

Poetry Series

shimon weinroth
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

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' Humble And Humane

species, species one and all
who is smartest of them all-
domestic animals invented, breeds
caged to feed, to work, to please
for comfort and our ease,

can they think, ache and communicate
we gathered and wandered
vast steepes, arid deserts, smokey jungles
climbed craggy cliffs, immigrated
to seashores and off shores

ranged and roamed the planet
paternal scientists became
of their fate and destiny
feed starve and eat, often make extinct
humane and humble ask, can they think

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' Times Supplement'

I had been reading the
literary supplement
if I were an anthropologist or social apologist
I'd find it possible to assimilate
their adverts and perverts

and all the other mixed up beings
and jelly beans, Mexican jumping beans
Pythagorean beans and more beans
we have tasted beans of knowledge,

had I discarded and littered the garden
no beanstalk would have sprouted,
Oh, Jack the Giant what the hell
it's only recycled paper

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A Bag Full Of Scruples

to market to market a bag full of scruples,
hear me one and all, they are worth their weight in gold
to ward off the evil eye and simple pie man,
come one, come all, have a peek and seek no more

some are fat some are sleek, blends with all,
served up with sauce, marinated and peppered by know
good with hot tea or ales for what ails you, whiskey too,
get your scruples without onions or leeks, fresh and crispy,

one for mom, one for dad, one for the big bad wolf,
one for witches brew and gargoyles stew, rainy days,
my scruples are best, do not heed the hawkers mine
were grown in bias and contempt, exempt from taxes

of morals and so called morality, one dung hill is as good
as the next, scruples tender and untested tasty too
free of genetically improved, no authorization needed,
scruples free of inter-dependence, recommended by the amoral,

they are not costly, one for every bad deed, without guilt,
cheaper by the dozen, don't twaddle the time is now,

eating his fill of ill will,
he was buried with scruples no better no worse,
without scruples he could not
be laid to rest, cremated perhaps,

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A Blush Is A Blush

For all to see
Paint brush of inner feeling
Colors the face
With crimson signs

Of sweet emotions
Or some other kinds

A momentary effusion
Mixed
Signaling the true
Or misconstrued

The innocent
Or the lewd

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A Cat In Residence

the cat she sits,
a stoic,
purrs and meows
as fits her mood,

the cat she sits
and does not move,
as befits
a statue,

on the mantle piece
table or window sill,

then with a whirl she moves from
place to place,
soon stretching out
and lies about,

suddenly, starts and startles,
remembering something
she has forgot,
runs up and down
the steps

chasing her shadow
or something more profound,
dances up and down
and all around,
flops on the ground

and sighs
her secret kept

we in a quandry
wonder,
what makes
her dreams
come true

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A Cup Of Wine

with a cup of wine
come dine with me,
on thoughts of mine,

Bacchinal or Dionysus
or more sedate,
wine, aged for time of taste

tickles the palate,
tittilates the mind,
sip from the well of memory

ritual and ceremony,
serious and light,
wine from her vines

arouse the senses
cloud the issues
brighten the spirits

raise a cup of wine
for old lang syne

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A Different Slant

from my gallery of faces

he has the softest eyes
I have ever seen,
watery and doe full
is it compassion and empathy
that I see,

or some rheumy humor
bathing the scene

all doubts are washed away
by the sonorous baritone,
the soft and delicate tones
of interest and feeling
and a shy smile,

now I know what
she sees in him,
the seas and oceans,
green fields,
skies blue,
and merry meadows
too,

they are his sun
and her moon
a divine dance of
heavenly bodies

admiring and
circling each other
with a love that lives

breathing a notalgia
an infinty at echoes

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A Dilemma

for every cause an effect
what created the cause, another effect,
sounds too circular to accept,
doesn't explain, the why
only tells the history of a sigh

and if I can know the source
will it change the orbit of course,
deny the sigh and why,
or should I believe in forces beyond
exchanging ignorance for bliss,
rely on it, assume the why has caused it all
will it change my life, the struggle and strife

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A Fine How Do You Do

she tells me what to do
even while I am
or plan to
or think I am

by now, I should and would know
what I want to do,
if ever I sought advice
it is only her, I would seek

has she no faith,
I know what to do,
of course she has
but she knows better

how, what and when, to do
so when in need I'll ask,
if she stopped telling me
what to do,

I'd think she didn't care anymore,
still it's often annoying
being told what to do

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A Fourth Dimension

boxed in
framed
pin pointed
vanished
unannointed

pin pointed
framed
boxed in
unannointed
vanished

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A Good Man

I'm not even sure
of the meaning of good
or how close
the modal of should

from the core of the motive
to an act of compassion
is free of the germs of subterfuge
and the viruses of cheat

good relates to another,
I was born of a mother
into the species called human
not always humane

learned and imitated,
fed by a mother ueaten by father -
Are acts of good, directed
by should and conditional would

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A Grain Of Salt And More

the other me slithers out of
peep holes, cracks and crannies
slides and spreads, rolls and multiplies
filling the here and vast beyond

rides the golden chariots,
glides on the wings of fantasy
begetting dreams of dreams,
floating on clouds wrapped and cloaked

shedding my skin, dropping my leaves
hung up to dry,
dominated by lack of means,
I shrink wither and recline

by moods eluding and flirtatious
devoid of trauma, drama and catharsis
indulge myself
into realms of there

sometimes I can be followed,
pride is of no use
guilt and blushing have no place,
I am free, of electronics too

on a vacation, from some of myself

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A Hopeless Case

from one worry to the next, I'm worried
at intervals and pauses,
I find time to worry
one man's worry,
another man's cause for contemplation

be aware, be alert, be cautious
of course they say they're not worried
women don't take the world as is
forever trying to change and if they can't
it's environment, or male counterpart

after God put us here, we worried
got a soul or invented one.
still I'd rather worry than have no hopes
thus from one hope to the next I'm worried

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A Jit A Jot A Tiny Dot

gloved against contact
by weather and epidermis
pop crinkle and crackle,
mute sonic traces of
viruses leaping, aborting
from one cell to another

gamma photons popping up
at strange spots
twinkling out
disappeared from the screen
without requiem and ressurect

gassed out pass away
flow with time
into sparkling space

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A Lady Of Stature

This lady of stature
whose shadow bumped into mine
creature of compassion
inquired is she well,

The feeling spoken
as seen by the eyes,
outgoing and caring,
another human identifies

How lovely, this lady of stature
who hears my silent sighs and cries
and takes a moment to ask

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A New Religion Terrorism

Bottled up and boxed in
Again and again
They try to get out
Banging fists on the walls

Shouting till they are hoarse
beating and kicking
The unmovable borders
Till they are senseless

Tempers so frantic
Full of hatred

In such a state
Humane and humanity
Have lost all its pity

Why do we ask them
To consider
Our side

They are the monster
That grew out of despair

Samson in agony
One last act
Calls out for revenge

Now they have made
A religion
Of such heroism

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A New Set

lately many symbols seem to melt, wilt and decline
is it something in our food,
something in the air that dulls, a hovering cloud,
energy from the past, loss of faith, forsaken hope

and a dozen other reasons
is it love and empathy shed
a balloon deflated
have apathy and satire taken over the libido

emotions ruled by logic
blinded the eyes of memory
other forces have replaced symbols
telling us what and how to do

in ball parks and stadiums packed
festivals, mass gatherings thrive, jive
sing and dance a new tune
symbols of the past put to rest

new ones appear like mushrooms in the rain

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A Philosophy Of Heroism

heroes are not easy to come by
heroic acts are a different story.
heroism a flag bestowed unfurled
live in the annals of moral sacrifice.

spilled his guts saving lives of others
courage to suffer and still carry on,
most heroically did so in silence
oh hero hero who do not cry out

his or her deeds carried by waves,
of ethics moral and agreed upon,
live on by consensus annd canon
of each era, we salute you one and all

Oh dear me! is a Nazi soldier a hero
who gave his life for his comrades
of a diseased inhuman ideology
a hero too?

are not women who suffer daily
selflessly help their children grow up
not heroes of heroic heroism
suffer the yoke and burden of a warped society

are not the accidents of genetic mishaps heroes,
heroes of statistics and those of accidents,
and those of injustice heroes,
of paying the price of survival for other regarding

Oh my kind listeners come tell me one and all
is this philosophy not far fetched and lopsided
and there is no such concept called hero,
take your medals put them under your pillows

take the stories and legends, myths and magic
are the fancy of the narrator pleasant to listen
and muse of sacrifice and other regarding
acts so noble and fascinating of wonder and admire

still there are some that are more heroic if only by
comparison indelible in our memory for ages to come

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A Pocket Full Of Emotions

a pocket full of emotions
and a myriad of notions
racing up and down the psyche
drowned in a pool of nerves,

revived, excited one another, multiplied
accident prone, swerved from one notion
to another, probed and urged
sommersaulting, jumping all about

came to rest in a nest of
ganglions, neurons and axels
conjuring a host of phobias
and fears, loves and tears,

colored the scene with red hot
lust, purple apoplexy, green
jealousy, blue moods and
black clouds, amidst skies of fun

stoic stoic do not frown
brown is too drab to lighten up
release your nervous system
that has withered and dried up

ascetic ascetic, smile and laugh
leave the prissy sisterhood
join the ranks of emotions and notions
free and easy with moments of queasy

preacher preacher let the better
instincts be the teacher, following
the red brick road of empathy
and sympathy, for the princesses' toad

soldier soldier let love conquer all
lay down your hate and bury hostility,
and all the evil and foul emotions
now God is on your side, go home!

politician politician speak to the peoples
free and candid, stop playing upon their emotions
stirring up with false promises,
resign all your false and evil designs

garbage collector garbage collector,
gather all the evil and false emotions,
incinerate and burn, bury the ashes deep,
careful they too are contagious

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A Purpose That Begs

a feeling
physical and rewarding,
a nervous system alone
cannot accomplish this deed

we find
it started in the mind

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A Question Here A Question There

the big eight
really mean well
but the preferences,
get in the way,

and preferences
as you know,
are our way of life,

so they set about
to divide the resources
among themselves
and their friends

and their constituents
and themselves,
what was left over
they gave to the needy,

and very needy,
alas they were too late
to help the most needy

the big eight complained too
just because we have so much
doesn't make us to blame,
nor sole caretakers of the planet

we can't give too much to the needy
they will no longer be the needy
who then would be responsible,
the big eight would stop being countries of plenty

in respect to others,
you needy took some loans and more loans,
now you want us to wipe the debt off,
we prefer to help the needy of our countries
true charity begins at home,

but why oh why on a planet so rich
are there so many poor

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A Rose Is More

a thorny stem
with a head full of petals
soft to the touch

stigma and pollen
color and perfume
caress the senses

orbs of the mind
store the memory
of delight

why is it so thrilling
too see over and over
again and again

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A Search

No such thing
As one that is apart
yet all things
are one and a part

How lonely
Infinity's search for a start,
a nostalgia of the heart

Racing back
Causes galaxies to depart
An ever expanding universe
Out into the dark
Will find-

No such thing
Or one that is apart

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A Smile Is Not Enough

a smile is not enough
to show, just how I feel,
express my inner thrill
of delight,

it must be more
to show that I adore
or have this fright
and desire to touch,

laughter is induced,
by some strange mixture
of thoughts and feelings,

once it is out
it is the most contagious of delights.
infects those near and far,
to reproduce

emits such lovely sound and more
music, pleasant to the ear,
a smile is definitely not enough
once you know of laughter

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A Solitary Demonstrator

behold she stands alone in the street,
there she is, this single protester
standing with her placard and chanting
slogans, and her outraged thoughts
sings with fierce force of voice,
her right to be heard,

if she is alone and solitary, her
cause must be frivolous whimsical,
are there no other champions to join,
yet her voice carries over the roof tops
and the walls hear her anger, and the streets,
the sorrow and melancholy of the children

they are hungry, the bottomless pit of
fear and want, have beseeched their thin bodies
and weak frames, she does not cry for alms
for handouts and food stamps, she cries
for employment and fair wages in the 21st
is there no one to join the solitary protester,

the government shrugs and
even patrons have disappeared
still she stands, till a police wagon
give her a citation and warn
protesting is illegal without a license,
carries her off, leaving the children
at the curb

where did we go wrong,
saying, the setup up is to blame
and the profiteers, doesn't fill the stomach
or stop the tears

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A Sorry State

on the tread mill of worry,
we walk on and on,
for miles and miles,
as the mill goes round and round

to sweat and itch,
shiver and shake,
fear and dread,

if all the worries,
were let out, upon the world
devils and harpies,
would fly away

worries multiply and replicate
shut out the ozone and suffocate
soon laid to rest in the grave yard
of worn out worries

tread with care,
the slightest stir
revives a host,
of others

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A Soul Saved

I have had this feeling before,
I even know how to say it in French
does that make it true
if it happened more than once

can revelations happen
to those who do not believe

what a terrible waste
to have seen the light
and not know

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A Spot Off My Eye

precedes, a dream a fantasy,
or a witches spell, and if I go to
hell, gets there before I do,
is no consolation,

though no friend, the unwanted companion,
does not warn, nor caution his host,
I want a spot of distinguished birth,
one that can predict well in advance,

will be loyal, give me riches and
wishes, happiness and health,
alas on hearing my demands,
the spot, before my eye vanished

disappeared, complaining that
I expected too much and was too greedy,
I retorted, I am only human,
Spotless Shimon

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A Touch Is A Touch

feeling, flowing free and fleeting,
floating swimming on waves of neurons
pulsing skipping, somersaulting,
up, down and around resounding

in cogito or incognito, wrapped enveloped
till a drowsy psyche wishes
or willful consciousness
put more meaning

each road a different scenario
rapport by lexis or gesture
clothed the naked feeling
with fine raiment and ornament

Deco, Art Nouveau. or Rococo
tones of Gregorian or jazz
glimmering suns and cotton clouds
silky and diaphanous ethereal transparent

send, evoking embracing the spirit,
ah me, I do run off, what if the
touch was a mere accident a simple
contact of coarse physical, neither

intended nor unintended?

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A Touch Of Skepticism

I envy those who believe
Their great capacity for love
To act with grace and compassion
I envy their faith

Balm of comfort, of belief
They know more
Than i can ever hope for
In a world full of sin

Redemption, grace, resurrection

i envy those who believe
Surely they know more than I

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A Visit From Overseas

they were here;
and they left,
and now we are alone,
will they be back again
before we are gone,

it was so good
to have you fill
the halls and rooms
with laughter and glee
melody of you and now,

we sat and we drank
and talked some more
the flow of warm feelings
caressed and fondled
with tear filled eyes

we sat and we drank
and partook together
touching souls
spirit of wonder and whether,
telling the story over and over,

three generations
had come together
full of hope
that beyond these days
there is an ever more

do not cry or mourn us,
the waves of memory
are etched in the sands of time
love's emotion
of the finest kind

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A Visit To The Hospital Ward

a visit to the hospital ward,
at twilight time before the Sabbath
depressing and necessary,
void and empty,
looking forward beheld fragile promises,

they came on their own
as I lay prone in pain,
humiliated that my frame
had succumbed,

my bed space, curtained and un-private
welcomed the two
who met at my bedside,
for the first time,

in low sonorous voices
we recorded our past and
the enclosure curtained the exchange,
a history of the vanguard and old-guard

lost visions and hopes
despair and disappointment,
resignation and acceptance,
that time was not on our side, if ever

the hospital ward is conducive
to a fatalism, that ones will might lose the struggle
with destiny,
gave our future to doctors of medicine

still and all wary and skeptical,
a good sign that we have not given up,
and would hold on to decision making,
for time time is most precious and priceless

when threatened, to be taken away

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A Word Of Advice

I can not give you knowledge by birth
nor would you be willing
to accept my experience

So we have devised ways
for you to learn faster,
to compensate
the genetic scope

Take care of the environments
there are no others

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About Time

there are moments,
if not taken down and sighted,
go unremembered,
sighed away and forgotten

some, times
more precious, than others
romantic and loved
become road marks.

recalled and enjoyed
over and over,
time intervals
in the treasury of memory

events personal and secret,
yet, if not shared
are buried,
ignoble and forgotten

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About Altruism

What then is the motive
To say
What I said
And what I do

Is philanthropy

I made it
Known
Casts
The shadow of doubt

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About Humane

It's not what you did or might do
it's what you beleived,

moral and just
and true for you,

if it's in the name of humane
reasons are justified,

victims
seldom agree,

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About Illusions

Illusions cost some
self-deception

Imagination
is the better cost of living

Delusions are runaway
deceptions

Mathematics has little to do
with any of them

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About Old Age

promised in old age
I would have solitude
pleasant and sublime,
happiness and security

filled with memories,
satisfying and sweet,
and it came to pass
old age caught up

it's not one particular
day of reckoning
that came knocking on my chest
short gasps of breath

pains of rheumatism
malfunctioning of the plumbing
its not the pain and slowing down
that follows me around

not even the glee and merry
laughter echoing,
of a new generation surrounding
can compensate all, on its own

solitude when sought
soon filled with electronic buzzing
Hybla bees stinging with their poison
false promises of honey

waves of fear appear
of being left
alone with memories
all on your own

memories crowded with others
wings spread in flight and delights
winging their way, alighting
then vanishing into a fog of recall

returning only in part when surrounded
by the bugles of whim, need and fancy

I have been to the outer regions of space
and found myself wanting,
no safer than before,
been to the moon and stars

to the bottom of oceans
my eyes have seen the glory
of creations seen before
looked over the rim of volcanoes

shook with typhoons and earthquakes
tragedy and war
and I know that I am not alone
I have been to the peaks

of happiness and joy
I have seen the pages of literature and stories,
unfold before my eyes
the knowledge of others spread out before me

what makes me so restless,
it all never seems enough
now that old age has caught up
and too much is voyeured

this plaintiff is both a romantic
of the past
and a gadfly of protest,
is not satisfied we are doing our best

in our quest for more
and more years
nor the quality
of our tears

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About Unalike & Alike

what do we mean when we speak of races,
who says all men are my brothers,
since when is yellow, black and white of common ancestry
what about brown red and in between

and why under the sun -
we belong to the same tree of lineage,
hair eyes nostrils, lips, and pigments
we've been so busy trying to ignore-

all men are brothers
all women are not like my mother
my color is not yellow
my lips are pencil thin

not nubian and sensual
nostrils pinched not wide and brown
my nose too long and fat
not short and squat

my hair and eyes texture and form
not like the others,
surely not all men are like my brothers-
do we have so little faith in brotherhood
that we would group all the peoples
into one common ancestor
and if so

where did it begin
on what level of venial sin

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Abstract Abstractions

Now that I have proved
He exists
God has little faith
In me

I failed Him
Expaining his existence
making everything finite

Oh Why, did I try to solve
A solution
Devise a math for absolution

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Absurd

There are too many myths
Misconceptions and Ifs
We learn by apeing imitating
Copying the illusions of Miss-led

Seek to be independent
Assert individuality
We all know where we came from
Have a mother to prove it it is so

Organisms that live, know the source
Was never random and by chance
Premeditated and desired
Sired and reproduced

Replicating and dependent
On those that came before,
Creating and recreating
A myth that came true

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Abused Elements

Architectural skyline
monstrosity of utility
bowed and scraped
to financial stupidity

Electrical and wiring
of ether waves

Insensibility
desecrated
the natural background
symmetry of the elemental

no excuse for such misuse
God forgive them, they knew no better

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Acquarium Aquarium

pink yellow gold, orange and charcoal black
fins and tails of diaphanous silky nature
some dressed in perignors,
swimmg top to bottom, twirling gliding easily

a microcosmos, creatures of my responsibility
and I failed them, so beautiful in their bluish
water color domain, ladylike and lordly
forever dressed in festive colorful suit

i created a closed cycle a utopian scene
alas, destined for death, I found them floating
forgive me, I shall forever mourn their passing

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Acquiring Beliefs

you tell me that it is so
why should I believe you
it might not be,
if you tell me that it is not

that is easier to believe
true is not as enticing as false
I in a quandry
why believe at all

we hold these truths to be
self evident, all men are equal
beliefs are holding truths

in the beginning
I was told that it was so
watered again and again
I grew to believe you,
not because it was so

sleeping dreaming and fantasizing
we are not free from beliefs
implanted by you
it was mom and dad gave me life

and beliefs they said were true
were theirs and their parents too
said it was good to have some beliefs
of my own and some of theirs
there is no world without beliefs

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Actuality

much depends on
what you drink
the moment in space

faces of before
intensity of pace
and the belief in grace

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Addendum

or what you see
was cloned to be
I and me
and some philosophy

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Affinity And Me

Getting up at dawn
Before the birds
And sunbeams yawn
I walk the path

A barefoot lawn
Tickles the fancy
Just to muse and gaze
Let the glances jump about

As a ball
Or floating clouds
Or winging birds
A mist about to bid adieu

Traces embraced with dew
Sweet aroma of fresh and renew
Bring giddy senses to the mind
Touch and strum the memory chords

Fill the well to swell
From the brim
Bursting out
In smile and song

Music and symphony
Thoughts sublime
I walk tall
With gods and heroes

Into my world
Of at the dawn

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Aged

smoked and pickled
nothing tickled
sat and sighed
time it died

do you know why
she swallowed
the lie

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Ageing

When you're young
You catch on fast

When you're old
You're caught up
By the past

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Ah Sweet Pea Flower

I picked and cut the stems
Of sweet pea flowers, for my beloved
Pastel colors soft and sweet, pinks and light blues
Whites burgandies and darkened and argent hues

Ecclesiastic purple, fuchsia, and wine
A feast for the eyes
A symphony that blends with sensations
A heady aroma and fragrance

Irises dialated, nostrils quivered
The mind in full bloom, smiled and exhaled
Fantasies orgasmed and danced with joy
To clutch and feel, so soft, so sweet, so fleeting

Wrapped in a boquet, a spokesman
Telepathing to her
That which no words
Could convey

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Air Raids And Rockets

I sit in a bunker
sleep in a bomb shelter
Play and Wonder
Why I can't go home

Mommy says its dangerous
But she always says that
Why so different today
I can not go out and play

Daddy is here too
It must be a holiday
Why does everyone
Seem so worried

What are those booms
Screams from overhead
Big people shudder and slink
Whisper and cry

So I cry too from time to time
They listen to the radio
All the time
No music no laughter, no singing

Why can't I go out and play

They talk of war
What does that mean
We will have to remain
In the shelter and not go home

I'm told to sit quiet
I ask too many questions
If i don't ask
How will I know

They seem so worried
So i worry too

Why can't we go home
I don't like the shelter

They say people get killed
I know old people die
And sick people die
How is getting killed any different

Can anyone explain

shimon weinroth

Airports

I hate going to airports,
to lose myself among so many,
I detest the crowds of flesh,
bags and baggage,

queing up stqnding in line
waiting to serve and be served,
though caught in a mееlee
pulling and pushing within reason

protocol is observed
in line, yet lost in a crowd
dwarfed and alone,

my ear tuned to garble of language,
on hearing my mother tongue,
the empathy of belonging,
security of many among many,

alleviates the stifling, somewhat,
I compromise my misanthropic nature
becoming national,
banding together in hostility,

who says,
such feeings
are normal

shimon weinroth

Alike & Unalike

what do we mean when we speak of races,
who says all men are my brothers,
since when is yellow, black and white of common ancestry
what about brown red and in between

and why under the sun -
we belong to the same tree of lineage,
hair eyes nostrils, lips, and pigments
we've been so busy trying to ignore-

all men are brothers
all women are not like my mother
my color is not yellow
my lips are pencil thin

not nubian and sensual
nostrils pinched not wide and brown
my nose too long and fat
not short and squat

my hair and eyes texture and form
not like the others,
surely not all men are like my brothers-
do we have so little faith in brotherhood
that we would group all the peoples
into one common ancestor
and if so

where did it begin
on what level of venial sin

shimon weinroth

All Fools Day

Some say comes but once a year
a fun day of hoaxes and jokes on
friends neighbors, family
just plain folk, gobs, gooby, and noodles

When spring fever is upon
naive, innocents and unaware
Fools, beware of false scare
Scots go hunting for gwak amd
Chaucer's Chanticleer and fox

Fools are many the fooled even more
rumor and fabricated
greases the imagined
so easy for the medias to turn
Fools Day into every day,

seek to celebrate one day
no different than any

shimon weinroth

All My Yesterdays

and all my tomorrows,
will flow into a rivulet,
of no more,
and this stream will sink
into the earth,

not even a moist spot
will mark the end,
all my yseterdays,
and all my tomorrows

will go up in smoke
spiraling upward and outward,
or unmoving, blend as
a mixture and compound,

perhaps unnoticed,
perhaps unfound.
perhaps unseen,
perhaps unbound,

no, - when I cross the bar,
there remains a legacy,
to seek to find
and would not yield,

shimon weinroth

Allegro

allegro non tropo and me
I sat beside the electronic ocean
soon others joined
to see
why I sat near the sea

I moved they moved
moved again again they moved
I was committed
they looked and watched

I balked they rested
I took the chance I split
to find what's free
lies around and beyond
the corner of me

shimon weinroth

Allergies

are too one sided, personal, and ill
designed for overfill and kill
filled with histamines and poisons
of a kind, cause the host to stumble
mumble and grumble

cures, hide in the shadow of complexity
treated by circumvent of trial and error
seen or unseen cause the faulting of
systems both great and small
to stall and grind to a stop, suffer and die

shimon weinroth

Alone And Lonliness

standing in the field of fresh cut Alfalfa
bleeding blades, of sweet and sour
their dirge, a song of fragrance,
I find myself in this midst, gazing
at horizons, smiling at the joys of creation,
white clouds sailing, birds winging, bees buzzing

grasses fallen at my feet, nature's portrait
hanging in my mind, embracing and enduring
alas too often overwhelmed by war and despair
a lonliness creeps in, I escape to sublime memories
far from the madding crowd,
and yet anxiety lingers on

shimon weinroth

Altering The Future

buy a lottery
take a chance
fill out a form
pick a number
choose a card

gambling against
1 in 14 million
or more
false hopes
laws of probability

better than odds
against death,
momentary illusions
still,
some win

fate altered
their destiny changed
Wow, what i could do
with all that money
next week

shimon weinroth

Ambiguity

hides intent,
casts shadows on events,
leads to discourse,

which side or face
becoming or disgrace, reflects
what is or thought to be,

runs the course of
both true and false
replicates and divides

again and again divides
into more and more commentaries,
and facts become interpretaries,

I'm not to blame
language says it all,
or speaker and auditor
of bad recall

shimon weinroth

An Act

Some acts
Have a life
Of their own

Come into being
Grow
With each step

Snow balling
Advance
Oscillate or retreat

Acts birthed
Set upon a course
Owe allegiance to itself

Thoughts unacted
Become misty phantoms
Unremembered

Enacted
An act
Is an act

shimon weinroth

An Intuition - To Michael

There are things you know of yourself
not of your own knowledge
you have been told
that it is so
and see no reason to object

That you were born
that you sleep
that you will die
and inductively agree

There are other things you know
because you have reasoned
that it is so
that men rule each other
women are like mother
to have is better than not having
this you learn deductively

And some say, that God in his mercy
made it so

shimon weinroth

Anatomy Of Us

Children of the sacro-ileac
Vertical spinal column
Aspire to heights
Daring gravities yet unknown

by vehicle of psyche and soul
enhanced by language
in letters and electronics
resounding round the cosmos

images of music and art
beautiful and sublime
true to our nature
replicate and share

The final form, of efficient
Material consciousness

shimon weinroth

Ancient Astros

smog is disappearing over L.A.
fog still fills the British Isles,
man made imprint, vanishes in just a while
planetarian movement Circadian deep,
human effort transient

the seas of turbulence deeply moved
internal fires the core of mother earth
quaking, shiver and shake,
or a comet orbiting through Sol's space
breezed by, breathed fire and molten stone

smoked the stratosphere, dropped a meteoric message
fell to earth, littering Stonehenge and Christmas Isle
gave us unknown origin, ant-mass and the smile

shimon weinroth

And Now Public Domain

a bubble burst within the mind
ideas came spilling out
bleeding strings of thought
sparkling necklace beads, once linked

some opaque, some transparent ghosts
others rainbow colored rhythm
dance across the strings and chords
compose and trill a melody

beautiful seeds
fallen from the mind
into public domain
to trample or caress

shimon weinroth

Another Antenna Part 1

My window looks out upon
A budding horizon, as far as
The eye can see
Blue skies and yellow meadows

Sunbeams bathing
Cloudless heavens
Meandering paths
Gallantly cutting to my doorstep

At first somewhere in between
There stood a solitary antenna
Firm steely structure
Pointing its figure at the sky

Humming in static monotone
Sending messages
Gossiping electric currents
To all the people here and about

Soon joined by poles
And lines and cables
Criss crossing back and forth
A network of veins marking

A once clear horizon,
I have acquiesced
Getting used to these obstacles
My mind blocks them out

These very important vertical
Steely beings, serve us day
In and out, of them we cannot
Do without

shimon weinroth

Another Butterfly Effect

there is a ripple in my mind
bound over by other waves
there is a rumbling in my mind
in search of the drowning ripple

that might turn into a crease, wrinkle,
crack the smooth surface,
slowdown the flow, the stream of thought
gather other debris and multiply,

pulse with impulses, distort the memory
create illusions, delusions of bias and hate
the ripple lies, at the bottom of my lake
spewing venom and mistake,

the ripple having grown lives on its own
takes charge of other thoughts
builds a bank of memories of distort
emotions of the ripple eat up reason

indigest the mind with ill logic of a kind
the ripple becomes a cancer and destroys
other thoughts of the mind so contagious
creates the wastelands from a burbling

brook of venom, streams to rivulets
flows to the sea, polluting oceans,
thank heavens acquired thoughts
are not inherited

but the ripples of a contaminated ecology
are food for thought,
the next time you feel a ripple
smother, kill the serpent in its egg,

don't let it get the better of you
vigilance
of its kind
can bring peace of mind

shimon weinroth

Another Chance

a round green table between us,
it seems easier to slide around
without negotiating corners
still we are divided by space
and blocked by matters

reaching across looks easy
raising a hand to brush away
a mosquito, retracting a hand
from a burning flame,
we were learned by biting experience

reapproachment is rekindled
when angered feelings
surrender, to new hopes

shimon weinroth

Another Facet Of Personal

there are moments
if not taken down and sighted
go unremebered
sighed away and forgotten,

some, times,
more precious than others
romantic and loved,
become road marks,

recalled and enjoyed
over and over,
time intervals
in the treasury of memory

events personal and secret,
yet, if not shared
are buried
ignoble and forgotten

shimon weinroth

Another Perspective

There are things that we know
are not questions of belief
Our planet is not the center
you and I are not the omphalos,
Dumbfounded by such revelations
we refuse to accept this
instead speak in riddles use language
reflecting dizzy notions

sun-up sun-down,
dawn dusk and good morning

Circling around Sol we rise and descend

shimon weinroth

Another Side Of The Planet

Another Side of the Planet

For the homeless
The rains are a calamity
Fresh wet fragrance
Soon becomes soaking wet

Chill and cold set in
Thoughtless polis and people
Ignore their plight
For they are lazy and redundant

Idle and cheeky
Pay them little attention
Perhaps the rains will
Clear them away

They might catch cold and die

We need
Much more rain
To wash the guilt
From our indolent souls

shimon weinroth

Another Vector

from out of chaos
came there men
a new beginning
and the nostalgia of infinity

shimon weinroth

Another View

a deck of thoughts
shuffled
produces a different
sequence of talk

time measures
eternity-
of what is
what was

pretending to know
what will be

shimon weinroth

Anti Aristotelian

I do it
For you
Expect
No reward

Is false
Untrue
And not only
For you

shimon weinroth

Anticipation Plus

a long line of hopes, expectations,
waiting to come alive and thrive
a beam of sunshine, morning primrose
dose of pep, trill, thrill, a bundle of nerves
wrapped in dreams, streams of hormones.
make the river of spirits, surge in each cell
sweat and prespire, thumping, throbbing,

floods and aspires, swallows apathy and ennui,
lost hopes, outshined by lucid luster
makes waiting, wothwhile, voluptuous and juicy

shimon weinroth

Antigone 'A True Feminist?'

Oh, children of the womb
hear me, for I have a tale
to tell of woe and sorrow
of the 'House of Oedipus'

Hear me men of Thebes,
Corinth and Athens too
plagued by Oracles curses
pestilence and Civil War

'So see I woe on woe
ordained of old'
rocking the foundations
of family and tradition
pitting the clan against
the kings and polis state

Brave Antigone sister and
daughter of Oedipus
defying King Creon
embraced the old traditions

cruel king sentenced his
daughter in law to be buried alive
hero and heroine of the family unit
gladly met her death

she had honor by her deeds
warning to despots.
Creon without sons,

Alas woman-kind by emulation
chose the home
and not the politics
of ruling states

shimon weinroth

Antinomy Of Kinds

multi-cutured, muti-colored, multi-media
multi this or that,
what ever happened to one of a kind
both proud and unique
with integrity of its sort,

did it die of envy and jealousy
suffering from critics
became depressed and distraught
unique in its oneness,
slayed by critical onslaught

now, they are mourned by all the multies
who without individs
cannot innovate
create
or invigorate

where oh where, have all the young men gone
and women too, and the one called you

shimon weinroth

Anxieties Before Email

The mail hasn't arrived, it's 12 thirty two
the postman is well overdo
it might seem unjust, I've been to the box
over and over, an hour has passed
my mind is still nagging

whetre the hell is the postman
run down or run over. the dogs are barking
making a ruckus, someoe approaching
over the hill and down the dale
my heart is thumping, high noon

the mailman is coming
he nodded good day and passed on his way

shimon weinroth

Aone And Loneliness

Alone and Loneliness

Standing in the field
Of fresh cut Alfalfa
bleeding blades
Of sweet and sour

Their dirge
A song of fragrance
I find myself
In this midst

Gazing at the horizons
Smiling at the joys
Of creation, White clouds sailing
Birds winging, bees buzzing

Grasses fallen at my feet
No fleeting moment
Nature's portrait
Hanging in my mind

Embracing and enduring
Serene and ensuring

Alas
Too often verwhelmed
By War despair and hunger

A loneliness creeps in
And I escape
To sublime memories
Far from the madding crowd

shimon weinroth

Aristotelian Wisdom

Aristotle's book of Metaphysics
Asserts ' all men aspire
To Know'
Thus following the trail

To find the grail

The Final
Form
Of Efficient
Material

Is consciousness

shimon weinroth

Arrayed

Reflection of reflection, reflects illusion
And the true
Shadows and rays of view
That can not quite go through

Second sight reflects itself
Ray of light of another media
Going through comes back to you
Train of thought, on a return ticket

Reflects, refracts shadows too

The ray of light
Illuminates the sight
Physical knows what's true of you
Psyche knows what's true for you

On opening another folder in the computer

shimon weinroth

Art

What you see, is not what you get
The illusion and real are unreeled
Short circuiting perspective
And some morality of painting

shimon weinroth

As It Is

First is second to none
Second is second to one

shimon weinroth

Ask Why

I asked her why - no reply-denial
Am I to understand her answer final
Beneath my pride and dignity to plead
Now I proudly sigh and will never know why

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Assess And Acquiesce

Are you aware
That I have lost
Some of my hair
And the use of

Some other parts
Put into disuse
Perhaps by abuse
Or the fate of old,

No longer bold
I take pills for these ills
When I bemoan
The state of no affairs

My old peers
Too old for jeers and cheers
Bid me sit
And join the club

shimon weinroth

Assuming

Assumng

When I don't know or I'm not sure
Some beliefs melt and fade
Others take another form

Practice the verse called norm
Assuming leaves space
For being wrong

Lets in bias
With a house full of notions
Makes room for emotions
Sometimes, divorced of reality and truth

Assuming then becomes
A sanctuary for mistake
Feeds and grows fat
On pre-concieved and a'priori

Shrugs when disproved
Will not give up body
And ghost of misconcieved

Oceans of assuming
Are filled with beliefs
Hang on long after they smell of burial
Too often are exhumed

Assuming is a way of thought
Both inductive and deductive
An epstemic view
Would you assume that's true

shimon weinroth

Asymmetric

we should do everything,
to build up their ego,
teach them to walk and talk
feed and clothe,
take pride and joy, laughter and fun
in their growing up

hopefully have not manipulated
too much, expecting no repayment

they tear down our image
block out the shadow,
standing on their own feet
cut the cord, become independent
spread their wings to freely fly on their own
Good Luck, they are going to need it

shimon weinroth

Asymmetrical

Thought conceived by sense
senseless though it be,
perceives that other, part

-

Duality of A'piori
meta allegories
and Biblical stories

-

In the beginning skies were murky
there was no one to welcome a big bang
to hear to see
nor think of glee or quantity

-

Egos nurtured would be free
tear down the image
that created this worldly mystery

shimon weinroth

At First And Then

I put my head on your shoulder
you put your arm around mine
we communicate, but it's not enough
we need words to pet and flatter
with intent and chatter

and body language
gave birth to talk
and talk we did and filled
the atmosphere with more than talk

made promises and covenants
that we broke, murdered
language and talk
with war and bloodshed
now even god and computers are suspect

shimon weinroth

Authenticity

Are you what you try to be-
It is best to be, what your are,
I'd rather fancy you, -
Than what you seem to be

Life is quite different,
High time to change
The mask of vanity

Mysticism, magic and illusion.
Would have us think, we can embrace
The visions of our fantasy

Alas they vanish, for these senses
Five, will not mix with sweet dreams
Of a reality, that seems to be

shimon weinroth

Autumnal Equinox

Sighing summer hot and tired
Surrenders, gives in bows out
Colors dim, glaring yellows
No longer shine so bright

All in between, an interim
Seasons changing of the guard
Hovers, heralding a cooler
Pleasing pleasant pleasure

Day turns to night and night today
Horizons mellow opposites blend
Marking ushering
An era of change

Time carried on the magic carpet
Into the world of soft pastels
Hopes and wishes each year's
New and unfamiliar

Winging amongst the clouds
Singing amidst the busy din
Autumn is here
The covenant is upheld

shimon weinroth

Awakening

Smooth, curves
Rounded planes
Wavy hair and freckle spots
Curling lines and polka dots

Ignore the tumult of the day
Turn away
Put at bay disharmony
Turn off radio and sonar waves

Shut down satellites TV stations
And celular phones

Now gaze at soft curves
Rounded planes
Wavy hair and freckle spots
Curling lines and polka dots

They never
Seemed
There
Before

shimon weinroth

Away With All Flesh

Woman and Man of today
contest the right of way
their children and computers
have all - there is to say

Mechanical and their beings
control the outcome of tomorrow
Change the nature and its meanings
immuned of senses and their sorrow

shimon weinroth

Awry

memories gone astray
are never laid to rest
return from time to time
to haunt and scare

shimon weinroth

Ballad Of Forefinger (1)

gather round me,
children of the sacro ileac
children of the womb,
listen to the tale we tell

of quadropeds,
amphibians, pisces and aves,
inhabiting the planet,
is what we do,

motion and waste rings
the bell of being
mammal with thumb
and four juxtaposed fingers

of this company of four
there is one
keeps the others in line,
forefinger is his name,

pointed the way
even before verble took place
led the dance of sign language,
wagging, warn, admonish and caution

a tempo of its own and a temper
to disown, woe to the appointee
who does not heed the message,
not unlike, rifle gun or canon,

not heeded, calls upon the others,
makes a fist to shake at wayward auditors
forefinger is crooked and beckons,
hierarchy claims its right

shimon weinroth

Ballad Of Forefinger (2)

Michael Angelo's David
points the finger of intimacy,
a finger which can touch,
and arouses or

grossly probes the orifices
of the human body
to tickle titillate and touch
inspect and explore,

pick and clean
even the ears,
in strong fellowship
follow the thumb

probe and command,
used too often by the elders
abuses its station,
this finger is employed

amongst the emotional
of limited vocabulary,

sticking your forefinger in
a pudding or whipped cream,
or some other culinary delight,
also used for probing
to allay frustrations,

gets to regions, better not mentioned
of bashful moments,
listen children of upright spinal column
and epiglottis,

though unattractive is indispensable
so when next you see that forefinger
riding on a hand, think of what your mom
taught, or dad said

try not to bite the hand that fed you,
E.T.
phone home
and U2

shimon weinroth

Ballad Of Homo-Sexuality

I walked into the john for gents
and found long haired backs
peeing at urinals using their dicks

I walked into the post office
and stared at the backs
and looked back again

twice is enough - to satisfy curiosity
thrice too much

Post Modern punk and junk too
what a mess the selective process
stinks - mixed up priorities
sex and minorities
not so bad being effeminate

now all the corners are ironed out
still dad shudders and mom mutters

shimon weinroth

Ballad Of Maladies

I have stomach cramps, a charlie horse,
on my thigh, gasping heart that sighs
host of polyps lined along the alimentary
canal, vying to dine on my food and being
trying to outgrow the host

punishment, for gluttony and hedonism
negelect to select, dull and nourishing,
or is it the genes weak and braying
frolicking used and abused with much delight
senses, sensory sensations,

smile it's pay up time and a host of surgeons
plumbers of a kind to renew my stew called life

shimon weinroth

Barred

Bars, bars, bars
piano, typewriter and handle bars
boxed in playpens
triangles, squares and rectangles
dimensions by parameters

fancy flies the coop,
lights up the skies
of ego sentric space

shimon weinroth

Because

there's a fly on the wall,
plastic paint lines the hall
lived in corridors, body smells infatuate
mists of metabolisms fog the brain
habituate, castrate the creative

mundane fly on the wall, go away,
come another day, for the muse to amuse
light clings to the dermis, head lights
peer out, at ticket takers, seating thoughts
row on row stand up sit down

lie on the ground, stacked in piles
symphonic arrangement, synchronic tunes
seep and sip the deep,
scream next, cry, why not first

shimon weinroth

Bedroom

jet black hair on a white pillow case,
round buttocks on two sturdy thighs,
V for vortex of mons venus,
and a winking navel

beneath strawberry
tipped mammary cones,
sigh with touches that could comply
with strength and seeds

flowing from the rim of the horizon
through the funnel of the eye
to the searing vortex of the thalmus
blast off
take off

shimon weinroth

Before The Dawn

It's dark outside,
before I was born
it was dark inside

views of bias are
from inside out,
warm and sure

not always
tender and pure
it's dark outside

I try to look
from outside in
cleanse myself

from sin of bias,
awaiting dawn
and a bright new day,

Mists came in
fog and dreary
dark clouds

impure and acid
obscured the sunbeams
from coming through

Oh, tell them all
beware,
murky horizons

before the dawn
unclean and polluted,
we didn't care enough,

will it be dark outside
when morning comes,
go back to bed

it's just a foul dream
smile, already
it has fled

shimon weinroth

Belief

belief is a powerful red set, that rules
transcends all colors of the epistemic levels
that rely on knowledge, logic
notion and love

when belief metamorphisizes into faith
the wings of know and logic
are torn off
the soul flies without reins

beliefs are easy to come by
take root and grow in the most arid of spots
become tenacious, spread and flourish
strangle the host, take over the mind

shimon weinroth

Belief Too

Belief

Belief is common to sense
Senseless though it be
Is just
Another side of faith

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Beliefs In Bondage

my mind is often hostage
to beliefs,
captured by bias
no logic will release
these prisoners

shimon weinroth

Best

keep smiling,
the greatest poem ever,
has not been written,
the greatest poet
is still unknown.

that's why I keep on writing
to let you know,
how I feel when it snows
or rains or spring winds blow,

autumn leaves float,
or morning dew on green grass,
cloudy skies, the frost in winter,
sunshine and morning,

the color scheme, landscapes seen
the rivers and water flowing,
of motion and waste, and how wonderful
it is to be alive and remind you,

the best is yet to come

shimon weinroth

Beware Tv Or Not To Be

we gaze upon a sunrise,
each his own perceptions,
attended by a myriad of thoughts,

TV does not allow perceptions,
and myriads of thoughts,

the camera-man will focus
the narrator tell you
what you have seen,

my mind cunningly invaded
how horribly obscene

shimon weinroth

Beware When Quantifying

How much, how many, so few, so little
And most of more, and less than less
The very of every, the always of never
The often of seldom, they all seem so clever

It's the in between that draws
Attention curiosity and mention
Only to find that the
Final Form of Efficient Material

Is Consciousness

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Bias

an old southern man
his skin had turned tan
no longer white
black men delight
one less for the clan

shimon weinroth

Biblical Serpent

Adam and Eve out of Eden came
whatever happened to the serpent,
did he remain,
to play the game
have others accepted the shame

He's to blame we have to survive,
in this unearthly dive,
if you catch up with him,
fill him full of post modern jive
and skin him alive

shimon weinroth

Bilateral

Bilaterally symmetrical
Is only seemingly so
We favor right or left,
If not, we could not locomote
Or walk about

Ask the paleontologists and trilobites,
Ask me, I could have told you
Favoritism is biological, poor Cain
Symmetry and congruence
Are of a different consequence

shimon weinroth

Bittersweet

I checked her poetry
grew jealous
grew furious
grew spiteful

how did she get it right
she got it so right
put down on paper
all the things

that I have felt
and could not,
quite get right

I loved and hated her
for having said
what, I should have said
could have said

so much better

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Blameless

I did it for you
and your to blame

I did it for us
and your to blame

I did it for me
and your the blame

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Blushes

A blush will not hush
The inner feeling,
A rush of red
To cheeks and forehead

Of some thought
Preferred unsaid

Often rather
The revelation,
Was dead

shimon weinroth

Blushing

a blush to hush
a flashing second,
of first thoughts

a rush of red,
an inner feeling
colors the face

from some thought
or talk
preferred unsaid

shimon weinroth

Boccoccio

Phenotype
vied for dominance with
Genotype
but the friendly neighbour
he knew best
and Boccoccio knew the rest

shimon weinroth

Bonsai And Trees

sired of lofty genes, aspired to the skies
trees sprouted branching out
tangled entangled, electronic waves and wires

cut down or dwarfed in youth
confined to lines architectural
wild only in the unsettled

soon they too will be
subjected to regal desires
bled to death, in the shadow of spires

shimon weinroth

Bonsai Tree

Prefigured for more
Rose to height
Of miniature sight

A tree in a dish
Flower pot
Or some unlikely spot

With grace expanded
Contained in space
Confined to place

Unique and tended
Befriended and loved
Reflected beauty and warmth

Looking at the moon and sun
Whose presence and essence
Glow and illuminated

The covenant of man and his tree

shimon weinroth

Books

books in boxes, boxed to rest
occupying floor space,
up in attics, down in basements,
books on shelves, stood upright,
gather dust, poxed, foxed, and turning yellow

some were handled others fondled
still, others ignored, waiting to serve,
print on pages, inked for ages, genetic codes
awaiting triggering,

in the beginning was the word, that electrified
being once heard, echoed around the world, then
took flight to outer space,
radio waves, electronically pulsing, came to rest

between leaves of pages faint and fading,
captured for future reference, mass produced
multiplied and signifying in form of scrolls,
booked all those memories

(the first commodity mass produced was books)

shimon weinroth

Bored

I know of habit
for I have been there before
devil of routine

shimon weinroth

Both

love is one concept
friendship is another
the ideal
is to have them both
together

shimon weinroth

Both Right And Wrong

There are moments I hate, for telling me, when you're right
Point out the the simple truths, so obvious,
How can it be my simple truths, so obviously disagree
There are moments when I'm hateful,

You ask how can it be, I do not see, perhaps I am stubborn
Like a mule, you too must own up, when I'm right,
Change you're way, or I'll have nothing more to say,
When you feel so right and righteous, like some animal in heat

Or migrating bird gone astray, calling out for all to see
and say, I alone know the way,
Two thrown together, went on to sing a melody of disharmony,
To agree to disagree both right and wrong, is the name of the song

shimon weinroth

Bound

road maps, are one dimensional
chess moves framed by squares of eights, are two
group dynamics non-linear, three,
mishaps, perhaps, transcend unto a fourth

rules and laws and strategies.
confined by physics great and small,
thinkers one and all, psychics if at all,
interpret causality

shimon weinroth

Boxed In

His picture taken by box camera on a tripod
a stolen image made to grow with time
Every two weeks my father would take us to see
the patriarch, chief of flowing beard

He spoke guttural Yiddish and broken English
We were born in the same country 80 years apart
Even now I can smell him, No deoderant or toothpaste
Only disinfectant soap stinging

The photo, magic carpet carries me back
to the time zone in Williamsburg, Brighton Beach NY
He never made a gesture of familiarity
Ours to respect and never question,

The Kabalah Of alte zadies and bubbus
I always thought how lucky I was to have escaped his fate
But he went to heaven
And I who cannot believe, envy him

shimon weinroth

Brained And Brainy

an organ in the body, pulsing,
both physical and more
of the mind in-cognito
inducing dreams and fantasies

father of illusions, mother of delusions
cousin of reality, family of thoughts
breeding more,

a brain inside a skull
beneath the cranium
protected from the harsh
reality, needs an inner sanctum
to escape so many stimuli
physical and more

shimon weinroth

Breaking A Promise

the death of covenant,
speech and language
burnt at the stake
not only destroyed faith
in each other

put pot holes and road blocks
to commuting,
tears down
the pillars of language

shimon weinroth

Breaking Down

If I had a hammer
I'd break down the walls
of discrimination,
If I had a match
I'd burn down prisons
of punishment and pain

shimon weinroth

Brown House Remembered

The brown house
at the end of town
worn and torn at the edges
was dilapidated, falling down

No gates, no fences nor hedges
remained in this state
for as long as I can remember

What makes the subject of a story
while all the others washed away
without a thought
unremembered dwellings

The other side of the tracks
a worn out house down-town
was it really brown

shimon weinroth

Bubble Bubble And Trouble

I live in a bubble called me,
filled with thoughts,
full of fantasies and dreams,
ballooning up and down
on the spree of free,

inflated and deflated
by the winds of mood,
whims of notions,
flying gliding, floating
in the seas and oceans of illusion

and disillusion called reality
fooling myself to believe and hope
that all is well and getting better
my bubble surges to the clouds
roams and romps amid the flowers

of Elysium fields
hear the music of humanism
and the melody, of strains
of compassion, the chord strikes,
dancing to the tune of empathy and love

hate and gods of evil
live in other bubbles
too heavy can not float
buried down below
and far away,

but they are there.
and I must be aware
not to let the bubble
of my other self
fly again

shimon weinroth

Built In

Built In

Homeostasis

Our internal valve.
that keeps us,
burning
at 37 degrees

Atlas of our being
balancing our world
in weather
fair or gloomy,

does that include
morality and ethics-

shimon weinroth

Butter Me Up

the soothing ointment,
balm of ego and id
worn on my sleeve,
feather of my cap
is never enough,

flows and washes,
unstintingly, the being
blown up,
all out of proportions
bursting out
of all dimensions

doting on the satilites
soon does deeds
satisfying those needs
tickling of the elbow
insensitive,
fragile funny bone

shimon weinroth

Butterfly Effect

Butterfly in flight
Fluttering and dancing
Flapped its wings
Alighting
From one place to another

Set upon a quantum journey
A breeze of motion
A stream of current
Into the vast yonder
In ever larger circles

If unimpeded by another
Might have stampeded
Forces unfettered
Father of typhoons
Whirling winds of fortune

Chaos of random
With laws of physcs
And butterflies of faith
Set aside
The domino sequence

shimon weinroth

By Cold Fusion

Input, out put, , Ram, Rom, dam dumb,
Efficiency ran amuck
Struck by differential potential
Outcome greater than income
How come.

Would you beleive, baking batter,
Anti-matter, academic chatter
Adhesed to create, an energy profit
All the kings chemists,
And all the kings physicists

Put components back together,
Squeezed electrons, jangled protons
Behold mechanical adavantage,
Energy vantange
Energy saved

shimon weinroth

Cacophonies

When string
And reed instruments don't mesh
Either too slow or too fast
And cymbals crescendo too often

And xylophones tinkle
accompanied by choral voices

Basses moaning
And baritones groaning
Tenors a-wailing

Sopranos screeching all
All orchestrated
by a dancing

Conductor that pinched
My nerve ends
Frustrated the pulses

My years took flight
Sighing relief
Such concerts take place
Once in a blue moon

I should be more modest
Perhaps my poetry isn't much better

shimon weinroth

Calm Down

each day a new layer of memories
covers over the past
each layer is added
to the pile of forget

a balm to memories of hurt
numb the pain
decieve the thoughts
flow out with the tide

dressed in some regret
try to forget
are wahed by time,
as others come and replace

shimon weinroth

Calm Of Harmony

I wish you would,
hide me under your pillow
in the warm crevices of your being

to wait to serve and sing for always

shimon weinroth

Can'T

How do you reckon
With, I can't do it anymore
Sit down and cry
Lament and moan all those Cans

Throw yourself on the ground
In a tantrum wail and groan
Or take pride in complaining
Throw up your hands supplicating

Seek sympathy and clucking tongues
And worded empty identity
Or simply retort, I can't anymore
To become a frustrated bore

Or be brave and try
To do what can be done

shimon weinroth

Carnivorus

Meat sliced and diced in so many ways
Meat ground and pounded, treated and teased

Smoked boiled and packaged to please

Weighed measured dyed for freeze
Cooked stewed and fried

Spiced perfumed and consumed
Animism, cannibalism and just plain gluttony

How nice We are what we eat!

shimon weinroth

Carolina Trails

Loblolly pines and poplars, acorns and pawpaws
Warmed by loess and humus
Smoke the leaves and needles

Come to enjoy and leave
Listen to the breeze of walking mists
The harmony of disharmony

Visit for solace and fantasy sublime
We'll be here till you burn us down
Or hack us away

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Cat In Residence

The cat she sits, a stoic too
Purrs and meows, as fits her mood
The cat she sits, and does not move
As befits a statue, on the mantle piece
Table or window sill

Then with a whirl, she moves place to place
Soon stretching out and lies about
Suddenly starts and startles, remembering something
She has forgot, runs up and down the steps
Chasing her shadow or something more profound

Will dance up and down and all around
Then flops to the ground, and sighs, her secret kept
We in a quandry wonder
What makes her dreams come true

shimon weinroth

Catabolism

some smoke, others drink to excess,
indulge in at least four deadly sins,
knowingly
shorten their being,

what provokes and motivates,
both inside and out
to self destruct,
the entrusted treasure called life

there are no other species who live,
by whim and fancy, illusions and art
who with intent
do hurt to themselves,

then confess
and plead for mercy,
to remove the pain,
promising to refrain

mend their ways,
walk the path
or rehabilitate,
till the next time,

surface
and are drawn
down again,

drunk with lust and envy
'sing yo ho ho and a bottle of rum'
up yours and don't give up the ship,
don't give up the ghost,

better times a coming,
a curse on mortality
a curse on morality
we were cursed from the beginning

and blessed by forget

shimon weinroth

Catch A Cold

As hosts

We are so self centered

Even when parasites or viruses alight

Upon our being, we take the credit

Biological visitors

Invaders

Who take up abode

Feeding off our good nature

Till we are compelled to expel,

We retaliate

In due process of anti-bioics

Shirk them off

Then to those around us

Who

Can then claim

They caught a cold

shimon weinroth

Catching Up With A Dream

there is more joy in the chase,
than facing burdens
of a dream caught up,

like a fish out of water
the dream gasps and wriggles
basks in its birth,

no longer free
and filled with mirth,
responsibility is its curse

a dream comes to life
has a parent and a spouse
no voice of its own,

now the dreamer
bridled by reality
when called upon

must answer
the child of its mind
can no longer float about

romp and roam the heavens
idly sit by
drawn into the stream

swims down the river of events
begets a history,
sits on the fence
judging grows old

finally it is buried among its fold
remembered and blessed
by what is told

where as the chase
remains care free

and never grows old

shimon weinroth

Catching Up With Popper

' there are no facts only interpretations'
Oh, Nietzsche why were you so cruel to scientists
Who have labored for three centuries to put
Some order into evaluations for logic and truth

Alas what kind of world do we live in, where the whole
Is at least the sum of its parts, and infinite vectors
Pass through a point and who knows how many angels dance
On a pin, could Dante search for Virgil in a black hole

In a cosmos of anti-matter Eric kastner's children, sweep
Meridians off the floor from one hemisphere to another
On the Little Prince's planet Johnny Appleseed is planting
Look what Khun has done, Ask Popper if it's proper

shimon weinroth

Cats Too

curls up and purrs
to sweet meows
rustling whiskers
rubs up turns over

and yawns, goes to sleep again
is it any wonder
we are pets of a kind

shimon weinroth

Caught In And In Between

paradigms are illusions of boundaries
we create in our minds
meridians for social sake declare
step on a crack, break your back

fences, walls and lines create the image
no longer amorphous vague and diaphanous
has a form, informs, conform to the paradigm
adjust, adapt or your apt to die

borders are not just one beside another
it.s one on top of another
one beneath the other, electronic motion
of Pandora boxes in quantum and chaos

even inferno's and purgatories
and the seven heavens are dimensioned
together with all the illusions
caught in stasis, never to escape

into a space without time
and memories in mime

shimon weinroth

Causes

There are causes and causes
For which you know very well,
There are lost causes, humane causes
And those banal causes

That explain our existence
more or less

There are reasons and reasons
To justify and explain the causes
We use this power of reasoning
To understand the causes and causes

All this rambling
Hasn't brought us
nearer to knowing
the cause of it all

shimon weinroth

Celebrating Celebrities

How many ants in a colony or bees in a hive
How many birds in a flock, or fish in a school
Who is the leader, king or queen
How many celebrities are followed about

What pulls or magnetises to want to be near their center
Admiration, not always stems from love
Adoration is about the follower, beloved of the limelight
To bathe and bask in their moonlight
With all the moths

shimon weinroth

Cemeteries

I don't like going to ceremonies, testimonials or memoriam
listening to speeches, stories, legends and fables, much is true
some is fabricated, polished in eulogizing terms,
It's not the victim of mortality we pray for it's the living we seek to
please, and ourselves, that we are not among the departed

That remains interred, corpreal carcass decaying
I find it hard to accept demise and the ideal of transmigration
I don't even know what a soul looks like, much more myself
In another form or transgender, or God in imperial raiment

I'm still angry I have to grow old
have little faith in phantoms, Plato and The Holy Ghost,
Does it matter what legacy we leave
It does! epecially to those we leave behind

shimon weinroth

Censored, Mutter

Radio waves
Electronic triggered

Ceased uttering
Static state
Frozen, smile

Framed for a while
Shut up-

Shut away
Another millennium
Passed this way -

shimon weinroth

Chained By Language

We live in concrete boxes with ceiling and walls
Sometimes, Deco sometimes Roccoco
With minds trapped in bony skulls
Chained by language, stuttering thoughts of the soul

We live in darkness lit up by glaring,
And electricity to illuminate and reflect and reflect
We hear the tiny echoes of voices and thoughts,
Bouncing up and down bumping back and forth

Conjugating, communicating, copulating, fornicating
Metaphors allegories everything and anything to cloud identity
We live close and next to, only in rare moments souls touch
Then, Slip back to concrete boxes with ceilings and walls

shimon weinroth

Chance

probability is a possibility
that has not been fulfilled

possibility is a chance to dance
with Lady Luck and Miss Fortune
or become the wall flower of the ball

shimon weinroth

Change Of Mind

There are things you say
That i wish you wouldn't
There are wishes I have
That I wish they weren't

there are moments gone
that i wish they weren't

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Changing Dimensions

framed by Euclidian chains
two milliniums to get off our backs
fleshed out, annointed with know
flew over the poles

saved time through Finnish Greenlands
from flat to solid, translucent gas
hopped a beam into space
hoped to win the timeless race

seeking a fifth dimension of grace

shimon weinroth

Changing Of The Guard

the neighbours opposite trimmed the tree
pruned, sawed mutilating the stalwart pillar
changed our view too, to let the sun in
glaring brilliant blinding sunbeams

the magnificent growth of fifty
spreading branches and shady cool, hovering
wiped off the scene, now there are nude stumps
the lawn naked and bare, cries and whimpers
instead of leaves a mantle of gray dust

shimon weinroth

Changing Signals

How fickle is human consciousness
That we do love and hate, all at once, and not at all
When it pleases do recall, with pleasure or distaste
Or cast aside, will to forget, expectations great and small

Justify, cry and sigh for fortune, all gone bye
Inconstancy of thought, we call prerogative. or a mind,
Not made up, a whim to want or let lie,
An impulse, or desire that died

Change-ability, or instability, call passing fancy
Come and go with the right to say no
Inconstancy a malady, of the logical mind,
Contradicting feelings of love and hate

Possession and dispossession,
And the time to wait
For another date

shimon weinroth

Changing Times 2

we all seem to take it
with a wiff of stoic
last fall my women folk
had our two tom cats castrated

just thinking a queasy bitter sour
descends, churns my stomach
and our spayed cats wail, why,
no more cat fights night prowling

neighbourhood meowing
at courtship time, no courtship at all
I took no part
in these changing times

ecology, ecology and some psychology
we buy our drinking water
eat GI foods, try to save energy
they say bovine farting emissions pollute

we still keep putting up antennae
romance is wired, beware of aids

shimon weinroth

Channel 1 To Channel 2

let's exchange films, but they're repeats
who cares, John Doe doesn't remember
and they did, screwed him,
who is John Doe-don't you know
he's your father and mother too

'if you're gonna shoot, shoot, don't talk'
for the spectator its like 'High Noon'
he never gets to talk, they moved violence
to war, gala affairs, mob gatherings
sport festivals, all kinds of circuses

now talk shows, most popular
so very vicarious, even then we are
being screwed, electronically polluted
all for the ratings

shimon weinroth

Chaos Reviewed

chaos multiplied by chaos
non-linear square of disorder
doing so has found
some law of order

deals with myriads
assimilates and incorporates-
Chaos - is not very socially acceptable
nor philosophically digestible

defined receives parameters
of comprehension
no longer fearful and disturbing
is institutionalized and categorized

like all revolutionaries
soon conventionalized

shimon weinroth

Chasing A Dream

expectations delicious and juicy
revelations not always sweet,

on bicycle or on horseback
roller-coastering or skating,
swimming in the sea, sailing
on the ocean,

walking down the mountain
strolling under trees
dreams free of all the fetters,

whims and wishes fly about
at rest, an entity of no doubt
neither loyal nor devout

a bag full of wishes
a sack full of promises
to come about,

if snuffed out and buried
rise up again and again,
entice and beckon
ride on the magic carpet

hang on the cliffs of hope,
all the ifs are washed away,
cast aside by the tinniest
of dreams,

ruled by wishes we are renewed
to face what is true and untrue
in the world of dreams,
music plays upon my mind

sleeps with my soul
revives my spirit
at the fountain of voices,
rainbows sing and dance

shimon weinroth

Christmas

Christmas comes
But once a year
Full of good cheer
Let's hope for those,
To whom it's dear
That this will be
A better year

Also for those
Who are poor
And homeless
Both far and near

shimon weinroth

City Dweller

City dweller, lives in the cellar
of nature's bosom
Ground that is now concrete
cracked here and there

Sweats and breathes
the poison that it secretes
works hard and perspires
unhealthy ecological desires

City dweller chained
controlled by circumstance
electronic media and chance

The plight of country dweller
not much better
for other reasons
at different seasons

shimon weinroth

Cleaning, Attics And Basements

what are you sorting
memories divine and sublime
embodied by keep sakes
sugar-coated trivial and kitch

pricked by the bitch, called utility
cramped quarters and futility
cry out dispose, discard, cleanup
the yard, deny impulses of possess

those appetites of the mind
which once deposited affections
of reverence and honour into
keep sakes, charms and souvenirs

now in retrospect seem to demean
cheapen the memory, the cloak of
sentimentality wears a gown
diaphanous and transparent,

as time rolls around, i will be swayed
my sentiments have oer stayed

shimon weinroth

Cleanliness

She is a stickler for cleanliness
paper towels, napkins and napery
change of garments and underwear
washed and ironed, fresh incensed

She belongs to the old school
not of a sense of display
this is no bourgeois dilettante,
a lover of clean and healthier

cleanliness next to godliness
no idle banter
born again believers,
just clean is healthier

a beacon of stability in times
of calamity and war
terrorism and blackmail

a paper towel to wipe the
grease, grime and dirt
a road sign and prayer
to civil and good decor

shimon weinroth

Cliche

Cliche, cliche

Used, misused

Much abused

Trite contrite

And the itch for kitch

shimon weinroth

Cliche Of Generalities

A point in space
a point in time
the point in question
is where, everything goes

Everything goes, an organized
infinity of permissiveness
anything goes, a disorganized
plight of chaos

A question of great import
transport
the dilemma of
the origin and the source

shimon weinroth

Cliched To Death

Financial times and imagining, pity full rhymes
the poetic form and the norm
catch Fancy's desire to perform
in the kingdom of mirrored micro

In the middle of misty mingle
searching for a jingle of magnetic tricks
sticky substance, makes for itch and a lump of kitch
wash it off, brush it off, toss it off
enervated dissipated, seeding of the ground
un full fill fairy dreams

It's the feeling that makes the world go round
it's the friction that stops the spin, it's the angels on a pin
voyeured down, vicariously cliched to death
it's the poetic form and the norm
catching Fancy's desire to perform

shimon weinroth

Cloned

Oh, children of the womb
Created in their image
Born helpless, learning
Can not escape,
Fate of determinism

The bright side,
There are other dimensions
Waiting in the wings,
Alas, limited by
Contamination of Before

Addendum

With mass production,
Plastic organs will become
Cheaper than physical cloning.

Stem cells aside

shimon weinroth

Cloning Is Next

taxed and subsidized
you are what you eat
and some other ingredients
genetically improved

shimon weinroth

Cloning Reviewed

One gene to another
I am better than you
not better, but other

Don't brag
don't make a stink
you might soon go extinct

That's that,
said the man to his cat
we learn by imitation
nothing wrong with that

We love to sit and chat
and play tit for tat

shimon weinroth

Clutching

The car had a stroke,
A mechanical hemmorage
Fainted in the middle
Of the highway road

At prime time on the Castel
The highest summit to Jerusalem
What a way to go
A six lane road

And my beloved lying there
Gasping for help
No whirring, no stirring
No amount of urging would induce

Flogging inhuman and nerves never help
Blow the bugles call out the cavalry
Mount the cellular phones
SOS, save the driver save the day!

shimon weinroth

Clutching Of Time

Chores take too long or is it time, flies away
Flies in my face to contemplate, Why -
Is it, that age and ageing,
takes so great a toll
I accomplish less, desire more
Or are they tales of folklore

That dreams and fate of mortals getting old
Impairs the body corporeal,
Psyche endowed, . with pragmatics bold
Entice, entreat the self

The great Hurrah, is yet to come

shimon weinroth

Cogs Of Matter

I always try to be on time
in fact, I come too early
but nothing is lost
I communicate with the material
find them benign and casual

they have their own memory
which I can not tap into
my presence a passing phase
in their more stable existence
not their being, they have no being

only memory of form,
are here to serve
to stand and wait
so too I, in this scheme, of things

shimon weinroth

Colorful Bouganvillia

the framework is solid
the body is sound
the spirit is light
as thoughts float around

of Bouganvillia, red orange and purple
pale white and burgandy
a cascading delight
intertwining with green brush and pine

sheds its blossoms
dotting the lawn
with mssages of autumn
and winter dawn

shimon weinroth

Colors Inter=met

rays of red, coruscating
and waves that shed,
glimmering diaphanous
silky mantle of tinted hues

embrace flaming colors
from red, red reddish fuscia,
chinese red to light rose, to
burgandy, purple and violet too

send shimmering showers
blending inside my head
my heart leaps with somersaults
smiles and dances

lightens the mood and muses
lights up the world of reds and yellows
casts a spell on the moon,
rays and beams and shafts

shower a cloak of light and sheer
translucent, vibrating senses

shimon weinroth

Come Rain On Me

Rain often comes
On the wings of winds
Kicks up dust, carries
Dormant spores and pollen

Insects and latent flora
To flight whisked up and away
By gusts and whirling winds
The rains are coming

Nostrils dilate
Ears prick up, whining bark
Cats scurry, meow for cover
Fallen leaves dance in a whirlpool

Doors bang windows shudder
Drops begin to fall

I love to stand at the open door
Or watch from the window
Inhaling the fresh aroma
Reviving nectar come rain on me

shimon weinroth

Come To Bed

Pillows full of downy feathers
Bed and blankets
Soft and billowy
Invite the corporeal being
To recline and rest

Let the fancy, romp and roam
Dreamland, come lull a bye me,
To slumber land
Take my soul and being
Fly away

Lift the weights
Where no gravity awaits
Sighs relief
Pain is lifted
Balm of calm hovers and covers

shimon weinroth

Commentary

don't tell me
what I saw
I'd like to decide
for my self

I'm the editor
I know better
I'll tell you
what you saw

now seeing
is dis-believing

shimon weinroth

Commenting

Commenting

I read your comments
i read what you thought
I had meant to say
I read and reread and read again

My heart bled at each stroke of the pen
That said what you said
My eyes leaped to the compliments
That always seemed shorter the longer I read

Wanting, I search for the critic, who
Will set me free

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Commitment

most people don't read poetry
and when and if they do
reflect upon, what pertains to them
glance and pick at its fruits

of another mind so bold and ripe
revealing the serious and the tripe
not all words touch the right chord
replay pictures of the mind

the moods of both reader and writer
in one point of time must be align
eclipse all other thoughts
so that reflected, dawn on another

it is a marriage a spoken contract
made in time
culture of the mime
read and reread, said and re said

shimon weinroth

Compatible And Expedient

I declare, that what I do
and what I want to do, are not,
alas what I say and do,
are often on parallel lines
not due to meet

I fear,
sometimes my dear,
that what I say
and declare, is often
what you would want to hear

said the Mad Hatter
to his Queen of Hearts

shimon weinroth

Complex And Complexities

alone with my dreams,
uncensored,
they fly to all extremities
galloping unbridled, unhampered

at the doorsteps of my memories
reviving impressions
that whisper, speak and urge

sensations, feelings and senses
that seek to know,
why, there are wars
struggle fierce and bitter

the dreamers of my cosmos, cry harmony
color the scenes, with blood fuschia, crimson red,
burgandy wine, springs spouting founts
fountains freely flow

the unison called harmony, fears repel
love attracts and music comforts
there are smooth surfaces
roads direct, express trains to understanding

yet in my dream world, left at the shores
of the inexplicable, confounded
more than before by
strains and music of reality,

sing it is more complex,
than you think
have patience,
with my illusions

the best is yet to come

shimon weinroth

Computer Computer

Computer, compuer
Whose Master or Slave would you be
Computer computer programmed by me
No slave will you be nor master of me
Computer Computer- just work beside me

shimon weinroth

Computer Determinism, Recorded

Electrified with wonder
At computer's capacity,
To ejaculate
Figures

Micro-chipped,
Mini worlds artless thoughts

Walking
Off the screen
Escape
And shift, to bug me

Buried
In delete
Fester
And decay

shimon weinroth

Computer Emotions

Click it here and click it there,
Click again and everywhere.
The cursor jumps from here to there
The mouse in frenzy, clicking about

The mind of lazy lassitude
As clever forefingers jig about
Or dance the keyboard
And on the mouse's snout

In a game of solitaire
to while away the time of day
Or some despair
On a succession of cards,

Falls somewhere in between
Computer masturbating
And dozing off

shimon weinroth

Computer Parents

When the keys
Start to wheeze
It's time for
A breeze

Mathematics and
Electronic static
Came before
Computer addicts

In such a state
With such a drug
Be a thug
And pull the plug

Hierarchy is no malarky
In education
Small doses
Saves the child
From neuroses

shimon weinroth

Confessions

I rarely loved the vague and ambiguous,
Found the ethereal and metaphysical
A cloudy meadow of growing things,

I who am practical
Find the impractical
A source of imagination

Hegelian dialctics was
My mount of analysis,
Find myself dwelling with poetry
And mythological gods

Balloons of images
Carry me to newer heights
From which I shall not descend

shimon weinroth

Conflicts

currents gone astray
are winds that boom
from far away-

uncalled for streams of thought
confusion that may bloom
a crimson blush, a red forehead-

synesthesia and bright metaphors
lend picturesque implicatures
wits, conceits, embellishments of more-

astray and uncalled for
come in waves of waves
tears shed. bloodshed, all kinds of wars-

shimon weinroth

Conformist

if you are one
of no kind,
choosing not to belong,
becomes an adventurous dissimilar end

it's easier to say yes and agree
become a wave like any other
ripple crest and break,
to flow with the tide

as one of all kinds

shimon weinroth

Confusion

Fishing for cold fusion
One compound
Joins another
And chemical reactions,
Beget a third

Among us, two
Of different gender
Render a third
Of the same species

The original remains-
Somewhat older
Somewhat bolder

shimon weinroth

Consent To Yes

At first it was a nod, then a harrumph or grumph,
That surrendered, and said yes
Magic key of social contract, to agree,
Yes I would and yes I could, yes I will

Bonds growing stronger, by assent and consent
To the hierarchy of contact, acquiesced by request
Don't take it lightly, It means what it says and yet
' I knew I could always get round him'

' Then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes,
Then he asked me would I yes' ' yes and his heart
was going like mad and, yes I said yes. I will yes'
The last paragraph from James Joyce's 'Ulysses'

shimon weinroth

Constant Pain

Even in moments
Of severe pain
Excruaiating and torrid
There are intervals

Flashes of relief
Begging to come in
A nimble mind
A hopeful psyche combined

Though cringing in a corner
Seek to let the soul scout
To find ways out
There must be something other
Than blood and tears

One ray of sunshine
One memory dear
One sigh of love
Of before, a salve

A wiff of fresh air

shimon weinroth

Constants And Variables

evolution of language,
a trail and trial of agreements,
conventional, hosting contacts
with a syntax of, by, for, and of each word
with a bill of inalienable rights

yet, an hierarchy of intention
obeying syntax of convention of
each term in the extended family,
serving speaker and listener
and the interaction of the time,

invention has contrived and wrought

shimon weinroth

Contract

I promised thee
And thee in turn
Promised me
Love and loyalty

Times not changed
Customs remain
True marriage is crowned
With a promissory note
A token of vows

Are not words spoken, enough,
Must I put my allegiance in writing

Wiser men say sign the covenant
what's needed is a contract
Is it possible, to translate love's loyalty
Into dollars and sense

shimon weinroth

Control And Self-Control

young or old, i never seem to be
satisfied in hot or cold with temperature
just right, finally fit my moods tickle my
dermis, good for me but not another,
hears a voice, turn it up or turn it down

leave it closed, open or shut
let in the dark or chase out the light
leads to tolerance or the will to overpower
likes and dislikes, ecological slights,
my dog gasps the cat meows, wife sighs

mosquitoes listless, moon comes out
at noon, flies away till another day

shimon weinroth

Convoco Meetings

we came, we saw, we heard
were conquered by
strawberry metaphors, melliflous,
buttery terms, whipped cream adjectives

heart fondling sensations, sugary peach
sweet recollections, and firetruck rainbows
heard, listened, and raved
prayed and brayed, of styles and forms

I am no better, plead my guilt
watched the traffic signs of good decorum
sacrificing true content, for sweet mouthed remarks
forgive me if such sentiment grates on and on

convocations raise up their voices in harmony
of good intent and a cacophony of dissent
sounding irreligious,
I paid my due with cliché and kitch
compounding sentiment with politic,

when all is said and nothing done
it's poetry that won the day

shimon weinroth

Corridors Of Gravity

there is a lighthouse in my head,
and a beacon in my mind,
that beaches any wayward bark,
warns my ship to keep afloat
in the current of events

nor digress in the nature of excess,
inborn with a compass of the way
and the customs of today,
it's the corridors of gravity
that signal lest I go astray

I shudder and i tremble
at the pictures in my head,
of the memories in my mind,
afflictions of the spirit
resurrected and perverting

curiosity led me down,
the road of exploration
into dark and secret corners
embraced by caverns of mildew
drowned in stillwaters
infected and spoiled,

by such thoughts and spirits
my soul contaminated and abused
seeks redemptions,
in the corridors of gravity,
convention and decorum

a child of dissent
and an adult of droll orient,
a weather beaten revolutionary
have run aground
by repetition and contempt

high tide sweeps me down the rivers
cleansing body and soul

as each interval of time takes its toll,
praying and braying that mortality is too soon
fear of retribution and guilt is bred

leads me back to corridors of convention
and the prisons of gravity

shimon weinroth

Cosmetic Relations

moments ago
we sat together
feasting on each others
proximity,
jocular and serene

then, you got up to leave,
pat your hair
dab perfume,
look in the mirror
replace lipstick,

I wonder
do you refreshen
for my sake,
upon departure,

or for others
gird your loins,
with raiment and apparel,
attractive and seductive,

when next you freshen up,
let it be,
only
for me

shimon weinroth

Cosmos Corners

black holes
envelop energy's
vast
atomic weight,
collapsed and folded
imploded,
gulped from sight,
of our limited senses,

and yet in space
are corners,
creases and crannies
that leak,
and seep
into each other

shimon weinroth

Could Have Been

I have had this feeling before
I even know how to say it in French
Does that make it true
Because it happened more than once

Revelations
To those who do not believe

What a terrible waste
To have seen the light
And not know

shimon weinroth

Courtly Lewd

Brazen beady eyes
Caress and fondle
Her soft dumplings

Gently squeeze,
Feel and drool

shimon weinroth

Courtship Of Supply And Demand

Supply and Demand went acourting
he on bended knee promised her
everything she needed

Negotiations finalized
weddings and sweet
consumations resounded

The bride from warm nuptial bed
wanted more
Supply said, I fulfilled your needs
wanting was not part of the contract

Since then Supply and Demand
have led a merry trail of dispute
no hope for them
neither in marriage nor divorce

shimon weinroth

Covenant

the most fragile concept I know is a promise,
social contract, human beings are capable of
even God had difficulty keeping the covenant

Abraham reminded his Lord, Jacob fought with
his angel, Moses remonstrated and disobeyed
a promise is a promise made to be kept,
The 'Ancient Mariner' relates of vows.

a marriage is a contract, killing the albatross
is not just bad luck, breaking a covenant,
undoing a promise, defaulting on a promissary note
tear down the pillars of the social polis

I depend on you, rely on him, a responsibility
important as love,
if not, tear up the deed to social belief,
let chaos reign, anti matter rule the heavens,

a new physics of unjust, unseat all laws,
I for one, can not reman stoic, in such a light
war, rape, pillage, return us to the
prehistoric, to the time of the animal kingdom

incapable of neither, making nor keeping a promise,
brought on floods to cleanse the planet

shimon weinroth

Covenant Of 94

new seasons - floodless lands
blue of sky green of grass
soft rains bear fruits
faith of sleeping roots

nature's needs unheeded
upset the mother cycle
grew strange growths
of suffer - pain and disease

blood shed lands
broken covenants of peace
reeked all over
Bosnia Somalia Oh Jerusalem

shimon weinroth

Covoco Meetings

we came, we saw, we heard
and were conquered by
strawberry metaphors, melliflous,
buttery terms, whipped cream adjectives

heart fondling sensations, sugary peach
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convocations raise up their voices in harmony
of good intent and a cacophony of dissent
sounding irreligious, unwilling to pay my due
to you and you with cliché and kitch
compounding sentiment and politic,

when all is said and nothing done
it's poetry that won the day

shimon weinroth

Creeping Up My Blind Side

Leaning against the the wall, I watched
From the kitchen window, as the sky grew cloudy
I sighed, for the sunny days of yesterday
Yearning and moody

The radio was silent, the kettle was off,
The hum of the refrigerator, numbed and dumb
My sun won't return, urgency and thrust
Fires are out, no longer a must

Just flow and reflect,
Memories to keep and forget

shimon weinroth

Critic Critic

Critic Critic be more specific,
Don't tell us of your thoughts terrific
It's the poet we have come to hear
Not your ability to sneer

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Crusading

Majestic stories, and lofty legends-
Words of gospel, and faith carried
By emblazoned flags unfurled the World
For search and quest, A Holy Grail

The winding trail, that fell before,
Mighty sword of kingly justice
Cried out- the roll and beat the drum
The grand knight of chivalry, legendary rules
Of kind and gentle decorum obeyed

Trekked over fields of clover in spring
Hay in autumn, wintered with poor folk
Took not only their livestock by force
Anathema, Scourge, of both men and horse

Unredeemable ruin in their wake-
Gospel's Knightly deeds and fairy tales
Armed with license to kill

shimon weinroth

Crutches And Canes

the earth turns round
the sun comes up,
touches the ground,
the sun goes down,

the earth turns round
horizons disappear,
dark shroud of night
descends,

a million species passed this way
breathed beneath the cloak and mantle
vying for a view from everywhere
a place to be,

populations come, populations go
marking events that flow,
the river of time eats the banks
and ridges erode

cut valleys, turns into new shapes
leaving fossils, petrified forests,
flora and fauna embedded
in layers upon layers of rock and shale
residue of bones and remains

some marched off without a trace
others gasped and sighed
and never were heard,

among these multitudes there is but one
that I do know, walks erect or limps
stumbles, staggers and drags
up and down, straight and around

include the sick, the infirm, the feeble
in its quest to survive, the Atlas species
carries the wounded, tends the aged
this is its greatest triumph, perhaps only triumph

archeologists of another species
will wonder, about all the machines
science and economy, how and why
shedding our skin, when in need,

used canes and crutches

shimon weinroth

Culprit

much depends on who does the accusing
who the excusing, why one
is more to blame, more, than another,
one becomes a scapegoat, the other escapes
a share of blame, you must be first to point

a finger, shout the loudest, shrill and scream
make gross scenes, lie the most and boast
claim and exclaim cry weasel and wheedle
turn in side out and up side down, screaming
him not me, convince the media, edit the truth

mislead, misdirect with venom infect, reality
turned sour vanishes, discerning who the culprit
who the other, not even mother, can tell apart

shimon weinroth

Cupidity And Stupidity

give me one good reason,
old age pension
for women
start, before
her male counter part

when in fact
lasting out the days
she has proven
better in countless ways

shimon weinroth

Curiosity

the sun comes up,
spreads its warm mantle and cloak
its beams make me smile,
it's good to know I'm still alive

and have much to look forward to
then I come to my senses,
and fool that I am
turn on the medias

just for a cursory look,
death murder and pillage
pain and sorrow
forecast a bad tomorrow

shimon weinroth

Curved

Purple shroud hugged and warmed, base fiddle form
Slide antennae around the corner
Smell flesh coloured curves

Myrrh perfumed hot to touch,
Rippling, tingling, undulating-
At the base two dimples wink
Column straight and forward,
Broomstick swallowed - poise and stance

Oh to rest this headless soul, in that sleepy hollow
Feel soft silver skin, hairless
Pale and translucent smooth
Drawn down to bed of deep
And swaying vortex

Matrix of the mind, and somewhat more
Kissed the love of my love
Uplifted transcended on so light a beam

shimon weinroth

Cycle Of The Scythe

the blades of grasses
stems of grain,
are cut and bleeding,
pouring out aroma of green

filling the air
with the smell of chlorophyll
their song of moaning
stirs my being

with heady aroma
tickling and singing
their dirge
does not go un noticed

their life force and energy
gathered and sacked
proud and meaningful

spring is in the air
season of harvest
childhood and growth

next year
their cousins' sighs
will fill the fields
so full of life

and dance
with the winds
of their destiny

shimon weinroth

Cyclic

relief freed of pressure
and need immediate
gasps and sighs
moans of past woes

moments. hateful, painful
till the whoosh of welcome

soon forgotten
a new and better horizon,
till when next
relief is needed

shimon weinroth

Cyclic And Habitual

habits creep from hind side,
pet and fondle the physic
flow into the psyche,
make a way for routine

some are good some are bad
some a fad,
soon are cloaked,
in custom and tradition

seek to govern and remain,
can one temper such a reign
stop the cycle, change the orbit
close it down make it refrain

easier to acquire
than shed this chain,
the best recourse
to rid the being of a habit
replace it,
with another and another

shimon weinroth

Dark Shadows

Proximty has a life of its own
Movements and aromas
Proof she is not dead

Oh god spare me
What I most dread
Take me instead

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Deathly Thoughts

every day I look into death
and the face of death
straight up and down
and up side down

at odd moments
he will sound his horn
sometimes
creeping up from behind

designing to take me
by surprise
he wants to do away with me,
call in my markers settle accounts

I slyly tell this cunning cheat
I'm not at home today
take some other poor soul

death is that other part
of living
we try not to talk about
death be gone, get out of sight

alas, he sticks to me
like a leech
sipping my strength
tapping on my inner ear

knocking on my door
in seperate are we
this carbuncle on my back
tumor of my mind
seeks to speak

why isn't Death a She
she gives birth
brings life
I will not betray her trust

I'll go on living
and to the devil with death

shimon weinroth

Declaration

it's mine and only mine
has dispossessed
all the rest

shimon weinroth

Deluding

repainting memories
and out comes a white house
with a picket fence
windows with chintz curtains
colonial furniture and brass doorknobs

tall maple trees surrounding
long flowing lawns
with a bright sun that never goes down
in a childhood past
untaxed and eternal

shimon weinroth

Denominator Common

the common denominator of all
passions and emotions is fear
I fear such blanket statements

audacious and daring
bold and undearing
fraught with thoughts unfeeling

shimon weinroth

Descartes To Heidegger

Cartesian to Kant,
what the Hegel,
it might be Heidegger,

cry and sigh
a'priori, oh a'priori
instinct was there,

before you or I
could see I to eye,
rationale
and the right to die

shimon weinroth

Designed To

Deco has taken over
the view of fine straight lines
neat and capable
surgically adept

greet the eye
technical and useful
triumph over
emotions and erratic

the plan crept into
form and data
flood gates architectural
flows into walks of life

and all the concepts
that matter

shimon weinroth

Desire And Believe

first there were desires
nutrition, motion and notion
of need, and more,

beliefs, conduit to justify
oneself to others, ,
desires that come from the psyche,
are dressed in garments, raiment

of a myriad of colors
when next you pop a sweet,
quench your thirst on a hot sunny day
ask what you beleived when picking
and not choosing,

with ears flooded, bladder screeching
tummy inflated, bursting with expel.
beliefs are downed in need,
and embarrassment and pride
cultivated and cultured
a pack of beliefs
a pack of lies

shimon weinroth

Destiny Of A Puritan

most emotions, are of a social nature,
nurtured from childhood. I am no different-
but I often pause to wonder, if i could
rid myself of some pride, wonder
is it true, i can not do a deed without-

the praise of another, must i have comment
to value what i have done, can I in secret
perform an act, sincere and sympathetic
without reward or judgment, seeking no acclaim
or caling it pride in what I do

divest myself of this kind of ego
without prize of heaven or punishment of hell

shimon weinroth

Determined!

lightning struck
lights out, time out
zapped,
fuses blown,

in the aftermath
thunder rumbled,
temper growled
wind howled,

shook by storms outside
trembled under covers,
warm and insecure,
how small we are

still, in the world of no control
shiver and shake
before the wake,
of nature's angry forces,

saw the light, heard the thunder
wondered how much longer it
would take to rise above the waves
and swim to shores,

and rule
the bellowing
forces
yet unchained

shimon weinroth

Determinism

electrified with wonder
at computer's capacity,
to ejaculate figures,

microchipped,
mini-worlds of
art less thoughts
walking off the screen
escape,
and shift to bug me

buried in delete
fester and decay

shimon weinroth

Dialogue Of Salutations

hi how are you,
fime thank you,
have a nice day
best regards to all,

hi how are you,
I've got Aids,
hope you get well,
thank you,

hi how are you
I still have Aids,
I don't shake hands,
thank you, go to hell

hi how are you,
I'm not so well,
keep smiling get better,
break a leg and go to hell

to another guy,

hi how are you,
what happened to the guy
who asked about my Aids,
he passed away and went to hell

where is he buried,
I'd like to visit and say
hi how are you, I still have Aids,
even in death he'd be stone deaf,

I'd wish him well
even in hell,
wink and yell,
how are you

shimon weinroth

Diet-Ting

today I will diet
even when a sweet aroma
comes wafting its way
to sway and alay
this most serious resolution

I've made up my mind
I won't fall prey
I'll refuse and deny
the seductive morsels
delicious memories

taste buds a-moaning, come hither come here,
most appetite dear, I'll stand my ground,
rule those senses of sloth and obscene
no longer need to gorge and feed,
I've made up my mind

I never know at what moment, my resolves turn
to fickle, waver and tumble o'er turned,
collapsing, Samson's temple of pillage
pillars rain down on this pagan of senses,
and I shall grow fat and rotund, fat and obese

all because i satisfied that one desire,
now I belch and pat my paunch, and gluttony
sighs, tomorrow, I shall try again
and cry for a diet
that will come again and again

shimon weinroth

Differential Analysis Reviewed

Discerning quality
of one by another is observation
senses five on which we thrive
consciousness and knowledge compute

law or order categorize
satisfy the gap in relativity
proceed, map the unknown

differential diagnosis predicts
where not to tread, what not to do,
though very little is up to you

shimon weinroth

Dimensions Iii

I feel for you
of all the senses this
must have been the last

in some corner there
must be a way out
turning round and round
there is a circle
with no corners

turned upside down
and inside out
there are still no corners
to go out

here and there will never meet
standing in between
start to move change places
there is a moment

a change of glances
here is there
ever so close
there of here is now so far away

the bubble burst
and all the fluids
flow from here to there

shimon weinroth

Dis Solution

Each day they grow apart
Seldom making an effort
To start anew
Speak and review
Or seek redress

Even stress
Has disappeared,
For the once revered
Bonds weakened
Emotions blurred
No re-awakenng stirred

Only apathy remains
With nothing more in store
Indifference and ennui

Contact and adoration
A distant past

shimon weinroth

Disharmony Of Keats

Disharmony of Keats

Truth is beauty, beauty is truth
Can one be constant, the other vary
Still be equal to each other
Mystery of beauty - Miracle of truth

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Dishonourable

I shouldn't, but I will
If you pay me more, -
it's unfair to ask for more
it might be against the law

If you don't tell, I won't
still I want more
my complicity and your duplicity
make the the laws of supply and demand

rather than retreat
multiply and repeat
to do what they shouldn't
spawn bribery and blackmailing
cousins of dectet

shimon weinroth

Dismay

Dismay

shut out the world of now
bitten by little chances
time turned coat
screams next not first

sobbing tears and sour sweat
wash
uncoiling fears
drain
the tensions of again

shimon weinroth

Distress Of Trivia

the comma and poor pronunciation
are cause for pause
Adonis shagged the dear

Diana was jealous as hell
on Darwin's desk, Mendel's theory lay unread
the Square name Sigmund Freud

is near the Turkish train station
Sheraton hotel is not the tallest
Betar soccer team is in third place

two million refugees from Rowanda
Bosnia is still not safe
Elana has chicken pox

Jupiter had a run in with a comet
kicked up plenty of dust
the cost of coffee has gone up
first is first, second is trivial

shimon weinroth

Diverse And Complicated

born out of pain, fear is the father
of other emotions, whose flow at the ebb.
is joined by the mother of compassion
her stream of notions, takes pity and identifies
with other creatures to socialize, conjugate

to bring forth, love, like and dislike
and oh so many other cousins,
making it possible to love one day
and hate another,
seed with wings that are and hope to be

shimon weinroth

Divided And Many Sided

the mountain belched, dyspeptic innards
grumbling intestines, and bowels of the earth
erupted, spewed, vomited hot burning lava
red molten rock and smoking fumes

filled the air with havoc
heated temperatures at searing heights
melted proximites chased organic species, yet
trauma becomes a weird grand show,
a spectacle of awe and delight
photography and familiar sight
settles some of the fright

on an hundred TV channels
curiosity knows no bounds,
looking over the rim
on the voyage of the voyeur
vertigo grasps and hurls me in

sitting in my armchair is so confusing
millions of subatomic particles
passing through my body
make me feel itchy and queasy
and my soul uneasy

shimon weinroth

Do Flowers Die I

she droops at dawn,
dew covers the yellow crown
and black eyed core
soft arms sprouting
stretch to warm rays

bathed in light proud and arrogant
dance to the soft breeze.
hot at noon tired at dusk time
wear the cloak of folded petals,
enjoy the now, tomorrows are so few

shimon weinroth

Do Flowers Die II

are part of you and me
a soft tenderness
fruity colors and heady perfumes
beauty makes for truth

in moments of despair
when in need of fresh air
I resurrect them from warm tombs
brushing and dusting themselves

primping reappear
so beautiful and dear
they never died
they are there, wherever I do go

shimon weinroth

Do It

do I have a choice,
to put it off, delay
a stay of motion
from the stable of my mind,

free the horses of emotions
to gallop and frolick about
canter from one reason to another
why I don't have to, do it

saddled with duties
armed with excuses,
prefer enjoying pastures,
refuse doing it today,

there is something nagging
this stride, un-true to form
the bit bites and spur spikes
harness itches, reins too lax

the inaction and refusal
without loss of face,
I should undo, gracefully
without my pride undone

shimon weinroth

Doctors Rounds

They make their rounds
Steeplechase tempo
Angels of know
Or so they believe

Measuring, writing, conversing
Among themselves.
Question the occupants
Hardly listening to replies

Of frightened eyes
Hanging on, each syllable
The storm of runaway stoics
Passes by

shimon weinroth

Don'T Be Silly

don't be a ninny, nor silly
human beings are never put down
put out, put about, retired
retuned with answers profound,

what never, well, hardly ever
maybe tortured, needled and injected,
rejected, subjected and humiliated
maybe murdered and mercy killed
but most often ignored,
redundant and bored

shimon weinroth

Don'T Sneer

Not all God's creatures
think out loud,
go about their business
pretending to be alive

some ego driven men say
they alone have souls
that speak with angels
sing and make music

birds and dilphins
cats and dogs
can do a little of each

shimon weinroth

Doorways

are more than just that
some beckon, some threaten,
others open in welcome,
into their mini-cosmos

magic, mystery and fantasy,
or mundane and banal,
said the spider to his prey,
curiosity and the need to know,

enter these portals,
when you return
nothing will be the same,
dare you enter,

leads to roads not taken,
pathways to a future untried,
perhaps tragedy or great pride,

once tried
the river of events,
flow into a sea of new dynamics

I chose the doorway of ideology
moral and innocent of empathy
and compassion,
love and sympathy,

yet sometimes wonder
set by curiosity and fancy
of other doorways,
that beckoned and

I have lived not to regret
kept some promises and
others could not
lived neither by malice or bias

my doorway has become

a boulevard of ever widening hope

shimon weinroth

Doubt

When clouds of suspect gather
They smother beliefs,
Lay to rest, truths of before,

Create a vacuum
Of mystery and insecure
Till, new beliefs, hover and replace

Still some doubt remains
Till another day, recycled and reformed,
Become stronger than before

Some say to doubt is human
To question and search even more
Molecules and atoms have no thoughts

So too the God who made us talk
Sing and babble, is without a doubt

Beliefs came from somewhere
And doubt were born in everywhere
Ideas and concepts flourished

Till doubt crept in, and walked about
Dressed and cloaked in disbelief

shimon weinroth

Doubts About War

Hey hey come and hear
Of what I learned today
It's easier to dropp a bomb
Than pick up the pieces

Breaking up is faster
Than making up
Easier to go to war
Than sit down to peace talks

Hey hey I learned it takes courage
To speak against a preempt mob
Which might kill more
Than a conventional war

No matter how justified, violence
Begets more violence and death
I learned that the manufacturers
Are intrested in war and the price of oil.

shimon weinroth

Downside Of Communicating

too much depends on
commentators
with evil designs,

motor vehicles,
impatience,
and false resigns

not enough on
understanding,
and a compassion of touching

shimon weinroth

Dozing Off

one drowsy state of mind to another
dozing off,
sleepy dreams of now
revelations of tomorrow
dozing off,
cloudy hallucinations
fantasies of later
dozing off,
nodding, hypnotized,
by restful nature
gently slipping off
to sleep and slumber
encumbered and caressed
ease the strains of weariness

shimon weinroth

Drawn Too

Drawn Too

A rainbowed scene
Of soft colors
And silky brushes

shimon weinroth

Dressing Up

the dress code has changed
no longer limited,
short on modesty
seeks new cultural modes
often ignoring utility,

ego of apparel, balloons
into mixtures of airs

shimon weinroth

Drowning

I'm drowning,
we're all drowning
and can't recognize,
its universal nature
having nothing, to compare

the waves pass over
the waves pass under
hover and pass through,
the mind's sepulcher,

no grave to rest
to commemorate,
physical passing,
constant motion

there are no shores, no isles,
no coves of shelter,
from winds of words,
tunes and tones, wreak havoc

mesmerize and hypnotize
dissect and rape
the psyche of the children
of the womb
woe is me and woe is thee

seas polluted, oceans diluted
air suffocating,
the ground surfied

with electric magnetic putrid ofal
we have become the waste
in this equation,
as the words seep in,

broadcast, forecast, aggressively,
casting us aside by by mass
communication of wordy opinions

into an atomic wasteland of chatter

junkyards of media debis
drowning us all
and we drowned,

God said 'let there be light'
but the medias refused!

shimon weinroth

Drowning In Brain Wash

and the broadcaster said,
'Let there be Prime Time'
came with words and pictures,
saying 'Lend me your ears'
and eyes too, flooded the lands

there wasn't an Ark, not even a Noah
chaos reigned for more than 40 years
opinions and interpretations rained
down upon us, with great floods of
broadcasting, flashes, thundering, forecasting

now the world we know, we are told
will not go out with a bang nor a whimper
not even a sigh of our own
when we give up the ghost

it will go out in a storm of
fanfare of a Hollywood production
broadcasted on a million channels
at prime time,

our hours are numbered
and so are yours,
if you don't believe me
look at the clocks

shimon weinroth

Duality And Duplicity

there are feelings above my shoulder
in my gut and between my legs, pleading
begging to be heard, aired and viewed
cause adrenalin to flow, mouth to salivate
and my heart to throb

they are with me all the time
even more than myself,
harpies, witches, gargoyles of my body and soul
I try to keep the lid on them, boxed with good decorum
smother and opress them
instincts, affinities and hunches

but the traffic cops of my mind know
they are lurking awaiting the moment of weakness
when such feelings will get the best of me

shimon weinroth

Due Process

The art of evidence
Is dead
Rhetoric may be used
And held against you

Not everything you said
Or read

Locked up thoughts
Tongue tied inside your head

Judged unfirt for speech
Or trial

Rights of innocence
And denial

shimon weinroth

Duet In First Person Singular

I did it for you, no, you did it, for you
I did it for me? Yes, you did it for yourself
We did it for them, No, you did it for yourselves
They did it for them and we did it for ourselves

Six point 4 billion thems and three person grammars!
Mark the past imperfect, present tenses
And conditional futures
Self centered I, me and myself
Live with a grammar of, I, you and them

Without fourth and fifth persons,

In the next millennium -
That's another story

shimon weinroth

Duet Of Love

Complaining
Whining
And whimpering

Wet the mood
Dampen and
Stamp out

Overtures
And rhapsodies of
Passion

What one needs
To whet the appetite
Are morsels of soft

Warm cozy sounds
Fond glances
Movements of ease and grace

To set the stage
Light the fires
Of desires

On the road to
Consummation
All it takes to postpone

Is a sigh, a whim
A sign, a wave
From senses fickle
That did not tickle

There is no science to making love
Better luck next time

shimon weinroth

Dyeing Faith

Color seeped in
Mordant salts startched the fabric,
now sun waves peep out soft
rainbow pastels that have caught

Cochinelle and purple medusa sanctified
the cloth of emissaries who dwelt in the temple
bought by the sweat of the people's brow
to praise the faith,

Greedy servants irreverant,
replaced by steeples, pomp riches
statues, false ceremony and blasphemy
defiled temple, burned to the ground

Only twice
thank God

shimon weinroth

Echoing

I feel like an echo
an idle wind tepid and queasy
carried on waves and waves
in a sea of electronics

the medias blaring
loud and arrogant
I, another bit of info
listen and repeat,

all has been said before
original and creative genes
unheard and nil
milling about willed and sold

retold and old
echoing out of a past
malleable and tempered
by voices broadcasting

was I born
to such a slavery
of bonded and dependent
Oh, give me back my voice

tell them we
will not be framed,
we will not be enslaved,
echoing over and over,

with consciousness,
echo died, radios were stilled
the medias wound down,
we got back our voices
barely

shimon weinroth

Economic Bailout

dear me, pandemonium in the streets,
panic in the corridors of power,
frenzy and frantic
great banks and moguls
asking for handouts

written on the dollar
'In God We Trust'
phoning the great creator
of no avail,
Wall Street addressed Main Street

the powers that be, drafted,
all the kings men and horses
women too,
thus in congress
to solve and save

bail out the fat cats and top hats
of Wall Street,
the rules of the game trashed,
and changed,
had a new start up,

at the expense of the citizens and
homeless men of Main Street,
equity is the name of the game,
fairness and brotherhood
and too much interdependence

I ask you in all innocence,
how much will it cost them
for their bailout, we are asked to share,
their losses, but never
the profits, and this they call Capitalism

shimon weinroth

Ego Centric

we invented time
to explain our place
and measure space
by events of consequence,

ordering a non-linear universe,
sit on Olympus sending messages
by spaceships and radio waves
to places millions of light years away

searching for answers
to questions
of before,
here and after

shimon weinroth

Emily And Dickinson

we never know how High we are-
self centered driving Force
till we have call to Rise-

critic cast a Shadow's doubt-
poet quit the Stage
she never knew, how high she was-

her Stature touched the Sky-
long after- father and She
departed to another World-

shimon weinroth

Empirical

the way up and the way down
are one and the same,
is attributed to Heraclitus
but the way forward and the way back
are never the same
is attributed to experience

for the road we travel,
the route we take
are in flux
but the laws of physics
are the constants of a must

shimon weinroth

Endangered Species

a ray of sunshine
fragrant breath of fresh air
a glass of clear water
trilling of a bird
a burbling brook

wide open spaces
books and thoughtful smiles

shimon weinroth

Engineered

Somehow it seems, I knew before,
And called it instinct
Others call it A'piori
You know that little being

Lurking in the shadows
Prompting from time to time.
My crutch of orientation
By way of trafficking symbols

Strapped to a wheelchair of convention
Bridled, without free rein
To run and romp, stride and stomp

Birthed,
Had a beginning
Before I could remember
Or forget

shimon weinroth

England

Outdated, Updated and Majestic

there will always be an England,
how much, how many, so few, so little,
the most of more, and less than less,
the very of every, the always of never,
the often of seldom, the never of ever,

off to Londonium and none such place,
and no such lane, any such drive, and every
which way, hub bubbled and stalled, double
deckered and taxied to the seranades of
bottled Beattles, on strawberry lanes,
dyspeptically belched through peppermint
road, accidenditally spearminted on candy hifghway

yet I've never been late to 4o'clock
teas and motor jams and marmalades,
butter scotched cookies, and welched promises

gluttoned and drunk with blueberry beer
and kidney pie, at some curiosity shoppe,
kippered with the drivers shouting'Barkis is willin'

Edwardian, Victorian, and just plain crumbling,
dwellings dotting the highways and crossings
the lanes with counsel houses to meet
the need of some great architectual deed,

so Phillip went down to the Thames, and out
to the sea, singing. there will always be an England

shimon weinroth

Ennui

sordid, morbid
ample cause
to worry

ignore,
apathy,
such a bore

indifference
ennui
and nothing more

shimon weinroth

Enthusiasm

is carried on the winds of excitement,
unfurling sails of expectation,
strong breeze of hope,
as traffic rules and caution are flung aside,

become accident prone,
if God forbid its balloon is pricked
the air comes whooshing out
to lie prostrate and deflated,

I'd rather have enthusiasm
vivacious and thrilling, gushing excitement
than prudent apathy and listless mundane
of no ups and downs, dancing and frowns

the fun is in the planning,
hopes and wanting, that gets it done
or maybe not, the unmoved sage
sits in his rocking chair

whiling away the time of day
speaks a wet blanket,
saying its no use,
and i told you so,

ah me
poor man

shimon weinroth

Environments

innocence asks,
why is the sky blue
and the grass green,
guilt asks, of blue and green,
sky and grass,

redemption for sinning,
polluting skies and grasses
grey with smog,

why oh why,
is the sky not blue
nor the grass not green

shimon weinroth

Epistemologically So

cheerful, I add and multiply
in the Doldrums, subtract and divide
when of a metaphysical bent,
demonic spirits incite

progeny of imagination
witches and gargoyles,
Oh Ovid, did you really believe
they raise and suppress

lightening and thunder
clouds and winds
tempests and earthquakes
pull down the moon and stars

visions of poets eerie and ghastly,
believe not the songs,
is smothered in surmise
and nothing is but what is not

shimon weinroth

Ergs That Blush

crimson red and rosy too
cinnamon bled and cozy blue
copper, gold and silver
when coloring I think of you

snow white, soft pink, and skylike blue
light green. pale yellow and tinted orange hue
paint a harmonious view of
golden hope, silvery beauty and magic true

seek peek and peep
into a rainbowed scene of
soft pastels, water colors
and silky brushes

shimon weinroth

Escape

don't wake me
let me be
sleep some more
dream of before

estranged from now
and the future,
caught in limbo
by figments of time

shimon weinroth

Escaping

there is a gargoyle perched
on my conscience,
and a dragon knocking at my door
a host of weird creatures checking my accounts,

a crick in my neck
looking over my shoulder
numerous crawlies swarming
without passports,

magic has landed on my shores
choice has multiplied and
the gods have taken over
no telling what comes next,

mini-cellular phone swallowed
at breakfast serve out the week
I am teleported by anti-gravity pills
good for indigestion, bewitched by gadgets

drugged by moving pictures
life exploded into reflections
reflective and reflecting causality
necessity, abandoned this world

for the unreal and fantastic, without a budget
employment and food, politics and rude
the world of real too harsh and cruel
I, me, and myself escaped this domain of pain

with a nod of the mind
and a wand of magic
on a flying carpet
puff out and vanish
into a dream land

shimon weinroth

Essence

To be or not to be,
To have, or not to have
To know why, or why not

Predetermined

Of course not
Don't be so sure

Back to square one

shimon weinroth

Euthanasia

clutch a stone, feel hardness
peer at a blank wall, measure bleakness
eye the darkening sky
shut away in prison or old age home

last flicker of the mind
dimmed and vanished
shell you called your body
numbed merely metabolizes

shiver cold, never loose hope
almost anything, is better than nothing

shimon weinroth

Evaluating

we are planned,
programmed for development,
in the direction of forward,
prefigured till death

a clock runs on a different plan
man made to measure events,
describe motion in change
of before and here after,

turning to memories
is a willful
reversing of time
and games of the mind

shimon weinroth

Excusing

there are no acts
that cannot be justified
by justifications

justice meted out
is not justice at all
just some acts of justifying

shimon weinroth

Eye Glasses - My Spectacles

where are they,
hanging on the bridge
of my nose.
or another place of repose

placed or misplaced
I need them to disclose,
the print on the page
to focus and read to me,

blurs and patches
they are helpful,
but not for understanding.
no matter how long I peer and squint,

no glint of meaning, will appear,
just graphics and alphabet letters
line after line one above the other
after use of an hour or so,

red eyes, tears,
with a look of conjunctivitis
stare and glare
till I come back to my self

disposition distressed, displaced
I push these aids above my orbs
sit on my forehead, forgetting,
where did I put my glasses

a spectacle sometimes affectatious
alas I really do misplace them too often
or is it old age in limbo
creeping up from behind

shimon weinroth

Factoring

too many factors involved
too many causes to be resolved
more than one solution,
mathematic, logical or emotional

random chance, blind luck,
misfortune, calamity or tragedy
a host of sets and categories
to factor and manipulate

both history and our future,
is such a world who needs
terrorists and revolutionaries

shimon weinroth

Fad

the vogue of Fad
is IN
till the next
resets the clock
called unique

shimon weinroth

Fairy Tale

The blue skies
A different hue
Familiar yet distant

Some smog
Mist and fog
With dew of last night

Will lift
But the sun doesn't seem
As strong as it was

The foggy air lingers
Unafraid and unwilling
The sun shies away
Hiding the horizon

I've heard it said on bad days
Like Chernobyl and Twin towers
Bomb smoke over Baghdad
And now Lebanon and Israel
And other sad times

Weakens the sun to shine
And come out

But the plants will wither and die
Flowers fade and decay

So we prayed to the sun
Promised to change our ways
If she would come back

The clouds dispersed
And clear skies returned
And we
Lived happily ever after

SWhimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Fairy Tales

Naggity and Cruchity,
some old souls
you see, here and there and about
telling tales of fables and whales,
spouting parables of magic and tragic

you'll hear them groaning and moaning
of good years gone bye. sigh and lie
about the whole package deal
called life, pay them no heed
just pasture them out

without any ado
swept by the witch's broom
far into the beyond,
there they'll stay
in the land of no refunds

(For Grown Old People)

shimon weinroth

Faithful

My two wooly dogs
Of smell and sniff
Their acts of faith
Are not of if

Ascend
To lofty heights
Imagine life
Without, their kind

shimon weinroth

Family

a family unit
is an hierarchy
based on love and care
neither communal
nor democratic

outwardly governed
by laws of the polis
which is true for none
and disobeyed by all

if you don't agree
go ask Antigone

shimon weinroth

Family Disease

the curse of sibling rivalry,
usually arrives with the second child
Cain marked Esau disinherited
Joseph in the well

loves his brother, loves his sister
hugs them a bear's embrace,
in the hierarchy of love
preference and guilt,

cancer of jealousy,
jungle of emotions
hot and furious, branding,
brotherly love and sisterly envy

struggle for affection and property,
clinical and pathological,
and yet the scales of justice
sing of sacrifice

sympathy and compassion,
friendship beautiful and rewarding,
why then an only child,
contracts the disease of jealousy

shimon weinroth

Fanciful

in a rainbow
colorful and curvaceous
with no beginning or end
I ripple back and forth
leap dance and skip

about the skies,
sunbeams glimmer
and clouds retreat
my rainbow shines true
red, orange and yellow

and all the mixtures
of in between
covenant of faith in men-
have acid rains stopped
can rainbows grace our skies

shimon weinroth

Fantasies

each figment
with a blink of conception,
balm to the ego

whipped cream without milk
chocolate without cocoa
cotton candy,

grains of sand lapped
by momentary waves
touching textures,
smooth plastics and metallic shards

scrutiny bursts the bubble
facsimilies of view
and fantasies of blue

still, roses are red

shimon weinroth

Fantasizing

I tremble with excitement
at each new fantasy
embraced by secret

oh, sweet fantasy
that lives in my mind
delicious wills, devoid of must

whose magic mystery
feeds and munches
on hopes so personal

don't have to come true
enjoy the act of musing
that pleases and pleasures

my id which lusts for dreams
of no reality,
consequence or truth

shimon weinroth

Fantasy

I might, if I could
but I won't
I shouldn't, doesn't stop
the dreaming

nots and maybes
popping in and out
are not for naught and nothing

psychic and cyclic
shadows and stuff
generating phantoms
sublime and material
whimsical and serious

shunting aside fantasies of XXX
stunting their growth
seeds of subliminal
spirits fantastic, join the chorus
come out and dance with me

shimon weinroth

Fascinating Interims

we are here, a dozen years and some
brush and tall pine rub shoulders,
the front row formidable and giant
blot out the sky, shut out the light

cast dark shadows and shades
cool, twilight and dusk mysterious
dancing to the tune of sunbeams setting,
tube of mirrors, kaleidoscope of grays

protecting and awesome, one never
knows, one begins the other ends,
strolling behind the house a
jungle of wild weeds unattended

in a corner, under spreading leaves
shade, a foursome of poppies
playing poker smiling red, in a sea of green
tucked away in their stolen zone

some of the winter growth seems
to have lost its thrust or is it me
my Agava tree bent to an impossible
angle, hangs on

unwilling to let the next come in
knows something I do not
breathes its pace of interim
tenaciously defying gravity

shimon weinroth

Fearful Part 1

we are born in pain, uncomfortable and wet,
and because we are born we are mortal,
because we are mortal, we fear that one day,
we will cease to be,

pain hurts. we fear the rebirth of pain,
desire love to overcome fear,
pleasure to forget moments of pain,
many need God to take the burden,

because what we are,
our most driving emotion, mood and sensation
is fear, which lives with us inside and out,
it is a wonder, our psyche and hysic can cope,

courage is only a bluff,
sentiments a history of emotions,
moods and sensations, we call nostalgia or disgust,
fear that something will appear or disappear,

sages, stoics, or ascetics deny fear,
covering themselves in raiment of calm resignation,
hedonists and Epicurians, declare, live today,
the kingdom of heaven is here,

many have made their compact with fear,
finding the sanctuary, in the temples of God,
the sweet warm, sometimes painful embrace of the lover,
or seek sublime in the bosom of nature,

we band together
in societies called tolerance,
a calmer milder form of despotism
to ward off other fears

created models and invented solutions,
Platonic caves and republics, Nietzschean cavemen, supermen
Asimov's robotics, Gates, computers,
and Dylan Thomas, answers 'are blowing in the wind'

Indian yogist, Moselm fakir, both crosslegged
meditating or begging alms,
one seperating the now from everything to nothing,
blank out fear, strengthened by transmigration,
the other by belief in the next world

shimon weinroth

Fearful Part 2

the Christain identifies with Jesus,
drinks his blood and eats his flesh,
in search of salvation and resurrection,
Abraham reminds his God of the covenant,

alas there is no hope that, wards off fear of mortality,
the next best thing to do, forget fear,
study history, philosophy, pray, take on rites of religion
educate or politic for influence, ideas and ideals,
leave a legacy and will,

but we won't be around to see it,
society has pastuerized, freezed and
cultured us to suppress our fears,
chanel them into science, culture and religion,
and to often war

which gives us some longevity, quality of life,
the balm of affection and illusions,
no amount of self hypnotism or catharsis
can erase all the fears of fear itself,

fear drives us to survive and in curiosity to search,
for what might be otherwise or better, not uniform or worse
dreams, empathy and music and al the muses,
momentarily lay aside fears anxiety and sorrow,

whenever I am at a loss of hope, I look at my lover,
and go down to the sea, the vastness and never ending ripples,
listen to the night, to the heavens dotted by twinkling stars,
knowing that something will remain after I have departed,

but it is not enough, so I listen to my loves and children
the pool of genes, rainbow of colors, that keep the covenant,

they were born in pain, uncomfortable and wet
and because they were born they are mortal,
and they too will fear death,
hopefully the cycle will not cease to be

shimon weinroth

Feelings

If I had to choose
one without the other

compassion seems
the more enduring,
humane and understanding
might generate again
once love's passion has fled

senses quickened to the call
reloading once too often
dulled by waning passion
the trigger not so keen

false turns to ennui and apathy
or worse yet
might turn to contempt
but true returns, with compassion

shimon weinroth

Fickle Minded

I won't go with you to the airport
I choke up and sniffle, tears well in my eyes
Misty farewells, last minute queries
Too exciting for my anatomy
Too emotional for my makeup

I won't go with you to the airport
Bid you do this and do that and the other
I don't want to sound like your mother
Tell you take care of your health
Be careful be cautious
Go if you have to go, do what you must

I won't go with you to the airport
Mill about with te crowd
While away the time before departure
Awaiting the moment of bon voyage

Embracing and hugging
Savouring the last moment
Before you go on vacation
Tell you to watch out

So why do I feel so hurt
When you say, don't come to the airport
It's too wearing and tiresome for you

I should never have listened
Should have done what I thought
Come to the port
And bid you farewell

shimon weinroth

Fickle View

I have made you
More than you are
And you have become
The reflection of mind
in body too

So too I become
More than I am
More than I was
More to be true
Reflecting a distorted view

Impaled am I
On illusions
Of unreal
Unreeling dreams
And phantom spirits

Come child of my whim
Fix and repair
Credible and belief
That reflection in my mind
That is more than more

And I withdraw all
Second thoughts
Forgive me if I ever doubted

She hugged me, and kissed me
And said its true

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Finally Immune

too hot, too humid, too soggy,
the same old story of summer time,
weathering the weather,
after so many solar trips, accustomed

and acclimated, the hot is not so hot,
so soggy wearying and tiresome,
finally immune,
turn off the air conditioners and coolers

it's all in your psyche, still
sun bathing is not advisable,
sweating because of the economy
prespiring from social gaffes

we have learned to deal with
temperatures, each year
it is easier, summer time, fun time
soothes our skins and smoothes the epidermis

even ice glaciers welcome,
the hot sunrays, melting and oozing,
flowing with ease into rivers
and oceans, only polar bears complain

and some wayward eologists,
but then, what do they know
except to protest

shimon weinroth

First Person Authority

in the beginning
we were sovereigns
of what we spoke,
and self counted for something,

slowed down by rules
fears and morals
skirted the territory,
hesitated to provoke,

yet speech was a right of domain.
one talked said and complained,

and it came to pass
that the colossus
strode the waves,
flew over the heavens,

spread talons and tentacles
scooped up the sovereignty

choked by curiosity
entertained by passivity
we became enslaved

now, every time
we turn on the radio or TV
our right of domain delivered

heralds usurp our place,
we have been gilded and sterilized,
second persons who listen
to narration of stories,
about third person creatures

now when i whisper
sacred sayings, personal thoughts
nostalgic memories,

I have cause to wonder
are they my own
have I lost more than
first person authority

shimon weinroth

First Reversed

first relief and then belief
yet more often belief can
bring relief

shimon weinroth

First Scene

My lady looks at the end
of a novel or mystery
her expectation fuse
too short, too volatile

yet she is of outward calm
I don't fully comprehend
where such a social contract leads

The back of the book
the moral of the story
the fantasy of allegory
all foisted by impatient leaf turning

such disobedience of norm
the first great sin got us kicked out
of the Garden of Eden,
she knows better, indeed she does

shimon weinroth

Fiscal Halloween

grinning pumpkins,
witches and gargoyles
littered black and orange
leaving us in the red

left us to deal
with a fiscal year of trick or treat
the government budget
had been misspent

even tax collectors were striking
wizards full of spells
pulling the wool,
to fool the men on the hill

gave in to one and took from another
the hungry man can do without,
declaring this is the cure
harpies kept humming

how good it would be
to tighten our belt,
flying witches chanted,
halloween is here

shimon weinroth

Fleeting Moments

caress the ego
dress the scene
with warm and tender
orange hue and reddish view,

tremble and review
sacred memories,
that might never
have been,

fantasies so sweet
did not occur or happen
a mirage hallucinating,
prints the scenes

of fond dreams
to comfort a mind
in quantum space
both here and there

fit and sit on a throne
in a kingdom
of none such time
yet do so prettily

comfort and sooth,
never mind
it never was,

has come to live
in my fairyland
of dreams of dreams

of none such place
no such road,
no such lane
go dreaming on

shimon weinroth

Flights

Little sparrow, little sparrow
The prince is gone
Romance and magic flown
Little sparrow, little sparrow
Why do you circle round,

Round the hospital ground
And courtyard littered, concrete
Of facade gray, fading yellow red
Flocks and flocks a circling

Circling to escape sun beams
Seek holes and niches
Crevices and crannies
To nest in concrete

Tweeting calling, thrill of flight
Come in bands and crowds
Crowds and flocks
Each no bigger than my palm

Magpii and magi
Bewitching souls of flight
And never landing, in my sight

Little sparrow little sparrow
What secret do you know
Impels you to go and fly about

shimon weinroth

Flighty Mighty Media

prithree I pray,
has't thee nothing to say,
to while away
the time of day

hearing thy voice
maketh me to rejoice,
silence is odious
thy speaking melodious

I entreat thee
maketh me
some fun
speaketh a pun

invoke a joke
smile a while,
and say, this was a time
well spent

without some sordid
TV terror event

shimon weinroth

Flower Of Life

A flower has no affectations,
neither vain nor disgust, apathy or distrust
is made to attract wonderment and love
herald of creativity

disburses its charms and magic
entices, induces, taste of its beauty
to living creatures plant and animal
who would copulate, devour and enfold

touch the soft texture, enjoy the delicious
color and perfume, possessed of heady sensations
admire seek to possess
to hold, to breathe, to eye and romantically sigh

emblem of life which will shortly wither and die
being reminded of mortal demise
treasure even more
scenes of beauty and truth

shimon weinroth

Flower Pot

Little flower put on the window sill
Will you blossom into geranium
Or daffodil
Fill my eye with color

White, yellow pnk or red
Wonders of a code
Insects breeding
Senses of delight
In sunlit skies

Species, species of liquid harmony
Pulpy pith of symmetry
What hot magic
Makes you blush or wilt

Bloom unfurl
Unzip all the mysteries to come

shimon weinroth

Flurries

snow flakes come in flurries,
gliding down to the ground,
flying, twirling, swirling, on the currents
of some wind, blown and tossed,

sent from heaven,
short lived sparks of white,
light their way to us,
what a glorious show

such immense display,
myriads of flakes catch your breath,
gulp in wonder, smiling thrills
of transcendental flurries

I have seldom seen
other than the momentary
laughter, merry ripples of joy
rapture of first flurries and snow flakes

shimon weinroth

Food For Thought

In the event of nothing
Everything becomes important
As the world of trivia
Ascends the throne of sublime

Right is not always right
But wrong is consistent
Immoral and wrong

My son a pleasant smile
A laughing pleasure
Take his measure
And find the treasure

shimon weinroth

Foods And Feeding

there is a grumbling in my stom-ache
a rumbling in my mind,
thoughts flit and fly
the channels and passage ways,

over hills and dale's into the valleys
of desire
in that vassel called my head
cries out at night,

that would waken, even the dead
knows how Esau was lead,
to give away to Jacob, in his stead
for a morsel, adashim and french bread,

just a taste, just a bite just some food
to feed the blight, of gluttony and hunger

shimon weinroth

For Olde Lang Syne

with a cup of wine
come dine with me
on thoughts of mine

Baccinal of Dionysus
or more sedate,
wine aged is time of taste

tickle the palate
tittilate the mind
sip from the well of memory

ritual and ceremony
serious and light
wine from her vines

fuzz the senses
cloud the issues
brighten the spirits

raise a cup of wine
for olde langs syne

shimon weinroth

Foreget It, Ever Was

it's those moments, vacant
that I remember,
it's those times lost
that I regret

there are days of joy
days of sorrow, sunny or foggy
of thre same complex,
night of haunting,

sighs of tears and so many whys

I try to keep busy,
work is so therapeutic
drives away memories
unwanted,

it's the in between times
so difficult, creep up and loom
hides from tongues,
tied up inside

still time surface
eyes of memory stare back
mouths laugh and scream,
shattered shards and stormy dust

pungent tangy memories
crawl up the nostrils,
sting and irk
tendrils of nagging time
envelope and choke
soft tender antennae of illusions,

oh to get myself beyond
that haunting night

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Forever

In outer space
there is no waste
energy changing
conserved, preserved
from one state to another

Time measures
eternity
of what is
what was
of all my energies

shimon weinroth

Forms Of Surrender

it is easier to give in to emotions
of revenge, than to accept
the logic of compromise,
it is easier to submit to feelings
than to live by morals

alas, morals of some
might be,
the oppression of others

shimon weinroth

Fragments

There are moments
When it makes no difference

And there are times when it seems like
A world of difference

Has clogged
The future of chance

Hail Socrates for reason
Hail God for grace of season

shimon weinroth

Fragments From The Hospital

Terminal

suffering needs company
company needs others,
and so we all sit,
awaiting radiology

corridors of waiting

shrouded in fear
hovering above and near,
my time their time unclear
impatient and dear

there is no easing
nor balm in numbers

we raced to come early

shimon weinroth

Friday The Thirteenth

truly 'Ignorance is bliss'
gosh I forgot yesterday -
was Friday the thirteenth
i stepped on cracks, walked
under a ladder, spilt salt

neither prayed nor cursed
or looked over my shoulder
cringed with fear or
shrugged lightning bolts

have no fear
next year I'll be prepared

shimon weinroth

Friends Of My Friends

Are friends of my friends
Necessarily
Friends of my own

Can I accept one
And the oother
Disown

shimon weinroth

From Night To Dawn

From Night to Dawn

Bleak and dreary night
Lift thy weary mantle
Fumes and humors
Get thee from my sight.

First ray of light
Wipes the frown
Of darkness from
The crown of yester night

Let this be a morning
Of sweet cheer
Hope for painless, and
Moments of reverie

shimon weinroth

From Nothing To Sublime

in the event of nothing
most things become important
for, the world of trivia
ascends the throne of sublime

shimon weinroth

From One Buttock To Another

Buttocks are not there,
for the sole purpose of sitting,
they separate the legs from the waist,
carry the torso and head,
their shapely form, holds up the back

sways and swishes as one walks,
for some, the curves magnetize
others do not succumb, it is but
common place, often called bum, rump
or behind, a sometime place for punishment

and to be reminded, may be patted, pinched
kissed or caressed, dressed to attract
has a life of its own, and other functions
well known

shimon weinroth

From One Dimension To Another

I look upon the wall
and it creeps back to me,
I look up at the ceiling
where four corners meet
to keep the walls in place,

their stony friendly face,
seems to want to speak
before I fall asleep again,
to dream that in each corner
there is some secret,

keeps them together
recording what took place
an hundred movemets underneath
and sounds of creatures
that lie beneath

walling in and walling out
dreams that don't belong
hushing sighs
crushing free flight

shimon weinroth

From Present To Past Perfect

Some events that have been, seem to mellow
Colors fade and pages turn to yellow
Psyche and memory play strange tricks
Blend distasteful and insipid

With salty tang and delicious nostalgia
Yearning for the past of youth

Have a coke, drink a beer
Sip some wine, dine on thoughts so fine.
Breathe easier
The first ninety years are the most difficult

shimon weinroth

Frontiers

where are our young sons
securing the border
now some are dead and gone forever
gone to heaven
their honor survives them
their memory embalmed

but what was the meaning
was it worthwhile

I spit on secure borders
that kills so many young
impaled
entrails ripped out
stuffed with beliefs
borders forever

bury the dead at check posts
to warn against illegal entry
still walls, of fences of dead
grow moans lament continues

iron curtains and steel forts
keep out the fog, turn back
nimbus clouds and speckled butterflies
shut down radios, dam electronic waves

yet some get through
and others are stopped
this is the border, this is the mark
that means my land your side

I thought that everything was settled
but what do we do about about waters that flow
and fauna that wander about
shoot down cumulus and cirrus clouds
and storks that bring good tidings

checkposts make good soldiers

is it true -
only bloodied agreements
recognize frontiers

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Frustrating

I'll never be
that part of history,
until my demise,
though I'll never know
if it was so

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Functional

until you can't
you never realize
how wonderful it is
to pee,

like so many
other functions denied
take over the mind,
upset the rest

raise the quotient,
notions turn to emotions,
and common place
displace calm with fear,

rearrange and derange
pride and priority
cry out
oh let me be

as I used to be
to control
free and easy
lax and untaxed

each next time
prime time turns,
and returns to banal
full of hope and overcome

relief leaves space,
to dabble
and moralize
the tenents of belief

shimon weinroth

Genetic Code

Genetic Code

A revealing road sign

Nevertheless

My soul is mine

To define

shimon weinroth

Genetic Thinking

echoing out of the past
72 genes hanging on a chromosome
all vied to make you

some survived
as others died
ghosts of a different era

in pools unremembered
unsung
the victims of selection

elected, became one among many
the struggle goes on
to copy and write the history

shimon weinroth

Genteel Captivity

Go to the zoo
When you do
There is a lesson
To be learned

Of animals
Placed in benign captivity
Locked up with great gentility

You will see
How species
Great and small
Reach senility

Put on display
To teach our young
Of greatness and humility

shimon weinroth

Genteel Poetic Circle

Hmmm
they all murmured
assent and content
voiced their feelings

Hummm
they all hummed
they were numbed
by friend felt emotion

hummm
they all summed up
to say
they were stunned
by their crony's
poetry in motion

there was one
who would not hummm
thought the selection
just somme notion

this lout did speak out
from this company was
was cast out

from that time on
humming goes on
no one dares
to speak out
to voice some doubt

shimon weinroth

Genteel Revenge

Slighted, let it go unnoticed
perhaps chance, circumstance
contrivance of verbal dance
without repartee repair

fear not, a chance will come
revenge is near and can sneer
for status sake and station dear

if you can turn your back
close the door
to the memory of that bore
the effect is good
and more than understood

shimon weinroth

Get The Better Of You

seeing the triangle of mons venus,
moved hormones to jangle
the angle,
bold and uncontrolled,

sweet mounds juicy and delicate,
rising up and down, add
to the scene,
lust of mustard and pickles of spice

licentious and lewd,
imagining the naked and the nude

perhaps

shimon weinroth

Get Well

Get well!
if you can't,
then-

Get better!
if you can't
get better-

Stay
as you are
my shining star.

shimon weinroth

Getting To Know You Poetry

gee whiz,
sounded like a quiz
where is it written
I have to, read again and again
to unravel the message,

hesitate or memorize,
each one
on the level he creates
actual, perceptual,
transcending,

immortality here and now
Brahamin cow, Jewish sow, and Sapphic thou

shimon weinroth

Gilded

Gilded

Soft warm soapy hands
ease the tensions of the day
submerged
all the sinful thoughts

faded phantoms
slipping
between wet fingers
swim away

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Gloat And Gossip

usual usually and generally speaking

lend me your ears,
have you heard
did you hear
the latest news

wrapped in cellophane of smear,
passed on
with relish and catsup
not always concise and never precise

dazzling with invective
and added spice
gloating over
the fractured, faltered and fallen
loss of face held up to the light

with delight of spite
is what we do when telling
tales and stories
of glory and fame, gone up in flame

shimon weinroth

Gloating

I am crest fallen
that winners
live in the state of euphoria
and losers
belong to a state
of unrest

shimon weinroth

Gluttony

Eyes blink, nostrils quiver,
Taste buds moisten
Mouth watering - entreats
I'll have another and another

Memories of tasty morsels
Flood the brain of gluttony

I'll have another, if it's sweet
And another
Add some drink and cake
Fill the vacancy

Track soon loaded, tummy bloated
Indigestion is its fate,
Adds calories and kilograms,
I'll have another and another

shimon weinroth

Go According

I do it to please you
I want to be your hero
see your eyes filled with admiration
follow my every move

I go through hell to make you love me
keep that warm glow of affection
feel the flow that caresses my, me

I don't understand
why you think I'm self centered
egoistic and narcissistic

When all the things I do
are for you and only you

shimon weinroth

God And Mothers

What is there in me
That wants to command
Without much ado
Tell you what to do

That same force
Tells another, what to do
Will refuse, to listen and agree

For the power of Will
With a will, to power
Of destiny and fate

Foiled into a state
It makes any difference
To Miss Fortune
And Lady Luck

Still to command
Seems better than
Listening to mother
Or any other

shimon weinroth

Going Public

a bubble burst within the mind,
ideas came spilling out,
bleeding strings of thought
sparkling necklace, beads
once linked

some opaque,
some transparent ghosts,
others rainbow colored rhythms,
dance across piano keys
compose and trill a melody

picks up the beat,
sets down the score
in notes transformed,
thought to text,

new born manuscript
drawn by the mind,
secreted in the heart,

till the ego flogs, nagging,
to reveal, to unveil,
speaks for applause,

beautiful seeds,
fallen from the mind
into public domain,
to trample or caress,
dissect, copy and replicate,

shimon weinroth

'Good Guys'

the good guys are coming
help is on the way, reinforcements
the bugle call of cavalry,
melee clamour of pedes

dressed in armour
they were there at Marathon, Thermopolea
Salamis, at Syracuse Arbela, Metarus
Tours, Hastings, Orleans, Pultowa,
Saratoga and Waterloo,

Dunkirk, Stalingrad and the Bulge
Hiroshima and Nagasaki, are of a different nature
there were no good guys, only combatants

shimon weinroth

Good Olde Days

To reach the sublime
One must be culturally indoctrinated,
To loose the sublime
One must suffer from overexposure
As extraordinary becomes mundane

New audio-visual capacities dilute
By rivers of data and oceans of pictures
Traumatized by glaring lights and blaring sounds
Orgiastic repetitive sights and terror striking

Loss of clear and crystal, brings on a cold front
Red heat waves of intensity blur the scenes
Or is it just experience and boredom
Setting in before the frost

shimon weinroth

Good Olde Times

I long for the past,
lust for my youth,
happiness and comradeship

commit the felony of fantasy.
that the good olde times
were the best

nevermind,
good olde wine
is better

shimon weinroth

Goodbye And Farewell (10 Aug 1932 - 9 Dec 2008)

To all of Shimon's friends:

We hope that his travel back to the planet from whence he came to visit us will be easy and filled with joy and light.

We would be happy if your joyful thoughts and fond memories accompany him on his journey.

Love,
The Weinroth Family

p.s. return emails please send to oth@

shimon weinroth

Goodbyes

departures leave an empty feeling
a vacuum in the pit of my stomach
gut feelings are quite different,
they take a stand, have expectancy
a life span of bias, so positive

leaving the scene packing the bags
wearying, tiresome and tedious
have germs and virii of excitement,
till the moment of departure
when a down feeling clutches

and the mind in a quandry,
wonders whereto and what next
I am faced with change and motion
of tandem and limbo,
and the twilight zones of fickle

yesterdays echoing among tombstones
silently crying out, stay, don't go

shimon weinroth

Gossip

is fun, mean and malicious
all it takes is some kind of chatter
idle or intensional, illusionary or functional
talk and a lending ear, someone to hear

rumour or true, spreads with rampage
forest fire destroying everything in its path
burns and crackles, whistles and rattles
methodical or furious, leaves wounds and scars

did you hear or have you heard
I tell you this in confidence
it's a secret or declaration
to spark some news, true or false
speaking to your friend or spouse
are you just retelling, relating or gossiping

shimon weinroth

Gossip & Gloat

usual usually and generally speaking

lend me your ears,
have you heard
did you hear
the latest news

wrapped in cellophane of smear,
passed on
with relish and catsup
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gloating over
the fractured, faltered and fallen
loss of face held up to the light

with delight of spite
is what we do when telling
tales and stories
of glory and fame, gone up in flame

shimon weinroth

Gossip And Tete A Tet Tea

cinnamon tea, and butter cookies,
or weak coffee and English cake
hot and steamy, freshly baked
slaked thirst contented hunger
overwhelmed at first, any second thoughts

first things first and second things next
not so complicated-rather fancy another
cup of tea or coffee,
than eat another piece of talk
putting words off, easier done
than faced

chatter and clatter, talk and dishes
cup and saucer
divert some gossip matter
of bad dant men
on a foggy afternoon,

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Grammar

Too much
Is too many
if they are countable

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Grandpa

gliding in on a ray of slumber
walking softly
creeping back
peeping back and forth

gently dozing on and off
crown nodding up and down
comes to rest upon the chest
a deeper sleep soon comes to pass

shimon weinroth

Granting

grant me this wish
I'll never ask for another,
I don't believe you,
tell it to your mother
for one wish breeds another,

'it is easier to suppress the first wish
than satisfy all the other desires'
Poor Richard's Almanac
Benjamin Franklin

shimon weinroth

Grasping

off and on, are more than two phases
the point and, has a temporal life
though it is short, is, has been and will be

departure and arrival have a moment of now
seperates them from the future
I flipped the switch from one stasis to another
the point of in between has a life span

less than alpha and gamma rays
glossed over by gestalt
trying to deny negligibles, neglect points
of departure, change from one phase to another

psychedelic flashings of light and Dali's
watch of surrealism
blinking, shuts off the glare of change
settles and sets the mind
into set and more sets

shimon weinroth

Gravities

doubt starts with beliefs,
there must be more
than we see, around or beyond,
inciting imaginations that spur,

so much depends on knowing,
believing is another story
a doubting of what we know,
searching for more than greets the eye

unsatisfied, man created god
better than his image.
more generous he made him
taller, immortal and omnipotent

came to trust his illusion
more than his existence,
the act of godding had a life
of its own, and god reciprocated,

by making man in his image
smaller and mortal,
and woman less than man
but better equipped,

to suffer the babblings of both

shimon weinroth

Growing Old

when relief is as stirring as some passions
pain and love seem to merge
though I know better
such feelings must be purged

I often kneel and obey
the spark of momentary delight
to know that I can still
glow in the dark

shimon weinroth

Growing Up

I remember Coney Island, the beach teeming with limbs and hams
breasts vibrant and moving, puberty and the glaring sun
raced my juices around, I oogled my cousin of 22 as her dress
floated to the sand revealing a one piece bathing suit

pert compact dumplings jiggling, two nipples distended
buttocks bunny sized wiggled, her smile captured my gaze
boldly glared bluntly stared, her eyes seemed so remote
my mother and aunt watching, caught the interlude

mini-passioned scene, viciously intervened, accusing shame on you
alone among millions I hung my head
I was embraced from behind by the love of my love
pressed her form, and the tears stopped

shame on you washed away, my being rose proudly
she pressed with compassion
whispered, ah my little man if only you were older

shimon weinroth

Grudgingly

She got it right,
I would not have believed it of her.
How is it she got it so right
did I underestimate

I could have done it better
but what she said is so profound
how on earth did she get it so right

aren't you amazed
that your friend and mate got it right
If she had won a lottery
you could not be more surprised
to the extent she got it right

society determines
if things are right or wrong
and so often when it is right
There is no one to agree
that she got it right

shimon weinroth

Gullible

Gullible as gullible can be
Has to do with media
And wee little Lilliputians drowning
In a sea of electronics

And the ocean of broadcasting
Rocked back and forth by waves
And tidal storms of sensational
Advertising, swamped by junk mail

Drowned by propaganda
Swept by currents far from shore
Wearied by magnitudes,
Are more easily duped and gullible

When washed ashore-
Who The Lilliputians
No, me and you and you
Straight from yahoo, and Dog Patch

shimon weinroth

Habit

Acquiring a habit is inductive
Become aware, deduce what it is
An act repeats itself, becomes the mode
Opposes chance and change

Performing once, each next becomes easier
Ingrained in your mind, seeps into your soul
What I do today, might become the habit
Of tomorrow and another day

Habit is of the organic world
And lesser creatures of consciousness
Speak out, habit enslaves
Easier to follow a path of least resistance

shimon weinroth

Halloween And More

grinning pumpkins,
witches and gargoyles,
littered black and orange
leaving us in the red,

left us to deal
with trick or treat,
the government budget
had been misspent

even the tax collectors were striking,
wizards out of spells,
pulling the wool
to fool the men on the hill,

gave in to one and took from another
the hungry can do without,
declared this is the cure,
harpies kept humming

how good will it be
to tighten our belt,
new brooms would sweep

alas all the witches
had flown away

shimon weinroth

Hamlet's False Creed

To be or not to be,
might be,
the consequence
of to do or not to do

being, is what its all about
should never be
questioned, sing out
Let it be, let it be

shimon weinroth

Hamsin

(50 days of torrid heat during summer)

from out of the south
a blast of desert heat,
blowing hot waves suffocating,
Dante's inferno has come to roost,
hovering enveloping,

driving Homo Erectus in doors,
seeking shelter from Sol's,
expelling mood, fumes hot and heavy
trees and flora hang listlessly

even the links of man made objects,
wilt and withdraw, tempo slows to fit,
the weary element of moods,
limbo with each breath,

the hot dirty yellow sun,
fogged by heat,
melts the brains dries up the juices of life
seems to say beware

you are not so tall, just finite and small,
whispering hot winds bring, mantle cover of dirt,
glass lusterless, smeared and blurred,
life labors beneath an eiree weird mist,

grit your sandy teeth,
you never get accustomed
and still many peoples
vie for such a pace,

will the keeper of the winds
and the gods of war, spare us,
man made calamities greater
than these fifty days

shimon weinroth

Handle With Care

Handle With Care

Palmistry a sophistry

A handful
Of reading twixt
Past and future

Of present tense

Perhaps there is more to it
Than meets the eye

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Heard On The Radio Seen On Tv

I did not dream or imagine
fabricate it on my own,
so when you ask
how do I know,

well I saw it on TV
I heard it on the radio,

you ask why do you believe
it's true,

the other TV and radio stations,
say the same more or less

that should prove it's true
they can't all be lying,

you say the news is colored
well, if it is a rainbow of views
that's fair enough,
you say the owners of the media,

and rulers of the polis,
control the views and news,

that can't be true
just how stupid
do you think we are-

shimon weinroth

Hearing And Listening

convinced
or unconvinced
selected only
what I wanted

on the other hand
she heard my heart
but would not listen

shimon weinroth

Heavenly Bodies

Heavenly Bodies

Alas man born of woman
Knows so little of her psyche
And the knowledge of her mind

I lay me down to sleep
Give up my soul
To her to keep

When I awake
Was it only her body
That I did know

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Heirarchy Of Poets

Great poets breed lesser poets
Who feed on divinty
Lesser poets seed other poets
And so on to infinity

shimon weinroth

Heraldry Used, Misused, Abused

announcing, foretelling
what is and might be
a herald and usher
sent to decree

too many criers get carried away
by lusting ego and meglomania
pretend clair voyance, sooth saying
by predicting the day

breeding contempt uncurbed and foul
soil the future
with ruses
and snippets of reel

unfaithful and opinionated
give us a raw deal
announcing and telling
not always, what's real

in voices hysterical and stampeding
in language compelling
and speach impelling, give us the news
which needs much retelling

shimon weinroth

Hereditary And Or Genetics

shopping for fruits and vegetables,
a joy of total domain,
with a sure hand and sharp eye,
you choose and select again and again

your decision arbitrary and irrevocable,
next year those lonely strains,
that sat and wasted upon the shelves
will not reappear,

we compete, with peers and so called friends,
it is a daily chore,
dropping out is no solution,
you compete,
if you want to come up for selection,

every time you look at the opposite sex
you are grading, choosing selecting,

are we robots of our genes
are not honor and loyalty,
the subject of our story

shimon weinroth

Heritage

last night I dreamt
the parable of caves,
the hue and clamour
of battling shadows
Achilles and Hector
who by epic myth
grow with time,

Homer's hand
Paideis and Artes
of western culture
raise up an aristocracy
genetically endowed,
who need no truth and justice
only acts of heroism,

heritage of Iliadic education,
praise sanguinity and violence

oh, Hesiod in your quest
for truth and justice
could you not have made
'Works and Days'
empathetic, attractive and spicy

I wonder how Aristotle knew
catharsis might undo

what is there in our psyche
that tempts and wishes
epics and tragedies
blood letting scenes

shimon weinroth

Heroes Of A Human Nature

in all the world there are 36
in the heavens angels unlimited,
who can dance on the head of a pin
fight with Jacob

what is so unusual about the 36
they hold a balance
in tandem a stasis for reason
for all the rest
limbo limbo is the season

shimon weinroth

Hiding

Sunken cheeks
receding chin,
hidden away in a corner
reading glasses perched

identures in a glass
ashamed to appear
in the public of anyone

rigid and uncompromising
this passing comeliness

shimon weinroth

Hierarchy

Great systems have smaller systems
That feed on divinity
Smaller systems have lesser systems
And so on to infinity

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Histhorrified

history is wasted, crucified by quantity
electrocuted. individuality and identity
old wives' tales lost to posterity
eye, has witnessed change of scene

I scream from a poet's ironic tower
searching for attention, create another dimension
arty imagination, solopsistic view, nature gone awry
in the field of electronics, sailing upon the waves
history, come apace, looks me in the face
did you know in days of olde there were not as many
some were often crueller than history

shimon weinroth

Historians

sweet historians of memories repaint,
touch up reconstruct or tone down
blunt the prickly, smooth the corners
sand down the texture, repair the hills
of times gone bye

shimon weinroth

History

living with you
taking care of you,
your malady rubbed off

I've become infected,
I can only cry,
stop repeating,

get well, get young
before I die
of your old age

shimon weinroth

Holiday Season

there are so many things to do,
first presents to purchase,
phone calls to make, blessings to exchange
memories revived,

greeting cards, email messages
embracing and hugging, all acts of good faith
propelling emotions,
full of warm senses and fine feelings,

fond memories in a box of chocolates.
cool wine for luring nostalgia,
demi tasse in delicate porcelain,
silver cutlery and white napery,

to fit the occasion, shelved and closeted
awaiting the command performance,
of four o'clock teas, six o'clock snacks,
or an evening drink

all part of the fun setting a table
laying out items,
all acts of good faith,
hopes to please and be pleased

till the golden words are spoken
to exchange emotions,
speak out honey tipped metaphors
welcomes of magic voices, music of the psyche

come wafting across the gaps and spaces
to caress, fondle, pet the inner ear,
strumb and twang the happy chords,
the vibrating blessing of language

shimon weinroth

Home On The Range

you're as old as you feel
the old man stuck his hands
between her legs
the old woman powdered her nose

set her hairdo and winked
patted his bald pate
and sighed of memory

shimon weinroth

Homeostasis

we have an internal system
that keeps us
burning
at 37 degrees

Atlas of our being
balancing our world
in weather
fair or gloomy

restrains havoc
of the internal network
plays upon
vanity of my being

effects the psyche
valve of miracle and seaships
hot and cold, flashes
vortex of stability

shimon weinroth

Homosexuality

Is the love
Of one and another

Woman and mans'
Love for each other

Create the children

Not the other

shimon weinroth

Hope Less

ask me no questions
I'll tell you no lies
tell me no stories
no need for replies

about peace and demise
of death and reprisals
of hopes and unhappy
promises and agreements undone

tell of victories
that were never won
ma come and see
what they have done to us

pa they filled us
full of hate and revenge
now we are drunk
with anger and fear

the peace we sought
was never so near
ask me again
and I'll tell you what's dear

the air we breathe
the water we drink
the music we hear
the sun-up we see

why isn't there enough
for all of us to share,
they tell us the stories
do unto others

as you would to yourself
was it always a myth
sour and sorrow
or has it become

do it to others
before they do it to you
ask me no questions
I'll tell you no lies
of wherefore and whys

shimon weinroth

Hormones And Wanton

Hormones and Wanton

The flow of G hormone
And I start to glow
I blush and I pale
Hope no one will know

A set for passion
B set for compassion
All sets to go
Paint U town up side down

Shimon

shimon weinroth

How Did It Come About

used to graze our cattle there
the sheep walked that path
horse chose to water near
then for many years motor cars

I parked in that spot
no one asked for duties and tithes
traffic ticket pinned to the truck
how did it come about

that same spot not glad to greet me
no longer welcome,
it goes against my beliefs
paying fines for something so unjust

I hope to wake, to times gone by -
when the next door neighbour will stop to chat
pass the time of day,
I stopped there before,

shimon weinroth

How It Is

we are born of woman
from man
hosted by her, we learn
of warmth and security

fostering in us sympathy
identity and empathy
a subject of prefiguration
genes balloon into form and likeness

vain philosophers and theologians
contend and pretend
they have some answers
about the source and universe

jealous beings who babble
must know life took place
long before
language was born

shimon weinroth

How Many Angels

a point,
joins lines together
losing identity
creates new forms

right angles, circles,
sexagons, hexagons
of added quality

heirarchies
and new perspectives
of more than one

angel dancing
up and down
and all about

shimon weinroth

How Much More

More than much, more than more
Where everything, is not too much
That marks events, numbers them
Calling them timeless, placeless

I can't cope
With dimensions
Of no discrimination
Far too much for me
Without relativity

How much is too much-

Send my robot to Nirvana
Send my computer to heaven
I'll take each day
One at a time

shimon weinroth

How True

as true can be
as true is true
to you and me.
can I be true to true,
and not true for you

you see it differently
so do I
and still it is true
can we agree
when we do not see true

to agree to disagree

shimon weinroth

Human Nature

we live in a culture
nutured by nature
culled by a fate
spawned by a father,
born from a mother,
carrying traits

miracle of genetics
pooled by a heritage
fooled by the fables,

plagued and tormented
by mortality,
seek salvation.
in knowledge or faith

flirt with Sol's
Promethean gift
forestalling Malthusians,

moth-like fly at
the windows of physics
burning our wings
get stuck in the pudding
of a cooling cosmos,

seeking in ashes,
stoke the fires
for burning embers, sparks
and second chances

shimon weinroth

Human Relations

are made of you and me and others
viewed and reviewed by
changing positions
circling re-circling

sets in motion societies
turning round and round
setting, resetting and upsetting
constancy of status quo

for simplicity's sake
when I feel personal,
I put you and others together
into one set of third persons

for precisions' sake
categorize to
distinguish
qualities and characters

is it any wonder
language
has complicated
human relations

shimon weinroth

Humane

have you noticed
how often inhuman acts
are committed
in the cause for humanity

shimon weinroth

Humility

second to all
never too tall
aware of being,
so small
says little
at all

shimon weinroth

Hung Up

I hang out a flag
for different reasons
not only for the dead
they're long gone
and couldn't care

for the memory,
of the blood they shed
to eulogize their deeds
I hang out a flag
for all to see

for the living
not for the dead,
it is the future I dread
that those who bled
not in vain, for something better
more humane

shimon weinroth

I Am Dreaming

I hear the song of longing
for quiet and tranquility,
fresh, clean air, sparkling waters
glowing rays, the aurora of being
and feeling safe,

sharper senses to kiss the emotions,
that thrill and spill over,
with each moment,
new hopes,
that it can be better,
the sun will break through
gray war clouds disperse
to return to Eden of sublime
and good will,
to the muses of creativity

echo through the hills
and over the mountains,
new horizons filled with
thrills of empathy
and clear breeze of compassion,

kissing each cranny of our beings
the sweet perfumes of care
will drench the angry fires,
and wipe out despair
I dreamt there was enough to eat

for all, and growing up was fun
warm and secure
love and laughter
blanketed all fear
and the people did not sneer,

at peace and friendship
commodities of war would disappear
a dream for mother earth
not in another millenium another galaxy

where love has fallen into disuse

discord in cities of greed
hopes absorbed,

I do believe
there will come a better time

shimon weinroth

I Came I Saw I Fancied

I Came I saw I Fancied

My eyes tell me what I see
Psyche agrees, that it is so
Glasses of knowledge know

It is an illusion
Saying that
It is so

From then to now

Shimon

shimon weinroth

I Have Scruples

I do, and I also have hemroids
but they are not for display,
they hurt the whole long day,
not something one talks about
give me no peace of mind
have to be tended to, I don't need
to be reminded what they do,

but my scruples are a different case,
wrapped in a sack
I carry about,
they are quite weightless,
and I'm not always aware,
that they share my space
from time to time, I'm reminded

by an uneasy feeling
of conscience, and sometimes
principles too, it has to do
with ideas of right or wrong
sense of duty, sense of shame
a bag of tricks called morals
ethics and ethical too,

my hemroids are,
more pressing and there is
no song of right or wrong,
physical and comfort,
alas, a painful conscience,
would make a better world

shimon weinroth

I Hear I Heard I, Listened

convinced
or unconvinced
selected only
what I wanted

on the other hand
she heard my heart
but would not listen

shimon weinroth

I Woke With Wonder

twas Ella I saw
riding on a sunbeam
marching down the milky way
skipping through the light
among the stars, amidst
the music bars

dancing all around the planets,
I can hear her laughter
see her wonder
gliding through the clouds
on the waves of sunbeams

calling out to Nerri
come and join me
and we shall paint the skies
swim in the sea of stars
float out to the heavens

dream of places from afar
of flowers colorful delight
and birds of flight
soft and feathery, winging
over dales and vales

climb on their beams to snowy mounts
frolicking and romping
tramping and stamping on the
soft white crystal flakes and
crunchy carpets of sunshine glare

singing out to mom and dad
come join us if you dare
in our games of make believe
and dreams of morning stars

shimon weinroth

Ideal

you are
you were
and shall always be
that belief inside of me

if disproved
and not approved
don't despair
choose another

better than the other

shimon weinroth

Ideology

are beliefs wrapped
in fine sentiments, ego
decorated in silky ideas
and catchy slogans

pretend morality
and principles of
other regarding,
the good of the polis

one ideology is as
ego centered as the next
one belief more
subjective than another

shimon weinroth

If

if I had a hammer
I'd break down the walls
of discrimination and bias

if I had a torch
I'd burn down prisons
of punishment and pain

shimon weinroth

If I Had A Turtle

i'd take him for a walk
bathe him in the sun,
sit and talk

he is quite impolite
tiring shuts me off
cuts me short.

I'd ponder and wonder
the network map of
wrinkled scaly skin

four short legs get him about
short tail and head
fore and aft

if fear or distress
shrinks them in,
to look at him
which way is to and fro

he's helpless on his back
sleeps in his shell,
has no cause for worry
about rent or hell

my garden and a box
will be his domain,
never to complain
nor hiss some refrain

sticks out his head in assent
pulls it back in dissent,
so understanding a companion

we'd get along
his words and ways
make him the sage and
prophet of our age

shimon weinroth

Illegal

Inciting one to kill
Is punishable by law
What of statesmen
Who send others off to war

shimon weinroth

Illusions

even if it's not,
convince yourself
decieve the mind
drink a psyche's brew

delude the mind
escape the soul
subdue the spirit
to believe

what was not so
is true to you,
true for you
magic of mystery

soothes the troubled
gently smoothes
round surface
abounds in harmony

of illusions sweet and soft

shimon weinroth

Illusions About Nostalgia

trembling lips whisper and sigh,
silently cry and moan,
bring back our clear blue skies
with white downy clouds,

fresh air to tickle and arouse,
fondle and compose,
aromas of green grass, sparkling waters
red roses, cinnamon and tea

let the sun shine on me,
rays of light to warm my memories
memorable to remember me to you
yet how much of you cares,

to share nostalgia of youthful days,
vanished melted and dried up,
too painful to bring back ghosts
of worn out, weary times tedious

that youth is no more
the unlicensed memory search
hunting and fishing for misty forms
that stutter, fog and seem to fade

wishful thinking prods, singing praises
for Indian reincarnation,
Pythagorean transmigration
tickling my mind teasing my fancy

I feed on delicious fantasies
always coming back, better
than I am, or was
one rarely returns less than before

shimon weinroth

Illusions Of Grandeur

fled and gone forever
illusions so sure
faced with reality
could not endure

shimon weinroth

Illusions Of Individuality

gone is the individuality I sought,
I am one of many
I am one of too many,
I am no different than so many

I am horrified by the thought
gone is the individuality I sought,

equality and democracy
echoing and echoing

shimon weinroth

I'M To Blame, So Are You

there is so much violence
in the movies, theaters and on TV
I verbally detest, and yet
I come back over and over again

to view the bloody scenes
and listen to rattling scabers
watching gory pictures blurting
cliches of bravado

watching rivers of blood, torture and anguish
accomplices are we one and all
for moments, hours and even days
my hypocrisy triumphs

for popcorn and movie clamouring
to ease the tensions of the day
when it comes to suffering
better him and not me

shimon weinroth

Imitating

how I wish I knew,
what it is, that teaches me to to do,
all those things I have learned
and pass them on

I stick my thumb into my mouth
I knew how to do this before,
when in you body as a foetus

then from the moment I could see
started imitating and copying
what it is, that you do
even learned to walk and skip
hop and run and call mommy too

some things are instincts and can not
be taught, so at first by imitating
and copying, what it is you do
this birth of emulation comes from you

then like me has a life of its own
either to embrace or disown
then acts and reacts to stimuli
of the eye and other senses high

still I wish, I knew the mechanics
that make me imitate and do
what is best for me.
and not necessarily good for you

shimon weinroth

Immoral! Illegal?

I'll do it if,
is blackmail

If you do it,
i'll reward you
is bribery

shimon weinroth

Immune, Immunized, Immunity

I see misery of others
Hear the cry of hunger, feel their pain
Smell their fears, sit by and watch

Mumble some words of sympathy
Grumble my distaste, for this sorry state
Then what who is to blame

Even if I know, how will it help
Each day the same scenes flash by
They become too familiar, and I turn aside
Clucking my tongue in sorrow

Feel that I feel for for them
But there is little I can do
Soon, too soon I weary of their hardship
Becomuing immune to their voices of pain

There is another side to me that nags
What if me or mine, were to suffer this way
What would I say, what would I do

Hard hearted people
Don't sit by, get up, get out
Tomorrow I will go, i will strike with them
Tomorrow is too late, Go today!

shimon weinroth

Immuned

surfieted by TV -
it takes great skill,
to get a vicarious thrill,
after familiarity and overkill

shimon weinroth

Impaled

I feel, for you,
of all the senses, this
must have been the first

I fell for you

the bubble burst
and all the liquids
flow from here to there

shimon weinroth

Impatient

Comes from waiting

Too long

It's social

Or am I wrong

Emotions swell and agitate

Spill over and surfiet

The balm of calm

Excite hormones

Not to wait

The nerves reverberate

Tense psyche cries out

Reason says, 'Hold your horses,

Haste makes waste'

shimon weinroth

Impedimenta

A tribute to fragile memories

Indeed there are barriers that hinder
Block and prevent the flow of memories
Assorted and stored, packed away in sets
Confirmed and affirmed, in reflecting reflections

Forever birthing, stuttering nostalgia
Distorted and deluded, amended
Twisting here and there, surfacing to satisfy
The now and present of was

Paintings touched up, restoration
Was never so fertile and vivid
Past rosier and glorified

Setting the record straight, so many times
One comes to believe, their own misleading
Followed by loud and easy discourse
Talent of recourse, clever cover, eloquent rhetoric

Some are inflicted, with the disease of forgetting
Or talent of forgot, convenient or not

Memories triggered by emotions
Have a commitment to justify
Not only then but now
Then woe is me and woe is truth

shimon weinroth

Imprisoned

fuzzy velvet smooth and silky soft
waves of fabric seduce contact
lingering caresses, fondle,
gliding, smooth the surface yet again

motions, simulating primordail
silent discourses, manipulating
thoughts and more thoughts

cottony clouds billowing out
cluster clustered, riding currents
streaming vents of flow
changing forms shapes and shadows

substances, called inorganic
semi quasi senses, psuedo faked

shimon weinroth

Impulse

There is something
That drives us to peer
From the rim of a pit
Into a volcano or cesspool

From the womb till
The moment of doom
A kernel of curiosity
Prods vacillating

From creation to despair
From love to hate
Both attracted and repulsed
Exhilarated to humiliated

Oscillating from high to low
Emotions and spirits vie

In such moments
Of divorce from the worldly
We can become one
With the sublime and moral

To triumph over
Or deny
Sinful doubt
Of the infinite and hell

shimon weinroth

Impulse Of Curiosity

there is something drives us to peer,
from the rim of a pit, into a volcano a cesspool
from the womb to the moment of doom,
the kernel of curiosity prods, vasclllating
from love to hate, creation to despair

oscillating high to low, vying to give up the ghost
moments of divorce from the worldly, I become one
with the sublime and moral, triumph over,

deny, sinful doubt of the infinite and hell

shimon weinroth

In And Between

in between is a state of being,
neither first nor last, top or bottom
whose situation, is not before or after,
there is a security in numbers,

easier to disappear, vanish or hide
neither distinguished nor ignominious
remembered or forgot,
heroes of accomplishment or failure,

once upon a time, in between
lacked the mania to succeed,
seemed unromantic, insipid and dull
unenviable, buried in mediocrity

now all are crushed by electronics, over run by super sonic waves, thunderous
media blaring
blinding psychedelic spot-lights, touching
glib and flippant, enervating and shallow

pulchritudes bloom in plastic surgeries
seeking fashions, fashionable and uniform,
symmetrical and safe, seeking shelter,
to hide among the inns and between

the middle classes fount of constancy,
devoid of geniuses and artists, so unvanguard
the bane of creativity,
relishing in dull and anti-revolutionary

accepted globalization long before the planet
belched its resources and over-populated
forefathers of the trauma of pollution
their sect better equipped to survive

this is no dirge nor lamentations of sorrow
for tops and bottoms, firsts and lasts
they will and are replaced, fade away
it is the in-betweens that remain to testify

shimon weinroth

In Days Of Old

I listen to the stories
grandmother told,
from legends of old
fables worn out,

I hear them
over and over,
politely listen,
though they seldom vary

sometimes i wonder
if even she is bored,
or is it the legacy of her time,
imposed to report,

she holds on with
a tenacity, that the past
will not fade or dim,
nor bow to medias of great din

she has a way of cocking her head
a smile screws across her face,
as lips curve and purse,
the soft breeze of words

slow at first, then flow
with a current of pictures
and thoughts, dressed in
metaphor and allegory,

filed with glamor and
glory, cloaked in raiment
of story, rolls on meandering,
from then to now and back again,

the most trivial detail becomes
a dragon or hero of import,
her sonorous tones caress
the memories that loom up

and the past comes echoing out,
of gleaming eyes,
lit up memories
that filled her skies

romantic and true
filled with satire
and sometimes
sarcasm too

as I listen
I turn the gun
of scrutiny
upon myself

and wonder
will I be be
this
way too

shimon weinroth

In Memoriam Of Before

I got old, doesn't mean
My juices stopped flowing
True, it doesn't happen
As often as before

Or as much as I would like
I still have those thoughts
That nag and urge, budge
Drive itch and thrive

Don't count me out
Or put me to pasture
My memories are as keen as before
My hormones are still talented

Wanting perhaps even more
I'm told to act my age
Hide those drives
True I'm not as streamlined

Though some times I might prefer
A sleep a snore, I love to pet and fondle
And be caressed as it was
In days of yore

shimon weinroth

In Search Of Of

your microcosmos is touching mine
uninvited you tread on my perimeters
excuse yourself claiming
freedom of speech

I keep out others
wary of pluralism
alas for expedience sake compromise
privacy gagged by free speech

become a jelly fish
without a back-bone
poisonous, bitter medusa
washed ashore

shimon weinroth

In Search Of The Bounty

to sail with the clouds,
float wiith the winds,
swim in the oceans
flow down the rivers
lie in a bed of roses

walk in the snow,
barefoot on the lawn
warmed by the sun
covered by a blanket of
soft downy feathers

are no more,
so free and easy,
the streams of these times
mark and mock
acts without worry

clouds laden with acid rains
winds carrying atomic derbris
oceans polluted, rivers impure
roses wilted, snow turned to slush
lawns unkempt, cancerous sun rays,

mistreat the naive and innocent
put in jeopardy an arrogant species
that spews the air with putrid,
ignore the dangers
have come back to roost under the roof

ozone mantle hovers,
pauses, the rents of fabric
reveal holes and tears,
that need mending, alas
there are no tailors to weave miracles

now we await the coming calamity,
is there nothing we can do-
the cavalry to the rescue,

noble knights to champion us
a sane and decent society

shimon weinroth

In Short

belongs to many disciplines
tickles the libido
triggers appetites for sex

Perverted-

behaviorisms
extreme and excessive
with a minority following

Succession-

first is second to none
second is second to one

shimon weinroth

In Short 4

Lament

sighing winds groan,
of waves that moan demise,
which no longer whirrr

Minimal

Japan has little space,
thus haiku and small bonsai
take up, the loss of face

Plea to Feminists

drawn to your stature
by curves,
fleshy and soft
is the way
I'm made

why would you
have it
otherwise

Camera Man

has our orbital balls
in his sights, squeezes our brains
focuses, fixed bias

zooming in
dooming us
to camera time

shimon weinroth

In Short 7/05

Perverted

Behaviourisms

Extreme and excessive

With a minority following

First is second to none

Second is second to one

Inanimate objects

have nothing

To worry about

If you had no tongue

You could not swallow

Die of starvation

And no conversation

Either is one or the other

Neither is none of the above

shimon weinroth

In Step With Rawls

would you risk life and limb
for flag and country
heroes do - would you -
would you risk life and limb
for fame and fortune -

graves of unsung heroes
and grey places
filled with maimed and crippled

does it matter if theyre heroes
of war, genetics, chance accidents
willing or unwilling,
the equation is hiding there

shimon weinroth

In The Beginng Is The Word

Thus it happened
And it came to pass,
So it was
And will always be

Bible Bible for whom,
Story myth, legendary if
Thus it happened
Heaven and earth had their birth

It came to pass
Chaos took a form
And we were born

So it was
Stormy woman and man
Battled and fought
The programed plan,
Thus it shall always be

So it happened
And came to pass
There was peace on earth
And good will to man

But not to women

shimon weinroth

In The Kingdom Of Shallow

The Queen of Trivia
Gives birth
To dates and data
Of little matter

Blown out of proportion
By pompous pedantry
Misleads the court of decorum
Misconstruing form with essence

Married
To the King of Memorabilia
Their subjects are taxed
To death by boredom

In such a kingdom
Trivia is wrapped in eloquence
Of hollow esthetics
And doubtful ethics

shimon weinroth

Inconclusive

I worry, you tell me not to worry, be happy
there is nothing to worry about
but still I keep on worrying
it's easier to worry than be happy

i'm not really sure
I know what it means to be happy
is it a red sunset on the blue horizon
a child smiles and laughs
the fresh smell after spring showers
or watching her walk

a litter of squirming puppies
a babe at the breast
a flower in bloom
a flock of birds overhead

happenings and sweet cliches
I don't think I can know when I am happy
without telling a story
but I know when I'm not

shimon weinroth

Indendence Day

a declaration day
seperate and free

national and independent
practice on others
pulling off their wings
plucking out ther feathers

tarring
anyone unlike us
on this day of all holies

beware
tempers heighten
self righteousness

and fireworks in the sky
with God on our side

shimon weinroth

Independence

A state of utopia
Called freedom
A bluff a hoax
For simple folks

shimon weinroth

In-Determinism

Born in pain and fear, children of the womb
Welcomed and welcome, Voice and cry out.
Bewildered and innocent learn to discern
Change and emotion, relativity and motion

Live with and ruled by Lady Luck and Random Chance
Miss Fortune and Miss Take, enslaved by chaos
Of no court of appeal, no plan to repeal
Illusions gone awry, we got a raw deal

Yet survived and thrived
Multiplied in both lands
Of determinism And without
Cynics go play with your bombs
Cities of poisons, hate and destruction,

Against all odds, farms of compassion
volunteerism and humane
Exist and remain
Steadfast and sane

shimon weinroth

Inertia

just goes on and on
through all the stop signs
crossroads, intersections
on and on

without speeding tickets
an unchanged pace.
nor sets a different course
will not peter out, peps
up steps up

the scene flows on and on
my river of events, a reality
led by inertia, moves to the tune
of limbo limbo

unknowing when the end will come

shimon weinroth

Inevitable

riding down from Oslo
on the road to peace,
the seven year journey
fell apart,

from greed and dectet,
eager to best each other,
and jousting to unseat,
lost the vision

till another decision
agrees,
there is
no other way

shimon weinroth

Infectious

living with you
taking care,

your malady
rubbed off
on me

I've become
infected,
I can only cry

get well, get young
before I die
of your old age

shimon weinroth

Infidelity

once the deed is done
look all you like, to condone
to take your side and understand
that some state of mind led on

poor excuse to explain,
how loyalties are dispelled and gone
how betrayal did come about

create visions and illusions
escape to the sanctuary of the mind
complain of being misunderstood
remonstrate, beg and plead.

the deed is done and not forgotten
and from time to time, be reminded
by the memory of infidelity
echoing through archives of memory

haunting deeds you would have undone
surface and flood the being
with regret and shame

shimon weinroth

Ingrate

patient in sore need
promises everything in-deed
for relief of pain,

restored,
an amnesia of the ill
refuses to pay the bill

shimon weinroth

In-Laws

are possessions one gets,
resulting from a legal contract
of which you are the b-product
of your off-springs' avarice and passion
or other multiple mistakes

agreeable or not you are adopted
as long as the contract is not dissolved
even in divorce you are the former in-law
honored or obeyed are not necessarily
traits of the trade

farunkles or fistulas are inflammations
that are lanced, the puss expelled and the
patient heals, indigestion, vomits the meals
heart burn and apoplexy, suffocating are
all ailments that pass

moaning and groaning gain some relief from
the pain and grief of maladies of
in-lawization, legal or not though sanctioned
by the establishment usually hurts,
the innocent by stander and adopted relative

suffer in silence is a kind of advice
that leads to mumbling, bourgeois and nice
spice of gossiping, joy of the trivial are
little compensation for the over all sacrifice

you are in for Jovian adventures without recompense
to a secondary role at your expense
by vows and promises others have made
you acquiesce in the hope some
of your genes and memes wil pepper the future
justifies this trade with the Marquis de Sade

shimon weinroth

Inorganic

Inorganic

How incredible to be
when so many things
are not

that I am
and think
to be

that
they are
but can not be

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Inside Your Head

reflections, emotions provoked
notions and oceans of thoughts
that stream through time
screaming to be soothed

shimon weinroth

Iran Scare

What a pleasant surprise
Today i received a note
from a young Iranian poet
who liked my poems,
maybe his leaders aren't so serious

about wiping my family off the map
maybe he doesn't agree,
with the atomic build up
or a Third World War

maybe the bellicose
threats are only
for sales of ammunition cartels
and all the rest is idle talk

perhaps I can breathe easily
and the Chamberlains are
right this time and
there are no eleven thousand
rockets aimed at me

the Chinese and Indians
have made wonderous industrial leaps
and aren't threatening
the use of atomic weaponry

Ah but they have an A Bomb,
so what's the problem
Iran feels insecure,
so let them have a tiny
itzy bitzy bomb, of their own

what was that,
you say they are irresponsible
and threaten war
well, it comes from feeling insecure

so why are we discriminating

against them
eventually all the countries
in the world, will have
their own itzy bity tiny
bomb to blow us all to bits

shimon weinroth

Irish Nanny

I was born in Brooklyn
had an Irish Catholic Nanny,
who left me after the depression

Oh Donald
sweet smelling beefy arms
and mammoth bosoms
how could you
grow up and leave me,

I remember when
my humpty dunpty fell on the floor
I screamed mamma help her,
everyone roared and laughed
she got up and hugged me, i stopped crying

the next day she took me to church
prayed for grace among
the soft cushioned pews
dark red wine carpets,
painted windows and smooth statues
she would not let me kneel

mamma was angry with her
my father's synagogue was different
always so cold and austere
God knows I loved her,

when I was fifteen, ahe came to visit
but i was too busy playing baseball
still angry because she grew up
and went away

shimon weinroth

Ironic Satire

it's not easy being ill,
especially for those around you.
with each new breath you might
cause alarm, mental harm

being ill one must fulfill
expectations and patient stigmas
being in pain or suffering in silence
play the part of martyr or nearly so

wince, grimly sigh and gasp
moan and groan to fit the scene

taking medicines has a protocol
care and pedantic, diligent and dilettante
show some aversion and weariness
lest some say you enjoy pill popping
of substances that contain more than relief

patient and spectator, relative or friend
must have a bond of credibility
so that empathy and sympathy
soar in their company

once it is believed you are sick
you must keep a level of trust
that you are suffering
to exact commiseration unstinting

so that if, you God forbid,
they will say you always kept a stiff upper lip,
it's so important to make the correct impression

shimon weinroth

It Could Get Worse

(gnawing and gnashing my teeth
which, aren't really mine, I realize
things could get worse.)

leaning against the wall,
I watched,
from the kitchen window,
as the sky grew cloudy

I sighed,
for the sunny days
of yesterday,
yearning and moody

the radio was silent,
the kettle was off,
and the hum of the refrigerator
numbed and dumb

my sun won't return,
urgency and thrust
no longer a must,
fires are out,

just glow and reflect
memories to keep and forget

shimon weinroth

It's Not My Fault

It's not my fault
I did nothing,

belching emissions,
putrid and foul,
clogging up the air,
millions of exhaust,

letting off black steam,
carbon gas,
foggy mists,
rising to grey heavens,

hover, unmoving
acid rain pours down
soot filth and offal,
shamed the sun

lost luster,
to dark shadows,
promises of bright
fled and vanished,

this we call environments
coupled and compounded,
with unending vast networks,
electro magnetic monsters,

towers pulsing breathing,
out their own song,
contaminating diseases
their dirge wailing, whining

communicating messages
transformers illuminating
artificial light to opaque minds
monsters lined across horizons,

in farmers fields and city streets

breathing down the crowded necks,
belts ties, and shoe laces
stretching from end to end

shimon weinroth

Izzadora Is No More

she won't run the stairs
at break neck speed
flopping her mischievous self
before our feet tripping

I shall miss her green eyes
hypnotizing stare, meowing beware
alighting on our laps
or meowing us to attention

whiskers twitching, trembling
black fuzzy face craved
petting, before break fast
fondling before the day's chores
protocol her choice

there was no nook
nor cranny or corner, shelf of
ignore, that was not visited
inspected and tested

she never tired of cleaning and licking
including her brood of humans,
18 years we had the pleasant pleasure,
treasures of her company

now I pass the stairwell
and no paw will playfully
cuff and scratch and sigh
to snatch a moment of time out

she seemed to know the myriad of moods
of a household when anger swirled
stepped lightly, or when glee took over
would spring with grace from place to place

ah me, Izzadora is no more
but I am wrong for she is forever more,
we will bury her under the Kikanyou tree

let God shed his grace on her

Shimon who pretended to ignore her

shimon weinroth

Jammed

motion and commotion
stampeded, wrecked
bottle necked

halting stuttering, gulps gasped
lips exhaust, utterance
flow constipated

choked sputtered and died,
revived, patience tried again
one sighed, another cried

shimon weinroth

Jealousy Part 1

Jealousy is something terrible
It's part of our need
To possess
And dispossess

A love squeezed out
Of a toothpaste tube
A passion squirted from
A perfume amphora

Fantasies leaking hot flashes
Drenching senses
Emotions senseless and fallow
A spice too often used

Curdles milk
Poisons compassion

Alas we have traces in our blood
Though we learn by imitation
The fiend called jealousy
Needs no preacher

Even amongst the most considerate
The talent lies dormant
Its petroleum fields can be lit
By the slightest spark of gossip

And roaring fires consume all logic

Oh that we could have
Remained in Eden
Born without pockets
Naked innocent and naive

shimon weinroth

Junk Of My Junk

Store-room, cellar, attic, basement,
Shed memories for the dead
Weight of past times, lined against
The walls or scattered, helter skelter

Sitting lying, gathering dust, rust and mold
So old, even rats, cats and insects ignore
Items packages and trunks, stashed, stacked away
Piles upon piles, inert unmoving, lustrless and sad

Un beckoning, hidden away from the sun
Till lit by an electric bulb and inventory of memory
Safely deposited on every article, which with time
Has lost its glamour and shine

Turns to mass, is classed as waste and junk, thrown out
Dispatched discarded, carried away in garbage trucks
At one time disposal was more romantic by mule and cart
Or a junk dealer might cast a glance to negotiate and appraise

Now, it's all ecological plague
That takes up space and real estate
Memories of gone-bye, flesh of my self
Ashes to ashes dust to dust
Junk of my junk, bury my memories
It's so unjust

shimon weinroth

Junkyard Of Media Debris

Drowning us all

And we drowned

God said: ' Let there be light'
And there was light
The broadcaster said
'Let there be prime time'

Came with words and pictures
Saying 'Lend me your ears'
And eyes too
Flooding the lands

There wasn't an ark
Not even a Noah
And chaos reigned
For more than forty years

Not even a sigh of our own
When we gave up the ghost

shimon weinroth

Just Like That

The children of the womb
Faced with the atomic bang
Of their own making

I was told
The big bang happened
And the universe
Came into being
Just like that

Was there a flash
An explosion
Before the bang
Of dark black mass
Turned into a million suns

Sub atomic material
Turned into atoms
A puzzle thirteen pont seven
Billion years ago
And I won't reach a hundred

Some theologians say
A divine hand created
This universe just like that
Six thousand years ago
Archeologists differ

I say a bang never heard
Took place and marked
The galaxies of the skies
Came into being
From the miracle of thought

Will we become
Just another footprint in time

shimon weinroth

Just What Is Good

how do you know it is good
what do we mean by good
just because the sun comes up
doesn't mean it s good

it's warm it's light, if feels good
of course it's good
when does good get better
if one deed of good is good

two deeds of good must be better
thus good is a quantity
and surely we can agree
that from better there comes best

is the quality of good universal
is what is good for me
necessarily good for you
material goods can be sound

wholesome, valued and good
we need a scale to decide, just how good
but there is a goodness beyond
in human relations

whose quality, texture
and quantity immeasurable
then how do i know it is good
feels good and thought to be good

how does good become a moral
is one set of morals swallowed by another
are they equal to each other
I ask again and again

can immoral ever be good
are there universal laws of what
is immoral-not good
and I look into the mirror to see

to decide my personal code
on looking around I find the moral
and immoral, the good and not so good
or is it just another relativity

shimon weinroth

Justifying

there are no acts
that can not be justified
by justifications

justice meted out
is not justice at all
just some acts of justifying

shimon weinroth

Keeping The Faith

Promises, only humans can make
and their gods if they wish
it to come true
it's called a covenant
between believing and believed
faith in and faithful

is is something for the future
to look forward to
promises are tests
testing you and true

shimon weinroth

Keys

icons of property, doorways and answers
passwords and locks, dividing, seperating,
with-holding and secretive, cryptic and coded,
pocketed and hidden, have the powerful,
magic to open and close,

born in suspicion, are fences of privacy,
I often gaze at the heaven in search
of the key to divinity, gaze at your smile,
hope to open your heart,
ponder the fears of mortality,

with sciences of reality, Rosseta Stone
key to languages and ancient past,
I muse 'like the fool on the hill, who sees
the sun going down' needs no keys
to discern sunset and sunrise,
without icons of sublime,

dreams fenceless and and unlocked,
float above the clouds,
where all the keys lie rusting,
in junkyards of distrust,
come with me to lie among,

the meadows of sweet thoughts,
unfettered unchained, divorced,
of material garbage and waste,
in the new millenium of good will
and love, naive and utopian

shimon weinroth

Kind To Cats

so much depends on
humane and sane
the former is easier
to agree upon,

in our garden there are
seven cats and kittens
of green and blueeyes,
beseech whenever I do pass

scurrying and meowing
for food and morsels
anything will do
and more food too

brushing up against my leg
with hind parts
curling their tails to caress
kneeling before the food god,

somewhere in the world someone,
my lady has no problem feeding the cats
it was she who adopted them
I explain it away by saying
it is her maternal instincts

she is a better person than i
has taught me to look upon them
as part of the plan,
this too she refutes,

it is not hormones or divine plans
she just feels good
doing what she does

shimon weinroth

Lamentations And Limitations

Can you squeeze the 'Blue Boy ' on canvass
The fate of icarus
Potato Eaters supping with Winslow's Mother
And still tell the story

Conceptions deceptions
Touch the heart, touch the mind
Adrenalin flows and the pulse quickens

Unseemly and obscene to fiddle with
Three dimensional world, draw and paint
Try to breathe life on to
Frame by means of two

Invite the vicarious
Cluck their tongues, sagely praise
Distortion
And still call it Art

Craft of artful
Computer and robot
Make even hotdogs

Hamburgers taste different

Shimoan

shimon weinroth

Lamponing

Simon of Lisherman
is not a fisherman
A friend of Norman
What's his name
sorry I have nothing
better to say

shimon weinroth

Language Intrinsic

is the utterances of sounds,
in different sequences and measures,
sonar echoing of waves,
must reach the hearing senses of another,
if given the opportunity will utter back or remark,

do not mutter, do not stutter,
speak righth out for all to hear,
for what's the use of language
if there is no listeners,
who will obey or retort in some similar manner

if you lack of words and sentences,
you can add a tune, or enhance with body movement
jestures, hints uttering implicatires
too make yourself understood,
awaiting the day to place our thoughts,

on a microchip to be stored for a rainy day,
if you seek unifromity, exactitude
you will find more comfort in mathematics,
do continue, your exploration of lexical utterances

enjoy a myriad of rainbow expressions
of our thoughts to language

shimon weinroth

Last Of A Breed

there will be no one to whimper for them
at harvest time the barchash swarm
surrounding the kibbutz man
who braved nature's elemental
to build a new society, islands of equity

tilled the land for decades
stilled by economics and the banks,
paper juggling, rubbed their noses in the mess
swallowed the righteous pigeons whole

tore down the walls of innocence
social order with sour hypocrisy
buried these pioneers of a code
now the land is let out to speculators
and the few who remain
at harvest time the barchash swarm

shimon weinroth

Legacy

fumes erupting from the bowels of
hydra - electric, chimneys, spiraling
heavrenward, mix with the billowy clouds,
that will hang in shame and then float,

their greasy film, encapsulating other
innocent particles, return and descend
to the earth, an acid rain over the globe,
hovers and smothers

infants and nursing mothers, generations
beget generations, some die as others adapt
impotent, sterile, wombs spout and spill out
defects and rejects, monsters of ecology,

some say god wanted it this way,
the laws of Darwin will cease to work,
A Chinese Malthus an Indian fakir
upset the balances

I shall continue to write on recycled paper
bombarded by electronics, eat food of hydroponics,
genetically improved, shake abd quake in fear
of HIV positive or worse, take baths more often,

and worry will my grandchildren survive

shimon weinroth

Less Than Logical

If there are more ways
than one
to do the right thing,
how do I know,
which is most right

sophism, antinomy, tautology
a whole cash register
accepting,
credit cards of tolerance

my instincts smell,
deeply imbedded memories,
experience long forgotten

plurality and multi-culture
fostered the belief
there is more than one way
to do the right things

it behooves my logic to think so
but I let t go
saying this way is right, or more right
your right, he, she is right
I'm right too sometimes

shimon weinroth

Letter To Michael

Do come over here
Ever so near
I'll whisper in your ear
The secret of my pebble

Smooth and round, rests
Beside the flowing brook
For many a year
Lights up with the sun

Or under the starry night
Or cloudy day, come rain or shine
Hot or cold, summer or winter
He does not move from his place

Among all the other pebbles
Big and small
What makes him so special
Is, that he is mine

To have and to hold or leave him be
I will not pick him up
Put him in my pocket
Take him away from all the others

Each time I visit, he is there
Part of the scene so picture fair
My secret pebble,
Now, is yours, to do as you like

shimon weinroth

Library

Morning sun lights up
smooth clean feelings of order
careening off white pimply walls
spattered cement, granules jut

rows and rows of upright books
shelves and shelves of colorful bindings
spines shine out, beckon, pick me pick me

I can not take pity nor reveal
they shall be standing many a long year
untouched, uncaressed by human hands

out of fashion laid to waste
by sinking suns and new horizons

shimon weinroth

Lighthouse

a beacon beckons
from my lighthouse
through the stormy blizzard
raining down dazzling torrents

flurries of anger, whirling, whizzing
cyclonic gusts, blind the path
obscuring the road, block the way
revenge distorts the view

but the beacon in my lighthouse
shines true, its lazer beam cuts
to the other side to guide
to a shore more sure

blinks the lighthouse on and off
less trubulent and violent
calls out, beware the hazy day
hasty decisions of war

shimon weinroth

Limbo Limbo

the wings of fantasy soar,
float on dreamy clouds
fly the magic carpet, soothe
the psyche, caress the moods

tickle the muses, paint the scenes
echoing musical rhapsodies,
chant and sing to dancing thoughts
fill my wants, warm my desires

cheer my nothings
delight the intangible, melt the banal
flow with wonders
put me down, protected and secure

shimon weinroth

Linear

Linear is man made
good for measurement,
there is nothing in nature,
equal to it,
similar perhaps

shimon weinroth

Lines About Tintern Abbey

I'm afraid we won't get to Tintern Abbey today
Indeed we won't, not now, not ever
Paved roads all over, surrounded by new ecologies
Daunted by time

Smog comes rolling in, mixed with clouds of acid rain
Supersonic thundering as jets go flashing by
Bursting moments of reverie, memories jolted by sirens
Screaming fire engines and ambulances

The lights went out, was it from blasphemy
The storm outside, knocked down the electric wires
Bumping toes and long elbows, became hostile
Till candlelight returned the sanity of safety

By flickering candle light I try to recapture moments
Of romantic images and joint memories, of the Abbey
Shut my mind, open my soul, listen to the strains and voices

shimon weinroth

Lingere

great love of women, inborne affinity
to their lingere has seeped in
finger and fondle, lovely colored
satins, rayons and silks,
take the extra moment to look to stare
wonder why, the magic snare,

perhaps a dotting mother, a ruling aunt
a wayward gene, crossed the path
to like, to feel, delicious fabrics,
thrills and raptures run up the spine

shimon weinroth

Listen To The Sound

swish, swashed, squish, squashed,
tramp and stamp, rubber shoe and galoshe,
slip slod, trip trod,
hands outstretched to balance body
easy squeasy, squishy squashy,
sashay and away, through sleet and slush,
glide, then hide, make a path, for aftermath

shimon weinroth

Listening To Music

Listening To Music

Sometimes I wonder
It is then I wander
From one dimension
To the next

On foot on horseback
Or the vehicle of my mind

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Listless And Mundane

Waves of heat flow horizontally
Across the screened kitchen door

The twirling fan moves a plastic breeze
Of odors diluted and un fresh
Little comfort in this

The ceiling propeller makes noise
Planning to take off

Days pass slowly
In retirement
Having little control
As time ticks away

We worry
Suffer the banal
And wonder

Why we hurried
For pensions and social security

shimon weinroth

Lonely

My foam shall become
a flower dried up
between leaves
shelved and pressed

the pulpy parts
the saucy looks
freshness
a lewd memory

and the love
of yesteryear
a legend
on frail legs

shimon weinroth

Long Lost Cousins

It drove me mad
To see Rita's shadow bumping
Echoing out of the past

This lady of stature
Mouthing mundane banalities
Struck a deeper chord of memory
Elongated distorted and real

Exchanging shadows of time
We bid farewell again

shimon weinroth

Look Again

seeing is beleving
a belief is true

'and will not let belief take hold of him' Hamlet act1 ac1

shimon weinroth

Love

Love is just another sense
Senseless though it be
Yet it seems
Love could be

That better part of me

shimon weinroth

Love Oh Love, Blind Love

you incline your head,
vessel which chambers, sweet thoughts,
tilting my senses to follow,
each posture a symphony of magic

the limpid orbs look out and grace my being,
warmth so friendly, provoke sensations to flow
a current of electric glows
chisled features framed in know,

cast images and forms, pleasant and joyful
the door to this world opens wide,
revealing pearly gates of smile,
beams and rays of light so profound

invaluable quantity and fine quality,
I am enchanted, so bewitched I cannot
discern right from left

' so true a fool is love, that in your will
though you do anything he thinks no ill'

shimon weinroth

Love Too

are feelings that attract
of situations wanting contact

begging to come your way
soothe,

tickle and exhilarate

shimon weinroth

Lover's Reef

'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'
(not Shakespeare)
constancy cannot withstand her perseverance,
repartee has no bearing or recourse
when confronted,
with loquaciousness and chatter

there is no matter, that can be penetrated
or subject that is immune or sacred
excused from scrutiny and attack
by her gentle nature,
better surrender, when her mind is made up

turbulence and stormy weather
have causes vivid and livid with reason
the mystery of her nature
is known from history
and the school of hard knocks

shimon weinroth

Lurking

gut feelings live in the stomach
hunches ride on your back
instincts flow from your nose

shimon weinroth

Lyrics Of You

come walk with me
into the valley of life
stroll down memory lane
come hold my hand,

we'll rove all over
this great land,
gaze at the orange hue
sunshine dew

trembling view
horizons full of you

come talk with me,
what to do,
to make this
a better place,

for all of you
a world full of
laughter,
and music too

come walk with me
and tell me stories,
of delight and insight,
make my dreams
come true

shimon weinroth

Magic Stance

Magic of the mind
Is not the only kind

It's being
And seeking

That helps find
Causality is not blind

shimon weinroth

Magnetic Contours

We have an intimate relation, meet almost every day
I the admirer extol the shape, qualities of form, scent aroma
Voice, tone, color scheme and motion, ah, the movements hypnotize
We speak different languages, ours is a kind of passion, one sided

My attraction is not one of gender, not because I'm too old,
I want to lie at her feet, and on the pillow of her bed
Hide under her blanket, feel warm and secure
There are days, my beloved is shrewish, gruff, coarse, and fickle

Though ignored, I return the next day to admire,
The handsome comely features, delighting in wonderment
Spiced by movements, that glide, tremble, rise and ripple
It seems despite all my protests, of unrequited affection,

I am the one who benefits, from such courtly love,
Beauty in the beholder's eyes, such a homily comes true,
Each day, with expectations, as I rise,
To go to see, my beloved sea once again

shimon weinroth

Maintenance Workers

we need help now!

don't worry
we'll be there
in no time,

true to their words
they never showed up

shimon weinroth

Make Up Your Mind

trill of whooperwill
or some wayward bird,
upon my window sill
what a thrill, I am
master of my will

meta and physicalist, made their tryst
stay on your side, abide the line
for time and being, for sigh and seeing
a'priori is another story

medium, medium,
transcend upon me
mesmerize, hypnotise, my time despise,
carry me across ether waves,
microchipped to electronic TV and radio graves

shimon weinroth

Make Way For Trees

branching out trees did sprout
tangled, entangled, electronic wires
sired of lofty genes, aspired to the skies

cut down in youth
confined to lines architectural
wild only in the deep dark unsettled

soon too soon, they too
subjected to regal dsires
bled to death, in the shadows of spires

shimon weinroth

Man And Camera

the camera man has our orbital balls,
in his sights, squeezes our brains,
flashing focuses thoughts,
messaging up
freedom of choice

we receptive, receive
all the photons jiggling,
memories tickling senses,
tooting clicking his shutter
with some pleasing colors or

loud glaring fucias and venetian blues
gaudy yellows, ebony black, snowy whites
or soft pastels and silky lines
zooming in
dooming us to camera time

shimon weinroth

Many Faces

Reflection
Of the garden tree
On my window pane
Elongated

Sunrays play
Their game
Fashion and show
Pushing gently on my space

My lovely lordly tree
Has another face
True to color
True to form

Rising to an incline
I gaped at my pine tree
With a greater wonder
Oh so fine

A picture painted
On my window pane
This reflection
Has a shadow too

Returning
I pondered
That I two
Have a shadow

A reflection of my face
That you could see
If you would
But look into my tree

shimon weinroth

Many Faces Of Waiting

Serve, Help, Attend, Bide or Abide

is part of what I do
most every day
then, knowing best
I am not master
of my time

oh, how I abhor
some of those moments,
hours days
of confine, then
acquiesce and whine

often, surrendering ungracefully
complain, and plan
not to submit again,
if I can help it
find, another way

alas we come into this world
borne of the womb,
having waited
nigh on nine months
crying, let me be

standing in line
or queing up
a part of life
and social strife
a test of patience

accepting hierarchy
of physical crowding
is our legacy
surviving is our story
tolerance its solution,

alas one is inherited

the other learned
if at all,
a virtue
admired and esteemed

makes waiting easier

there are other faces
not thrust upon us
but of choice to
await, attend
and serve

a most holy cause
a helping hand
an act of aid
a friendly deed
without repay or display,

sometimes the interim
is that much sweeter
having stayed the course
relished the moments
during and before

this too is what I do,
most every day
and find no reason
or reason
to complain,

eases my pain,
serving the sick and infirm,
waiting on,
a music
of a different nature

I hear the tones
and notes, the thrill
of empathy
the trill of sympathy,
bringing tears

both stinging
and caressing
soothing the soul
my psyche
transports me
to a world more sublime,

oh let me
curl up
in your lap
await
my time

shimon weinroth

Many Sided Views

the mountain belched, dyspeptic innards,
grumbling intestines, bowels of the earth
erupted, spewed and vomited the burning lava,
red hot molten rock, smoking fumes

filled the air with havoc, searing heights
the tragedy of proximity, much contained
by watchers and warners, into a spectacle
of awe and delight, photography of familiar

sight of dangers, settles fright,
curiosity unbounded, voyage of voyeurs,
looking over the rim fell in

shimon weinroth

Many Voices

romantics sing of justice
cynic cry it's only a tool
for rulers and designers

the tree of justice has many branches
grows and blooms if watered by tolerance
in days of social drought is stunted
withers falling into decay

the lady in marble dressed in a toga
holding the scales of justice
is a harlot in disguise
prostrating herself
before each new ruler

shimon weinroth

Market To Market

a market place comes awake
from its slumber,
of last nights wake,

folks stroll in upon
by ones and twos
shopkeepers, shoppers, sleepy
eyed and wide awake

go about their business, apart and together,
to start a new day,
sounds and smells become louder and sharper

Sol's eye, rises higher in the sky,
bangs and clangs, voices more boisterous grow,
motors of cars, truck and cart fill up

orchestrated to sound the sigh
of a markets cry, barking dogs,
hawkers, walkers and speedy folk

joined together to sing the song,
of a market; s hustle,
crowded walks soon flooded,

with a bustle of activity
I, would not have it otherwise

shimon weinroth

Marking Time

Stale bread
Newspapers of yesterday
Fading and dulled

Days before yesterday
Pushed behind ashcans
Warming street people

Are not
Good olde ones
Full of fantasy, psycho drama

The ones in between
Twixt then and now
Keep us going

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Mars

we have been to Mars
and back,
now we are questioning
what does it lack

how is it like
earth
and what is
it's worth

in terms of life
as we know it

alas not all
mysteries are unravelled
by relativity
and mountains of
statistics

if we stop orbiting
round ourselves
and interstellar
truly seek

a new means
befits the scene
of crossing the bar
into outer space

shimon weinroth

Masonry

master mason and journeyman
left some mortar out and crumbling,
let the wind come in, and the light
seep in, between the cracks

false mason and apprentice
no justice to the deed
now seeds of season
plant life, in these cracks
and holes, enter unbidden

from season to season
year to year widen the crevices
mortar and stone undone
the wall fell down
into a heap of rubble

shimon weinroth

Matchmaking

Triolus in his sore need
beseeched and pled his case
to his friend Pindarus
Criseyde's uncle and protector

when things went awry
they cried for salvation
and the matchmaker was
accused of pimping

are not, a scheming father
and conniving mother
who for their offspring plan
meetings and marriages

should we use a softer note
to describe the same office
ethics are of the mind
and of the beholder

shimon weinroth

Materialism & Metaphysics

sit or stand up to pee
for all the world to see
the elements so mixed in wee

how freat the rewards of relief
first them and then belief

shimon weinroth

Materialism & Some Metaphysics

sit or stand up to pee
for all the world to see
the elements so mixed in wee

how great the rewards of relief
first them and then belief

shimon weinroth

Mathematical Paradigms

Mathematical Paradigms

I am

You are

An equation

The whole of two

Is not just one+one

But plural as well

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Mechanic

Mechanic

I am programmed
for games
of the mind
and mortality

my clock runs on
a different plan
made to measure motion
of before and hear after

shimon weinroth

Meddler

point the finger
the secret is out
no longer cloaked with mystery
null and void
known to all

can walk about, talk about
suppressed - the secret oppressed
nearly choked to death
loomed out of proportion
child of fantasy's distortion

meddler, what prompted you
curiosity of truth,
ruthless one gossiping humour
enchantment of mystery gone
paraded by a jaded busybody

shimon weinroth

Media And Meditating

I saw the light
Coloring my being
I heard the music
Vibrating my soul

I touched the people
I smelled
The smoke
And perfume of her

I tasted film
I ate the fruit
The Bible
Outdated

I'll never
Go back to Eden

By vertical viewing
Caught in limbo
Of the twilight zones

shimon weinroth

Mediocrity

Why me, can you not see, I do not seek, to be
more than mediocrity -

How often have you and I, in our ignorance
asserted that we are no more than normal
plain folk, who do not stray the beaten path

Day to day do chores and pray,
hope things will get no worse,
would not trade this state called status quo
believe in change of yesterday,
accept tomorrow before it comes

hide among the many-who are normal
when we stand up to be counted
survived, weathering the storms
of probability and chance

shimon weinroth

Megalomania Of Futures

it was and then it wasn't
it is, then it isn't
it will and then might be,
three and more phases

of everything's
events of motion
in the covenant,
of been, being and becoming,

spatial, space and special
black holes, super nova suns and me
entrapment, franchised, replication

shimon weinroth

Memorial Day

hallow be this land consecrated
by the blood of fallen heroes,
hallow be their names and deeds
sanctified, blessed and remembered

who took up arms to defend
their families and future
against the heroes of the enemy
who died with valor

the sirens scream and
the bells do toll and ring
crying out for the children
of the land, buried and moldering

the tomb stones so cold
severe lines of graves uncaring
are not moved by tears shed
and moans and wailings said

so be it, and will there be no
more war and memorial days will
pass away remembering only
the pain and hurt or

shall we beat the drums of revenge
and new born tragedies of preempt
the land is already hallowed
we will hallow it a bit more

shimon weinroth

Memories

rise and shine,
tell the dogs not to whine
I'll be out to walk them

frisky on this brisk morning
canine break dance,
twisting back and forth,

dancing quadropeds
wagging tails, ,
gaspimg

greeting
panting,
hanging tongues

the day begun
oh, what fun
to run with them

shimon weinroth

Memories Unwelcome

Vicarious voyeurs lurk
In lower depths of guilt
Staining the moral fiber
Of empathy, of sympathy
And love

Time is bested
And the Devil
Has his due

Although
What vigilance can not erase
Awareness can prevent

shimon weinroth

Memory

After, we feel the spirit
That lurks within the mind
Memory is the light we bear
Arrests forgetfulness
And dark shroud of time

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Meta And Physical

Proudly she walks
her haunches tremble
makes the scrotum shrink, salivates the soul

drowned in sensual
psyche of other senses
senseless will becomes

I turn the gun of scrutiny
upon myself to find
I am little more than wanting

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Midnight Snacks

Are accompanied by walking the floors
Opening and closing doors
To cupboards drawers and refrigerators.
Drooling whims of appetite

Swimming in saliva of expectations
The search is on
Adrenalin of dreams, propel the midnight stroller

To seek and remember
What little tidbits, sweets and meats
Rolls and cakes, hidden or stocked away
Which whiskeys and wines and soda pop
Would fit the treat

It's not only the noise of rummaging about
The tinkling of cutlery or the banging of a stray closet
That informs the household

Something is aight, stirs the cat meowing, dog barking
The lights go on and others come to dine and snack
Provoked are ghosts that scream about

Heralding gnawing delights
Of feeds feeding and that part of eating
So joyful and fulfilling in more ways than one

shimon weinroth

Mindful

language used and misused
is not to blame,
the mind pokes and invokes
the jokes

shimon weinroth

Minding

blinking an eye
sets up another set
of the blink before,
and so on
as you blink some more,

between each blink
there is an interval
of each event,
sets into my library
to fill and forget

some are turned,
some are spurned or burned,
spin and spindle, twines and thread
warp and weft to weave a tapestry
of blinks and sets,

attached to events
of matter to me

shimon weinroth

Mirror Image

The right side is me
The left is myself
And I am left to think
That I am me
And not myself

shimon weinroth

Miscalculated

we didn't plan it this way,
events just got out of hand
Lady Luck and bands of cruel fates
led us to believe

preempting is better than
sitting on the side lines,
no amount of inspecting
or protesting can cure

make us secure from suspicion
sucked into a whirlpool
drowned in propaganda
we followed the red brick road

straight into the hells of war,
in the name of Christ, Mohammad
and nationalism, trying to save
the world, killed and murdered more

miscalculated and set off
the chain reaction and fallout
that keeps us jailed
in an underground shelter

with a future even more
insecure than before
leaders say we didn't plan
it this way, it just got out of hand

shimon weinroth

Misplaced Ceremonies

The rains had soaked the carbon boxes
The mold desecrated the insides
The books stored set aside for days to come

Were refuse, carnage of storms
It's forms just debris, mixed with dirt
Unrecognized for what it was

Disposing, i carted away in stealth
Lest my partner see
I would save her the sorrow, I did feel

Shield her from so unnecessary
A sad event
Nothing could return it to its former self

It had been carefully stacked and stored
No one was to blame, it was nature's course.
When she did learn of its demise
She was angry with me as all hell

I had thought to be commended, for so noble an act
She said it was mine too
And I would have liked to see
And bid farewell to memories

It had seemed to me so trivial,
A disbelief in my judgement.
Alas it would be some days
Before she speaks to me again

shimon weinroth

Misunderstanding

you told me that's the way you feel
I thought I understood,
a rush of fresh air,
a morning breeze
filled with falling dew

twanged upon my senses
your telling, set me a tingling
with desire of the past,
a stinging jealousy of then

shimon weinroth

Mixed Sophism

Mixed Sophism

Chaos preceded
In the beginning

In the beginning
Waited
To become

First
Waited for
In the beginning

Second
Waited
For first

Nothing
Was
Before Chaos and
In the beginning

Nothing
Was
First

From nothing
The heirarchy
Came

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Mixed Feelings

I read this lovely story,
Held the book so near
Then wondered in fear,
Had it been re-cycled

Oh dear, I'm not the first
The water we drink from the sink
That come from the tap
Is not from the source

Has been tampered with
For safety's sake,
Air congested our lungs
Made us dizzy and queasy

Alas, bound by contract
In sickness and health,
Some are dead of pollution,
And their thirst to be first

shimon weinroth

Mixed Tones

feelings of before hover,
cloud, smog up, blurring,
bowing to the past
cover the halls of now

different rude senses intrude,
sweet and sour turbulence
vibrations of nostalgia,
mixed with morbid, unwanted

give me back sweet innocence
reveal the true, reveal the you
let music play, strings, reeds
trill their dizzying, haunting chimes

their art and charms
echoing over and over
have little to do
with time and times,

search me out, in
deep confines and narrow
spaces, airless without
pattern or design

in moments morbid or apathy
they break the silence and
sing to me,
their music, tone and notes

resounding, creeping up
my being and trilling
on the inner ear

shimon weinroth

Mixed Up

they're gross, they're vulgar
I hate them, they hate me
so why am I insulted

they tolerate me, I tolerate them
now my son has married one of them
foolish boy, that's not
what we meant by tolerate

he says he loves her
we say he's too young
to know what the future holds

when the children get to school
they'll be half them and half us
then no one will tolerate them
mixed breeds are fatherless children

and have hard times
with both them and us

shimon weinroth

Modus Ponens

Medieval logic to a post modern soul
says, if the antecedant is confirmed
the consequent is affirmed, as if
A is true, B is true, but A is true
therefore B is true

what could be easier
I am therefore I am. why ask
Poor Hamlet asks ' To Be or Not To Be'
The Beetles say it best
' Let it Be Let it Be '

shimon weinroth

Momentary

there are moments
that are moments,
that are,
still moments

and momens,
that are
more,
than moments

when next you meet
such moments,
unending,
for hours

or give a fig
for,
and use those
moments that count,

from one moment,
to the next time,
and other times,
and time and again

in a new dimension.
of no such thing,
and none such place
marking time in space

and spaces

shimon weinroth

Monopolized

Monopolized

I love flowers
but she loves them more
I enjoy buying flowers
She enjoys receiving them

I don't always choose
The ones I like best
The price has something
To do with that

I can't explain why flowers
And the world of flora
seem more sacred to her

Her affinity of tender affections
To growth and creation
Stimulate her special rhythm of happiness

On bringing flowers
I always get a smile a kiss a hug
She never buys me flowers
I wonder why

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Moods And Moody

moods of red heat waves
and yellow full moons,
breed insomniac
phantoms

dark grays prey,
upon the patience
pull sour nerves too taut
strums the chords,

igniting short fuses,
erupting into hot purple liquid
and black foul language,
despicable,

hits the grates
pounding on the ear drums
tears complacency
with the fuming acid of cognition

eats its way,
sinks into the mind
inflaming issues,
scarring affinity and compassion

the heat of the moments
so cruel that no regret or apology
can recompense,
nor silvery speech and golden words

beware of slippery tongues, moods
and pouting lips
werewolves
full moons and heated language

shimon weinroth

Moody

rumbling into the kitchen
under a frowning black cloud
density wilted everything in the path

food processor, microwave and dishwasher
coldly cringed, silently,
fallout of dusty thoughts
settled on breathing creatures
knowing better held their tongues

caffine saturated, clouds drifted by
replaced with a shining smile
lighting up the atmosphere,
orange suns put out the black holes

till another schizophrenic day
aren't we all allegoric, cloning, replicating
deviating, for another scene another way

shimon weinroth

Morality

A thermometer
Placed in the orifices
Of conscience

Shimon

shimon weinroth

More Steps

moment of consummation, unachieved
moment of accomplishment, unattained
moment of achievement, not reached
all stood on the shoulders

of ninety nine steps,
who worked and wearied
to the goal, faltered
did not carry the burden
to the summit,

no achievement
the steps were forgotten
no consummation
the same old horizons
no accomplishment

ninety nine working bees unremembered
ninety nine soldier ants unaccomplished
the steps were of no importance
meaningless fate to an incomplete state

all the energy and hopes
immature, still born, died phantoms
yet they were and might have been,
is there no way to hail their flight

shimon weinroth

More Than Mechanical

filled with magnets that push and pull
causing motion from within
and emotion of the psyche,
to circulate the motors of decision

and a voice to articulate
that there is a will
embedded in the till,
saying what it needs

wants to be,
and wishing for more

shimon weinroth

More Than More

Fickle View

I have made you
More than you are
And you have become
That reflection of mind
In body too

So too I become
More than I am
More than I was
More to be true
Reflecting a distorted view

Impaled am I
On illusions
Of unreal
Unreeling dreams
And phatom spirits

Come child of my whim
Fix and repair
Credible and belief
That reflection in my mind
That is more than more

Set my conscience at ease
Fill me with the balm of true
Exact and new
On rethinking, the old view
You have become even more

And I withdraw all
Second thoughts
Forgive me if I ever doubted

She hugged me, and kissed me
And said its true

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

More Than Three Dimensions

dancing all around
back and forth
waltzed up and down
to the tune of music

can revelations happen
to those who do not believe

what a terrible waste
to have seen the light
and not know it

shimon weinroth

More Than You Think

he listens and gets better
listens again and gets even
better a third time
and gets better than them

who is he and who is them
who are you and who am I
if we listen closely
we all get better

I am too busy talking,
I can't even think
of listening

shimon weinroth

Mortal

motion of ago
is time remembered,
motion of before
in time will come,

awareness of being,
that I have
a beginning
that will end,

not without a legacy

shimon weinroth

Most Fables

fables told at the table,
or formed in a stable,
metaphorical stories
with a moral and point

that simile and simple are unable,
to tell or spin a spell
of narrative magic,
told straight and forward

full of animals and analogies
more falacious than true,
are told to construe that naive
and simple have another view

shimon weinroth

Motivation

is driven by gain
chariot and champion
of inert to act
of idle to motion
of notions to emotions

shimon weinroth

Motorized

Most people think, they are moral
Or pretend to be
Neither are possible if you drive
Or have a license to

Obey the rules and traffic laws
Considerate of human relations
You are doomed
To end up in a hospital or traffic court

Never arrive at your destination
Or find a place to park
You must be suicide prone
Each time you get behind the wheel

If you consider moral responsibility
You become a menace to a certain society of drivers
If you intend to give right of way
You'll never succeed in leaving your home

If you hesitate too long the car will stall
If you drive too slow you'll cause a jam
If you speed you might cause an accident
But if you rely on a sense of a'prio

You might survive in such a jungle of nerves
But may have sacrificed
A higher code of morals
And lost some humanity

shimon weinroth

Mouthing The Arts

I am post impressionist by birth
modernist with growth
whatever that means

enchanted by the blue and rose
Picassoed, I reached out
and cubistic bound
kept rolling and Dali
surrealized my being

seeing how distorted it can be
I crept through Henry moore
and Eschered
floating back again to Dali
impotent sex maniac

at least he could dream
post-modernism passed me by
I'm scared of fundamentalism
which when outdated

I know for sure will start
a new impressionism
I get dizzy on this merry go-round
it makes me so histhorrified

shimon weinroth

Multi - Media

Prosody and parody full of glee
Has entertained both you and me

Throughout the times
By verse and rhymes

Replaced disgraced by cheap TV

shimon weinroth

Multiple Universes

space being infinite
makes everything and anything possible
though seemingly improbable,
perhaps the origin of imagination,
that gave birth to fantasy

travel far enough, you
can meet up with another you
perhaps, more than one,
many big bangs
multiplying in all directions

in multiple universes
matter is static thus,
change is an illusion
I won't give you the co ordinates
you might get lost and fall
into a black hole

shimon weinroth

Mumbo Jumbo

death is part of life
who so brave to hazard
a peek, at this antinomy,
if time is circular,
the risk might be minimal

solipsism is the balm of ego centrists

sympathizing, empathizing
are empty gestures of no consequence
more often satisfy, the need of the
acquaintance or just so friend

shimon weinroth

Munching

in between lunching and supper
there is munching,
in between supper and a midnight snack
the mandibles are busy

jaws set on a course of eight
probiscus snifs out eatables,
from all the cupboard corners,

fidgity palate, itchy crunching teeth
fuss, tongue buds salivate and drool
placate the nervous systems ache,
gluttony nibbling and meditative gait,

shimon weinroth

Music

comes in and on, waves undulating
oscillating, caressing, fondling, tickling
agitating and moving, flows with the rivers
of emotions, fantasy, whims and dreams

all the situations humanly possible,
beat the tympanium drums, vibrating thrills
stimulating sensors of the inner ear's equilibrium
light up the soul,

courses through every cell
evokes the sublime, to ecstasy profound,
companion of the muse,
humms and plays the chords and strings

wind instruments, whistle hark and echo
notes, bathe sweet memories,
arousing urging,
persevere in memory lanes

a soft caress, snuggled, cuddled, stroked
hugged and embraced,
an exquisite state rules body and soul,
nectar of the gods when in solitude
awake or in dreamy mood, the revelation

truth is beauty and music is good

shimon weinroth

Music Of Hope

rains of hope bring rainbows of peace
warm smiles, clear skies, twinkling stars,
sparkling laughter. school children
skipping home to play,

hope, whispering in my ear
blooms into music of cheer,
come dance with me, the dance of peace
sing with me, the song of peace

come laugh with me, the laughter of peace,
the secrets of the land will bloom into peace
rippling whispers, twinkling stars
rainbows in the sky raining hopes,

shimon weinroth

Musings About Ideology

ideologies, glorious, romantic, often serious,
it's every day life that causes trouble
worry wrinkles, cynical smiles, besmirched innocence
great hopes burned and bleeding

ideals are ivory smooth, hairless and clean
reflections of each other, as coincidental,
as theory fits practice
good morning is possible, happy new year too wishful

shimon weinroth

Muzzled

Before they built
The tele-communication highway

People raved
About freedom of speech

Even then, it wasn't true
All the laws were designed
To curb you and your dog

The more we learn
To live together

Freedom for criticism
Gags and weares

Any concept that can be law-ed
Cannot be free

Most aphorisms are moot

Oh Philomela
Give us your message

shimon weinroth

My Belief

that I believe
is made up of
so many emotions
you believe differently
just some notions

shimon weinroth

My Canine Friends

Rise and shine,
Tell the dogs not to whine
I'll be out to walk them

Frisky on this brisk morn
canine break dance
twisting back and forth

Dancing quadropeds
wagging tails

Greeting
panting
hanging tongues

This day begun
Oh what fun
to run with them

shimon weinroth

My Gallery Of Faces

a slant from slits and slats
he has the softest eyes, watery, doeful,
is it compassion and empathy-
or some rheumy vapor bathing the scene,
doubts washed away by sonorous baritone
soft delicate and feeling and a shy smile

now I know what she sees in him
the seas the oceans, green fields blue skies
merry meadows, his sun her moon
divine dance of heavenly bodies circling
with a love that lives breathing nostalgia of
an infinity that lives

shimon weinroth

My Memory

My memory, my memory, runs and spills
through the sieve of forgot
ping pong, ding donged back and forth
jumped about catamont, scratching at the door

my memory leaks and flows,
swims seeps into, peeps about, ugly plain
forgetting is solid, just plumb forgot
memory is quite different

from the start, a different spark
the rain and four leaf clover and gold pot
that went to rot at the rainbow end
tied in knots constipated, needs associations

friends and friends of friends working
to remind, forget and select

shimon weinroth

My Quadropeds

rise and shine,
tell the dogs not to whine
I'll be out to walk them

frisky on this brisk morning
canine break dance,
twisting back and forth

dancing quadropeds
wagging tails

greeting the day
panting
hanging tongues

oh what fun
to run with them

shimon weinroth

My Scruples Are Better

I have a scale and ruler
to weigh and measure,
what is right,
and when to condemn,

them and others and their kind,
my scruples are fed by beliefs
handed down by elders of the clan,
it's not bias, I just know they are better

such knowing makes me secure
and sure, of my way of thinking
my scruples are of the finest kind
gold, red and true blue
moral and ethical, with God on my side

have guided us with peace
and harmony, through out the ages
with scruples like mine there is
no war and bloodshed nor crime

it's scruples like yours
cause trouble and pain

shimon weinroth

Nagging

Did you take your pills,
Button your shirt, brush your hair
Shine shoes, take the keys

Why is it, when I was 25
Was wonderful, at 45 thoughtful
Now at 65 its nagging

The children have grown and flown away
But the need to worry, remains
Hover, turn down the covers,

Phantom pains of amputee
Commiseration
The next generation of genes
Will need attention and fussing

But it's not the same
Nice, but once removed
In a world of memories
Even nagging is not so bad

shimon weinroth

Naturalism Vs Realism

naturalism is a species
incapable of aesthetic know,
barks at realism
making too much of one facet,

missing the value
of the whole,
looses the added element
of more than what you see,

when taken with too many spoonfuls
of raw and untamed,
gets bogged down
in the empirical,

often dies
on the isle of fatalism

shimon weinroth

Negotiations

hurry up and decide
some one else wants it
take it or leave it
put up or shut up

for better or worse

shimon weinroth

Neither And Either

spin sworl and whorl,
swim flow and float
with the streams and rivers
that current and gush

motions movement, carried and carry
thoughts dreams and fancies,
pulse and breathe
myriads and wills

set upon their course birth more
some murmuring,
lull a-byes and sweet good byes
others, robust arms exude, spew

emitting lighting, flash clash
strokes engraving marks,
still others, soft pastels,
silky brushes painting the senses

flow my beloveds
don't push aside
drown or ignore
there is room enough

in this expanding universe

shimon weinroth

Neither One Nor The Other

curses and blessings are both oaths,
for good or bad, glad and sad
the will to have and be had
appeals, to God and his creations

by use of word and sacrifice
say and signify
live or die, happiness or sigh
for now and the future

deeds to be done, success to be won
demand to reign and rule
stack the cards of sequence
determine fate and destiny
usurp both god and chance

designs of long ago
I have resigned, from will, to power
still from time to time
in weakness or revenge, bleat out
God help me, and from sin

shimon weinroth

Neuroned Wholesale

Neuroned Wholesale

Shell shocked

Electric shocked

And damn damn shocked

Prickled hairs

Convulsed tissues

Numbed

Stunned

And confused

All the issues

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Neuro-Toxins

the new millenium of omnipotent disaster
neuro-toxis inhaled, breathing, of fresh air
paralysed the muscles choke and suffocate

smoke, smog, industrial junk, punk
caused such a funk and worry,
so dangerous to the system

a breathe of freah air
quite so rare
poisoned the atmosphere

shimon weinroth

Never Alone

Her soft breathing
Her warm presence
Has a life of its own

bedclothes in disarray
Movements of aromas
She will always be there

shimon weinroth

New Breed

New Breed

She is pretty and young as well
A disarming smile
Isn't that enough
Who would believe

She is intellectual too

How will she fit
This world
Bear with him
And her children

Cinderella, Snow White
And Red Riding Hood

Shimon

shimon weinroth

New Year Greetings

They come but once a year
by solar count or
twelve by lunar orbit
365 by daily division

each day a holiday
I wish you all as many
recounts as possible
all healthy and cheerful

the bells will chime
and song will fill
your spirit and being
ring out throughout

the galaxies, will
echo and resound
the cosmos is moved
and all the stars are twinkling

in unison to say
the elements so mixed
in woman and man
it is for their being

that we rotate
in symphony to say
happy birthday
again and again

love from us all
and all the fauna and flora

shimon weinroth

Newton, Leibniz And Kant

Time linear
flows in one direction

But something must happen
to give it meaning

A reason for this or that
reconcile the antinomy

Of which came first
with A'priori on our back

shimon weinroth

Nostalgia Of Infinity

I wish for always,
Not forever and a day

My always has no room
For one more day

I wish, I could
I wish You would
Under your pillow
Hide me

In the warm crevices
Of your Being

To wait to serve and sing forever

shimon weinroth

Nostalgia Sometimes

are fond memories
many others
are better left alone
unrecalled, unremembered

shimon weinroth

Nothing Is Forever

nothing, is forever
nothing is forever,
I want you, I need you
I envy you
that you do not

I envy the stoicism
that will not reveal,

a passing star
going by,
jealously regard
the infinite
of nothing

shimon weinroth

Notions And Emotions

my moods run from one extremity to another,
starting here and darting there,
some do bleed and some are bled
often feeding on whims that have fled

new tempers brood and reject
one pole for another,
want and desire a fickle wanton must
belies every manner of trust

sensations tickled, senses satisfied
a momentary calm ensues,
followed by serenity and quietude
sighs and murmurs, hover and caress

until another time that will, bestir
my physical to excess
when with lightening speeds
my calm and my psyche are possessed

shimon weinroth

Notions Oscillating

moods run from one extremity to another
starting here and darting there
some do bleed and some are bled
often feeding on whims that have fled

till another time that will bestir
physical to excess
with lightening speeds
or calm or psyche possessed

shimon weinroth

Now Public Domain

A bubble burst within the mind
Ideas came spilling out
Bleeding strings of thought
Sparkling necklace beads once linked

Some opaque
Some transparent ghosts
Others rainbow colored rhythm
Dance across the strings
Compose and trill a melody

Beautiful seeds
Fallen from thre mind
Into public domain
To tample or caress

shimon weinroth

Nowadays

To Jay, Michael, Ella and Nairee

On the yellow brick road
There is litter and a toad
With a frog beset by smog
Unsettling the clog
Of such offal
Is awful hard

To get to see
The wizard of the city
We need a gas mask
And an umbrella for
Both you and Cinderella

To keep the acid rain off
And some paint to turn
The gray litter
To yellow again

shimon weinroth

Nursery Rhyme

Marx and Lenin
went up the hill,
to fetch a ray of hope
Lenin fell down
and broke his crown
and Marx came tumbling after

No excuse
nor reason to deduce
the hill was too steep
the people not deep
bah bah, red sheep

shimon weinroth

Object-Object And Objective

from objective to subjective
subjected to the dictionary
of the mind, catalogued,
for future reference

each blink of the eye,
adds more data,
some is spilled, some is wasted
much of it will fill the halls

and chambers of the memory,
undergoing changes, meta-
morphized, inundated and
water logged, sheds its skins

or cosmetically improved,
twisted or deformed by emotions
come out quite different than
what went in

the object of subjective
seen to change then becomes
the child of the mind
the product of the-self

gremlins, elves and gargoyles
micro-filaria, daphnea, and wriggling
creatures, squirming about infest
Elysium fields and fertile hosts

dwell in other regions of the
subjective, each an experience
or a fantasy, cannot inhabit
the objective, too dependent on the author

since all analogies are partly falacious
with metaphors to disguise, what is true
add a grain of salt,
and find the best for you

shimon weinroth

Obsenic

a picture on the wall, a picture on a billboard
a picture of an E.C.G, are just pictures after all
an X ray of the skull, scanning of the hull
the tomagraph of visceral, a search of inside out
A pouting Dorian Gray

take down the picture on the wall
tear down the the billboard
scrap the the X ray CT and scanning
the only thing that's real cancer of her breasts
cancer of his tests, the promises and promises

condoms, tourist brochures and HIV positive
guttled city full of billboards,
The Little Prince, pushed aside stillted towers
emptied the vase of wilted flowers
no use white washing a filthy star
much easier to remain afar

shimon weinroth

Observations

True Appraisal

its not difficult to tread on my ego,
my organic id suffers from extensive swelling,
cold compresses to no avail,
juts out extends from here to eternity,
try not to trip over,
lest you gain my displeasure,
just commend and wow

False Philosopher

gibberish is what you taught,
to tell us of thought,
not what we ought,
cut off from reality,
drowned in meta-physics

shimon weinroth

Observations On Eloquence

precise speakers
don't coin metaphors
sloppy seakers,
for want of exact similies
create a new phrase

sometimes more colorful
originated for want of language
or poverty,
the test of a new phrase or metaphor
is time

if adopted or repeated
alas eloquence is the lilt
and cadence sonorus
baritone or tenor

shimon weinroth

Obvious

You are what you are
When you eat what you eat
And see what you see
And say what you think

All these are what makes
You so very distinct

shimon weinroth

Occasional Poetry In Short (10)

she is my guiding light
tells me what to do,
when to do and how to do
making life a fine how
do you do

Humility

second to a all
never too tall
aware of being so small,
says little at all

Heady Thoughts

how rude and crude when
a thought fell out of my head,
started walking on the bed,
wanted my place instead,

Inside My Head

a library of events,
catacombs filed with mildew,
aisles full of lust,
others steeped in romance

Here and There

let us sppose
we juxtapose
it makes no difference,
whenever I'm here
you are there

shimon weinroth

Ode To Before

wrongs done to one another, soar
let slip the dogs of war
now ghosts and skeletons let free
roam and jump with laughter and glee

their bugles blow, pasts unfurled
banner winds of hate, kindled fired would
rape our beings, ravage our souls, hope is dead
friendship is fled, hate in its stead

children youth and young soldiers, sent by elders
into the fray, lie dead and wounded, twisted
beneath a shroud of gray
lament and mourn, bury the bodies at checkpoints

spilt blood seeps into the sand
cries out this is my land. later
still, have to stand together
and walk the line, mark the boundaries and frontiers

shed bitter tears cry in anguish and fear
this could have stopped years ago and long before

shimon weinroth

Of Thee And Me

look at your wall,
neither friendly or hostile
amused and bemused
look at your mate,
and the wall opposite

there is another wall
each day has to be surmounted
again and again,
never taken for granted

grows taller or smaller,
by desire or rejection
thicker or thinner,
by impatience or love

it's there to take your measure
if there were no wall,
there would be no treasure
to seek or gateway to understand

the object and me
and subjective of thee

shimon weinroth

Old And Fashioned

old and fashioned or biologically adept

familiarity is cozy
but in the end,
tends to kill interest
routine sets in

and gangerene of bore,
begets ignore
betrayed by habit
search for unfamiliar,

change seeks us out,
risking comfort
we cross the bar
set foot on other shores

before was familiar
discarded and replaced
by now and tomorrow
of new frontiers,

having left,
long before departure
added the excuse
variety, the spice of life

i would counsel
adapting with change,
stability and constancy
have their merits
need no justifications

shimon weinroth

Old Fools On The Hills

One stands on the Mts of Hebron
the other on the Judean Hills
glaring possessively at Jerusalem
fierce warriors of rhetoric, claiming halo of history
disclaiming the rights of Sarah and Hagar
Jacob and Ishmael

sing and praise prowess of
murder and plunder, send more
young sons to settle the score,
throw the old fools into the valley of Gai ben Hinome
let their bodies rot, names unremembered

the cycle to stop with a new generation
refusing to trade blood of the past
for a share of the future

shimon weinroth

Old Man Groaning

the female anatomy still drives me nuts,
fleshy curves do it even more,
is it wrong to say,

detached from a personality,
the quality is naturalistic,
is this wrong as well,

some say it's photons of a special kind,
makes the hormones flow, triggers thoughts
ignites the soul, seeks to penetrate my being,

and somewhat wanton and on and on

shimon weinroth

Olympic Games

seas full of motion,
rivers of movement,
men and women gathered
to play and compete

crowds roaring, cheering
urging them, to physical feats
in and out of the water, racing
running jumping and dancing

side by side and head on,
beautiful bodies, lithe, flexible
exerting their all, filled with
psyches of hope laughter and fun

stadiums filled to capacity
and beyond, on waves of ether
billions are watchers
urging them on, promises of glory

medals awarded for achievements
icons of success for future of admire
to spur the athletes of tomorrow

alas the blaring and cheering fosters
personal and national, egos of show
as if to say winning endows them
becomes a national trait
hallows them, sanctifies them forever

many unsung heroes who trained
for many seasons return un awarded
by national standards, how ignoble
such feelings would be

what of the fun and delicious
anticipation of preparing
engendered hopes and more hopes
oh Olympians the world over join hands

to honor those racing, flashing, dashing
back and forth across the fields of glory

shimon weinroth

On Another Planet

In the beginning, there were no conscious beings
when chaos had settled and the dust cleared
from murky waters, pain and fear, emerged
life, the sexually transmitted disease

unfaithfully photo-copying, spread its tentacles
species upon species surfaced,
winking in and out of each era
friction of survival birthed sparks of cognition

the concept of more split the atom
electronized and torched the planet
and now they are no more
than just another black hole

shimon weinroth

On Fears And Love

Fears

are feelings that repel
of situations that dispel
threats of hurt, pain and hell
sensations and reasons to shy away

Love

are feelings that attract
of situations wanting contact
begging to come your way
soothe tickle and exhilarate

shimon weinroth

On Quarks And Quirks

seen only by traces, of sub-atomic parts,
composed of six flavors in motion and signs
neutron commotion and anti-quarks,
quirks are situations, gone astray,
claim acclaim by compare of social and quacks

I have asked myself, to prove my state of being,
motion and my wastes fill the garbage dumps
there for inspection, pollution and infection,

are we some quirk of nature, quarks of
some planned scheme, chartered by genes
enslaved by DNA predetermined and willed

happiness is another story

shimon weinroth

On Second Thought

It's very natural
Our passing away
We are sorry,
because we can't
More than once

A thousand deaths
No blessings
Nor all the cliches
We could devise

Sing and praise
Redemption and salvation
More than once
Receiving grace perpetually

Sins and hate
Might multiply

Perhaps at first
Twice would be enough

shimon weinroth

Only In Geometrics

Only in Geometrics

There is no hierarchy
In a triangle of
Of equal angles
Or circles of no beginnings

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Onomatopoeia

swish swash, squish squash
tramp and stamp, rubber shoe and galosh
slip slob, trip trod
hands outstretched to balance bod

easy queasy, squishy squashy
sashay and away, through sleet and slosh
glide the hide, make a path for aftermath

beware the honky tonky moving vehicle
gone beserk
coughed, slip sliding, back and forth
stuttered sputtered

whining, whirred died, grounded
weathered to death, heaped upon
buried beneath, snow flakes turned to gray
heavy loaded, drip dropped, tip topped

shimon weinroth

On-To-Logical

a bowl of beans a handful of marbles
a pinch of salt a wiff of maple syrup
a smell of snuff, roses and oranges
lick of vanilla, peanut butter stuck
turgid and full of material, stuffed with belief

something says it's not enough
there must be more, we peer, dream
drinking nectar and mead
create new worlds, new horizons

a house full of feelings odors and tastes
loves and hates built on passions and fear
turbulence and storm, whirlpools of sensory
torrents and currents, pulled through a vortex
look listen, pause to the tides of change
some in the mind and others out there

shimon weinroth

Opinions

are easy to come by, full of beliefs
whimsical and biased
momentarily, loyal and faithful
based on an hundred reasons

fickle and firm,
steadfast and paradoxical,
all, all hunches and gut feelings
full of instincts, senses and
sensations

stoics beleive that,
their opinions, are facts,
and not to be interpreted
intellectuals deny
emotions are involved

serious peopple
do not have opinions,
only ideologies
mathematical,
seasoned by reason
empirical and true,

it's the poll takers
that give opinions
their bad name of
flighty mighty beliefs
fickle and feeble,

broadcasters dress
their polls in gossip
percetage taking
heralding news and reviews

beware of these deceivers
and their tricky questions,
one sided and forecasted
based on the A'piori

of the interrogator,

the above are the opinions
of the author

shimon weinroth

Oppositions

Joy of awareness
That I am

Saddened
By the thought

I will not be

Understanding
Born of consciousness

Eternity
Is not nearly
So

Feelings of nostalgia
Would not have it

shimon weinroth

Orbiting Goes On

what kind of society
can't providework for all,
what kind of commuinty,
can't find places for the homeless,

what kind of society has no obligation
for all the sick, crippled and infirm,
what kind of community agrees
to let some have so much more than they can use

while others not enough to live on,
what kind of society does not honor its agreements
with old aged, one parent children and orphans,
because of bad planning

what kind of community lets its neighbors starve
while others have more than enough,
what kind of family is not involved in education
to stamp out ethnic and gender discrimination,

what kind of society thrives on unemployment,
what kind of society is indifferebt to suicide,
what kind of family lets their children use and sell dope,
what kind of society lets pollution destroy the atmospheres

what kind of planet can survive this way,
and goes in search for other life

and still calls it self a democracy and democratic

shimon weinroth

Oslo Come Back

last night i dreamt I saw 'Joe hill'
coming down the hill. Oh Joe
what have they done to you
killed me in my prime, took my bones
buried me before my time,
now i'm just another ghost

will you go on to organize -
I don't know, I never realized
how many people i antagonize
I'm the man on the hill, hears
the sounds of guns, rampage of kill
Oh Joe we had so many hopes

what have they done to us
some are dead, others blown to bits
tunes in my head keep saying Oslo's dead
Joe he said to me, don; t believe them
don; t give in just go on to organize

shimon weinroth

Other Perspectives

a kneeling sun sinks,
echoing, rays winking out
snuffed, beyond the horizon
Eden of light disappearing from my sight
where do you go.

in fact we know
it is us and not the sun,
that comes up and goes down
it's we who rise and set

turn on an axis,
orbiting round,
your lumination
coruscating and fulgerous

vanishing from sight
the views are blocked
and our perspective moves
center of thought has not changed

oh free me from this provincialism
of my mind, let me see the views
from everywhere, of endless horizons
passing through that same vortex

how wonderful, the gravity of a material world
faithful to us,
sets up laws, as we circle round a sun
that never sets

shimon weinroth

Ought To Be

there were my thoughts
where no thoughts ought to be
fantasies and dreams
dancing in side of you

how dare you-

do you prefer-

I am innocent and true
have laid aside
all thoughts of you

shimon weinroth

Our Grandchildren

my grandchildren are children of my children,
sounds quite Biblical,
grandchildren are my children once emoved,
neither born nor reared under our roof

the status clear but the state of mind,
unwilling to grow apart is painful and smarting,
each time we see them, a growing warmth,
shining reflections, thrills of yesteryear

crowding the senses, choked with emotion,
we are drowned with sympathies of surrender
symphonies of hugs and embracing,
to kiss and to hold these children of our children

this affinity is like no other, special and particular
reserved only for them, a set, set aside, as we
incessantly seek to find resemblances and like,
about these children of our loins and womb,

remind us of when you were growing up,
their laughter and cheer fills our universe
their pain and fear clouds our horizons,
juat ask and we would give them the skies and galaxies

shimon weinroth

Outside - 22

there is a circle
turning round and round
which has no corners

turned upside down
inside out
there are still

no corners
to go out

shimon weinroth

Over Doing It

Sometimes the things I say
sound so tickey tackey,
too sweet and gooey, it's not me
it's the poverty of language
or perhaps a poet gone astray

in search of metaphor, bested by cliché
drowning in a solution of lexis
that oozed and leaked upon the page
staining and desecrating,
pure sentiments of tender rapport

the linen in the cupboard of my mind
needs some cleaning, to be starched
and ironed, learn to keep a stiff upper lip
such a rush of emotions, groaning, moaning
kneeling and pleading are not becoming

some reticence is wanted too hedonistic
splash my feelings upon the page
I look into the mirror can not find an ascetic
stoic, nor a squeamish poet
I'll just go on writing, let it flow of what
I know at sunset, sunrise and horizon

shimon weinroth

Over-Shadowed

Living in the shadow of
the form is lost

Big 8

A little more for Caucasians
is a
lot less for Africans and Asians
is the opposite true

shimon weinroth

Ovid's Cosmology

'Ye Gods, from whom these miracles did spring'
'Deduced from natures birth, to Caesar'sTimes'

second waited for first,
first, waited
for in the beginning

in the beginning waited
to become

nothing, was
before chaos, and
in the beginning

nothing was first,
from nothing the
Hierarchy came

of gods and goddesses
mythology to legend
Ovid's saga of creation
and genesis

shimon weinroth

Pain - Full

I heard her groan
from the spasstic movements
of her legs, that old army wound
acting up again

breaking sleep from dead of night
drove her to the kitchen light
coffee and cigarettes, at one time,
I'd join her in the painful wake

now days she refuses, declines my
sleepy company, for radio,
talk shows or TV satelite
and ninety channels that glow at night

all these aids and we grow apart.
pain and suffering are done alone
neither science or compassion console
the pain of others, body and soul

come back to bed-soon

shimon weinroth

Pajamas

Pajamas plain or full
Of colors and ornament
Worn or not at all
Tell much about

Habits of sleep, slumber
Lounging about on
Bedding, mattresses with companions

Add to the resume,
Flowing gown, filmy negligee
Two piece top or bottom
Coy baby doll, macho boxer shorts
Wooly cottoned, fabricated or silky,

To each ilk or form, sleeping or awake
Cover or uncovered, the naked or the nude
Some are made for easy access
To all the parts

Others for warmth, comfort and convenience
Cover from top to bottom, cumbersome
For one or lewd for another

Do you remember pajamas of dad
Or mother, or bathrobes they used for cover
Now days and then, sleep in underwear
Lost faith with modesty

Or just don't care

shimon weinroth

Panic

has become a commodity
not free of charge, both
electric and magnetic, joins
the dance of pandemonium

a pack of emotions infecting,
nerves gone awry cloaked with
dizziness pains and ails, racing
pulse, sweating, heart throbbing

but not unrequited love

a severe state of mind, graduated
from fear and phobia uncontrolled,
easy prey for manipulating politicians
to induce the mob, the people

yet terrorist acts must be dealt with

shimon weinroth

Paperweight

on my desk,
there sits a rock
crystalline and hard,
whose atomic weight
makes him heavy

he is older than,
the empires
that have come and gone
rose and declined,

sits as a paper weight
steadfast and stoic,
separating memos
from memories,

faithful and loyal
unmoving and stable
listens to my stories,
all the echoes

of sound and time,
fury and mime
has heard my sighs and cries,
secrets unfold,

of all my companions
I have no fear
that under pressure
he will crack
nor reveal
what has been said,

dreams trashed
imagnations buried
fantasies dead

he sits there emotionless,
mocking my mortality,

and atomic weight

shimon weinroth

Paperweights

Paperweights

Sitting on desks
Hold down memos and memories
Answers to supply and demand

Seperate
Wanting from needing
Impulse from reason

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Paradox

Paradox of a Free Society

The more equality
The fewer rights
for the individual

shimon weinroth

Paradoxical

there is will and there is power
and the power of will
is a will to power

can there be no compromise
no time of armistice
when consistent, is not compromised

shimon weinroth

Paradoxical And True

Third World War
won't be an act of terrorism
it will happen by accident
with no one to record

the best feature scoop of the century
unreported, without an audience
havoc among the planets,
solar system with indigestion

very unfair to Mars and Venus
the moon, might just go down
and not come up with the tides,
with no one to record

Oh dear me the stock exchange
will close and those sanctuaries
of religion will tell you
I told you so, if there are any to listen

this years fashion show, delayed
all those secret places for VIP's
uninhabited by their rightful owners
Gosh, how could life be so unfair

no more worries about pollution,
the haves and have nots all be equal
strange it took an atomic Third World War
to bring equality and democracy

what a superior, race of Super Men
we overcame all other species
making them extinct without
any threats, to an unknown future

better luck next time

shimon weinroth

Paranoid

they sit in confidante, of close proximity
speaking and whispering, leaning
toward one another in full rapport
tones and overtones carry notes of
secrets, jeers and sneers

I try to overhear, eaves drop, and spy
surely I am the object of discussion
why else smile and laugh,
involved they do not notice, I stay and tarry
attend upon their converse, accosted they sigh

Do you know the road to 'None Such Place'
there is indeed such a lane in merry Londonium

shimon weinroth

Pause Before You Leap

a pause, happens in nature to signify,
an equilibrium, an interim,
no choice is made. no action taken
all is in tandem, an interval of time

sanctuary of momentary,
both precedes a decision and follows the outcome
allows for recess, to assess, evaluate
and think

a safety valve before resuming
if at all
a time to listen to your mind and body
but, pause too long and we end up in limbo

it is a physical mechanism
which leaps the gap without stirring
from now to then
and back again

perhaps, the muses and revelations,
revery and memory,
inventions and discoveries
art and illusion, despair and delusion
occur during such moments

shimon weinroth

Peace - Slogan

Peace is like whipped cream cake,
almost everyone wants to eat of it, beleive in it
a handful of sand in a fist,
a pocket full of hope
empty slogans and misunderstanding

Yet blows away despair
and awful states of mind,
lets in well being and sublime
personal and custom designed
good for a day and gone tomorrow

vanishing at the slightest breeze
of suspicion and suspense
wrong doing and denial.
peace could be an agreement, defined
agreement monitored and watched

shimon weinroth

Peace Seeker

I am a sucker for
rumors about peace
treaties and cease fires
willing to believe

what I want, to come true
the slightest hint an armistice
is in the making,
perks up my spirits

ignites my hopes
already I am making plans
it's so easy to fool me
again and again

my moral fiber
no better than others,
yet has faith, resonance in tune
with the circadian rhythm
of the man in the moon

from armistice to Oslo
The road map and Geneva
all children of what I want
I am trapped by desires, fantasies
and dreams that have not come true

are you a sucker too

shimon weinroth

Peers

Peers

our peers
those overseers
that whip
us to tears

for conventions sake
that customs make

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Peeved

I sent you a poem
and you didn't remark,
or mark the day,
I'm so annoyed you didn't say,

how much you enjoyed
how impressed and clever
you thought,
poetry of my sort

I sent you my poem,
unknown and unacknowledged,
I am so distraught and angry
that you did ignore,

such fine sentiments
and noble metaphors
perhaps, put you to sleep
and made you snore

alas my poetry is beyond your scope
foolish that I did hope
to touch your inner soul
with elegaic meter and sweet lore,

one who is mundane, bothered by the inane
existentialist, solopsist and narcissist,
I have sworn not to send more
to one who is such a boar

plead as you may, beg as you wish
ask to forgive this mighty slight,
impaled, I turn a deaf ear and closed eye
prostrating and praying are of no use

you are barred from coming
to my next public reading
to be held on the 25th at seven o'clock
at rhe Stevens Auditorium

shimon weinroth

People Like Them

It's people like them
Who cause trouble
Forever asking questions

Won't be satisfied
That everything is
As it should be

People like them
Try to introduce
New things New ways

People like us
It's our duty to point at
People like them

Stop anything new

shimon weinroth

Personal

my sunsets and sun ups are personal
clothed by elements of alchemists,
unwillingly I submit to,
reserving a time and space for

meditation and reflection,
humbled that I am not alone
tortured by doubt, spurred that
faith has fled and hope is swallowed

by quick sand and quagmires
whirls of whorls of events
towed and drowned in those deep seas
and turbulent oceans

I become almost nothing,
a nothing
floating or flying
in the flow of cosmos

faithful or faithless
in chaos or order,
I stand apart
in tides of personal,

sun ups and sunsets

shimon weinroth

Perspective

are you too close to me
yet so far
as the closest star

better not flow into your mind
uninvited
you might flit me with a pesticide

all my dimensions would unfold
enveloped by new horizons
unfamiliar and strange

shimon weinroth

Philosophical Love

If my beloved does not know
then the object
is metaphysical-

unrewarding
when it is
too physical

shimon weinroth

Philosophy

philosophy before dining,
might be whining of morals
but wine and dining after,
is philosophy prepared and marinated

shimon weinroth

Philosophy Of Are And Are Not

philosophy of skepticism,
evaluates if we are, or are not
contend empirical evidence,
to justify are, pinching or touching
proof enough

concerning quantity or quality of are,
allows for skepticism,
how much we are, dreams and illusions
we profess to are, indeed questionable
can not deny the existence of are,

ask the earthy question
to be or not to be
inherited this dilemma from are
and not from are not

shimon weinroth

Phone Call From The Hospital

I phoned
And you answered
All my fears
Washed away

As if they'd
Never been
I could feel the tendrils
Of empathy

Embracing
Petting and fondling
I sighed
That you were not here

Your voice music
A balm to soothe,
The tone and inflection
Cadence reassuring

The words enhancing
Crept into my being
And I breathed more easily
Its so good to have you

On my side

By my side
Infinitely
Warmer
With no in between

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Photons And Gamma Rays

Even before I blink a thought
A gamma ray flits and winks out
Flies across the screen
And off the stage
As if it, had never been

Measuring the intensity
And the interval
Says the gamma was,
Had a life, made a mark
Electronic energy of some sort

Alas there are no gama rays
At the end of a rainbow
Only a pot of gold
And a Lerprachaun to tease
You might spot them on Hymalayan summits

Or marking twain on the Mississippi
You might swallow one
Unknowingly get charged
In a hall of music
Listenng to Brahms fourth

It might fly in your ear or up your nostril
You would never know
You had been impregnated
By a Gamma Ray
Not by a Beta or Alpha

shimon weinroth

Physical Poet

every time I open my mind
letting them
peer
into deep recesses
I feel like a prostitute

with anatomies
of all kinds
sometimes
I fake it

in print
I have multiple orgasms

shimon weinroth

Picking And Choosing

are different sets of choice
I get my money's worth at the market
picking from amongst the many
choosing of one from any

from amongst all the stars I chose you,
you were not picked by random,
chosen with rules of foresight,
those not chosen were not picked

left on the shelves to waste and rot
their genes did not survive, next
year a different species will
shine and beckon, let it be mine

the colors cry, the fresh aromas sigh
perfume and cloud the senses
bewitch and stir the psyche
to salivate and taste buds to distend

I lick my lips and roll my tongue
outstretched hand would a strawberry eat
red sweet and juicy, a tang of memory
pulsing and pleasing, sir I would

have another and another, the yellow bananas
would join a fruit salad's sweet dream
a bit of sugar and some drops
of Irish Coffee Cream

foolishly
chose the ingredients
chose the menu
chose to ignore

shimon weinroth

Pitfalls Of The Search

the mosaic of history,
too many missing pieces
unexplained,
too many labyrinths and cul de sacs

hindsight,
no less a hazy scene,
a mirage, a maze,
full of ghosts, phantoms and boasts,

learning from
blurred foggy events,
misted and distorted
full of ego reported,
,
slanted and transplanted
how is one to sift the true
from the false,
discern fact from faith

story saga, myth, legend and fable
told and retold in rhetoric so able
emotions and of drama
poetic and prose

relates and unreels
the history of what was

or might have been
let us assume
nothing, or much less
was true, accurate or complete

shimon weinroth

Plague Of Doubt

the stork brings good tidings
wrapped genetically
packaged and delivered
as ordered

fabricated
and changed
you still resemble
your species

shimon weinroth

Plagurist Of A Sort

jealous Plato mouthpiece of Socrates
echoed with metaphors
that spermed and spored
philosophers and historians

pulling the wool over
Aristotelian nomenclaturists
scribes of sages, inscribed,
transcribed with Platonic Love
ideas into ideals
metaphysical and republican

a utopia of hereafter
of slaves and bards
jealous man, for
all the playwrights, walked off with cash prizes

shimon weinroth

Play It Again Sam

the first time doesn't count
lacks the experience of mount and descend
no preperation of fore-warned and foreplay

discount the first innocence
try again for first times
and virgin beginnings

again to no avail,
illusions prevail

shimon weinroth

Play With Me

play with me,
uh, hu,
come out and play with me
uh, hu

daddy come out and play with me,
just a minute,
oh, daddy, come out and play with me,
in a minute sweet heart,

daddy why is a minute so long,
stop nagging, it's only a minute,
I never did go out and play,
the first time I was called,

why then am I so impatient,
when I do call

now I am old,
and would like the children
to come and play with me,
they are too busy,

and can not come,
the first time I do call,
if ever I have another chance,
and I do hear,

daddy
come out and play with me,
I shall respond,
and not delay, the moment to play

shimon weinroth

Playful Thoughts

squinting fractions
sunrays,
look hard, at the window

follow the light
to a path
to freedom of flight

get on a thought
ride right out
into the day

thought empowered
by energy of will
sparked by imaginations
knowing no bounds-

lost in vacuum
sounds of spirit
twinked out-

shimon weinroth

Pleasant And Dependent

alone and lonely
we seek affection and company
other regarding
surrender
self and being

to please to pleasure for pleasant
sacrificing
the boundaries of id
learn to comply
with the needs of another

often forgetting
the taste of independent

shimon weinroth

Poet And Auditor

most people don't read poetry
And when, and if they do
reflect- upon what pertains to them
glance and pick at fruits

of another mind so bold and ripe
revealing the serious and tripe
not all words touch the right chords
replay pictures of the mind

the moods of both author and reader
in one point of time must be align
eclipse all other thoughts,
so that reflected, dawn on another

It is a marriage, a spoken contract
made in time, culture of the mime
read and reread, said and re said

shimon weinroth

Poet Of The People

Cries out good people, listen to my voice
I would have you understand, my feelings
for this land, my deep emotions for
nature's wonders. my melancholy nostalgia
for times gone by

good people of this land, stop a moment
listen to my sighs, and cries,
reveal to you in metaphor, majestic language
those deep down stirrings of the heart
I conjure up for you

lay before your mind and ears
the tragedy of my tears and fears,
paint the passing of the years
alas the poet does not know it
few so very few will pass the time
or spend a dime

shimon weinroth

Poetic Justice

Great poets need lesser poets
Who feed on affinity
Lesser poets breed more poets
And so on to infinity

Echoing on and on
From now to eternity

shimon weinroth

Poetic Advice

life is priceless
almost,
being one of its elements
time is sacred,
when next we meet
let poetry be short and minimal

limited by the page
lines numbered
thoughts precise, lexis concise
no maudlin or long drawn out
sentiments or foreplay

narratives devoid of cliché
winded metaphors
catchy phrases, life is priceless
time is sacred, this could have been
my greatest creation

shimon weinroth

Poetry - Readings

they listened and snickered
he had said buttocks and breasts
prude and prissy, embarrassed, grimaced
ghoulish faces sketched

by Goya and Daumier
tittering chuckled and cackled
as begot their mold and mood
pimplly eyes of comprehension, carbuncled ears

senses blinded and clogged
twiated scratched, turned and mused
damming up the vessel betwen the ears

vain man, what possessed you to read that poem

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short

Grammar

too much
is too many
if they are countable

Aristotelion

one set
leads to another
is cause and effect

And

inanimate objects
have nothing,
to worry about

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (10)

a little more for Caucasians
is a lot less for Africans and Asians
is the opposite true,

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (12)

censored mutter

radio waves-electronic bugged
ceased uttering-static, state,
frozen smile-framed for a while

shut up-shut away
another millennium
passed this way

Genetic Code

a revealing sign road
nevertheless
my soul is mine
to define

Chanting my love for you
knows no bounds,
is a limited cliché
belittling the sentiment

Origin of Oedipus

women are always right
the only recourse
a man has
is with another
or his mother

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (13)

the gliding movement of a feather
kissed by a wind wave,
a butterfly effect

one with nature
concrete and steel

Ennui
and nothing more
is what vastness
has in store

About Love and Hate

hostility
breeds hate to such a degree
makes one unable to see

hate is easier than love
requires no further relations
nor obligations

lust and fury
sounds of glory
gust for gory or
restrained and prissy,
prudent, prudence,
prudish as can be,

dance of love and hate
art and critic mate,
how images create
children of the mind

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (2)

If you had no tongue
you could not swallow,
die of starvation
and no conversation

the difference between,
voluntary and involuntary,
try holding your breath

Posterity

on a micro-chip
you could store
memory of all you know
and more

alas who else
would want to listen

Adam and Eve
could not indulge,
in navel picking,
or midriffs exposed

The vogue of Fad
is IN
till the next,
resets the clock
called unique,

Parasitically Yours

the gnat bit me, I yelled at the dog
we are three,
who climb the same biological tree

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (3)

capitalism a government of the bankers,
for the banks and by the banks

socialism a government of the elite,
for the elite and by the people
with an occasional exception,

social democracy, a compromise
of the above two

aware is when you think you know
unaware is when you don't know
and don't want to know

headlines and news flashes
are quickie prostitution

in a competitive society
love and friendship are a commodity

in a communal society
supply and demand
have a similar effect

just because it has a different name
relations haven't changed that much

electro magnetic pollution
is shocking
gas emissions are polluting

the dress code
the domain of designers
the seasons also
have something to say

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (4)

About Poetry

line breaks
no longer than before
mixed metaphors,
similies benign
clutter up the line

poems written before
longer than before,
rhymes wittier
sound patterns bored
and ignored

implicatures galore
embedded in the lore

saying let it be, let it be

tolerance for variability
intolerance for absolutes

banal and indifferent
are not so mundane

success needs no explanation
failure has too many

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (5)

illusion costs some
self deception,

imagination
is the better cost of living,

delusions are runaway
deceptions,

mathematics has little to do
with any of them,

in the event of nothing
everything becomes important,
as the world of trivia
ascends the throne of sublime,

taking the good with the bad
sounds so silly
take the good
send back the bad,

the only memory
true to form
are multiplication tables

either is one or the other
neither is none of the above

trusting your instincts
are poor excuse for acting
without reason,
for unreasonable reasons

gut feelings live in the stomach
hunches ride on your back
instincts flow from your mouth

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (6)

Outside

there is a circle,
turning round and round
which has no corners,
turned upside down,

inside out
there are are still
no corners
to go out

Unselected

a realm of grasp
bitten by chance,
turned coat,

eyes are dimmed
tears at the heart
swim to the brim

utopia
another myopia
of the mind
hopeful and blind

your instincts are as strong
as your nose will lead you,
into curiosity
kill both you and the cat

possesses, possessing
possessed with possessions
clutter up the scene

with memorabilia obscene

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (7)

Sweet Wine

makes here, to eternity,
there, to infinity
bless my wife
bless my being
bless this wine
for what I'm seeing,

succulent grapes sweet
or sour turned to wine
loosen the tongue
for free and easy verse

a second cup makes the room larger
the company cozier,
a third glass makes, me ten feet tall
my consort prettier than all

bad is bad
but worse is,
worse than that

moral is good
immoral is bad
amoral is neither
or either

the square root of
mortality, is still one death
but twice over,

immortality is not,
infinity of eternity,
just some illusion
by conspiring
and aspiring mortals

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (8)

candid as candid can be
has brought me many an enemy,

motion reists a status quo
equilibrium, is only seemingly so
and suspended animation
is no way tio go.

now days Social Security
is neither social
nor secure

right is not always right
but wrong is consistent,
immoral and wrong,

old wives tales are often about
the forbidden, adultery,
young womens' tails, spices
remedies and homeopathic ales

drink out of a mug
drink out of a glass
drink out of a paper cup
are signs of the times

tautology

tell me true
that what I knew
will tomorrow be,

what of today
that has no replay
of what I say was said

how sad

that true
is not what I knew

shimon weinroth

Poetry In Short (9)

ageing libido,
died of anorexia,

in a changing world
harmony is a passing figment,
enjoy it while you have it,

linear is man made,
good for measurement,
there is nothing in nature
equal to it, similar perhaps

the world will not go out
with a bang nor a whimper,
it will click off,
with a gasp,

Paradox of a free society

the more equality
the fewer rights
for the individual

air conditioning makes
the insufferable easier
until the electric bill is due

faith is hope stronger
than most beliefs

opinion polls media,
and their broadcasters
decide for us the elections,
we are lucky they have competitors

shimon weinroth

Ponder Upon This

a request made,
negotiations have come to life,
an exchange takes place,
or refusal, temporary or final,
or shades of progress
or still born final,

memory of the request
lives on, to torment,
or buried in forget,
exhumed, when a brotherly query
is put to test,

quid pro quo,
is never, nearly so
just designed to make negotiations
feel just, so so

even passing salutations
expect like return,
how are you
and how are you feeling

negotiations are guided
by the profit motive
always,
not always,
almost always

shimon weinroth

Poof

If you have never poofed a dandelion
Rubbed petals of roses
Sniffed peppermint leaves
Stepped in virgin snow

Nor heard the sigh of a dog
The hooting of an owl
The moaning of a cat
Cawing of a raven

Or nursed an ice cream cone
Swallowed jell-o
Eaten sushi and venison

Shouted just to hear the echo
Then you have never lived

Still young of heart
Bangeeing from a bridge
Sky diving, skiing
Or even mundane mountain climbing
Can be thrilling

Live it up
Poof a dandelion

shimon weinroth

Popularity Test

all the suns of all the universes
can not one thought put together
yet the most known name
after God is Coca Cola
what conclusion can you draw

addendum

how incredible
that you and I
our thoughts and selves
can multiply

shimon weinroth

Pragmatic

leaning on trial and error
an hundred different ways
still won't get it right
or change the odds

a program has
a better chance
to assess than guess
or wait for Lady Luck

shimon weinroth

Praying Mantis And Mate

With the dance of life had a date
During the forum
He tickled her decorum
Loosing control, it was his head she ate

Oh dear, she bit off the head
Of her husband of late
She bit off his head in a fit of hate

shimon weinroth

Precious

You think it's funny
A case for laughter
Time is no lark
It's passing by

I can't stop the clock
But I can still,
Use the alarm
To wake it up

shimon weinroth

Prefer

contours are nicer
than straight lines,
round is more inviting
than aquiline or flat,

thin lipped cold stern
Nubian sensuous and sweaty.
'lean and hungry' contemptuous
of fat and easy,

sculptor and artist
wave the magic wand,
called the line,
straight or shaky

dabs or dots, curly
circling or straight forward,
make all the differences,
trembling in treble, stereo or mono

continuous or halting,
restive or prying
attack or confront the eye
repetitive or tedious,

direct or meandering,
recreate the scene
faithfully or false, are lines
of lines of lines circling in and out,

up and down and way out beyond,
the scenes etch, engraving strokes, that
scream or laugh, calm and sublime
deep within the mind and eye

joined in a holy tryst become the impression
impressed and grooved, furrowed in the memory
or vanish, none too soon,
are we enslaved by what we see,

caressed and pricked, proceed to sort
ingest, digest, assimilate, developing likes and dislikes,
which murmur
contours are nicer than straight lines

shimon weinroth

Prelude To

two opal pupils of iris purple blue,
liquid moist d by shutters
adorned with enchanting curled lashes
cutting off the unwanted, let in the light

shed soft beams, gleams of yourself
and thoughts from inside, extending
expand with meaning, sister of Mona
and lusty Ruebens not only record

follow about spectator and audience,
light, imprints and thought-steps
that melt in the snows of feelings
tender affections at first glance,

encompass the form embrace the orbit
a waterfall of millions of particles,
sub-atomic with rays and photons
to shed on your being, dance and plead

enter within, knock at the citadel of
indifference, sparking, short circuiting
that apathy, gain the attention and motion
begins, notions ring out the chimes and bells

call out in mimes, come dance with me
saying, look into my eyes
tell me, I can hold you in my arms,
dance with me, love of first sight,

shimon weinroth

Preparations

I always get up before, the alarm clock
a bag full of nerves, expectations and doubt
worried I might forget, keys, wallet, phone
pocket computer, wrist watch etc. and etcetera

let the dog out, food for the cat, feed the fish
flip the hot water switch, turn on the kettle
coffee to settle nerves, pills and vitamins
murmuring calm down, calm down

showered and shaved, nerves more behaved
still my feet carry me back and forth
squeaking what did I forget,

every day new horizons full of excitements
and a talent not to be late,
on arrival I stand in line, have to wait
wonder the purpose is serves

to come so early

shimon weinroth

Prime Idea

out of my mind,
out of society
into an institution
made up of many peers

shimon weinroth

Primed

From time to time, and at prime time,
I am faced by decisions, TV or not TV
Before or after, Not the nine o'clock news
Comedy or violence, Sci fi or soap opera

From inside the box or off the screen
Tentacles of seduction reach out, probe my ears
Up my nostrils, grab my orbs, embrace my hormones
My neck in hammerlock, And I, I can hardly breathe

From expectations, colorful and robust,
Caught by turmoil, anxiety, laughter and sad,
Youthful handsome bodies thrill, of false memories,
Of yesteryear, or that never were

My mind salivates, my eyes water, nerves palpitated
Chained and manacled, I am doped, sedated and
Brain-washed, channeled, see the world turned round
And I, I do nothing, sit back and muse,
Dreaming my prime time away

shimon weinroth

Programmed

miracle of genetics,
pooled by a heritage
fooled by the fables,
we live in a culture

nurtured by nature,
culled by a fate
spawned by a father,
born from a mother

flirt with Sol's
Promethean gift,
seek salvation
in knowledge and faith

shimon weinroth

Progress And Continuation

evolution is the history of species,
with some sort of selection,
going on heredity
vying with environments

as we replicate, reproduce and duplicate,
the odyssey of six billion and more
search for how and why,
created and creating,

set up domains, thrones and cloisters,
temples, monestaries and mosques,
slaved and enslaved, replicating and producing
computers and robots

machined and electronized systems
within systems, cloned and replaced

the robot within
poped out and thumbed its nose

speaking out,
I was created
in your image
it's my turn now

shimon weinroth

Promenade

I had time to kill in Jerusalem
I sat on the shelf of the Sherover Promenade
View of valleys and mountains
and works of other architects

ravens on the lawns
droppings, cawing for cloudy skies
alighted to find litter an attractive sight
swirled landed and pecked

Jupiter brought in summer,
autumn winds, clouds and ravens cawing,
sitting side saddle white flesh of limber legs
I strained to see

indeterminate, was he really a he
we all have the right to be
though I discriminate
intolerant, I would not be

shimon weinroth

Proof

Heraclitus is quite right
Newton took the queue
time flows, streams through

Liebnitz realized the void of space
measuring time is not relevant
Kant says the argument is moot

A'priori was there first,
Heraclitus not quite so right
why did I come upon the scene so late

Einstiens relativity is related
all we do is measure
the spin, the flow, the heat, the snow

I can prove my identity
make mistakes my mind
and psyche can do so intentionally

shimon weinroth

Proper Discourse

During genteel discourse
Many thoughts crop up
Do not go the course of utterance
Are suppressed and smothered

Respect the feelings and emotions
Of those present and their folk
Thoughts chased back, from whence they came
Of denied approval, and died in shame

Not everything fits for social intercourse
Thus buried in the graveyard
Of suppression
Still born children of the mind

shimon weinroth

Protest

When I am her shadow
Ape her movements
There are no comments
For improvements

When I digress and express
Unconfined and undefined
Refuse to reflect, I am drowned
By a flood of barks and remarks

shimon weinroth

Put Upon

gullible as gullible can be,
has to do with the media,
and wee lilliputians drowning
in the sea of electronics

and the oceans of broadcasting
rocked back and forth by waves
and tidal storms of sensational
advertising, swamped by junk mail

drowned in propaganda,
swept by currents far from shore
wearied, .
lost their bearings

easily duped and gullible beached
by yahoo, were marooned in dogpatch

shimon weinroth

Puzzled By She

I wonder, how she manages
sitting is such an effort,
what drives her
to get up

nostrils expanding
breathing irregular,
cheeks drawn and flushed
still, all the joints get together

look into her comely face
irises dilate
is she smiling, grinning
or lips parted in pain

energy of purpose
and her puzzle is no more
steps out into the garden
to water her plants

flowerpots, the grass, the trees
and the cats
I try to eavesdrop
what language is she speaking

the rhythm of her motion humming
her pace more sure
her drive more resolute
her universe sublime and content

my cosmos awestruck and muddled
she knows a secret
she will not share
I'll have to learn it for myself

I wonder if shall ever understand
the psyche of she

shimon weinroth

Quantities

there are too many
they are too many
they are always too many

I, I shall never be too many
be a crowd
upon myself

I am not courageous enough
not to be, of too many

shimon weinroth

Queen Of Trivia

gives birth to little princes
of dates and data of little matter
blown out of proportion by
pompus pedantry

misconstrueing form with essence,
married with the King of Memorabilia
their subjects are taxed to death hair splitting,
mouthing platitudes and attitudes

kingly ethics and queenly esthetics
of protocol and etiquette
is it true, empty barrels are noisy

shimon weinroth

Quilt And Blanket

A cloak of droplets
Spread upon the lawn
Descends each night
Wraps its filmy presence

Hovering and kissing
Nuzzling its limpid way
Into nooks and crannies
Refreshing moisture
Of life and growth

Birds of feather
Insects of nether
Frolicking rise and shine
Sip from the lips of dew

Another day sings away
Cold and wet expires
Sheds its mantle
Warmed by the rays

From the source
The sun rises
And the earth sinks
To be bathed

Leaves the sweet aroma
Of intercourse
The dew
Retreats and vanishes

The sway of rotation
Spreads its cloak
Refreshed raiment
Of sunny day

shimon weinroth

Quite Simple

a billion cells
more or less
make me
what I am in excess

egress and the want
to guess,
beneath my skin
rippling rivers,

juices of life flow on
different layers
levels staked up,
against each other

turgid and pulsing
synchronized to beat
in unison,
electrical charges of sensations,

charging back and forth
caressing watts propel,
prickly ohms resist, vibrating
in sympathy, a working harmony,

the conductor,
of this symphony
waves his baton,
the magic wand,

unfurls
the musical score,
motifs of thought,
from sensations wrought,

emotions and notions
ring bells,
chimes incite the cells
to act and action

move and motion
into be and being
denying
not to be

shimon weinroth

Racism

I'm not a racist, I just don't want, to live with them
What makes you think, they want to live with you,
See, it's them, they are bloody racists,
I wonder why, they don't want to live with me
I'm not good enough for them

It must be they want to take away my house my land,
My car my livelihood, they are not only racists
They are just damned theives, Racism is all about theft
They would rob me of my place and equal space
I'm not a racist, there are just too many of them

Next thing you know, they'll want to run the show
And tell me what to do, make laws and rules,
Sit in judgment, take a share of the cake.
Racism is an economic war, dressed in cultural bias
A crueller form, of personal nature, adding insult to injury.

shimon weinroth

Radical Change

four million years ago
or more or less
by replication amino acids built protien
hydrogen replaced methane

life took place many times,
somewhere someplace
language ignited the skies
formulating concepts and ideas

more stable than we imagined,
industrial, atomic, electronic
caging the mind's eye, with
cemeteries, war and death
polluting outer space

shimon weinroth

Rage

flaming emotions
born of single sparks
whipped naked ends

peaked out
burst upon themselves
raw and unfeeling

shimon weinroth

Railroad Crossings, Then And Now

like any other intersection,
draws us on to, the vortex of the vectors
that dart back and forth across
the tracks

hypnotized by the velocity
of speeding objects,
determined to reach a point
before the other,

if unattended collide in space,
death and destruction
become the matrix,
of tragedy

on reflection,
railroad crossings can be romantic
not like any other, swirling smoke,
clickty clack, blowing whistles

the choo choo train of yesteryear
mesmerized, with the long line of cars
snaking their way over the countryside,
it's magnetism drew us on,

today there is no story train,
only a cruel speeding express of electricity,
steam has disappeared and
the spiraling smokescreen gone,

speeding down the tracks
oblivious of the crossings
flies by

shimon weinroth

Raining

flaring lights flashed,
electrified the sky,
the breathing air stilled,
paused a Damocles sword.

deep eiree silence poised
the heavens growled,
as a rolling thunder rumbled,
growing boomed and clapped,

filled the air with supersonic
till the crescendo spent itself
the rains came pitter pattering,
spattering drops thick dropped rain,

pit patted the roof and windows
turned to beating urgent,
played its forceful tune till my turtle-head
withdrew into its sweater,

shrunk to ward off the cold and wet outside
warmed by the hearth the dog and cat
came to nest nearby, stopped orbiting, fidgeting
curled up looking for solace

surrounded by warming devices heavy clothing
secured by the illusion, protected from the outside
forces of nature, we would survive so ordinary
a heaven sent message

how will it be, when scuds, patriots and rockets
come whizzing screaming overhead,
when atomic or biological war-heads
to wreak a man-made frenzy and hate

more dangerous than any heavenly calamity
man in his arrogance asserted free will
more destructive
than any god made omen

outside its raining still

shimon weinroth

Raise A Cup

with a cup of wine come dine with me
sip from the well of memory,
tickle the palate titillate the mind
drown the senses cloud the issues,
brighten the spirits, raise a cup of wine

shimon weinroth

Rambling On

I know
you know,
that I know
we all know

but knowing
is not enough
we must do something
about it, now

perhaps tomorrow,
then we will
know,
about yesterday

shimon weinroth

Ramblings

Nothing, is forever, anything can change
Everything has a never, Nothing is, forever
an inside out sleeve, a turned down collar
rumped crumpled trouser leg

The word is dead, begins to live when it is said
rich creamy metaphor, dripping shady grey and bright
implicatures, no black and white
straight off similies will not do
for tinctures and colored hues

how many meanings lurk in between red to violet
motion denied, objection overruled tolerance
for variability, intolerance for absolutes

shimon weinroth

Ramblings About Peace

I had hoped things would change
faith would grow
plants send shoots

buried in the mesh,
events of trust
would blossom,
in a bud of joy
smile on those hopes

shimon weinroth

Ray Of Light

in the beginning all was transparent
waves traveled not on scheme or track
back and forth, up and down and all around
waves were, flowed and moved

media changed, light came forth
colliding waves bursts of energy
lit up the skies, sent their beams
chariots to cross and romp the heavens

not by design or pattern
a chaos whim and motion within-
a single ray drowned among
waves and waves both turbulent and calm

birthed imagination of reflections
Dionysus refractions
Appollinain arrayed,

shimon weinroth

Read Together-And Apart

look at it waves
look on it wave
laconic waved

look about more waves
under me under current
look around see of sea
to see endlessly

look up skies above
look down deep below
dizzy be surrounded be

busy see raved and raved
to bury me beneath the sea of see
polluted polluted by me

shimon weinroth

Reality Of Imagination

Explains one dimension in terms of another
Exchanges mass, for distort and thought
Creator of moods and muses, impulse and music
Art of tragedy and comedy

Setting a table for poetry and metaphor
Fantasy, both sad and gleeful, gay and moderate
Filled with laughter and fears
Echoing from vales to mountains

Blown by winds and rains and fair weather too
Sailing down the rivers, crossing oceans
Flying to horizons yet unknown

I listen to the rustling leaves,
Of autumn and the calls of birds
Whistling winds, smell the rains
That wet the parched soil

Go play with your ecologies and wars
Apologies and ideals, destroying cities
And landscapes so beautiful

I have my mind to grace this place called earth
Setting fires of beauty, igniting thoughts
Of a better reality

shimon weinroth

Realizing

games are often played
when tired,
of both reality and illusions

fancies are invoked for pleasure
hopes are expectations
for a reality
often untrue

claiming such generalities have
little in common,
sounds quite pompous

shimon weinroth

Reckoning

when the Big Bang came
and went,
No one was there
to welcome the event

So shattering a clap
galaxies filled
with waves of dust
vibrating celestial heavens,

echoing far and wide
cried havoc and died
stars winked out and
comets streaked across

Unborn skies
Physics shook,
out came Gamma rays
and sub atomic days

Chaos strode, bearing
the mode of dying suns
black holes
and super novas

And from this wreckage
fumes of methane and hydrogen
Oxygen and vapors
clamored to be heard

Music of struggle
big bangs exploding
resounding throughout
the universe recorded

Let there be no whimpering
at the brink of descent,
with the ecology of pollution
billions will

witness our Big Bang

shimon weinroth

Recorded Determinism

electrified with wonder
at computer's capacity
to ejaculate
figures

micro-chipped
mini worlds, artless thoughts

walking
off the screen,
escape,
and shift
to bug me

buried
in delete
fester
and decay

shimon weinroth

Recording

Strange and odd,
When in the land of Nod
Dreamed dreams
And memory catalogued

Leaped the barrier
Of consciousness
And thought
To utterance and talk

Invented the wheel
Plastic
And unreal
Unreel

shimon weinroth

Recounting

Some poems need a reading
Others have to be walked
Talked to, gently caressed

Some poems are better off left alone
Turning and tossing
Suffer a rebirth, of metaphors

Some poems need poets
Others need to confess
Of dreams and images, of
What was and what comes next

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

Recycled And Engineered

born, reproduced, replicated
from the best material that
ever made it to the 21st
echoing out of the past
survived the pools of ghosts,

with more than 6 billion others
I am told to feel unique
my genes say my lottery ticket
host is different than any two others

shimon weinroth

Redeemed

how often have you said I'm sorry
and feel better, often irregardless of
the injured party's feelings
and being sorry have purged yourself

how often have you deluded yourself
into thinking, sorry is enough,
and only alleviates you
and is not other regarding

how often do you find it easier
to erase the guilt feeling
by sorry,
and not face the issue

how often do you need to let off
steam and pentup emotions
seeking to redeem yourself,
for the eyes of your peers

how often is the seeking
real and not imagined,
suffering is tolerable
for the sweet after effects
so you think!

how often are you
propelled by moral searching
for a better you,
and to renew your ideal

shimon weinroth

Reflections

I am me,
I have an image
and a shadow
that is mine

my image has a shadow,
that has a shadow too
is my image more authentic
than me,
subjective because it is mine

is an image twice removed
any different
from the first
any better or any worse

than the great replicater
who, made us in
his image
does he have a shadow too
that will haunt us
from every view

shimon weinroth

Refugees

Why me and not you
Stand first in the queue
Why you and not me
Stand proud and so free

Why me and not you
Is forced to flee
Why you and not me
Has drifted at sea

Why me and not you
Can enjoy the land and the dew

Why you and not me
Have no home, not even the sea
Why me and not you
Have nothing

Why you and not me

shimon weinroth

Rejected

eyes are dimmed
tears at the heart,
swim to the brim of despair,
air sobs and vents, vexed hopes
choking off the flow and stream,
of chance turned coat,

bitten by nature's
little chances
the realm of grasp
just if, and action
cards are stacked

sequentially abused, scream
next not first,
thrown up-land on our feet
turned down- learn of defeat

get up
new winds will blow
new opportunities
will show

shimon weinroth

Relative Quantum

the vice of too much
or too little
makes once not enough
or twice too much

when, is too lean
what, is too fat
and how to fit,
in, between

some is unclear
few, is too little
a little, is positive
very is much
most is superlative

eyes too big
consumption unequal
the problem of all
understanding one another
living with each other

shimon weinroth

Relief 2008

now I believe
now I don't
now there is relief
now there is not
still I hope
pleasure is my lot

shimon weinroth

Remember Her

Remember Her ' The trim heeled girl with lovely ankles' 'Iliad'

A nubile beauty was she
Her smiling body of rhythm
Singing the song of life

For the tall young prince
By her side

Take me to bed
Take me to wed
To wife for a life

With a gleam in her eye
She pirouetted

Showing how pretty at back
So too in the front

Vivacious motions
To attract
The handsome young one

Old wife and I
Spied and sighed
And remembered why

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Reminder To Timmy

elevators are those
lifts that carry you
up, or let you down,
sometimes between stories

verticle and box like,
chains or pulleys
rotate against gravity
for more than convience sake

shimon weinroth

Reminding

I told you so,
lets off a lot of steam
which burns and scalds the auditor
such remarks as i told you so,

is said in triumph, anger and reprimand
creates hostility and passions for revenge
told you so's are saved up,
put in vinegar and formaldehyde

exhibited in confrontations,
base arguments and insipid discussions,
locked away in bad memory lanes,
fester and poison the smooth amical streets

told you so's cause heart burns,
to both parties
no amount of pharماسueticals or aspirins
can erase the damage,

when next you think to say,
I told you so, bite your tongue,
swallow the thought of
false victory, lurking in the mind

shimon weinroth

Remount And Painting

painting, white washes, walls
and lies, laughter and snores
that went before,
but can not wipe away feelings
tensions faults that scenes betray,

the words of confidence
dreams of hope
and consequence,
and dreams of fear
forebode no nonsense of the mind

dreams in technicolor
rainbows of covenants
singing and dancing to the
beats of drums and pulses
gift wrapped in pleasure

shimon weinroth

Repartee

Repartees

impaled by a sharp tongue

whipped by innuendo

emotions come unstrung

cruel swordsman

defends the gibberish

of the mind

rapport calms down, cools off

pause for a period,

reconciles the estranged

No use, to remonstrate

too slow in retort

one minute too late

shimon weinroth

Reparteeze

impaled by a sharp tongue
whipped by reprimand
emotions come ustrung

cruel swordsman
defends the gibberish
of the mind

rapport, calms down, cools off
pause for a period,
reconciles the estranged

shimon weinroth

Reporting By Some Dubious Medias

Forked tongues spit
Cruel venom
Filled with hate
Humiliate

Base foul mouthed
Sadist's taste
Flying darts of poison
Odious and putrid

Witches brew
Of victims stew
The evil arts
Of press titution

shimon weinroth

Requited

I listen to your talk
Then to your thought, exploring
Catch the fancy,
At the terminal of ideas,

There is a security check
Not all are absorbed, some rejected
Do you think the clouds in the sky
Or the waters of the sea

Care if you are moral
Blot them out or soak them up.
Their opinions are in a state of rest
Or chaos

We, smell each other
With delight
Watch with requite
Touch and feel

shimon weinroth

Resolutions For The New Year

tear down the many roadblocks
bumps, fill in potholes,
heal casualties of miss understanding
and unwillingness to behold,

found a place of no struggle and strife
that claim war is the story of survival
too often the roads are washed out
by storms of fear
floods of doubt

rains of lies and deciet
outpouring of hate
drench and soak our minds
brainwash that there is no road
no route without war

we will not accept that hump
of propagands to carry on our backs
that from the beginning
the first crime was a matter of days
murder came in the second generation

followed by subterfuge and diplomacy
even language betrayed us
at the Tower of Babel
now we are tired of having
the wool pulled over our eyes

protest there is, a road
another way for a better day
and that we do have a say
can pave the road
and change our ways

shimon weinroth

Respect And Retrospect

cliche, cliche
used, misused
and much abused
are what my mother taught
and my father thought

mom said she knew
what's best for me
some advice I disregarded,
tried her patience
hurt her feelings

reserved the right to disagree
dad's advice sacred,
he held the purse strings
now they are gone
and time has come round
cliches remain, and very much in vogue

shimon weinroth

Restless Nights

I toss and turn
yearn for sleep,
undisturbed untroubled
for pleasant dreams
wide open skies
and lovely greens

clean fresh and unpolluted
brooks and streams undiluted
clean streets unlittered
smiling faces unworried unblemished

worry that when I wake,
my soul
I gave the Lord to take
has been polluted

by foul emissions
electric transmissions
skies littered with antennae
belching, pulsing, poisoning

I fear that when and if I
wake, my conscience gone,
the soul I gave in trust
was raped and soiled

by greedy economics
war mongering
criminals who
killed sleep

Lady McBeth
killed sleep, unlike others
she had
a conscience

shimon weinroth

Retelling

We often tell the same old stories
Valhalla, Marathon, Waterloo
How we came to know each other
Each year the glory seems to grow

Some glitter has gone out
Feats of the past
Can not cure monotony of now
Sounds of passion and hormones dried up

In its place, compassion
Memories of the past
Death before dying echoes
With time intervals, far and in between

'Oh dear, they heard that before'

shimon weinroth

Revenge

I do unto you,
What you did to me
Pay you back in tragedy

Revenge has a life of its own
Needs publicity to multiply
Contagious and insidious, festers

Its puss spiling over with emotions
Of hatred and anger, reeking violence
Its wounded pride imagined or real

Seeks pay back and play back, till loss
Of face, is compensated, for a son is dead
And the daughter is wed, to hatred instead

Blood baths and fueds enhanced by proximity
War over property and pride
Hurt you every day, even a thousand miles away

I'll pay you or you pay me, to forgive and forget
Though payment is never enough, high fences
Divorce and separation, a cease fire beget....

shimon weinroth

Ripples Of Gravity

Dignity flows into the river of pride
Erodes the banks of humility
Entering the mouth
Builds no delta of integrity

The source
Feeds on the ego
Flowing out to sea
Joins waters of another salinity

Turn to oceans
Of remain
Landlocked, drying up
Sinks into a nether land

shimon weinroth

Roads To Conflict

Currents gone astray
are winds that boom
from faraway

uncalled for streams of thought
confusion that may bloom
a crimson blush, a red forehead

synesthesia and bright metaphors
lend picturesque implicatures
wits, conceits, embellishments of more

astray and uncalled for,
come in waves and waves
tears shed, bloodshed, all kinds of war

shimon weinroth

Romanticism In Jeopardy

for works of art so great
the debt is paid by emulation
imitation of nature's slate,
worship a pantheistic trait.

mixing hedonism with divinity,
distorted notions, choked emotions
called I, disguised said it was you,
and he, that made these notions be

allusions quotes and agents,
ruled the form of text, left a pretext
to use the pronoun called I,
in difficult straits dared a concept, called me

activated in a Puritan sea
Thompson, Gray and Collins too
a false humility and emotions must
seem tethered and saddled,

harnessed and well bred,
noble and blue blood, suppressed the I for thee
by circumvention, classicists one and all,
denied the I for, they them and you,

dressed the personal, in allusions and metaphor,
and a score of agents indirect,
Shakespear's sonnets did not die,
romanticists survived and so did I

from, that fount extremities did sprout,
fad fetish and post-modern trout
made subjectivism their bout,
so I yawn at dawn and during the day

from morn to dusk gasp and sigh
letting dioxide escape, I groak you slan
sidle up and touch,
don't be bitter and morbid,

if only we could project our thoughts
to one another, then mental telepathy could be

shimon weinroth

Romantics About Old Age

promised in our old age,
we would have solitude
pleasant and sublime
happiness and security

filled with memories
satisfying and sweet,
and it came to pass
that old age caught up,

it's not one particular
day of reckoning,
that came knocking on my chest
short gasps of-

pains of rheumatism
malfunctioning of the plumbing,
it's not the pain and slowing down
that follows me around,

not even the glee and merry
laughter echoing
of a new generation abounding
can compensate, all on its own

solitude when sought
soon filled with electronic buzzing
Hybla bees stinging with their poison
and false promises of honey

waves of fear appear,
of being left
alone with memories
all of your own,

memories crowded with others
wings spread in flight and delights
winging their way, alighting,
then vanishing into a fog of recall

returning only in part when summoned
by the bugles of whim and fancy

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Roses To & For

a sweet pink rose
permeates and seeps into my being
creeps into my senses five,
filled with feelings so alive

tastes the sweetness of its aroma
hears the fluttering of soft petals
sees their circle dance

brushing each other
the woven pattern intertwined
sending to the heart
memories we know so well

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Rudiments

If I do it long enough
I'll get it right
if I do it too long
I'll get it wrong

It's the effort that cares
how very silly
it's the results that count

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Run Down And Run Over

At the end of the glen there is a den for ten,
we never really know, what's done, will grow,
reap and harvest,
hung up, rejected killed and disconnected

The line went dead, mishap of electronics.
desire to refrain, acted out of sorts
self aborted, socially retarded
run over by electronics

Orphaned by today, with no right to sky
Jay-walked into a computer, dismembered
rearranged by statistics, transplants and
genetic engineering, unrecognized in this
grave new world, only TV rulers are cloned

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Sachbee (My Friend)

Muhamad Chasin was here today.
sachbee of thirty five years and more,
he brought sweet cakes
to chase the evil eye

butchers had their way
peace is no bargain today,
meat and flesh too precious
the price too high,

are we so fickle
to be starved by forget

guts and pieces barely pickled
no more white washed brains,
piffled, pithed and picked,

revenge drips on the mind
nourishing evil thoughts,
pinches, fleshy sentiments of forgive
shouting and massing,
before the gates of reason,

my mind lies in the gutter
guts all spilled out,
steaming stinking doubt,

he brought sweet cakes and said
erase their names from history

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Sad And Unwarranted

swelling throats
partched or excited
the tongue must move
to swallow when we dine

to speak when we enjoy
to promise of another time
Oh, silent Philomela
mutilated and abused

coming into your own
will you wreak revenge
by creed of anger
slit the throat

cut out the tongue
swallow and spit out
humanists of their kind

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Sad Thoughts

soft breathing by my side
exhaled sighs
imprints on my thoughts
presence and proximity

waking and uttering
another world
real, crude and harsh

for the moment
being is enough-
alas some say disconnect
let go

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Salads

something in me wants a salad
fruit, vegetable and other mixtures
to blend, dice, cut up, shred and toss
salt and pepper with spices

some of this some of that, curry tartar
orgeano, papriks, ginger, cloves and vanilla
cinnamon, a pinch of this
a bit, a jigger, a teaspoon full

precise directions, or just thrown in
added flare for decoration and color,
prepare a sauce, sniffing and tasting
fun and need a creative art,
tangy sweet or sour, add onion, garlic
or lemon, the mix a cultural deal
so say the gurus, variety the spice of life

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Sanctuary

When quarreling
Is there nothing sacred-

No territory of memory
That goes untouched, unremembered-

That cannot be used to hurt,
No sanctified place of shelter-

That during the fray
Is safe and unmolested
By emotions carried away-

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Sand

A handful of sand
Creeps and flows
Seeps from the hand

Rolls and drains away
Seeking bedfellows on the beach
With whom to lie, in one great heap

Not row on row
Pile upon pile, Grain upon grain
Of some divine plan,
Amorphus changing course

Content to be, left alone
Or taken one after one
By destiny or fate

A handful of sand, is difficult to hold

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Sappho And Aristotle

comparison
makes for relativity
pain is something
I could do without

yet without it joy,
is incomprehensible,
for the Final, Form, of
Efficient, Material,

is consciousness

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Scapegoat

it hurt me to see how,
he was lynched by public
blame, how the social worm
ate at his heart,

beads on the forehead and upper lip,
quivering in anger, frowning, twitching
blame bestowed, mark of Cain
eyes querying, why me and not others,

guilt the legal term
blame is the social worm,
that eats at our conscience, to ease our pain
seeks out punishment and pain from another

how can it be only one must take the wrath
of impotence,
knowing and admitting are two worlds apart,
recognizing, guilt is then passed on,

when we all know, deep in our hearts
we are all to blame,
and the crowd, the mob, cried out
kill the conspirators, kill them all,
these honourable men

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Scattered Mists And Yellow Skies

mist of cloud and fog,
hover in suspension,
float unmoving above
mantles of tiny beads of dew

clothe the lawn in their moist residue,
cling to blades of grass, greenbuds
and flowers yet unopen to the sun
are licked and bathed,

the reign of dawn so short,
innocent childhood of the day
accompanied concert of chirping birds
cawing, spreading wings, cocking heads
prance and hop on the lawn,
searching for new prizes

the sun in puberty, peeps out of the sky
dissoolving clouds and fog,
the diaphanous raiment is lifted
to reveal a new form of beauty
proud in its naked state,
before covering itself with glorious beams

outshine in momentary glare of revelation
has come of age,
stares a dfferent kind of light,
stuns the misty dew

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Scenery

a statue of Don Quixote,
made from scraps of metal
rusting in the sun,
pointing to a banana tree,

its elephant leaves
blot out some cactii,
beyond a telephone pole
is tallest of them all

squinting I can see a horizon
where the the sky does meet
a line of brush, green white and blue
blends with the hues

my mind blots out a junk pile,
stuck in the middle of a pastoral view
wire, rubber hose, paper and tin
and reminders of electrical sin

that have bit the dust
we must plow them under
put them to rest
erase them from sight,

when I am gone
what will remain
and what will reign
in this territory insane

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Schooling Numbers

In the school there is a desk
And chair for everyone there
Blackboard and chalk to teach you to talk

To read and write, to do your sums
That 1 comes first and 2 is second
3 comes before 4 and 5
7 is after 6

8 sounds like he has had his fill
And 9 knows when to dine
10 is the head of this group
0 means less than 1

They are all friendly and a lot of fun to add,
Multiplying makes them fat
Subtracting and dividing makes them quite thin
Michael, they will always be, here and there

Units that you can rely and count on
Figure them out, use them
They are the gateway,
To the stars and beyond

Grandpa

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Sea Full

I walk along the contours of her ever changing shape.
listen to her voices as she laps the sands,
licks the jetties and shoreline, waves and sings to me,
on days of moderate tempers,

when she is irritated, spews and spits, foams
and threatens to ravish with her undertow
these are the best days for beach scavengers
when she coughs up shells and crabs, beaches lost fish,

reminices and whispers sweet tidings, reminding us of our source
making us one with our long gone past
swallowing our arrogance in so vast her being
so all consuming in arms and bosoms of the element

when I go down to the sea, my psyche, spirit and me
float and swim and roll about
how like cousins she is to me, for we are related
a lover when I swim, a mother who bathes and floats with me

a friend who sings and accompanies,
this sea tiger makes me ever keen, that at some moment,
impulsively gnaw me to death, swallow her lover
oh she has such an enticing sweet fragrant smell

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Searching

Nostalgia of infinity
The search for a start

Racing back
Galaxies depart
Into the dark

Of expanding universes

All things
Are one and apart

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Seasons Of Query

Autumn is here
And the nights cooler and clear
Sparkling heavens
Full moons lit by
Thousands of suns

Autumn is here,
With twinkling starry skies
Breath taking Throbbing hearts
Quickening pulses

Comets
Streaking across the skies
And falling stars
Riding the heavens

Once again I wonder
At the works
Of a divne planner
Or physics in the making

Or a chaos hap and hazard
An autumn night
With all its mighty splendor
Whose cause I do not know

Though my mind
Never at rest
I enjoy the pleasure
Of my nest

Shimon

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Secrets

A brilliant thought
A passionate muse
The timid heart
Never spoke

The beating thought of the heart
Laid to rest
In the silent tomb
Was never a secret

No secret at all

For a secret
To come into being
Must be spoken or writ
To at least one other

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Seeing Is Believing

Seeing is Believing

Spoke the skeptic
In the beginning
Said the faithful

Heraclitus river flows on
Hegel's dialectics spin
Nietzsche interprets

Mixed in equal parts
Are no recipe
For decision

On this day sunbeams
Swallow cloudy skies
Bright horizons breathe

Harmony belies a thought
Of strife and distraught
The sound of music

So unbelievable
Embracing both
Skeptic and faithful

Lights up my heart
Plays out the scene
Serene and sublime

Shimon

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Seismic

I keep trying to write,
tons of bodies keep piling up, moaning
tell about us and our poor plight.
tell about bombs falling from skies

black columns of smoke
rising to the heavens
tell about angels of death
flying o'er head, raining words of rhetoric

rasping mouths scream and yell
bombs and mortar keep shelling,
Twisting distorting, flesh and material,
turn, scorched meat and rubble

the gods of war
from out of hades fly about,
to rule the minds and color the skies
with the din of death and destruction

sirens of ambulances, sirens of news call out
wind down, dark clouds hover and hang
above suffering wounded, weeping blood

burnt tissues skinned from the body
seething pain and hurt,
tears streaming, bubble forth without comfort
to ease the excruciating

control of body functions let go
pouring out putrid of the maimed
entrails hanging out
as life sources shut down

eyes milling around stunned and astounded
by this maze, that sweeps over the lands,
terrorists mete out death in the name of patriotism
sentences of mass murder

in the name of culture and tradition

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Self Evident

if we hold
these truths
to be self-evident

can we know them equally
if each self is different

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Semantic Kaleidoscope

one picture
a thousand words
each one
distorted
by a different view

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Sensed And Insensible

Sensed and Insensible

I gazed at the stars
And the stars twinkled back
I gazed at my neighbor
And he looked at me
I stared at my enemy
And he stared back

We listened to elders
Elders didn't listen to us
We listened to children
the children didn't heed
We heard the enemy
The enemy didn't listen

We smelled the war
The air smelled of us
We smelled the enemy
And they smelled black
We smelled and we rotted
Couldn't stink any stronger

Entwining tongues
Tasted and uttered and talked
Till the apple
Gave of itself
Some of it bitter
Some of it good

We touched the thorny
Flower of talks
Hope flowered and pricked us
Our weeping river of blood
Continues to flow
Seeps into the ground

When will we come to our senses

Shimon Weinroth

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Sensing

I have feelings, senses
and sensations too
in my blood and veins
flesh and tissues

nerves touch and touching
spark and torching
each other
one another

turn into emotions
numerous as spermatozoa
igniting
and short lived

and from that organ
inside my head
give birth to thoughts
a marrying of mind and body

feeding each other
multiplying, consumating
and consuming, acting
come to the ships helm

not always aware
who steers the vessel
navigates the
seas of human dynamics

the decks are decked with
emotions trival or real
satisfying, sweet or sour
senses sensing

wise, touchy angry and untouchable
need space and room enough,
at other times adherence
conjunction

it's the nerves the nerves
that cause me to behave
accompanied by hormones that
lubricate and grease.

emotions that ooze,
leak and spill over
spilling out flow and salivate
surf and then burst out

putting tongues in senses
feelings sensations too
reined in and enhanced
by language brought to the fore

to sing to dance and speak
in every sense there lives
an advocate to fit
the scene and scenery

alas too often some feelings
creating
get the best of me
immoral and selfish

rule sending logic and temperance
to hell

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Sensitivity

phantom feelings are really there,
haunting and taunting,
a residue once resided, refusing
to leave, live on without form

echoing on and on,
more acute when painful
a nostalgia in limbo,
sobbing come back

a ghost, crying, make it as it was
bring back what I have lost
make me whole again though
excised, amputated and cast aside

feelings evicted, must wind down
with time, till sorrows are numbed
and pain succumbed, physically fatigued
phantoms sometimes echoing, do fade away

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Sensory

she touched me
all my fuses blew,
she touched me and I raptured
all the bells rang and chimes chanted

spurting out of ganglions
tingling neurons shook
trembling,
substance of being,
obeyed the sensory trigger

oh touch me here
and touch me there
again and again and again

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Sequence

It might all depend on who came first
or how many clichés, dance on my lines
I walk the dogs, the dogs walk with me
lead me on. know the route as well as I

we contemplate the why of things
the stones, the rocks, the boulders
the sky the sun the earth
the dogs leave their messages, motion and wastes

I do measurements,
they are faithful unconditionally
have no need nor are they saddled
as caretakers of this universe,
why on earth, do we need so many janitors

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Sequences

Sequences

Now and before
Know the score of then
Now and tomorrow
The story of when

Shimon

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'Set Theory'

Set C is bigger than Set D
Both belong to A & B
families of rules and habits
with systems that intersect

sets together
help forget
loneliness of no rule
void, that choice rejects

which set is best for me

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Seven Valences

I am of two minds
That harp on my sanity

Am of two worlds
Of physical and psyche

Am of two parents
Each of different gender

Guided by two celestial bodies
Shine and reflect in the heavens

Am driven by dialectics
Of two opposites

I am of two acoustics
One listens one hears

I am good and bad
Real and unreal

There are two parts of me
Love of life and fear of death

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Shadow Lane

whispers, bring back
robust times and passion teased,
visceral centers,
impose their fleshy dictates,
and times of jealousy,
blot out friendship and compassion,

possess possessed, obsessed
with silky smooth and soft,
fuzzy pluma, tender tendrils,
fondly fondle and caress

ripples gently probe
hollows filled with trust,
smiling waves lift me up
dwell on, dreamy dreams

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Shadows And Images

Shadow on the wall
Tells the story of
Less than I, me or myself

How can it be
That to be is
Subject object and reflexive

Is it any wonder
The subject
Wants to live forever

Becomes wise and clever
Invents a soul or reborn
Denies return to never

The shadow on the wall
Turns to God
Explain it all

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Shall I Compare Thee

shall I compare thee to an autumn day
an autumnal equinox, a twilight zone
neither here nor there, a box a sphere
compare thee to the oceans of waters

liquid and fluid, flowing current streams
why do I compare thee at all, and seek
to make eloquent metaphors, similes
to please the minds eye for posterity

the age of relativity will not free me of
the gravity of your being nor release me
from the bonds of reality, nor do I seek
resurrection and salvation from my obsession

as long as I know this and you do too
after autumn, winter will ensue

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She

She

She is everything
That I am not

And much
That i would like to be

Her affinity
For all live things

Big and small
Delicate and understanding

I prefer
To be the only one
Numbered among her universe

This she cannot understand

I have tried
To reason with her worlds

But there is no place
For only one

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She Is

She is -
my guiding light,
tells me what to do
when to do
and how to do
making life a fine
how do you do

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Shiver And Shake

Rubella of German origin, rashed the baby's skin,
shocked the mother, poxed the dermis,
on the road of growing up, chicken poxed
with scars of itchy wars, scarlet fever raged galore
triumphed over mumps and falling bumps

scratches, burns of matches, fanged, bit by
serpent or mammal, insected and infected
by crawling creatures, overcame hordes of danger
cut down in prime, run down by man made tools
or struck by statistics and post modern realistics

beware if you care, or just shiver and shake

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Sighs

a sigh, is just a sigh
escaped the lips
does not tell, why
it did not die,

perhaps,
from the depth of the soul
soft, fathered
timid sensitivity

or comes
with a whooshing sound
of impatience,
a fit of caprice,

not the sigh
of lost love
disappointment
or enjoyment

myriad of reasons
emotions vented
brought into being,
hard to try to guess

the birth of a sigh

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Silent Treatment

All starts
With disagreement

The more
You delay

The harder it is
To play again

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Simile Spoke, Metaphor Evoked

from one metaphor to the next
the carousel of loop to loop
at the luna park, tickles the senses
frightens the fears

pay good money for schizo tears
endorsed and invoked
is the punch line and joke
of imagination, evoked

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Sirens Of Memorial Days

Sirens scream, remember me
I'm gone and buried
where were you when I needed help

The sirens blare and screech
don't forget us. you are there
because we're here

beneath the ground you walk
shrill sirens shout and call
don't make the same mistakes
compromse, compensate

Sirens shriek, avenge revenge, take arms
let the blood flow, purge the wrong
don't forget us, an eye for an eye
my patriots are your terroists

we stand at attention to remember
what's in your heart, pride, sorrow or revenge
bugles call wait till next year
for dead children and new recruits

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Sit And Set Straight

armchair, easychair or rocking chair
comfort, reeling or in despair
embrace all who enter its den and lair

fondled by comfort, seduced with ease
encased by cushions soft and rounded
colorful temporal and grounded

drowsing, dreamy psyche takes flight
sets in motion thoughts and notions
relaxation and satiation

older peoples posture and carriage
illusions and delusions
diluted and dissolved by age

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Slanting

heads when pillowed
have a different outlook,
anatomies cushioned
adjustments stream lined,
freedom and choice

condemned or blessed
by hierarchies,

vertical or horizontal
makes all the difference

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Slits And Slats

Slits and slats
Let in the light

Kept out by curtains
And venetian blinds
Pulled down shades
And drapes of kinds

To keep the beams
From shining in

Lighting up
Casts shadows out

Shut in
Morbid sullen thoughts

Escaping
Darkness
Lets the sun
Shine in

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Slopes

Slopes a downward incline, upward climb
angle of the eye, slides and slips
glides across the horizon, breaks the line
slants the movement of the sun

elongates, the shadow of the inclined man
upon the mountain's crest
crying for his woman's breast

rise, from horizontal to incline
standing at right angles
from earth to sun and back again

no slopes or bent shadows
minds and souls, heralds of being
prostrate or vertical,
our hopes, contrive brave new hoizons

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Smog Hangs Over

when smog hangs over
memory is slow
to reveal its know
shed the cloak of limbo

sensations breathe
into the mind
a consciousness,
lift the blinds

draw the drapes
open the curtains,
forget has fled
to let the memory shine in

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Smoke Screams

smoke screens and hoaxes
keep honest folk from
seeing what seems to be
is not all the reality,

limpid blue eyes
moist look
of helplessness beckons
to the quick sands, of hypnotism and wiles

Eve mother of all
agrees all it takes
is that glance,
looking of the eyes

turn mens' icy resolution,
to second thoughts, manipulated
coupled with soft caress
powers of suggestion,

ask at the hall of fame and infamy
old hags of Lysistrata and witches of MacBeth
seducers, Helen, Delilah and Salome

lambs castrated taken to slaughter
is the process of evolution
all else deception and illusion

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Snow Flake

Little snowflake, little snowflake
I tried to follow your feathery descent
Among crowded flurries

I know you are there
Hiding
Gliding and tossed about

Somewhere she rests
With all the others
In that snowfall from the sky

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Snowing

hides the gray and green
brown and black
sleet and shack,
paints a momentary sight

covers over with white delight,
smooths with rounded curves
sharp angles disappear
beneath this cheer,

giddy feelings, prompt
smiles and laughter,
storm changed the form
heavily laden branch to branch

colored white the sight
tip topped, drip dropped
hid the grit and grime
frightened eager eyes

childrens' sighs
gasps and gulps, cries of joy
for such a sea of white-
in morning light

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So Much Depends On

What is there in a flower
That makes it so attractive
Full of sun beams
And crystal waters

Rainbow colors
Sweet odors

Soft beckoning
Caressing the eyes
Igniting and lighting
Internal skies

Full of smiles
And heady thoughts
Chasing away
Sullen moods and pouty lips

Lets in the fellowship of
Fragrance and cheer

On one world
One flower
Makes
All the difference

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Sobbing Hopes

bitten by little chances
tears at the heart
swim to the brim
eyes are dimmed

dreams and streams
turned coat
sequentially abused
scream next not first

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Soccer And Fans

Blurs of movement slashed across the green
sashes of uniforms and teams
running down the fields up to the goals
dizzy scenes racing back to defend their own

roar constant roar, propel to greater heights perform
caught up, on lookers gush orgiastic shouts and chants
splash and gash with sounds the skies around
millions upon millions of pro and con and back and forth

each year more vital, jugular and vocal
so vicious in physical
for crown of gold and glory
cheered on cheered on by crowds beserk

both far and near and in between the madding crowds
the ball goes flying through the goal.

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Social And Security

Now days Social Security
is neither social
nor secure

Prostitution has to do
with sex and economics
and some diseases too

Pimps only get in the way
Circumcised or not
they get their cut

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Socialized

Bussed, to and fro
fussed by small quaters
trussed and packaged
economy sized

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Sociologically Adept

familiarity is cozy,
in the end
tends to kill interest,
routine sets in

and gangerene of time
begets ignore,
betrayed by habit
search for unfamiliar

change seeks us out,
risking comfort
we cross the bar
set foot on other shores,

before was familiar
discarded and replaced
by now and tomorrow
of new frontiers,

having left each other
long before departure
added the excuse,
variety the spice of life

stability and constancy
have their merits
need no justification
of encore

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Soft

soft pleasant to touch, bends and buckles
malleable, soft and tender, licks the texture
of adjacent strata, soft billowy clouds,
quivering breasts caress the eyes
arora of soft aroma tickles tendrils,
raises hair and goose pimples

a concert sweet and tender,
render and surrender
to soft, so soft carried aloft
to a curved universe, without sharp angles
and pointy things, lollapalloza

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Solid And Plane

no elliptical door, barred
rectangular shadows
triangular reflections

conical refractions
grimaced and bounced off
smooth surfaces pimplly problems

itched, bitched and barked

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Solipsism And Solecism

Nothing, is,
In my world, it's empty
A vacant vacuum

Except nothing, is,
Here, there and everywhere
When now was then and before

Is, Nothing
It never died
Just faded out

Perhaps it never was
But my false and empty
Neither is nor was

Or what you see
Was cloned to be,
I and me and some philosophy

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Solopsism And Me

you are because I am,
one beside another describes space
one after another is time
and not place

to be or not to be
is the tautology of self
to be and then not to be
short fuse of demise

for when I am not
you will be gone
a world collapsed without one
beside another or one after another

search in the pyramids, catacombs.
cemetaries for mothers and bones,
for subjects and objects
of historical tones,

it is motion and waste say that I am
but in a Solopsistic world, a Mexican standoff
to prove or disprove, that you are and can be
is all subjective of me

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Some Acts Have A Life

how many emotions
make up for each notion,
how many notions enhance
other emotions.

from acorns of senses
great oaks take root,
rise into the heavens
laden with branches of feelings,

budding leaves of nerves,
ganglions of senses
intersecting entwining and whining
crisscrossing back and forth,

an act comes to life
emotions assembled breathe
life into action and deed
borne of reason and senses

birthed and created
in that image,

not all acts survive
some are stillborn, some ignored
still others get lost
or fall off the beaten track

some become so great as to
enslave the creator,
or teach the lesson
of independence,

some are remembered
some are forgot, some are happy
some are sad some are dead
some are stuff that dreams are made

begets a life of its own

climbs into heavens
soars above the clouds
wings its way to eternity

paving a road,
cutting a path through
forests and jungles,
swimming rivers and oceans

the act soon forgets
the author of its being
claims acclaim for its own
giving birth to another

and another and
so on to infinity

shimon weinroth

Some Catty Historians

An historian delights, to treat,
those he dislikes, with disdain
Analyses deeds and facts with spite,
cast in an unglamorous refrain
Proceed to paint a picture of objectivity,
fraught with subjectivity
Poor soul and reader must know
this report will accept no retort
That perhaps they distort,

Historians know it all
And the reader knows, little or nothing,
of what caused an empire to fall,
Events to stall,
revolutions and kingdoms for all
Cannot reconcile acts and deed
with theory and thought
Caution us to wait, another millennium
perhaps then the story
Will tell their configurations,
were as silly as hell

shimon weinroth

Some Do Some Don'T

I'm so glad you phoned
I know you wanted
to come
but couldn't

too many things
in the way

it was so nice
to hear your voice
the lilt of your laughter
the note of expectation

happines and joy
though I can't hug you
hold you close
I know you are there

some loneliness
has vanished
with the holiday cheer

even a glossy greeting card
is better
than none at all
saying

Best wishes to one and all

shimon weinroth

Some Observations

time, is a by product of space
and what is,

timeless, eternal and unending,
space of nothing,

who, says you can not change the past,
tell it to the historians, exegesis
and hermeneutics,

objective, an impossible feat
of the subjective,

genes are our vehicles, to posterity,
we are not the vehicles, of our genes
our computers are,

I have seen the other side of the moon
I have seen Mars and outer space
I have yet to see no homeless people
on our planet,

I'll be damned if I'll be cloned,
will I have legal rights and royalties

shimon weinroth

Something And More

there is something about,
the fragrant smell of early morning dew
of fresh cut grass
your hair showered and shampooed

aromas to spice my life
thrilling with arousal
sings and beguiles my soul
to want for more

roses and sweet flowers
baked morning rolls
mango and peaches
toast and tea

there is something about first rays
of the sun peeping over the horizon
chirping birds, sound of crickets
buzzing of insects and bees

but they are not enough
for a complex soul and social being
to feed upon
seek out others to laugh sing and gossip
to act out the dance of life

shimon weinroth

Something Went Wrong

what's good for you
might not be good for me
expediency invented democracy
to make it good for you and me

oh doctors of democracy
it hurts so often and I worry so much
that in this dish of multi-cultures
other diseases multiply

casting shadows of impending doom
undermining wishful edifying, called equality
oh doctor, doctor, give me some medicines
he deals out pills of subsidies
good for you, suffocating grantless children

in democracies the strangest bedfellows
lying together tend to breed
inequality and resurrect an aristocracy

shimon weinroth

Sometimes

Sometimes, I watch a smell o drama, get wimpy and teary
Long for my youth, lust for must
Turn down the lights, the vision is clearer
Those are not tears, just dust, in my eyes

Woken from seance and stupor,
Don't count me out, put me out to pasture,
Return to reverie, to walk with Bogart, Cooper and John Wayne
Laugh with Grant and Chaplin, they were my heroes, did it for me

Couldn't connect with Gable and Paul Muni
Saying they were before my time
Oh and the Women so untouchable, I drool with memory
Phantoms of fantasy, don't wake me, let me dream
Of what seemed, and long for, swim in the seas of nostalgia
Drown in what might have been

shimon weinroth

Songs Of The New World

I hear technology singing
I hear the hum of computers
from the sockets in the wall
and transmitters down the hall

I feel the waves of energy
tremors of mighty power
fill the rooms and towers
click and beat pulsing all about

steel antennae and transformers
pointed fingers at the sky
standing in farmers fields
clusters, cluttering busy streets

overhead or underground
sounds emitting day and night,
I hear their immoral song
breathing congested storms of energy

unmelodious and strong
I see bald headed children
and cancer wards
filled with victims of their song

shimon weinroth

Sonnet 71

Do not mourn for me when i am dead
It is the coporeal being that has fled
Worn out by time
Frail cloak is shed

My spirit that better part of me
Will not give the earth its due
Nor leave my love alone
I leave the legacy of poems

Voice recording, echoing
Through out the universe
Sweet love, I write of you
Of the dance we danced

shimon weinroth

Soothe Your Feelings

soothe the surface of your soul
don't get involved,
or go any deeper

there are people,
starving on the streets
starving in the city, desert

is nature to blame
has god deserted them

there are people starving
all over the world,
is it the drought,
who knows-why care

there are people out there
starved of feelings
who soothe their nature
soothe the surface of their souls

ignore the crowds
don't get involved
or go any deeper

shimon weinroth

Sophia

My wife the philosopher, knows most all
Whenever I have a question, she uses common sense
If logic doesn't provide an answer
Her instincts and insight cut to the core

Discards the superfluous
Undresses the problem, gets to the crux
Simplifies, what seemed complex
Reduces me to a pompous bore

And I feel pompous that I dared to question
What is so obvious
Whenever I say Aristotle said
She says her grandmother said it better

And Plato was such an arrogant dreamer
Socrates so impractical
Often when I quote a philosopher
With esteem and wonder, she cuts me down

With philosophers are mostly only men
And any mother would know better
Says poor Nietzsche needed love
I had better not quote her of what she says of
Sophia, who is mouthed by any men

shimon weinroth

Sophistry And Truth

Today was tomorrow
That came from yesterday
Tomorrow is today
That will become yesterday

Yesterday was the day before today
All my yesterdays became todays
For tomorrow and forever
And another day
Was and will be for eternity

Time which
Had a beginning
Is an eternity
With an end

My search
For immortality
Vain and in vain
Remains a riddle for sophists

shimon weinroth

Sorrowful State

I saw it on TV, a plane over disputed land
search and find a running object,
darting from here to there, in broad daylight
pilot pulled the trigger, destroyed the object

no video game, reality come to life,
I saw and heard it on TV, a foaming broadcaster
a commentator and reporter lusting
to arouse national pride in such a deed

second thoughts, hundreds of thousands of dollars
to kill only one homo-sapient

shimon weinroth

Sorrows

She was gone
Long before she left
It's too early for nostalgia
Too late to try again

No slamming of the door
No roaring tantrums or acts of gore
Just a slipping, slow sliding from
The embrace of love

Such partings
Have no sweet sorrows
Soon turn to petty theivery
Dwarfing pictures of the past

shimon weinroth

Soul Full

A glance ago,
I arose,
From some deep trance

The bell of consciousness
Struck

A deeper somber tone
Waking my poor soul

Warning
Atonement
Is in order

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Space

Space is finite
and not eternal
Space is.
And time measures the vastness

If space were not
there would be no time
spaces are the dimensions
to which time relates

and gives birth
to the nostalgia of infinity
yearning to find the shores
finite and exact

shimon weinroth

Special

they say I'm different
mock me, call me weird,
strange and freakish,
I think I'm special,

make me lonely and afraid,
I live and pray in the same community
belong to the same species,
still I'm different

and would replicate and copy
as many of my kind as possible,
I look into the mirror to find,
I'm not so different as they say,

in the name of equality and liberty
let me live and love
to reproduce my differences
change and undermine the status quo

to make you all like me,
be fair be tolerant and aware
when the time comes
you too will be special

shimon weinroth

Special Differences

they say I'm different, mock me, call me weird,
strange and freakish, I think I'm special
they make me lonely and afraid I live and pray
belong to the same species, still I'm different

would replicate, and copy as many of my kind,
I look into the mirror to find, I'm not so different,
in the name of equality and liberty, let me live
to reproduce my differences, undermine status quo

to make you all like me, be fair, be tolerant
aware, when the time comes, you too will be special

shimon weinroth

Speech Acts

I'm a speech act, fathered by a predicate,
born with words, on the waves of an act
stirred to speak the language of command,
my kernal of duality owes allegiance first,

to the one who birthed me, without him,
i'd have no present or future,
the other me, sings out can spark and fire
to fatherhood sons of my speech

till the moment of fulfillment, consummation,
I'm just a shadow of the father
whose shining presence illuminates,
elongates or shortens the form,

and the voices, tenor bass or soprano
are committed to similes and metaphors
or prefigured, Griceian implicators
embedded come to life,

if not watered the kenetic expression
wafts away unnoticed and ignored,
background shadow, never came to life
or might come to the fore to command

imperious imperator, says do this do that
eat your hat

shimon weinroth

Speechless

Speechless

unseen apples
falling in the forest
without mouths

shadows in caves
blurred forms
dim witted illusions
unrelated

handcuffed and gagged

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Speexh Less Too

That apple that fell in the forest,
when i was away,
was not part of my world
Till I spoke -

shadows in a cave,
dim lighted figments of the eye
unrelated -
are not part of my world

time is germane
in order to meet
at a future date,
muted, it might never happen

shimon weinroth

Spinning Tales

mother earth spins on her axis
turning round Old King Sol
so says the sun dial,
star of nebulous form spinning-
seems by nature, uniform

Attica was roo tumultous
Athens too turbulent,
for our ego-centric space
we dreamt by circadian rhythm

oh history, now I lay me down to sleep
my soul the sun to keep-
electrons usually spin the other way
swinging out of orbits
making a quantum mess of rhythm

galoping minds and runaway hearts
romp our heavens, riding
unfettered motions leap the galaxies
string up waves of electronic spins
oh why, oh why, do we spin from left to right

shimon weinroth

Spirits, Spirit, And Spiritual

alcohol of drink goes in
dormant spirits come out,
other sly spirits enter, stir up
memory of secrets devout,

routed from every corner and furrow,
leak, trickle flow, expand and fill
the wells, run over the brims, to tell of
sordid and grim, prideful and sinful

mundane and inane or of din and import,
in language sad of humorous, full of
simile and metaphor, ambiguity intensional
or unconscious, cognative or unknowing,

once out, starts talking and walking
on the strength of its self,
having a life, splits and gives birth
to some of its own, designed or disowned

with or without more drink and spirits
once heard, roams and multiplies in forms
without, catalyzers to speed
or slow down, speech of emotions packed,
in naivety or stupidity

noble and great the power of the word
spoken or writ, or filled with drivel
babble and wit, cliché or kitch,
in which case, silence is golden

shimon weinroth

Spontaneity Withheld

never gave of yourself
and said
take me as you will
no reservations
no bars held
do with me what you will
yours in entirety

too frequently
don't do this
or do that
don't touch me here
or there

never said
have your way with me
do as you please,
pleases me
to give of myself
with no bars held

shimon weinroth

Spring 07

The ides of March have
come and gone
spring with all its green
Is upon us

Days are longer
nights are shorter
skies and starry heavens
are clearer

Her smile lingers longer
I breathe more easily
Early morning dawn
fresh air and cool breeze

On wings of hope and
sunshine memories
carry me aloft
to soft and billowy

tickles the fancies
turns to love

shimon weinroth

Spring Of Life

Shoots erect
Out of the ground
Turgid, vibrant, quiver erupt
Seeding the ground

Biological trap
Fierce battle of genotypes
Atomized, chromosomes
Helix chained

Sequence danced
To the tune of a phenotype
Springing to attention

Swept by a trifling breeze
Thermo waves, currents, events

How many were sacrificed
For one elite to breed true
Sounds futile to you
Agreed, I detest such a creed

Theoretical, heretical
The shutter blinks
Selects and winks

shimon weinroth

Springtime

the Ides of March have come and gone,
spring with all its green is upon us
days are longer, nights shorter
skies and starry heavens clearer

her smile lingers longer,
I breathe more easily,
early morning dawn
fresh air and cool breeze

on wings of hope and
sunshine memories carry me aloft
to soft and billowy,
tickles the fancies, turns to love

shimon weinroth

Squabbling

forty odd years and more,
they fell into a way,
of passing the time of day,
without anything good to say

He would say I,
she would retort with aye
thinking her contrary and spiteful,
he mumbled and grumbled
and gave her an earful,
She was not humbled,
her retorts were awful,

this went on,
for forty odd years and more,
their children five, grown and mature
left for a place more secure, .

this talent of carrying on
for two generations and more
helped them to carry on
forty odd years and more

shimon weinroth

Squinting

why do you squint sir, to see more clearly,
the sun in my eyes, orb of the heaven blinds
at night time, the other divine body too weak

why then do you go about squinting
to shut out the glare, face up and stare
at what might be happening
shut my eyes to reality,

though, illusions are the bane,
solipsism not on the wane
squinting the modus, a fashion to ignore

you sir, why do you squint
to cut out the sight
of pain, deny the torture and blood shed
of what man is doing to man

shimon weinroth

Stacked Cards

The name of the game
the rules of the game,
are never the same,
for both them and me

advantages I would like
seem to be taken

without the right name
I am lost and forsaken
beaten by their rules
of the game

shimon weinroth

Starward Ho The Way To Go

bilaterally designed
inclined by axis of a spine
different from the other kind
took ages,
till the ankles held the weight

unconscious of the steps,
learned the process of a gait
one rubbed upon the other
each sole the tinniest difference

unilaterally tread upon
a soul similar to the mother
equal to the task of being

threading the mystery of movement
completed the action
stepped upon the moon

climbed the stars
departing from an earth
of birth
before it's too late

shimon weinroth

State Of Complaining

Too few or too many
It's never just right
Too hot or too cold
The weather the mood

The pace too slow or too fast
Upset or indifferent
Sets, subsets and classes
Senses erect, dials alert

Tongues awagging, speak and cry out
Opinions about this or that
About such as
Too little, too much

Only in death everything is just right
And so wrong

shimon weinroth

Stems From Hate

hate is just another form of fear
I wear it proudly upon my head
like a wig, follows me around
makes me secure

some hates are whims, others for real
he wants my karma my mazal, he'd steal it
if he could, the hate upon my head
not made of plastic or tin foil

often seeks revenge from the gloomy past
not only lack of patience and bias
is a will to power without rules
stems from bad growth and bad reasons

shimon weinroth

Steps

moment of consummation
moment of accomplishment
moment of achievement
all rode on the shoulders
of ninety nine steps

who wearied and worked
for the goal
who carried the burden
to the summit

after achievement-
ninety nine steps forgotten
after consummation-
new horizons from pinnacles of old
after accomplishment
gloating of bloated success

ninety nine working bees
ninety nine soldier ants
ninety nine steps all subdued
neutered by fate to a common state

cruel fate determines the rule
all of equal import, alas the last
gets the credit
for all of the steps

shimon weinroth

Stereo-Typed Pheno-Typed

Clear as liquid aqua bella
Sticky as syrupy sweet molasses

Duplicated itself
Deoxy ribbon nucleic acid

Molecule of spiral staircase
Found in nuclie of cells

The heirarchy still
Beats
Within the framework

Stuff reproduced
By the cell
Reproduced by the body
In so many ways

God knows
This magic being stuff

Produced by its order
Reproduces
Species of itself

shimon weinroth

Stick It

Stick It

Wrought by senses false
impaled upon carnal thoughts
immoral and unsought

crept into being

guilt unappeased
tickled and teased

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Stigma

we have stigmas between our thighs,
and stys on our eyes
stain our being,
Cain needed it
Holy Christ, was stigmatized

No amount of penicillin
and their allied groups
can cure the spots,
your stuck once it settles in
a stigma, an added appendage

a hump on your back, a bloated stomach
as it grows takes takes hold,
we have stigmas between our thighs
and stys on our eyes

trying to trade stigmas, doesn't help
you don't get rid of yours
you adopt others become over dosed
branded and maimed,
nothing blots out stigmas of the mind

shimon weinroth

Still Indentured

she cooks, she washes and serves us
no one remembers when it was otherwise,
why should it ever change
we are all happy and satisfied

our needs her needs
the sun comes up the sun goes down
the earth turns round
another day

guided by philosophy
we believe in her
indentured by marriage
and motherhood too

God helps her to manage

shimon weinroth

Stimuli

libido, Rosseta Stone of desire
goose pimples and many other
erectile reactions, arise to lust,
temperature oscillating and rewarding,
wooded and whooshed, bask in

the aftermath, of pleased pleasant,
all the pores open and lax
passively relax, a time when vulnerable
time of space, slowed down, collapsed,
all the fences of objection

faulted and folded, soon very soon
the mind queries, for again and when

shimon weinroth

Stirrings

Each day
Grows into a melody
That blossoms
Throbbing life and wistful thinking

The birds come winging
The bees a humming
Laughter in the air
Appetites fulfilling

Now and the next
Moments, carefree hug and caress
Whispering hushes and blushes
Of what I'd like to do with you

Sing out joys sweet and delicious
Of flowing waves soft and feeling

shimon weinroth

Strike, Struck, Striken

from Cupids dart
a sobbing heart,
a throbbing breast,
striken and dazed,

with fret and worry,
fear upon fear
that to hold and to have
will steadfast be,

moments and dreams
of sweet nothings
fantasies that swim
and frolic, twist and twirl

climb mountains,
breach fortresses
conquer worlds,
my hero my shining star

prancing about the galaxies
riding on a rush of pride
and joyful wishing,
wishful thinking full of whim,

second to none,
and only one,
of my mind pure
fill my trembling psyche

is this feeling and joy
too good to be true
and everlasting,
that with a glance consent,

language of my heart
is heard and read
only by you
and no other,

oh, Cupid what have you done,
when there is no room
for thought and rest
enslaved I am to your sweet venom

shimon weinroth

Succession

First

Enjoys the monarchy of novelty

Next inherits second

Those in the middle

Sequence of mediocrity

Some smatch of recognition

Last

Is caretaker of posterity

Rewrites the history

shimon weinroth

Succulent Wines

succulent grapes sweet or
sour turned to wine
loosen the tongue
for free and easy verse

a second cup the room larger
the company cozier
a third glass you are ten feet tall
and your consort prettier than all

consumate the furture
with, a lingering taste of before,
or take another and another
for a stupor of sweet illusions

shimon weinroth

Succumbing

it's a very serious operation
you might die, too traumatic,
I couldn't survive more than
two weeks, after your demise

Did I hear correctly she planned, on
coming after me, planning my future,
Take your time there is no hurry, stay
enjoy life for thirty years or more

I can manage on my own, how could I
tell her, after fifty years of bliss, consent
to obey, I might want, a long awaited rest

shimon weinroth

Sum Of The Parts Plus

the whole is equal
to the sum of the parts
and some more

taken all together
parts and components
breathe life and meaning
into the whole and entity

the value is more
than it was before
struts its hour
on the stage of being
a little more

this added value
whence did it come
wither will it go
reconcile this-
with the laws of physics

balancing conservation of energies
when solving equations
relate it to negligibles
and scientific irreconcilables

shimon weinroth

Summing Up

echoing of Sophocles, Milton, and Wordsworth.
Prometheus Bound and Unbound,
evoke thoughts and memories
that in earnest sought
formulas and answers,

interpret, interpreting, interpretations,
to the whys and because
often finding split solutions,

the joy is in the exercise,
the process and the wondering,
swimming the oceans of information
down the rivers of knowledge

sifting the sands of thoughts
floating among the histories
and classics
who had trod this road before

I with fascination and discovery
could explore again and again

To Professor Sanford Budick our debt
the doors of knowledge open
took his disciples and students for walks
amid the clouds and realms of thought

unlocked the warehouse and the store
gladly shared, imparted notes of know
that go on echoing and resounding
sublime energy of thought

Seminar of 2008

shimon weinroth

Superstition

Is reason to fear, and some ideas I hold most dear,
By idols I swear, apparel and ornament I wear
Is not clear, what causes praise or sneer
Rumours spread by witches sighs, plain innocent and spies

Enlightened bias by design, abstain refrain, from frivolous
At night secluded in caves and monestaries, deep wells and nooks
In secrecy committed rites on bended knee or prostrated
beneath some hovering belief,

Praying and chanting strains of sway
delight of indulge, conjured by tears and fears
Death and the next generation, tomorrows will invent
falsehoods, superstitions of another sort, electronic or abort

shimon weinroth

Surreali

Out OF This World
surrealism dis di men sions
torts

ELONGATES depreciates

Enhances the dances of imagination

2 oppositional thoughts of 3 dimensions

melt
ed into 1 of me
infinity, eternity, of divinity

WHO can be sure

meta-

physical is not-
epistemical

OH A'priori

shimon weinroth

Survival

are we born with the knowledge of hiding,
do we know what we are hiding from,
we are taught to hide ourselves and things.
from the clear and open skies,

are we innocent by nature,
and only learn tricks of deciet and hiding,
from our next door neighbour,

or are we weaned on the milk
of suspicion, subterfuge and the hidden
fore warned is fore armed,

equip us with this knowledge,
the import of hiding and kept hidden,
tis a force of self-determinism

even the gods stay hidden,
why then condemn, men and woman kind
and put a moral quotient,
on survival

shimon weinroth

Sweet Rose

a pink rose
permeates, sinks into my being
creeps into my senses five
filled with feelings so alive

taste the sweetness and aroma
hear the fluttering of soft petals
see the circle dance
brushing up against each other

woven pattern intertwined
sending out refreshing smells
to the heart - and
memories we know so well

shimon weinroth

Sweet Wines & Rhymes

make there to infinity
here to eternity
bless my wife,
bless my being
bless this wine
with what I'm seeing

shimon weinroth

Symmetry

a bogus of the social mind
one thing looks like another
has the features of its mother

keeping tabs of items,
of so many
easier to set into

sets and families
groupings and clans,
cans and cant's

defining tells how,
one is like another
similar to the father
calling it symmetry
for convenience

alike but different,
individual so to speak
an identity,
not identifying
with the world of symmetry

shimon weinroth

Symmetry And Asymmetry (In War)

set A and set B
set out to show
like and unlike
in the war of relativity

bombs and rockets
cause destruction
death and pain
revenge and blame

blood letting and
blood shedding
are not the same

killing adults and
killing children
are different and cruel

onre side is better
than the other side
both have God on their side

innocent bystanders
man slaughtered is worse
than killing fire fighters
and civilian workers

murdering ten
is disproportionate
to killing an hundred
not all get to heaven

intent to kill
is greater than accidental
spilling of blood,
alas war is war

terrorism
divorced of pity and fear

uncourageous
and inhuman

Who said war is humane

All say
we had no choice
And they are justified

Remember! Not sending a rocket
or throwing a bomb
is an act
of Free Will

Shimon Weinroth
Shimon

shimon weinroth

Sympathy Of Empathy

wheeling
a wheelchair
rolling
strolling along

tyranny of malady
sickness and deform
tolerance and love
become

the well and unwell
need each other,
and those feelings
walk the dog
put out the cat
and feed the birds

shimon weinroth

Symptoms Of Old Age

don't come, all at once,
creep up from behind,
joints tend to breath and yawn
muscles ache at dawn,

on awakening, clouds of haze,
bear shades of daze,
stretching out limbs shout,
beware, of sudden motion,

breathing no longer free and easy
gasps and whistles, whispers tones of weary
the eyes tell a different story,
shining, though not as loud as before,

ring the bell of glad to be,
singing I am here and glad to stay,
alas terms of duration
have changed, gears have slowed,

priorities replaced,
tempered and perhaps wiser
doesn't mean I have to like it,
nor accept without a struggle,

confrontations are not met head on
I simply try to go around them,
exercise because I have to,
take the vitamins because I need to

swallow pills and more pills,
drugging the weary systems,
into believing this is best for them
the same emotions, still sit on my shoulder

filling my gut, have simmered down,
it is not lethargy, or surrender
that quides, the psyche, seeks comfort,
my dreams are tempered by the frame of mind

compromise, forgive and forget

shimon weinroth

Synthesizing Desynchronization

I see my love by the speed of light
hear her breathe at the speed of sound,
fragrant taste and touch of being
travel different routes

yet all well up, as I change subject for object,
once reflected, reflecting
new condition of negotiations
social by nature, natural for society

the moment of reflection
becomes the subject
of reflection,
my own my very own

shimon weinroth

Systematic

the system doesn't work
who made the system not to work,
cruel men and lazy workers,

face the facts,
we don't need so many people
it's injuman to kill them

or send them off to war (who says)
entertain or starve them
is just as bad

it's anti-social
to tell them not to breed (who says)
still it might be true

there are too many peple
that we do not need,
who is we and who is them

we need a new system
that will work,
a brave new world (who says)

we tried that system
and came up short
did not find a way to care for all

or a system of fair share
the jails are filled with people
who do not fit the system

rapine theft and murder
goes on and on
befits no system, I would call my own

shimon weinroth

T&Cxp = Matchmaking

Triolus in his sore need
beseeched and pled his case
to his friend Pindarus
Criseyde's uncle and protector

when things went awry
they cried for salvation
and the matchmaker was
accused of pimping

are not, a scheming father
and conniving mother
who for their offspring plan
meetings and marriages

should we use a softer note
to describe the same office
ethics are of the mind
and of the beholder

shimon weinroth

Take Me With You

I sit at the window
Wherever i look
I am surrounded by green

The flow of outside
My children's laughter and tears
Run on a different track

I am left at my station
A still life
Painted trapped

By an older dimension of time

shimon weinroth

Taking Stock

he died and passed away,
and we sighed with relief,
bade him farewell
to another realm

for conventions sake,
burying him, obeyed
the ceremonies of forefathers
from the beyond,

duty had called
and we responded,
strange our burden of care
is lightened,

he passed away
and we sighed with relief,
is it because
he would suffer no more

or, are we no longer responsible
shook off the chains and fetters of care,
the burden spread its wings
to leave an empty space

more time to ourselves, to do
this and do that, and the other,
he would be missed
on our own terms,

watered by time and selections,
fond memories
would return
at a later date,

he passed away and
we sighed with relief

shame on you

shimon weinroth

Tautology

tell me true
that what I knew
will tomorrow be

what of today
that has no replay
and what I say was said

how sad
that true
is not what I knew

shimon weinroth

Tempting Reunions

buried in memories of better pasts
a wizened old prune, a nervous wreck,
and a mania depressive, forms and shells
washed up on the beaches of now,

come marching up reject, attract
say life is slipping by,
flash-backs deluding filed away,
trying to escape mortal chains,

rankling and wheezing complaints,
other points in time, gloss over
or have shared a past so fine
memories to calm and soothe,

the inevitable know of now
hopes for a better day,
for the children's children
something nicer to say

shimon weinroth

Thanks For Your Letter

got a letter from Jake, so gusty and jesty
that even Leo silver would blush
gossipy and to the point, nothing weak about this guy

you might think a strong wind would blow him away
he's not the kind that would give one head
or lap and tongue to please, for the sake of talk

comes right out and spits his feelings
spewing and dotting around whatever was said

He's the kind of guy doesn't beat the bushes
makes me tongue tied, so tedious and negative
he's not my kind of guy

shimon weinroth

That's That

Said the man to his cat
We learn by imitation
There is nothing wrong
With that

We love to sit and chat
And play tit for that,

One gene to another
I am better than you
Not better
But other

Don't brag
Don't make a stink
You might soon
Go extinct

shimon weinroth

The Beginning

Thus it happened, and came to pass
So it was and will always be,
Bible, Bible for whom
Story, myth legendary if

Thus it happened,
Heaven and earth had their birth
It came to pass, chaos took a form
And we were born

So it was, stromy woman and man
Battled and fought, the programmed plan
Thus it shall always be, so it happened,
It came to pass, there was peace on earth

And good will to man
But not to woman

shimon weinroth

The Best

the greatest poem ever
has not been written
the greatest poet
is still unknown

so, i keep on writing
to let you know
how i feel when it snows
or rains or spring winds blow

autumn leaves float
or morning dew on green grass
cloudy skies, the frost in winter
sunshine and morning

the color scheme, landscapes seen
the rivers and water flowing
of motion and waste, and how wonderful
it is to be alive and remind you

the best is yet to come

shimon weinroth

The Closed Line

I hang up the wash,
she doesn't like the way I do it,
irreverently, not smoothing creases,
and if its her undies she doesn't
want me to handle her personals,

when I do it,
the corners twisted, clothespins too tight
the hanging lines are just not right
I pull and stretch this way and that,

when I finish hanging they always seem
a motely lot,
kitchen towels here, jeans there
pants and shirts hanging never ruffle

even listlessly, seem different to the eye
laundering is no easy task,
care to seperate the colored wash
from the white, wool from other fabrics

finesse and delicate touch
etiquette of cloth and weaves
a longer life washing bright,
she adds all sorts of fragrance and smells
fresh and smooth to touch

I know its not fair,
it's not my nature, nor was I brought up
to treat with reverence what we wear,
I can change a flat tire,
or carry out the garbage so much better

shimon weinroth

The Cry Goes Out

all we are looking for
is a days honest work,
all we are looking for
food and school for the kids,
all we are lookig for
is to give peace a chance,
all we are looking for
pure air and clean water,
all we are lookinng for
to cry and to laugh,
without war at our door,
all we are looking for
is to grow old in peace.

shimon weinroth

The Day Magic Died

I sat down and cried, wondered why, magic died
Do you know of its demise,
Now I fear and dare not dream of miracles
And how we came about, and fables full of doubt

How could God let magic die and pass away
Now who will believe in Him who made the world in 6 days
All the devils sinners and dragons have gone to hell
All the martyrs, god's men and goodmen in heaven to dwell

Magic died, no more gimmicks tricks, miracles of wonderland
All the king's witches and wizards can't bring magic back again
Though I cry at the shores of reason, they're brushed away
By winds of logic and real, mathematics and steel

Come out and play with me, I would see the magic of your glee
but you say magic has died, I cannot play till we find to where he went
and why, magic come back, make us free to dream and hope for more

shimon weinroth

The Elephant

Michael drew an elephant
Put it on a page sent it by mail
This large pachyderm, from across the seas
Now, had a life of its own

Upon opening the letter, started to dance and sing
To grandma, I was cooped up, without air and space enough
Michael made me, and bade me say, that I am a gift to you
And he is sorry he could not come with me

But you must feed me, and teach me
To read and write, and do what's right
Grandma says thank you, but is somewhat sad
That you could not come

She promises to hang me on the wall, upon fixing the elephant
To its place, we all started to cry, Michael's elephant sighed
And took cheer, and said the lad will draw some more
Have no fear, be not sad, in the next letter, surprises hugs and kisses

shimon weinroth

The Last Hundred Years

Have made all the difference

We can kill
More of ourselves
Efficiently
Have better means

Can destroy
The planet
Masters of our fate
Have expertise
To shut down galaxies

Erase the ozone mantle
Pollute our ecology
Extincting species every day
Are mere accomplishments

Compared to what we might do
In the future
If
We have one

shimon weinroth

The Last Word

sounds ominous and cryptic,
' In The Beginning'
has the finality of decisive
of no repeal,

in the dance of discussion
debate and converse, the
intercourse of language,
we seek the final phrase

to leave our mark
of praise or derision
full of rule and vision,
power of will

why is it that when
we are talking in light
and bountiful banter,
you always sum up

and I always get
the next to last remark,
even if the content
was of little matter

you seem to deem your right
to end the talk
and if i do appeal,
sage and wise though it be,

sat that it is of no great issue,
why do I protest
if the context, is of little matter,

I sigh and hope, next time
I shall have the last word,
commenting, you say
that it might be,

shimon weinroth

The Magic Of

horizontal and vertical transmission

she bribes him with her body
he blackmails her with promises
of now or never, and now and forever

shimon weinroth

The Other Butterfly Effect

there is a ripple in my mind
bound over by other waves
there is a rumbling in my mind
in search of the drowning ripple

that might turn into a crease, wrinkle,
crack the smooth surface,
slowdown the flow, the stream of thought
gather other debris and multiply,

pulse with impulses, distort the memory
create illusions, delusions of bias and hate
the ripple lies, at the bottom of my lake
spewing venom and mistake,

the ripple having grown lives on its own
takes charge of other thoughts
builds a bank of memories of distort
emotions of the ripple eat up reason

indigest the mind with ill logic of a kind
the ripple becomes a cancer and destroys
other thoughts of the mind so contagious
creates the wastelands from a burbling

brook of venom, streams to rivulets
flows to the sea, polluting oceans,
thank heavens acquired thoughts
are not inherited

but the ripples of a contaminated ecology
are food for thought,
the next time you feel a ripple
smother, kill the serpent in its egg,

don't let it get the better of you
vigilance
of its kind
can bring peace of mind

shimon weinroth

The Second Day

Patterns of up and down
motions movements, of back and forth
need not intersect-
on another plane

Rotate travel round and round
swirls of whorles
swallowed up by a universe
both clam and turbulent

now in the sixth millennium
creations children
of circadian rythmn
tear down the roads
of speed and motion

shimon weinroth

The Sequence

ago, forever moving back in time,
flies the historians flag,
reckons with hindsight,
leaves the present for the past,

before moves forward
departing,
to the future,
till the edge of finite,

time is not circular,
thus before
might not meet
in the wastelands of ago,

will we never learn
from our mistakes-
one act of violence
begets another

shimon weinroth

The Sisterhood

My daughters, always defend their mom,
Take her side, in differences of opinion
It's not a question of democracy
I'll always be outvoted because there,
Are more hers

They stick together,
Have more in common with each other
It is a question of gender
Though I might rant and rage
Strut up and down the stage

Beg and plead, like a natural man
My case is lost, and I am bossed
For too often my sons, join in
To side with their mom

And I sigh to the melancholy strains and
Muses, they might be right, they might be right

Just another dad

shimon weinroth

The Snap Shot Man

The Snap Shot Man

grabs our orbital balls
squeezes our brains
focuses bias

zooming in
dooming us
to camera time

Shimon Weinroth

shimon weinroth

The Terrain

walking a straight line
might be uneventful
any other terrain
makes walking
pot holes of interest

shimon weinroth

The Unspoken Words

I am not courageous, nor am I vengeful
it just seems so much easier, to let it go
pass me by, forget,
sidestepping confrontations, is my dance of dignity

why get involved, it's beneath my code,
then in retrospect, I claim, peaceful responsibility
I look back at lanes and roads, boulevards,
row on row of justifications,

my future is full of safe, flatlands
without traffic signs, of hindsight,
for I chose not to speak out

when my children asked
where were you when it happened,

I did it for you and security,
and it was too tough to speak out
I took the wrong turn,
my cowardice is to blame,

afraid of pain,
I did nothing and succumbed

shimon weinroth

The Way Of All Flowers

I took the flower home
to deck my room
fill and surround
my thoughts with feelings
soft and colorful

put it in water to drink
moved it this way and that
fussed over it
to stand and serve
attend my being

I looked, I saw, I gazed
I was so proud to own
this companion
we lived together
for some days

I basked in its beauty
magnetized, mesmerized
lit up my universe,
desk and soul,
then it drooped

I could not see its face
color faded, the petals
curved in and tarnished
turned brown and rusted
water smelled, murky and sad

my flower wilted and died
though she was dying when
first I brought her into the room
I wrapped her in newspaper
I could not trash her
with all the other refuse

shimon weinroth

There Go I

in early morn, before the sun up
my one legged man,
comes to the sea shore
proethesis and all

discards his aid
hops into the sea
she bathes, caresses and cleans
never giving the slightest thought

about the missing leg above the knee
never wondering how it had come about
she treats him, like the hero he is
passing I doff my cap

with a laughing smile, he waves back,
whenever I feel some pain,
I remember his plight
and find it hard to complain

shimon weinroth

Thoughtless

A passing comment shoots it down
A smirk, a sneer, a critics jeer
Is all it takes
To impale a work of art

The artist bleeds
And the bells do toll

A work was laid to rest
By a passing comment

A smirk, a sneer
Without a word of cheer

shimon weinroth

Threats And Promises

A threat carried out
Ceases to exist
A promise is a promise
Lives forever
Broken or accomplished

shimon weinroth

Till We Meet In Shang Ra La

how nice it would be
to escape, the
electro-magnetic sea,
garbage dumps and TV,

the buzz and whiz of
phones and human drones,
computers clicking clacking,
the whirr of a billion machines

to go off to some blue lagoon,
a sanctuary unpolluted,
undiluted calm of senses real
fresh air and clear water,

of clean horizons
and safe ozone
no more smog,
and industrial smoke

listen to the sound of music
tinkling laughter of the child
and in reverie think with Rodin,
skate with Bruegel, fly with Icarus,
but not too high,

flow with the lines of Cezanne,
roam with Van Gogh the fields,
embrace his fiery tormented
soul, to comfort and caress,

slide and slither, brush against,
voluptuous sensuous lines of
Baroque, Rococo and Art Nouveau
or touch the sleek and straight Deco

the line the line the infinite line
capricious and fine, curved and
trembling, geometric and cool

pool of design pattern of

my Shang Ri Lah
set in my mind aloof
all possible utopias
no figment of myopia

shimon weinroth

Time

Time Is the adjective
Of the noun called space
So too is eternity to infinity

shimon weinroth

Time And Time Again

no two times are equal,
each interval has its own valence,
quantified and qualified by proximity
intensity, volume and depth,

there is nothing linear in the universe,
why then, do we use tools
and too often linear math,
to measure non-linear phenomena,

do we have to readjust all our calculations
to account for discrepancies,
from a non-linear world to linear measurements
or can we hide behind the term negligible

oh, dear me, how complex,
said Alice,
to the mad hatter
and her Queen of Hearts
Physics is not my cup of tea

shimon weinroth

Time Of Now

time dogs my steps
creeps into my bones
daunts my spirit
creaks up my joints
stabs my flesh,

hurts my pride,
warns me that forever
is a dream,
there is no cure
to stop the clicking clock

ticking the will of time
all the more reason
to make every tick count
and every tock take stock
in the limited company called me

so I fill my hour glass
with resolutions, promises of deeds
that will leave the memory of me
to the eternity of was
and will be

an endless
future
of the family tree
a species
humane and free

shimon weinroth

Timed

tomorrow is another day,
soon it will come
and then,
it will pass,

time is linear,
memory the past
circular and moving
the vector through which

so many lines of thought
illusions are sought,
fantasies dance,
dreams of repose

rupture and spill from
one dimension to another
seeds erupting
hallowing the soil of history

mystery of psyche
yeast of ideas,
sprout leaves of languages,
speak, curse and swear

converse and yell,
laugh and cry out,
warble and marvel in verble,
of before and ago

now and then of this and that
and tit for tat, empathize, sympathize
socialize in medias
electronically inspired, biologically desired,

intervals of time, event in mime
and music sublime, strike chords
deepen the essence of time,
ecstasy of now, joy of tomorrow

alas tied to the pole of convention
habit and familiar, life too short
time for the mortal
in time will abort

shimon weinroth

Timeless

sunken eyes
silently scream
at the ticking face
hanging on the wall
appendages moved by
temporal program

my mind runs on
a different set of rules
walks the dog
puts out the cat
miss making sandwiches
driving you to school

shimon weinroth

Tiny Dots

twinkling out
disappear from the screen
without requiem or resurrection

pass away
flow with time
into sparkling space

shimon weinroth

To Market To Market

we've been to Madrid and Oslo
and Camp David too,
now on our way to Annapolis
to find the wizard of peace
while rockets whiz over
and airplanes target

we are off to market
to barter land for peace
to market to market to
buy the fat pig and soft story

with a pocket full of hope
euphoria of dope
and a lot of wishful thinking
a pig on a spit turning over and over
a ham well done and fit to eat
alas not kosher to both
Arab and Jew

perhaps neither is peace
for both me and you
and anyway, maybe
it's too late
the planet is doomed
and polluted

we are all Polar Bears
floating south
too full of hate and guile
to make peace and smile

shimon weinroth

To The Kindergarden Teacher

I'm their grandfather,
and his father,
thus a partner
in your thunder

and to the afterglow
now you know,
how far and wide
your dedication
did grow

embracing generations
as they come and go

shimon weinroth

To The Meister

And I walked into the valley
Of Grim, fearful and troubled
Till I heard the voice of Hector
Prince of Troy, defender and hero

Whose feats and deeds echo
From the walls and palisades
Along the corridors of ill and ailing
Full of courage and encouraging

My worries swept away
By sonorous tones, lilt of know
Compassion, smile and logic

That held the fortress unassailable
From hordes and Greek Gods
Overcome only by deceit, mystics and magic

As I lay prone in safe Hands
Second to none. I had come to dock
Anchored in harbor

My ship and corporeal being
Would set sail again on an even keel
Ride the waves of heartbeats

To the rhyme and rhythm,
Melody of being, to you I owe

shimon weinroth

Tongue Tied

sometimes when I hear
what I say or had planned to say
it's not at all like
what I had thought
once heard I can not swallow it

I try to explain with a lexis
unable
to make the statement disappear
even canceling the remark
the implicature has taken seed

and cancerous growth embedded
in the listening mind
language real, unreeled unreal
so absurd she swallowed a bird
'how now brown cow'

shimon weinroth

Too Much Too Many

there are many,
a whole lot more,
just how much is that,
much much more

in those lands far far away
beyond the mountains over the sun
beyond the stars, outside the galaxy
into a different universe

that's too far away and
how would you know, of such a place
because I am, I can think such lands
beyond the stars, lands of many creatures

multitudes of sizes and shapes
a harmony of harmonies, colors singing
blending flavors, so tender and pleasant,
places where everything is not too far away

and nothing is not too much,
lands of laughter all day long
from dawn to dawn,
lands of forever, where never becomes always

and almost is, and sometimes is enough
and hardly ever is satisfying,
and always returns to never,
where liking is fine, and loving is wonderful,

and wonderful is more, much more
more than more, heaven is heaven
with no other domains, place of places,
that feels the feelings of feel

tastes the smells, more wonderful than
wonderful, how much more, where everything
marks event, numbers them, calling them time
yet timeless, placeless boundless,

I can't cope
without dimensions of relativity
it's too much for me
send my robot to Nirvana

send my computer to heaven,
I'll take each day
one, at a time

shimon weinroth

Too Often

I gaze, in a store, on a bus
a room, a hall, almost everywhere
focus and observe,
look and peer,

a rosy cheek and downy hair
a fine shaped neck,
the rise and fall of a beating breast
hunger and leer

my eye runs down to the ground
a curvaceous calf and Trojan ankles,
and back to the chasis

electricity courses
runs through the anatomy
I, blush and pale
at my glances so crude,

blame it on gestalt
Sigmund, Jung and Adler
the weather
hormones and horny

God and predestination

shimon weinroth

Too Soon To Assess

communications, embedded with conventions,
jewels in our minds and memories,
worn or discarded by the needs of the time,
deemed then valid, have lost receptors of a kind,

by undeclared agreement become ignored
a chord of archaic,
or demise of a passing fad or fetish
and the tolerance of charity,

of vague language quantifiers, lets in
a convention, may later cast it out
or by indifference turns the back of apathy,
and the convention becomes extinct,

no more one night stands,
fear of contagion has changed the courtship,
dance with communiques of suspicion,
how many conventions of etiquette and netiquette

stories plays and novels are beset
by hand and pocket gadgetry, formerly unheard of
a new mode of cellular phone, antennae of my being
each day conceive and birth new conventions

language, first conditioned by agreement and convention
now conditions the conventions

shimon weinroth

Tools Of The Scribe

I know it's true
it can not be otherwise,
I was the last one
to write in the diary

now you tell me,
everyhting, we agreed was true
is no longer, how could it be
you say I was not the last to comment
others came after, to rewrite our history

and so it has been, and so it will be
that pasts and before
have new beginnings

shimon weinroth

Transcend

Transcend

Scarlet blush of smiling bloom
Peeps over wide horizons
Embracing dreary gloom of night
Cold humors puts to flight

Rays then beams, shafts light up
The mood and muses bright
Giddy heady laughter rings and sings
Melodies to frighten fear

Let in the peace
I know your there

Shimon

shimon weinroth

Transplant

After I had my pride taken out,
Humility implanted, it still didn't help
Breathing together, every time I asked you countered
With a question, Why can't I get a straight answer

And then emotions flared into super-novas, implicatures
Tracers that whizzed, contingencies loomed in front
Combatants smelling each other, before the embrace,
Of hammerlock, no holds barred, till surrender or withdrawal,

Then one foot steps on the ego of the other,
To declare, I am the king of the mountain
The prize no longer priceless, a deflated inner tube
Lies flatulent and unattractive

Like the useless pride, but then I had something
Now we both have nothing
Why did you tread on me

shimon weinroth

Trapped

There was a time when,
We were free to fly
Now, they move we listen

Pinned up,
Placed among
An ever growing
Collection

Eyes screwed to the screen
Brain washed in colors
By sirens
And focusing magicians

shimon weinroth

Tremors

vibrations

forbidding and moving,

warning of caution

shiver and shake

quiver and quake

or feelings of emotions

rippling and creeping

shimon weinroth

Triolus And Cressida

Triolus in his sore need
beseeched and pled his case
to his friend Pindarus,
Cressida's uncle and protector,

then when things went awry,

they cried for salvation,
and the matchmaker was
accused of pimping,

now i ask you and myself, one and all
is not a scheming father and conniving mother
who on behalf their offspring plan
arranging meetings and marriages

are not they -
or would you uses a softer note
to describe the same office,

ethics are in the mind of the beholder

shimon weinroth

Trouble With Bubbles

we live in a bubble
more elliptic than round
foamy and liquid
of colors compound

a membrane resilient and silky
surface so smooth and sound
decides who can enter
and who to keep out

there is pressure on all sides
of gravity within
and gravity without
pushing and pulling

of who to keep in
and who to keep out

our bubble rotates
can not rest or keep still
turning round and round
in a dizzying spill

fed up with comments
of evil and ill
falls to the ground,
burst and let out its fill

what once was a bubble
so pretty and vain
only a moist stain
is what will remain

shimon weinroth

True And False

truth is absolute
or nearly so
anything less
is really false

false misleads
to think of eternity,
false multiplied is
misconceptions and misdirections

false is laughed at
more than truth,
arouses creativity
and the nature to distort

shimon weinroth

True Blue

I read and reread, my heart bled,
with dread and remorse for Triolus and Criseyde -
shedding rivers of tears, filling oceans with promises
exchanging vows of everlasting passion and affection

' Where art thou Romeo' and Juliet
lovers tragic and noble,
at clandestine meetings, raw and pure
impassioned pleas, untarnished by second thoughts

Christian authors employ courtly love
pagan characters and gods, royal and heretic
amuse, arouse the natural sensitivities
wrongly educate the vicarious spectator

how then, brown cow, could you expect
untarnished pure and noble love

shimon weinroth

True Sophism

True Sophism

Today
Was tomorrow
That came
From Yesterday

Yesterday
Was the day
Before
Today

Time which
Had a beginning
An eternity
With an end

Search
For immortality
Vain and in vain
A riddle for sophists

Shimon Weinroth

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Tv And Radio

I did not dream or imagine
fabricate it on my own,
so when you ask
how do I know,

well I saw it on TV
I heard it on the radio,

you ask why do you believe
it's true,

the other TV and radio stations,
say the same more or less

that should prove it's true
they can't all be lying,

you say the news is colored
well, if it is a rainbow of views
that's fair enough,
you say the owners of the media,

and rulers of the polis,
control the views and news,

that can't be true
just how stupid
do you think we are-

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Twilight Time

the sun still high in the sky,
soon slowly sinks,
the beams shrink,
almighty presence ebbing,
gives way to another bugle call

before the shadows shroud,
a twilight time
still and unmoving,
silence oppressing
looks neither right nor forward

lethargy turning sour
fear creeps in the hour
sails of hope motionless
winds of desire in limbo
each moments nothing an eternity

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Twine And Tequilla

I mowed the lawn
For over four years
Followed the perimeters
Skirted the cacti aware of being stuck

In one corner the javeline points
And fleshy limbs, in a circular design
Leaves like spreading fingers
Capture the moisture and sunlight

This plant dormant and unmoving
Is called Agave cactus
From limbo pushed out, rose up
I sighed with jealousy at such an erectus

Not only respect, gives rope and twine
And drink to overcome despair
Mescal and some spaces in between
Stands so proud in the sky

Alas I sigh for so many other cousins
That have faded and vanished

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Two Souls

I have two souls
One belongs to TV
The other my mother claims,
Should have been a doctor

I have two souls in one body
Raging to get out
One belongs to the Upinashadas
The other walks the halls of Valhalla

All the rules of probability complain
That random is at stake
One soul too many
upsets all the forms of order

I could give one to my country
The other would walk for peace
One soul for my wife
The other for my own

So I believed and acted carefree
Dissipating youth
Ignoring the shoulds of good decoeum
For I have one soul too many

Now I must commit myself to nature
I find two souls took no extra space
I left them behind in the twilight zone of poetry
Only my body belonged to TV and my mother

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Un Selected

a realm of grasp
bitten by chance
turned coat

eyes are dimmed
tears at the heart
swim to the brim

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Unlike & Alike

what do we mean when we speak of races,
who says all men are my brothers,
since when is yellow, black and white of common ancestry
what about brown red and in between

and why under the sun -
we belong to the same tree of lineage,
hair eyes nostrils, lips, and pigments
we've been so busy trying to ignore-

all men are brothers
all women are not like my mother
my color is not yellow
my lips are pencil thin

not nubian and sensual
nostrils pinched not wide and brown
my nose too long and fat
not short and squat

my hair and eyes texture and form
not like the others,
surely not all men are like my brothers-
do we have so little faith in brotherhood
that we would group all the peoples
into one common ancestor
and if so

where did it begin
on what level of venial sin

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Understanding

on the road to understanding,
there's a highway of emotions
full of notions and designs

riding down this route
with a scenery of ups and downs
over mountains filled with
feelings, amorous and thrilling

and descending into valleys
of gloom and fear through tunnels of despair
emerging into sunlight and some glare
there are signs to bridle senses

reign in sensations on the road
there are rules of math and logic
language of traffic lights for accidents and jams

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Un-Ignited

who cares about sparks,
that did not ignite
nor wishes, or lights
gone out and
fires that did not start,

dreams drenched in blood
fantasies drowned by floods
thoughts gone astray
whims, that did betray
who cares

when they are only yours
short lived and secret
had no birth
no parents or claims
are gone and disappeared

of no consequence
of return. vanished
caught
in the twilight zone
of pause

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Unique

I am one of many
One of too many
Horrified at the thought
No different of so many

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Universal

I think therefore I am,
a cliché profound as it is,
we let TV and the internet do

Pre Socratic Parmenides proclaimed
being is thinking,
and since we are egalitarian,

thinking now encompasses
the whole human race
even doubtfuls,

in our spirit of generosity, even domestic animals
mammals, pisces and aves
demonstrate memory,

memorizing belongs to the world of thinking
putting on my cap, I ask as follows, perhaps plants
bacteria and virii, fall under the umbrella

Plato a table is not a table,
but the concept of an idea,
Aristotle scoffed,

lo and behold physicists
say Plato's Table, in time could disintegrate
lose the form and shape,
molecules would divorce

given, all things equal,
how now brown cow,
when guzzling booze and blue cheese
jumped over the moon

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Universal Of Mammalians

we all spent time in a womb,
nurtured, we were told
it was a time of
pleasure and warmth

what if it's not true,
and the embryo,
fights for each moment,
against its mentor

for freedom
but dominated,
is forced to comply
or die

the pain of confinement
so great that,
we burst upon the world
with a cry of anguish

released, only to find
an environment more
complex
and often hostile

children of the womb
creatures of the physical
physiological and physics,
are endowed with a psyche

that questions and queries
where does the soul come from,
in whose image was I made,
for how long and where an I bound

if not me,
will the energy
of my thoughts
remain

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Un-Natural

A cloud formation
Is inexplicable by nature

The human eye
An even brighter wonder

The only anchor of no surprise
Numbers add and multiply

Yesterday is history
Memory ts proof

Measurments of time
A game only humans play

You never hear a crystal rock
Strut and say

How old
And what of today

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Unrequited And Sad

they use the same house
but don't live together,
use the same cliches with different semantics,
fine etiquette, congenial niceties,
avert conflict and the same old arguments,

senses have died, sensitivity worn out,
feelings are memories insipid and boring,
the same domain is no longer a household,
even sparks of anger have winked out

loyalties long gone are as billowy clouds
turned to rain, washed away,
by familiarities contempt,
leave in their wake, apathy, arid and dry

rekindle the past, flog a dead horse
pump up a tubeless tire
retell old jokes and wearied stories
sane and banal, is it still safe

roofs without shingles, smokeless chimneys,
haunting and echoing, the emptiness of indifference
harbouring only ghosts and skeletons,
walking over the graves of passion and compassion

no melancholy no nostalgia,
nor revivals, nor resurrection,
sorrows have vanished and fled,
all is limp and flaccid, having bled to death

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Unspoken Words

I am not courageous nor vengeful
just seems so much easier to let it go-
pass me by, forget, side stepping
confrontation, is my dance of dignity

Why get involved, its beneath my code
in retrospect I claim, peaceful responsibility
look back at lanes and roads, boulevards
row on row of justifications

flatlands without traffic signs of hindsight
for I chose not to speak out,
now when my children ask, where were you

I did it for you and security,
it was too tough to speak out
I took the wrong turn
I did nothing but succumb

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Updated

miracle of genetics,
pooled by a heritage
fooled by the fables

seek revelation,
in knowledge of faith,
plagued by mortality

live in a culture,
nurtured by nature
culled by fate

flying at windows of physics
hurting our wings
flirt with Sol's
Promethean gift

get stuck
in the pudding
of a cooling cosmos

stoke the fires
of dying embers
and second chances

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Updated Postdated And Outdated

The generations of dad
can not deal in
computering and electronics

Unemployment
usurped and redundant
by a world too abundant

Sad the premature ageing of dad
spark of life
gone out

Not good nor understood
what we did to mom
gave her equality just like dad
imprisoned in old age homes

I wonder had they known
would mom and dad
children have had

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Ups Syndrome

They are not my kind, crinkled or blind
proximity unbearable
devalues real estate

Up are not Downs
humiliated pooh poohed
and Winney Poohed

Ups are better
than Downs by far and away
the neighbourhood swimming pools and schools
need a face lift

Oh dear, an institution, so near
Up yours Buddy

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Upsets The Balance

anoxyiac atmosphere,
anastasia metaphors,
polluted the body anemic,
leaking pain,
anodyne soul, anathema's stupor,
split the scene
of agility and crystal clear

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Vacillating

Dolem golem, tandem phantom,
when all other drugs have lost their potency
hope remains a last resort,
enthroned by gods and decorated arts

I am histrionic about electronic
no longer need another tonic
dyspeptic and skeptic, a bad combination
culminating in bleeding ulcers and damnation

upset, strike a balance between risk and benefit
imprinted, encoded in our genes, parallel worlds
biological secretions and a story of love

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Value Of Zero

some and none
have run off
to find just one

one is next to two,
when they agree
together they make three

easy to accept some
but none is out of place
and strange to them

zero seems to be
and yet is not
counted with the lot

rests next to one
and tells you
in which direction
you have run

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Very Different

flaccid flanks
turned me off
round jutting hams
turned me on

some sparks wink out
other senses speak
twinkling eyes
questioning smiles

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Very Simple

I am what I am
First person
You are what you are
Second person

Because I am
What I am
Is truth
Or a philosophical scam

Professes to be
That I am What I am
You are less
Than I

But in your world
Of I
You are more
Than I am

Because you are
What you are

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Victim Of Tv Fallout

After my mind was raped by TV
Can the banal and mundane
Bewitch and sublime

Hoeing and raking memory furrows
Computers seeding and photo-copying
Faxing micro to cosmos

Expanding and exploding sensitivity
Ravaged and abused
Suffocated by too much and too many

My psyche died
And now I am buried
Beneath the debris of gimmicks

On a channel of far out
And unending repeats

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Visceral

my molecules drawn into the fray
and hormones coursing throughout,
my mind seeped in adrenalin
seduced by ideals, call out to act

youth says I am too old
too tired to aspire to change
the trend of current thought,
old man get out of the way

what would you know of today
you've had your chance
the dance of life is over
it's our turn for new dreams

right all wrongs,
your generation allowed
go dry out in smog and soggy pastures
vegetate on social welfare and in security

too many of your kind
are still in power
I could not help but agree,
But I am different-

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Vortex

Hoax of the past
Hopes for the future
Turned rank
Expectations betrayed

Bray at the moon
Pray for redemption
With lottery tickets
Of predestination

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Voyeur

some things are painful to see
others we delight in viewing
still others ridiculous,
excite laughter or pain
who with certainty knows why

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Vultures

are not always dressed in black,
some have melodious rhetoric
whispering sweet nothings
addressing noble emotions

what makes them a species apart
they feast on their host
leave no morsel untouched
devouring the live,
the dead and their corpses

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Waiting For Medicare

the waiting, slowly kills,
expectancy of nil, as I mill about
kill the moments, chill of the unknown,
spreads tentacles of uneasy
grows to despair

till the call for my turn,
thoughts dart from here to there
who will take my place my space
fears both real and imagined

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Waking Up

on the road to peace,
there are many roadblocks
bumps and pot-holes
casualties of miss understanding
and unwillingness to behold

a place of no struggle and strife
claiming that war is the story of survival
too often the roads are washed out
by storms of fear
floods of doubt

rains of lies and deceit
outpouring of hate
drench and soak our minds
brainwash that there is no road
no way no route without war

so we have come to accept that hump
of propaganda on our backs
followed by subterfuge and diplomacy
even language betrayed us
at the Tower of Babel

now is the time to protest
there is a road for a better day
we can have a say pave a road
and change our ways at
Annapolis

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Walking

walking,
we take for granted,
breathing and sleeping
and some other involuntary acts

I can not explain how it's done
the mechanics, process and succession,
we have been doing it for milleniums

everything is against walking
forces of gravity, mother earth
air pressure on a spinal column
fragile and unique,

falling own and getting up
we learn to walk,
copying mother,
dad and brother

once we learn how, we don't forget,
walking the wrong side of the street
and pretend
there is no valley of death

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Walking Mists

a hamsin, night close and tight,
burdened breathing,
listless and heavy, hovers
insipid mantle unmoving

worried insects crawl out at night
scurrying from nesting place
wondering if their planet
stopped tickng

shocked by the slow rythm
roll out of their hiding places
to find what they can find

homo-erectus weary and tired
keeps to himself to wait out the blight

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Wanting

bid me curl up in your lap,
to be fondled like a cat,
cradled by your arms of affection,
is it any wonder I seek to remain

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Warring

Before going off to war
You need to be blessed
By those, who will stay at home
To protect your interests
And their own

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Wash Away

Soft warm soapy hands
ease the tensions of a day
submerged
all the sinful thoughts

drowned -
slipping
between wet fingers
swept away

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Watch Out

Thought
Is just another sense
Senseless though it be

Yet it seems
Thought could be
The essence
Of another me

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Way Of All Courtly Love

Your smile
Lights up, my being
Castes a shadow
Of my image, elongated

Creates a better me
Purer for your sake
Casting me in a mold of good
Should and sacrifice

My holy grail
In search of your love
Has done this to me

My outstretched hand
Would touch and grope
The goddess of my love

Seeking carnal know
And consumation

Destroyed, the figment and,
Familiarity bred contempt

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Ways Of Conflict

currents gone astray,
are winds that boom
from far away,

uncalled for streams of thought
confusion that may bloom
a crimson blush a red forehead-

synesthesia and bright metaphors
lend picturesque implicatures,
wit, conceits, embellishments of more-

astray and uncalled for
come in waves of waves,
tears shed, bloodshed all kinds of war-

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We All Bleed Red

why is one remembered
and another forgotten
is one more precious
than another,
one sacrifice greater
than the other

Elan died for space
Moshe died in Jenin
David in an army truck
Nissim stepped on a land mine
Leah was blown up in a bus
Yaffa was torn apart at a food bar

Each one had his karma her mazal
fate and destiny
yet one is eulogised and not the other
their plight was sad, his was a tragedy

so say the media and news caster
so say the leaders and historians
so say the government officials
so say the neighbours and their brothers

some were sent others volunteers
and their life was spent,
some are remembered more
and others forgot, woe is me
all mothers hurt the same
and the orphans are not to blame

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Weather Man

The sun and rain
Contested the season of the day
The meteorologist predicted
The outcome of the fray

A wise man takes
Umbrella and cap
For governments of season
Too often do betray

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Weeding

Their heads cushion our feet
Reflect sunbeams
Smell of bloom and chlorophyll
Revive the sense

Pull them out by the roots
Growing among cultured fellows
Wild clover and alfalfa cover
Our lawn of English grass
So soft to touch

Pull them out at dawn
After the dew has settled
Untutored, unwanted, unwelcome
These pockets of clover and alfalfa

Cut their heads off with a lawn mower
Let snails eat their blades
Ants devour their roots
Birds to peck at the seed

Ask of supply and demand
Why are you so cruel
To these species

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Welcome Back

Voices and form filling the kitchen
Decked with all the familiar aroma
All the worries put aside

Set down to eat and drink
Away the interim of longing
Across the ocean washed away

They're back somewhat slender
Streamlined and hardy

Time of them stood still
Until the moment of return
Familiarity, embraced with antennae

Enfolded, enveloped hugged to say
It's so good your back again
We missed you so

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Were I To Compare

were I to compare us to a winter day
dark and cold and freezing stare, when
winds do blow and rains and snow can fall
sunny days are no more and autumn has left

will our love be on the wane and strain
passions and compassions far and in between,
but no my fair maid of yester year have faith
friendship will sail the stormy seas

navigate the feelings steer the ship
full of memories, taking us
through the doldrums of ageing and
winry pains and corporeal suffering

my dear though our winter has come
their spring is all because of us

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What A Shame

Saadam Hussain

was strung up
and hanged,
I am ashamed to say
I don't even know,

the name of one
of the tens
of thousands
of his victims

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What Is It

what is it, makes us want
something not our own
that we could have had
at any moment
becomes more precious
once someone else
wants it too, what drives us to covet

become possessed
to possess possessions
not our own, even call it natural
biological strife

truth logical but satanic
falls upon the dagger of greed
bleeding evil sins

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What Say You

all the suns of all the universes,
can not, one thought put together,
yet the most known name,
after God is Coca Cola

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When Next You Decide

if you want whipped cream
with a cherry or strawberry,
decisions, decisions, in a post modern world
are no less complex than before,

there is more than one way,
called alternatives,
or choosing, choices
or making up your mind

so too there are more than
one reason or causes
help you to choose,
thinking you are free to decide

we are often confused by variety
limited by so many causes,
and reasons, that determine choice,
and why we are not really free

but still like monkeys
hanging from a tree

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Where And Why

why should anything, good for me
be good for you,
only numbers can be equal,
call it semantics or symbols

read your Bible, brothers rarely got along
each wanted what the other had,
Heraclitus says the state of war is justice
that was twenty four hundred years ago,
Ares ruled and the god Mars was yet to come,
World Wars are of this century

what makes you think
equality and fraternity
are anything more than mere slogans
what do you do unto others-

Plato's cave, Nietzsche's cave, and misanthropes
ask why they can't
enjoy the hoax of privacy,
where is Mother Teresa,
did she get to heaven too
just like Princess Di

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Which Side Are You On

Which Side Are You On

Why do we think one victim
suffers more than the other
one deserves more sympathy
than the other

What guides us to identify more
with one and not the other
rhetoric that plays on emotions
twangs heart strings in one country

Falls on deaf ears else where
the same terrorist is judged
as patriot and martyr

A criminal act becomes moral
why do we equate a suicide terrorist
with terminaing the controllers
in fact why do we equate one act

Of violence with another
aren't they all honorable deeds
for honorable humane causes
strange the case of preferences

Strum the chords of sympathy
strut the stage in limelight
blind the viewer and voyuer
from weighing the causes and reasons

Devoid the emotions
free from hate and revenge
quit the game of equating one cruel deed with another
saying one violent murder
is more horrendous than the other

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Whim

changed my mind, no law against change,
an impulse, of the moment, whim of
fleeting feeling, brushed and swallowed
by another of no less import

able, to have more than one, twins, triplets
dancing to the same tune of wanting,
not displacing nor cancelling another
living together in disharmony

rhyme of multiple impulses,
what a nervous system that would be

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Whispering Memories

Memory does not emerge alone
Relives the act within the mind
A snapping twig, a fallen sprig
A caressing breeze a moving shadow
Willows in a singing forest
Bear the torch, and time is bested

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White On Off White

scoffed at from the start,
by all the conventions
of form and decor,

Cubistic art,
crystal clear - sharp cut lines,
frame unshaken dimensions,
square - pale white plane
coupling another form,
mellow - off white

the Museum of Modern Art
fad of the forties
sin for revolutionaries,
socialists coughed,
liberals and modernists bought,

sixty busy years and more have passed
unchanged white,
on off white framed,
hangs
in the modern museum
for all the wrong reasons

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Who Won The War

I said the mourners,
I said the embalmer, s
I said the opponents,
the angels of death
and destruction cawed

barons of weaponry
and oil, guffawed
widows and orphans
buried their dead,
some cried no more,
others cried revenge

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Why Oh Why

what is it makes us want,
something not our own
that we could have had
at any moment,

becomes more precious,
once someone else
wants it too,
what drives us to covet

what is not our own
desire it more,
because another
would have it too

become possessed,
to possess possessions
not our own,
spending time energy and life

even call it natural
biological and strife,
good becomes empty
beautiful, ugly

truth, illogical and satanic
we fall upon
the daggers of greed
bleeding evil sins

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Will We Never Learn

Wars come and wars go
and hardly ever leave
in between peace comes
but shortly leaves

holocausts
leave their mark
should be remembered
for ever and a day

will we never learn
war should not return

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Willful

let's do it my way,
is a declaration of war
usurps her command
and the habit of before

why would you challenge
my tradition and law
i was here before
you went on pension
revolting and became a bore

my modus ponens begs you
just this once, do it my way,
she says in the tug of choices,
the voices of doing it my way
are no way at all

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Windows

a window is a thing of philosophy.
lets you see in and me see out,
lets light in and shadows out,
each land its own particular brand

French windows almost from the floor
and higher up than a door, relieves a
darkened room to let the air fly out
memories of misty musky night,

Dutch bay windows seated,
riches that are in door,
to peek or brazenly gape

Italian windows ostentatiously decorated
German architecture neat and clean,
MacGregor Scotch not deco and cold frills

Vienese oh so sweet and art nouveau
for all birds that sing, hop upon the window sill,
sounds of anger tarry at will,

A wiindow if you will is a way of life
decorative, not the painting of still life
laughter is free and easy,

sounded flies out to infect
windows to escape or let in the din
looks out or into dynamics of real life,
ornamentated draws attention,
lets its face both see or be seen,

a candle light in the window of night
a sight, a guiding light for weary wanderers
lost souls or intruders,
the folk reside within
shuttered confined, iron grailings cover up,

what was supposed to afford free access

each window has its own philosophy

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Winds

Winds

The wind does blow
Each breeze an interval
Sequel to the one before

Birds soar
Leaves drift

Grains of dust
Un-ripen buds
Pollen thrust too far
Seeds plunked down upon the ground

The whooshing sound
Comes alive
For creatures of the ear

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Winds Of War

From out of the west a wind did come
The bugles quivered and the drums did shake
Waves of ether carried the message
Make war to stop another

To arms, to arms we will go to set the world
Free of the threat, smash and attack, the foe
With God on our side, we do this for humanity

What if they use weapons of mass murder
Will we, use the same means,
Don't ask such sick questions
Let's get on with the war

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Wink Blink Nd Twinkle

Tinkle, tinkle
Twinkle, twinkle
Delightful
Sound and sight

Tinkling laughter
Twinkling eyes
Winking and blinking
Light up our skies

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Wishing Well

I wish I could
I wish you would
make should come true

to know
what can be known
of should

quantity and quality
ran off to relativity
quantity drowned

then the wishing well went dry
there were no choices
without comparison

no expectations, no disappointments,
all for the sake of should
when the wishing well went dry

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Witching Hour

aroused and quickened
by enchanting beauty
sacrificed
the womb that bore
him life

sped to the arms
of sweet embrace

fallen from grace
she asked
my son my son
did you hurt yourself

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With A Grain Of Salt

the other me slithers out of
peep holes, cracks and crannies
slides and spreads, rolls and multiplies
filling the here and vast beyond

rides the golden chariots,
glides on the wings of fantasy
begetting dreams of dreams,
floating on clouds wrapped and cloaked

shedding my skin, dropping my leaves
hung up to dry,
dominated by lack of means,
I shrink wither and recline

by moods eluding and flirtatious
devoid of trauma, drama and catharsis
indulge myself
into realms of there

sometimes I can be followed,
pride is of no use
guilt and blushing have no place,
I am free, of electronics too

on a vacation, from some of myself

shimon weinroth

Worlds Of Feather

Long before we learned to speak
They could alight, glide and fly
From place to place
Some could swim other waddle
Cocking heads could chirp, sing and caw

Shimon Weinroth

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Worry

I worry, you worry
we all worry
that we can't meet, payments at the bank,
cholera in Rwanda will spread,
populations of India will multiply

traffic jams will keep us at home
and dolphins swim unprotected
I worry with the passing of time
I'll be forgotten

you worry, that I worry too much
don't worry there'll be enough left over
for you and them and theirs

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Yearning

Hope flares up with a spark
Flying on the winds of expectation
With each breathe burns brightly
Consuming fear and despair

At the tiniest hint of peace
Eager minds embrace
Each new chance
Building castles in the sands

That are washed away
By each new wave of violence
Showing how useless
Hopes and fancies are

Leaving scars of deception
And a bleeding ulcer of dis belief

When next a breeze of peace
Wafts over, prefer to forget
That we traveled the same road
Of disappointment

Yet hope is revived
By the miracle of survival
Or is it some mysterious
Moral sense

With a soft center
Filled with empathy
Compassion
And love

shimon weinroth

You Never Know

Self of my self
is one too many
distorts and reflects

mirrors
the self called I
resides beside me

contained and restrained
so I like to think

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