

CHUCK'S
BIG
BOOK

of Poems and Musings

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Revised Edition

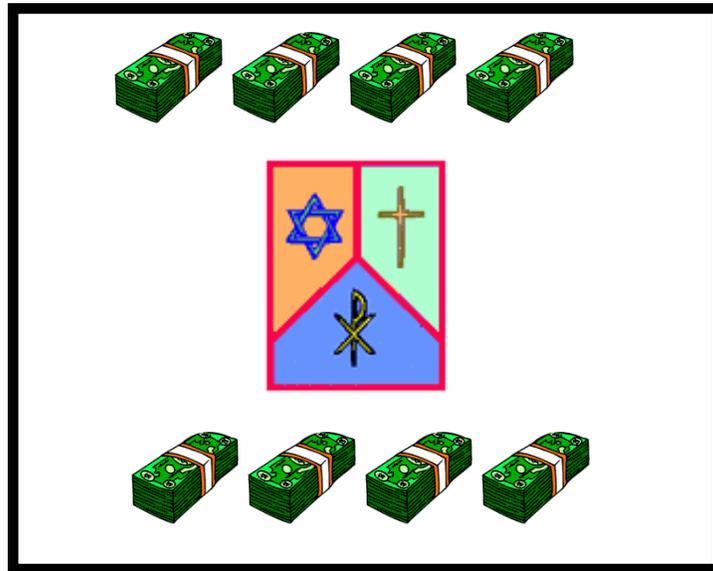
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TEENAGE ANGST

Is life an illusion,
Or is there reality?
My mind is a mixture,
Of self and conformity.
I must blink my eyes,
Before I can see,
The dimly lighted mirror,
that hangs before me.

The image in the glass,
Is strange indeed,
Striking in contrast,
To what I believe.
Should I hold fast,
Or should I concede,
The battle raging strong,
Inside of me.



TOO BUSY LIVING

A poor man looks from the ground to the sky,
And after looking up high,
He asks his god why he's broke.

A rich man looks from the sky to the ground,
And after he looks all around,
You can see the frown on his face,
As he begins to choke on his money.

And it's a sunny day,
As the people go to pray,
At the churches of their choice.

But some would have me believe it,
That the darkness of doom would soon cover me,
If I couldn't conceive it,
Or passed up the collection plate.

Yet they say it ain't too late,
To buy my ticket to the Golden Gate of heaven.
All it costs is seven of pieces of gold,
But with the lousy hand I hold, I'd have to sell my soul.

So I'm gonna tell them, "wait,"
That I'll take a rain check on it at a later date,
Because I'm too busy living to think about dying,
Too busy trying to celebrate.



THREE LITTLE WORDS

Three little words,
That mean so much,
And feel so good when they touch
your ear,
to hear,
I love you.



PIXY DUST

Peter Pan and Tinker Bell,
In that fine fairy tale,
Mixed happy thoughts and pixy dust,
To form a vapor trail.

Let me tell you a little story.
The people in the know,
Understand that the pixy dust,
Was just a placebo.



DREAMING OF A HERO

Someone I wanted to meet,
Someone I wanted to know,
Someone I wanted to be like,
My own personal hero.

I met him in a dream last night,
And he became my friend,
But when the dream was over,
I knew it was not the end.

For I learned something important,
As I lay there in my sleep.
We can't be like other people,
We have our own lives to keep.

That each and every one of us,
Is a hero in his day,
To his family, his friends,
And those he meets along the way.

So thank you Harrison,
Although we never met,
You helped me learn a lesson
I won't easily forget.



WRITER'S BLOCK

My writing assignment is coming due,
 And I'm in a state of desperation.
My mind can't think of a single thing,
 As I look around for inspiration.

It's raining outside.
 Shall I write about that?
Or of doing my laundry?
 Or of my neighbor's cat?

Subjects are plenty,
 But rhymes are few.
A poet's dilemma,
 Oh, what shall I do?

To solve this problem,
 I could plagiarize,
But on second thought,
 That wouldn't be wise.

Carol's pretty smart.
 She could find me out.
Then my sweet reputation
 Would turn to sauerkraut.

Hell, with rhymes like that
 I should be shot,
But I'll hand this in.
 It's all I've got.



THE TENDERLOIN, SAN FRANCISCO

Walking the mean streets late at night.
No color here, just black and white.

A hopeful smile, from a toothless whore,
her desperate junkie trying to score.

A drunken man pissing in the street,
Not the kind of people you want to meet.

The city's trashcan, filled to the brim
with torn-up women and broken men.

Yes, life is cheap here, but drugs are cheaper.
Everyone whose anyone wears a beeper.

A hustle here, a hustle there,
It's all part of the standard fare . . .

In The Tenderloin, where silver coin
will buy you what you need,

A balloon of smack, a rock of crack,
or a thin dime bag of weed.

But a few blocks away, by the setting sun,
the Opera Season has begun,

Where evening gowns, and tuxedos
cause champagne glasses to overflow.

And afterwards, for a lark,
they'll take a drive past Needle Park.

NOTE: This poem is a little dated in that it refers to "beepers."

1996 Chuck Weiss, Age 49



BAH HUMBUG!

Hell's Bells with Jingle Bells!
Not everyone is happy,
but the movies on the TV now
are maudlin and sappy.

I, for one, am not full of
this holiday's good cheer.
Alone and broke, I'm about to choke.
Pass me another beer.



WANNABE

My daughter wants to be an actress.

She is eleven years old and just beginning her life.
I'm forty-nine and just beginning the down hill side of mine.
I've been a dishwasher, assembly line operator, sailor, truck driver
and a dozen other things, including lover, husband, and finally, "ex."

My daughter wants to be an actress.

When she was five, she wanted to be a judge.
At the time, she said that it was because judges got to tell people what to do.
I think she thought it was something like being a Queen.

My daughter wants to be an actress.

When I was a kid, I wanted to be a "Mouseketeer,"
on the original Mickey Mouse Club TV show.
"M-I-C...See you real soon...K-E-Y...Why? Because we like you!"

I felt like Jimmy Dodd was speaking directly to me.
I sent him a letter asking to be on TV with him and the other kids.
I wanted to be a real Mouseketeer.
I got back an autographed picture and a membership card.

He hadn't understood.
I didn't want to join a fan club. I wanted to be a part of his TV family.
I stopped watching the show shortly after that.

My daughter wants to be an actress.
May all her dreams come true.



A VALENTINE'S DAY POEM

Passion and romantic love
are supposed to be the ideal.
“It’s not if you win or loose,”
they say, “it’s how deeply you feel.”

I’m here to tell a different story,
not one based on a fairy tale.
That’s a sure receipt for disaster.
The human heart is much too frail.

A supporting love that never wanes
is a warm and fuzzy fantasy,
but certainly one without basis
in an objective reality.

Have you ever known a love to last
more than a moment or two in time?
The “Bate and Switch” alone certainly
should classify it as a crime.

What we call love is but a symptom
of a mental instability.
Undeniable. Certifiable.
The definition of insanity!



HEARTBREAK IN THE FIRST DEGREE

The prosecutor slowly rose from his seat,
To address the jury box.
He had a well deserved reputation,
As a sly and crafty fox.

“Heartbreak in the first degree!” he shouted,
“Her weapon, a dear-John letter.

It lay like a time bomb on the cart,
Ready to tear the sinews of his heart,
Without even a white feather to mark
Her cowardice!”

The temperature rose noticeably.
All eyes turned in her direction.
She arched her back, and crossed her legs,
In response to their inspection.

“Heartbreak in the first degree!” he resumed,
By the evidence, guilt is indicated.
A heinous crime at any time,
But especially when premeditated!”



A POEM FOR THE HOLIDAYS

You say that your brother
Is you evil twin,
And that your mother invented
Original sin?

Your sister, the lush
Is drinking all the gin,
And that freak show that's your uncle
Is doing it . . . again?

Well none of that matters.
You don't have to make amends.
You don't pick your family.
You only pick your friends.

Don't forget cousin George,
Sitting at the table,
With his eyes so piercing,
You know he's unstable.

And then of course,
There's grandma Mabel.
She's pushing ninety,
And thinks she's Betty Garble!

Well none of that matters.
You don't have to make amends.
You don't pick your family.
You only pick your friends.

So this holiday season,
When you're with your family,
Try not think of it,
As such a calamity.

**LEARN FROM
THE PAST**

**LIVE IN
THE PRESENT**

**FEAR NOT
THE FUTURE**

**Yea,
Though I Walk
Through The Valley
Of The Shadow
of Death,
I Will Fear No Evil**

**For I Have Been There,
Done That**

**LIFE
IS ONLY AN ILLUSION**



**SO DON'T TAKE
IT SO SERIOUSLY**