiers face.  
These eyes see the stars as they begin to rise,  
These eyes see death, as a soldier dies.

These eyes are fixed in a fire fight,  
These eyes search in the desert moon light.  
These eyes see the enemy through a night vision sight,  
These eyes burn with sweat in the hot sunlight.

These eyes saw you on our wedding day,  
These eyes shut tight when I kneel to pray.  
These eyes watched you when we had to part,  
These eyes saw you sad and it breaks my heart.

These eyes are the windows to my soul,  
These eyes see the horrors that I hold.  
These eyes were clear when I first met you,  
These eyes miss your eyes, so clear, so blue.

These eyes can't tell you how I feel,  
These eyes see dead soldiers in the field.  
These eyes shed tears when I rest at night,  
These eyes hide the fear in a fire fight.

These eyes dream of you when I lay in bed,  
These eyes see the wounded and the dead.  
These eyes hold the secrets that I hide,  
These eyes will see you when I'm at your side.  
These eyes want to leave on the 'Freedom Plane',  
These eyes stay in Iraq, where I still remain.

Philip Lore

# This Heart Of Mine

This heart of mine is beating so,  
Why did I leave you so long ago,  
I remember how your face would glow,  
Cathy, my darling I just want you to know,  
You're mine forever, my heart is beating so.

When we talk I just choke up inside,  
Can't tell you what I've seen or who had died,  
No fear of dying, just the thought of leaving you,  
Miss your kisses and your eyes so blue.

Its hard for me to go on like this,  
I dream about you, your sweet face i miss,  
Keeping your memory close, you see,  
Place a yellow ribbon on our tree,  
So that you'll always....  
Remember me.

Philip Lore

# This Soldier Wants To Say...

Let me say this loud,  
In words so bold,  
I want to tell a soldiers story,  
Horrors untold.

Carrying dead bodies,  
In a human remains bag,  
My heart is heavy,  
My shoulders sag.

As the sun shines here,  
We search and roam,  
Soldiers dying,  
I must send letters home.  
Tell a loved one,  
Their son was brave,  
My insides roaring,  
Like an oceans wave.

Tired and weary of this continuous fight,  
Writing many letters in the dark of night.  
I think of my wife,  
When I finally sleep,  
Praying to God...  
My soul...to keep.

Philip Lore



# Time

A shining star will surely rise,  
Each day a fragrant wildflower dies.  
My time on earth decays,  
Its living flame just fades away.

Our time in life, must have an end,  
How much time has passed?  
Is time or foe or just a friend?  
With beggars luck I pray it will last.

As a child my time just crept,  
A full grown man time ran, I wept.  
Time devours all it can,  
It waits, it haunts, each and every man.

Time weaves,  
There is no reprieve,  
No yesterday,  
Only today.

Time that flew,  
Hypocritical time,  
Time for me,  
Time for you.

Magical time,  
Doting time,  
The thief call time.

Its pain, its strife,  
A weight on the shoulders,  
Throughout one's life.

Philip Lore

# Time In Iraq

A time to fight,  
A time to pray,  
A time to leave,  
A time to stay.

A time to question guilt,  
A time to count the friendships built.  
A time to smile,  
A time to cry.  
A time to say 'Hello'  
A time to say 'Goodbye'

A time for living,  
A time for giving,  
A time for forgiving,  
A time for pain.  
A time to blame.  
A time to kill,  
A time to maim.  
A time to to settle back,  
A time to retire and stay home.

Philip Lore

# To Laugh Again

I am so tired of tears, I just want laughter,  
No misery, no pain, but joy the day after.  
To laugh so hard, weep happy tears,  
Wear a smile, release my fears.

A chuckle, a smile, will feel so good,  
Forget the grief... I know I could!  
Deny all agony, let my spirit grow fast,  
Back in your arms, forever, at last.

Philip Lore

# To My Granddaughter Kayla

I love you my little Kayla.  
I fall deep into your pretty blue eyes.  
You're my day and my night,  
I'm so happy you are mine.  
With a smile so big, your eyes so bright,  
You're a ray of bright sunshine.

So lovable and Oh! ..so cute,  
A treasured piece of art.  
You are in my soul,  
The beating of my heart,  
Even though I am not there  
We're so very far apart,  
I send these words from your Poppy's heart.  
Goodnight! My little darling, Kara, Bart.

I'll soon be home to see Mommy Kara,  
And your Daddy, Bart,  
I promise you these four words,  
We'll never, ever, part.

Philip Lore

# To My Second Grandson...Kyle Thomas

Kyle Thomas, I miss your smile,  
I know how you miss me,  
It's been so long since I've been home  
Its been a long, long trial.

I love when we play Halo together,  
Remember how excited Poppy gets,  
When we get snowy weather.  
I loved you just for who you are,  
A treasured gift, my shining star.

Our fun riding quads, flying our planes,  
Playing X Box, at the cabin, when it rains!  
Watching for bear, chipmunks and deer,  
We'll do this again, when I come home from Iraq,  
And hug you, tight next year.

Practicing golf, hitting t-ball,  
Riding your quad, no fear at all.  
Playing chess with Poppy,  
And Jenga too,  
Concentrating hard, just me and you.

Playing in the dirt, with our remote control cars,  
Making smores by the fireplace,  
Watching the moon,  
The stars.

Chicken nuggets, you eat by the pack,  
Crunchy cheese doodles, your favorite snack.  
Ice cream, cherry drink, you have every night,  
I watch you so silently, its such a delight.

From my bunker in Iraq,  
A pack on my back,  
As I write this poem,  
I can't wait to come back.

You're a wonderful grandson,

I hope that you see,  
That you are a special grandson,  
To Nanny and Me.

Philip Lore

# Today

Today I'll start to forget the past,  
New beginnings, potential vast.  
I want to jump and shout today,  
No more darkness, no more gray.

Today I feel like smiling and ease my mind,  
Leave my worries far behind.  
I'm going to think my troubles through,  
I'll start today for all of you.

I choose to have a terrific day,  
No matter what comes my way,  
Today is the day I will change my life,  
My promise to you, my love, my wife.

Dedicated to my family who has supported my deployment, and to Fiona and SueSie, and all at poem hunter. This poem shows I am changing and becoming brighter.

Philip Lore

# Truth And Lies

Is the truth beyond our lies,  
Say what you want,  
Watch what you say,  
For our hidden lies, we must pay.

In the darkness of the night,  
In the brightness of the day,  
Truth and lies have gone astray.

Does your truth contain a lie?  
Black as coal, the midnight sky.  
Truth will shine,  
It is the light,  
To tell the truth,  
With a soul so bright.

Is truth defined just in the mind?  
In the Prince of Darkenss lies defined.  
Love of the truth will scorn the Devil,  
Our truth must stay at our highest level.

Of these shortcomings,  
Are we aware?  
That we speak of lies so unaware!  
Every lie turns the truth aside,  
Our secret truths, we sometimes hide.

Philip Lore



# Two Souls Apart

My heart is filled with sadness,  
Our souls so far apart,  
I miss your touch,  
I miss your smile,  
From the day we had to part.

I wish I could lay upon your breast,  
And listen to your beating heart,  
There is no way,  
I could be there today,  
Its sad we had to part.

To watch you sleep, while in my arms,  
Your body warm, your tender charms.  
You make my life much brighter,  
You make my struggle lighter.

To share a kiss,  
Walk hand in hand,  
I'm fighting here today.  
I promise you that I'll be home,  
In a year, when I leave this war torn land.

I wish that I was there,  
I wish that I was home,  
Wish I didn't have to leave,  
No calling on the phone.

My days are filled with terror,  
My eyes blink at the sun,  
My days are filled with rifle shots,  
The fight has just begun.

So when my tour is over,  
And we will never part,  
I promise you....I'll never leave,  
From the bottom of my heart.



# Under Fire In Iraq

I'm under fire,  
Soaked to the bone,  
Behind a row of barbed wire,  
Flat in the prone.  
On a dark cloudy night,  
Waiting to fight.

Muscles tense and sore,  
This pain I endure,  
Looking down into my sight,  
Waiting to fight.

Then...shots ring out,  
The battle rages on,  
A second of doubt,  
Will I make it out.

Tracers light up the night,  
My ears ring in pain,  
It's a bloody fight,  
Over and over again.

Its difficult to kill,  
There is no rush or thrill,  
Deep down inside,  
I just want to hide.

At the end of the fight,  
In early morning light,  
This feeling of dread,  
When we pick up the dead.

I can never explain,  
The hurt and the pain,  
I pray you'll understand,  
This war...  
And this soldier man.



# Vietnam-The A Shau Valley, The Valley Of Death

Welcome to the jungle,  
You've arrived, .watch out for its wrath,  
It lives on our dead, broken bodies,  
Reeks of blood and death.

This valley is quite beautiful,  
It hides under cloudless skies,  
Takes its toll of fighting men,  
Doesn't choose who lives..who dies!

No villages on its landscape,  
Fighting, while explosions sound.  
Rifle shots, mortar rounds,  
Soldiers dying,  
Soldiers killing,  
Some bodies never found.

The stench of death is the valleys' perfume,  
Our blood feeds the growing palms,  
This is where we fought and died,  
A place of courage,  
Where we fought with pride.

There is where,  
We left a little sign  
A place to fear... no where to hide,  
Deep, dark thoughts,  
Attack our mind.  
Written it holds the valleys' psalm,  
Welcome to the A-Shau Valley,  
Republic of Viet-Nam.

Philip Lore

# Walk With Me

Take my hand,  
Walk with me,  
I'm your man,  
Can't you see.

When we kiss,  
I'm so complete,  
You'll be mine,  
Till the end of time.

Forget this war,  
I'll close that door,  
Live a simple life,  
With my loving wife.

Our love will grow,  
Higher and higher,  
I want you to know,  
You're my only desire.

Philip Lore

# Walking In The Forest...A Soldier Dreams

A gentle breeze in the air,  
As Mother Natures' forest grows.  
Along quiet lakes,  
I walk and stare,  
Watching wildflowers in swaying rows.

Chipmunks and squirrels frolic around,  
What peace and beauty,  
In this fertile ground.

A golden eagle soars up high,  
I see cardinals, blue jays,  
And a butterfly.  
Woodpeckers, hawks, racoons  
and black bear,  
Thread through this wonderland,  
no burden to bare.

Walking along on an old deer trail,  
I spot a young buck running,  
Amazed at his snowy white tail.  
Scampering fast through the laurels and trees,  
Tall stoic maples with colorful leaves.

I watch as he swiftly moves out of sight,  
These are the wonders I miss in this fight.

Philip Lore

# War Gets Me Down

Here's my story about this war,  
Its about the people we're fighting for.  
Hunger, terror on their faces,  
No food, no clothes, in many places.

We give them water, food to eat,  
Children in tattered clothes, with blistered feet.  
In the burning desert they trek and roam,  
Displaced people without a home.

Wars destruction covers this land,  
Bloodshed, killing...will it ever end?  
It's so bad sometimes I want to scream,  
I ask myself...Am I still a human being?

I try each day to be humane,  
So much lost, what is there to gain?

Feels like I'm in a dark gray cloud,  
Depressed people, heads constantly bowed.

All this time, I rage in war,  
This terrible trek I can't ignore.  
Chaos, crimson pools of blood lie,  
Organize, educate, must be our cry!

Philip Lore



# War In The Desert Of Iraq

Its either hot, cold or damp,  
Its always rough in a forward camp,  
I look up at a starlit sky,  
With rockets, not meteors, that pass my by.

I don't wear fancy shoes or store bought suits  
Just my worn out combat boots  
Weary eyes, and short cropped hair,  
My Boonie Hat, blocks out the suns glare.

Daily patrols on a sandy trail,  
Fighting and clearing, hoping for mail.  
After a fight, some peace of mind,  
Leave all the horrors of battle behind.  
The fight was long, we try to smile,  
We continue to move, mile to mile.

All I have is in my pack,  
I strain my legs, I strain my back.  
A fighting spirit, filled with pain,  
We fight in the sun, We fight in the rain.

I miss the fields, the quiet, the hush,  
To flush a pheasant, to feel the rush,  
I suffer the noise, explosions insane,  
Searching for IED's ahead in my lane.

A package from home...boy, its a treat,  
Sunburned face, blistered feet.  
Visions of war, every thought, every scene,  
Preparing for battle, I hold back a scream.

I'll make it through, the days and the nights,  
Dried out skin, mosquito bites,  
To cast out a fly reel, in a stream flowing clear,  
I'm still stuck in Iraq till the end of this year.

Philip Lore

# We Are Family

To all who love and support me,  
I am thankful to God above,  
You make my life so complete,  
When you send me all your love.

In all the things you do,  
I send my love to you.  
Its how you care for me,  
That makes my spirit free.  
You brighten up my soul,  
Your caring makes me whole.

Yes, we are family,  
You are all so special to me,  
We are solid as an old oak tree,  
Living in the land of the free.

We've shared our up and downs,  
Had our smiles, shared so many frowns.  
My spirits getting so bright,  
A hug...A kiss... I love you all...Goodnight!

Philip Lore

# What Is Normal?

Can I ever live a normal life?  
Relax at home, forget my strife?  
Will my wife see these cold green eyes?  
Tell her the truth?  
Tell her lies?

My heart, my mind so torn apart,  
Can I warm my cold, cold heart?  
What I've seen, the things I've done,  
Enjoy my freedom, have some fun?

Mow the lawn, plant a flower,  
Wear clean clothes, ]  
Enjoy a shower?

I dream these things and many more,  
Pleasant at home,  
Absent in war!

Philip Lore

# When I Was Home

There was a time when I was there,  
Now I'm lost, this war to bear.  
An armored humvee for my home,  
Cramped in tight, I feel so alone.  
Gunships hover across the front,  
Gunner ready...he's in the hunt.

We stack up, tense up, hit the door,  
Machine gun fire, hit the floor.  
Fear rises up with a jolt in my chest,  
Thank God we have our armored vest.

Unmanned aerial vehicles buzz with a groan,  
Wish that I could be resting back home,  
Want to hold you in the night,  
Still engaged in this firefight.

Soldiers dazed, exhausted to the bone,  
Wounded soldiers, lying in the battlezone.  
Some dying, eyes blood red,  
Shoulders stooped as we pick up the dead.

This was the time...that I wished I was home,  
Hugging and kissing you, all alone.  
There is nothing like peace and quiet for me,  
Can't wait to be back 'In the Land of The Free'.

Philip Lore

## When I Wish....

When I wish...I wish I might...  
Kiss you tender lips tonight.

When I wish...I wish I wasn't so alone...  
Just to hear your sweet voice, on the telephone.

When I wish...I wish for your smile...  
I'd swim the ocean, to be near you, for awhile.

When I wish...I wish for peace...  
Praying this war and hostilities cease.

When I wish...I wish I could see...  
You and the grandchildren, walking with me.

When I wish...I wish I was home...  
So tired, frustrated, in this desert I roam.

When I wish..I wish it was true...  
That I was sitting at home, relaxing with you.

Philip Lore

# When I'M Down

Baby, now that I'm leaving,  
I'm still believing,  
I just can't stop grieving,  
Cause, I miss you so.

Cathy, I just want you to know,  
Never again, will I let you go.  
Can't wait to hold you tight,  
Hold you close all through the night.

There are times, when I am down,  
Always wearing a sad, sad frown,  
Look into my heart, I'm sure you'll find,  
Goodtimes, shining like a diamond mine.

It's hard for me each time you call,  
My feelings rise, and then they fall.  
Sometimes your sweet memory's forgotten,  
I swear it makes me feel so rotten.

So, take your time... take a rest,  
To know your soldiers done his best.  
Cathy, when I'm finally home,  
Ill never ever leave you alone.

Philip Lore

# Without Reason

The light is blinding,  
Something is ending.  
A watcher is watched,  
Their message sending.  
My weary heart pines,  
How many crimes?

Fatigue of work,  
Works distraction.  
Weak for sleep,  
No satisfaction.

Live only to hurt,  
Scorched, dead earth.  
A place of exile,  
With pain so vile.

Equal injustice visits this man,  
I feel rebellious,  
An empty man.

They're all murderers,  
Just like me,  
Empty inside,  
No longer free.

I have no thoughts,  
I have no feeling,  
The weight of drama,  
Heavy on my being.

Philip Lore

# Without You

I just can't live without you,  
You gave me your love so free, so true.  
Sand and gloomy all the time,  
Each passing second, you're on my mind.

Lonely days,  
Lonely nights.  
Without you I'm so alone,  
Without you I'm on my own.

Losing you, my greatest fear,  
I've been lonely for a year,  
Without you I shed my tears.

My mind lost its will to dream,  
Without you my heart will scream,  
Without you I feel so lost,  
This terrible war has taken its cost.

Without you I'm so sad and blue,  
My pain I hide, just missing you,  
My heart beats out a lonely song,  
I'll be home soon...  
It won't be long!

Philip Lore



# Words

If I could find the words I'm looking for,  
I would not have to search any more.  
My vanity duped, my ambition clings,  
Abandon all caution, when bullets ring.

Progress feels more like loss than gain,  
Logic teaches to hide our pain,  
Political correctness frittered away,  
Virtues strong each waking day.

To endure our frailty, we wonder why?  
Deaths veil follows, our shadows fly.  
Let your love in kisses rain,  
To my lips, to ease my strain.

Philip Lore

## You Are.....

You are the one I always turn to,  
When all is said and done,  
You're my confidant, my lover,  
Best friend and my soul mate,  
All wrapped up in one.

Philip Lore