Classic Poetry Series

Stanley Cooper

- poems -

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Stanley Cooper (August 4th,1926)

A retired old guy, writing poems for the joy of it.

Now joyfully living and playing Texas Hold-em in Las Vegas

An Air Force veteran of World War Two...In Army of

Occupation in Tokyo, Japan

Eserleri:

Seven self published books (working on eigth)

1-A Rhymers Primer
2-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Two (Not better, just verse)
3-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Three (Baring It All)
4-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Four (Electrifying)
5-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Five (Free At Last)
6-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Six
7-A Rhymers Primer..Volume Seven

“Always and Forever”

The promised “always” and “forever” emotionally akin
Both heart-felt deeply from within
Hopefully not a momentary thing
Or from just a momentary fling

“From here to eternity”, too easily voiced
When naïve youngsters optimistically rejoice
“Always” and “forever” are long and far away
To say with such assurance on any youth-filled day

Maturity offers a more plausible prediction
An “Always and forever”, promise
With more promising conviction

Stanley Cooper

“Heavens to Betsy''

“Heavens to Betsy”, has prompted this question
What about Betsy caused this expression?
How did she rate this “promised-land” present?
This gift from the Gods so particularly pleasant

The Gods didn’t choose Renee, Helen or Mary
Nor did they choose Jeannie, Ellen or Carey.
Could the roll of the dice of seven elevens
Be what gave Betsy the gift of the heavens?

Seven elevens, not lucky for most
Causes most gamblers to end up as toast
But some way or other, not clear to us mortals
Dice rolling Betsy streaked on through heavens’ portals

Stanley Cooper

“The War To End All Wars”

“The war to end all wars” they said
And were naively believed
By those who now are honorably dead
Never knowing they were deceived

Wars are peddled with promised glory
With patriotic fervor, wars are sold
To those who die in warring gory
Without their right of growing old

For future generations, I’ve great concern
They needn’t set their world ablaze
For their survival they must discern
The peaceful road to better days

Stanley Cooper

“What is this thing called love”

Title borrowed from Cole Porter

Some love a winter’s walk
Too many others love to talk
Most of us love a classic movie
Love to do things considered groovy

We love our spouse and love our mothers
We love our sisters and of course our brothers
Love the songs Sinatra sings
We seem to love all manner of things

Some love to smoke and love to drink
Love to receive a flirtatious wink
In our love-smitten society
Emotional love has much variety

So I’ve come to my loving conclusion
The meaning of love is pure confusion

Stanley Cooper

A Touch Of Color

Its’ stately white exterior
The White House
Touched by color
Now proudly glows
With spirited warmth
Reflecting our unified nation
We welcome
The Obamas’
Our new
First Family

Stanley Cooper

A Bad Eight Years

Everyone has a bad eight years, once in awhile
But some who have it, at least have it in style
Not true of Dubbyah, in a class all his own
His eight years never could enter that stylish zone

Eight year misjudgments, most inexcusable
Resulted in actions irritatingly confusible
Eight years behind the global eight-ball
Eight years historians won’t fondly recall

Hopefully one day equilibrium will return
And those eight years of Bush will cause less concern
When pre-emptive wars will be sanely out of date
A time in the future when the world can elate

Stanley Cooper

A Birds-Eye View

With his ostrich head down in the sand
His worldly view is less than bland
He’s sanded down with ostrich flair
So we assume he’s happy there

With head in sand he appears absurd
But our point of view is not a birds
We don’t have a birds-eye view
How birds think, we have no clue

He must know something we don’t know
That keeps him happy down below
But I doubt it’s something we should try
We don’t see well with sand in eye

Yet some politicians are real bird-brains
With heads in sand have no constrains
Viewing their world with bird-like mentality
Heads down below, they block out reality

But they are in office ‘cause we voted for them
So in fact, we’re to blame for all their mayhem
Why they were elected, I now understand
We voted ostrich-like with heads in the sand

Stanley Cooper

A Bush-el Of Lies

George W Bush must bare the blame
For his disingenuous warring game
This macho cowboy, with no remorse
Insanely shouts, “Let’s stay the course”

It’s his course of grand deception
Of his pre-emptive war, the world takes exception
No weapons of mass destruction were found
With truth he has no common ground

Too many sons and daughters die
Too many mothers mournfully cry
“Let’s stay the course”, his slogan offending
It’s his course, his war, his war with no ending

Policing the world, Bush does with conceit
His vanity will surely bring on defeat
By now he should know he’s on the wrong track
Western democracy won’t take hold in Iraq

Stanley Cooper

A Family Secret

They keep it so well hidden
This trait they won’t admit
In this family it’s forbidden
To ever mention it

Are they fearful of the flow
This trait of theirs brings on?
Afraid if people know
They’d be oh so woebegone?

Their secret hides a social ill
It’s an unacceptable addiction
This trait results in over-kill
It’s an anti-social affliction

Convinced they’ve gone astray
They crawl into cocoons
It appears it’s not okay
Their feasting on dried prunes

To hell with high society
This family won’t succumb
To hell with snob propriety
They won’t switch from prunes to plums

There must be things much worse
Though they can’t imagine what
Is it really such a curse
This secret that they’ve got?

Stanley Cooper

A Fruity Spree

I love to munch on berries
They are so berry delicious
I also crave red cherries
Both tasty and nutritious

When a grape comes into view
Freshly picked right off its vine
I must give that grape its due
As a favorite choice of mine

Pineapple always sparks me
With a taste so very sweet
It deliciously marks me
As a sucker for this treat

The banana from the tropic zone
When peeled is so appealing
Teamed with ice cream in a cup or cone
Just sends my taste buds reeling

Mangos are delectable
When soft and over ripened
To them I'm quite susceptible
Even when they're over-stipened

Now I have a master plan
I will strive to be
A healthy fruit-a-tarian
On a fruity fruitful spree

Stanley Cooper

A Holy High

I thank the Gods for inventing wine
Spiritually it suits me fine
A flask of red with ravioli
Leaves me feeling high and holy

Life flies by, so what the hell
To dine and wine, we might as well
Perhaps the Gods will join us when
We drink an amen toast to them

Stanley Cooper

A Look At A Few One-Liners

"My Country Tis Of Thee"
Has stood the test of history
But it's meaning verbally
For me is still a mystery

"Damn The Torpedoes, Full Steam Ahead"
A show of great bravado
The command was followed with foreboding dread
Would they live to see tomorrow?

"To Be Or Not To Be, That Is The Question"
Finding the proper answer isn't hard
Just ask one in the wordy profession
The one who asked it, our articulate Bard

"Anger Opens The Mouth And Shuts The Mind"
A one-liner worthy of thought
A concept lost on most of mankind
It's a lesson not easily taught

"A Closed Mind Is A Good Thing To Lose"
Then hope you never find-it
A mind that's closed is like a noose
Around the brain and blinds-it

Stanley Cooper

A Look At Three Bible Stories

Delilah and Sampson
A biblical pair
He, strong and handsome
'Till she snipped off his hair

His power was due to his mane of great length
But her hair-raising stunt sapped all his great strength

Noah populated his ark by twos
One chosen female with one chosen male
Stuck with the male Noah would choose
It was for females a most unfair tale

She didn't get her favored choice of lover
Noah decided who she'd lay with under-cover

A story hard to sell with today's propriety
Is a parable, The Ten Virgin Tale
It's much too imaginary for today's society
Where a search for virginity would most certainly fail

I suppose, way back then, it could probably happen
But could so many guys have been sexually nappin'?

Stanley Cooper

A Mirror’s Just Clutter

When I looked at my mirror, what I did see
Was a wrinkled aged reflection of little old me
There’s one thing I’m sure of, there’s one thing I know
There’s no doubt about it, that mirror must go

A mirror’s just clutter, not needed at all
When it refuses to show me as handsome and tall
The appearance of wrinkles is very unkind
Particularly since they’re surely not mine

How deceitful that mirror when it belies
When all of reality it completely denies
There’s one thing I’m sure of, there’s one think I know
There’s no doubt about it, that mirror must go

Stanley Cooper

A New Animal Kingdom

In the Kingdom of animal royalty
Where cats and dogs would reign
There'd be no sign of cruelty
Nothing inhumane

To join, just sign the application
With paw-prints, you'll prevail
Complete your obligation
With the wagging of your tail

You'll never have to wear a leash
As humans are not allowed
Come and go, just as you please
T'would be the cat's meow

Coyotes and wolves and dogs and cats
All creatures of the night
Like frogs and turtles and owls and bats
Deserve their Bill of Rights

Humans are so certain that
Our planet's their domain
But they also thought the world was flat
How foolishly inane

So join with us in our freedom fight
For animal liberation
As we strive on earth to set things right
Against human domination

Stanley Cooper

A New Day

From the womb of darkness
A fireball bursts

In the eastern sky
Leaving night behind

The birth of a new day
How glorious! !

Stanley Cooper

A Plea For Sanity

Since Bush had no clue
About the right thing to do
He said he'd wait for
Their report on the war

If the course they'd steer him to
Differed from his point of view
All the world knew he'd reject it
He just couldn't accept it

The non-partisan commission studied the facts
Advised a course change to his mess in Iraq
But he's not willing or able to travel that route
Since admitting mistakes, is not his strong suit

Even First Lady Laura newly proclaimed
The fault's not with Dubbyah, "the media's to blame"
The press and T.V., in their reality view
Are too harsh on her husband when stating what's true

Our troops in harms way, every second, every day
Where in Iraq they're stuck, thanks to this inane lame duck
America has suffered from this White House brain drain
And needs to return to sanity again

Stanley Cooper

A Poets Curse

Quitting is not in my make-up
It’s not something I do
I’ll give my brain a big shake-up
To find those new rhymes past due

I no longer write poems easily
Particularly the kind that last
Dismayed, I admit, most queasily
My rhyming days seem long past

Perhaps my few fans won’t give a whit
After all, a Shakespeare I’m not
Ogden Nash had such wry wit
It’s his wit that I’ve not got

And when it comes to Mr. Gilbert
Of Savoyard fame
I’d be nutty as a filbert
To assume I could play in his game

It feels like a poets curse
This rhyming disappearance
Not able to create a verse
With any rhyming coherence

Quitting is not in my make-up
It’s not something I do
I’ll give my brain a big shake-up
To find those new rhymes past due

Stanley Cooper

A Promise

I promise I'll never ever again
Subject my poetry reading friends
To poems too amateurish
Or verse too deja-vu-ish

So never again will I ever write
Poems that might be considered trite
Or compose frustratingly ad-hoc
To lament my deja-vu-ish, rhyming block

I'll have to take a forced vacation
A decision made with no elation
I can't write today, I say with sorrow
To keep my promise, until tomorrow

Stanley Cooper

A Question Of Prayer

Some pray to thank God for what they've been blessed with
Some pray to atone for those bad things they've messed with
Praying with reverence and piety
To their God, their God, their all migh-e-ty

My feelings and thoughts, as I introspect
Prompt me to question, with no disrespect
All religionists for their point of view
Who, in heaven's name, does God pray to?

Stanley Cooper

A Safe Bet

When I was youthful
I was thoughtfully agile
To be perfectly truthful
I'm now thoughtfully fragile

How did it happen?
Nimble thoughts don't flow-down
Has my brain just been nappin
And causing thought-slow-down?

My age won't defeat me
With thoughts gone astray
I won't let this beat me
I've too much to say

Though my thought flow's diminished
Don't give up on me yet
My brainwork's not finished
On that you can bet

Stanley Cooper

A Smack Of Cowardice

Most small guys, with fervent vigor
Avoid fights with those much bigger
Preferring not to fight at all
When looking up at six feet tall

It seems to make good sense to me
Their avoiding giants is the key
To survival and the guaranteeing
Of longer lives and their well-being

The bullies rarely show remorse
For utilizing brutal force
Against those small and power-less
But bullying is true cowardice

The moral here applies to nations
The need to dominate is an aberration
Those who bully-bomb a country small
Are not in truth tall at all

Stanley Cooper

A Syllogism

Premise One _ Bush is wrong

Premise Two Blair is wrong

Conclusion Two wrongs don’t make a right

Logically Sound

Stanley Cooper

A Wake-Up Call

The Writ Of Habeus Corpus, we have no more
This Bush Administration kicked it out the door
One more put down of our Bill Of Rights
When will our citizens wake up and see the light? ! ! !

So called patriots sporting lapelled flags
Are nothing more than political scallywags
True patriots like old Thomas Paine
To question those in power was his domain

A complacent citizenry unaware-of
Dilution of our rights, we must beware-of
Informed citizens must fight and persevere
To maintain our fragile freedoms held so dear

Stanley Cooper

A War Of Pretext

They looked under Saddam's bed
No W-M-Ds found there
Searching overhead
The shelves there too were bare

They raked through all the rubble
Born by liberating bombs
But, finding zero burst the bubble
Of their claims against Saddam

No imminent threat to our homeland
No W-M-D's piled high
This pretext of evil contraband
Has caused too many to die

As bullies often do
When flaunting all their might
They bit off more than they could chew
In this unholy Pre-emptive fight

With no weapons of mass destruction
This strife was not called for
Could it be that oil production
Was the reason for this war?

Our valiant fighting men
Should never ever be
In harms way placed again
So irresponsibly

Stanley Cooper

A Wordy Worthy Pet

If I could have a dinosaur pet
I'd name him Sir Thesaurus
He'd be the smartest dinosaur yet
Ever found in any forest

He could growl out answers easily
To any wordy questions
They'd come to him most breezily
As he offered word suggestions

When my dinosaur was famished
I'd feed him books galore
But if he still was famished
He might eat a whole book store

A dictionary of his desire
He could ask out on a date
This wordy gal he might acquire
Could be his word-ed mate

An intellectual couple, they'd be
Prone to wordy babble
Babbling on in wordy glee
While defeating all at Scrabble

But, alas, I don't know any breeders
I say this with regret
Of dinosaur-ous readers
Those wordy worthy pets

Stanley Cooper

Abbot & Costello...Al Gore & George Bush

Who's on first, What's on second
An Abbot and Costello skit
Costello never had it reckoned
He was fully confused by it

In the same mess were Bush and Gore
For them a similar confusion
Who got through the White House door
Was chosen by the court's perusion

Costello and Abbot, commedians great
Could never be this funny
They didn't have the Florida State
Funnier then sunny

With their minimal dimension
They've allowed us all to see
All four have called attention
To their great absurdity

Stanley Cooper

Abbreviation

There’s a drug, now the rage, called Viagra
It’s become famous far and wide
As it’s used from Waltham to Niagara
And over the great divide

“What’s the cause of such appreciation”
I asked an appreciative wife
“It lengthened my husband’s abbreviation
And gave us a more satisfying life”

I asked another young lady
Who seemed happier then most
Her answer was not a bit shady
As she drank to Viagra a toast

There’s no reason to shorten a good thing
It just makes its owner unfit
Ask any couple having a good fling
They won’t want it shortened a bit

So to you, the Viagra creator
For stretching abbreviated gear
You are mankind’s greatest elate-or
And deserve our unabbreviated cheer

Stanley Cooper

About George Dubbyah Bush

He is the very model of a man not presid-ent-i-al
Compared to politicians, he is quite quint-essent-i-al
His faith-based proclamations, though completely rever-ent-ial
Are Constitution-all-y mis-placed and completely non-essent-i-al

Talents less inspired by warring con-front-a-tion
Must most certainly be found in our nation's pop-ul-a-tion
Appointed to his office by a voting ab-err-a-tion
His leadership, so called, is a total abom-in-ation

November two, two o-o-four, let's hope we feel del-i-cious-ly
With George removed from office by a margin most con-spi-ciously
This ouster vote will not at all come about cap-ric-ious-ly
Good citizens will have reckoned it, be certain, most jud-i-cious-ly

Florida appointed him to office in a vote most art-ific-ially
His presidential D.C. stay was purely accid-ent-i-ally
His stint as Chief Executive, was a failure most abys-mally
So good riddance to you Dubbyah, stay in Texas resid-ent-ally

Stanley Cooper

Absent-mindedness

This subject which I write on
However will I scrawl it
As I truly have a fright on
'Cause, I really can't recall it

When I'm preoccupied
With issues of the day
My brain will not provide
Recollections..gone astray

It's not just a senior failing
As the young sometime insist
It hits everyone, this ailing
But in elders it persists

I've forgotten what it's called
And feel I've been side-blinded
As my mind has somewhat stalled
Perhaps I'm absent-minded

Stanley Cooper

Absolutely Maybe

“Absolutely, maybe”
An answer, though amusing
When questioning my lady
I find it most confusing

Her answers, so concise
Teem with such explicit-y
She’s always this precise
With chronic eccentricity

I’ll bravely take a stand
And hope that she complies
I’ve “absolutely, maybe” banned
Her fricasseed replies

Stanley Cooper

Acronyms

We too often rely on acronyms
To save us time and space
Convenient, they're just wordy trims
To insure our hurried pace

They're over-used, to my dismay
Instead of food, we're offered spam
This alphabetical disarray
Linguistically's a sham

Shortcuts here and there are fine
But when overdone, obtuse
When over used they cross the line
Then we're victims of misuse

Stanley Cooper

After-Life

If “after-life” is believed
Perhaps I’m already there
And all I’ve recently achieved
Occurred in my second life affair

My life before, could I recall
Perhaps from taste or a passing scent
Was I thin, fat, short or tall
A hobo or a high class gent

Then, when second life has come and gone
Why not presume a third and fourth, etcetera
To attain our wish that life goes on
Couldn’t ask for anything better-a

Stanley Cooper

Alaska Bound

On Sunday we were northwest bound
Going even farther then the Puget Sound
First stop was beauteous V B C*
We looked forward to it, both Jeannie and me

It's a cultural treat visiting museums in Vancouver
Though far different from Paris's Louvre
In old Gastown stands the first built Steam Clock
Just a stones throw away from where our ship docked

A stroll down Robson Street is surely a must
For those, like Jeanne, with that shoppers lust
Where else can one buy a totem in one shop
And sophisticated computers at the very next stop

Then we boarded the Veendam, our cruiser
I hung on to Jeanne...did not want to lose her
Got assigned to our stateroom number one thirty five
The hint of the salt water air had us feeling alive

Now, wouldn't Juneau- the first port we'd stop at
Was Alaska's Juneau- Could Juneau how to top that
At the Capital city with snow peaks galore
We opted for the Mendenhall Glacier tour

Our first glacier view had us so admiring
This vast sheet of ice that was so awe inspiring
Next city was Skagway, population eight hundred...not counting bears
With most of those eight hundred in shops, hawking their wares

But this commercial tourist stop did not at all diminish
Skagway's natural beauty for those who stayed for the finish
We took a ride on the historic White Pass and Yukon Railroad
From which we viewed giant forests of trees years ago sowed

Growing in their mountainous homes, where they seem to aspire
To reach up to the sky where nothing grows higher
The train took us way up, around, and then down
Causing a few frightened frowns
But what's a hairy scare or two, in lieu
Of the grandeur we viewed
On the rim of old Skagway town

We next arrived at Glacier Bay and were truly in awe
By Huge claps of thunder the likes of which we never foresaw
Which filled our ears and our hearts with wonder
Could those majestic sounds really just be thunder?

And after those roars came the falling of ice
No words I can find would really suffice
Chunks of ice, the size of skyscrapers falling
Fell into the sea as if following some calling

No, those huge roaring sounds were really not thunder
They were the results of the glacier being ripped asunder
As majestic a sight one could ever dream up
Is this calving of ice..nature's getting it's steam up

We're a couple who for words do not lack
But the glaciers just left us all out of whack
There we were with mouths wide open
With too much wonder for words to be spoken

The ship did a turn and we were back on our way
To a town of note we'd see the next day
Cruising the inside passage back down south
Till we came to the city at this inlet's mouth

Ketchikan...a most unlikely name
For a city with such beauty to claim
It's a heaven for sightseers and fisherman too
And a tourist's delight with wonders to view

It's the rainiest of places so raincoats are needed
That's a suggestion we had and sure wish we heeded
But it's wetness didn't seem to bother it's eagles
Our national bird that's so beautifully regal

White heads and tails and their super large wingspan
That fit in so well with the wide skies of Ketchikan
As sentries that guard this city's great harbor
In their stately way, they do it with ardor

Away from the cities, through nature we sailed
By contrast we saw how humans have failed
In viewing the great outdoors, so wild, yet serene
We found a desire, to be one with this scene

In Alaska where it's quiet and secluded
We oft times felt our presence intruded

Stanley Cooper

Algebra and Geometry

It should come as no big suprise
That Algebra, with all its Xs and Ys
Along with its tasteless inedible PIs
Is the cause of many students demise

A subject students find distressing
Is Algebra with its Ys and its Xing
Along with abstract symbolic excess-ing
Faulted for many a student depressing

Another study that’s not quite a beaut
Is Geometry with its angles acute
Its content considered of ill repute
By students most likely not too astute

Most pupils would rather hang from a noose
Than learn Geometry with its angles obtuse
For low grades they’ve a ready excuse
Their belief Geometry for them has no use

How wrong they are with their thinking so hazy
Blatantly cocksure, more likely just lazy
Most civilized progress is based on reliance
Of Geometry and Algebra, the language of science

Stanley Cooper

Altering Perspective

For those perceptively receptive
Innuendos can alter their perspective
A case in point is political analysis
Intent on brainy thought paralysis

When ten to nine’s the winning score
The winner brags a win by more
Perspective of the win must be enlarged
To show who’s qualified to be in charge

Though the winner won by only one
To proclaim it as such, is quickly shunned
To prove his point, this mental midget
Will claim a win of double digit

Stanley Cooper

Americas False Security Blankets

Our false blankets of security
Oceans Atlantic and Pacific
Distanced us from the reality
Of worldly things horrific

How safe we were, we seemed to think
We had oceans to protect-us
Sheltered by those massive drinks
No terror could affect-us

Terror was a foreign thing
That happens over there, somewhere
The States would never feel its sting
America had no need to care

As time marched on the world has shrunk
Our guardian seas now less protective
Our myths of safety have been debunked
As we view the world with real perspective

Stanley Cooper

An Animate Fool

Computers perform without a brain
I don’t know how they do it
The amount of info they sustain
I never could accrue it

They’re passion-less, and gender free
They never show emotion
Not one of them’s a he or she
Who could display devotion

I sit in front of one most days
For computerized solutions
To problems that have come my way
In need of resolutions

This pulse-less, brain-less entity
This hard-disc inanimate tool
Has software that out-thinks me
Perhaps I’m an animate fool

Stanley Cooper

An Infant’s Point Of View

All of five minutes old, I wonder why I’m here
Compared to where I was, this world seems too austere
It was so warm and loving, to leave I had no thirst
When suddenly two gloved hands pulled me out head first

No more peace and quiet as strangers fondle me
It seems these total strangers will never let me be
I’d like to find my way back to that warm and loving womb
Instead of living with these strangers with whom I feel entombed

They show no respect for us little guys with infantile physiques
No-one seems to care at all about us little pip-squeaks
I suppose in time I will adjust to my fate that now seems awful
But one would think I’ve a right to a choice more ethical and lawful

Stanley Cooper

An Ode To A Lame Duck

If we wanted a president abhorrently decisive
We got one
If we wanted one nationally divisive
We got one
If we wanted a president who’s minus one on the Richter Scale
We got one
If we wanted a president who was absolutely guaranteed to fail
We got one

Seven years gone - a fearful one to go
We’ll soon be free
Of our “Mission Accomplished” cowboy, Mr. Gung Ho
We’ll soon be free
George Dubbyah Bush, at the end of your terms, so murky
We’ll soon be free
You’re now a lame duck, you’ve been a lame turkey
We’ll soon be free

Stanley Cooper

And The Spin Goes On

Bulletin…"Iraq violence escalates"

Bulletin…"Bombs and mortar fire killed at least 161 people and wounded 257"

Bulletin…"Two mortar barrages on Sunni neighborhoods in West Baghdad killed nine and wounded 21"

Bulletin…"Violence in Iraq spiraling…UN finds average of 120 lives lost each day"

Bulletin…"October's toll of at least 3,709 civilian deaths was the highest so far, up nearly 400 from September and 700 more than in August"

Question…Why can't American troops be pulled out of Iraq?

Bush wisdom…..If troops left Iraq, it would result in CHAOS

And the spin goes on and on and on! ! !

Stanley Cooper

And What Are You Doing For Christmas

“And what are you doing for Christmas”, he, with drink in hand, asked
“Did he think that in my jolly red attire I was Chris Kingle miscast?
Don’t you know who I am, can’t you take a guess?
Don’t you recognize my reindeer who tow the Claus express

I’ve got my chimney climbing shoes on, getting ready for the action
The deer are wearing snow shoes for better snowy traction
The liquid you’ve been gulping down, has you over boozy
If you can’t discern jolly Santa Claus, you’re either drunk or woozy

Stash that booze and give me a hand with my many a-ho-ho-ho
I can’t be late for Christmas eve, I’ve so many places to go
The kids are waiting, with happy dreams, I don’t want to let them down
So hop in my sled and join me on my trips from town to town

And when it’s done and over with, here is what I think
I promise you, for helping me, I’ll buy you another drink

Stanley Cooper

Angelic Me

My teacher told me to behave
But behaving's what I never craved
She thought I acted too outlandish
Just being me was too out-Stan-dish

The girl's pigtail in the inkwell soaked
How it got there was my little joke
I whistled when teacher turned her back
Music's what our classroom lacked

To the principals' office I was sent
It clearly became a daily event
She told him I was rude and frightful
Yet my friends in class thought me delightful

My mother when she came to school
He told her I was the classroom fool
She didn't believe that awful man
Could say that of her angel Stan

Whistlers' mother, she knew best
She knew her son was not a pest
So much to my teachers' dismay
I was back in class the very next day

The inkwell reclaimed that girls' pigtail
The teacher warned, but to no avail
Behind back whistles, once more the norm
Angelic me was back in form

Stanley Cooper

Anthropomorphism

If you attribute human traits to other things
You’re an anthropomorphic believer
When from those assertions, falsity springs
You’re an anthropomorphic deceiver

If you are hit by a rock that was thrown
And make the claim it attacked you
You’ve asserted a mind of it’s own
An assertion you know isn’t true

Bugs Bunny, a perfect example
Of an over-ly morphed rabbit
His walking upright is quite ample
To illustrate an over-morphed habbit

When describing a beautiful flower
Peeking up at the sun
You infer it has eye-sighting power
Anthropomorphically, you’re just having fun

If we leave all of earths creatures
Remain just as they are
Without all of our human features
They’ll be much better off by far

by Stan Cooper…10/11/07

Stanley Cooper

Anti-Symmetric

Two plus two is always four
What a bore! !
If two plus two were sometimes five
Somehow I'd feel more alive

Perhaps we could from boredom escape
If affairs were bent more out of shape
With total order I become apoplectic
So proudly proclaim, I'm anti-symmetric

Stanley Cooper

Anything For A Buck

In our “anything for a buck” society
We’re off the path of sane sobriety
To satisfy our dollar quest
We’ve lionized the plastic breast

The macho “ever-ready” need of males
That they must always be as hard as nails
Fills the wallets of drug providers
And all those C E O insiders

We’ve all been brainwashed, but enough’s enough
Why can’t we join together to fight their stuff
They’ve demonized us with their thought controls
We’ve lost true values, and sold our souls

Stanley Cooper

Apples and Oranges

Species apart are oranges and apples
Yet they're frequently compared
In illogical grapples

The apple believes it's so very incredible
That the peel of the orange
Is so very inedible

The orange knows with out any doubt
Where citrus is king
The apple's left out

Apples have colors, red yellow and green
While the orange is hued only
With an orange-y sheen

Apple sauce is pleasantly tasteful
But sauce from an orange would be
Tastefully wasteful

Apples and oranges should not be compared
But joined in fruit salads
With their flavors well shared

Their fruity comparison leads logic astray
Comparing apples and oranges
Good judgements betray

Stanley Cooper

Artistic Integrity

To artistic integrity
I make no claim
Rhyming eccentricity
Is more my game

What pops into my head
Is written down
Never sure what's ahead
Be it verb, be it noun

I've been laden with doubt
By critic dissenters
They are so devout
These nitpick tormentors

When my poem is all done
Not completely a sham
I've written my fun
Artistic integrity be damned

Stanley Cooper

Artistic Snobbery

Some fine artists snub their nose
At cartoonists whom they suppose
Fraudulently claim a legacy
In their esoteric world of artistry

Some prose writers look down upon
Poetry as just wordy come-on
The belief writing's their exclusive domain
Shows their attitude of snob disdain

Classical lovers of Beethoven and Bach
Shouldn't place jazz on the cheap chopping block
The artists, 'toonists, poets and prose-ers
Are creative talents as are music composers

Their ingenuity is there for all to enjoy
The rich, the poor and the hoi polloi
Creativity, the underlying fabric of society
However framed should be viewed with propriety

Stanley Cooper

Aunt Eva

My darling mother had no clue
She never ever really knew
Why I always feigned a fever
Before our visits to Aunt Eva

She never knew why I was sobby
Sharing breakfast with cousin Bobbie
I could think of nothing worse-er
Nothing that could make me terse-er

Aunt Eva really was a mean-er
When she served me her farina
I screamed and cried. Mom said, “be stiller”
But Aunt Eva was my Cereal Killer

I could never be real chipper
While being fed by Eve the Ripper
She choked me in her farina noose
Like Jack the Ripper, she cooked my goose

It seemed it was my Sunday’s fate
To eat that stuff I loved to hate
It couldn’t be less keen-able
It’s taste was too farin-able

Those farina Sundays I so did dread
I knew for sure they’d make me dead
I thought I’d never last this long
Could it be, about Aunt Eva, I was wrong?

Stanley Cooper

B C

Before Computers, we dinosaurs
With no e-bay, we shopped in stores
We often sat around and talked
We even walked romantic walks

To find solutions, we used our noodle
But now to solve, we keyboard Google
Yahoo then, a rousing cheer
Yahoo now, a browsing sphere

We opened windows to get fresh air
Now they're opened as file software
Hard and soft discs, we did without
Now to these discs, we're too devout

The webs back then, formed by spiders
Now they're Internet providers
We dinosaurs, no longer in
It somehow seems, we've never been

Stanley Cooper

Baconian Theorem

The plays of Shakespeare are thrilling
Including Macbeth and King Lear
I will never be ready or willing
To trash the great Bard's career

Some nineteenth century writers
Claimed Will did not author those plays
Those scholarly tabloid inciters
Sought another writer to praise

They shamefully came up with Bacon
Might have done better with ham
Their goal was to readers awaken
To their plagiarizing sham

Sir Francis, it's true, was a smarty
Was quite the "Pooh Bah" of his day
Did so many things that were arty
But couldn't be Shakespeare's valet

The Lord High Everything was "Pooh Bah"
Of most things he kept abreast
Keeper of the Seal, Lord Chancellor
Was Sir Bacon at his best

When knighted and addressed as Sir
It helped him stand tall and erect
But he's managed my wrath to incur
By making the great bard suspect

With such brilliance did Shakespeare write
He was so wonderfully able
Not even Sir Francis, the Knight
Would care to persist with their fable

Stanley Cooper

Bah Humbug

The Holiday Season comes, rejoiced in words so saintly
The reason to be glum is, all year they're heard so faintly

BAH HUMBUG

People get fanatic when differences appear
Go into a panic, just sameness they revere

BAH HUMBUG

War rages on our earth as brothers smite each other
What causes such a dearth of loving one another?

BAH HUMBUG

This once a year of spreading joy, is not the way to spread it
It's hypocrisy and just decoy, which brings to us discredit

BAH HUMBUG

Why can't our love for fellow men pervade throughout the year
With this attained, we might find then all hate would disappear

AND NO MORE BAH HUMBUG

Stanley Cooper

Bailing-out Poor Broke Me

+
I need to speak with our Prez
To hear what he says
Re: the possibility
Of bailing-out poor broke me

I've been told my chances are nil
Since I haven't lost at least a trill
It seems they only help C E Os
While I, poor sucker, get only "NOs"

He urges me to over-spend
All I can from my small stipend
But fears bailing-out poor broke me
Won't bolster our failed economy

In economics I'm no giant
But you'd think he'd be more pliant
And see to it our Treasury
Finds a way to bail-out me

Those bankers and brokers who screwed us up
Now standing arms stretched with their large tin cups
Are not as needy as they make-out to be
Please Mr. President, bail-out me

Stanley Cooper

Baseball and Life

Baseball ain’t just a game
Ask any fan, it’s a way of life
Life and Baseball, so much the same
Similarly filled with fun and strife

Bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, two out
Score tied, full count on the batter
He knows, at that moment, with out a doubt
If he fails to hit, nothing in life will matter

To strike out in life, as many do
Brings consequences, not aspired
Just as striking out with count three and two
Is something, clearly, not desired

Stanley Cooper

Before I Was Dead

Since I prefer planning ahead
I visited Saint Peters Gate before I was dead
I hoped to discover if in Heaven I'd be accepted
Or if my past would leave me damned and rejected

On my Heaven bound trip I pondered and worried
Should I arrive there before being buried
Didn't want to upset the powers that be
Do all the things right to appear heavenly

The trip took forever, but I guessed that was the norm
Some angels at the gate gave me some forms
Asking personal questions that demanded reply
The answers of many were too hard to supply

I thumbed through the pages, found there were plenty
Embarrassing questions, at least nineteen or twenty
My dander now up, it wasn't alright
To delve into my life, who gave them this right

Because of their downright intrusive intrusion
I quickly came to my final conclusion
I've no need to pass through their heavenly gate
I'll be happy below where I'll more hellishly rate

Stanley Cooper

Belly Up

Too much of desserts and of deli
Most often will cause a big belly
But one shouldn’t be laughed at
Hee-hawed and gaffed at
Just ‘cause his belly’s like jelly

A person shouldn’t be hounded
For having a belly that’s rounded
There may be no solution
For his constitution
That keeps him so very well grounded

Disallowing him sweets and his beers
Would most certainly bring him to tears
Don’t make him forego
That stuff he loves so
Just to end your jeers and your sneers

It would be so terribly cruel
To deny him his fattening fuel
Would it make him a winner
Just ‘cause he’d be thinner
And open to less ridicule?

It’s not intelligently based
To condemn a man for his waist
It just shouldn’t be done
It’s mean and not fun
And is really in very poor taste

Stanley Cooper

Between Our ears

Between our ears it sits
Housing all our wits
The brain is so cranially important
We can only hope it’s not just lying dormant

Skull-fully embraced
Behind its human face
To prevent a falling wreck
It’s balanced on the neck

When in need of abstract thought
The cerebrums aid is sought
For coordination unimpeded
The cerebellum gives what’s needed

It’s also involved in human emotion
Whether to feel hate or loving devotion
When decisions like these cause its paralyses
The time has come for psycho-analysis

>
>

Stanley Cooper

Between The Lines

Can we ever know what's actual?
Are the facts we're given factual?
Are the things we're being told
Just some things we're being sold?
Read between the lines

Are newsy editorials
Perhaps too territorial
By writers over-smitten
With opinions over-written?
Read between the lines

Do we want a quid pro quo
When straight facts we want to know?
Must we always be short-changed
With the truth all rearranged?
Read between the lines

Stanley Cooper

Beyond One’s Nose

To see beyond one’s nose
A talent sorely needed
To correctly pre-suppose
Knowledge unimpeded

A nose that’s a colossus
Might cause learning skills to hide
This very large proboscis
Cognition won’t abide

If beyond your nose you never see
‘Cause you refused to shorten your nasal
You may never earn a learning degree
That’s my short proboscised appraisal

Stanley Cooper

Bible Stories

The Bible doesn't mention
 Methusela had no pension
Nine hundred years without a dime
  Was Methusela doing his hard time

Noah's thinking was all askew
 He only thought in terms of two
More then two, the rules forbade
That rule for Noah was ironclad

Jonah was a bit too chummy
Living in that whales large tummy
But, somehow Jonah felt at home
Giving that whale it's gastronome

Little David, an unlikely hero
Felled the Giant from ten to zero
Goliath took it on the chin
Sling-shot-ing made short work of him

The Red Sea parted to free the Jews
That was the headline in the news
With all our science and high-tech
We can't, to this day, the Red Sea trek

Was it true or was it fable
Adam's son killed brother Abel?
Cain could not his God entice
Offering his first born for sacrifice

So when God accepted Abel's gift
Brother Cain was sure and swift
He went on a fiercesome rampage
Killing Abel in a jealous damned rage

How did these stories come to be?
I don't know, so don't ask me
I've thought and thought the stories through
But I can't reckon them...Can you?

Stanley Cooper

Bilingual I'm Not

Can't express myself bilingually
In poetry or in speech
With my verbal singularity
Bilingual's out of reach

In France for "yes" they say "oui oui"
I can barely manage that
In Spain for "yes" they say "si si"
That's more than I can chat

"Sayonara" I can muster
That's the Japanese "good-by"
"Nyet" is said with bluster
No Russian can "deny"

When The Brits refuse to recognize
And scoff at how I speak
They claim English I've Americanized
I just turn the other cheek

From California to New Yawk
It's the language I converse in
The American way to talk
Is what I chat and verse in

Stanley Cooper

Birth Of Our Nation

Ships sailed great distances over the water
Exporting bibles, morality and inexcusable slaughter
Destroying Indian culture with no hesitation
Once proud free people imprisoned on Reservations

The rational for killings and destructive ravages
Euro-civilization would benefit illiterate savages
They'd learn to be God-fearing from all-mighty preachers
And be taught Euro-values by 'civilized' teachers

They'd accept second place fate or die if refusing
Forced to bow down to the white-man abusing
The trial lawyers at Nuremberg with convictions galore
Were needed back then to settle that dastardly score

War criminals should be accountable, regardless of century
At least live their lives out confined in a closed penitentiary
Guilt must be recognized for deserved condemnation
It's shameful criminality played a role in the birth of our nation

Stanley Cooper

Birthdays

I recall my first birthday, I think
A million years ago
I know I need a real stiff drink
My time is running low

I haven't figured out
How birthdays know to show-up
Each year they're most devout
In forcing us to grow up

Birthdays are so functional
They make childhood disappear
Birthdays are so punctual
Appearing every year

I'm in my second childhood now
So, more birthdays I can use
I won't complain, since they'll allow
More life, which I enthuse

Stanley Cooper

Bleeped Off

Constantly on the beware
For any word known as a swear
They don’t want us tainted
With words too un-sainted
And insist we stay prudishly square

Fearful of being infected
We’re controlled and over protected
Their weapon, the bleep
Is a slow censor-creep
Which shields us from words, not respected

They try so hard to avert
Words they deem to be dirt
But, the powers that be
Can’t seem to see
Policing of words, is what hurts

The persistence of insulting bleeps
From minds philosophically asleep
Spawn backward mentality
And puritanical morality
They so righteously guard to safe-keep

You bleeping censoring prudes
Your values are terribly skewed
Your preaching’s opaque
Freedom of choice is at stake
All four-letter words are not L E W D

Stanley Cooper

Blow Your Bugle, Soldier Man

Blow your bugle, soldier man
For our young heroes
In their flag covered boxes

In the few years they lived
We taught them
How to die for
Love of country

They are home now
Blow your bugle, soldier man
Blow Taps
It’s lights out

Stanley Cooper

Bullfighting

A Toreador’s career is not for me
Killing a bull for money and fame
Or the fans who with sadistic glee
Believe killing a bull is just a game

Which one’s the beast is plain to see
The bull’s just a victim in this matter
The bull or the man? It’s obvious to me
It not the bull, it’s the latter

Stanley Cooper

Bushy-Tailed Cronies

Washington reeks of cronyism
A trait methinks un-ethical
So closely linked to phony-ism
Of politicians path-etical

A crony not well certified
To legally adjudicate
Can’t be judicially qualified
To act as a Supreme Court magistrate

With all due respect to Miss Meirs who
Most non-partisans agree
Was not suited for the job she aspired to
As the Supreme Court nominee

Her paper trail, inauspicious
For both right wing and left
Her resume, not propitious
As a justice she wouldn’t be deft

This nominee, another Bush blunder
To add to his “Shock and Awe”
He’s made good thinking folk wonder
What new blunders he has in store

Cheyney, Rumsfeld, Rove and Rice
An unfortunate White House blend
He’d be better served without their advice
But they’re his cronies to the end

Stanley Cooper

Busy

Busy bees are so busily busy
They fly around in a flittering tizzy
They flittingly flit from hour to hour
In their busy-ness flit from flower to flower

To the queens in their hives, they're so bees-ily loyal
The queens of beehives are so bees-ily royal
Look high and low throughout all of nature
You'll find not a thing more queen-like in stature

To those busybodies who try to inspect
The honeyed waxed homes of this busy insect
They better get busy to be sure they'll be getting
Safety from stings by using bees netting

Stanley Cooper

But That’s How It Is

I ain’t what I was, but that’s how it is
Fretting won’t help with my new ‘now’ biz
I’ve run the good race on my life-long course
To pasture they’ll commit me like a thorough-bred horse

They can’t pasteurize me, I’m not ready quite yet
That my racing’s not over is no long-shot bet
There are things yet undone that need doing by me
No way can they make me a life absentee

So perhaps I’ll run slower, not attain every goal
After all I’m aware I’m no longer a foal
I’ll be there at the finish line, though a little less spry
Believe me, I’ll be there with my head held up high

Stanley Cooper

Campaign Code Words

“Change, ” a key-word in this presidential campaign
But change to what, they don’t explain
Change for better or for worse?
How will it affect the tax-payers purse?

“Experience, ” another word thrown about
It’s what they’ll use to bail us out
From the mess it got us into
Our answer, “No Thank You”

The phrase, “less words, more action”
Intends to render satisfaction
These catch-words voiced with ease
Keep thoughtful voters most displeased

To speak on issues should be their selection
In this upcoming presidential election
If they would only say what’s true
That would be something truly new

Personality, race and gender
Seems that’s all they have to tender
If leader’s are chosen in this way
No wonder our world’s in disarray

Stanley Cooper

Cannibal Eating Rites (or wrongs)

When a cannibal man is thinking of choosing his just dessert
Must his family, friends and neighbors go on a red alert?

If his main dish consisted, of people fricassee
Might he nibble on lady fingers to go with his skull of tea?

Does the populace of Paris diminish
When he eats his golden French fries
Or when he dines on his delicious dish
Known as Parisian delectable thighs?

He loves to eat a Frank-foot-er
For him, it's a hot dog delight
But to Frank, there's nothing much cruder
Then feeling that cannibal's bite

He doesn't smoke marijuana
But loves smoking men in his pot
He's far worse than most Piranhas
Loves munching on humans a lot

A cannibal thinks it is thrilling
To be known as a people gourmet
And he's always so ready and willing
To dine at a human buffet

When it comes to dining organic
He's certainly not part of that scene
Man-eaters are known to be manic
For picking bones clean, they are keen

Though he is not big on veggies and herbs
He might savor the curls on your head
So hope that his diet and hunger he curbs
At least till he knows you're quite dead

Stanley Cooper

Capital Punishment

Capital Punishment, a perverse way
To execute one’s moral beliefs
It runs counter to those who pray
Who espouse forgiveness relief

“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth”
A concept ill-used to avenge
Killing is murder, and that’s a raw truth
Why this need for revenge?

It sinks to the criminal level
A depth morality eschews
The death penalty, more attuned for the devil
No moral society should choose

Stanley Cooper

Cat Of Nine Tails

Cats, they say, live nine lives
It’s a cat-astrophic theory
When one is gone, eight survive
It’s cat-egorically eery

Thirty six legs and eighteen eyes
Each one a cat of nine tails
Felines deserve the longevity prize
As they through their nine lives sail

Stanley Cooper

Caught In The Middle

I have this strange proclivity
To write about infinity
No better way to poem this, then
Without beginning or an end

To start a poem right in it's middle
Presents me with a baffling riddle
This problem, so unorthodox
Reveals a puzzling paradox

The middle, relative, by definition
With no start or end, sheds it's position
If I start with the middle, to my chagrin
The middle becomes the new begin

Deleting the end would be disturbing
The problem there would be unnerving
To write this poem and get it right
The middle needs an end in sight

Farewell infinity, I have concluded
Those two features can't be excluded
A beginning, a middle and an end
Seems to me a poems best blend

Stanley Cooper

Cell Blabbers

Cell phones are useful, no need to deny it
But since their inception, it’s no longer quiet
Some of their users say ‘nothing’ quite well
On that new-fangled contraption known as the “cell”

They chat in their autos while they are driving
Not conducive at all to safely arriving
With cell phone in hand, they’re a scourge on the road
A danger to all with their talk overload

Cell phon-ers persistently incessantly blabber
About so many things that really don’t matter
Using the cell, they believe is so cool-ish
Not knowing misuse is foolishly fool-ish

Having something to say is an admirable trait
But speaking and blabbing, I can not equate
It’s not really the cells that keep me upset
But the blabbers that own them, the talkative set

Stanley Cooper

Changed

My head was once covered with hair combed so slick
I can’t comb it now, ‘cause it’s no longer thick

My eyes never drooped, they never were saggy
My how they’ve changed, they’re now oh so baggy

My abs have so grown, were flat, now they’re round
They seem to be stretching right down to the ground

And speaking of stretches, just ask Jeannie my belle
Sex is still there, we remember it well

My hands very steady, not once did they shake
But now there’s a tremor, that’s not quite a quake

I used to think clearly, my brain was a beaut
But now things get fuzzed when I try to compute

But one thing won’t change, I boldly avow it
My spirit won’t age, I just won’t allow it

Stanley Cooper

Chicken Little’s Back With Us

The thawing loss of polar ice
Should suffice
For us to heed Chicken Littles fear
That our end may be very near

The sky is falling, so be aware
Of little chicken’s mindful scare
Heed her warning
Our Globe IS warming

To ignore it is the easy way
In the end will cause dismay
To all our future generations
Say most scientific estimations

Stanley Cooper

Chips

Chips are found on a hostile one’s shoulder
When very irate, they’re large as a boulder
Also spotted in a golfer’s short swing
We see they’re around most any old thing

Gamblers amass and stack chips up high
Would love to stack them up to the sky
Deliciously eaten, these slivers of spud
Contentedly chewed much as cows chew their cud

The English delight, fulfilling their wishes
Devouring chips with their dishes of fishes
The Colonies import this unique tasty morsel
Chips are delicious with fins and with dorsal

We’ve given these tips on the subject at hand
The subject is chips, you by now understand
The history of chips goes way back in time
But do chips deserve to be put into rhyme?

Stanley Cooper

Choco-holic

I don’t have a drink affliction
Never been cursed with a smoke addiction
But must confess to one worse by far
I can’t resist a chocolate bar

When as a lad, my mother said
“You’ll be rewarded if you eat your bread”
So I ate my bread, and the reward I got
Was a delicious piece of choc-o-lot

So Freud was right, my mom’s to blame
For the choc-o-hol-ic I became
She’s the reason here I think
Why I’d die for a chocolate drink

Perhaps I sound too vitriolic
To label myself as choc-o-hol-ic
But if that’s my breach, I must admit-it
To enable me to one day quit-it

Stanley Cooper

Circles

Circles always circular
Void of angularity
Can’t be perpendicular
Because of circularity

I’ve never seen a circle squared
Every one of them well rounded
Square-ish circles so impaired
Would leave me most astounded

Concepts come and concepts go
But this one’s here to stay
Forever they’ll be rounded so
Those circles on display

Stanley Cooper

Circular Reasoning

Circular reason rarely
Results in conclusions fairly
When used it misguides
Too often provides
Cyclic conclusions squarely

Resorting to thinking so round-about
Regrettably causes a drought of doubt
Facts are diluted
Truthfulness muted
Valid conclusions are crowded-out

Thinking is mentally lax
With reasoning under attack
Facts misunderstood
Have no common good
When circularly twisting the facts

From here on in no longer persist
From here on in attempt to resist
As round-about thoughts
Always distorts
With conclusions in total abyss

by Stan Cooper…7/15/07

Stanley Cooper

City Of Brotherly Hate

Intolerance, U.S.A.
Where bigots live in disarray
Variance not abided
Thoughts and reason all one-sided

Similitude's revered
Difference considered weird
Diversity acrimonious
Adverse and felonious

Let's hope in time it'll be decreed
To allow Intolerance to secede
This hypothetical city aberration
Has no place in our great nation

Stanley Cooper

Civil War

North against South, hatred unbound
Grant versus Lee - our country aflame
Young men maimed on no neutral ground
A blood potpourri, our nation in shame

Lincoln insisted the states stay united
Secession he would not abide
The wrongs of slavery had to be righted
He resisted a North-South divide

Few wars are fought with such hate
America stained by its blood and its gore
Its name lacks credence or weight
As nothing was civil in this Civil War

Stanley Cooper

Class Distinction

In war-time there's a 'class' hiatus
Snobbish rules are set aside
Low class citizens attain the status
That is, in peace, for them denied

Class systems for centuries have strived
To separate the high and lower masses
Yet in war-time this class-based system survives
Hypocritically, conveniently equalizing the classes

The young who fill the armored ranks
Face possible life extinction
For those who fight and drive the tanks
They make no class distinction

Stanley Cooper

Cliche-ing Around

"It couldn't happen to a nicer guy"
Is said in veneration
It fits him well and does comply
With deserved admiration

"I would, if I could, but I can't"
Most usually meaning "I won't"
The English might say that "I shan't"
Or "it's something I usually don't"

"He never knew what hit him"
We say to ease our strain
Really feeling oh so grim
About the other fellow's pain

"All things being equal" Is,
Entirely theoretical
One needn't be a brainy whiz
To know it's hypothetical

"Been there, done that"
A know-it-all's rendition
He seems to think he's where it's at
And boasting is his mission

"There are no two ways about it"
An expression that's so blinded
Most times it's mostly doubted
As we stay more open minded

"When all is said and done"
Cliches like these abound
It's suggested they be shunned
By less cliche-ing around

Stanley Cooper

Clichés

I’m truly amazed
At the amount of clichés
Heard in conversation
Said with no reservation
Symptoms of cliché malaise

It’s a fact
“Opposites attract”
My wife’s a she
I’m a he
Can’t argue with that

“Like a henpecked husband”
Another over-used cliché, and
Keeping most men crazed
It needs to be reappraised
Then conversationally banned

It’s a long leap
From “beauty is skin deep”
To “love is blind”
“Just blows my mind”
That leap’s too steep

“Let your conscience be your guide”
Another cliché ride
They like to flout
It’s really “petered out”
And just conversational bromide

This cliche banality
Has no linguistic personality
Clichés I ardently dislike
Should all “take a hike”
Give way to originality

Stanley Cooper

Clicker Flicker

How I hate to bicker
About the doggone tv clicker
So it's Jeanne’s, just for the asking
While frustration I keep masking

Makes no difference what is showing
It won't stay on, is what I'm knowing
I find myself just clicker bitching
About her channel clicker switching

As long as Jeanne controls that clicker
I’ll be doomed to watch screen flicker
I never ever get my chances
To choose my westerns or romances

With a click click here and a click click there
Here a click, there a click everywhere a click click
All of Jeanne’s incessant clicker-ing
Causes screen incessant flickering

Her tv clicking, makes me grumble
I sometimes wish that set would crumble
I try so hard to not despair
As we really are a loving pair

Stanley Cooper

Cocka Doodle Doos

An old rooster, ranting and rickety
Often toward hens acts persnickety
The cock's merely expressing
That his aging's depressing
Because he ain't what he used to be

His fowl play ruffles the coop
Which flusters the hen's social group
Their concern - he'll provoke
Their not laying a yolk
And wind up as hot chicken soup

This show-offy rooster's a cur
The chicks need a way to deter
His cock-of-the-walk sassing
With their hen-peck-ing thrashing
The barnyard is all in a stir

Like roosters, some men act the same
Their grandstanding can often inflame
But they should be forgiven
When by aging they're driven
To strutting and acting inane

To cause his girl chicks dismay
He struts his big ego display
But, though he might choose-ta
Strut like a rooster
It won't stop his hair turning gray

Stanley Cooper

Collosal Blunder

A preventive war
A collosal blunder
We shocked and awed
Solving what, I wonder

War embroiled
In a deadly trade-off
Blood for oil
A despicable pay-off

This war we've begotten
The values of life
Are all but forgotten
In immoral strife

Stanley Cooper

Columbus

In Spain he was the hero of heroes
But not to the indigenous locals
To them he was the zero of zeroes
A white-faced foreigner yokel

Barbaric, to Columbus they seemed
Red faced, with uncivilized clothes
It was absurd to even have dreamed
They could best him with arrows and bows

A compass might have set him straight
To India, right on course
Instead, the new world's real estate
He viciously stole by force

It seems quite incredulous
Since to India, he went a-sailing
He blundered and discovered us
With his mis-direction-al failing

Stanley Cooper

Commandments

The Bible teaches Thou Shalt Nots
Known as the Commandments Ten
Most of which methinks we've forgot
Perhaps we should learn them again

A life of Sainthood we could never espouse
Sainthood's not true to our nature
If trying to claim it, we'd surely arouse
Queries from our law legislature

Thou Shalt Not that and Thou Shalt Not this!
It's more then most mortals can stand
Too many Shalt Nots most folk dismiss
'Cause Shalt Nots shapes living too bland

Thou Shalt Not covet your neighbor's dear wife
A Shalt Not that's far too simplistic
Coveting her could enhance your bland life
Not coveting might send you ballistic

Perhaps some neighbor's wife covets thou
A circumstance which may often occur
Should you not give this coveting frau
Some loving to satisfy her?

Thou Shalt Not steal. Don't give way to this tempt
Stealing breadcrumbs will cause you contrition
Though stealing some bread might make you exempt
From starving for needed nutrition

Here's a big Shalt without that big Not
Thou Shalt honor fathers and mothers
The most positive Shalt that we've got
Thou Shalt treat each of us as brothers

Thou Shalt Not ever murder commit
To kill is a cardinal sin
Thou Shalt Not even kill this poet
No matter you're feeling within

Enough of this Shalt Not unholy derision
For their true meanings we have no quarrels
Shalt Nots were written with far reaching vision
They were meant to teach all of us morals

Stanley Cooper

Coney Island and There-a-bouts

To learn their foreign language doesn’t come with ease
Only natives of the Isle of Coney speak this Brooklyn-eze
Their parents they refer to as “dare fodders” and “dare mudders”
While older sibling rivals are “dare olda bigga brudders”
Sophisticates in Manhattan refer to “these” and “those”
But in Brooklyn-eze their counterparts are known as “Deeze” and “Doze
Brooklyn-eze, they claim is derived from the English language
Most British folk react to this with cockneyed English anguish
But Brooklyn-ites don’t give a hoot, they love their Brooklyn-eze
They’ll go on speaking as they please, including “Doze” and “Deeze”

Stanley Cooper

Conversion

The Father, Son and The Holy Ghost
Commanded worldly attention
When all three acted as peace keeping hosts
At the 'World For Peace' convention

The goal of this holy three
Was to employ their holy sway
By using their holy piety
To end our world's disarray

Too many problems had piled sky high
Betwixt Christians, Muslims, and Jews
Secular members just hadn't complied
With commandments, so things were askew

To end all this discord, they embarked on a plan
These three were all of one mind
Their plan was conversion for every last man
They believed it was best for mankind

When presenting their convention intention
The acceptance they prayed for was there
But they hadn't at all yet mentioned
The conversion to WHICH doctrinaire

The convention was filled with world leaders
Each convinced conversion would work
They were all very pious believers
And that's where the dangers did lurk

'Conversion was fine if converting to Allah'
The Muslims spoke up in that way
'Conversion was fine if converting to Yahweh'
The Jews had their say on that day

Each group approved of conversion
Conversion to THEIR way of thinking
Each of them sure THEY had the right version
While all others were merely hoodwinking

The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost
Got no results to condone
They had done their best, their uppermost
So returned to their heavenly thrones

Not one of these groups will ever refrain
Though aware conversion's a tough nut to crack
None will allow THEIR right cause to wane
Each convinced THEY'RE on the right track

Stanley Cooper

Copacetic

No reason to go apoplectic
When things in life don’t seem copacetic
A positive outlook can guide you through it
And right the wrong if you just pursue it

It’s easier said than done, for sure
But a positive outlook might be just the cure
Problems will be handled much more deftly
When your glass is half full and not half empty

Stanley Cooper

Corporate Chicanery

Corporate malfeasance by C E Os
Lines their pockets with tainted dough
They steal with little or no apprehension
While bursting dreams of workers with pensions

They don't hire accountants just for their looks
But employ accountants who'll doctor the books
Bookkeeping larcenists show inflated earnings
To falsely appeal to stockholder yearnings

Corporate execs who mis-manage so well
Manage to cause their companies death-knell
Paying little for their vast impropriety
Most live in splendor, despite notoriety

Where is the justice for hard working schnooks
Who are defrauded by hard corporate crooks
With thrown away keys, without any bail
Corporate criminals should serve time in jail

Stanley Cooper

Count Me Out

Arithmetic so numerical
Too confounding and generical
I find no pleasure or emotions
Searching for divided quotients

When adding or subtracting many digits
I find myself unnerved with nervous fidgets
And have never found or reaped much satisfaction
Improperly multiplying improper fractions

So when in need of calculation
Or very heady calibration
I hope the world will understand
My ostriched head, down in the sand

Stanley Cooper

Crap Out

Increasing bets while losing
Is the losing gambler's choosing
So I'm not surprised at Bush's urge
To increase our losses with a new troop surge

He's playing craps with American lives
Giving false hopes our boys will survive
A reckless gamble, a sucker's bet
The Iraq civil war, is his worse bet yet

Two more years of audacious arrogance
Two more years of unwarranted belligerence
Drunk with power is what he's about
Bush's roll of our dice is a sure crap-out

Stanley Cooper

Crazies

The world is full of crazies
That’s plain enough to see
The only true exception
Of course, you know is me

The world is full of loonies
There is no cause to doubt it
The ones that claim abstention
Are those who write about it

Stanley Cooper

Cricket

In the 16th century they introduced Cricket
Along with bats, balls and even some Wickets
Why it’s lasted so long, no one knows but the Brits
Compared to Baseball, Cricket’s the pits

That is the view of most all of us Yankees
Who the Brits are certain are just baseball crankys
For believing crickets so boring
As they go crickety snoring

No one would dream of sipping tea
While watching baseball, we’d all agree
The excitement of sipping tea is the norm
While cricket players attempt to perform

Let’s hear it for the British so 16th century minded
Who when it comes to baseball are so 16th century blinded

Stanley Cooper

Critiquing Paranoia

Catlike in their pouncing
Critics are
Most happy when denouncing
Go too far

How resourceful they can be
When finding MY mistakes
They critique with so much glee
I think they're all just flakes

They place my commas
And dot my Is
They're like watchful mommas
In disguise

Though I may sound paranoid
I know they're sorely needed
In keeping me critique annoyed
Critiqu-ers have succeeded

Stanley Cooper

Crocodiles and Alligators

That’s a lot of croc
There’s nothing pleasant about their features
Their Skin’s as hard as rock

On no special diets
They’ll eat what comes their way
Causing much disquiet
With their threatening display

Another ominous agitator
Is their dragon-kissing cousin
The hard-nose lizard alligator
Who would love us for his luncheon

Between the two, I must admit
I have no solid preference
My druthers would be pups or kits
Who show me greater deference

Stanley Cooper

Culture Abyss

I recently with two high-school students conversed
And alarmingly learned they weren't at all versed
In the musical heritage of our American nation
It was a sorrowful show of their culture isolation

It's not that these kids were doltish or dumb
They were as a matter of fact bright as they come
After minutes with them, one couldn't refute
Their learned mastery of the digital compute

They're well schooled in kilo, giga and megabytes
Consumed with computers in utter delight
But the well rounded person, is one who stands tall
Who knows the tech-world is not the be and end-all

I'm distressed to be the sad news reporter
That these bright kids never heard of Mr. Cole Porter
An American icon of music and wit
It's a short-fall of ours, I humbly submit

"Duke Ellington, " they asked, "Who's that dude"?
And Gershwin, forget about, they hadn't a clue
That it's not a requisite to be musically inclined
Is no excuse to be culturally blind

I was fearful so didn't mention Mozart or Bach
Though I'm sure they knew about Rap and Hard Rock
We've a TV, Computer and I-Pod generation
Who have fallen victim to culture deprivation

They're probably unacquainted with the likes of Van Gogh
Who's accountable for their lack of exposure I really don't know
Hopefully they'll emerge from this culture abyss
There's so much out there, they deserve not to miss

Stanley Cooper

Cyber-ail

My Computer is de-railing
It's forever, ever ailing
Could it be it's simply 'puter constipation?

When I'm browsing or e-mailing
It's illness is prevailing
Perhaps it needs a program installation

If my mouse is what is failing
And the cause is mouse en-tail-ing
I have a plan to cause this mouse cessation

My plan to end this failing
To return to past clear sailing
I'll give it mouse-to-mouse resuscitation

Stanley Cooper

Dances

To keep in step one must keep up
With dances of the day
Just when you think you're all caught up
A new dance is on display

Here are some dances, to name a few
They've been around awhile
Some are old and some are new
But they all have their own style

The Jitterbug when Swing was in
Let's not forget the Tango
The Cha Cha and the Charleston
Remember The Fandango?

Don't forget the Hustle
And the old old Minuet
Danced while wearing bustles
Old dances we shan't forget

The high kicking of the Can Can
Was such a sexy dance
Can't imagine any man
Not enjoying that sexy prance

Remember the Flamenco
Brought in from sunny Spain
Along with the Bolero
Whose beat was so insane

The Stomp and The Cake Walk
With their pleasant kinds of beats
Could make all watchers gawk
As the bands turned on their heat

Chubby Checkers with his twist
And all the Belly Dancing
There's such a long long list
Of dances for romancing

With cowboy boots and hats
A long time dancing craze
Line Dancing's for cool cats
And not a passing faze

The Continental was Astaire-ish
He also danced the Twirl
Square Dancing somewhat square-ish
For Fred and Ginger girl

What about the Fox Trot
The two step was it's making

People Waltzed around a lot
And some went Hula shaking

The Boogy Woogy couldn’t lose
It had that blue-sy feeling
The Boogy Woogy’s swinging blues
Had all of Harlem reeling

And last, but not at all the least
We have the grand Ballet
There is no grander dancing feast
It’s like a steak’s filet

Ballerinas up on toes
So beautifully enthralling
They are the dancing super-pros
Fulfilling their dance calling

With beauty and with grace
They perform their ballet sculpture
We’re so lucky to embrace
This addition to dance culture

Dancing is such fun
In ballrooms or the street
It’s for everyone
Who have two dancing feet

Stanley Cooper

Dead Eye Dick

Always knew Cheyney was slick
Slicker than slick is old Dead Eye Dick
This pseudo athlete, hunting for quail
Much like his policies, was destined to fail

He needed a gunner’s course of instruction
Before using his weapon of mass destruction
This weapon he used for his bird-brained attack
He found in his hometown, not in Iraq

Birds, have no fear, he’s not a straight shooter
He’s much like his buddy, first name of Scooter
When they retire, we birds will be joyous
No more Bushes or Cheyneys around to destroy us

Stanley Cooper

Delight

I delight in being delighted
When wrongs are rightfully righted
I delight when society
Shows proper propriety
To those it has wrongfully slighted

I'll delight in the foregone conclusion
That we'll rid our earth of pollution
When we all coalesce
To end mans-made mess
I'll delight when we have this solution

I delight in a thunderous clap
As it strives to lightning enwrap
I delight in the rain
That is nature's champagne
It's all one big wonderous rap

There are simpler things to delight in
Like when fishermen's fish are all bight-in
When I feel like I'm one
With my daughter and son
Then I know that the worlds all-a-right-in

I delight in a grand keg of beer
I delight in a drink with a peer
It sure is delightful
In getting so tight-ful
And jocularly wishing good cheer

I delight waking up each new morn
With the rest of the day to adorn
I delight in the presence
Of the new day's new essence
And delight for the day I was born

Stanley Cooper

Difference Makers

We can make a difference, we like to believe
So we play their voting game
The political reality is we're just naïve
Post-election, most things remain the same

They promise us this, they promise us that
Vote them in for a cure-all
But once they doff their campaign-hat
Those promises they won't recall

With this in mind, never-the-less
We fulfill our obligation
Without the vote we'd have more of a mess
In our freedom loving nation

Stanley Cooper

Digression Lesson

Whenever you write
Keep your point right in sight
Don’t be word squandering
By word-ily wandering

Stick to the point, it’s less confusing
If you digress, it’s word abusing
Losing your point and going astray
You’ll cause your readers to dismay

To write your thoughts unlike a hack
Be sure to keep them right on track
This lesson here was just for addressing
Why writers should write with no word digressing

Stanley Cooper

Dimples

Why do ladies adore me?
What is this thing they have for me?
Could it be that their answer is
I'm their seductive romancer whiz
That's why they just can't ignore me?

To me it seems so uncan-ly
These ladies think I'm so manly
With me as their special beau
They'd all feel that special glow
When wooed by wooing pro Stanley

My wife explained it so simply
When I asked her opinion so wimply
She said "ladies just favor
And lovingly savor
Me 'cause I'm simply so dimply"

When these ladies fill up their plates-full
With my dimples they know to be tasteful
If sipping moon-shine
With those dimples of mine
They won't very long remain chaste-ful

Stanley Cooper

Doctor Doctor Hear Me Out

Doctor, Doctor, hear me out
I fear I've got poetic gout
I'm in the need of diagnosis
Inform me of my rhyme prognosis

Wandering meters have got me down
Since most critiqu-ers upon them frown
I find myself in syntax ailing
As sentence structure has me failing

I'll never be a rhyme achiever
My metaphors just cause me fever
Similes I most despair with
Likeness-es they can't compare with

I'm laden down with fractured spelling
My broken English is not compelling
Doctor, Doctor, hear me out
I fear I've got poetic gout

Stanley Cooper

Dog Tags

Right hand raised
Swearing to uphold…..
“You’re in the army now”

Dog Tags chained
Affirm identity
They are you
You are them
Inseparable

Vital info
Name
Serial number
Religion
Blood type
Facilitates identification
Wounded
Captured
Dead
A statistic

Dog Tags
Remain
Indestructible
Proof you existed

Stanley Cooper

Don't Bet On It

The election debates
The campaign’s big show
They'll never be soul mates
That's one thing we know

To try to convince
May be their main thrust
Words they mince
Will cause more distrust

We've got a truth drought
'Oh Oh say can't they see'
Truth's what it's about
For the good of country

Before our election
Let’s hope they'll reveal,
A better direction
With plans that will heal

Stanley Cooper

Dots

Dot Com, Dot Org and Dot Net
Just three dots of many more
There’s never been a dot I’ve met
As efficient as this dot corps

These dots, conceived as domains
Are known to most nerdy net web-ers
Whose nerdy computer brains
Use dots in their nerdy endeavors

Why not combine dots with dashes
As Mister Morse did in code
Would the dashes foul up the caches
Found in computer abodes?

Computing nerds surely agree
There’s no need for dot-less irk-ing
Without dots they’d be all at-sea
Drowning, when internet working

Stanley Cooper

Dots Dashes Dits and Dahs

Dots, Dashes, Dits and Dahs
Have long past their last Hurrahs
The code, created by Mr. Morse
We radio ops used in The U.S. Air Force

Dots and dashes are how they're described
But dits and dahs to our ears they were vibed
The dots, heard as dits, the das were the dashes
When fast coded together, we heard lightning like flashes

Dit dit dit dah, the Morse for V
Our wartime symbol for Victory
Dit dit dit dah gave us a lift
When grandiosely heard in Beethoven's Fifth

As time passes on, there's no longer the need
With great tech advance, we must now concede
We old-timers who signaled in Morse
Appear to the youngsters as old dinosaurs

Stanley Cooper

Doublespeak

A euphemism is a verbal tool
Masking grief as acceptably cool
This vocal contrivance, succinctly euphemistic
Glosses over facts distressfully realistic

Observe, when a dear one dies
Rather then say it, we belie and deny
To proclaim he's dead is not easy to say
We euphemistically voice, 'He's passed away'

'He's met his maker', 'He's walked the plank'
Confronting his death is too hurtfully frank
'He's at peace now', or 'at journey's end'
For mourners, less painful to comprehend

Politicians, whizzes at double-speak
Euphemistically cheer us when things appear bleak
'Collateral Damage' a phrase they employ
Describes a bomb killing an innocent boy

The loss of life is more easily faced
When the reality of death, these words have erased
The truth and the facts, are bent out of shape
Attempting euphemistically from grief to escape

Stanley Cooper

Dragon Lady

She chased him here and chased him there
And then, when he finally caught her
Hooked, befuddled and unaware
He married his mother-in-law's daughter

Then when the honeymoon trip began
He found it most unromantic
Her mother, his bride and the also ran
Steamed far across the Atlantic

He couldn't figure why he deserved
And knew he couldn't forsee
He knew for a fact he hadn't reserved
Ship space for this unholy three

However he sinned, he had to atone
To retreat from this awful mess
He knew he would never be left alone
With his bride, whom he couldn't caress

Diabollically he dreamed up plans
To get rid of the Dragon Lady
There were no sane if, buts or ands
He had to do something real shady

Tossing his mother-in-law overboard
At first seemed to be the solution
But this idea he found he abhorred
Since he was anti-ocean pollution

He told the ship's Captain his story
The man in total command
But Captain would allow nothing gory
So could think of nothing offhand

But when mother-in-law spotted the Captain
And hoisted herself upon him
She was never ever seen again
'Cause she didn't know how to swim

Stanley Cooper

Drill Baby Drill

DRILL BABY DRILL
"Oh-oh say can you see"
Any beach-sand oil free
This pollution debris
A gift from corporate B P
DRILL BABY DRILL

This sea-borne disaster
Oil hardened like plaster
Needs a plug-the-leak master
To stop the oil gushing faster
DRILL BABY DRILL

Beautiful pelican creatures
Once with beautiful winged features
Now bogged down in oily slime
No longer enjoy their flying time
DRILL BABY DRILL

B P drilling for profits and dividends
Caused havoc with too many of natures friends
Along with much of the seafaring life
Who share the pelicans' oily strife
DRILL BABY DRILL

The Gulf of Mexico now in distress
Is due to B P's preventable oil laden mess
We've only one planet so we better beware
No more DRILL BABY DRILL-give Earth its due care

Stanley Cooper

E=MC Squared

E=MC squared….that’s one helluva thought
But it has me so distraught
That Albert saw fit
To beat me to it

There I was on the verge
Of explaining the Energy Mass merge
When Professor Einstein shocked the world
With my ideas that he unfurled

But as time passed on I’ve relented
He’s no longer resented
Einstein has all the credits in tow
But of the relative truth only Albert and I know

Stanley Cooper

Earthly Arrogance

No longer in our grand design
Way out in outer space
Pluto, Planet number nine
Demoted by our human race

Pluto belongs in space cemeterial
With arrogance we've decided
So certain about matters celestial
Methinks we are misguided

We can't control what's here on earth
On our global matters we fumble
Of our arrogance there is no dearth
We'd be wise to be more humble

Stanley Cooper

Eggs and Us

Egg and humans have similar traits
How we're cooked determines our fates
We can be hard boiled, tough as they come
Or softies, welcomed by most everyone

Our brains can be scrambled, much like an egg
Eating while spraying from a wooden beer keg
We've been known to be poachers, poached eggs on toast
We're found at buffets and even at roasts

A traitor was Arnold with Benedict fame
Eggs Benedict, though not quite the same
Soufflé eggs take a beating like we sometimes do
When beaten like eggs, it's something we rue

Like Humpty and Dumpty we fall flat on our face
And look like an omelet in egg-y disgrace
Three cheers for those roosters who are so reliable
And the chicken laid eggs that made this poem viable

Stanley Cooper

Encouragement

With just a little common sense
Our children could be flourishing
Love and caring with no pretense
For them is what’s most nourishing

Encouragement is their crying need
For kids it’s gratifying
If encouraged they’ll succeed
Never put them down for trying

Encourage girls and lads
It's really so essential
That’s good advice for moms and dads
If they’re to be parent-ial

Stanley Cooper

English Rules

English rules Brits, with authority, tout
Arbitrary rules they're so adamant about
The need for Q to be followed by U
The reason for this, we haven't a clue

It shouldn't be an awful transgression
Confronting Brits with a U-less suggestion
Writing Qs that are U-less
Would in fact confuse-less

Brits, if you change your rules just a little
Your language will be a little less brittle
It may at first cause you a tear
But your English will be a little less qeer

Stanley Cooper

Escape From Reality

To awaken from our life-long dream
And discover the world as it is
We would receive a reality gleam
That reality is well worth the miss

We choose to keep the world out of sight
And continue to dream our years through
Clearly we need this reality flight
Of reality we don’t want a clue

So slumber we will to avoid what exists
Reality is not that great
The world in its state has gone far amiss
So we’ll dream to ameliorate

Stanley Cooper

Esoteric Views Of Manhattans' NY Residents

Far East.....First Avenue
Mid East.....Lexington Avenue
Center of the Universe.....Fifth Avenue
Far West.....Hudson River Drive
Southwest.....Atlantic City, New Jersey
Illegal Immigrants.....Invaders from Bronx and Brooklyn
World at war.....Mets versus Yankees
Wide open spaces.....Central Park
World Cruise.....Circle Line cruise around Manhattan Island
Bridge to nowhere.....George Washington Bridge
Showcase of the World.....Bloomingdales
Global Warming.....Keeps mom's chicken soup hot
The Great Caesar.....Mayor LaGuardia
Gladiator Arena.....Madison Square Garden
"If You Can Make it There.....You Can Make It Anywhere"
Stairway To Heaven.....Empire State Building
Foreign Soil.....Staten Island
Near the North Pole.....Westchester County
The Rest of The World.....Fawgedaboudit! ! !

Stanley Cooper

Ethics Drowned

When searching for answers, I'd never have thought
We'd plunge heads underwater of prisoners we've caught
Waterboarding, a behavior new to our culture
Instead of interrogation, we sadistically torture

Parameters of the Geneva Convention
Created with intent of humane protection
For civilian or soldier prisoners of war
From the kind of mistreatment, good men abhor

Our ethics and morals are frightfully compromised
When we sink to the level of all despots despised
If waterboarding continues to be the name of our game
I forsee for our country nothing but shame

Stanley Cooper

Euphemisms Or Goofy-isms

Some very common euphemisms
Are nothing more than goofy-isms
Those who once bought “used cars”
Now purchase “pre-owned” stars

“Civilian casualties” can now be bandaged
By reporting them as collaterally damaged
We hate to think that a friend has “died”
He’s “passed on” we more easily take in stride

We hesitate to refer to someone as “short and fat”
“Vertically and horizontally challenged” is where he’s at
Don’t use the word “kill”, it might traumatize
We’re more comfortable with saying he’s been “marginalized

We don’t “fire” an employee, we “let him go”
Keeping us on a guiltless plateau
These are examples of just some euphemisms
Which I’m sure you’ll agree are just goofy-isms

Stanley Cooper

Excluddians in Las Vegas

They came here on Earth just to study
Their complexions half blue and half ruddy
They journeyed from space
From a far distant place
A planet we know as Excluddy

They landed on earth in a valley
They hurried with no time to dally
They jumped from their ship
Found themselves on the strip
And the first sign they saw, it said Bally

They needed to study our strange ways
And were ready to spend many days
But were greatly suprised
As each viewed with four eyes
The array of the strip's weird displays

From their planet they didn't detect it
Their science did never reflect it
They didn't conceive it
And couldn't believe it
Las Vegas was most unexpected

The Excluddians invisibly cloaked
Didn't want the natives provoked
They had to keep furtive
And be not assertive
No need to disturb Vegas folk

They left their saucer shaped ship
And began to explore the big strip
The Monte Carlo so beckoned
And in no time they reckoned
It's features looked really so hip

There was nothing like this on Excluddy
There planet now seemed Fuddy duddy
Smitten with Black Jack
They preferred not to go back
Delighted with this part of their study

They stopped at a real dicey table
And wondered if they would be able
To throw those red pellets
As well as those zealots
Who seemed so grossly unstable

The Poker room soon would embold them
As they watched a game known as "holdem"
Players sweared and grumbled
The cards had them humbled

But to them this was the moment most golden

Their research now was completed
Like most tourists, they were defeated
They found Vegas astounding
In spaceship home bounding
With life savings completely depleted

Stanley Cooper

Expectations

The sun rose today, now that’s a fact
As far as we can recollect, it’s always done this act
The sun set this night, in darkness do we go
As far as we can recollect, it’s always done just so

We attain our expectations
From recurring things we view
We apply our calculations
Then expect them to renew

But, can we be forever sure
And act so dog-gone clever
Perhaps we shouldn’t be cocksure
Expecting it forever

Stanley Cooper

Father Time

I'd like to visit Father Time so he could hear my gripe-in'
'bout his reluctance to keep old folk from ever over-ripenin'
I'd let him know I think it's downright criminal
To keep our time on earth so very short and minimal

It seems that when we're in our prime, we feel we all are timeless
But because of Father Time, instead of timeless, we are prime-less
I'd ask him, "Dad, now what's your rush, our lives have just begun"
But I'm sure he'd just assure me that time will wait for no-one

I'm convinced to visit him would surely be most pointless
'Cause he's convinced his timing job is done with such adroitness
So as time goes on we must adjust to Father Timings' vision
But we all are very hopeful he doesn't rush to his decision

Stanley Cooper

Faulty Aspiration

An aspiring Aphrodite
Decided on a whim
To curb her appetite-y
To make her sleek and slim

Alas it didn’t work too well
Her corpulence remained
She couldn’t lose her tummies’ swell
Her waistline never waned

When her Aphrodite aspiration
Did not come to pass
She lost her motivation
To lose her hefty ass

Then happily she realized
Becoming more astute
Beauty is not set by size
So her dieting was moot

Stanley Cooper

Fetish

I have this hair-girl fetish
For hair with color toned reddish
While blondes and brunettes I relish too
My fetish favors that reddish hue

A fetish has no rhyme or reason
Depending mostly on what seems pleasin’
Blondes and brunettes though right on par
Fetish-ly pleasin’ red-heads are

Stanley Cooper

First Things First

There we were, on our flight to London, Paris and Rome
When I realized we must immediately return home
I insisted the Pilot turn the plane around
And get us back down on the ground

The pilot hemmed, jawed and hawed
After all, it was Europe we were headed toward
But when he finally understood, he agreed
To turn the plane around 180 degrees

So we wouldn't visit the Eiffel Tower, or London's Big Ben
Forget about the audience with The Pope in the Vatican
It was first things first and I understandably reckoned
That compared to where we were headed, they all came in second

After landing, we grabbed a cab and home we went
Got dollied up for our important event
We dared not be late, couldn't be tardy
For our annual Writers Club holiday party

Stanley Cooper

First two attempts at Haiku

Haiky Challenge

Rhythms of Haiku
A true poetic challenge
Daunting in concept

Springtime In Tokyo

Pink cherry blossoms
Tokyo’s springtime flowering
A Nippon delight

Stanley Cooper

Flower Of Youth

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring"
Have nothing to do with this rhyme
The flower of youth is the thing
Looking back, we know it's sublime

Flying high as the birds in the sky
It's the time of fun and delightment
Puppy loves and mom's apple pie
Are surely a youngster's entitlement

That time in life, so carefree
Each step, a new beginning
Every minute filled with glee
New tales forever spinning

But time waits for no one forever
Time's motion, all flowers fade
It seems to have this endeavor
Putting flowers of youth in its shade

While December is approaching
And we're past our mellow seasoning
We can slow old age encroaching
With the flower of youthful reasoning

Stanley Cooper

Flying Masochists

A masochist feels no cheer
Traveling on trains
Trains are not enough austere
For his love affair with pain

We need no further evidence
Why he loves to fly
The bumps from all the turbulence
Gives him his fly-high

He truly loves to wing-it
Above the clouds so near
At heights he knows will bring-it
That fear he holds so dear

He usually doesn’t fly first-class
First-class comfort’s not for him
There’s nothing that could pain surpass
He enjoys things harsh and grim

He yearns for bumpy touchdowns
And dampish ocean spills
Would love the pilots breakdown
Of all his flying skills

Masochists truly need their hurt
The worse things are, the better
That’s why they with pain assert
Flying fits them to the letter

Stanley Cooper

Folksy_Betcha_Gotcha_and Winks

There are some, in this Presidential Campaign
Whom I won't mention here by name
Their campaign methods deserve wide rejection
Appearing to be what they're not, to win this election

They try to seem folksy, with their betcha, gotcha and winks
Since they can't win on issues they attempt these false links
To connect to the middle class, but it's just plain hypocrisy
It's not what we need for our American democracy

One starts each sentence with a folksy, "My friends"
Any half-wit would know it's just his means to his ends
He's not sure of how many homes and cars he's got
His connect to the middle class is simply just rot

The other folksy one's from way up in Alaska
Not keen on answering questions, we'd all like to aska
Her betcha, gotcha and folksy winks are mere side-steps
To answer questions on which she's not prepped

Our economy failing, in the midst of two wars
And Citizens losing their homes by the score
So let's get on with real issues that matter
We're fed up with their folksy phony chatter

Stanley Cooper

Food For Thought

Is it really so depraving
I like to eat a lot?
The thought of food I'm craving
Just ties me in a knot

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

In time gone by, not in my day
Scholars taught the world was flat
For this they earned their scholars pay
And they believed in all of that!

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

He thought he sailed the Indian Ocean
But found America by chance
Columbus had not the slightest notion
How great this happenstance

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

There were prayers to many a deity
To fill the peoples needs
They prayed with reverent piety
In hope that Gods would heed

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Do we come from Adam's rib
Or as Darwin claims from monkeys?
Can it be he was too glib
And perhaps a bit too funky?

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

So many of our fellow man
We've often fought and killed
That started when the world began
And too much blood we've spilled

THAT'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Stanley Cooper

For Just One Moment

For just that one Moment
I was what I used to be
Playfully perched on my father's knee

I was there, way back when
With my dad who, for me
 Dwarfed all other men

I wasn't all grown
All alone
Facing the world on my own

For just that one moment, I yearn
Just that one moment
Will it never return?

Stanley Cooper

For The Hope Of Human-kind

“Peace on earth
Good will towards men”
Heard almost since birth
Over and over again

This concept we claim to advocate
Throughout history rings hollow
We continue to annihilate
We refuse this thought to follow

What is this human thirst
That brought centuries of war
Why have we been coerced
To what we morally abhor

For the hope of human-kind
Let’s humanly recast
Our being so inclined
To duplicate our past

Stanley Cooper

Forever’s What I Sold Her

My upcoming birthday has me thinkin’
Of ways to slow my agin’ and my wrinklin’
This thinkin’s got me queasy
Since I know it won’t be easy
Changing nature’s rhythm with my tinkerin’

We’ve learned from Mother Nature that the fact is
Our globe will spin forever on its axis
The way it goes around
If she’d only slow it down
We’d have much less concern as our time lapses

So when each minute passes by I’m only seconds older
I’d better kiss my wife and love and hold-her
I hope I still attract-her
Even with my agin’ factor
‘Cause the promise of forever’s what I sold-her

Stanley Cooper

Fountain Of Youth

Ponce de Leon looked high and low
In Florida, of all places
He searched for it so long ago
But could find no Fountain traces

The Fountain of Youth I have found
Has me so enthralled
With it I'm no longer bound
To limits age lays on us all

Ponce De Leon searched the wrong State
Thought in Florida he would find
That Fountain of Youth, I stipulate
Is found in the State of ones mind

Stanley Cooper

Franz Shubert and I

Franz Shuberts fame has never diminished
For composing his symphony he never finished
Ergo
My fame and I won’t ever be parted
When I don’t finish my poem I haven’t yet started

Stanley Cooper

Freud And The Party-Smartys

Not too long ago at many social parties
Frequented by faux intellectual smartys
It was thought quite fashionable
Spouting things faux rationale

Much too often came ‘sophisticate’ quips
That most things said were “Freudian Slips”
Sigmund Freud’s theories were not meant to be
Overly used thrown-abouts for partying glee

But somehow or other every damn fool
Became amateur analysts, acting so cool
Whatever was stated, they knew what was meant
They knew it was Freudian with a down deep intent

Freud gave us our “Ids” and our wonderful “Egos”
Along with our super-craving “Libidos”
The façade we showed on our conscious level
Camouflaged the sub-conscious lurks of a devil

Freud was the father of the psychology science
Which has since learned to place much less reliance
On the value of those once fashionable quips
Known to the party-smartys as “Freudian Slips”

Stanley Cooper

Freudian Slippage

When to our bodies the psyche was added
To give us our human mystique
Some required cells that were padded
For those psychos whose psyches were unique

Psychoanalysis was birthed
Fathered by Sigmund Freud
Patients in search of self worth
Pondered dreams they couldn't avoid

They discovered deep-seated neurosis
Conveniently blamed on their past
Never dreaming all their psychosis
Their parents unwittingly caste

My folks caused me no nightmares
So Freud, stay out of my dreams
Blaming them for all of my scares
Seems to me, somewhat extreme

At least I thought that's what I think
I think that's what I thought
I think perhaps I'm on the brink
Of becoming over-wrought

Is it possible that Freud was right
With his theory on parental guilt-trip-ing?
And that's why I feel so uptight
Neurotically Freudian slipping

Stanley Cooper

From The Vatican Down

From The Vatican down they've offered excuses
For their abominable part in child abuses
This priestly heavenly morality clique
Presents new meaning to "turn the other cheek"
Quick to condemn with hypocritical piety
Others of their ilk in our secular society
They who claim to be moral professionals
Must sound like Hell in their own confessionals
Their claim to God-like morality is just a crock
In all good conscience, they should be defrocked
And be treated as felonious criminals
With time in prison, not at all minimal

Stanley Cooper

Fugedaboudit

Fugedaboudit, an expressive word
In New York, where it’s most usually heard
What it expresses often depends
On just what it’s user at that moment intends
It could mean, for example, “Who ya kiddin? ”
“Or what ya said should be forbidden”
Or, “If ya ain’t jokin
Ya gotta be smokin”
“No way, ya can’t be serious”
A dismissal that’s somewhat imperious

A rhythmic slang-y shortcut
Emotionally expressed
A colorful portrait
Expressed with much zest

Not found in a dictionary or a thesaurus
It’s Gotham’s esoteric linguistic chorus

by Stan Cooper

Stanley Cooper

Fully Employed

When as a youngster, about eight years old
“You must learn responsibility”, I was told
So there I was, ready for work
But no eight year old kid could work as a clerk

“Take out the garbage” was the job they gave me
Believe it or not, that job made me happy
I felt so important to be so allowed
I brought out the garbage and made my folks proud

As time went on and I grew into manhood
My love for all garbage was misunderstood
They couldn’t conceive of my scrap attitude
Didn’t know how I developed this scrap aptitude

The World War Two Air Corps found the right spot for me
I became the garbage handler when doing K.P.
We’d have never won that war if that garbage stayed in place
So I was properly medaled “The Air Corps Garbage Ace”

Later in life, somewhere down the pike
I married two women, completely un-alike
They had one commonality they thoroughly enjoyed
When it came to taking out garbage, I was never unemployed

Stanley Cooper

G.W. Bush Legacy

Waterboarding
A Bush non-torture strategy
An American tragedy

Bin Laden disappearance magic show
Where he disappeared to, Bush didn't know

"Mission Accomplished…"
Theatrical grandiosity
A show of Bush pomposity

A pre-emptive war
That shocked and awed

Thousands killed in Iraq
Needlessly, a brutal fact

"WMD's in Iraq" Bush said
Damn the truth…Full spin ahead

Stanley Cooper

Gas-tly Dependence

Food for the kids or fuel for their car
A most unsettling choice to be saddled with
If the kids are to eat, they can’t drive very far
It’s a choice now some parents must grapple with

If they drive to work for the money to keep
All their children clothed and well fed
They discover too soon that when gas is not cheap
They’ll just have to do with less bread

It couldn’t be worse for the average Joe
Whose bills couldn’t climb any faster
Economic inflation, this sad tale of woe
Dependence on oil is disaster

Stanley Cooper

Geometry and Algebra

(*Daph was a dear late friend who dared me to write on this subject)

I have never been bright in science
I'm most certainly dismal in math
But now I must show some compliance
As I don't want to disappoint Daph*

My brain gets so terribly jangled
With a headache that's really a beaut
When I think of an Isosceles triangle
With it's angles known as acute

When mapping a route I am taking
To shorten the distance I use
I usually end up partaking
A triangle's hypotenuse

I use algebraic equations
Every day with their Xs and Ys
They aid in my calculations
Solving problems that daily arise

Dreamed up by Euclid and Pythagoras
Full of matrix and axioms
Algebraics brings us to calculus
Far beyond just maxi-sums

Tangental to all is logistics
A science of philosophy
With properly used syllogistics
We embark on a thinking spree

Daph, * you were sharply acute
Like the angles of Isosceles
Your subject, more fittingly astute
For Plato or Mister Socrates

Stanley Cooper

Giraffe-able

Giraffes are so giraffe-able
With legs and necks quite laughable
They peer down at us from way up high
With haughty heads above the sky

The long and short of it, we human beans
Hereditarily lack giraffe-able genes
Genealogy keeps us comparatively small
So, happily, we won’t grow giraffe-ably tall

But basketball pros, those tall human beans
Exceptionally inherited giraffe-able genes
Their legs and necks, not at all laughable
Have made them all rich, yet not too giraffe-able

-

Stanley Cooper

Girls Best Friends

Girls best friends, diamonds are
Besting men as friends by far
No man could conceivably approach
The luster of a diamond broach

Guys to girls appear quite feckless
Compared to a forty-carat diamond necklace
First place goes to the gem so pure
Farther down is the man’s allure

Men can be quite contrary
Causing fems to be quite wary
Divorce rates prove men expendable
Diamonds value more dependable

Diamonds are much harder than
Each and every hardy man
Most in all the female gender
Prefer the hardness diamonds render

There is one problem though, that must be mentioned
Mentioned here with all good intention
A dame in bed would be out of luck
Teaching a diamond how to ….

Stanley Cooper

Go Figure

Basketballs bounce
And that’s okay
Some walk with a bounce
And that’s okay

Breasts bounce
And that’s more than okay
But when my checks bounce
It’s not okay

Go figure! !

Stanley Cooper

Go! ! !

Politicians come and go
Even those who think they're heaven sent
Like one who knows he's in the know
Our born again, current President

Our troops you dispatched to die and kill
To a far-off place, for your warring bent
Recall Viet Nam, I recall it still
But you, like Cheyney, never went

Okay Bush, you've lived your dream
Your hardened ice, now slush and snow
It's winter's end for your regime
The time has come for you to go

Stanley Cooper

Gobbledygook Legal Vernacular

Something for something is “quid pro quo”
I looked it up, that’s how I know
It’s a hell of a phrase, I think you’ll agree
It’s of interest to me, peculiarly

Expressed by attorneys is “Ip-so-facto”
Quaintly as strange as the “quid pro quo”
“By the fact itself” is what it’s meant to portray
When voiced by attorneys in their courtroom display

An acknowledgment of a personal error or fault
Is “me-a cul-pa” in use by default
When voicing this gobbledygook legal vernacular
Lawyers impress laymen, by appearing spectacular

Phrases like these provoke my attention
As foreign to our conversing convention
Lawyers should orate less cavalierly
Speak to the point simply and clearly

Stanley Cooper

God vs Satan…One On One…Texas Holdem

For those uninitiated, Texas Holdem is the poker game I spend a good deal of time playing in Las Vegas

If God played Satan one on one, I'd watch that game till it was done
There'd be bolts of lighting flashing by, this game of holdem, low and high
A contest between heaven and hell, crowded with fans from opening bell
To see if staying in God's good graces, the dealer would deal God all four Aces?

Satan would yell, "what the hell are you doing, giving me a royal screwing?
Your day will come in Hades below, for dealing God high and dealing me low
You'll go to the devil, on a long hot trek, and burn down in hell, for stacking the deck
For turning the screw to abuse old Satan, I'll see you in hell, where for you I'll be waitin

God told the dealer, "no need to be cheaten, we'll play this game out and he will be beaten
Satan may be boss way down in his hole, but up here I'm the boss of you and your soul
Satan would argue this was not his best game. The one he excelled in had a whole other name
He wanted to play, not Holdem, but Helldom, as he'd have the edge cause God played it seldom

The jury of Angels on high, would say nay to his ravings, and he'd ask them why
"Back down, get on with the game. You can't change rules here, this is not your domain
How would they judge who was the winner twixt good God and Satan the sinner

A pile of chips would not suffice to determine the victor between good and vice
Halos and daggers instead of chips, blood and nectar for thirst quenching sips
Small and large blinds thrown on the table, to start this game of historical fable

How would it end we really don't know. Will good conquer evil, its very worst foe
Satan's fervor for all that is hated, might beat the hell out of good, making everything jaded
Devil, the head of the feared evil nation might thrive in this Holdem game of frustration

God represents fairness and good, might lose as most fair players would
Perhaps the outcome can be read in the Bible,
Where writers can't be sued for reasons of libel

Stanley Cooper

Going Nowhere Too Fast

Some wake up each morning…if they're lucky
With hope the new day will be somewhat less yucky
They get through each day until late at night
When it's time, once more, to turn out the light

Events of the new days bring nothing alluring
They are as expected unexcitingly boring
Today's routine, the same as the previous
With nothing exciting or even mischievous

Where are they going, day after night
Their true destination is never in sight
If they belong somewhere in their past
It seems they are going nowhere too fast

Stanley Cooper

Goodbye Mr. Bush

Goodbye Mr. Bush and your administration's menagerie
Goodbye Mr. Bush along with your "strategery"
Your vision you proclaimed to be wonderfully grand-ish
Goodbye to that vision that was grandly outlandish

Goodbye Mr. Bush we never did love-ya
Goodbye Mr. Bush Goodbye Mr. Dubbyah
Regards to Condeleeza and sharpshooter Cheney
Of those who will miss them, I doubt there'll be many

Goodbye Mr. Bush our Constitution survived, barely
Goodbye Mr. Bush you respected it rarely
Who ever succeeds you will be left with your mess
Goodbye Mr. Bush we'll survive nonetheless

Goodbye Mr. Bush and your shock and awe morality
Goodbye Mr. Bush and your shock and awe brutality
Water-boarding torture your legacy will follow
Goodbye Mr. Bush your legacy rings hollow

Goodbye Mr. Bush
Good riddance

Stanley Cooper

Gossip

The art of gossip is not lost, alas
For gossips adept at dishing out sass
Who relish, causing chaotic commotion
As they crudely toy with their victim's emotion

Poking noses into other folks' messes
Stoking flames to cause folks' distresses
Mindlessly spreading rumors and scandals
Gossips are truly ethical vandals

Gossipy bloating the air with their hearsay
Not caring one snitch about those they betray
Sneering joyfully in whispering slander
Smearing their victims with mean propaganda

It's true to our nature to gossip, some say
Debasing our stature in every which way
Enacting laws banning gossip forever
Would be a most worthy human endeavor

Stanley Cooper

Granddaughter Kayla's Question

Kayla asked a very good question
“Gramps, “How is a poem written? ”
Answering Kayla, I think I should mention
It helps to be rhymingly smitten

Think of a word, any old word
And think of another that rhymes
A rhyming word could be a small bird
In a clock that cuckoos in time

Try choosing a topic that you know well
Like loving your mommy and dad
Write with words that you easily spell
And you’ll find of your poem, you’ll be glad

Kayla, creating a poem can be lots of fun
Like playing the piano or dancing
Not easy at first, but once you’ve begun
You’ll find you’ll be rhymingly prancing

Stanley Cooper

Grandpa and Me

I’m beginning to look
Like my grandpa looked
When I thought he looked
Very old

I’m beginning to think
Like my grandpa thought
When his thinking, I thought
Was quite droll

I’m beginning to see
As my grandpa saw
What he saw through his
Aging eyes

I’m beginning to know
What my grandpa knew
All those things that made
Grandpa so wise

Stanley Cooper

Grand-stranding

With little success at hair retention
I've one strand left of small dimension
Scalped this way, I'm not enthralled
One-stranded now, I'm follicle-y bald

It's hair raising to feel alone and bereft
Deserted by all it's brothers who left
This ordeal has the hair standing there pining
Atop my bald scalp, so hairless-ly shining

The lonesome strand just keeps on grieving
Missing its mates, since their mass leaving
So soulful and sad, it can't seem to find
On the scalp of this lad, a hair-piece of mind

My dome once covered with hair-filled density
Has no foreseeable future-tense-ity
For so loyally standing hair-ly at hand
I'll always be grateful to that one last grand strand

Stanley Cooper

Gravitation

I have much reservation
About our earthy gravitation
That works so hard to keep us poor folk down

Yet there is some consolation
In its’ grounding dedication
Since without it we’d be drifting all around

Stanley Cooper

Greatness

Great minds think alike, they say
When I put my thoughts on display
For all the world to see
No-one seems to think like me? ! !

Perhaps greatness is just a label
Or found in just creative fables
If based in only fiction stories
I'll never reach my greater glories

Stanley Cooper

Gung-Ho

No place to go
Nothin’ to do
Down in the mouth
Feelin’ so blue

Can’t find the knack
Of being Gung-ho
To return to the fast track
Instead of the slow

Oh to be young again
To be like a kid
It ain’t gonna happen
We can’t do what we did

Stanley Cooper

Habeas Corpses

American freedoms Bush impairs
Our Civil Rights are in disrepair
The Constitution, Americas pride
Its intent he arrogantly casts aside

Habeas corpus, in our grand constitution
A fundamental safeguard against persecution
"We the people…", held high for others to follow
Is now hostage to Bush rhetoric, that rings hollow

To eliminate our habeas corpus ad subjiciendum
Is a high priority of his Administration's agendum
A legal right to review misconduct prosecutorial
He's destroyed with policies, so flagrantly dictatorial

Each forefather would protest from his grave
Against the policies of this non-presidential knave
Our Constitution, judiciously sound from start to finish
Inept George has contemptuously diminished

The Congress serves now as a Bush rubber stamp
We, the people must vote to get Congress revamped
Vote to regain checks and balances urgently needed
So the will of the people will be rightfully heeded

Stanley Cooper

Happy In His Work

I know a guy who over sipped
When drunk he’s too bizarre
For legal work he’s not equipped
He’d never pass the bar

He couldn’t be a surgeon
He’s much too much a cut-up
With probably no urge-in
To carve a patients gut-up

He thought perhaps he’d be a cop
But straight-shooting was not his game
Overly saturated with beer and hops
Bearing arms was not his aim

So in this bar he couldn’t pass
He’s on a daily bender
Happy working with shots in glass
As the pass-less bar bar-tender

Stanley Cooper

Happy New Year

The first of January rolls around
Like clockwork it appears
I find it’s timing most profound
As it brings us each new year

Right on time, It’s never late
Has never ever blown it
Apparently this wise old date
Refuses to postpone it

Drink a toast to January one
For annual consistence
It’s coming means the old year’s done
Let’s drink to it’s persistence

Stanley Cooper

Haunting Memories of Ueno Station, Tokyo,1946

Orphaned children
Hungry
Scavenging
Lost
Pleading
Chocoletto...Cigaretto

Haggard
Hollowed cheeks
Vacant eyed
Lifeless
Pleading
Chocoletto...Cigaretto

Horrors of war
Pain
Agony
Aged children
Pleading
Chocoletto...Cigaretto

Stanley Cooper

He Is Oh So Clever

When some guy knows he’s oh so clever
Clever is what he’s never ever
He who thinks he’s never wrong
Has ignored reality far too long

This know-it-all is not too bright
Believing he is always right
If the guy in this poem who’s oh so mental
Resembles you, it’s coincidental

Isn’t it?

Stanley Cooper

He, She or It?

Why do those of faith refer to God as “He”?
What makes them certain “He” ain’t “She”?
In place of gender, why not “It”
Probably ‘cause they don’t feel “It’ is” fit

Most of them would dismiss as rubbage
That man was made in a female image
And you know they wouldn’t be enthralled
To accept it was “It” who made us all

Philosophically, then, what can they do
To ascertain what’s truly true?
Should it be “He”, “She” or “It” to whom they pray
Or will just plain “God” suffice to get them through each day

Stanley Cooper

High-Fal-Oot-İn

Those who act so high-fal-oot-in
Usually do their own horn toot-in
But down deep, they feel they are
Insecure and far below par

The inward confidence they seem to lack
They think is covered with their horn toot-in act
They puff out their chests, playing gung-ho
To mask a shot ego, hidden down low

A hammered ego terribly frayed
Needs more than a high-fal-oot-in horn toot-in band aid
They'll never be rid of their feelings forlorn
By strutting around and blowing their horn

Stanley Cooper

Home Is Where The Mind Is

Surrounded by lush gardens,
The nursing home stood
Stark-bleak-lifeless
Mirroring the old souls
Within its walls

Housed and sheltered
My dad waited there
In his last refuge
Separated from a world
He no longer understood

Before each visit, I agonized
Would he recognize me?
Could he remember his home?
Would he beg to return?
How will I respond?

If I speak of memories shared
Will this stir fleeting moments
Of good-times past
Making it painful to remain
Where I knew he must?

He never asked about…
Relatives, friends, or home
This was his home, his reality
I was the one who had to adjust
As home is where the mind is

I watered the lush gardens
With my tears

Stanley Cooper

Horatio

Stories for children brought him much fame
His first name’s more famous, then his famous surname
Alger, not as regal, seemed far less suited
So Horatio, for Alger his fans substituted

Stories of unknown youths filled most of his pages
They performed acts of valor, did these young sages
They rescued those damsels, in need of great heroes
And reduced all the villains to villainous zeros

A Shakespeare or Milton he was not, not nearly
The greatness of them escaped him most clearly
Yet he’s deserving of writing acclaim
This Horatio guy, with his Alger surname

Stanley Cooper

Humoresque

It’s generally conceded
That a sense of humor’s needed
To escape from societal insanities

We don’t need the avarice and greed that seem to fuel us
Nor the smallness of the minds of those who rule us
Who keep us bordered on the fringe of inhumanity

When possible, we can try to block them out
With fun and things to laugh and joke about
Providing us at least a momentary hiccup

Laughter’s most essential for relieving
The heart-aches of societal deceiving
There’s nothing better than good humor for a pick-up

Stanley Cooper

Hypothetically Factual

If we died tomorrow
We could count the tears
Of Sorrow

First and second day of tears
Perhaps a third or fourth, then
Only memories remaining of our years

We can ask, looking back at the past
Was it worth the strife?
Our lives asunder, day one through the last

Actually, though hypothetically faced
It’s sadly pertinent
‘Cause actually it’s factually based

Isn’t it?

Stanley Cooper

I Ain't What I Was

I ain't what I was, no more, no more
I ain't what I was, no more
It's quite easy to see
I'm no longer quite me
I ain't what I was, no more

I've been feeling bereft
Since my youth's up and left
I ain't what I was, no more

My long ago passion
Seems now out of fashion
I ain't what I was, no more

My waist-line so rounded
Keeps me well grounded
I ain't what I was, no more

The gals all agree
That this old fogy
Ain't what he was, no more

I ain't what I was, no more, no more
I ain't what I was, no more
So, to hell with the past
The past doesn't last
I ain't what I was, no more

Stanley Cooper

I Am The Very Model

I am the very model of a young octogenarian
I've been known to read more books than any old librarian
I speak the English language and a scosci bit of Japanese
I eat in fancy restaurants where the waiters know I tip with ease

When I play chess with masters, I checkmate with the best of them
I jest with jesting jesters and jest better than the rest of them
I'm a golfing pro who's noted best for all my many holes in one
A very entertaining bloke am I with expertise in making fun

My aging eyes need prodding so I wear some stylish goggles
They're helpful when I peer at ladies with my avaricious ogles
I've no religiosity, I'm not even Presbyterian
Musically I've been likened to a very young Wagnerian

I'm known to be that young-ish guy, fair and unassailable
I'll be wherever needed, I'm readily available
Why I pull for those oppressed is certainly no mystery
I'm the ageless octogenarian who'll be read about in history

I'm not a star in Hollywood, but surely I'm not starry-eyed
Children follow me around like I'm Robert Browning Piper-Pied
When it comes to politics, I'm the number one contrarian
I'm the very contrary model of a young octogenarian

Stanley Cooper

I Can Only Write Like Me

Poet Poe, though 'Raven' mad
His work could all excite
Forever, I'd be mighty glad
If I could Poe-like write

I'd love to write like Shakespeare
With nothing 'much ado'
But, Bard-William, have no fear
I could never write like you

Cole Porter, clever word-king
Your songs are all the rage
My words, though to my liking
Your reign I can't up-stage

The opera Boris Godunov
Has great linguistic string
My lyrics aren't good enough
To have written such a thing

Those writers cut me down to size
It's true, unfortunately
Since I don't care to plagiarize
I can only write like me

Stanley Cooper

I Guess I'm Not Profound

When things are too abounding with ideas too astounding
I find them most confounding
I guess I'm not profound

I am perhaps too fallow and perhaps a little shallow
Which makes me somewhat callow
It's clear I'm not profound

When things for me are hairy, they seem to me too scary
I prefer the ordinary
Ordinary's not profound

Of subjects too effusive with ideas too elusive
I strive be be reclusive
To hide from what's profound

My brain perhaps too plastic, can't handle things too drastic
I'll never be scholastic
My learning's not profound

Representing less a threat, simple stuff I sometimes get
Seems to cause much less a sweat
Simple stuff is less profound

When it comes to concentration, there is total resignation
To my total abdication
I escape from what's profound

To keep me more at ease, please, don't put me in a squeeze, please
Please listen to my pleas, please
You see, I'm not profound

Stanley Cooper

I Love You Jeanne

I love you Jeanne more than you know
I love you more than cats hate snow
I love you more than your eyes can see
You're tastier than an anchovy

To live with you is most inviting
When you're around my life's exciting
You're as colorful as a beauteous rainbow
As full of adventure as Jacque Cousteau

I've never ever believed in fate
But I believed it on our very first date
For whatever it was that led you astray
I'm forever grateful it steered you my way

Stanley Cooper

I Wish

I wish I could soar like an eagle
To get me a birds eye view
Of all goings on not quite legal
All governments seem to accrue

I wish I could work like a beaver
Politics then would be damned
Political underachievers
Forever politically banned

I wish I could swim like a fish
Holy Mackerel! What I wouldn't do!
I'd swimming-ly cook up a dish
Of fishy political stew

I wish I could pounce like a lion
Living my life with some pride
I'd bounce those politically lie-in'
To places they couldn't well hide

I wish I was swift as a deer
I'd run in the coming election
Where voters could end the careers
Of incumbents needing rejection

I wish I was more than just dreaming
Our political world's all askew
I'm just a well-wisher scheming
Who wishes his dreams could come true

Stanley Cooper

I’m An Octogenarian

I’m an Octogenarian, would you believe
It’s a concept I find most hard to conceive
Since Methuselah made it, I think you’ll agree
If he could make it, then why not me

I’m an Octogenarian, Yea-gads, Holy Cow!
How did I ever get to be this age I’m now? !
I took a long slow happy arduous path
From 1926 to 2006, You do the math

Some say at eighty, the mind’s in a fuzz
Yet I still remember most things that wuz
I can still recall my being seventy-nine
A sure sign, I think, I’m not yet in decline

Seventy-eight, I admit, is slightly dimmer
And of seventy-seven, I don’t have a glimmer
But to prove to you, I’m not yet on the skids
I can rattle off names of all of my kids

Nothing’s more crucial, not at all nearly
Than having at hand those I love dearly
They’ll help me forget my forgetful anxiety
And get on with the business of my getting to ninety

Stanley Cooper

Iambic Pentameter

Iambic Pentameter, Shakespeare’s domain
Writing his fabulous verse in
His verse as delicious as Chinese Lo Mein
Both which I love to immerse in

I never quite knew about metrical feet
Five of which make a pentameter
Iambic’s a word that could make me retreat
Back to my naive parameter

Shakespeare’s deft employment
Of his pent-a-metered guile
Offers much enjoyment
In iam-bi-calic style

Stanley Cooper

If I Could Write Like

If I could write like Porter
Cole’s the guy I mean
Then my son and daughter
Would think my poems more keen

If I could write like Shakespeare
I’d write with quill in hand
Not caring that my local peers
Might think my writing bland

If I could write like Kelly
Walt of Pogo fame
Or even Keats or Shelley
I’d have a famous name

Alas, it can’t transpire
That’s true unfortunately
Because of my quagmire
I can only write like me

Stanley Cooper

If You...

If you danced the Carioca
And you thought that dance sublime
You are obviously older
Then Methuselah past his prime

If you loved the silent movies
With the likes of Clara Bow
If you thought they were so groovy
You are older than you know

If you rode to work in trolleys
With just a nickel for the fare
Or exclaimed with “gee” and “golly”
You are elderly and square

If you find your self a-dozing
While reading half this page
I say to you in closing
It’s no wonder at your age

Stanley Cooper

Ill Logic

Circular reason is most usually used
By those who are logically square
They circle around and get all confused
Which is more then logicians can bear

From point A to point D they illogically go
Bypassing both points, B and C
They really can’t help it, for they don’t seem to know
How useful good logic can be

Post hoc ergo propter hoc
Logicians way of conveying it
Greek to most all common folk
It’s the latin way of saying it

After this, therefore, because of this
Is thinking logicians do frown on
It’s a common abuse, a logical whiz
Could surely negate and expound on

Locked into faulty thinking
Good logic they’ve deserted
And do not have an inkling
They’re rationally subverted

Let’s hope it’s not too late
For those poor souls, so tragic
Let’s try to set them straight
And teach them reason magic

We’ll give it a try and hope we succeed
Instruct them to reason more sensibly
We’ll know it was worth it, when they accede
And no longer reason offensively

Stanley Cooper

I'll Never Know

My father had the right idea
Whenever he would scold me
“I’ll tell you when I’m wrong”, he said
But, alas, he never told me

Could it be he was misguided
And didn’t see the light
“I’ll tell you when I’m wrong”, he said
But, alas, he was always right

There I was, so very young
Not feeling quite sublime
I wondered what was wrong with me
Being wrong most all the time

He’s been gone so many years
I miss his scolding so
Whether he was right or wrong
I’ll never ever know

Stanley Cooper

Illegal Immigration…Part One

They came to our shores, crossed most of our borders
Illegally, immorally bearing hate and disorder
They were not at all like us, not of our ethnic
From our standpoint, they were coarse and pathetic

Clothes they wore were foreign and strange
Color of skin quite out of our range
Too many to count, as they pillaged and plundered
We refused to believe our days were then numbered

They aspired, conspired to take over our land
Our weak opposition just abetted their plan
They ended their prayers with pious "Amens"
Not caring a whit for our Gods they condemned

In spite of their "Amens", they brutally ravaged
Our lands and our women they labeled as savage
Too late for Immigration Reform that was needed
As the result, we Apache and all of the tribes they defeated

Stanley Cooper

Imagination

Imagination
Imaginatively defined
Is the stage setting
For the theater of ones mind

Playwrights muse
With thoughtful distractions
As the curtains rise to
Imaginative abstractions

Uniquely human
And creatively designed
Imaginative thoughts dwell
In the theater of ones mind

Stanley Cooper

Immaculate Deception

When voting on Election Day
In our democratic nation
We vote them in and hope that they
Fulfill their obligations

Once elected they took command
In a way that we deplore
This ruling group got out of hand
They forgot it's US they work for

They promised this and promised that
Most sincerely, pre-election
But now we know it was just chit-chat
        Immaculate deception

Stanley Cooper

In Bush's Washington

Frankly speaking
An anomaly
In Bush’s Washington

Frankly speaking
More likely a homily
In Bush’s Washington

Spin, and untruths
Undemocratically prevalent
In Bush’s Washington

What we get
Most usually malevolent
In Bush’s Washington

Surveillance of private data
Might be here to stay
In Bush’s Washington

Our Constitution hurts
Each time he has his way
In Bush’s Washington

At home, our liberties erode
As freedom overseas he preaches
In Bush’s Washington

Our Forefathers weep
At his flagrant over-reaches
In Bush’s Washington

Stanley Cooper

In Spite Of Bush

Bush speaks of reality with little relevance
His saying nothing, he says with eloquence
I wonder why he’s so confuses
Our English language, he so abuses

Our reputation, once great and grand
Has been squandered with Bush in command
Throughout the world, we’ve lost respect
With other nations we must re-connect

The way Bush spins, is most alarming
He gives us grins he thinks are charming
His spinning ways have won elections
His warring ways deserve rejection

Beware old spinner, times running out
In a short while, you’ll lose your clout
Pride in our nation, we will revive
In spite of Bush, we will survive

Stanley Cooper

In the Long Run

What was was
What is is
What will be will be
In the long run
Does it really matter?!

Stanley Cooper

Inadvertent

Inadvertent…a hell of a word
As the subject for a poem
It’s a word that’s rarely heard
In a poem, much less a tome

I hadn’t the slightest intention
Not even for a second
To bring this word attention
And then a challenge beckoned

So inadvertently, here I am
Adrift in a sea of verse
Writing this poem of spam
A most inadvertent choice

Stanley Cooper

Incompetence

I know a politician
Who isn’t very bright
He’s our White House resident
He’s our present President

He has a disposition
Which leans him too far right
He’s too pro-establishment
And not too competent

He’s partnered with a Cheney
Mz Rice and Rumsfeld too
Perhaps there are too many
With their righteous point of view

He’s misled us into battle
That we never should have fought
We followed him like cattle
When the truth we should have sought

A wake-up call is what we need
That could lead us to impeach him
This poem can sow the seed
To end his over-reach-en

He’s our White House resident
He’s our present President
He’s not too competent
He’s not too competent

Stanley Cooper

Incongruous

Eighteen year olds die in war
But are not allowed a drink
This taboo is judicial flaw
Most incongruous, I think

Befitting Alice's looking glass
In her fantasy wonderland
Many screwball laws have passed
By those in high command

If old enough for the battle cry
They're old enough to guzzle
We shouldn't them, their drinks deny
Let's remove their guzzling muzzle

Stanley Cooper

Indescribable

Fish swim and birds fly
What makes them so reliable
Is truly indescribable

The sun is hot and ice is cold
What makes them so reliable
That too is indescribable

Accepting so casually what Nature’s granted
And assuming its wonderous permanence
When blinded and not enchanted
Is nothing more then impertinence

So open your eyes and see what’s worth seeing
What you view will be most indescribable
With your eyes wide open, you’ll soon be agreeing
That Nature’s indescribably reliable

Stanley Cooper

Inertia

“A body at rest tends to remain at rest….”
My body seems to do that best
My wife insists I rest too long
Her critical appraisal may not be wrong
Lethargic I may be, but I enjoy it
Inertia's for me, so I employ it

What’s wrong in resting as I please?
It's not a crime or a disease
If I could have my way
I'd be resting every day
Lethargy's for me, I'm no go-getter
Inertia, that's me, down to the lazy letter

To sleep the day away is wonderfully relaxing
Working every day is energetically too taxing
I've never been too tightly wound
I have no urge to rush around
Inertia fills my fond desires
Tranquillity is all this lad requires

Stanley Cooper

Inevitable

When sperm go on their journeys, it's inevitably inevitable
At journey's end they'll find some eggs, receptively, quite pregnable
The formers of those sperm are usually quite glad
The invasion of those eggs will make them each a dad

But nine months goes on forever, or so it seems to them
In the minds of all those future dads, it causes much mayhem
Nine months to all those anxious lads goes on for all eternity
Their waiting time has earned it's name, 'From Here To Their Paternity'

Stanley Cooper

Infinite Scheme

Perhaps a door was left ajar
To allow us a moment of awe
To catch a glimpse of a shooting star
To see nature at work in the raw

Comprehension of the cosmos
Is just a sometime thing
Understanding is at most
A speculatory cling

We reside on our whirling globe
A small part of a magical scene
As we gallantly attempt to probe
The vast wonders of this infinite scheme

Stanley Cooper

Inner Thoughts

My inner thoughts, subliminal
Are perhaps somewhat delusion-al
But they might serve a worthy purpose
If I'd ever let them surface

I wonder what would happen to
Those thoughts of mine if tapped into
Would they prove enough compelling
To dispel those myths that need dispelling?

They might be considered too bizarre
I'd better leave them where they are
Buried deep within my brain
Causing no one undo pain

Stanley Cooper

Inquisitiveness

It’s a well known fact
“Curiosity killed the cat”
Can kill you too, just like that

Inquisitiveness is a curious trait
Can curiously cause you
That cat’s same fate

Putting your nose where it doesn’t belong
Might cause you to sing
That feline’s swan song

You had better give it some curious thought
Before putting your nose
Where you hadn’t ought

Stanley Cooper

Is and Ain’t

Is is Is and Ain’t is Ain’t
A concept short and sweet
Most skeptics who deny it
Find their twitters just don’t tweet

A goldfish in its little bowl
Swims around its universe
Knowing naught outside his bowl
Is that poor goldfishes curse

If he could see beyond his fin
What Is and what’s not Ain’t
He’d less accept his small bowl bounds
And register complaint

But when Is becomes Ain’t and Ain’t becomes Is
Life retains confusion
Within this topsy-turvy world of ours
We don’t need these strange delusions

Much the same as fish are we
As we swim within our limits
Bewildered by the Is and Ain’ts
Like fish, we’re mental midgets

Stanley Cooper

It

"If you got IT, flaunt IT", they say
If I had IT, I'd be flaunting away
But about IT, I'm really no whiz
Since I'm not sure what IT really is

IT could be, who knows what?
Something cold or something hot
IT could be a pen or a pencil
Or even be one of those old time stencils

IT could be haunting or daunting
Or something not worthy of flaunting
Like I said, about IT I'm really no whiz
Since I'm not sure what IT really is

Stanley Cooper

It Never Rains On Fathers Day

It never rains on Father’s Day
No clouds appear in the sky
Father’s Day yearly sunshine display
Reflects love from Dads big and small fry

It’s not the ties, belt, or any such gift
Though given with big hugs and big kisses
It’s their thoughtfulness that gives Dad his lift
He just loves their loving good wishes

That’s why it never rains on Father’s Day
And why no clouds appear in the sky
Dad so appreciates all the love conveyed
By each of his big and small fry

Stanley Cooper

It Really Doesn't Matter

It makes no nevermind
I never even blink
It really doesn’t matter
What those other people think

It makes no nevermind
If they think me ghastly
It really doesn’t matter
I’ll fight enthusiast-ly

It makes no nevermind
If they label me as rigid
It really doesn’t matter
I’m not a mental midget

It makes no nevermind
I won’t reduce my standard
It really doesn’t matter
About it I’m most candid

It makes no nevermind
I need no one’s relief
It really doesn’t matter
I’ll stick with my belief

It makes no nevermind
I’ll tell them when I’m wrong
It really doesn’t matter
That they’ll have to wait so long

Stanley Cooper

It Seems To Me

It seems to me
Things aint quite right
The world’s in a mess
And I’m up half the night
Worrying
About those we are burying

It seems to me
With our bombing ballistics
The thousands we bury
Become just statistics

It seems to me
And their moms, dads and wives
Those poor dead souls
Deserved longer lives

It seems to me
Those lives we have nullified
Is testament that
This war can’t be justified

It seems to me
Things aint quite right
The world’s in a mess
And I’m up half the night
Worrying
About those we are burying

Stanley Cooper

It Was Easier Way Back Then

Methuzelah lived nine hundred years
But really
It was easier way back then

No one checked to see if he was
On steroids

He didn’t have todays stresses

He wasn’t worried about
Global warming

Or even
Political correctness

Or nuclear weapons

Or the price of gas

His mother never scolded him for
Inappropriate behavior

The N word was unheard of

He had no credit card debt

He was never mugged

It was easier back then
Living in a vacuum

Stanley Cooper

It’s A Helluva Cherce

When writers block becomes a poets curse
He generally becomes upset and terse
He doesn’t have a helluva cherce
But to keep on writing for better or verse

Stanley Cooper

I've Had It Up To here

I’ve had it up to here with politicians
I’ve had it up to here with all their spin
They lead to more dead-ends than most morticians
Their promises bring nothing but chagrin

I’ve had it up to here with movie goers
Who yap and yap throughout the movie show
Uncaring, inconsiderate bull throwers
Who loudly act so noisily gung-ho

I’ve had it up to here with racial bigots
Those hate-filled folk, so certain they’re supreme
The flow of hate pours out their odious spigots
I’ve had it up to here with bigots who demean

Though I’m neither perfect or unflawed
I’ve had it up to here with those less so
I find it easy never to applaud
All those others who are never apropos

Stanley Cooper

Jackie Robinson…an American Hero

He never asked to be a hero
For him, playing ball would be just fine
Potentially his chance was less than zero
To overcome that black-white racist line

Unlike Duke, Dimag and Mickey
Jackie entered through back doors
The stage was set by Mr. Rickey
For Robinson to fight that Civil War

Sports, they say, mirrors society
So, they should have hung their heads in shame
For what was then America's propriety
Brought prejudice to every game

The Brooklyn Bums, at long last, found salvation
When Robinson's talents were revealed
With the awesome double-play combination
Reese and Jackie brought to Ebbetts Field

Stealing fan's hearts with baseball fire
Displaying skills in every way
Robinson played with such desire
Stealing bases most every day

They could never expect fom him the expected
He turned the most racist hate to love
And finally he was most respected
Respect that came from more than bat and glove

For Jackie, baseball was more than just a game
He opened doors for Campy, Mays and others
Number 42, now in the Hall of Fame
Proved men of all colors could play in life as brothers

He never asked to be a hero!

Stanley Cooper

Jazz

What’s so unique in the music called Jazz
Is the spontaneity no other music has
Without spaces and bars, the artists succeeded
No written notes were musically needed

Improvisations coming straight from the heart
From artists like Armstrong, who were there near the start
Jazz royalty, Duke Ellington and Mr. Count Basie
Pianoed feelings in sound, both catchy and racy

Ellington wrote “Black Brown and Beige”
A musical history of torment and rage
To show how skin color neatly provided
Bigots the means to keep people divided

“No more oppression”, Jazz artists cried out
“Demands for our freedom will never die out”
“Strange Fruit”, Billie Holliday sang out in pain
Jim Crow’s bigotry was an American Stain

Charlie Parker flying high, known as the Bird
His message would soar when his sax was heard
He defied all convention, his music exploded
And showed all of us that bounds were outmoded

Jazz was the outlet for pent-up emotion
No wonder it’s aired with such depth and devotion
Those musical artists paid more then their dues
Jazz sprang from their feelings of sadness and blues

Stanley Cooper

Just A Bowl Of Cherries?

Is life really “just a bowl of cherries”?
Let’s consider all that’s not so merry

War in Afghanistan and Iraq
Two very not so merry facts

Economies on the downhill path
Un-merrily bringing on our wrath

Environmental problems mostly ignored
We can’t envision what our planet has in store

Hunger and starvation in far off places
Leaders who lie to us with straight faces

Price of gas, right through the ceiling
Transportation on foot, not too appealing

When with all these concerns I try to grapple
I’ve concluded, Life’s just a bowl of rotten apples

Stanley Cooper

Justice Served

It’s foolhardy and naively absurd
Believing attorneys every word
When they with legalizing fury
Sum up their case to a befuddled jury

One must wonder if each witness
Could pass the grade in the test of litmus
Or if the sitting magistrate
Should the attorneys castigate

Too many cases are fraught with flaw
To render justice in a court of law
We hope the principles get what’s deserved
With proper decisions so justice is served

Stanley Cooper

Justice? ...Who Knows! ! !

In England they are barristers
In America attorneys
Who judicially administer
On legalistic journeys

The magistrate adjudicates
The jury sits and ponders
Trying to assimilate
As responsible responders

The judge requests the bailiff
To keep order in the room
As the charges by the plaintiff
Seem to spell defendant's doom

The accused is all denying
Of every charge that's made
He claims the plaintiff's lying
And seeks his lawyer's aid

The cross examination
His lawyer gives with vigor
The plaintiff feels deflation
Going through this rigorous rigor

The jury's out. It's been sequestered
They'll be out a day or two
They must be sure, the judge suggested
Keep fairness all in view

Who won this case, we'll never know
Did they get what they deserved
A plea was copped with a Quid Pro Quo
Was justice really served?

Stanley Cooper

K K K

Why would an ethical woman or man
Join the villainous Ku Klux Klan?
The K K K, with repulsive licentiousness
Works at evil with base conscientiousness

All of its members having low self esteem
Sink to low levels at far out extremes
These bullies who thrive on intimidation
Are ulcers in the soul of our free loving nation!

Killing and lynching, while appallingly gloating
They browbeat victims, in their need for scapegoat-ing
Bigotry is foremost in their racist addenda
Repulsive hatred completes their agenda

Hiding cowardice behind sheets of white
They believe their large numbers prove that they're right
But these thugs won't win out in our land of freedom
As good will and decency will surely defeat them

Stanley Cooper

Katzky

We lost our four-legged friend today

Katzky asked for little
Like a pat on his head
Or an under chin tickle

For this he gave us
Sixteen years of kitten-ish
Love and affection

Katzky will be sorely missed

Stanley Cooper

Keep A Stiff Upper Lip

I've been told, "keep a stiff upper lip" when things go all awry
I seriously doubt this plan will work, but I'll give it my best try
Credit cards all maxed out, I'm sinking down in debt
But with my stiffened upper lip, there is no cause to fret

My cat jumped in the oven, emerging quite half baked
Her other half, it seems to me, looks like a charcoaled steak
My house now is all flooded from a copper piping leak
If it wasn't for my upper lip, you'd really hear me shriek

Just in case this lip thing works, I'll stiffen, now, my lower
Perhaps it'll cause these tragedies to reach me somewhat slower
If it ever puts to rest my personal apocalypse
I'll forever be so grateful to both my stiffened lips

Stanley Cooper

Knowing

How do people know they know
Those things they are cocksure of?
Certainty does overflow
When acting so assured of

To be so right, most all the time
Egos ever sprouting
Know It Alls feel so sublime
Never ever doubting

Admitting errors, they rarely do
It’s just not in their makeup
They never think they misconstrue
Perhaps they need a wakeup

What is it in their mental scheme
That makes them act this way?
Pehaps it’s just low self esteem
That holds true facts at bay

So, Know It Alls, get off this track
We really know what ails you
Humility is what you lack
Your know-it-all-ness fails you

Stanley Cooper

Ladies

I love
Ladies
In their eighties
So lovely and beguiling
The thought of them keeps me smiling

Young ladies in their seventies I'm not mad about
They're much too wild and much too gad-about
Those in their sixties and below
I must in all good sense fore-go

So all you ladies who are eighty-ish
Lovely, maturely shapely-ish
Rest assured you're in my sight
You've re-ignited my inner light

Stanley Cooper

Language Of Artists

Poets rhyme with words
Dancers dance with grace
Sounds of music's heard
In notes we all embrace

Musicians speak with notes vivacious
Pulsing rhythms with great passion
Poets create with rhymes loquacious
In unique poetic fashion

What each artists potrays
As he paints his cornerstone
He artistically conveys
In a language all his own

Art reveals emotion
Each creator has his say
In language, with devotion
They speak in their own way

Stanley Cooper

Laughing Treats

Creating poems for laughter
May be glee that I contrive
But the laughs that follow after
Is my goal well worth the strive

When I hear the smiling twitter
Or just a laugh or three
I sparkle and I glitter
To have given someone glee

I hope my poems are laughing treats
For many, not just few
Collecting smiles is no small feat
Yet this is what I do

Stanley Cooper

Learn From Little Kids

Adults can learn much from little kids
If we put aside our egos and our ids
Give the kids a chance_ pay close attention
Never look down with know-it-all condescension

Kids view the world with glowing wonder
They hear with awe the sound of lightning’s thunder
They recall for us those delightful innocent years
When we like them were wide-eyed and wet behind the ears

Stanley Cooper

Let The Punishment Fit The Crime

Your Honor, it’s inconceivable
You’re finding that DNA evidence believable
That crime scene blood can’t be mine
The only liquid in my veins is wine

The hair found at the scene shouldn’t convict me
I’ve no hair on my head so it doesn’t depict me
On DNA that is not evidentiary
You can’t send me off to the penitentiary

The D A’s case is horribly grisly
His evidence, though, is woefully flimsy
Judge, if you knew me, you’d know if I could have
Killed my ex-wife, I happily would have

Long ago we were blissfully married
But for twenty-five years I was nothing but harried
Your Honor, “Let the punishment fit the crime”
I believe in the law, but I’ve served my hard time

Stanley Cooper

Let's Do Something For Santa Claus

Let's do something for Santa Claus
That jolly Ho-Ho-ing guy
He rates more then mere applause
That, no one would ever deny

Sliding down chimneys at his age is tough
Let's find him an easier way
He manages well, strangely enough
But he's beat at the end of his day

Santa's a Senior who'll never retire
So a 401K won't do
As the world's most famous good will supplier
He warrants more then 'thank you'

Why not pay him time and a half
Make him a Union member
Let's get him a larger working staff
At least in the month of December

His home at the North Pole is snowingly chilly
But he's too proud to complain
Perhaps he should move to Vegas or Philly
Where there's less snow and less strain?

Let's do something for Santa Claus
That guy with the cheerful 'Ho-Ho'
There can be no more worthy a cause
Then helping that HoHo-ing pro

Stanley Cooper

Liberal…Its True Essence

Favoring progressive reform
Is the historical liberal norm
Characterized by broad-mindedness
Belief in racial color-blinded-ness
Ardently anti-authoritarianism
But not for the sake of contrarian-ism
Protectors of everyone’s civil rights
With concerned awareness and oversights
Blatant orthodoxy all around
Liberals reject as being unsound

“Liberal” didn’t shed its true meaning
Why is it tagged with labels demeaning?
Those who have placed it in full disrepute
Find liberal thought hard to refute

So damn it some will, to further their goals
To gain more power in political roles
Liberals rise up to reactionary be-witchery
End this propagandized bitchery

Stanley Cooper

Linguistic Anguish

I suffer so with linguistic anguish
At corruption of our English language
Spouting double negative pollution
Ascertains no positive conclusion

There ain’t no sense, I have to say
In speaking in this kind of way
I seem to find it most confounding
Why double negatives remain abounding

I kind of wonder, “like” what’s going on
When filler “likes” encroach upon
Each and every sentence spoken
Replacing thought, “like’s” just a token

“Like” ain’t no good, when not comparing
Or not expressing loving caring
When used as filler, why can’t they see
There ain’t no like-ability

Our culture thrives, I must convey
When ideas and thoughts don’t go astray
It ain’t no good to speak no good
To use poor english, you oughten should

by Stan Cooper…10/21/05

Stanley Cooper

Lobotomy In Wash, DC

A lobotomy occurred in Wash, DC
A large slice of brain, excised
The part remaining is pure debris
Incapable of thought precise

Karl Rove left the sinking ship
The man who pushed the buttons
The guy he left is ill equipped
For anything more than strutt-in

Rumsfeld’s gone, and not too soon
Gonzalez should take flight
Dubbyah appointed these buffoons
Both as stooges for his far right

When Election Day finally comes around
With decisions determined most thoughtfully
No leader could ever be less profound
Than Dubbyah who decisioned distraughtfully

Stanley Cooper

Locked In

My dense brain, so replete
With poetry and rhyme
Keeps me in defeat
At this moment in time

Black holes, infinitely dense
Amorphous in their shape
With much matter to dispense
Allow nothing to escape

Perhaps there is some linkage
A cosmic spatial lock
Between black holes non-leakage
And my brainy writer's block

Stanley Cooper

Malapropisms

Malapropisms are wordy misuse
Totally fraught with wordy abuse
Linguistically, wordy erroneous
Nomenclature-ly wordy felonious

You malaprop felons, abusers of speech
Lovers of language, should you impeach
You stand here accused of word instability
We convict you of malapropos culpability

So whether you write in prose or in rhyme
We'll strive for punishment that fits your write crime
We'll remove your thesaurus, dictionary too
All writing for you will be strictly taboo

Stanley Cooper

Manhattan Isle

With their unique tunnel vision
New Yorkers view Manhattan as hallowed ground
Proving with Big-Apple precision
It's Manhattan the earth revolves around

The earth spinning around Manhattan Isle
Has found the New York groove
Revolving in its groovy style
Like New Yorkers on the move

Their famous yellow taxicabs abound
Just so long as it's not pouring
For when it rains, they can't be found
'Cause the cabbies are home snoring

The infamous city subways
Form a labyrinth of tunnels below
New Yorkers ride them everyday
As they travel toe-to-toe

Third Avenue is their Middle East
The Hudson River their Red Sea
Broadway, at it's very least
The showplace for the bourgeoisie

Fifth Avenue, with charm and grace
Separates Manhattan, east from west
Madison Avenue, the grand show-case
For the haute couture set to buy the best

Tokyo, Paris, London, and Rome
Are four cities with worldly fame
But Manhattan-ites know their island home
Is the city most deserving acclaim

Manhattan has no Eiffel Tower
Picadilly or Follies Bergere
But the Big Apple's magical power
Creates excitement beyond compare

Culturally New York City shines
With Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center
And gourmet restaurants in which to dine
Inviting bon vivants to enter

View from Manhattan's southern tip
The Statue of Liberty stands
Welcoming all from their Atlantic trip
To the city that's grander than grand

Visitors feel its energy
That's so very New York unique

Its melting-pot diversity
Keeps the City at its peak

Mother earth is fortunate
She has The Big Apple to spin about
No other place, New Yorkers submit
Has Manhattan's kind of clout

Stanley Cooper

Matrimonial Bliss

Divorce courts filled with smoldering folk
Lend credence, many marriages go up in smoke
“Assuredly, matrimony was invented
By someone assuredly demented”

But for some married couples, this never would apply
As they beat the long-long odds by seeing eye to eye
Men, take a hint from them, succumb to all her wishes
Walk the dog, take out the garbage, and go do the dishes

Stanley Cooper

Me And That Other Old Guy

“Records are meant to be broken”, they say
Some more easily than others
Record setters who have their way
Unbroken is their druthers

The only record I hope to breach
Is Methuselah’s nine hundred years
Nine hundred one I should easily reach
Since I’m now aged and almost his peer

Stanley Cooper

Media Delusions

Our media fixation
Portends our inclination
To believe mis-information
That they pound us with

This propoganda agitation
Might lead to our damnation
It's immoral aberration
That they hound us with

The extremists left and right
With propoganda they incite
To keep us all up-tight
Masquerading as profound

They never sound contrite
As each alleges to be right
Poised and ready for a fight
Never finding neutral ground

With their overblown perspective
They're defectively deceptive
Spouting insolent invective
They induce abject confusion

To be electively effective
They're affectively selective
To perplex is their objective
So be-wary of conclusions

Stanley Cooper

Memory Lapse

Woe is me, the older I get
I must try to remember not to forget
I believe my mind is still in fair shape
Yet, so many things just seem to escape

My memory lapse is hard to ignore
I have need to remember those things from before
Without recollection, I'll forever be seeking
Things from the past, historically speaking

If I could remember past trips to far places
My travel companions, and all of their faces
I'd gratefully stay in thought so reflective
Past, present and future would have more perspective

I sometimes wonder about things I recall
Is my vision of them not true at all
Likely they're pictured in great extreme
Or perhaps fictioned from one of my dreams

I hope I'll eventually see through this curtain
This curtain that's keeps me so very uncertain
The one sure way to escape this dilemna
Is to never forget to always remember

Stanley Cooper

Memory Spikes

What we learn empirically throughout our many years
It starts when we are youngsters, wet behind the ears
Those many things experienced that were so fondly tasted
Alas, we find with memory loss, much of it's been wasted

Suddenly lightning strikes with a remembrance long forgot
Reassuring us we haven't completely gone to pot
In the hope to be enlightened with future memory spikes
We look forward most expectantly to future lightning strikes

Stanley Cooper

Metaphors and Similies

I wish I could dream up a meta-phor or five
To keep my poems more poetically alive
I will always be known as the poet who's hacking
If I continue to write poems metaphorically lacking

Similarly, since I've similies few
My poems can be tasteless as cheeseless fondue
Literature in meters, we refer to as verse
Lacking metaphors or similies, there's nothing much worse

Those figures of speech, though elusively distant
Should enter my head if my brain is persistant
I'll continue to strive to creatively write
Hoping metaphors and similies come into sight

Stanley Cooper

Mission Accomplished

The Economy
Wall Street Bank Failures
Home Foreclosures Price Of Gas
Recession Inflation
Auto Industry Budget Deficit
Katrina Guantanamo
Waterboarding Wiretapping
Iraq Afghanistan
Constitution Trashing
G. W. Bush Legacy

Lie down in bed
Pull the cover over your head
And
It will all go away

Or will it? ! ! !

Stanley Cooper

Mister Moon

The man on the moon, alone there in space
We see as a sunny reflection
His smile shows his mirth
To us here on earth
With his lunar facial expression

As he circles our globe at a dizzying pace
Controlling our tides and our waves
We wonder just how
That high jumping cow
Has managed to so misbehave

Mister Moon has a way of enticing romance
Along with those stars way above
Regardless of age
The Moon is the sage
At beguiling romantics in love

Shine on Mister Moon, in your way out expanse
We mortals on Earth need your light
Your shine’s for us fateful
For your beacon we’re grateful
You moonshine our earth every night

Stanley Cooper

More For Less

Visit a neighborhood drug store
Or your local Pharmacy
Where they'll have you spending less for more
'Cause all side-effects are free

They'll sell you pills to ease your pain
With a side-effect barrage
They'll fill prescriptions for your migraine
Side-effects included, no extra charge

If you've a cold, you need not doubt
They'll aid you with your sneezes
As to cost, they'll help you out
With side-effects price freezes

So have no fear when buying pills
Or other medications
Your pharmacist will cure your ills
With free side effect donations

Stanley Cooper

More Than Ample

The potted belly of my physique
Is not exactly what I'd call sleek
This massive waistline is an example
Of over expansion that's more than ample

Girls no longer whistle when I walk by
No longer heave a wistful sigh
I need to take a full retreat
From all those delicious tasty treats

But, can I do it? Now that's the question
Will I overcome my food obsession?
I'm laying odds, ice cream, fruits and pies
Have put an end to those wistful sighs

Stanley Cooper

Mostly Filled With Naught

My head’s mostly filled with naught
A very empty-head-ed guy am I
Can’t remember what I ought
Most valued thoughts have said goodbye

It’s not really all that bad
I’ve overstated my condition
I’m just an old and tired lad
Whose youth has long been in remission

This mood I know will soon be gone
The sun will shine once more on me
Its’ warmth will help me carry on
And I’ll get back my boyhood glee

Stanley Cooper

Mr. Weatherman, Please Tell Us Plainly

Mr. Weatherman, please tell us plainly
Will it be cloudy, sunny or rainy
There are so many things we don’t need to know
Just tell us please if you know it will snow

Barometer settings don’t help us a bit
So atmospherically, please try to cool it
We don’t need to speculate on typhoons in China
Or other weatherly facts in Asia or minor

Don’t show us weather maps of places way out
Since our main concern is the weather hereabout
Don’t need to hear about the lows and the highs
Or what minute in the morn the sun will arise

Please don’t involve us with all the specifics
Of the tides and the waves in the ocean Pacific
It’s show biz to you, but please tell us plainly
Will today be cloudy, sunny or rainy

Stanley Cooper

Mundane

There is nothing more mundane
Nothing in this world
There is nothing more insane
Then reading what’s mundane

It’s a writers’ wordy endeavor
In poetry or prose
To write words, both worthy and clever
So their readers do not doze

When writings are arcane-ish
They can give a reader fits
But worse are those mundane-ish
They contain no benefits

Creative writing uplifts
Having gems within it’s pages
Fine literature’s a gift
As a record of the ages

Writing with no splendor
Is writing to disdain
Don’t accept or render
Writing that’s mundane

Stanley Cooper

Music Written Classically

Music written classically
Is rarely played half-ass-edly
The notes so flat and sharp
Were never tuned with half a heart

Concertos for the fiddle
Are not just idle diddle
Music of Brahms, Mozart and Bach
Certainly more lasting than Roll and Rock

There is nothing classical more pulsating
Than Beethoven’s rhythmic pace, so sustaining
And no better musical master man
Than melodic maestro Frederic Chopin

Debussy’s haunting Clare de Lune
Is Claude’s romantic classic tune
Clare de Lune’s just out of sight
As it engulfs our soul with sheer delight

Now my classic case I rest
I cited only a few of the best
The classics, wonderfully sublime
To be enjoyed till the end of time

Stanley Cooper

My Dental Ouch

I’ve been driven to distraction
From this tooth that needs extraction
This little piece of calcium
Is the cause of my delirium

When things go wrong that’s dental
I usually tend toward mental
When a tooth of mine needs filling
I go mental with the drilling

The dentists doesn’t feel the pain
As he needles me with Novocain
I seek all ways to circumvent
Those awful times of mouth torment

Stanley Cooper

My Epicurean Delight

My favorite Italian main course
A narrow pasta linguini
In a clammy red or white sauce
That’s not too thick or too stringy

Accompanied by a wine cask
Sipped with utmost delight
From a red chianti wine flask
That partners linguini just right

I devour a tortoni filled dish
Deliciously creamy and smooth
It streams with an elegant swish
As my palate is tastefully soothed

My hunger’s been put to rest
Now espresso’s warmfully sipped
This is epicurean at its best
The waiter’s now thankfully tipped

Stanley Cooper

My Felicitous Feline

My kitten speaks to me with his eyes
Eyes, piercingly sublime
Twin green lanterns mesmerize
Their beauty working overtime

He brushes up against my leg
Lovingly on all four paws
He seems to have me rightly pegged
Knows just what I'm a sucker for

His mews mean what, I'm not quite sure
Yet they melt me in an instant
Aggressive, demanding, but always demure
Those mews are sweetly persistent

As man and feline, we're just great pals
He is my four-legged brother
Though our species differ in vertebrals
We're grandly in sync with each other

Stanley Cooper

My Golden Glow

I'm in a mid-life crisis
I was always slightly slow
Perhaps I need analysis
To accept my golden glow

Mid-life's come and gone
For me it's out of sight
This old buck is not a fawn
And for this I'm quite uptight

Yet, another hundred years, I reckon
Might be just too much for me
A lifetime that would be my second
I can't forsee with glee

So, here I am, accepting fate
As we all must do in time
I won't complain, at this late date
For living past my prime

From here-on-in, I'll golden glow
And be happy to have made it
From here-on-in, my life will flow
As I hopefully upgrade it

Stanley Cooper

My Long Agos

How I love to reminisce
Of youth-filled days and times I miss
Romantic songs I often sung
Long ago when I was young

Sentimental jazz and blues
Take me on a memory cruise
I travel back to time long past
When all good things, I knew, would last

Close friendships with my teen-age pals
Exciting moments with teen-age gals
They bring to mind my youthful joy
My carefree-ness when just a boy

My roaring twenties, when more mature
Still retains their same allure
These strains I hear just seem to flow
As I return to my long-ago

Back I sail to times and places
To memories of faded faces
Faces I still long to see
The music brings them back to me

Stanley Cooper

My Polynesian Dances

I dreamt I lounged in far-off Polynesia
A great place to lounge ‘cause, there, loungin’s much easier
Any far-thinking man could easily predict
I would dreamily become a Polynesia addict

I found myself dancing the Polynesian Hula
Compared to the jitter-bug, the Hula’s way cool-a
The maidens I danced with were dressed to the hilt
In grassy green skirts, and WOW, those maidens were built

A blind man could see I was visibly shakened
When all of a sudden, I was crudely awakened
“Up and at ‘em”, my sergeant obstreperously blasted
My sarge and grass skirts were sharply contrasted

So back to K P with it’s unpeeled potatoes
A far cry from dreamy Polynesian tomatoes
But I survive this damn army regime
Escaping in more of my Hula-ing dreams

Stanley Cooper

My Rhyming Block

I find there is nothing much worse
Then my brain refusing to verse
I get all-uptight
With no poems to write
For me, it's a literal curse

When my gray matter's rhyming remiss
With no offer of word rhyming bliss
There's no key for the lock
Of my rhymers write-block
Down deep in this rhyming abyss

It seems I've been dis-adorned-of
Words, poetically shorned-of
I've lost my old knack
Writing rhymes I now lack
I'm feeling lost and forlorn-of

Try climbing Mt. Everest
They say it's a difficult test
But it's easy compared to
Writing poems that I've dared to
This block has me totally stressed

Stanley Cooper

My Sport-in Life

Golf, baseball and girls, scantily clad
Obsessions of mine when just a young lad
Not listed here in order of rank
Baseball came first, to be perfectly frank

Sports took a back seat as time flew on by
To girls, clad or not, to this more mature guy
Baseball and golf, great in their place
They can’t be compared to a females embrace

Now that I’m aged and much more mature
Girls, clad or not, are somewhat obscure
Golf, baseball and girls, scantily clad
Obsessions of mine, I’m glad to have had

Stanley Cooper

My Stetson

To keep my brain from foggin'
I wear my Stetson hat
It does wonders for my noggin
I've learned to count on that

When I look into the mirror
And see my hat's not there
My brain just can't deliver
If it finds my bald head bare

I try to comb the stubble
Into curly locks of yore
But of course run into trouble
'Cause my hair ain’t there no more

I seem to do such silly stuff
With my Stetson out of sight
Like chewing drinks and sipping snuff
Not knowing left from right

I rise to non-occasions
Think I'm funny when I'm not
With memory evasions
I forget what I've forgot

Emotionally I'm rattled
My thinking goes astray
I can't handle being saddled
With a brain in disarray

But with my Stetson donned
My mind is fully crammed with
Wise thoughts so far beyond
Bareheaded thoughts I'm damned with

That's the reason why
I'm hatless, well, hardly ever
I'm not really very sly
It's my Stetson that's so clever

Stanley Cooper

Mysteries

One of nature’s mysteries
That’s always made me wonder
It’s never been made plain to me
Why lightning precedes thunder

Isn’t it a wonder-ment
That flowers bloom at all
Why, when drinking grapes ferment
Shorties think they’re ten feet tall?

Could it be just pie in the sky
That the moon affects the ocean
Or are we all perhaps pie-eyed
For accepting such a notion?

Who can explain the whirl of our globe
What makes it twirl round and round?
Who understands the light of a strobe
Or why muscles get muscle-bound?

How do computers seem to know
Those things we can not reckon?
How do reindeer antlers grow
To help the deer, doe beckon?

These quandaries have me all hoodwinked
I’m aching so to solve them
I wonder if a real good-think
Could ever help resolve them

Stanley Cooper

Naked Truth

Viewing torsos in the raw
Can be source of heightened awe
The allure and mystique
Of the bare-all physique
Tempts most any paramour

No way considered prudish
Peeping toms are quite rude-ish
They spend much of their time
In their peeping tom slime
Being persistently lewd-ish

Most artists, though not perverse
Are rarely ever adverse
To sketching models who pose
Without any clothes
For art or even commerce

Yet, exposure is deemed uncouth
By the old and some of our youth
    They're not very daring
When it comes to their baring
Confronting their own Naked Truth

Stanley Cooper

Namely Hollywood

There are
Spencer Tracy, Katherine Hepburn, Durante and Maddonna
Paul Newman, Audrey Hepburn, DeNiro, great personnas

Dustin Hoffman, Betty Davis, Gene Autry and Joan Crawford
Kathryn Grayson, and Iturbi, Audie Murphy, Peter Lawford

Humphrey Bogart with his Lauren and the stooges, all of three
Debbie Reynold, late of Vegas who's well known to you and me

Don't forget old Peter Lorre and Mr. Sidney Greenstreet
Who together scared us all in films, in films that can't be beat

Gene Kelly, Tony Martin and lovely Cyd Charrise
Danced and sang in movies that now all of us can lease

Ginger Rogers, Buster Keaton and old blue eyes Sinatra
Charlie Chaplin, Cary Grant, to name a few that really matter

Olivier, Sir Lawrence, Gwen Verdon and Harold Lloyd
Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, mustn't leave them in a void

Kirk Douglas, Ray Milland and Mr Burt Lancaster
Boris Karloff, Ronald Reagan, our presidential caster

Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, for them the bell still tolls
Franchont Tone, Wallace Beery, remember old John Boles

Ann Sheridan, Mary Pickford and lovely Joan Fontaine
And don't forget that he-man, known to us as big John Wayne

Woody Allen, Diane Keaton and moustached Adolphe Menjou
Would be stars in any picture or on any movie menu

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland in those Andy Hardy pics
Old Slim Pickens, Clara Bow and oldtimer Richard Dix

Jimmy Stewart and Dean Martin, sometimes known to us as Dino
Jerry Lewis, Shirley Temple, Pat Obrien and Ida, Miss Lupino

Eddie Cantor, Georgie Raft and even Sally Struthers
Let's not forget those sibling nuts, the Ritz and the Marx Brothers

Any postman would ring twice at the home of Lana Turner
Clark Gable, Danny Kaye can't be left on the back burner

Budd Abbot, Lou Costello, Rock Hudson, and Sophia Loren
I doubt that any movie fan would find this name list bore-in

Henry Fonda, his son Peter and his daughter Miss Jane Fonda
Dick Powell, Martha Raye, and Miss Fleming known as Rhonda

Jeanne Harlow, Betty Grable and husband Harry James
I think this list has quite enough of Hollywoody names

Stanley Cooper

Nefarious

If someone aberrational
Becomes too confrontational
While overly gregarious
He may be quite nefarious

When overly contentious
Appearing too tendentious
Who knows what’s up his sleeve
It might be wise for you to leave

This is no call for timidity
Just a warn with some validity
Nefariousness you can wisely fear
Your safety is at issue here

Stanley Cooper

Never Been To Nowhere

I’ve never been to nowhere
Not even from that bridge
It seems I’m always somewhere
Like Las Vegas or Northridge

I’ve never been to nowhere
Not even on a jaunt
That unknown place called nowhere
Is not my favorite haunt

Is nowhere really some place
Or just a supposition
Imagined by the human race
A conjectured apparition

In nowhere you’ll never find me
As I’ll never crash that gate
Somewhere’s where I’ll always be
It’s not open for debate

Stanley Cooper

Never Was

What if what was….never was?

The start of life, a mystery
We wouldn’t have a history

There’d be nothing to remember
If all began in late December

We couldn’t learn from past mistakes
The thought of it gives me the shakes

Where we came from, we’d never know
We wouldn’t have a long ago

So, I am grateful, just becuz
There will always be an “always was”

dedicated to my father William Cooper
whose pet expression was,
“always was”.

Stanley Cooper

No Get-up And Go

No get-up and go, no energy churnin’
No gas in his tank, his wheels aren’t turnin’
The world’s all around him, but in it he’s not
His long ago vigor has all gone to pot
A pot that’s a broiler, a broiler not broilin’
He’s much like a top, a top that’s not twirlin’
So when it’s all over, all done and well said
He’ll safely remain in his safe haven bed

He needs an infusion of get-up and go
A burst of vitality to get rid of his woe
Once out of bed, he’ll be sharp as a knife
He’ll fill up his tank and get on with his life
With new energy churnin’, his wheels will be turnin’
His broiler a-broilin’, his top will be twirlin’
He’ll be part of that world, the world all around
With his get-up and go that was lost but now found

Stanley Cooper

No Martyr He

Osama Bin Laden-No martyr he
Remembered?
Only as others reviled are remembered

No martyr he

Stanley Cooper

No Middle Ground

Love, hate
There’s so much middle in between
Early, late
Another case of far extreme

Large, small
Can’t seem to find the middle ground
Short, tall
A midsize height is somewhere ‘round

Sweet, sour
Dispositionally speaking
Pleasant, dour
Far from cheek to cheeking

Such extremes are not suprising
We find them all around us
The middle road or compromising
Are concepts that confound us

Stanley Cooper

No More The Yellow Brick Road

It’s not for real, much like a Hollywood set
As close to The World of Oz as we real folk get
Down the yellow brick road they go, arm in arm
To right all wrongs in Washington’s funny farm

McCain and Palin claim to have all of Oz’s wiz
They need to heal the damage of the monkey biz
Left to us by eight years of Bush’s decidin’
Now America needs Barak OBama and Joe Biden

McCain, though hero he may be
Has none of Oz’s wizardry
Sarah will tell you, no need to ask her
Of her great exploits in State Alaska

From the yellow brick road she might build
A bridge to nowhere for which we’ll be billed
She’d be White House dinin’ on stew of moose
While the rest of us real folk end up as cooked goose

But no need to worry, it ain’t goin’ to happen
America will wake up from eight years of nappin’
The world can rejoice, the nightmare has ended
Their yellow brick road will not be extended

Stanley Cooper

Non-Fluent

My English is non-fluent
My German's germanic-ly in Dutch
Linguistically, semantic-ly a truant
I'm in need of a verbalizing touch

I speak few french-y words with meaning
At best I get slightly past oui-oui
My Spanish is not at all redeeming
Spaniards adios me when they hear me say Si-Si

My brain is fully crammed with what it's thinking
Like molten lava, thoughts need a place to flow
Without linguistics skills, they'll be no linking
To the world around I wish my thoughts to go

I must escape this verbiage confinement
For great philosophic thought to find its way
With newly learned linguistic-al refinement
My thoughts will be more convincingly conveyed

Stanley Cooper

Noo Yawk Noo Yawk

Fugetabodit...So typically Noo Yawk
It’s just the way some Noo Yawkers talk

Chickkee, The Coppers...A Noo Yawk expression
It’s just their way to escape apprehension

You Kiddin or What? ...A Noo Yawk motif
A Noo Yawkers way to express disbelief

Git Addu Here...A warning to some
When you hear it, you know where it’s from

The Water’s Burling...Don’t get boint
Cooking in Hell’s Kitchen, or some other hot jernt

Ringalevio...Noo Yawk kids compete
A fun kind of game they play in the street

B.M.T., I.R.T. Third Avenue El
The systems of subways, in Noo Yawk excel

The Show Must Go On...Kernd on Broadway
No one knows why, it’s said to this day

America’s melting pot, known for it’s crowds
Of it’s diversity, Noo Yawkers can be proud

Noo Yawk Noo Yawk, so Time Square-able
There’s no place like it...that’s quite compare-able

Stanley Cooper

Nostradamus and Stan

Who would have dreamed, way back when
I'd still be around in two thousand ten
In Vegas it was a gambling long shot
The heavy favorite, a grass covered plot

So much for gamblers, what do they know
Most, betting on favorites, lose all their dough
They'll bet against my presence in year twenty-twenty
If they bet against that, they'll lose every penny

I'm on the in, I know when I'll go
I told my bookie, I'm not yet on Skid Row
So bet your life savings on this kid named Stan
The twenty first century Nostradamus-like man

Stanley Cooper

Not Even A Smidgen

As to the meaning of ‘algorithm’
I’ve not an idea, not even a smidgen
Unfortunately, it’s just one of many
Meanings of large words, I haven’t any

They can be pursued in Websters thick book
They’re right there for anyone who’ll give it a look
But I lazily find that facile solution
Is not my way out of my large wordy dilution

The dictionary I never open with glee
Though its use is as easy as a b c
But somehow or other, I must humbly admit
To resort to that book, I just can’t commit

So ‘algorithm’ and other large words in existence
Remain casualties to my knowledge resistance
Since I refuse to become a large word pursuer
And will forever favor words with syllables fewer

Stanley Cooper

Not Nerdy Enough

The twenty first century has new stuff appalling
With some of its nuances particularly galling
Such as twitters, tweeters, cell-phones and blog-ins
That cause some old-timers to be scratchin' their noggins

Windows, Macs and digitals took time getting used to
But about twits, tweets and blogs they don't have a clue
The old minds of the past won't survive in these days
They weren't nerdy enough for these nerdy forays

So as time marches on they'll take a back seat
As the youngsters go on with their blogs, twits and tweets
But hopefully they won't twitter-away
The historical legacy that brought them into today

Stanley Cooper

Nothing To Sneeze About

The symptoms are deleterious
Not something to sneeze about
A condition sneeze-ingly serious
As the season’s ragweed sprout

When pollen invades the nasal
It causes sensations galore
The doc’s most common appraisal
“Hay fever, we shouldn’t ignore”

Linked to a watery rhinitis
With outpourings of ocean dimension
Or a fiery sinusitis
Inflaming unwanted attention

Though crazed as the maddest mad-hatter
We victims sneeze and live through it
Not given much choice in the matter
We tearfully blow and achoo-it

Stanley Cooper

Nothingness

As to the concept of “nothing”
I’m confounded by it
Astounded by it
Bewildered by it
And terribly humbled by it

I wonder
Is “nothing” actually “something”?
If true, then how can it be “nothing”
Wouldn’t that be a contradiction in terms?
Or, more likely, could “nothing” be
Just the absence of “something”?

Would, perhaps, Einstein suggest
“Nothing” is simply relative to “something”
And, perhaps, vice versa?
If so, wouldn’t it then be a matter of perception?

Is space “nothing” and matter “something”?
If so, how could we as matter fly through space?
We’d be flying through “nothing”
Perhaps “nothing” doesn’t matter

I’m confounded by it
Astounded by it
Bewildered by it
And terribly humbled by it

Stanley Cooper

Now

I can’t for the life of me think about how
To explain the relative importance of now
Way way back when now was then
We never thought we’d have now again

The past, right now is a mind abstraction
For the present merely a now distraction
Now is what’s now actual
Not abstract, but factual

Minutes from now, known as the future
Stitched to what’s past with a now suture
What’s been, what will come now and then
Now will return over and over again

Stanley Cooper

Now and Then

From my quirky adolescence
I recall my effervescence
Which is now in obsolescence
In my grown up state

I did many things so cad-like
Thought by adults to be bad-like
Can’t now do them, so I’m sad-like
I’m so out of date

All those teenag-ey illusions
Weren’t more than just delusions
Caused by teenag-ey confusions
They called growing up

Never took things much too hearty
Every day seemed like a party
Being alecky and smarty
When I bravo-ed up

But, now I am a senior
No longer just a teen-ior
I act much more pristine-ior
It seems so bleak

My time is spent in viewing
Watching TV junk that’s spewing
Doing nothing worth taboo-ing
I’m an old antique

Stanley Cooper

Now Teddy Now

This poem was written for my boyhood friend Ted who was, at the time, fighting terminal cancer

Bases loaded, count is three and two
"Now, Teddy, Now" from short yells Lou
"Now, Teddy, Now" from left shouts Stan
Strike him out Ted. Let's get this man

"Now, Teddy, Now" those fielders did shout
"Now, Teddy, Now" lets get that last out
Come on Ted, give him your nifty
A grounder to Lou or fly ball to swifty

Put fear in the batter was our main endeavor
A time at bat he'd remember forever
A secret weapon from our pre-game planned powwow
The hearty cheer was, "Now Teddy, NowTeddy, Now Teddy, NOW!

The guy at the plate, this once fearless hitter
Tensed up at the cheer, and looked for Ted's spitter
We psyched him out good, and he never knew how
T'was our secret weapon, "Now, Teddy, Now"

A softball team though made up of nine
Needs something extra to keep the team fine
Three birds of a feather were Ted, Stan and Lou
They were the threesome that was the team's glue

"Now, Teddy, Now" is one for the ages
From Lou, Ted and Stan, those three teenage sages
It's not just for softball, but for use in life somehow
We three should keep shouting, "Now Teddy, Now Teddy, Now Teddy
NOW! "

Stanley Cooper

Number 11

My legs were razor thin
When I was six and seven
Those legs below my chin
Resembled number eleven

Those awfully skinny shins
Were teased beyond the pale
Yet despite those silly pins
I managed to prevail

For when the great day came
I joined those city slickers
No more the thin limbed shame
I switched from shorts to knickers

Stanley Cooper

Nursery Rhymed

Remember the little lamb Mary had
And the beanstalk Jack agilely climbed
Most of us are sheepishly glad
They were all nursery rhymed

How about that mouse who ran up the clock
Why he did that nobody knows
Perhaps he was looking for Goldilocks
Or the ring around the rose

The lost sheep of Little Bo Peep
We wonder if they ever were found
These childhood memories are ingrained so deep
To them we are lovingly bound

History shows us, they'll not be out-dated
These nursery rhymes, so lovingly clever
Kids in the future will surely be slated
To have these rhymes read to them forever and ever

Stanley Cooper

Ode To My Crystal Ball

I look into my crystal ball with fear
Afraid to see the future from its rear
Particularly since I choose-ta
Having things be as they use-ta
I fear to see familiar disappear

What lies ahead, my crystal ball may show
That warming is our planetary woe
Our Earth, once so enchanted
We've too long taken it for granted
And now we've reached its livable plateau

Crystal ball, what you portray as new
Your future look is more than I can chew
My head buried in the sand
Keeps my world still looking grand
So, crystal ball, I want no part of you

Stanley Cooper

Off To The Races

With the Presidential campaign, we're off to the races
Too many horses, too many strange faces
After checking their quality, if I had my druthers
I'd vote for Groucho, of the famous Marx Brothers

Here's a non-partisan look at some of the steeds
Hoping my handicap tote sheet will fill bettors needs
For placing the odds on such non-thoroughbreds
Requires someone like me, quite sick in the head

An historical primary with unusual contenders
A man of color and one of gal gender
A shameful long time before we allowed this to happen
Stalwarts of democracy, two hundred years were a nappin

Now for the odds, let's start with a long shot
His chances of winning are not very hot
Actor Fred Thompsen limped out of the gate
A thousand to one shot is all he can rate

A man presidential, Delaware's Biden
If I was a jockey, he's the horse I'd be ridin
But I can't let emotion handicap me
I must rate him no better than twenty to three

Gulliani's knows New York streets and it's gutters
Rudy will go a long way as a true racing mudder
He'll slosh down the track 'till the race is through
He's close to a favorite at seven to two

Mitt Romney can run on a track that is sloppy
He'll run out this race as a sloppy flip-floppy
Flip-floppy or not, he'll be thirteen to two
We've never elected a Mormon or Jew

John McCain, at seven to one, shoots from the hip
But time's passed him by for this racing trip
This war-horse could win in a heroic rout
Only if Rudy and Mitt run each other out

An experienced runner is Christopher Dodd
But he started to slow to give him low odds
A favorite at Connecticut tracks
At a president's run, he's lagging in back

Mark Twain's Huckleberry not running this race
Instead we've got Huckabee, the Arkansas ace
Darwin's theory he has always doubted
At fifty to one, this horse will be routed

Barack OBama, a Harvard Law Grad

That he’ll outrun most horses is iron-clad
The only one not voting for war in Iraq
A three to one favorite, is Obama, Barack

Now comes the favorite with whom most Dems are smitten
The only filly in the race is Hillary Clinton
With First Laddie Bill, along for the ride
It’s even money, she’ll keep them off stride

John Edwards, a well groomed Carolina Stud
Don’t let his whinnies fool you, this horse is no dud
He comes out running from the middle of the pack
It’s a six to one bet, he’ll win at this track

Straight talking Governor of New Mexico
Has more gas in his engine than Texaco
But too short on funds, and not too renown
It’s a thirty to one bet he’ll be run down

Two other players, I place in the field
Kucinich and Paul, they’re not for real
Though sometimes, debating, they make the most sense
A million to one shot, they’ll not cause suspense

So now, all you bettors, don’t bet with your heart
Political races are full of false starts
Hang on to your money, just go out and vote
And hope that the winner from Bush is remote

Stanley Cooper

Oh For The Good Old Days

Oh, for the good old days

Of savory cooking scents
Seeping through our kitchen vents
From delicious home-made foods
We fed our loving broods

No MacDonalds, Burger Kings
Gulped fast-foods on the wing
With saturated fat
And indigestion it begats

Healthy dishes our intake
Unprocessed foods is what we ate
When we were more inclined
To stay at home and family dine

Oh, for the good old days

Stanley Cooper

Oh-So-Bad

It's a conspiracy, this dieting fad
Claiming good things are oh-so-bad
Feasting on blueberry pie ala-mode
Runs counter to the dieting code

Most diets are too austere
Refusing us those kegs of beer
If you don't fat foods avert
They threaten you with just desserts

If you can't obesity take
Stay away from chocolate cake
Cut-back on your calorie munching
At breafast, dinner or while lunching

I'm convinced they're much too hasty
Denying us that stuff so tasty
It's a conspiracy, this dieting fad
Claiming good stuff is oh-so-bad

Stanley Cooper

Ologies

There are very many ologies
Scientific, with few exceptions
Psych, Bi, and Physi-ology
Worthy of scientists attention

One exception, mythical
Mythology, it’s title
Myths are too illogical
To be scientifically vital

Astrology’s another
That gives scientists the fits
Is it any wonder
Since it’s nothing more than glitz

Ologies when factual
Professors teach in college
We learn from them what’s actual
As harbingers of knowledge

Stanley Cooper

One Helluva Place

New York City's one helluva place
Although it could use more actual space
The traffic rolls slowly, not at all fast
This city of culture remains unsurpassed

From Battery Place to the Duyvil of Spuyten
The feel of this city is more than exciten
The view of Grants Tomb excites many tourist
Particularly those who are history purists

Burroughs, five in all, sport their own personalities
With resident citizens of all nationalities
Who bring to New York its global perspective
That for a democracy is truly effective

Brooklynites known for their perceived accent, of course
The Bronx is proud of its long Grand Concourse
Just slightly south of Westchesters Rye-land
While Queens remains gateway to all of Long Island

Staten Islands only one fame
Is that it's factually known by its second name
Richmond, it's called and no-one knows why
As a great place to visit, fuggetaboudit, I'll pass it by

The ferry to Staten is delightful and fun
Almost as good as Nathans frankfurter bun
The Bronx famous for many a college
Offers its students a vast world of knowledge

Now back to Manhattan, known all the world-over
It's as relevant to New York as is England to Dover
Just south is Lady Liberty, treading on water
To those who've not seen her, they really should ought-a

A little north is Wall Streets bulls and bears
Where stocks are sold by the millions in shares
Then to Chinatown and Little Italy on a very short ride
Where won-ton and pasta are found side by side

Taxi up Broadway right up to mid-town
Or ride on the subway, just below ground
The traffic horn-blowers so loud and so blare-ish
At the hub of the city, so very Times-square-ish

The fine architecture of the Church of Saint Patricks
The famous White Way with its Broadway theatrics
The Music Hall Rockettes dance with precision
Presents to their audience an eye-catching vision

Go shopping on Avenues, Fifth or Madison

Stay at The Plaza or the hotel named Raddison
Row on the lake of grand Central Park
Preferably in the daytime, not when it’s dark

An ice skating rink In Rockefeller Center,
Amid beautiful sculptured art deco splendor
Go Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall-ing
For Classics or Jazz, all music enthralling

There are museums a-plenty for artist gourmets
That would satisfy any artistic forays
For anyone who aspires to be a Big Apple buff
One visit to New York ain’t ever enough

Stanley Cooper

Onomatopoeia

Onomatopoeia-ticly speaking
Help words to be more vivid
'Cause the speaker is generally seeking
To come across more livid

We all know how a bee can buzz
And how a steak can sizzle
We also know what a choo-choo does
And how a flame can fizzle

Onomatopoeia achieves it's vivid aims
It's descriptive as can be-a
Onomatopoeia vividly proclaims
It's use for you and me-a

Stanley Cooper

Ouch

Went to my dentist and…ouch!
Would Doc Tran live up to his pain-free vouch?
Ready to give up my ailing tooth
If Doc Tran would tell me the painful truth

Sat in his chair already succumbed
Expecting to be completely all numbed
Since Doc Tran’s an expert with Novocain
I puffed out my chest, fearless of pain

My bravado-just an Academy Award act
‘Cause I felt real scared, and that’s a true fact
I latched on to Nurse Rosie, a lovely young gal
Who painstakingly soothed my fading morale

Doc Tran smiled as he needled my gums
His smiles didn’t stop me from still feeling glum
I hoped with Nurse Rosie I wasn’t uncouth
As she disappeared faster than my old tooth

A few days have passed and still have some ache
The disappearance of Nurse Rosie, my foolish mistake
Didn’t know what I did, when so filled with dread
I should have latched on to Doc Tran instead

Stanley Cooper

Our Borrowed English Language

Our language, borrowed from the British nation
Includes the use of verbal conjugation
But we find it detrimental
The Brits are so judgmental
Of our accent that they've labeled aberration

They snub their noses high at how we speak
But we don't give a damn for their critique
Our linguistical revision
Not deserving of derision
We've learned to calmly turn the other cheek

Another group with this awful lingo lack
Whose accents are way off the beaten track
Cause the British to be skittish
To them it sounds like Yiddish
They're the Australians way down in the far outback

The English, when they were imperialists
Spread their language 'round the world to colonists
So the fault is all their own
How we speak is not home-grown
And they think our perky speech is all amiss

They didn't export Shelley or their Keats
Or Shakespeare with his special writing feats
The least they could have brought us
Was their cockney, or have taught us
How to speak like all the Britisher elite

Stanley Cooper

Our Kitchen

There's a strange room in our home
With a dishwasher and sink
It's bizarre, so rates this poem
It's called the kitchen, I think

Most rooms are for using
With their uses recognizable
But, this room is confusing
With a problem very sizable

We know what the bedroom is for
Don't need a brain for this
The use of the hall or corridor
Needs no analysis

The functions of our bathroom
Are as plain as plain can be
But how to use that kitchen room
Is not plain at all to me

The cupboards fully loaded
With empty shelves galore
From non-use they've eroded
Having nothing much to store

The stove that's in our kitchen room
Thinks cooking's obsolete
If ever used it would spell doom
And cause gourmet's to retreat

There’s a vitamin tray in our kitch
Holding some Elmer's Glue
That sticky stuff is really a bitch
When added to a stew

A shelf up high is full of spice
But I don't have a clue
If spice would taste so very nice
When spicing Elmer's Glue

There is another fixture
A fridge beyond compare
In it there's quite a mixture
Of nothing else but air

Now the time has come
To end my kitchen conjuring
All it's worthless sum
Isn’t worthy of my pondering

Stanley Cooper

Our Lollipop Days

Many still dream and yearn to
Longingly return to
Happy innocent ways
Of childhood lollipop days

Carefree days of long ago
We find so hard to let them go
When having fun ranked number one
From early morn till day was done

The calendar of life.. reminds it’s late December
Destined now to wistfully remember
And recall sweet times far in the past
Lamenting lollipop days flown by too fast

Stanley Cooper

Our Plasticized Society

We spend and spend and spend some more
In our plasticized society
And end up knocking on the Poor House door
With our spending impropriety

Commercials on those TV shows
Tell us what we need
At super salesmanship they're pros
They convince us with their greed

We buy this, we buy that
Our credit cards max-out
Before we know it, we're broke and flat
'Cause we couldn't do without

Having no dinero
Is our personal recession
With our pockets full of zero
We go into depression

Money grew on trees, we thought
We know now we misperceived
The lesson that leaves us most distraught
Is that trees can lose their leaves

Stanley Cooper

Our Topsy-Turvy World

In the very very topsy-turvy world
Straight lines are elliptically curled
Way above is found below
Jungles covered up with snow
In the very very topsy-turvy world

In the world, so very very topsy-turvy
Ascorbic acid always brings on scurvy
Books with empty pages
Are read by all the sages
In the world, so very very topsy-turvy

The world of topsy-turvy consternation
Filled with topsy-turvy complications
Where the right is on the left
The most happy, most bereft
In this world of topsy-turvy situations

Foolish topsy-turvys heed no warnings
Sure there’s no such thing as global warming
They’re happy on their land
With their heads down in the sand
Where brain-less topsy-turvys bury warnings

In our world of topsy-turvy politicians
Concerned enough to better our conditions
They’ll be always there for you
With an honest point of view
In our world of topsy-turvy politicians

In our world where topsy-turvy is the norm
Where we’re taught the only way is to conform
Where nothing is quite sane
Where peace can never reign
So long as topsy-turvy is the norm

Stanley Cooper

Par For The Course

Bombs explode with shock and awe
Bodies strewn across earth's floor
Witness to our own mortality
Watched through hazy unreality

Hold on-Time out-Just wait
They mustn't be late,
Brits are traditionally smitten
With tea-time in traditional Britain

Once wide-eyed, youngsters can't see
All the hurt in this war's debris
Body bags return by the score
Filled with youthful innocents of yore

Terrified, mortified
Bestiality verified
Earth warring around it's axis
While we complain of increasing taxes

As the blood bath is managed in London, D.C.
They feed us the soaps on mindless TV
We're immersed in insanity of mass entertainment
Instead of holding those leaders to war-crime arraignment

Hold on-Time out-the war can wait
It's tee-up time, golfers can't be late
The war is held in surreal suspension
Somewhere, over there in another dimmension

Yanks relish sport competition
Much as Brits do their tea-time tradition
Tea-time or tee-time just can't wait
War's no excuse when T-times are late

For those citizen sheep
In open-eyed sleep
There's no time for remorse
When it's T-time, of course

Stanley Cooper

Paradise Lust

In his books about Satan, temptation and hell
Milton’s tales don’t factually gel
The intrigue with the apple was really a bust
I’m certainly certain, it was more about lust

Paradise Lost, down through the ages
Accepted as fact by religious old sages
Still on bookshelves, musty and dusty
Not yet perceived as tales for the lusty

Stanley Cooper

Parallelism

If parallelism is factually true
Somewhere out there is an identical you
With identical joys and identical troubles
Somewhere out there's your identical double

Perhaps in your parallels you've been tripled or more
Or even quadrupled so you've become four
Pertaining to you there's no numeral floor
You may be out there in numbers galore

How many of you, is one hell of a question
There's so much unknown of your number progression
Of this numerical progression, we are in awe of
Since the total of you, we're so totally unsure of

Stanley Cooper

Parents Should Know Better

Do moms and dads know what they're doing
Reading to kids about witches a-brewing
Relating Red Riding Hood's visit to grandma
Finding big bad wolf in her grandma's pajama?

Like the cunning old spider who wooed the poor fly
Into his web where the fly would soon die
And poor Humpty Dumpty sitting on his wall
His egg shell all cracked from his now famous fall

There was this old witch who had no kind of lovin'
For Hansel and Gretel who she threw in the oven
It was Hickory Dickory Dock's little mouse
Who was scared by the clock and ran out of the house

Goldilocks most unwisely used her head
Falling asleep in that big brown bears bed
Jack climbed his beanstalk way up to the sky
Scared by this giant who stood a mile high

Now, well meaning parents may think that stuff's cute
But nightmares their kids have, that theory refutes
Those stories just scare babes clean out of their wits
No wonder kids grow into adult misfits

Stanley Cooper

Past-Present-Future

They spend no time together
Yet they're relatively linked
These three birds of a feather
Who march through time in sync

Present is right now
Past is just before it
Future rightly vows
Nothing will detour it

The past flies by too fast
It's movement so incessant
And with a final gasp
Bestows on us the present

The past is understood
When at present we look back
Most memories are good
But some do sadly lack

For the time that's yet to be
The future, as it's known
Let's prepare it present-ly
With good memories all it's own

Stanley Cooper

People and Monkeys

I think it’s most implausible
We come from apes or monkeys
Yet I wouldn’t be surprised at all
To learn we come from donkeys

We're very sure we've apes surpassed
Our egos so dictate it
Since most of us are so half-assed
Mules might be related

We seem to be inclined to fall
When swinging through the trees
There’s no substantial proof at all
We come from chimpanzees

If Mr. Darwin's proven right
With his people-ape conclusions
Most of us will feel uptight
With our super-being illusions

Stanley Cooper

Philosophy

The love of knowledge is its meaning
A concept simple yet profound
It offers insight and a gleaming
Into subjects that confound

We inquire, and thus learn
Delving into much unknown
And philosophically discern
Faulty myths we should disown

Reflective thinkers in the past
When new ideas they dared expound
Would often find themselves outcast
For reaching far beyond set bounds

Philosophy helps us tip the scale
When search for truth is not impeded
Knowledge seekers must prevail
Revealing wisdom sorely needed

Deep thinkers with broad concept
Are not deserving of disdain
Search for truth we should accept
As philosophy’s true domain

Encourage Platos of our day
To forge ahead inquiring
And with their wisdom, help convey
Thoughts, logically inspiring

Stanley Cooper

Phobic Disorder

‘Vice versa’ means the order reversed
Does ‘versa vice’ mean reversed order?
With questions like this I’m overly immersed
Perhaps I’ve a phobic disorder
I doubt it’s normal to ponder and question
Each ponderable that comes my way
Can’t seem to stop this mind boggled obsession
The cause of my phobic dismay
A Shrink might free me of this neurosis
This psychosis that keeps me obsessive
Or will I be stuck with a psycho prognosis
Of an inquisitiveness over excessive
This phobic disorder will no doubt remain
I can’t my inquisitiveness purge
I’ll never be able to completely restrain
My relentless questioning urge

Stanley Cooper

Phonetics

To prevent a child from reading pathetically
The child should be taught to read phonetically
The long and short of vowels A E I O and U
With sounds of consonants, so he can construe
All those words that he'll capably sound out
Phonetically read what the world's all about
The way some are taught with excess of memorizing
Can to most kids be boring, scary and mesmerizing
A teacher can know the job was well done
When his kids are phonetically reading for fun

Stanley Cooper

Picasso

Mundane or simple cannot be used
To describe this man or his works
Lovers of art forever enthused
By his soul, where his genius lurks

His period of Blue, beauteous and sad
His Rose period more serene
Made lovers of art, respectful and glad
Picasso was in their art scene

On cubism, Bracque was his only peer
They both received much invective
For their wonderfully conceived artistic idea
Which brought new spatial perspective

Picasso’s creations gave the world joy
He was so artfully endowed
Malaga, Spain, where he lived as a boy
Can of their great icon be proud

Stanley Cooper

Pinnochio

Geppetto took a block of wood
With knife in hand he tried
To carve his path to fatherhood
With a son wood could provide

He carved and carved all day and night
Working beaver-ishly
He soon would see the end in sight
Carving fever-ishly

He was rewarded with a son
Who was, of course, just wood
But with this son, he felt as one
It made him feel so good

To give him life he pulled some strings
And gave his son a name
Pinnochio would Geppetto bring
Some joy and even fame

But somehow all awry went things
Pinnochio found one day
He didn't seem to need those strings
They just got in his way

This new found freedom brought a cloud
Life wasn't quite so rosy
When spouting lies, he was endowed
With a nose that was too nosey

So, in the end, this wooden boy
Stopped lying through his nose
And once again became a toy
Wearing strings and puppet clothes

Stanley Cooper

Pinnochio Sequel...Nosey Around

As he lay on his back
This lady polecat
Gave him no slack
As atop him she sat

She hoped from this liar
She'd get an injection
To fulfill her desire
With his nosey projection

She knew if he lied
His wooden proboscis
Would grow and she'd guide
His lengthened faux schnoz-kiss

She hoped he'd be nosey
And give her a trip
He could make her life rosy
His nose was a pip

She begged for a tweak
That she hoped would be coming
From his long wooden beak
From his long wooden plumbing

When Pinnochio arose
He did ring her bell
She loved his grown nose
That was shafted so well

And now she's content
She's been thoroughly woodied
She was really well sent
And Pinnochio goodied

She thanks the old man
Who lived in a ghetto
She's the nosed content fan
Of old man, Geppetto

Stanley Cooper

Platitudes

Those who speak in platitudes
That have us really wincing
Have those kinds of attitudes
Which aren't too convincing

Why don't they say things as they are?
Triteness isn't needed
They'd be successful, more by far
If this advice was heeded

If speaking less with grand design
That they think is so fantastic
We'd be more apt to them consign
Reputations much less plastic

Stanley Cooper

Plumbing (or) The Taming Of The Spew

He called to his wife, sounding, oh so, bereft
“Water just spewed right out of the sink
I just turned the faucet a bit to the left
It’s not my fault, I really don’t think”

The wife replied, “you go to work. I’ll call the plumber”
“Which one? ”, The wife’s husband did ask
“Don’t worry”, she said, “I have his number
The plumber best fit for the task”

The husband then left, as his job did come first
And she quickly got on the phone
She called up this man, the man of her thirst
The plumber with love undertone

He’d been there before, when her pipes needed fixing
When he laid right under the sink
With a large dose of grease, he gave them a slicking
This plumber sure was in the pink

When her husband came home, the spewing had ceased
He found all the plumber’s work done
She never let on just how well she’d been greased
Or how plumbing could be so much fun

Stanley Cooper

Poems Yet Unwritten

Since I've been poetically bitten
I dream of all those rhymes unwritten
Lonely words, alone in space
Crave to be by poems embraced

Hidden from me, to my dismay
Is this plentiful babbling wordy buffet
Uncharted, words crave rhyme introduction
To form some metrical rhyme construction

Swirling words have scant rhyme or reason
Their floating in space is poetical treason
I hope to offer them rhyming connection
With creative, thoughtful rhyming reflection

Stanley Cooper

Poetic Balance

Some poems I've written are nonsense-i-cal
But I'm not buffoonery smitten
I've written some most common sense-i-cal
Which are not as quite dimwit-ten

Poems comprised of only levity
Should be more inclusive
A muses' work should never be
Thoughtfully exclusive

To write with just frivolity
Is like eating just desserts
Poems written with just jollity
Significance averts

This concept should be heeded
When putting pen to page
It's balance that is needed
Ask any writing sage

Stanley Cooper

Poetic Frustration

No rhyme has entered my mind
Lately I can’t seem to find
Words and ideas to artfully write
Poems with a clever lyrical bite

As my mind draws just blanks, I sit and I fret
Hoping to find a poem to beget
Creating new stanzas has me beguiled
Without their appearance I’m totally riled

I’d like to force-feed a rhyme into my head
A poem that would be universally read
But it doesn’t seem to happen, try as I may
Creating a poem doesn’t work quite that way

This conundrum has me poetically numbed
I feel like my brain is poetically dumbed
Come to me please, you rhyme of elation
Put an end to my poets’ rhyming frustration

Stanley Cooper

Poetic Stagnation

Audacious, Fallacious, Loquacious, Vivacious
Words with rhyming adherence
It seems I'm no longer poetically tenacious
To grant them a poem-ing appearance

This poetic block has me bogged down
I'm drowning in wordy frustration
Verbs and nouns haven't skipped town
But they've left me with poetic stagnation

Oh! How I'd love to regain that knack
Of writing with rhythmical pattern
To someday get back on my rhyming track
As if my rhyme loss never happened

Stanley Cooper

Poetry's Three S's

A poem's first S is syntax
The sentence structure rules
To aid a writer's rhyming knacks
Syntax is taught in schools

Semantics is the second S
It imparts the poem's intention
For any poet or poet-ess
Who writes with rhyme dimension

The third S, sound, comes into play
Through our ears, as spoken word
Its rhyming pulsing rhythmic sway
Is how the poem is heard

Writing rhymes successfully
Poetic musing romantics
Employ each vital S-fully
Syntax and sound semantics

Stanley Cooper

Point Of View

Is a glass half empty or half filled?
Think for a moment or two
To know, you needn't be terribly skilled
For it's just one's point of view

A lawyer tells the juror
"My client didn't do it
He didn't cause that furor
That's the only way to view it"

A judge might just decide
From his judicial pointed vision
To let the whole thing slide
Or send 'em straight to prison

When either innocence or guilt
Is not too very clear
His Honor's point of view might tilt
Decisions too severe

Innocence or guilt
Should be factually rooted
Prejudicial tilt
Is legally unsuited

Biased people have no clue
With outlook never changing
Their slanted thoughts are all askew
And need much re-arranging

At any time, at any place
They feel only others misconstrue
As adamantly they embrace
Their own biased points of view

Stanley Cooper

Political Chameleons

Politicians resemble crafty chameleons
Coloring views to please both rich and poor-peons
While vying for the almighty vote
Too often change colors of their party-lined coat

In a perfect world where truth was of essence
Political chameleons would share obsolescence
Since perfection in politics is far from achievable
Political chameleons will remain non-believable

Stanley Cooper

Political Reality

A politician pursuing the high office of his choosing
Must be credibly enthusing
To be voted in
He can’t afford to flounder
As he tries to act profounder
Then his foe, that awful bounder
If he wants to win

To win the race he’s running
He must be sly and cunning
When his foes he goes a gunning
On the campaign trails
The workers of our nation
Will hear his dedication
To workers compensation
Which never fails

He’ll shake the hands of farmers
And even some embalmers
Will be the total charmer
As his web he weaves
Is it really any wonder
Why he’ll play up to a funder?
From most funders, if he blundered
There’d be no reprieve

He will court our country’s wholesalers
Salute our country’s sea sailors
And even chat with dress tailors
In his effort to succeed
He will visit city slickers
Pick with apple pickers
Give them campaign stickers
And wish them all God speed

But...after winning the election
Upon not too much reflection
The voters find rejection
From their man above
He soon forgets the vows he made
His memory just seems to fade
He proves he’s just a renegade
Comes push to shove

Stanley Cooper

Politics…The Art Of Deception

Politics…the art of deception
Dependent on misplaced perception
Where evil is good, where black is white
Fiction is truth, and most wrongs are right

The fight for power and all that goes with it
Where double-talk hypocrisy’s entirely legit
Good citizens, need not believe all they hear
Political promises are rarely sincere

Stanley Cooper

Poor Poor Kids

Be quiet! Don't make a sound!
Speak when you're spoken to!
What awful fearful bounds
Speaking only on cue

Poor poor kids

You can't go out and play today!
It's punishment, unfitting the crime
This parental power display
For kids, like serving hard-time

Poor poor kids

Adults wield such power
They must be listened to
They can their poor kids cower
 As they dim their kids world view

Power seeds have been sown
Hopefully they'll not sprout
So when kids are fully grown
Their kids will not self doubt

Stanley Cooper

Potpourri

When the returns were in from the holy committee
White smoke appeared in Vatican City
The secret conclave agreed to decree
The supreme authority for the High Holy See

It was a large Cardinal potpourri
Choosing which of them the new Pope would be
With Gods help it was predetermined
The electors determine the pick of a German

Pope Benedict the Sixteenth, will be the Pope's name
A name, much like Paul, will have Papacy fame
Heaven knows why, of the Cardinals rejection
To Pope Stanley the Second in their Papal election

by Stanley the First…

Stanley Cooper

Prefabricate

To concoct in order to deceive
And thereby falsify
Can make an honest man grieve
As he sits and wonders why

While the truth can sometimes pain
With a different kind of hurt
It’s somehow less profane
And will cause less disconcert

While fabricating is subvert-ful
Prefabricating is worse
It’s very much more hurtful
Preplanned it’s more perverse

It is generally conceded
A lie should never do
Fabrication is not needed
In any honest view

Stanley Cooper

Preposterous

Such preposterous a thought! A man with wings
Flying on high above buildings and things
Soaring through clouds floating up in the blue
The Wright brothers said, ” Birds do it. We can too.”

Such preposterous a thought! A boat under water
Yet the navy came up with this metal transporter
A submarine moving through murk of the ocean
Brought reality to what was once just a notion

Such preposterous a thought! A man on the moon
It couldn’t be done, at least not very soon
But we managed to do it. We landed on Lunar
Not far in the future, but very much sooner

Such preposterous a thought! A bulb all aglow
Thomas Edison dreamed it a long time ago
What say them now, those purveyors of doubt
Going their rounds putting old gaslight out

Such preposterous a thought! Doomsayers most always defame
Their vision of what’s possible is not one to claim
If we left it to them, there’d still be no wheel
We wouldn’t be driving the automobile

Those preposterous skeptics, somewhat inane
Are deserving of nothing more then disdain
With positive thinking we will succeed
Achieving our goals of society’s need

Such preposterous a thought, to have peace on our earth
Of cynical doubters there is not a dearth
May the future show, we didn’t dismay
Let’s focus on peace, starting today

Stanley Cooper

Prime Rib

For those Biblically naive
Adam's rib spawned Eve
Endowed with two lips
And two lady-like hips
With artistry only God could achieve

Eve's ears, her legs and her arms
Created in God's cell-stem farms
Her heavenly eyes
Her shapely formed thighs
Enhanced her celestial charms

She was sinewy and tight as a drum
A perfectly created natal-plum
Adam was thrilled
With her spectacular build
To Eve's form, most men could succumb

Her coming from God's line of descent
Was a historical dramatic event
Her angelic appeal
Was for Adam ideal
Since from God she was heavenly sent

Paradise is where this took place
The site Eve enchantingly graced
Can you believe it, or not
That this heavenly plot
Was the genesis of our whole human race?

If you're rigid as hard-woodened oak
And believe this a biblical joke
And you're riddled with doubt
And you think it's far out
You're a skeptical secular bloke

Stanley Cooper

Priorities

Priorities change each decade
For better or for worse
Early ones get overlaid
In new ones we immerse

In childhood, girls and boys
Have priorities, manifest
Nothing ranks their cherished toys
Those toys have passed their test

Then the fabulous teens appear
New priorities by the dozens
Understood only by their peers
In privy teenage discussions

Into their twenties they go roaring
Grown-up women and men
With visions of a new life soaring
Past teenage thoughts condemned

Marriage soon enters the scene
Careers become their priority
Ages are somewhere between
Childhood and elder seniority

Husbands and wives with children galore
Priorities altered by kids
They work and plan to rightly assure
Their kids will do more than they did

Then comes the day, when as grannys and gramps
Priorities changed and diminished
They look back in time when they were the champs
To those days long gone and long finished

Priorities for seniors are needed for sure
No longer mired by employment
Grandma and Grampsy should together conjure
New ways for well earned enjoyment

Stanley Cooper

Psuedo-Poem

Sporting an unusual spineless, shapeless feature
Is this microscopic protoplasmic creature
With just one cell, surviving through the years

The Amoeba has us wondering and most curious
Why with pseudopods, so fleeting and so spurious
They've never grown at least one psuedo set of ears

Stanley Cooper

Puddinhead Bush

(Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely, most assuredly, intentional)

Perched atop his throne in D.C.
He believes he's our High Holy See
As our arrogant "Decider"
More our arrogant divider
Divisive to an intolerable degree

He rules with his powerful veto
Much like Kruschev or powerful Tito
He functions wildly amok
As our lame-brain, lame duck
While eschewing our historical credo

He can't seem to ever partake in
Admitting he's ever mistaken
His view of reality
Has no actuality
In his judgment he's always unshaken

His crony political appointments
Are royal political anointments
Rubber stamping cronies
Hypocritical phonies
Inevitably great disappointments

Our First Lady Laura…Librarian
Loyal to him, non-contrarian
Conflicting opinion
Is not her dominion
To her husband she's always sectarian

Since our inept King Dubbyah's coronation
Dark clouds hover in threatening formation
His reign bombards us with showers
Of his contemptuous powers
Drowning our free loving nation

Stanley Cooper

Punctuation

Punctuation, stepchild tool of writing
Does not get it’s write-ful due
If we stopped this literate slighting
It would be a literal coup

The period we see as a dot
Has such a vital essence
The reason we use it a lot
Is to forestall a run-on sentence.

Colons: are sometimes used
To act as sentencing braces
Colons called semi; help us fuse
Connecting multiple phrases

To combine a compound adjective
The hyphen-comes into play
Question marks? are for the inquisitive
While commas, show delay

If writing is your avocation
And hope writing you will master
Punctuate with punctuation
Averting literal disaster

Stanley Cooper

Questions and Answers

The “brilliant minds” of Dubbyah and Dick Cheyney
On philosophic questions, they have answers one too many
They go out of their way to make it their biz
To answer the religious question of who the one real God is

On the question of evolution, Pastor Huckabee with no compunction
Explains it was simply Mister Darwin’s brain mal-function
On the question of Creationism, Hucakabee happily drools
His answer, “It should be taught in all the schools”

When a question is asked on how to help our country progress
Our right wing philosophers answer, “Just stifle Congress”
Socrates and Plato those soul searching sleuths
Unlike our wrong right wingers, searched for truths

With arrogance our leaders have answers galore
They’ve solved all our problems, of that they are sure
But for them, the solve that would be most rewarding
Spinning the morality of in-humane water-boarding

Stanley Cooper

Quirky

Though very much surprised
It really doesn’t irk me
That my outlook’s been apprised
As being one that’s quirky

I do believe that label
Though my poems may quirky be
Is just another fable
If describing perky me

A label, say like kinky
Perhaps more to me akin
Or even rinky dinky
Would get less below my skin

To be seen by friends this way
Is both dismal and it’s murky
It will never make my day
To be known to them as quirky

Stanley Cooper

Ready Or Not

Ready on the right
Ready on the left
Ready on the firing line
Squeeze the trigger
Hit the target
Combat ready

Ready?

That target had no face
No heart
No feelings

Wasn't someone's son-

Or father-
Or husband-
Or boyfriend-

Couldn't stare back-

Ready?

Stanley Cooper

Re-inventing The Wheel

I dreamt I invented the wheel
My dream of a wheel was surreal
This wheel, I declare
Wasn't round but most square
For rolling, it wasn't ideal

Toothpicks for spokes, not reliable
For square wheels, they're not at all viable
Though thin wooden spokes
Could be subject for jokes
For square wheels they're not justifiable

No longer am I debonaire-ish
My dream, I'm afraid, was nightmare-ish
Like a run-away train
It just crashed in my brain
Inventing of wheels that are square-ish

Stanley Cooper

Relics From The Past

We never thought they'd disappear
 We took them all for granted
But now long gone, it seems quite clear
 They've been permanently supplanted

Carbon paper, remember it?
It copied printed matter
Creating files in triplicate
 It helped us save our data

Fashion concious men
Covered shoes with spatz
Fashionable women
Wore millinery hats

Cars with rumble-seats
 In our driving apparatus
Were driven by elites
 As a way of showing status

Since the Frigidaire's displaced it
The ice-box now seems crude
We've frigidly replaced it
As our way of cooling food

Fashionably in style
Oil-cloth covered floors
Now covered flooring tile
Is found on floors indoors

With wooden shafted clubs
Golf courses we abused
For golfing way-ward dubs
Now metal shafts are used

The list goes on and on
Of relics from the past
Looking back, they had their charm
It's sad some didn't last

Perhaps I'm too a relic
Passing through life's stage
Though presently idyllic
Not lasting past old age

Stanley Cooper

Remember Always

I’ll remember you always
A very loving concept
Driving along life’s highways
It’s an oath not easily kept

A vow so alluring
Bursting with sincerity
Sends two lovers soaring
With the promise of its verity

Always is eternity
A promise of forever
To promise with such certainty
Is a delicate endeavor

Stanley Cooper

Re-Sequencing The Months

If we could move the months around at will
Let August put an end to winters chill
With Decembers April showers
We could shower all the flowers
And cover up the snow with daffodil

In winter when the cold is barely bearable
The Easter Bunny'd wear a coat more warmly hare-able
If March was moved to Jan
Cherry Blossoms in Japan
Would find their frigid petals irrepairable

Our structured life's a problem of enormity
We're stifled with demands of full conformity
Within seasonable ranges
We need those monthly changes
Or stay burdened with our calendars' uniformity

Stanley Cooper

Retirement

I'm having the time of my life
With Jeanne, my lovely young wife
Retired and happy
I'm a happy grand-pappy
With good times abundantly rife

I wake up each day about noon
Perhaps noon's a little too soon
With no mountains to climb
There is plenty of time
To lounge around in my room

I check to see if it's raining
That's not too energy draining
Raining or not
In Vegas it's hot
But what's the sense in complaining

After checking the state of the weather
I sit around wondering whether
To eat breakfast or lunch
Or settle on brunch
They're kind of birds of a feather

When I'm done with all of that food
With nothing on the telly that's good
When the screen beckons
I usually reckon
To lie down and watch it, I should

There's no show I see to the end
But sleeping for me seems to rend
The joy I attain
When resting my brain
Dozing's become my best friend

I've shown you how my day goes
It's a twenty-four hourly doze
I'm sure you'll agree
Retirement for me
Is an enjoyable daily repose

Stanley Cooper

Rhyme-less

Rhymes have left my rhyme-less brain
Will not those rhymes return again?
I wonder where they wander to
When leaving me without a clue

Perhaps I've reached my rhyme plateau
Why they left I'll never know
I've tried in earnest with all my vigor
To seek and find a rhyming trigger

My rhyming ship has run aground
Rudderless, no rhyme around
I wonder why, without a trace
My rhymes left me for outer-space

A poet without a verse or rhyme
Is like a sleuth without a crime
Or a sailor without a ship to sail
Or a carpenter without a saw or nail

Now I'm at a total loss
No rhymes at all, my bear to cross
Rhymes have left my rhyme-less brain
Will not those rhymes return again?

Stanley Cooper

Road To Nowhere

Iraq, the U.S. road to nowhere,
Leads to nothing good in sight
With arrogance, Bush drove us there
For his bloody pre-emptive fight

The war in Iraq, the Bush and Blair blunder
Has placed the world in this mess
Where next will they lead us, I fearfully wonder
On their belligerent war express

Honorable citizens are not in accord
With this senseless Iraqi fray
Humanity can no longer afford
His cowboy, "bring 'em on" sway

Bush's road to nowhere, Iraq, much like Vietnam
Is covered with too many dead
This trip into bloodshed, from inception was damned
And is stained with a devilish red

Stanley Cooper

Romancing The Beard

What women are attracted to
Though to some it may seem weird
Is a man who has a curl-i-que
That we've come to call a beard

They seem to love what's hair-ly
On the chin and down below
That hair they find so rarely
Is that hair that they can't grow

They love that tickly feeling
When caressing bearded men
Those beards just send them reeling
For those men they have a yen

These ladies have this craving
For men with chin filled bristles
These men who do no shaving
Who have these chin filled frizzles

A beard can really dazzle
When covering a jawline
With it's sexy kind of frazzle
It can dazzle any fraulein

Stanley Cooper

Rx

Penning Latin prescriptions
Is an out of date tradition
But Docs enjoy their clubby esoterics

This Latin flair escalates their fees
To patients it’s proof of expertise
And there isn’t any flair to drug generics

Generics cost the patients less
Cause them less financial stress
Prescriptive English should replace the Roma

But docs and druggists in cahoots
Profit from their drugging loots
They leave us with a not so nice aroma

The Hippocratic oath you’d think
Would keep the patients more in the pink
Cross country from Frisco to Manhattan

But ego and their money quests
Will keep them from generic bests
Prescriptions will be written still in Latin

Stanley Cooper

Sarah Palin

The pin-up of the very Right Wing
Has rarely done a very right thing
Can’t help but wonder what she’s up to
It’s likely Mz. Palin has no sensible clue

As the governor of Alaska she’s stepping down
Now in Wassilla she’s the talk of the town
What can be up her political sleeve
That would prompt her to her governorship leave

Some people claim she’s under the gun
Being in line for a presidential run
But forget about that, it’s not in the cards
I suspect she’s in trouble in her Alaskan back yards

Her husband who states he loves America dearly
Shows it in a way that’s unsettlingly, clearly
As he’s part of a group with the revolting obsession
Of leading Alaska out of The Union by way of secession

Yet we can’t blame her if her husband’s a goof-ball
Just being herself, she’ll continue to fall
Way out of sight from where she wanted to be
Thankfully, nowhere in sight presidentially

Stanley Cooper

Saying Nothing With Eloquence

I'm filled with apprehension
Of political intention
At political conventions
Our Country's on a slippery slope
Giving cause for little hope
When candidates are sold like soap

It takes talent of a special kind
A political special kind of mind
To say “nothings” with eloquence astutely
Eloquent “nothings” are often said
To keep us naïve folk misled
As they roar on with “nothings” resolutely

When candidates expound
They pound and pound and pound
With half-truths, most unsound
It's the politician’s tact
To say “this” when meaning “that”
Camouflaging fact

With political ambition
They bash their competition
With partisan positions
It's not at all commend-a-tory
When they over sell their tainted story
With their eloquent-ed or-a-tory

Stanley Cooper

Scarcity Aplenty

There is scarcity aplenty
For ‘have-nots’ everywhere
There aren’t very many
Who’ll agree life’s very fair

Some ‘haves’ attained their niches
Their rights to upper berths
Never labored for their riches
Just inherited their worths

Like a roll of dice
A lucky roll for sure
A roll that would suffice
To make them so secure

But what about the ‘have-nots’
Who lost in the game of chance
In the happenstance of drawing lots
Their lives were not enhanced

Snake eyes rolled at their very start
The moment they were born
Right at birth they were set apart
To begin their lives forlorn

But in some it instilled a need
To rise to greater heights
They refused to ever concede
Their fight for equal rights

So in the long run
Their lots didn’t prove so scary
They were as good as anyone
Inheritance to the contrary

Stanley Cooper

Senior Moments

Senior Moments, moments of lapsing
Sometime buffer things sad or too taxing
The thought on the tip of the tongue
Is momentarily lost and far flung

This thoughtful disappearance
Brings an awkward incoherence
It makes a senior feel quite sheepish
A little lost and a Little Bo Peep-ish

Is that thought suspended in space?
What was its need to find a new place?
When will the next Senior Moment be due?
Don’t ask the seniors, they have no clue

Stanley Cooper

Serenity

What is serenity?

Bills all paid so no need to worry
Just hanging out with no need to hurry

Listening to Brahms over and over
Winning a bet and rolling in clover

Knowing your kids are safe and secure
Knowing to them you aren’t obscure

A bask in the sun on a beach, so relaxing
Hearing the blues from a sax that is sax-ing

Gazing at stars at night, on the ocean
A kiss from your loved one, a loving love potion

Serenity, we see, is different for all
It’s whatever makes each person enthrall

But it’s really not so hard to define
It’s whatever gives you true piece of mind

That is serenity

Stanley Cooper

Sesquipedalianism (The Use Of A Long Word)

Books that are comprised
Of words too oversized
Will most often be apprised
As writing that is wrong

There is value to simplicity
Which offers more explicitly
Soundings more exquisitely
When words are not too long

When writing poem or pros-ing
If one is pre-disposing
To wordy overdosing
It’s readers to ensnare

The piece will end up boring
Will need much editor-ing
And have its readers snoring
All writers must beware

So, away with lengthy word-iness
Get rid of wordy girth-iness
And write with wordy worth-iness
Long words should be indicted

Authors bent on clarity
Make foot-long words a rarity
And win more popularity
With readers most delighted

Stanley Cooper

Shackled In Absolutes

Minds shackled in absolutes
Absolutely cause distress
When dogmatically resolute
And shackled to excess

Viewing the world in extremes
Logically de-railing
Structures irrational schemes
Illogically assailing

Reasoning dogmatically
Is patently unfeasible
Reasoning fanatically
Is patently unreasonable

Stanley Cooper

Shopping

Some people I know, are shopping mad
They love to walk the malls
Those shoppers get me so hopping mad
When shopping so enthralls

They shop for this, they shop for that
It makes no difference what
Earrings, perfume, skirt or hat
Their budgets go to pot

It makes no sense at all to me
That this to them is living
Insane it is to some degree
That’s why I am forgiving

To forgo finer things in life
Like baseball or even bowling
Does cause some couples endless strife
When continuing mall strolling

So I suggest this compromise
To all you mall fanatics
Stop buying all that merchandise
I’ll have less cause to panic

Stanley Cooper

Sir Gilbert

As Sullivan's musical catalyst
Sir Gilbert, the lyrical satirist
Wrote words so amazing
His most clever phrasing
Was crammed with many a patter-twist

His uplifting view of the masses
Spoofed society's uppity classes
He created a fool-bah
In haughty old Pooh Bah
Who's foolishness, no one surpasses

At dispensing justice, The Mikado was an oficionado
He played this role with grandiose bravado
'His object so sublime
Fit punishment to crime'
Did this all-mighty Emperor, The Mikado

Their Comic Operas, not at all bore-ish
Their word-gems so Pinafore-ish
'Trial By Jury's' a laugher
'The Penzeance' a gaffer
They wrote nothing at all amateur-ish

'Let's give three cheers, I'll lead the way'
For Sir Gilbert's comical lyric buffet
For all his buffoonery
To Sullivan's tune-ery
'Hurrah Hurrah Hooray, Hurrah Hurrah Hooray'

Stanley Cooper

Sites on Las Vegas Strip

The urge to erect this awesome production
Was an urge no one could stifle
Tourists are kept in awesome seduction
By this Tower known as the Eiffel

No name describes it much better
In Paris it's quite a big eyeful
Parisian quite to the letter
No Parisian considers it trifle

New York New York, the Empire State
Is home to lucky New Yawkers
As tourists, they to Vegas migrate
Turn into Strip-sighting gawkers

Gotham Citys' tall skyscrapers
And the Statue of Liberty, too
Delight the New Yawker gapers
Who revel at their Big Apple view

A short distance away, believe it or not
One can see a great roaring lion
It's the MGM Lion making claim to his spot
A spot well worth keeping an eye on

The Wizard of Oz might have whizzed up this scene
Just to keep all the tourists oggling
The building is shown in such beautiful green
It's beauty is truly mind boggling

And where but the desert could you see the Mirage
A mirage full of watery fountains
It's loveliness attracts a tourist barrage
In this desert surrounded by mountains

Where else could be found white tigers
In desert with volcanos spewing
Neither the Congo or the Niger
Have comparable sights for viewing

"See the pyramid along the Nile"
A lyric befitting the Strip
Since the Luxor's Egyptian style
Brings the Sphinx to your Vegas trip

King Arthur's knights, with table round
Excalibur displays their lore
On the Strip, Camelot is found
With castles and heros galore

Take the road to Mandalay
Or play at The Monte Carlo

Delight in the Strip’s array
Of sites, Las Vegas has borrowed

In the wondrous Aladdin package
From a bottle, watch a genie pop out
When you whisk through the Desert Passage
No longer will you a genie doubt

Hooray for the site known as Harrahs
Not too far from the birdy Flamingo
There’s even an Imperial Palace
Where is spoken some Japanese lingo

Take in the games of the Roman Empire
With Anthony and Emporer Caesar
What greater goal could one ever aspire
Then to be Cleopatra’s pleaser

Reproducing Chapel Cistine
The Venetian shows it’s admiration
For his beautious ceiling pristine
Michaelangelo earned veneration

Visit the place of dark bootys
Found at the Treasure Island village
With it’s richness and pirated loot-ies
Those sea robbers managed to pillage

The Bellagio at Como Lake
Mountain town, beautifully alpine
In Vegas now has a namesake
As befits the finest of fine

Exquisite sounds of music are heard
While showers of waters dance
To strains of opera or Beethoven’s third
These fountains with music entrance

Pay a visit to Wynn, where you’ll surely not lose
Enjoy its exquisite decor
If it’s beauty and elegance that you enthuse
Wynn’s grandeur will keep you in awe

Come to this gambling mecca Strip
Plan on a great Vegas stay
It surely is a wondrous trip
Seeing the world in a day

Stanley Cooper

Sleepless In Las Vegas (written 3am)

I’ve never seeked acclaim
Or any special fame
For my rhymes that seem crania-lly embedded
They cause me sleepless strain
As they twirl around my brain
I wonder where I’m crania-lly headed

In my brain they seem to pop-in
Can’t seem to ever stop-em
Each night instead of sleeping, I’m awake
I’d love so much to swap-em
For a good night’s sleep would top-em
My total sanity is what’s at stake

My rhyming aberration
Would cause less consternation
If written at a time more opportune-ish
Would it really really matter
If when I write my patter
It was written in the daytime, close to noon-ish?

Stanley Cooper

Slight Acquaintance

When meeting a slight acquaintance on the street
An acquaintance you would rather never meet
Invariably you talk
Before continuing your walk
While you hope to find escape and quick retreat

The conversation usually has no bearing
Of anything quite worthy of your caring
It’s laden with clichés
That puts you in malaise
This guy is simply very over-wearing

'What’s new? ' and 'how’s the wife and kids? ' he asks
In his nothingness verbosity he basks
'Looks like rain, perhaps a shower'
He couldn’t be more dour
He’ll be talking at his end while in his cask

You hope his end will come about real soon

It’s eleven now, so perhaps before this noon
When he finally says, 'goodbye'
You heave a thankful sigh
For escaping from this talkative buffoon

Stanley Cooper

Slow As Turtles

At 80 plus we're not reflexive
We've lost that quick and easy way
Our speedy movements are less excessive
We're slow as turtles, to our dismay

But slow and steadfast is not so bad
We were never agile as Fred Astaire
We'll reach our goals of old-time lads
And be the turtle who beat the hare

Stanley Cooper

Smile

One smile’s worth a thousand frowns
It perks you up when feeling down
To laugh and smile is most worthwhile
So pleasure-up and give a smile

It never hurts to express some joy
As long it’s joy and not a ploy
So pleasure-up and give a grin
And let all view your joy with-in

Stanley Cooper

Sock It To Me

One and one is two
Of that there is no doubt
We hold it to be true
Great minds have thunk it out

To me it’s always shocking
That my clothing is extracted
From machines that lose a stocking
They’ve not added, but subtracted

When one sock is thus mislaid
I tend to get morose
I feel I’ve been betrayed
While washing out my clothes

Stanley Cooper

Socrates

His “Grandad” of logic” reputation
Has lasted through the ages
With well earned adulation
From most all logic sages

Deductive reasoning
 That Socrates invented
Is the syllogistic seasoning
Of thought, he so well mentored

No false premises could be used
To base a logical development
Soc taught us how to diffuse
An illogical envelopment

His platonic student used it well
Important in his Dialogues
On deduction, Plato’s subjects dwelled
In all debates and monologues

Let’s give a cheer for good old Soc
A logical patrician
Who has no peer, and has a lock
As our number one logician

Stanley Cooper

Solution

With a rational admission
That our gas and oil emission
Is destructive to humanity
We might find a firm solution
To our atmosphere pollution
And slow this poisonous insanity

This problem isn’t local
Our whole earth is at its focal
Scientists gave us fair warning
To ignore this world-wide plight
Will inevitably invite
The fatal scourge of global warming

Stanley Cooper

Spam and Eggs

The chicken or the egg, which came first?
The answer seems a mystery
It’s had great minds immersed
Throughout our thinking history

Perhaps this should be mentioned
To a fowl who’s in the know
The rooster could be questioned
Since he’s the chicken’s beaux

Perhaps he’ll try to fool us
And lead us far astray
Perhaps he’ll cock-a-doodle us
To send us on our way

I think we’ll never ever learn
The first one to have made it
Did the chicken take the very first turn
Then found the egg and laid it

Why fill our minds with useless spam
And all this chicken patter
I don’t really give a damn
It really doesn’t matter

Stanley Cooper

Split Infinitive

How can I split an infinitive when I don’t know what an infinitive is
Being more infinitive inquisitive, I might have passed that infinitive quiz
I’ve been splitting bananas since years six, seven or eight
But as to splitting infinitives, I don’t very highly rate

When leaving a party, I inform that I’m splitting
That meaning of splitting informs them I’m quitting
But I can’t quit an infinitive when I’ve never been there
This splitting infinitives is starting to wear

I have a splitting headache from down deep in my infinitive abyss
Which forever dooms the concept that “ignorance is bliss”
I wish I hadn’t flunked that infinitive quiz
But, how can I split an infinitive when I don’t know what an infinitive is

Stanley Cooper

Squirms

Worms
Give me the squirms
They may pleasure fish
But are not at all my dish

I also get the squirms
From germs
I submit with utmost deference
They're not my utmost preference

It was one of nature's squirm mistakes
Creating things like squirmy snakes
I'd sooner hang with a snitch or tattler
Then cozy up to a snaky rattler

I find myself squirming at
The up-side-down-er hanging bat
I'd opt for life in Alcatraz
To bats, we're known to be as blind as

I'm not a lover of things not nice
Like in house mice or in hair lice
They make me squirm at just the thought
Of mice or lice being where they ought-not ought

The squirm-filled life I foresee
I won't accept too happily
I see nothing at all that's very nice
About worms, germs, mice and lice

Stanley Cooper

St. Peter At The Golden Gate

St. Peter at the Golden Gate
Explained, for me it's much too late
That Heaven's gate, without a doubt
Was built right there to keep me out

It's common knowledge, I'm no Saint
But a real bad guy, I surely ain't
Heaven knows, I've done some wrong
But it doesn't mean I don't belong

I know I'm not the most devout
But pray, St. Peter, don't fence me out
I promise I won't cause chagrin
To those in Heaven, all fenced in

I'll run a casino for all to enjoy
I'll run it as pure as an altar boy
And dear St. Peter, I give you this pledge
At Heaven's casino, I'll give you an edge

So you see, St. Peter, Heaven can't wait
What's needed in Heaven, is me, your soul mate
Do what you can to unlock the key
So together we'll be, St. Peter and me…

Stanley Cooper

Stand-Up Comedians

Stand-up comedians so funny
Joke around to earn their money
They're never funny sitting down

But when standing vertically upright
Their comedic humor is out of sight
Funny-ing as they act like stand-up clowns

They just can't be funny or sassy
Sitting on their sorry assy's
Perpendicular they invite loud guffaws

And with their joke-around renditions
In their stand-around positions
They welcome all appreciative applause

When they're on stage it is behooved
To have all the sit-down chairs removed
So they can fill the halls with tons of laughter

So these stand-up fools so funny
Can earn rafts of funny money
The house is filled with laughs up to the rafter

Stanley Cooper

Stem The Tide

“Stem the tide” this over-used cliché
What exactly does it convey
Are there special tide stemmers around
Whose job it is to bog tides down

Doesn’t the moon control the tides
As around the earth it lunar-ly glides
Tide stemmers would cause much buzz
If they stemmed the work the lunar does

Is there a course called “Stem the Tide 101”
That teaches how tide stemming is properly done
“What do you want to be when all grown up”, kids are asked
Do some answer, “a stemmer of tides, there’s no greater task”

Perhaps this poem has gone far astray
In the attempt to understand an over-used cliché
Written by this poetic buffoon
Undoubtedly under the spell of a very full moon

Stanley Cooper

Straight Lines

I can not draw a straight line
It's really quite perplexing
This straight shortcoming of mine
Is artistic-al-ly vexing

My straight lines are so rounded
With inexorable curves
These arcs have me so hounded
They rattle my straight nerves

I so easily walk a straight line
Even after drinking
I so easily talk a straight line
Particularly when thinking

Most find it most impressive
That I walk and talk straight, fine
But I find it most depressive
Drawing rounded chalk straight lines

Curved straight lines cause frustration
With their curious curving trait
When I strive in desperation
To draw lines unbroken and straight

Most people have this dilemma
Their curved lines are etched in stone
Be they male or female gender
It's for sure I'm not alone

Stanley Cooper

Stretching the Truth

Why do people stretch the truth
When lying would suffice
It doesn’t require a Scotland Yard sleuth
To know, a lie is more precise

When lies are too far fetched
With no perceived credibility
Like a rubber band over stretched
There’s no believable pliability

If the aim is pure deception
A straight lie should suffice
Stretching truth deserves rejection
Lying, though regrettable, sneaky’s more less nice

Stanley Cooper

Studding

It is very much astounding
And somewhat more confounding
What happens when a horse no longer races
If the horse is just a mudder
He can still become a studder
To enjoy his future life that he now faces

Horses done with racing
Find mares so all embracing
Fraternizing with their sexy concubines
When retirement they're facing
They go female hors-ey chasing
To better all their pony hors-ey blood lines

It surely is a shame
That a man can't do the same
As thoroughbred, his life would be a blast
He'd have his fill of dames
Enjoying sexist games
And forget his less sexy muted past

Stanley Cooper

Take A Pill

Your throat is sore and has you coughing
And what's more, you're sneezing too
When feeling better's not in the offing
Here's what you must do
Take a pill

Your fever's high, you're feeling flu-ish
You're gonna die, of that you're sure
It's got you down, your feeling blue-ish
How will you endure?
Take a pill

It's enough to cause conniptions
Your rapid pulse is running fast
You better fill your Doc's prescriptions
If you are to last
Take a pill

When you're ill, you'll surely get through
Though your health has ill defects
Just make sure the pills don't get you
With their side effects
Take a pill?

Pills don't seem to get Docs doze-y
When prescribing you those pills
Doctors seem so fit and cozy
Collecting all your bills
Take a pill?

There's got to be a better way
Like being more preventive
To keep those Doctor bills away
A comforting incentive
And..no more pills

Stanley Cooper

Take Notice

My wife, tongue in cheek, challenged me
To write, of all things, my obituary
Now I wonder if I will fumble
Describing myself as, unlike me, humble

Her outlandish dare stopped me dead in my tracks
Can I write of myself with no distortion of facts?
But, write it I will, of a life I have cherished
I'll obit my life as if I have perished

Stan The Bard Cooper passed by this way
He lived a good life, till his very last day
Born 1926-died heaven knows when
He'd love to live his life all over again

Helen and Willie parent-ally great
Managed lovingly their son Stan to create
Gone many years, they were there from the start
He would like them to know they're still in his heart

His brother and sisters, two gals and a lad
Lil, Ruth and Milt were the siblings he had
Stan the youngest, by many a year
Always too young to be quite their peer

A buck-sargent in the Army Air Corps
Served in Japan in his Army Air Tour
To feed his family, he worked for the bucks
Most of his life as a salesman deluxe

Stan cleared all the bases with a home run
Fathering Lisa and Tod, his daughter and son
And survived by more he had special love for
Roy, Diane, Ellen and grand-kids galore

Leaving behind, his wife, darling Jeanne
Who made sure his life was never routine
He searched for eternity in the State of Nevada
But, let's face facts, to die, he just hadda

He's resting now, not in heaven or hell
But wherever he is, he'll surely excel
And there he is laughing, without any shame
Fleecing the dead with his sly poker game

Stanley Cooper

Tattoo-ing Tom-fool-ery

Not my idea of fest-oon-ery
Is tattoo-ing fun-stuff car-toon-ery
Etching some roses
On cheeks, arms and noses
I think is purely tom-fool-ery

Don't fall for the tattoo-ers spin
The canvas they use is your skin
If they create in you passion
For their tattoo-ing fashion
They may indelibly cause you chagrin

I write this as an entreaty
As it will truly be a great pity
To allow them to come-up
With tattoos that gum-up
Your body with scarring graffiti

It's beyond my vast comprehension
Why this need for eye-ball attention
I hope it will pass
As a fad that won't last
With an end to my bone of contention

Stanley Cooper

Tea Party Demagogue-ary

It’s futile to attempt having reasonable dialogues
With most right wing lying Tea Party demagogues
The agendas they make claim to
Have no substance, but lay blame to
Obama, and anything he may propose
Which they automatically oppose

When shouting “patriotism”, they are prone
To arrogantly claim the concept as their own
They damn the truth with their deception
No facts are required to fulfill their intention
Tea Party cheerleader, with her “Gotcha” fact-less pitch
Sarah Palin fits right in to their“Gotcha” fact-less niche

Stanley Cooper

Tears

Tears can be fruits of frustration
Or out-pourings of joy
A show of human elation
Or an entrapment decoy

Emotional outpours
Whenever let loose
Are hard to ignore
However induced

When even a put-on
They have an impact
When two cheeks are rained on
Even hard-hearts react

Stanley Cooper

Teen-agers And Parents

Teen-agers being so hormone-al
Appear to parents quite abnormal
Nearing puberty, some seem crazed
Keeping parents somewhat dazed

As youngsters approach their pubescence
They doubt their parents can come to their senses
But when they ripen and are fully grown
They learn their young outlook was overblown

So parents have some patience
Keep your ire in dire abeyance
Soon the youngsters will reach the stage
Of your less hormone-al wizened age

Stanley Cooper

Teleology

Teleological, a logic abuse
In total disrepute by logic mis-use

Teleology assigns final purpose to all things
The concept from which false assumption inevitably springs

Some use it to illustrate their belief in an almighty high power
Out there somewhere in his lofty, kingly tower

Their argument rests falsely on their “purpose” assumption
Held up to reasons light, it’s an illogical presumption

Stanley Cooper

Televangelist Jerry Falwell

In the year ‘07, on the 15th of May
Televangelist Jerry Falwell passed away
People considered to be well bred
Know it’s poor taste to bash the dead

However I must be honest and candid
I can’t think of anything good that man-did
Though I feel for his family who he held so dear
I’m unable to shed a politically correct tear

A constant consummate spinning machine
Spinning himself as Gods go-between
The rest of us, mere mortals, compared to Falwell
Who saw himself keeper of our country’s morale

He’d have us believe he conversed with God
Doubters saw through this spiritual façade
What will he say when he’s barred from heaven
For his bigoted evil reaction to nine-eleven

In ‘65 he said, “ Preachers do not have a calling
To be politicians”. An officious edict-most galling
His hypocritical turn-about in the year ‘76
“The Devils idea”, he said, “religion and politics don’t mix”

A theocratic puritanic takeover of our countrys power
His goal-to be leader-the man of the hour
For far right-wingers who could not with democracy blend
Falwell conceived The Moral Majority-the means to his end

Perhaps Falwell did not speak to God at all
Or Perhaps in Gods wisdom, God wasn’t enthralled
Though I feel for his family who he held so dear
I’m unable to shed a politically correct tear

Stanley Cooper

Temptation

Temptation is so tempting
Can send your mind a-soaring
When seemingly attempting
At being so alluring

We are told to not be tempted
To sin, we must resist
But I'd hate to be exempted
From temptations' promised bliss

Why's it wrong to have a craving
I can't understand or reckon
What's so terribly depraving
About things out there that beckon?

Temptation might your life enhance
Though some think it's pure satanic
You might not get another chance
At being im-pure-it-an-ic

Stanley Cooper

Tempus Fugit...sometimes

Time goes by fast when your having fun
The day seems to end before it’s begun
But when you’re in pain or tempers are flaring
Time just stands still and the day’s overbearing

How does that happen? How did time get so wise?
When does it slow down or perhaps compromise?
Seems to me, time has something inherent
Running it smoothly or terribly errant

Why does tempus fugit, like it’s running a race?
When does it slacken to a more steady pace?
If it ever would it’s secrets reveal
Time for us would be much less surreal

Stanley Cooper

That Classic Fib

Everything his parents told him, he believed
Never believed he'd be deceived
So when they told him that classic fib
He believed a stork dropped him into his crib

For years he believed their parental lie
That a stork and he had a pre-natal tie
Discovering the truth was now long over-due
As he still had no clue at age twenty-two

His wife asked for a baby early in marriage
So he dashed out to purchase a baby carriage
But he thought how in hell do I catch the stork
Flying above the skyscrapers of New York

But it didn't take long for him to figure out
What this thing called sex was all about
Now he felt as happy as happy could be
As for the stork? ...Well golly gee

Stanley Cooper

That Daily Occurrence No More

Once physically agile
I assumed I would always be
But now I'm physically fragile
What the hell's happened to me? !

Daily sex, a happy occurrence
Ask thousands of damsels of yore
Now age is my sexual deterrence
That daily occurrence no more

Whoever thought what I'd have in store
Was that daily occurrence no more
That daily occurrence no more, no more
That daily occurrence no more

I didn't mean to lead you astray
And have you think I am sad
Sex, albeit, every other day
After all isn't so bad

Stanley Cooper

The American Dream...?

The working class through the nose pay
For rising prices prices every day
Their savings diminished bit by bit
Need a consumer's advocate

The dollar now is worth a cent
It's sunk as low as drowned cement
The cost of butter has gone sky high
So now their toast is eaten dry

How do parents explain to kids
Why their goodies they must forbid
Children of our once proud nation
Can't quite reckon this thing, inflation

Whatever happened to the American scheme
Of working hard for the American dream
To the working guy who's missed the boat
The American dream now seems remote

Stanley Cooper

The Best Way I Have Figured Out

To stay away from doctors, a goal well worth my strive
Is the best way, I have figured out, to keep myself alive

To keep away from lawyers with all their legal fees
Is the best way, I have figured out, to avoid all bankruptcies

To keep away from scammers, and all their scamming plots
Is the best way, I have figured out, not to give them what I've got

To keep away from trouble, with all its' troubling things
Is the best way, I have figured out, to avoid what trouble brings

To keep away from worldly matters, that might bring about my doom
The best way, I have figured out, is to stay locked in my room

Stanley Cooper

The Bottom Line

'Get to the Bottom Line'
They tell me all the time
I've never known them to fail
To beg me to skip all detail
'Just get to the bottom Line'

The Bottom Line, what is it?
The Bottom Line, where is it?
It's really got me thinking
Yet I have no inkling
Just how to get to the bottom line

The outer line, the inner line
The thicker line, the thinner line
These umpteen lines leave me bemused
These varied lines have me confused
My path seems blocked to the bottom line

Let's not forget the Mason-Dixon
The Watergate line crossed over by Nixon
The Railroad line, the waiting line
The salesman's line, with it's sales design
Where oh where is the bottom line?

There's the comic line, the underline
Ma Belle's line, and telegraph line
The chow line, don't cross that line
But they insist I draw the line
At the bottom line

Of the bottom line I'm in despair
I think the whole thing's most unfair
But how will I ever live this down
In this bottom line-ish sort of a town?
The bottom line is, I really don't care

Stanley Cooper

The Champion Of Misapprehension

Coulter’s the surname of Ann
That female political con-man
She name-calls and labels
With her arrogant fables
All liberals whenever she can

As the poster girl of the far right
Abrasively curt and forthright
She cares not a whit
For most things legit
Fallaciously preaching with spite

She cares not at all who she hurts
Preying on victims with dirt
She perniciously digs up
Maliciously rigs up
Schemes for truth to subvert

Ann Coulter’s laughing demeanor
Be-fits a laughing hyena
She’s racist and doltish
Regressively cultish
With invective that couldn’t be meaner

Progressive’s a word she abhors
True facts she shunts and ignores
Hatred delights her
Ignites and excites her
Broad-minded-ness she simply deplores

Societies of worth-while dimension
Should not waste their worth-while attention
On this arrogant dame
Ann Coulter by name
The champion of misapprehension

Stanley Cooper

The Computer Fixer-Upper

The computer fixer-up guy
A professional wiz
One morning stopped by
To give us the biz

By adding more rams
He enhanced the speed
Of our slowed up programs
Which had more ram need

He gave us more gig-a-bytes
For more space addition
We now reach those web-a-sites
With these new acquisitions

He introduced us to Mother-Boards
A mind boggling notion
When lost files he restored
We contained our emotion

With Intel inside
Our computer’s set-up
With a printer beside
Primed for a get-up

The camera’s connected
For photos galore
The scanner detected
For copies to store

Thanks fixer-guy
Our computers now gel
We can’t ever deny
That you fixed our Dell well

Stanley Cooper

The Contrarian Grammarian

When penning verses of rhyming
Created with metrical timing
I strive amateur-ish-ly
To write raconteur-ish-ly
These poems are my partners in crime-ing

As a writer of verse I try with
Verbs and nouns to comply with
Jargon-ist rules
Provide writing tools;
Tools I'm poetically sly with

Respected critiquers decry
Good form, they insist, I deny
Yet my poems readers laugh at
Enjoyably gaffe at
So perhaps I needn't comply

I am just a writing flimflam-mer
Creating my laughs with off-grammar
I'm tickled enough
To have written fun stuff
No-nonsense is found in straight drama

Stanley Cooper

The Coronation of America’s King George

The hell with our Constitution
He’s made it all passé
Bush’s arrogant resolution
Is to have things all his way

No need to confer with Congress
On things of great import
He’s got it figured, more or less
How Congress to abort

The Peoples voice, he sets aside
As a voice that does not matter
Their plea for sanity, he can’t abide
He believes it’s idle chatter

He’s no longer a President
He wears a monarch’s crown
In his fantasy, as White House resident
He’s the King of world renown

We can’t recall his coronation
Or when Bush was so anointed
In his dream, to this great nation
George was royally appointed

About this Bushy lightweight
My reality conjecture
Proclaims his royal state
As royal clown court jester

Stanley Cooper

The Daily Goings-On

I’m concerned about the daily goings-on
The muggings, the shootings, the daily scams and cons
The politicians with their politics of lying
Their unnecessary wars, the unnecessary dying

How this all came about, one wonders
It had to be society’s many blunders
To correct it we must play a blaming game
Of how, why and where to place the blame

Blame teachers who teach like teaching is a drudgery
Blame the TV show that romanticizes mug-gery
Blame the politicos who keep us un-elated
With war and death that leave us devastated

Blame those parents who have no time for kids
And their parent-al errors that surely pyramid
Blame those budgets, which deny some kids a playground
So they play in streets where predators abound

These goings-on have me much concerned
I see no evidence that we’ve ever really learned
That if the preciousness of life, is ever to be tasted
We must change our wasteful ways so young lives aren’t wasted

I’m concerned about the daily goings-on

Stanley Cooper

The Devil Made Us Do It

We never have to take the blame
Not even just a whit
Will always find the gall to claim
The Devil made us do it

We steal and maul and even kill
And offer as excuses
'A demon worked its' Devil's will
It's Satan who abuses'

Devilish things we often do
Cause good people to cower
We misplace blame, and misconstrue
'It's the Devils' fault, not ours'

This can't go on. It just must stop
We're not under Satans' spell
With dependence on our Devils' prop
We'll be heading straight for Hell

Stanley Cooper

The End Of The Track

The train will stop at the end of the track
When the journey's over, there's no turning back
The rear view mirror reflecting the past
Of memories precious that hopefully last

The 'All Aboard' shout warns at the start
That our engine of life is about to depart
We steam through life's gorge, day after day
Never dreaming at all, it would be a short stay

Perhaps we'll be wiser, when we've reached this location
When our ride's nearly over, when we're in our last station
The train will stop at the end of the track
When the journey's over, there's no turning back

Stanley Cooper

The English Have Driven Us Nuts

The English have driven us
Nuts, with the language they've given us
It should be more than ample
To display this one example

Since the plural of mouse is mice
And with more than one louse, we have lice
So logically it would suffice
For the plural of house to be hice

This disciplined British persistence
Maddens us with Brit inconsistence
Though, it's not quite all reprehensible
As it's sometimes quite common sensible

Imagine reading Pygmalion
In Italian

Stanley Cooper

The Essence Of Me?

I wonder if the essence of me
Can be perceived introspectively
Or must it come from an outside source
Whose thoughts of me, I might not endorse?

Am I loving, caring and truly opposed
To anything less, I'd consider too gross?
Or dispassionate, unfeeling, really a cad
Who sadly turns people hopping-ly mad?

Am I the wise old owl who knows all the truth
Or a foolish bumpkin who's somewhat uncouth?
Of their conclusions, will I fully agree
Or claim their findings are really not me?

Stanley Cooper

The Fate Of A Top

It’s the fate of a top to do nothing but spin
Spinning around and around
Somehow it seems to be too much akin
With some humans, doing nothing profound

Much like most of us spinning our wheels
Tops spin around with no sense
Going nowhere our spinning reveals
Much like the tops, we’re quite dense

Stanley Cooper

The Good Old Days

The world has changed in many ways
Keyboards instead of pencils
Yet I remember the “Good Old Days”
When we still drew with stencils

I remember the Good Old Days
Dancing was fox trott-en
The world has changed in many ways
The Fox Trot’s now forgotten

The world has changed in many ways
Airplanes were once propelled
I remember the “Good Old Days”
Before jet planes excelled

I remember the “Good Old Days”
On dates, those good night kisses
The world has changed in many ways
No more those simple blisses

The world has changed in many ways
Where are Ginger and Astaire?
I remember the “Good Old Days”
When they danced beyond compare

I remember the “Good Old Days”
Baseball, our sporting pastime
The world has changed in many ways
Sporting violence and morass time

Can it be the “Good Old Days”
Are just better on reflection
And those worldly changes, in many ways
Don’t deserve my carped invection ?

Stanley Cooper

The Good Stuff

My craving for sugar's not good for my girth
And could lead to a too early grave
I'll never be known as the salt of the earth
If I sugar-ly so misbehave

'Get hold of yourself', I'm caring-ly warned
That sweet stuff is not what you need'
'With overly sweetness, you'll be early mourned
So shake off your sugary greed'

How will I do with no chocolate cake
And candies they claim are so hellish?
Will it lead to the good life if I forever forsake
All delicious desserts I so relish?

Must I listen to them, those good hearted souls
Who insist I stop eating my cream puffs?
I've never vowed to attain their girth goals
So fetch me that sweet sugared dream stuff

Stanley Cooper

The Great Divide...(Our Cat-astrophie)

My wife, lying in bed
Lovingly and expectantly said
“Darling, where are you”?

From bed, I replied truthfully
Though a bit ruefully
“I’m on the other side of the cat”
And, that was that! !

No loving business
No monkey business
I was on the other side of the cat
And, that was that! !

Stanley Cooper

The Large Square Peg In The Little Round Hole

Too many youngsters believe they can never belong
'Cause some inept teacher assured them they're always wrong
Brainwashed, they've been cast in the permanent role
Of the large square peg that can't fit in the little round hole

Scorned, alone in the corner more than once
Teary-eyed, forced to wear the hat of the dunce
To the rest of the class, the teachers example
Of all that is wrong, as his ego she tramples

His classmates, with happiness filled to the brim
So glad and relieved they aren't like him
Kids can be scornful and relentlessly cruel
Even more-so when taught it in school

There's no doubt about it, we need more discerning
Of who'll teach our kids and what they'll be learning
Scape-goating teachers, tenured or not
Should not be allowed to be teaching our tots

Stanley Cooper

The Morning After The Night Before

The morning after the night before
Commonly known as whenever
Dates back to the days of yore
When sober-ness was not our endeavor

After the night before, in the morn
We couldn’t care less when it was
Until as we aged, it finally dawned
We wouldn’t last long always buzzed

So here we are, whenever it is
Living our lives rarely stoned
Rarely drinking that liquid-y fizz
Priest-like, fully atoned

Stanley Cooper

The Pruning Of The Bushes

Somewhere I read
The reason for pruning bushes
Is to nip problems in the bud

I wonder if that applies
To presidential Bushes
Like the George Dubbyah Bush

Quickly
Hand me the shears

Stanley Cooper

The Question

“Dad,
Now that you’re seventy-five, do you ever think about your death? ”

Yes son

I know to live forever
With those I love
Is just a fantasy

But sometimes I ponder
The inevitability of my death
And when I do
The valued gift of my long life
Is more clearly focused

When past times are recalled
I long for those loved and lost
Hauntingly, wistfully
Remembered

Sadness and futility
Cloud my thoughts
I too will be only a memory
But when?
I wonder

I’m eighty now
And do not dwell on death

Avoidance?

Acceptance?

Perhaps a bit of each

Stanley Cooper

The Road To Conviviality

Some seeking acceptability
Think drink is the road to conviviality
So they sip and sip and sip some more
To find the comradeship they're looking for

As they stagger around with glass in hand
Feeling, for the moment, oh so grand
With drinking buddies swarming 'round
Those buddies who they've newly found

Tomorrow's come and they're back alone
Those new found buddies, now unknown
To imbibe for lasting friendship, is just plain bunk
Lasting friendships won't be found when you're just plain drunk

Stanley Cooper

The Road To Winning An Election

Show them you're a sent-from-heaven Saint
In speeches tell them things that really ain't
Don't be thoughtfully acute
Just politically astute
Smear yourself with patriotic paint

Show concern for all the varied classes
The upper, middle and the lower masses
The populace would flourish
There'd be no under-nourished
Life's promise would be sweeter than molasses

Your opponent isn't quite at all respectable
He should be shown as easily reject-able
Please don't tempt our fate
With this devil incarnate
Cast your vote to make him non-electable

As Head of State you'd do our country's leading
You'd put an end to all our country's bleeding
Get them all to reckon
You're at our country's beckon
A vote your way is what our country's needing

BUT

They politicize un-truths with great dexterity
They shrewdly craft what's pledged with much temerity
They'll say anything to win
So, don't be suckered in
By their propaganda lying insincerity

We're pummeled with their half-truths and whole lies
Most veracity cloaked in false disguise
With bloated oratories
They float their phony stories
And contribute to society's demise

Stanley Cooper

The Second Coming of Sampson and Delilah

I never believed in reincarnation
It seemed too far-out to me
People in fear of their lives termination
Invented this life guarantee

But something's occurred, to make me rethink
Perhaps I've been wrong all these years
Could it be, my think's out of sync
That might be the case, it appears

Sampson and Delilah returned from the past
But with differences really quite sizable
Their torrid affair, we know didn't last
Reincarnated, they're unrecognizable

They could have come back as Mrs. and Mr.
But, no, they didn't do that
They're now in my home as brother and sister
Reincarnated as cats

Sampson's the strong one, retaining his hair
Enticing Delilah, the cats meow
I contemplatively hereby declare
Reincarnation I must now avow

Stanley Cooper

The Shape of Things

The shape of eggs, elliptical
Considered more aspherical
Has me quite astounded
That nature formed them almost rounded

She never gave it thought
She was rounding eggs for naught
It was nature’s losing gamble
‘Cause many eggs…end up scrambled

But most of her other shape decisions
Have no need for shape revisions
Like the shaping of a flower’s petal
Nature rates a prized gold medal

So over-all, she so perfect-ly
Shaped our world so natural-ly
Eggs, her one exception
Even when scrambled to perfection

Stanley Cooper

The Thud Of Silence

We’re bombarded with sound
From the time we awake
It stays the day round
Impossible to shake

Almost endless, this cacophony
Appallingly surrounds us
This cacophonic noise monotony
Continuously pounds us

Clanging bells
Screeching tires
Angry yells
Conveying ire

Talk, talk, talk and talk some more
Unfruitful endless chatter
Designed to offend and bore
With words that do not matter

With a thud of silence, noise now past
Head on pillow, the world seems right
The cacophony, thankfully does not last
As we peacefully dream in our silent night

Stanley Cooper

The Thud Of Silence Was Like A Tsunami

What happened in London-town
Caused traditionalists to sport many a frown
Michelle Obama touched the queen
With bare arm around the royal beam

The thud of silence was like a tsunami
Heard from London to Miami
Never before in all times past
Have Londoners been quite so aghast

They even stalled their daily tea-time
Which they rarely miss in war or peace-time
Yet Prince Charles, the stalwart prince
Didn’t allow his royal feelings to evince

The Queen had never been touched before
Assuming one believes that English lore
But somehow or other she made it through
‘Cause she liked Michelle, her friend so new

The world kept turning in spite of it all
Shoppers still shopped at their local mall
When The Queen placed her arm around our Michelle
The Brits drank their tea, convinced all was well

Stanley Cooper

The True Essence Of Liberal

Our historical liberal norm
Aspires to progressive reform
Ardently against dictatorial dominance
With allegiance to free thinking prominence

Concerned awareness and oversights
Protects all of our civil rights
Intrusive orthodoxy all around
Liberals reject as wholly unsound

So, damn it some will, to further their goals
To gain more power in political roles
Liberals stand up to reactionary witchery
To end this propagandized brain-washing bitch-ery

The word liberal holds true to its noble meaning
Why is it tagged with labels demeaning?
Those who have placed it in full disrepute
Find liberal thought hard to refute

To defile liberal as a four-letter word
A put-down, blatantly false and absurd
Our country, founded by heroes upright
For freedom of thought, with liberal foresight

Stanley Cooper

The Very Very Very Long Run

Much to my loving wifes' sorrow
I usually put off today what I can do tomorrow
This trait of mine she intends to alter
Is as unalterable as The Rock of Gibraltar

My putting off talent stays on display
When tomorrow predictably becomes today
So most things rarely ever get done
Except in the very, very, very long run

Her strong iron will, with her strong iron clout
Far off in the future, will surely win out
But today at least I'll lounge around nicely
And do things tomorrow, tomorrow precisely

Stanley Cooper

The Wake-up Call

Keesler Field, Mississippi
Air Force Basic Training
World War Two
Each and every 4: 30am
The barracks loud-speaker
Sadistically demanded
"You gotta get up"
And with added impertinence
"Rise and Shine"

Well
They made me
Get and rise up
But they couldn't force me to
Shine
I wouldn't shine
I didn't shine
I refused to shine
I GLOWERED

Glowering
Each and every day
I became a masterful
Glower-er
I was a citizen
Free, at least, to
Glower

That's the American way

Stanley Cooper

The Wonder Of It All

We’re born
We live
We have a few laughs
We die

And we wonder
WHY?

Some believe
We’re part of a Grand Design
What about
Dogs, cats, rats
Mice and even lice?

Are they part of that Grand Design?
They never wonder
WHY!

They’re born
They live
They die
But escape
The wonder of it all

Stanley Cooper

The Year Of The Rat

A Chinese friend informed me that
This is the astrological year of the rat
Though an animal lover I've always been
A year full of rats will cause me chagrin

A pup or a kitten would be more to my taste
Their barks and their mews I'd more easily face
With our two legged rats we seem to prefer
We've vermin enough, I think you'll concur

If we skip over this rat laden calendar year
I don't believe it would cause too many a tear
But tearful or not, I think we should heed it
That a year full of rats is really not needed

Stanley Cooper

Theory Of Relativity According To Stan

My theory I now relate
Evolved when I was seven, or eight
Simply put, the rate of speed my head would spin
Was in direct proportion to the amount of kin
Whose visits made for sullied Sundays
While I pined away for the coming Mondays

My head patted, my pinched cheeks fingered
The theory formed as time just lingered
My privacy would inevitably shrink
As my time and space went out of sync
My aunts and uncles had the knack
Of putting my universe out of whack

Overwhelmed by all their antics
The earth stood still and caused my frantics
When all converged into my room
I felt with certainty impending doom
Never ever would the earth return
To its axis spinning, I was much concerned

Theories come and theories go
But my theory had me worried so
If my theory stayed true to form
Could my time and space return to norm?
Einstein's theory of time and space
Still remains very much in place

Professor Einstein, I meant no disrespect
But their visits made me circumspect
I know your work will forever last
While mine remains lost in the past
Now all grown-up, it's all out-dated
My theory was relatively over-stated

Stanley Cooper

There’s Something About

There’s something about a female
That brings out the best in me
She’s more exciting than e-mail
Though e-mails come to me free

There’s something about her walk
Her wiggle, her waggle, her gait
The way her lips move when she talks
She hooks me with that kind of bait

There’s something about her hair
Whether it’s brown, yellow or red
The way she wears it with flair
On her seductive beautiful head

There’s something about me, I reckon
That keeps me looking her way
But yet if she flirtingly beckoned
This old guy might faint dead away

Stanley Cooper

Thespians

Curtain Up! The play begins
The stage composed of thespians
Who help us laugh and have us grieve
In their play-filled world of make believe

These actors voice the playwrights' lines
As they draw us through the plays design
The characters, when adeptly staged
Can make us cringe at a villains rage

The show can leave us so well smitten
Provided that the play's well written
We escape reality this moment of time
Through the thespians wondrous pantomime

Famed Thespians, large audiences draw
Olivier, Barrymore, held in awe
History immortalizes down through the ages
Those eminent actors who acted on stages

Stanley Cooper

They Just Ain’t Us

About foreigners we’re prone to making a fuss
Because of the fact they just ain’t us
We seem to exult in this difference fear
And pray all who are foreign would just disappear

We blindly dislike their color of skin
They come from places we’ve never been
The way they talk we find far too alien
They’re not even Catholic or Episcopalian

Imagine a country with all look-alikes
Of teen-agers, grown-ups and all the small tykes
It might be judged, secure and for bigots alluring
But in truth it would be a nation most boring

Different people we’ve never met
Needn’t be perceived as a common threat
Pigeon-hold as negative adversity
But welcomed and added to our cultural diversity

Hopefully the time will come when differences won’t matter
When hearing assorted languages will sound less like chatter
When people will be judged individually, one on one
We’ll know then the war on bigotry will have finally been won

Stanley Cooper

Things I Wonder About

Lacking a zip code, Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg Address
Could he have done it with today's mail service or even our U.P.S?

Does the turn of the century turn left or right?
The answer for me is way out of sight
Is the Red Sea red? Is the Dead Sea dead?
Questions like these just boggle my head

'It's my country, you better believe it
If you don't love it, you better leave it'
I wonder if there isn't a better solution
Somewhere written in our grand Constitution

Why does gravity make us fall into place
Yet lighten up when we float in outer-space?

Quandaries for me just seem to abound
For when answers appear, new questions are found

Will I never ever know quite enough
To make me feel I'm enough up to snuff?

I wonder! ! !

Stanley Cooper

Things I've Never Done

Today I thought it might be fun
Writing of things I've never done
Like flying out in outer space
Or winning a Supreme Court case

I've never caught a touchdown pass
Or found a track star I could surpass
I never wrote a hit pop tune
Or a classic tune like Claire de Lune

Never found my Lost Horizon
Which, of course, is not suprisin'
Even though I was so inclined
I never had a concubine

Didn't act in a picture show
Or swim with fish, like Jacque Cousteau
I've never climbed the highest peaks
Or had a record winning streak

Could it be, I've missed a lot?
If that is so, I say "so what"
Why worry about those things I've shunned
I'm quite delighted with those I've done

Stanley Cooper

This Omnipresent Person

Who is this guy, I wonder
This omnipresent person
His name so oft is under
Readings I'm immersed-in

His omniscience confounds me
He's wise, and so deliberate
How he writes so much astounds me
He's so prose-ful and alliterate

When he signs his name so proudly
His signature's synonymous
With what I read so fondly
Written by ANONYMOUS

Stanley Cooper

This Poem Is Kind Of Silly

People bite their nails
But rarely chew on tacks
Puppies chase their tails
Never get their tails back

Kittens scratch and claw
Meowing all the while
But never hem and haw
It’s not a kitten’s style

Winter’s always chilly
Each and every day
This poem is kind of silly
“Twas meant to be that way

But perhaps it’s too darn dumb
To be written as a poem
By any rule of thumb
This writer’s off his dome

Stanley Cooper

Throwing The Bull

The astronaut heading for outer space
Past the Man in the Moons sun-lit face
Won’t have time to give it a wink
He’ll be past the moon before he can blink

That famous cow who jumped over the moon
To hitch a ride would be most opportune
For this space-ship was headed this moon-lit day
Where most cows could excel, The Milky Way

But the cow got no offer to ride on this trip
There wasn’t room on this crowded space-ship
The passenger section was totally full
With a creatures expert at throwing the bull

Stanley Cooper

To Late To Early

My naive expectations
Promised golden days
They were youthful aspirations
In those long gone yesterdays

My outlook so affirmative
Of what lie ahead for me
I was positively positive
Of the future that would be

Today, some dreams I'll not attain
As I've become quite elderly
Unreal goals they will remain
It got too late too early

It gets too late too early
Through lifetime I've discerned
It gets too late too early
A lesson sadly learned

Now I am a seasoned gent
Reflecting on what's past
I wonder, was my life well spent
And how… it got too late so fast

Stanley Cooper

Tomorrows Never Come

Tomorrows never come
Since they soon become todays
And then turn into yesterdays
When todays in time succumb

They're just a state of mind
This futuristic thinking
Tomorrows we won't find
With false futuristic linking

Tomorrows are mere illusions
Abstractions most be-numbing
I fear they're just delusions
'Cause tomorrow's never coming

Stanley Cooper

Tongue In Cheek

The expression, “Tongue In Cheek” is conjectural
Is it in there just for fun or to be sexual
It’s more than just symbolic
This cheeky organ frolic
Particularly when sexually consensual

Stanley Cooper

Tongue In Cheek (2)

Some things written with tongue-in-cheek
Misunderstood can cause some pique
If someone who is humorless
Fails to see your fun finesse

Humor is a trait to treasure
A trait most often spreading pleasure
To spread a laugh, a smile or two
Seems the human thing to do

Yet sometimes when one’s too cheeky
He may seem to some a bit too freaky
So it may be wise to show restraint
‘Cause freaky is what you know you ain’t

Stanley Cooper

Topsy-Turvy World

In the very very topsy-turvy world
Straight lines are elliptically curled
Way above is found below
Jungles covered up with snow
In the very very topsy-turvy world

In the world, so very very topsy-turvy
Ascorbic acid always brings on scurvy
Books with empty pages
Are read by all the sages
In the world, so very very topsy-turvy

The world of topsy-turvy consternation
Filled with topsy-turvy complications
Where the right is on the left
The most happy, most bereft
In this world of topsy-turvy situations

In our world where topsy-turvys heed no warnings
Where they're sure there's no such thing as global warming
They're happy on their land
With their heads down in the sand
In our world where topsy-turvys heed no warnings

In our world of topsy-turvy politicians
Concerned enough to better our conditions
They'll be always there for you
With an honest point of view
In our world of topsy-turvy politicians

In our world where topsy-turvy is the norm
Where we're taught the only way is to conform
Where nothing is quite sane
Where peace can never reign
So long as topsy-turvy is the norm

Stanley Cooper

Tout-man

From the TV screen he shouts
This pushy huckster tout-man
“It’s an inventory blowout
So get-em while you can”

It’s a loud and brassy sales bazaar
Designed to get your bucks
When purchasing their touted cars
Or their heavy pick-up trucks

But these are not the only wares
Peddled on TV
By those manufacturing millionaires
Who offer little free

They have pills for all that ails you
Salves to clear your skin
Rouges for all that pales you
Diets to keep you thin

They always know just what you need
Be it freezer or a fridge
So listen, friends, you best take heed
Don’t buy the Brooklyn Bridge

Stanley Cooper

Turvy Topsy

If your rear view mirror reflects what's ahead
Pay it no mind, you're being misled

When down is up and up's below
Perhaps you've sipped too much bordeaux

When right seems left and left seems right
You're undoubtedly drunk and much uptight

Your sipping that stuff has you stiffly unnerved
When straight lines, to you, seem arch-ingly curved

Imbibing too much can only confound you
With a turvy topsy view of what's all around you

Over imbibing, remember my friend
Can lead to a turvy topsy lifestyle dead end

Stanley Cooper

TV Addiction

I recall when books were read
Television's now watched instead
Down the tube our culture's heading
Brain paralysis is what it's spreading

We're fed commercials on demand
In our great star spangled land
'Oh-oh say can you see'
Something good on TV?

If we sit and stare at those TV soaps
We can kiss goodbye to parental hopes
Children drown in this dumbing abyss
All kids deserve much more than this

Hours of staring at TV screens
Can blow our brains to smithereens
Why not read some poems and fiction
And lay to rest this tube addiction

Stanley Cooper

Twentieth of January,2009

Twentieth of January,2009
A day all Americans can toast with bubbly wine
A day to pride-fully cheer our citizens' diversity
Ending Americas' shameful racial adversity

Lincoln, FDR and Camelots' Jack Kennedy
Each in their own way searched for a remedy
For whatever ills our nation suffered in their era
From the east coast past Nevadas' Sierra

They succeeded with their promise of hope
Leading us well so our nation could cope
Now we have Obama with hope and great vision
Who, like them, will lead us to improve our condition

We're privileged to be part of this history sublime
Historically will be seen as one of the best of all time
So let's drink up that bubbly to wish Barack well
We know Obama as President will greatly excel

Stanley Cooper

Uh…Whatsiz Name?

I wonder what became of
uh….whatsiz name?
A great buddy of mine
We were so tight
We were team-mates
We shared a locker
We double-dated
We were like brothers
Forty years ago

Wow…FORTY YEARS…! ! !
He never sent me a postcard
I'm not hard to find
Not even a phone-call
I'm in the book

To think we were like brothers
Well, that's the way it is
And that's the way it was
With…uh…whatsiz name?

Stanley Cooper

Uncles

It’s a fact throughout history
It lingers with persistence
That nephews can really never be
Without an uncles existence

Nieces have tried to go it alone
But found they needed their unc
A fact they really should have known
A fact they couldn’t debunk

Uncle Sam, in the U.S.
Is a very auspicious uncle
Apart, they’d cause great distress
As would Simon without Garfunkel

Macho men find it so appealing
That an uncle must be a he
This notion sends their heads a-reeling
That uncles ladies can’t be

Uncles are a special breed
To machos, that is a given
Uncles fill a special need
In this “auntsy” world they live in

Stanley Cooper

Un-Common Sense

The misnomer referred to as common-sense
Is un-common and quite often spurious
That we bestow on ourselves this idea-pretense
Makes logical thinkers most furious

Common-sense, does it really exist?
Can it be smelled, felt or seen?
How can we know who really has it
And if having it, brands them as keen?

Common -sense can lead you astray
And very often distraught
With conclusions most false when figured that way
Unless logically partnered with thought

Stanley Cooper

Understatement

A person who’s really secure
Is usually one who’s demure
He isn’t a boaster
With the most of the most-er
The kind we all loathe to endure

The types we most highly rate
Are those types who most understate
They have more appeal
‘Cause they don’t wheel and deal
Like those others, so easy to hate

Understating, with charm of it’s own
Never sounds at all overblown
Never sends you home gagging
Like those braggarts when bragging
Understating sets the right tone

Stanley Cooper

Unethical Deceptions

With truth distorted and modified
Rarely can we judge facts as bona-fide
Politicos cater more to our perceptions
To promote their unethical deceptions

Their need for power should never impede
Our patriotic need to succeed
What’s good for our country must be the priority
Inclusive of both the majority and minority

Stanley Cooper

Ungodly Wars

Praying on bended knee
God loving, they claim to be
But discredit all that's taught
When religious wars are fought

God fearing
Is not war adhering
'Love thy neighbor'
Not with guns and saber

'Thou Shalt Not Kill'
God's written will
It's ours to reason why
Not to fight and die

Religious Wars…
God loving?
God fearing?
God awful!

Stanley Cooper

Upon Reflection

My mirrored face, I no longer know
It’s not familiar at all
Why and where, did my other face go?
The face I wish to recall

This new reflection, covered with lines
Deep as engraved etchings
Perhaps seen by some as artistic designs
But on faces, not at all fetching

Bagged eyes manage some twinkles
Twinkles, not easily viewed
Twinkles, obscured by wrinkles
On a face now aged and skewed

My proboscis, awkwardly bulbous
And red as the fiery sun
It’s not exactly humongous
But for noses, quite overdone

To stop this eyeful pollution
And end this alarming display
I’ve conceived the perfect solution
I’ll throw my mirror away

Stanley Cooper

Useless and Truth-less

General Petraeus may perform his job well
But his problem is, he’s told what to tell
By his Commander in Chief, the know-all Decider
Petraeus plays by the book, won’t be Bush’s derider

That his career’s at stake is prima facie
The proof of this is General Casey
Who from before it’s beginning said no to the surge
And for his good judgment was routinely purged

Following orders is a soldier’s domain
Even if those orders he holds in disdain
Since his Commander in Chief’s so stubborn and ruthless
Petraeus’s visit with Congress is useless and truth-less

Stanley Cooper

Viagra Falls

A honeymoon resort is Niagara Falls
A place to bill and coo
Seniors now visit Viagra Falls
Where they hope their coo will renew

"it ain't over 'till it's over" a wise man once stated
So over the falls he went
To splash back to those days when he constantly mated
As a virile sexual gent

How it came out, we can only surmise
At least he gave it a shot
We hope he was able to improvise
And turn the Fall's cold water to hot

Stanley Cooper

Vigor-less

Excercising’s over-rated
Its value often over-stated
A recipe far less taxing
Is my preference for just relaxing

Breathing in and out is quite strenuous
But quitting that could be quite tenuous
So I’ll inhale and exhale while reposing
And in between, be restfully dozing

For gymnastics, I’ m not renowned
I’ve no desire to be muscle-bound
A walk in the park for a minute or two
Is more than I particularly care to do

I have no need to huff and puff
Raising my eye-lids is more than enough
Throughout each day, I do my best
Excuse me now, I must go and rest

Stanley Cooper

Waddduyaknow

Waddduyaknow, Yea Gads, Holy Cow
Expressions used back then, but rarely now
Leapin Lizards, Let's Chew the Fat
People actually said things like that!

The Cats Meow, Straight From the Horses Mouth
Bet your bottom dollar, they've long gone south
Lock Stock and Barrel, Let's Tie the Knot
Still in use, but not a helluvalot

By the Seat Of Your Pants, On a Wing And a Prayer
Now only said by those who are square
Don't Bust My Chops, Dead As a Doornail
Another two that no longer prevail

On Pins and Needles, On Tenterhooks
On Shaky Ground, By Hook or Crooks
This wordy linguistic potpourri`
I wonder how it all came to be

Stanley Cooper

Waiting

A lesson learned in the army
Which, I'm sure, is not out of date
Was neither soothing or balmy
But was how to "hurry and wait"

We waited in lines for our chow
Spam really not worth waiting for
Would never wait that long now
Don't know why we waited before

We waited in lines for our shots
From needles as long as the lines
Our arms looked like bloody ink blots
Red grapes growing out on their vines

We wanted escape from the brass
We needed release from their clutch
We waited in lines for that pass
That pass we needed so much

We waited in lines for inspections
Inspections of all different sorts
The doctors looked for infections
Or perhaps some imported warts

To go to the bathroom we waited
The army then called them latrines
If you think we weren't frustrated
You can tell that to the marines

The private awaits his one striping
The P F C waits for his two
The corporal awaits, always griping
Complaining his third stripe is due

The wait that was most universal
The wait that loomed very large
Was the only wait not perverse-al
The wait for our army discharge

Stanley Cooper

War

So many wars throughout the ages
So many of us have perished
Must man war to vent his rages?
Is killing what is cherished?

Our history of waging war
This curse we've run afoul of
Is so ingrained in human lore
And nothing to be proud of

War's an aberration
A blight on all humanity
A true abomination
Derived from man's insanity

War wreaks pain and sorrow
As it takes it's deadly toll
Can't we on the morrow
Stop this slaughter of man's soul?

Stanley Cooper

Warning

Pharmaceutical commercials
Produced for big bucks
By slick marketeers
Who prey on our fears

They hawk pills, lotions
Sundry potions
And other Fix-er-uppers
For dyspepsia after suppers

If your restless legs twitch
Or you have an itch
Their twitchy itchy pills
Will cure all those ills

Warning

But not if you're pregnant
Or have high or low blood pressure
Rhinitis, arthritis or any other itis
If you can't sleep at night
Or are stressed and uptight
And for ills-infinitum

So
Before ingesting this pill
To make sure it won't kill
Confer with your physician

If this pill you decide to ingest
PLEASE
Consult a Psychiatrist

Stanley Cooper

Way Back When

"Me Tarzan, you Jane"
An Edgar Rice Burrough refrain
It takes me back to my way back when
We'll never see the likes of Tarzan again

Cowboy Tom Mix with his faithful horse Tony
The Lone Ranger with Silver, his trustworthy pony
Baseballs Yankee great, George Herman Babe Ruth
My heroes of yesteryear in my long ago youth

I'm still here, but where did they go?
Those heroes of mine who were all so gung-ho
They brought to that little kid a lifetime of joy
At my advanced age, they've kept me a boy

Stanley Cooper

We Can’t Go Back

I wonder whatever became of such and such
It’s too many years since we’ve all been in touch
In our youthful naivety we were innocently un-clever
Assuming our ‘then’ would be our ‘now’ and ‘then’ forever

Our roads of life we traveled turned in all directions
Those traveled stops are now has-been recollections
We sometime recall fondly much of the past
The unfortunate facts are, ‘ the past just doesn’t last’

Yesterdays are history stored in our memory bins
Recalling good and bad times, all through thick and thins
A memory is engraved in our brain like a computer data track
‘But the past just doesn’t last’ and ‘We can’t go back’

Stanley Cooper

We Wither On The Vine

The universal progression
That nature plans ahead
Is life's natural compression
To which we all are wed

This predictable decline
 Occurs as we are agin'
Grapes too long upon the vine
Evolve as wrinkled raisins

With luck we reach a ripened-age
We toast and drink good wine to
With luck we reach our wrinkled stage
Like grapes upon their vines do

Stanley Cooper

Well Almost

"Tune in next week, same time, same station"
How those words so frustrated me
Why did they always need to ration
Time with my hero, who elated me
Hi Ho Silver, Away! !

The masked man, Lone Ranger
With faithful friend Tonto
Could squelch any danger
They squelched danger pronto
Hi Ho Silver, Away! !

Riding the plains on their most valiant steeds
Opposing those outlawing dudes
To radio stories of unmatched deeds
My seven year old ears stayed glued
Hi Ho Silver, Away! !

Adorned in boots, mask and white hat
I'd be riding those great western plains
Astride Silver, I would stop crime flat
With my fighting injustice campaigns
Hi Ho Silver, Away! !

Time galloped on, though a century late
My dreams have come to fruition (Well almost)
I'm riding high now in my Silvery State
Like a macho cowboy patrician (Well almost)
Hi Ho Silver, Away! !
(Well almost)

Stanley Cooper

What Do You Want To Be When You Grow Up?

When I was a very very young pup
They'd ask, "What do you want to be when you grow up? "
My answers were happy and fanciful, as I was disposed
To believe I could be anything my mind could suppose

Fantasy twirled around in my head like a twirling top
I could be a cowboy, an actor or even a cop
An Emperor, fireman, a Prince or a King
I could be almost any great thing

Though I'm eighty plus, an adult I am not
Still just a kid with what all kids have got
Great dreams for tomorrow with long years ahead
I refuse to give in, and be one with those dead

That question's no longer asked of me, and I can't deny
I wish they'd ask it so I could reply
I'd like them to ask it over and over again
Before Father Time slams shut my youth-filled domain

Stanley Cooper

What Time Will Allow

We’re just a small twinkling
In the grand scheme of things
We don’t have an inkling
What the next moment brings

We’re here at this moment
Not knowing why
So let passions foment
Before time flies right by

Reveal your deep feelings
Express them all now
As there’s no foreseeing
What time will allow

Stanley Cooper

What's A Guy To Do?

What’s a guy to do
When he can’t handle all that’s new?

He tries and tries to keep up to date
But it seems for him it’s just too late

Computers, to whom, most are usable
To this poor guy, they’re most confusable

He’s finally conquered VCR-ing
Now DVDs his mind is jarring

They make him feel somewhat half-assed
For living somewhere in the past

What’s a guy to do
When he can’t handle all that’s new?

I’ll tell that guy just what to do
The best things in life are not all new

He can read those classics from way back when
They’re still with us, and for that amen

He can tell the kids of his hey-day-ing
His jitterbug and swing and sway-ing

He could spout those values that now seem lost
To hope they take, keep his fingers crossed

He can show the kids that this old fool
In their own terms, is really “cool”

There are many things that guy can do
The best things in life are not all new

Stanley Cooper

What's The Rush?

Dot Coms and H-T-M-Ls
Have now become so prominent
But few of them ring my bells
I feel they're much too to dominant

This cyber world we live in
Seeks ways which are so scurried
For computers, speed's a given
But it makes me feel too hurried

What's the rush, I often wonder
Would we really be aghast
Would it be an awful blunder
Not to get nowhere so fast?

Why hurry here and hurry there?
I don't have a clue
For honestly, I wouldn't care
If things took a day or two

Like the fire slowly burns the wick
Of a candle it's dewaxing
Let's slow our flame, not be so quick
And our lives will be less taxing

Stanley Cooper

When I Go To Hell

When I go to hell, I'll hope it's wintery cold
It's usually hot there, so I've been told
When hell freezes over, I'll try to arrive
For I prefer freezing to burning alive

I hope old devil Satan accommodates me
With tenderized steaks and flasks of Chablis
Desert of ice-cream, butter pecan
A very firm mattress to sleep and dream on

If this can't be arranged, I'll refuse to stay
No sense in staying if I can't live my way
Back to earth I'll come for forever and then
My hellish days on Earth will start over again

Stanley Cooper

When I Gotta Go

When I gotta go, I gotta go
There are no ifs, buts or ands
But since I gotta go, it'd be nice to know
The timing, so I can make my plans

Since I figure probabilities
I'm planning somewhat ahead
With some future possibilities
Before I'm all quite dead

I'll make myself accessible
You'll know where I'll be from
My domain most addressable
Purgatory dot com

Stanley Cooper

When Innocence Reigned

Revisit my past
When innocence reigned
I knew it would last
This life so unstained

Life was so clear
No question of when
I didn’t know fear
My future was then

Since I’ve grown wiser
More in touch with what’s factual
I foresee through life’s visor
What in fact is more actual

My past has become
Fond events that just were
What memories flowed from
Now retentively blurred

Stanley Cooper

Who Knows?

My scuffed-up shoes needed repair
So off I went to the nearest shoemaker
Plunked my worn-out shoes on his counter
And In my Thomas Paine voice proclaimed,
“These are the times that try mens” soles
He looked at me as if I was daffy
Perhaps he was right

When I heard the cost of repair
I said again, “These are the times that try mens” soles
I knew I was right

Sir Gilbert said,
“I am right and you are right and all is right as right can be”

Did Sir Gilbert mean we’re all right?

Einstein would probably have said, “ Right is relative”
But, how many relatives are all-right?

So, who’s right?

Who knows?

Stanley Cooper

Who Would Have Thunk

Who would have thunk
To give the elephant a trunk
Or to give the eagle a beak
In place of a cheek
Who would have thunk

Who would have thunk
Long Island is found
Plunked right down
On Long Island Sound
Who would have thunk

For Polar Bears isn't it nice
They're able to thrive on nothing but ice
Who would have thunk

Perhaps it's the brew of witches
To cause male pups to be sons of bitches
Who would have thunk

Our world is so filled with "Who would have thunks"
I'm beginning to thunk the whole thing's just bunk
Who would have thunk

Stanley Cooper

Why And Wherefore

Never-mind the why and wherefore”
Bush’s logic I don’t care for
He’s logically quite doltish
I most humb-il-ly submit
His reasoning’s Anne-Coult-ish
And not logically legit

Never-mind his high position
And his speeches repetition
Of his spinning of the facts
I most humb-il-ly- submit
His boo-boos in Iraq
Are not rationally legit

Never-mind his war on terror
That brought us to Iraq in error
With his “shock and awe”-ful force
I most humb-il-ly- submit
His “staying of the course”
Like Bush is totally unfit

Stanley Cooper

Why I Can’t Help My Loving Spouse

I want to help my loving spouse
By doing things around the house
But why I can’t, I say with pain
And hope she understands as I explain

There are reasons why I am itchin’
Not to help her in the kitchen
If Shakespeare washed the dishes once a day
He might have written one less play

His time spent dishing for just one year
Might have deprived us all of his King Lear
He’d have never found time to write all he’s written
While scrubbing floors in his Great Britain

She’ll probably think I exaggerate
And find my analogy hard to take
But hopefully she’ll finally know-it
That housework’s not for Stan the poet

Stanley Cooper

William, Ludvig and Vincent

There’s such beauty in the works of Will Shakespeare
No one can claim to be the great bards peer
With clever words outstanding
His standards so demanding
In Othello, Hamlet and King Lear

There’s such beauty in the works of Ludvig Von
Musically he ably poured it on
From the grandeur of his scorings
Came melodious outpourings
For sounds and rhythm he’s the number one icon

There’s such beauty in the works of Vince Van Gogh
His colors magnificently flow
He brought pleasure to the masses
And to the upper classes
Creatively he set the world aglow

Their fervor was artistically fiercesome
We enjoy their work with great amount of glee-sum
They were more than up to scratch
Were creatively unmatched
“BRAVO” to this innovative three-some

Stanley Cooper

Winning The Peace

Why Iraquis should trust us, does anyone know?
We say we brought liberation
They'll remember we dealt them a mighty big blow
When we bomb damaged much of their nation

Missiles and mortars while ousting Hussein
Also killed innocent folk
Bombing Hussein, put end to his reign
But how will we wear the peace cloak?

Feeding the masses and bringing them hope
We think is the right direction
But they may not want us to interlope
So may resort to a hate insurrection

Mid-east and west, worlds so very asunder
Conflictive cultures won't blend
'Shock and awe' historical blunder
Causing more hate with no end

We've won the war with missiles and mortar
But, where do we go from here?
We can win the peace, if we do what we ought-a
But, what we should do isn't clear

Stanley Cooper

Wistful Remembering

Where have they gone to...those years
I so belong to...those years
Those indelible, unforgettable years

Is it so wrong for...those years
For me to long for..those years
Those indelible, unforgettable years

Some say it’s wasteful, even distasteful
To glance back,
but, I’d be so grateful, eternally grateful
To prance back

Is it so wrong for...those years
For me to long for..those years
Those indelible, unforgettable years

Stanley Cooper

With Loving Deference

My wife just loves to chatter
About most anything that matters
Particularly when grousing to her spouse

She deserves, with loving deference
My high Congressional reference
To serve as Speaker Of The House

Stanley Cooper

Without Commercials

Without commercials, they seem to think
We wouldn’t know what drinks to drink
We wouldn’t know what cars to drive
They don’t believe we could survive

Without commercials, they seem to think
We would all be out of sync
What brands to buy, we wouldn’t know
They seem to think our thinking’s slow

How would we know just what to buy
Which airline to fly when flying high
What paste to use when teeth need brushing
What rouge to buy when cheeks need blushing

Yet, I remember life without T V
We did just fine, it seems to me
We knew just how and where to go
Without commercials to tell us so

Stanley Cooper

Word Metamorphoses

I once knew the meaning of words
A web was a spider's weaving
Now my grasp of web has been blurred
Old meanings of web is deceiving

Outlandish words come streaming
Jargoned in the world of computers
Web now has an alien meaning
Programmers are language polluters

Remember when windows were closed
To keep out the winter's cold air?
But windows now are supposed
To act as computers software

Chips were used in casinos galore
Or partnered with fish for snacks
Cyberspace now has opened the door
To chips for computering hacks

Yesterday, things bouncing around
Were known to us as floppies
But now with computers, floppies abound
As aids in backing file copies

In past days, hard disks would fright us
As symptoms conditionally spinal
Like broken bones or something with itis
Or diseases painful and final

Now, hard disks are most opportune
For filling computers with data
Their memories, large, won't very soon
Run out of alpha or beta

Programmers are re-shaping words
We accept this with apprehension
Words are now worded more for nerds
And that is my bone of contention

Stanley Cooper

Words

Words are weighty useful things
When employed with proper diction
Written by poets, read by kings
In novels, poems and non-fiction

Words of action are called verbs
And nouns are used for naming
Used together, they're most superb
In sentence structure taming

Where, without adjectives, would we be?
We couldn't describe our descriptions
How would we illustrate for others to see
All our adjective-less depictions?

Words are used to please or slander
They're sly-ably apply-able
Spoken with truth, or spoken with candor
They're pliab-ly reliable

Our path to all great thinking
Either abstract or concrete
Words aid our interlinking
Without words we're incomplete

Spoken words, we know as speech
When too wordy in their essence
To you speakers, we beseech
Please restrain your effervescence

So, three cheers for all those many words
That are found in any dictionary
The belief their use is just for nerds
In truth is truly fictionary

Stanley Cooper

Words In Tandem

Lox goes with bagels
Tulips with roses
Infants in cradles
Conjectures, supposes
These words when partnered, go well together
Like that cliché, “Birds of a feather”

Bread and butter
Bacon and eggs
Father and mother
Crabs and crab-legs
Words so well linked often abound
Their linkage together, vernacularly sound

Kit and Kaboodles
Baseball and Ruth
Cutesy, French Poodles
Sloppy, uncouth

Cowboys and Indians
Sugar and spice
Rainbows of Finian’s
Chop Suey with rice

These coupled examples, chosen at random
Are merely examples of words found in tandem

Stanley Cooper

Words Of Length

Words of length
That dare me-scare me
When with them I'm bombasted
I feel wordy flabbergasted

*Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis
Is more than ample, as an example
Of a word everyone I know would choose
To never conversationally use

Words of length
I must admit, put me in a verbal snit
I think that they ought-er
Be a lot more shorter

*The word pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis (also spelled -koniosis) is defined as 'a lung disease caused by the inhalation of very fine silica (sandlike) dust, mostly found in volcanoes'. It was originally coined simply to serve as the longest English word, but has been used in several sources as an approximation of its originally intended definition. The name generally used to describe this condition is pneumoconiosis.

Stanley Cooper

Work Of The Devil

Beautiful majestic
Wild horses
Roaming freely
Full of spirit

We
Rope them
Break them
Brand them
Enslave them
A form of Jim Crow

Spirit and freedom
Gone
No longer
Beautiful
Majestic
Wild
Now just
Four legged robots

The work of the devil
MAN

Stanley Cooper

Writing Poetry

Writing poetry is my addiction
Like drinking pot and smoking gin
All three of these afflictions
It’s plain to see can make me spin

I puff a sip and drink a smoke
Then try to spin a poem
It’s hopeful that I’m not on coke
For I’d be forever off my dome

I took a stand, no more drink pot
Smoking gin I have suspended
I’m never high or drunk a lot
But writing poetry? I just can’t end it

Stanley Cooper

You’re Full Of It

I don’t understand the expression
Usually said with much aggression
“You’re full of it”
When they say it with such thunder
“Full of what”, is what I wonder
I doubt they mean my wit?

It would seem less horrific
If for me they’d be specific
Example, “You’re full of beans”
But no, when kept guessing
What I’m “full of” is distressing
And has me so demeaned

It isn’t very thoughtful
To leave me so distraught-ful
With their “full of it” confrontations
If understood I could acclimate
By attempting to ameliorate
To remove their allegations

But, alas, they aren’t helpful
As for me, I think they’re dreadful
With their “your full of it” rap
I’ll exhibit all my shrewdness
By ignoring all their rudeness
After all, they’re just “full of crap”

Stanley Cooper

Younger Generation

Our younger generation
When expressing veneration
Seem to follow a very, very simple rule
They have no hesitation
In showing admiration
Describing anything that's grand as really "Cool"

Would you describe Beethoven's work as "cool"?
Is cool the only adjective taught in school?
Have these kids no strong emotion
Are they taught no depth-devotion
Is their learning so completely miniscule?

Another descriptive word they use is "Awesome"
It's a word they use expectantly to floor some
It's hard to understand
How it got so out of hand
The overuse of "Awesome" is so bore-some

Parents, take a greater leading role
Attempt to reach your youngster's inner soul
Let's not at all forsake them
Grab hold of them and shake them
Help them reach a first-rate cultured goal

Stanley Cooper

Your Not Too Golden Age

When your skin is all-a-wrinklin
And your prostate's over tink-lin
Over-tired and feeling you've decayed

When all ladies look like kids to you
When the present seems like deja vu
You know you're over eighty in the shade

When your tummy's over growling
With persona over scowling
When you think the dance, The Charleston's all the rage

For you the world's too digital
Most kids, to you, too fidget-al
You know you've reached your not too golden age

Stanley Cooper

You're The Top

You’re the top You are most delightful
You’re the top You’re my towering eyeful
You’re my kind of pal Who’s my kind of gal To love
You are Stanley’s Steamer Stan’s ballet prima
Stan’s turtle dove

You’re the top You’re my grand pi-ano
You’re the top You’re my bass soprano
You’re the grand-ma-ma And this grand-pa-pa’s a-gog
‘Cause if I’m the bottom, Jeanne-ie
You’re the top

You’re the top You’re my Holy Grail
You’re the top You’re my fairy tail
My American beauty You’re the sweet patootie for me
You’re the grand in grandeur The bon in bon jour
You’re wine Chablis

You’re the top You’re the dream I dreamed of
You’re the top You’re my beef strog-an-ov
It’s my mystery Why you’re there for me at all
You’re the fast in fastest The most in mostest
You’re ten feet tall

You’re the top You’re my Sophia Loren
You’re the top You’re my most adorin
You’re my cat’s meow
You deserve my bow, and how!
So I’ll bow from the bottom
To Jeanne-ie,
You’re the top

Stanley Cooper

You've Been Around Awhile

If you drove a Studebaker
Recall Page Boy's hairy style
When the gals were still homemakers
You've been around a while

If you sat through silent movies
When admission was a dime
Thinking Clara Bow was groovy
You've been around some time

When mail call was your passion
'Cause G.I. Joe was you
If you lived on your K-Ration
You must know you're not quite new

If you danced with gals real close
And you stole a kiss or three
When the gals wore nylon hose
You're now a retiree

So, get it through your head
Don't let it drive you nuts
Your youth's been fully shed
No ands or ifs or buts

Stanley Cooper

Yucca Mountain Blues

Rest assured, George W. has taken note
Nevada State has few electoral votes
Not much to fear on his political stump
If he uses Nevada for his nuclear dump

'There won't be a danger to Nevadans at all'
Claims this Texas ranger, in his cool Texas drawl
'Not to worry, you won't be debased
If we fill your surroundings with nuclear waste'

His political cronies all seem to agree
We Nevadans should thankfully accept this debris
How lucky we are to be poisoned this way
And honored to house this toxic decay

George W. Bush, no thanks for the privilege
Keep the nuclear junk out of our village
You say there's no danger, then with all due regard
Store it in Texas, in the Bush's back yard

Stanley Cooper