

Poetry Series

Herbert Nehrlich
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Herbert Nehrlich(04 October 1943)

Thank you for your continued contributions to these pages but I shall also be phasing out all replies to this Inbox.. so please, I would appreciate it if you would write to me only at above new address.... see you over there, or on your own pages...

Native of Germany.

Graduate from one of the oldest universities in the world.

Practice of Orthomolecular Medicine, tenured science professor and amateur poet.

Likes both rhyming and free verse and laughs at those who claim that 'rhyme is dead'.

Favourite poetic mode of expression is the limerick.

.....Ism

He pulled the trigger
on that noisy morning
in the Bunker of Berlin.
The pages of Mein Kampf,
just briefly soaked
were used to start
the fire that would mark
the end of an epoch
that had, astonishingly, given
birth to itself in 1928.
When a fanatic says a word
of hatred or of utter bigotry,
one must believe, as if it were HIS word
or be forever in the net of rank complicity.
So, he is dead and gone
but something ugly thrives,
it is called Hitlerism.
And it has spread to reach
all corners of a peace-less globe.
It dresses in the clothes of any emperor
and wears the mask of true benevolence.
Perhaps the answer is to close one's eyes
and listen to the music of oblivion.

Herbert Nehrlich

.....Of Gold?

I was not looking when you found me
you stopped just long enough to smile.
I felt your presence all around me
and hoped that you would stay awhile.
You hurried on - you had your reason
and faded slowly in the light,
'twas hot, the highest summer season:
And then you turned - I'd hoped you might.
You flashed a brief but lovely look,
it made me feel quite weird.
Then silly me 'What if she took
offense at my gray beard? '

Then you were gone, the sun left with you,
the night air came with sudden force.
And to this day I often miss you
when you are not at home, of course.

What is she like, I wondered then,
what does she value and adore?
Would she expect to see in men
some muscles, brains and looks and more?

And when I left, went down the road
I had her on my mind.
I thought I recognised the coat
or was I going blind?
And near an oak tree she was resting,
I knew not what to think
and thought that someone must be testing
to drive me to the brink.

The rest you know, my lovely sweet:
It's just as you had told.
You wanted one that didn't just beat,
you needed one of gold.

And may I burn in hot damnation
for being so conceited.

But here I am - on this occasion
I must not be defeated!
'I have one, although it is old',
I shouted loud into your ear,
'It beats okay - it's made of gold! '
And YOU CAME CLOSE TO HEAR!

The little secret -now revealed
is that I slaved and polished
this drum that was just MOSTLY gold.
The flaws are now abolished.

And that was only the beginning.

Herbert Nehrlich

.....The Wedding Of Mardi Gras And Pantomime

When Mardi Gras wooed Pantomime
they danced through all the streets,
the gods, whose Credo was the time
sent fireworks as treats.

As time does not stand still, you see
beauty unlocked the door
allowing spirits to be free
and scribes record the lore.

From New Orleans to Times bright squares
Verona, then to Rome
ignoring gawkers and their stares
so far away from home.

With sequined costumes everywhere
spark-lit harlequinade,
of apple shapes or stately pear
enlivened the charade.

As slapstick played with comedy
Toto digging out yellow road bricks,
and under the rainbow's canopy
there was Lion who juggled his tricks.

Paparazzi were shuttled in
lenses clicked at the dropp of a pin.
There was always a crush
for celebrity lush,
cover page means you fight 'til you win.

Many dwarves did attend the event,
Mardi Gras, in a wagon or tent.
Pantomime at the door
for today and for more,
'twas Uranus who claimed love is meant.

Pink chrysanthemums tickling the paws
of Koalas (to flaunt local laws) ,
there was Tarzan who stripped,
a much shorter, tight-lipped
Popeye Sailor, who's singing the Bla's.

Theatre audiences, all were in awe
crowds were screaming, 'Mesdames, nous adore'
came Dionysos too
and the Socrates crew
Cleopatra not wearing a bra.

As blue smoke pirouettes to the sky,
and the quivers from Burgundy moan,
there's a lady who flashes her thigh
and a tightrope surrounded by stone.

Gays in gowns then assemble, true Queens,
with their bitches performing as maids
Monkey saw, monkey do dancing scenes
of CanCan in their petticoat shades.

Seven dwarves with Snow White and fresh tears,
Pantomime on a horse of pure white,
dressed in blue are the three musketeers
bearing lanterns to light up the night.

Cinderella threw slippers, she knew,
there would come a young lad to her aid,
not a mermaid she needed her shoe
her two sisters preferred masquerade.

Twas a wedding to beat all events,
as white rabbits tossed roses around,
there was Romeo, near the big tent
little Blueboy asleep on the ground.

There was art, there was craft on the stage
and the witch had brought Haensel to town
and trapezes swung high in a cage,

Big Bad Wolf was dressed up in a gown.

On the banks of the river so blue
Papa bear from the Yellowstone Hills,
little Bambi and Skippy the 'roo,
they were smiling amidst all the frills.

When Mardi Gras wooed Pantomime
and led her out the door,
she turned and said: ' I give this rhyme,
myself, and so much more;
I pledge my body and my soul
to you my Mardi Gras
and if you like I shall be whole,
discard my finest bra,
and, like a wedge of Maasdam Cheese
I slip right in between,
to have you kiss my cleavage (please)
outside the mens' latrine.'

So now you've learnt the history
of how these lovers met,
and not a hint of misery
a perfect match was set.

When LOVE itself joins hand to hand
no end will ever come,
and all of us must understand
the music of our drum.

A Co-Production by:

Emancipation Planz

and

Herbert Nehrlich

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Herbert Nehrlich

.....When I'M Sixty-Four?

I hope your hands
will always be for
me to hold.
And, if they are
a trifle sweaty,
would you mind
to overlook
this sign of
rampant joy?

I hope your eyes
will always be for
me to love.
And, if they shed
a few shy tears,
so would you mind
I kissed them all away?

I hope your ears
will always be for
my own words.
And if they're sparse
at times or casual
would you mind
me whispering
sweet nothings -
all day and night?

I hope your smile
will always be
just waiting
to shine on me
with love
and tenderness.
And would you mind
to save your smile
when I am sleeping
for morning glory?

I hope your lips
will always be
just waiting,
for kisses that
sing songs
of love for me.
And if I hurry
out the door
still chewing brekkie,
I hope you'll
want to:
look into my eyes,
talk into my ears,
hold my calloused hands
and kiss me
'til I melt.

Herbert Nehrlich

....And Many Happy Returns

He had just celebrated,
with kindred friends and spirits
his seventieth.
The guests now gone
and one could hear
the squeaking of his rocking chair
accompanied by birds,
who, in the tropics, sing at night
as well, it set the stage
for melancholy reminiscence
about the crossroads he had reached
where spectators just stood,
observing him with friendly faces
and the benevolence of man.

The specialist had said 'you will be fine',
though using neutral words to intimate
that things were in control,
that modern medicine would win
with weapons like FU, his special chemo.
There was a climate that surrounded
and pampered him, as if to say
'because we like you, Jim, you'll be okay.'

And so, there was no need to fret,
to get some order into his affairs.
He looked again at the physician's card,
with HAPPY BIRTHDAY in fluorescent letters.
He read the text again, but searched,
in vain for what was old tradition:
Returns, the many happy ones!
It was not there, perhaps an oversight?

A shadow crossed his tired face
when from within a voice sang out,
it told him what he knew to be
the truth, that this would be his very last.

....For Being Late

'Twas late in the day
on that Christmas Eve
and the elves lost their way,
Santa rolled up his sleeve,
quick took out out his road map
and peered through his glasses
then he waved with his cap
'Let us move your fat asses! '
So the reindeer did fly
in a Northern direction
and from high in the sky
they could see a reflection.
As their well-travelled legs
landed, things became funny:
Among thousands of eggs
sat the Easterbunny.

Herbert Nehrlich

....Und Lache, Lache, Lache

Man wird im Leben of verkohlt,
das kommt von der Natur.
Wir Alten werden ueberholt
man schickt uns noch zur Kur.

Die Zeit verfliegt, man merkt es kaum
das Jungvolk waechst heran,
man reist zur Kindheit, nur im Traum,
wacht auf als alter Mann.

Sie beissen sich die Zaehne aus
(wir haben kaum noch welche) ,
und spaeter dann, beim Leichenschmaus
da leer'n sie uns're Kelche.

Wir sterben gern, so sagt man uns,
weg mit dem alten Eisen,
der neue Mensch, als Hinz und Kunz
spuckt aus vor alten Greisen.

Die Welt gehoert dem Dollarschein,
der Mensch ist Nebensache
ich trinke heimlich teuren Wein
und lache, lache, lache.

Herbert Nehrlich

...And Carry A Big Stick

Walk softly, boy and always carry
a stick to chase your foes away
go get the girl you want to marry
and build that house on Horseshoe Bay.

It is not money or connections
that would secure a place for all
what matters is in which direction
you kick and follow your own ball.

Stand firm and be prepared to fight
don't compromise and don't deceive
and raise your stick when you are right
while others webs for devils weave.

Herbert Nehrlich

...Not Far From The Tree

An apple bored to just be hanging
had tried, through frequent heavy banging
to cut himself loose from the tree,
he wanted also to be free,
as some of his esteemed round friends
had fallen down near the old fence.

To no avail were here his tries
only the wind did hear his cries,
and on a day with heavy cloud
it started whistling rather loud
and swept through all the orchard trees
dislodged some hives of honey bees
and nudged the apple of his stem
thus he fell down and laughed at them.

'You stupid apples, are you plotting
your great escape or are you rotting
I see that you are resting now
on muddy ground, don't you know how
to look after your apple skin
you must preserve it well to grin
and as you know no apple sells
if he looks wrinkled, even smells.'

The apple who had fallen last
then tried to roll but was aghast
he could not move at all down here
it gave him one big dose of fear.

While trying to make up a plan
a rather big and heavy man
came up to them with muslim bag
he gave each apple its own tag
and soon they all were sealed inside
the farmer took them for a ride.

The farmer's kids came running out
(the wife was making sauerkraut) ,

they looked at all the apples now
the youngest one said 'Daddy, wow,
it did not take you long to get
these apples and I think I'd bet
that you did climb a big old tree.'

'Oh no, a big old tree, not me,
you kids must learn that not a one
can walk or shuffle, fly or run,
an apple always tends to be
right where he falls, close to the tree.'

Herbert Nehrlich

...Wise To Be Humble

Oh God, it is wise to be humble
but poets may never believe,
in the poet world's rumble and tumble
he has millions of words up his sleeve.
And he twists them and shapes their behinds
then he kisses their curves and their skin,
as the poem then labours and grinds
he will dream of the day he will win.
There is no one who writes quite the same
nor will searchers discover a man
who will speak with each word in a frame
and each line laid according to plan.
You, who laugh at these poems, just hush!
Can you equal this salad of words?
And if not I command you to blush
pay respect to the culture of nerds.

Herbert Nehrlich

10 Haikus And Some Wisdom

Hand in hand
hand in it
it in hand
it in it.

Tongue in cheek
tongue in it
it on tongue
it in it.

Haiku

Walk along with me
thinking of your underwear
is it boxershorts?

It is alkaline
care needs to be taken though
that jeans are noble.

It is a wonder
that no one likes the mothers
and does God know this?

Once a world power
they had illusions only
they do mean nothing.

On Hitler's birthday
they chanted filthy slogans
the Pope a Nazi.

His name was Clinton
he placed his crooked member
where no one ought to.

A friend named Yeltsin
he likes his vodka bottle
and dances Polka.

I am a racist
I like to step and stomp on
the fly-by pedal.

A dog named Adolf
he was the undertaker
for many roaches.

A cat named Lucy
she was so pseudo-pregnant
we named her Mamma.

Herbert Nehrlich

1961, And Later (Haiku)

Cherryblossomfresh
this word describes your bosom.
My eyes were grateful.

Acorns suspended
forty years of gravity,
I'm presbyopic.

Herbert Nehrlich

2006

New Year has come, two-thousand-six,
it desperately needs a fix.
The biggest known deficiency
is what we call omega-three.
And further should it be our mission
to guillotine each politician.
Dismantle Medicine as such
since it has lost the human touch.
Dump all the pills into the sea
to spare us so much misery.
And as to humans, there is need
to bring back decency, indeed.
And teach the kids integrity
and that no riches make us free.
Struth! So much more is still required
just thinking of it makes me tired.
Though I shall give this stuff the nod
will it come true? Please ask your God.

Herbert Nehrlich

2009 Happy Birthday Jerry Hughes!

Jerry Hughes is making merry,
folks as far as Londonderry
send him wishes, sometimes darts,
he may upset applecarts
up to snuff in his cognition
quick to beat the competition
keeping though a civil tongue
once he sees the bastards hung.
Friends like Jerry come in stages
ask a poet as he ages
whether he'd accept a freak,
he will help the frail, the meek
but he has no time for losers,
druggies, poofers, thieves and boozers.
I am proud to call him Mate
sent the combo for my gate.

Herbert Nehrlich

21 Haikus

He stayed inside her
until the borders opened
beloved Poland.

She shaved the hair off
but hubby was a drunkard
hair of the dog, then.

The snow of dandruff
had settled on his shoulders
he did not ski there.

Arctic explorer
in need of operation
could get no doctor.

She was a stripper
and did the wiggle nicely
there was an echo.

Airplane with pilot
may get you back quite safely
if he stays sober.

Old Doctor Ziddle
was looking for dilation
she had to piddle.

The moon is lonely
and really jealous of her
she is much brighter.

The Devil whistled
when he saw Brigitte Bardot
and tried to bribe her.

In Argentina
they do the wildest dances
but not the Polka.

The Pope is German
he drove an old Volkswagen
God kept it running.

Speedy Gonzales
must have been a Latino
illegal alien?

Hilary Clinton
can taste the presidency
she's not my taste though.

And Donald Rumsfeld
was into drugs, yes, truly
but did they help him?

In Arizona
the sun fools many people
to think they're poets.

My book is ready
the Library of Congress
has shown some int'rest.

The one who scooted
he was a sordid liar
he lives in cesspool.

The Eiffel Tower
is an attempt by Frenchmen
to reach the Heavens.

And Gerhard Schroeder
a German and a Peacock
dumped his first woman.

Enciting laughter
is something I am good at
Felix the Clown says.

All these are Haikus

they make you breathe much better
but you must read them.

Herbert Nehrlich

27 Haiku Definitions

Death

Inevitable?

Death most certainly is not.
Until it happens.

Birth

Coming out of there
must be the weirdest journey
of any unborn.

Illness

Should illness strike you,
remember that its cousin
is the Grim Reaper.

Marriage

Once you get married
the value of your dollar
will surely dwindle.

Puberty

The boys have stirrings,
the girls are hit by periods.
And buy their first bra.

Money

It is a product
of services performed and
it makes you comfy.

Sex

The main attraction

seems to consist of something
a bit elusive.

Jack Daniel's

Flamboyant Jack was
a genius who made whiskey
that one would strip for.

Vodka

Liquor called Vodka
is made from grain most often.
Potato's better.

Racist

A man with manners,
but somewhat presbyopic
when judging others.

The Devil

He made me do it.
A Hypnotist who knows how.
God did create him.

Automobile

If a Mercedes
it will make you soon forget
lowly Volkswagens.

Doctors

As Nature heals you,
the Doctor watches closely.
Then takes your money.

Lawyers

Opinions differ.

As udders of all cows do.
All lawyers milk them.

Dentists

As you get older
your bark is often bigger.
All dentists like this.

Politicians

They get elected
by dummies who pay money.
And do feel taken.

Homosexuals

Misguided missiles,
finding erotic targets.
While swinging pelvis.

Nude Beach

A bunch of loonies,
comparing in the open
sex apparatus.

Traffic Cop

Man with uniform,
but psychologically
a Robber Baron.

Teacher

Impatient master
of not his own but your life.
Who teaches teachers?

Auto Mechanic

Such greasy fingers,

working on your pride and joy.
And then count money.

Pornography

Money for Honey,
who shows us how we ought to
perform without it.

French Kiss

Sticking one's tongue in,
to count internal structures
above the stomach.

Army

A bunch of soldiers,
who shoot until they run out
of living targets.

War

Old men in bunkers,
pulling the strings of others.
Until they snap off.

Pope

A man of God who
condemns all poverty but
hoards his own riches.

In Love

Overestimate
the difference between them.
It's an illusion.

Herbert Nehrlich

2999 - Enough Already!

I shall, dear reader stop right here.
Though this, to critics may appear
to be an inner, insecure
but outwardly so very sure
and Lederhosenmusketeer.

You note the number, yes of course,
my pen is worn, its voice is hoarse.
The magic three may never come
which, in itself a princely sum,
would ask the author for remorse.

Herbert Nehrlich

4evr

Nothing adorns and decorates
a pewter concrete face.
The Moon shines listlessly
its dim and yellow light
onto the thoughts that rise
to enter small eternal folds
of cold crevasses, dark.
He pauses by the fields
and ponders life itself.
No lightning strikes,
no thunder spoils the night,
and silence reigns
above the mist,
where human hands just raised
remain unseen.
He feels it now
but knows within his heart
that raindrops bring no joy
to those who stand alone,
and words,
etched into stone
will weather storms
but fade
before forever takes his hand.

Herbert Nehrlich

500 Words And One Hand

'Yes', she uttered.
It was 1966, home turf,
when standing, tipsy
on the muddy banks
of our river,
by name of Schwalm,
when she, with sudden
and so unexpected,
but very welcome,
and hoped for,
dreamed about,
though feared,
initiative, and courage,
and all but shunning
all that which was,
well, after all,
a woman's place
in modern times.
Still needed to
be more conservative
than any man.
By country mile,
and more, of course.
So, now she had,
while we were kissing
with eyes tight shut
in paradise
of overflowing
yet immature
and innocent
demeanour,
slipped one sly hand
where normally
the sun don't shine
and no one visits.
'JeesusChrist',
that's what I mumbled,
we stood like that
until the time

of Bliss was done.
I do not think
that it will ever
return to us
yet memories,
they surely must
cross over .
I would not want
to enter Heaven
without it,
no, the preciousness
shall be with me
beyond today
beyond all worlds.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Death

The snot ran slowly, in rivulets,
coloured by staph and streptococci,
mixed in haphazard way, down
and came to rest within the coarse
and curly hairs that hid his chin,
a goatee of a salt and pepper hue.
He coughed again, a painful sound,
his chest seemed to recoil in fear
and tears rolled from the corners
of his bloodshot eyes, to meet
down at the chin, with greenish pus
dissolving some to start the flow anew,
down to his trousers, striped and blue
leaving their telltale stains upon
what once was upperclass from better days,
before the tumour burst one lonely night
and sent its scouts to roam and seize
in search of sugar which would feed
the rogue and nasty cells that were,
and soon would be, his private hell
before the system would give in, at last
and make its peace by shouting welcome to its doom.
He'd burned his bible when he still could stand
no use to have a book that gave false hopes,
he should have done so when his mother died,
same thing he thought, she'd filled her lungs
with tons of fluids in the end, it took away
all powers just to breathe, though she was strong
and pulled the plug herself, no respirator would
accompany her life into the other world, oh no.
And now it was his time, it came so bloomin' fast
he'd had no time to reminisce or let the past,
his own, drift by in front of tired eyes, a film
of one life lived and brought to terms with God,
His will and wiley ways, how could a world exist
in which omnipotence took on the role of judge,
and executioner, without a shred of love for man
pointing its thumb, to either heaven or to hell,
depending on an ambience of strange and unknown truths.

The nurse, a pretty thing, see-through her uniform,
well semi in its lovely, clingy way, she had a smile
that seemed reserved for him alone, and if he could,
somehow by way of grace from God or other forces, be
a whole and heart man again, he would not hesitate,
and money always paved the way, he'd lay it on the line
that life itself is short and one must take the hand
of such a treasure chest who would be proud to bear
his children, make his home into a haven for them all,
she'd left, next to the water jug, a small syringe,
capped still but full of liquid green, a pad of wipes
sat, awkwardly, not far away and held a note, of rose
and flowered paper, a Hallmark brand for sending thoughts
to lovers through the Royal Mail, it said, in purple ink:
It's what you want and need, my handsome friend, you've seen
so many times, when I went through the day's routine,
just do the same, it will be quick and as you do, please press
your buzzer then, and be assured I really, fully understand
I'll be right here, like lightning flash to hold your dying hand.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pious Journey

In religion we have doubters and these doubters stand their ground
looking wise and all confused because they are.

Let's remember Father Moses as he stood there, on the mound
gave his sermon and the echo carried far.

Come my children said the prophet and embrace your brothers too
let no odour turn your nostrils from your love,
turn your cheek to show the masses what a Christian, just like you
take commands not from your kind but from above.

Shun your hatred, help the poor and take the lame across the road
see the smile as it descends upon a face,
hold your journey, smell those flowers, say hello to the small toad
be the leader and demand that we keep pace.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bad Poem (Competition)

And when time after time
they grow lemon and lime,
which makes thinking sublime
and leads poets to rhyme
like a Klingenthal chime
in its second year prime.
Playing tunes to the mime
in a garden of thyme -
death by nickel-and-dime
bless mein heim, mein sweet heim.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Beam In His Eye (Haiku)

His pointed finger
resembled mutilation
a strange reflection.

His stare was cruel,
and darkened by the shadow
of a large splinter.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bird Named Johann Wolfgang Von G.

The Farmer's Market, by the tracks
was where you'd buy from hornet's wax
to octopus and chestnut pie
all things that would be, to a guy
quite non-essential but a must.
It was designed to end all frust
through its exotic qualities
and rather inexpensive fees.

When in the morning Joe stopped in
the farmer's kids restocked the bin
and on a perch above the eggs
a parrot, who had hairy legs
was sitting and reciting stuff.
The Farmer's wife, a rather gruff
substantial lady counting money
said to the bird 'Now listen Honey,
I know your name is Johann, bless
so go and talk but please don't mess
onto the produce here today
or you will have to go away.'

When Joe looked up at the strange bird
he liked his looks but when he heard
the words that came like idle chatter
out of the beak, all in a matter
of seconds and it never stopped....
the Farmer's wife who had just mopped
some droppings of the talking bird
and also a much larger turd
that was forgotten by a horse
replied to him, 'oh yes, of course,
he is for sale, a pleasant critter',
Joe worried he could be a shitter,
'I wonder would you farmers take
a dollar for this brazen fake? '

The bird was muttering a curse
and then resumed his German verse.

The deal was done, the two departed
and, in the car bird Johann started
to rattle poems, one by one
it sounded great and Joe had fun.
And when they reached the house at last
he thought that he had found a blast,
a soul to fill his empty days
he had been looking for new ways
to entertain himself since June,
his wife, had passed away, too soon.

She had been his exclusive gem
but in the storm she'd caught her hem
out on the porch, where she fell over
while looking for their dog named Rover.
And lightning struck her, killed her dead
since then he was alone in bed.

And when a man is all alone
he can peruse his telephone
but Joe did need another toy
as every man remains a boy
and needs to sing and dance and play
to be internally okay.

Meanwhile Johann was talking loudly
reciting poetry so proudly
all ancient German verse and rhyme
with cultured voice, accent sublime.

So, right away he turned him loose
when sounds of things like Mother Goose
came out and filled up to the ceiling
the air and Joe did get the feeling
that there was more to this cute creature
and that he could act as a teacher
if he was truly gifted thus
it would be great for youngster Gus.

So he decided to determine
if all the talking was a sermon
that had been taught to Mister Parrot

by someone smart, with whip and carrot.

'Say, John, I see that you are smart,
and poetry is quite an art
but tell me, what about your name,
and is it all a clever game?
So, if you are more than a bird
I'd like to know, because you stirred
inside my head as much emotion
as I perceived in my devotion
to her, who died from lightning strike
I tell you, what that girl was like,
she'd read to me from the old Masters
while all around there were disasters
and here I sit most every night
and nothing in my life is bright.'

'Now listen, Johann is my name,
and if to you, it's all the same
I am the one who wrote each poem
it takes some talent just to know 'em,
Don't give me whistles, songs and bells
because each poem surely tells
a story of profoundest treasure
and thus conveys exquisite pleasure
so take my word, I'd like to stay
to make your life, extremely gay.'

Just then Joe's eyes, a trifle damp,
the parrot landed on the lamp
and, sitting on the very edge
recited then the poem 'Pledge'.
And he recalled the poem's title
just when he thought of Poet Eitel
Then he swooped down with a slight whirr
to Joe the world was now a blur
he told the bird how he'd felt sorry
after the death, (a heartfelt story) ,
and how he had combed through the net
to find distraction and to get
into a site of poetry

he sensed that it would be the key
to get away from television.

Well, soon he made the bold decision
to sign up at the P/H site,
and he would visit there all night
to read it all, the posted works
of poets, wannabe's and jerks.
And in the end he was confused
and entertained but not amused
he found that some did have the class
but others were razzamataz,
and in the search for more decorum
he ended up inside the forum.
He saw how they were really fighting,
the ambience was quite exciting
and some would yell and others cuss
he wondered then about the fuss
and saw that comments were designed
to keep one's ego well aligned
while others couldn't understand
why more than one creative brand
could have a right as it existed
if it was never really listed
in certain books of editors.

So these passé competitors
were causing havoc on the site
which absolutely was not right.
And, of them all, the biggest gripe
was the reaction to a swipe
by expert poets, residential
who handed out the quintessential
advice, and forced it down the throats
of those, while following their notes.

The bird had been so very quiet
but now he said 'This is a riot,
these people do not know a thing
and it is I who is the King,
I tell you we will have our sessions
each night to lift you from depression,

I will take out from my big stash
for you a new one from the ash
of history's greatest collection.

I will recite them with inflection
of the old Masters, just because
it is that poetry that was
and is and will remain the best
new poetry cannot be blessed
a poem's mandate is to rhyme
all other writing is a crime,
you will, through the preponderance
of my work find deliverance
so I am glad to be your friend
as you will, truly, in the end
find happiness within this life
and it will honour your dear wife.'

And for a minute, not a sound
was audible but then they found
that all that had been said was true
and that the sky would now be blue.

For decades they lived with each other
and Joe did care just like a mother
they spent their evenings in trance
and watched the poems do their dance.
Inside the house they filled the shelves
inside their heads were little elves
who hopped around to laugh and tease
creating poetry to please
and Johann studied all the new
substandard non-creative brew.

But on a sunny day in May
he read an utterly okay
free verse poetic little work
at first he'd thought, oh what a jerk
but then he read it and he knew
that this was poetry, not poo.

And what he had considered crap

fell in one swoop into his lap,
he picked it up and said 'dear God,
will you my Lord give this the nod
as I do think that this is good,
and wonder truly, if I should
perhaps look into this free style
so would you walk with me a while? '

And God was silent since he reckoned
that evolution called and beckoned
and that this Johann could well flex
he was beholden to no Hex,
so from that day the bird composed
what he had previously (hard-nosed)
rejected as inferior writing
and criticized with rather biting
and stinging words in days gone by.

He stood and sang the Lorelei
and then he counted one to seven
and stated that up there, in Heaven
the judges lived and not on earth.
That all new poems, at their birth
would 'as of right' be called exciting
which would encourage further writing,
and that no judgment was required
as it would be (for sure) admired
by one at least, the one who wrote it.

And with some luck, he'd even quote it
and find receptive open minds
and not those experts with their blinds.

So, in the end the parrot learned
that those of us who are concerned
about the work of others should
remember that they could and would
create what Johann calls 'superb',
I see a sign 'Do Not Disturb'
it is my signal to go back
to my creative writing track.

And as to rhyming or free verse
you will not find a valid curse
so let us write just from the heart
and dwell inside this brilliant art.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bit Of Rilke

IV. Sonett

O dieses ist das Tier, das es nicht giebt.
Sie wußtens nicht und habens jeden Falls
- sein Wandeln, seine Haltung, seinen Hals,
bis in des stillen Blickes Licht - geliebt.

Zwar war es nicht. Doch weil sie's liebten, ward
ein reines Tier. Sie ließen immer Raum.
Und in dem Raume, klar und ausgespart,
erhob es leicht sein Haupt und brauchte kaum

zu sein. Sie nährten es mit keinem Korn,
nur immer mit der Möglichkeit, es sei.
Und die gab solche Stärke an das Tier,

daß es aus sich ein Stirnhorn trieb. Ein Horn.
Zu einer Jungfrau kam es weiß herbei -
und war im Silber-Spiegel und in ihr.

Ah, here it is, the creature without life
They could not know but did just to be sure
Admire, love, its features so alive
Into the depth of stillness to endure
Though it was not an animal to love
Yet had become one in that inner room
Where it stood out to raise its head above
Itself, she nourished it not with a single corn
But always with the thought that it could be
And thus a strength formidable defied all doom
To grow from deep within its forehead's own
A growth into its world, a unicorn.
Within the silver mirror it was plain to see
White, inside the maiden it had grown.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bomb

Dawn in the valley.
A chilling fear now rises
like an emotional, ominous cloud.
It soon disperses in the mist,
a lonely crow still flaps its wings
in stark defiance of the odd
and unwelcome turbulence.
Grasshoppers and locusts,
mixed in weird meleé
darken skies, their plaintiff hum,
heard through the region
and making every living creature
take notice, reluctantly. But now.
Blinded rabbits and field mice,
staggering between the pockmarks
created by the fallout and the pieces
of hot, still melting steel and fuel,
crying in heart-break and empty despair.
A field of corn stalks, once proud, erect,
now toppled over and covered by
a veritable ocean of dead fishes, from the sea
miles away, but boiling, foaming
in anger, no surf but rising now, tsunami
how likely? in the making, here the water,
that once tame blue green sea of tranquility
where it goes it boils and soon destroys, death,
once unthinkable except in natural order,
ordained and unaccepted, it is everywhere.
Now, that the bomb has come, feared
and always imagined, false dream hoped for,
but for others, in far away places, killings
in the fields of infidels, the murderers
and fornicators, same sex marriages,
premarital defiance and godlessness,
it must be, how could it not be, the end
already memory is fading of what still lingers,
it is the quick and so inevitable unravelling,
though much too slow, if death must come
so be it but with mercy to the innocent,

who, in a lifetime of believing and worshipping,
have earned some points that surely qualify
I do not see the sores, blasted through DNA
and oozing yellow pus that glows, from limbs
once used to pray and work the land, in honour
and obedience to God, with Jesus as his son
who sacrificed himself for us, to what avail?
So is this eli, eli lama asaftani, or did they lie
inside the scriptures, those legends of the past?
Yes, Mr. Oppenheimer, and company, thank you,
for being you and looking out for all those things
that were not living, had no soul and brought you joy
was splitting hairs not nearly satisfying,
that priceless atoms had to serve for your strange dreams?
I see it fading now, the print from this computer,
and heat has come at last, to sweep us with the dust
into forgetfulness and purple raven nights
I say good-bye to you and will you understand?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bond?

I asked you to suggest what I could do
to lift your spirits, make your life a fete,
I figured that by now you likely knew
what makes you tick and keeps you in the state.

I know today that it is never up to you,
you see the whole of me, it is the real me,
if some shenanigans can help me to undo
the minus vibes it only sets our spirits free.

It's warts 'n all of course, it must be for the two
who've found a miracle so close to the beyond
You have my eyes you lovely sweetheart and I do
show only nakedness but hopeful of our bond.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bred Farton Poem

Mangy, ugly mutt
hangs around the club
gets the hasty rub
scratches now his butt
waits for patient leg
eyes and face do beg.
Starts his horny hump
up and down the crease
from his inner sump
flows the canine tease.
People laugh a lot
think it is so funny
I believe it's not,
gotta hit the dunny.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Brief Friendship

For those who jump
when friendship beckons
and seal their pact in miniseconds
go from a grump
to being happy
they've learned that life
if it is crappy
brings only strife.

But wait, what if they do at first
cling to the warmth of status quo
in an insatiable thirst
they sit and watch the union grow.

Yet, humans being rather fickle
they'll take the tiniest excuse
a word, a gesture comes, to tickle
and plants the seed (the devil's ruse?)
which now creates a plant with leaves
developing into a huge
and monstrous climber, to the eaves
it looks convincingly like Scrooge.

No further sign is now required
the catchcry now is condemnation
a fleeting friendship has grown tired
all faith, a product of inflation.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Brilliant Poet

He suffered from a phlebolith,
a rather nasty fusion,
a gray and stringy, foamy pith
it caused a great delusion.
He thought he was a gifted boy
but to his consternation
the only person to enjoy
his immature narration
was mother who, between TV,
soap operas and Springer
read all his so-called poetry
and raised her ladyfinger:
My son, the poet, bless him God
some day will have the masses
come running just to hear his odd....
and sit there, on their asses.
In awe they'll be, and rightfully,
such talent, such devotion!
I think that I may go and pee
into the Southern Ocean.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bumblebee Turns Gay

There was a little bumblebee
he went down on his bumble knee
and told the queen that he was gay
this message caused her much dismay
new friend remarked 'you humble me'.

The queen said, listen, bumblebee
I will not let you wander free
your work is here and you must breed
to plant in me that precious seed
lest all your steps a stumble be.

So bumblebee did stumble free
got off his little bumbleknee
and hand in hand with his new lover
took to the air, briefly to hover
their wings a constant mumble, see?

And both our poofter bumblebees
had taken with them rumble keys
the queen sent kamakazi drones
to apprehend and smash their bones
so they became two tumblebees.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Bumblebee's Sweet Destiny

A bumblebee had hitched a ride
by hanging on the starboard side
of Russia's pride, the Aeroflot
right near the engine where it's hot.

The captain got her in the air,
flew straight into the sun's hot glare.
And then they climbed into the sky
to heights where normal creatures die.

The bumblebee had been a shade
of gray and black, like gatorade.
But soon, when covered with fine ice
resembled modified white rice.

The frost cut into his thin skin
and quickly travelled further in.
And once the plane reached altitude
the stowaway, still cold and nude

pledged to his God that he would be,
if saved, a better bumblebee.
But God had heard this song before
and did not trust them anymore,

regardless of their place of birth
or what their role was on this earth.
They lied, all critters and their masters
in peace and threatening disasters.

Please save me, was the standard plea
it was to be or not to be.
But after God had done his deed
they all returned to human need

who would forget their obligation
and practice wanton fornication.
The bumblebee who had good ears
still hung there, though consumed by fears,

when engine trouble hit the Boeing
it was a question now of knowing
what happens when they all just die.
The bee then heard the pilot cry.

And soon, the bird had to descend
no power meant a bitter end.
The bumblebee let go and flew
right past (he saw the frantic crew) .

With wings designed for tempered flight
he soared, it really was a sight!
But when he reached four hundred knots
he heard, and felt the heat of shots,

He saw them now, all hunting duck
well, I'll be damned, they've gone amuck,
they might just hit me in the head
and I will surely be quite dead.

His wings were burning from the speed
the belly skin began to bleed.
So in an act of desperation
he used some clever gravitation

and grabbed a bullet, thirty-eight.
It was in an ascending state
and hit its target in the chest,
right through the mallard's silver crest.

Inside the heart it was quite pleasant,
it smelled of duck, perhaps of pheasant.
The bumblebee revived its blood
and then they landed, with a thud.

He stood, expelled by the contraction
called ventricle ejection fraction.
And as he stretched he heard a noise
and then a hunter's frightened voice.

The plane was now a fireball

and passengers and crew, they all
just perished in a blessed minute.
'Thank Destiny, I wasn't in it.'

As you can see, this tale is odd.
The bee, rejected by his God
had found a friend in destiny
and God had lost a bumblebee.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Business Deal

Things did look good,
the reasonableness
was palpable that day.
Only that fellow Murphy
and his blasted Law
had infiltrated the territory
and breached perimeters
that should have been taboo.

And so I signed the papers,
and was assured the merchandise
with all the trimmings would arrive
to be received with joyful heart
in just a week, so praise the Lord.

And when I left he'd stayed behind
to do his dirtywork and throw a spanner
into the works, all unbeknownst to me.
The merchandise arrived, so I was told
but would be late by two, three days,
there was a tiny glitch that needed fixing.

It turned out differently, my friends.
The glitch was major and I ascertained
what had been happening, in dark of night,
such a defect and all the tampering with it
did make it unacceptable, that much was clear.

What followed was a skirmish, followed by
more of the same, each with more fire,
and when the war was over in a week
it first appeared unclear as to which side
had won the mother of all battles here,

it was the day that all the ammunition,
all bullets had been spent and hit their targets.
That day will be tomorrow, it's a Monday,
the aftermath of Father's Day, for dear old Dad.

A Canadian

Since I had just arrived
from foreign shores
where men are shy
and women tease,
I halted briefly at the dune
and looked straight into
the Southern sun.
You later said you smiled
right when I draped with care
the Mapleleaf upon
what I would call in Latin only
mons pubis, (cute, those curls) .
I've loved Canadian women
ever since. Au Canada.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Case Of Having A Need To Know

He questioned them (a need to know) ,
about the prospect of below
and whether it would cost too much
to choose the common way, as such.

He did not have much time he said
and in the morning he was dead.
A smile was seen to grace his face
it showed his joy, this was a case
of knowing what the trip would bring
well in advance of his last fling.

The manager had told him that
it varied with the type of fat
and body mass, as well as age
his book told all, on the last page
it stated clearly that the urn
would have to hold it all; a burn
could never get the stalky parts,
the flames consumed such things as hearts
and livers, anyway, all meat
they'd perish wholly in the heat.

This would, it seemed, take a good hour
depending on the fire's power,
to that you'd add the giant grinder
which needed an attending minder,
it crunched and pulverised all bones
and (through its noise) drowned any moans.
So all in all, the fellow learned
what it would cost him to get burned
as well as what it all entailed
and whether they had ever failed
due to a lack of gas supplies
and had there been a bad surprise
in all the years of operation,
or was it simply speculation
to presuppose that now and then,
a child, or womanfolk and men

were hardly ready for the journey
as they were wheeled in on the gurney?

'Please rest assured', came the reply
'this place sees everybody die.'

Herbert Nehrlich

A Chip On His Humpback

His father was a gentleman
his mother was a mutt
the offspring is a little man
a gentleman he's not.

He was in stature really tiny
and had a big hunchback
the Fatherland would call him Heini
and stuff him in a sack.

He, on his visits, misbehaves
and stomps his little feet
which is some feat meant just for Braves
and very hard to beat.

Because, I'll tell you now my friend
if both are in your mouth
you'd have to stoop and strain and bend
to kick the Belles down South.

So get a life, consider glasses
to see the real world
there comes a time when dimwit asses
into the mud are hurled.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Choice

The lady was hysterical.
Two dogs on bloody
sleeveless arms.
Both looked near death.

The foaming of
the natural reaction
to bites from
deadly snakes

had well progressed
and words came into his
much stressed
and educated mind.

He told her quickly
in reassuring tones,
that he would, intravenously
pump elixir of life
('twas called anti-venene)
into both mutts,
and not to worry.

He owned a single vial
of the stuff.
there was no time,
no other options.

He gave the younger one
new hope for life.
And watched the other die.
Perhaps it was plain sympathy
that led the Gods
to order
a double funeral
that day.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Christopher Marlowe Poem

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of th purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Herbert Nehrlich addition:

And I shall weave from fallen leaves
a crown which in the end deceives
the devil and his Reaper grim,
no sight will fade, no eyes grow dim

On moss you will be resting and
with kisses love and soothe my hand
the sheep? The hounds will care for those
while I go find for you a rose

to place behind you pretty ear
so that from now it too can hear
the whispers of your lover's call
each tone, and PACE*, yes to all,

I thirst for you, please kiss my lips
and bring them close, your sensuous hips,
and let us rest here, in the shade
while thoughts of duty slowly fade.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Cock Named Elsevier

A cockatoo named Elsevier
had sipped some of his master's beer.
The alcohol had warmed his heart,
he thought it would be very smart
to raid the Bar for Jägermeister.

His boss who was a lawyer-shyster
would not be home for many hours.
He was a bird with special powers
and turned the cabinet's gold key,
then switched on lights so he could see.

Let's see now, there is the Wild Turkey,
which does go well with Angus Jerky,
and Ouzo from the Isle of Crete,
which should be drunk well-chilled but neat.
So many bottles, endless choices...

He suddenly heard female voices
come through the door into the lounge,
the bird, determined still to scrounge,
took beakfuls of an aged Pernod
and pretty soon felt like a crow,
though he was lilywhite and gold,
the Crest Of Kings he had been told.

The master's wife came in at last
and saw the bird (it was a blast) ,
who tried to balance on the lamp,
below, the carpet showed a damp
and greenish looking worm-like spot.

The lady said 'This sure is NOT
permitted in this noble house! '
And as she stood, her bright blue blouse
became desirable attraction
for Happy Hour drunken action.
Head-over-heels the cockatoo
dived in between those lovely two

mammary swellings, well confined,
where he was stuck and nearly blind.

You see, when women are in rage
their breathing then expands the cage,
which houses, on the outside, breasts
and underneath the vital rest.

The guardians of his new-found prison
had, through expansion thus arisen
from comfort-fit to bulging tight,
thus one can understand his plight.

Another trait that women bear
is that they like their underwear
kept free of any cockatoos,
regardless how much potent booze
they have imbibed, so that was that.

I would not even bet a nickel
that she would, at the slightest tickle
of 'too-down feathers on her boobs,
so close to lactogenic tubes
that lead into the breasts' interior
and parallel to some superior
and very touchy sens'ry nerves...
which means that her majestic curves
reacted with expected shock.

She ripped it off and yelled 'You COCK,
you are not welcome in my house,
look what you've done to my new blouse.'

And so the day proved once again
that liquor is reserved for men.
And cockatoos who live in houses
should never dive down into blouses.
And French Pernod at three o'clock
can turn a bird into a cock.
And cocks, it must be said, should stay
from ladies' breasts quite far away.

A Commentary

The infantile word 'infantile'
brings up in me a bit of bile.
The other word (he called it boring)
reminds me of him never scoring
in posting something vaguely pleasant
though I enjoy the title 'boy',
I would describe a boy as coy.
But don't forget a boy is young
and not as effortlessly stung
by those who cannot even spell
though try to stand, attempt to sell
their work as something of a thrill
for me it is a tasteless pill.
And I would like to add to this
that rhyming poetry is bliss
and that those men of poetry
like Silverstein and Nash (and me)
and Suess and Goethe of the past
whose poems will forever last
would not appreciate the mention
no matter what the man's intention.
It is a bit like when they fought
in the debate, and one had sought
to be compared to Kennedy
and Reagan whose own heart was free
reminded him of who he was
(a man of doubt and many flaws) ,
so let me close this rather sweetly
you, Sir, to put it more discreetly,
should seek advice up in Seattle
before you enter any battle.

Some words in the above were placed due
to the need to rhyme. This may change the meaning
for some readers, though not for myself.

H

Herbert Nehrlich

A Cranka

Be stupid, helpless and bland
it will, most unfailingly
let only God understand.

Help not, love not, have no smiles
He will keep you company
for thousands of miles.

Look sad, smell bad, even stutter
walk arm in arm with misery
Dead man is best left in the gutter.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Crash

She'd fiddled with her face,
applied a half a pound
of beige foundation from
La Maison de Charleroi,
two hefty blasts of bland déodorant,
smothered two nipples with
a serving of Chanel, numéro cinq,
removed the bags of ice beneath
the mammaries, which now stood firm,
lit candles made of real wax of bees,
poured into crystals a beloved Beaujolais.
There was a flash of news from ARD,
a plane had crashed into the river Somme,
windshear had crashed her plans
and cut the promise of a life to silly shreds.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Critic's Fate

The officer who would not like the name of borderguard,
took his green passport, open at the photo page.
Flipping his fingers while one eye was kept on Mitch,
and chewed a wad of chewing gum that threatened to escape
from fleshy lips beneath a Boston gray Moustache.

'It has been brought', so said the voice in Texas Drawl,
'to our attention at the proud DOHS,
that one -so far elusive- perpetrator, has
besmirched the character and lily skin of this great USA!

The name's the same, so would you possess an alibi,
and 'Banson', might it be a clever cover
for Hadshi Halef or some other smelly name,
I bet your turban's hid' inside your scrawny ass.'

'So, out with it, you marked a score of ten
onto an Irish so-called poem, work of treason,
we've just invaded Northern Regions with our allies,
it took an hour and a half to wipe out Dublin!

You askin' me, they're friggin' Muslim lovers,
green camouflage is for the desert, don't we know it.
As a collaborator in this time of war
you are as guilty as them Afghans with their rugs,
and brand new powers make quick work of all them matters.
So have a seat, they will be here to pick you up.'

And when he asked about his now intended fate,
the wad flew out this time and landed on his shoe.
'They'll make it easy, after all we're civilised,
a single bullet and you won't know that it's coming.

I'm dropping your green passport in the shredder,
can see with my own eyes, you lousy spy,
en route to Krautland, which will be invaded,
by dawn tomorrow they will eat no sauerkraut.

The way I see it, if you ask me, this whole globe

is round and ball-shaped, which is what we stand for,
the balls to do things that need urgent doing,
and round America, as pure as Apple Pie.

I figger all them sheiks and mullahs do need cleansing,
all kingdoms and those nations of suspicion,
will be contained and then re-structured our way.
So, in the end we'll have America and Crawl,
which is the name that comes, directed by the White House
and encompasses all the filth not our own.
The land of Crawl will be what's left of populations,
that showed some promise and their role is one of service.

Oh, yes, of course, this is the New World that was needed.
We will sit back and all the Crawlies will be slaving,
and after all we have the mandate of our people.
It is a pity that you won't be here to see it.'

Herbert Nehrlich

A Day In The Life Of A New Yorker

There once was a fellow named Strong
he grew tentacles fifteen feet long.
when they put him in jail
he said, let me post bail
and he sold his own soul for a song.

After forty-five action-filled years,
the grand jury, the folks known as peers,
kicked him out in the street
as an obsolete treat
all he heard were their ear-piercing cheers.

So he went to the big Harlem Mission
got admitted and watched television,
Fell asleep and was raped
but he later escaped
it was rather a hasty decision.

Joined the Salvos and preached to the folks
was accosted for one pack of smokes.
So he left and became
through some cutting a dame
Now he tells as a hooker clean jokes.

Then he had some spare hours to kill,
so he went to a pub, had his fill.
Well his gift of the gab
put the lad on a slab
and they never discovered his will.

So you see, when a bloke feels superior
he may be, really, (quite likely) inferior.
it all hinges on brains
and on cognitive trains
which are hidden inside the interior.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Day In The Life Of God

God had some time, it always did turn out that way,
before his lunch which was the highlight of the day.
He'd twiddle fingers, thumbs, of each he had eleven,
and made new servants in a blink, routinely seven.
He called the servants by their given names, of course,
that's how Bonanza's fatso had been christened Hoss,
all wore suspenders and green lederhosen from Bad See,
and a small swastika with flowers on each knee.
Each new arrival was recruited by his skill,
and all would bow their heads and pray, it was His will.
He left no doubt that all His enemies were dumb
and so the time went by until His kingdom come.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Death Notice

A letter from a friend
arrived today.
Tidbits of news,
the local flood
and all results
of football matches.

A clipping fell
from in between
the pages,
it caught my eye.

And it was you,
my friend
of old,
we could not ever
forget you,
'Dickerle',
named Robert.

It took some time
for printed matter
to reach the shores
of my small island.
But I am happy
that it has
now landed.

And now I sit
and plan
the trip,
that was not on
until
twothousandsix.

We need to
have a talk
at your new home.

A Decent Bird Flu Would Be Dandy Right Now

Friends, this is
NO JOKE.
We are
CLEARLY
facing a very
dedicated
government effort
to trigger
an Avian Flu
pandemic through
experimentation
with live avian virus
on human volunteers.
I am soooo happy that
laboratory procedures
are foolproof.
Aren't you?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Devil Called Hurricane

So many faces
this turbulent devil
possesses,
seemingly,
without logic,
or justice
or fair-play...
it strikes.

And maims,
even kills
with abandon
and deadly skill
and its own
logistics.

Tsunami
shook the world
and the masses
flew into
action,
giving,
grieving,
praying,
and hoping
for mercy.

Shall we now
sit back
and await
the veritable
storm
of protest
and
righteous indignation
while the millions,
now recovered
and basking
in new-found,

gladly-given
comfort,
while they
come rushing
with their own
turbulence of
altruism
and love of
fellow man
meting out justice,
fair play
and money.

Surely,
there will be
no doubt
and not a single
excuse?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Different Path

Who, in his dreams or musings would have thought
a path, though narrow, through the jungle weaved,
a voice inside kept singing, yes, we ought
set foot among the shrubs where gods are peeved
and where scarce golden rays will warm our skin
reflecting stars of tasty molecules of dew
I am quite happy and I wear my Sunday grin
and I shall keep a million kisses just for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Dilemma

It is so sad
when clarity
gives way to
frank befuddlement.
It is the brain
that cries for help.
In dire need of nutrients
that are not present
in daily meals of classes
lower than
all mankind ought
to tolerate.
The father drinks,
the mother soon,
by being helpless
slips into the mad morass
of tempting fumes
and nothing
even less
will ever matter
in present time,
or in an unknown future.
There is no family,
no one to care and share
your life and destiny,
so you must march alone.

Leaving a legacy
of ill-equipped
and wide-set eyes,
the surest sign
of FAS, oh yes,
it is the foetal
syndrome that,
related to
the pure and steady
consumption of the sauce.
And then, once time
has passed,

and wind has blown
to drown the voices
of bold reason,
the offspring
(because it can)
does copulate.
Bring to this world
inferior blood
and damaged genes.
And, does it show?

Yes, God allowed
(a day of slight confusion?) ,
the crud to live, '
which means he is naive,
or rules with soft
and whimpish fist.
Though not to worry,
I do not care,
and I have read
Mein Kampf
some time ago,
debating now
what need be done.
Decapitation
or plain shooting,
perhaps a pill of cyanide?
'Clean up this world',
have said so many,
referring to ethnicity.
The question is,
more urgently:
Do we have standards
in our humans
to live up to
and to uphold?
And if we do,
can we just kill
the scum
right where we find it?
To answer does require
not a searching of my soul,

or endless fretting.
A simple nod
may do today
for all tomorrows.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Dire Emergency

It was a dire emergency,
something no frog appreciates.
A stork, his home a fancy nest
on top of the red-tiled roof,
had stabbed his hungry beak
into the gutter for a bit of green.
Frantically, since there was work to do
a veritable mountainrange of leaves
and unmentionable things
were stuck inside the downpipe
at the junction.
It was the hardest ever job he'd done,
the largest meal that could be eaten
and the happiest of all the days
a frog could even visualize.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Down Under Itch

There once was a fellow named Pap,
he was Greek but alazy old chap.
While his hand was inside
of his Inuit bride
he said, something in here is on tap.

And he took out a sample of cells
while ignoring the whistles and bells.
He said, please dear, compliance
is the essence of science
so hold still please, Mademoiselle.

And he filled up a small amber glass
with some drops from her underpass.
When he finished she said
let us stay in this bed
he said yes when she wiggled her ass.

Thus the PAP Test was born in a fever
it was named (all in Greek) Test Of Beaver,
and the man became rich
from a down under itch
Every Greek tends to be an achiever.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Dull Featherweight

There are those who will always stoop low
as they're smarting still from the last blow.
Fabrication? It suits
walk in somebody's boots?
Not for those quite unable to grow.

It is boring to read such old crap
one would need a Sat-Nav or a map,
but so many i.d.'s
matching names as you please
and unlimited hours on tap.

But I thank the small member of course,
for his whipping a tired old horse.
It's the legend of Wales
quite unfit to tell tales
only morons could really endorse.

I should ask my dear God why he blessed
only some, why the rest are hard-pressed,
and must strive to play clown
cut the tall poppies down
while succeeding in soiling their nest.

It is envy that drives so much hate,
if you can't follow facts or debate
you must stay with the herd
loathing every nerd,
but your label says dull featherweight.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Duty Now To Die

They'd badgered him, the family,
to go and have the tests, since, after all,
one needed to take all that modern medicine
and science had to offer to prevent,
prolong, improve and otherwise enhance
the human misery into something much more serene.

They'd taken at the firehouse his pulse,
and measured how much pressure it did make,
'this little heart of his, at rest and on the mill.
Sinister faces then prescribed the wonder pill,
it's what he needed to survive, thanks to his God.
It was, needless to say, the God of Modern Medicine,
which had its sticky fingers in a thousand pies,
'you'll take this pill, but twice a day for life,
it is called Lipitor and it will save your hide.'

Now this small pill will change the rules, at that,
of your physiology, it will prevent the synthesis
of much cholesterol through clever trickery,
while curing nothing and suppressing what
is sorely needed for the heart and every cell.

Let's kill you softly, says the ghost from Pharmaland,
it's of extreme importance that you put your trust
into the ways of modern man, and when it dawns
upon your mind that there is love, you will, of course,
take in the meaning of the Guv's most famous words:
It is the elderly who have a need to die.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Faceless God

And there appeared
without a warning
a break within the clouds
that had remained,
so heavy and so low
all week, as all HIS people
went on about the business
of burying those
who had defied,
with loudness and
determination,
their fellow man
and now their God.
Committed treason,
thus forsaken
their holy Being.
Abandoned Deity.

And God then did,
with thunderous
unprecedented
and harsh and deadly
force, akin to evil
and reminiscent
of Satan's work.
He had destroyed
and quickly rained
the angels of his death
upon the doubters
and the infidels.

As he appeared
a yellow light,
an image without shape,
within the clouds,
his face unseen,
but well possessed of voice,
and speaking to
the people just below:

'Your own iniquities
have seperated
you, the people
from myself,
your God.
It is your sins
which have
betrayed
and hidden
from you all
my holy face.
I will not hear you,
but cast you into
the lake of fire,
There shall be punishment
so everlasting
and all destruction
be heaped upon you.'

And thus, his will was done
as well it needed to be done.

And in the end,
there was one child,
left standing.
Alive and without harm
from God's own wrath.
And he seemed utterly,
and strangely unafraid,
and then he spoke:
'God, you have brought
no great tidings of your joy
to your own people.
And thus you are
perhaps to you
but not to me
my God.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Familiar Song

I was just browsing,
looking, searching my soul
found but a beautiful girl.
Yes you were pretty,
yes you were rich
but you were not for me.

You sent me kisses
hugs and two locks of hair
talked sweetly on the phone.
Yes you were pretty
yes you were rich
but you were not for me.

I was your trophy
added, to your long list
it's what your ego sought.
Yes, you were pretty
yes, you were rich
but you were not for me.

Que sera, sera
whatever will be, will be
this union was not to be,
que sera, sera.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Family

Her father was a smart dyslexic
but she was thin and anorexic.
The mother had a bad addiction
to gambling in her jurisdiction.
One brother used amphetamines
the other started in his teens
to rob and steal and even kill
it made the family quite ill.
One day the father, chaired a meeting
next day his daughter started eating.
The mother won a million bucks
one brother said this life, it sucks
the other changed identity
and ended thus his misery.
All five were favoured by the gods,
and, what the heck, they liked the odds.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Favour Sweetheart

I am aware that
this is asking
a bit too much.
Perhaps it is
just little me,
so out-of-line
that I am past
all shame now,
no embarrassment
can get to me
only priorities,
so look at this
with a small dab
of vegemite,
not peanut butter
or jam from
Shepherd's files.

In actuality
I wondered
could you,
that should be
would you,
kindly send
by
Federal Express
your pillow,
the one
in case
you do peruse
a multiple
of those,
the one that has
the privilege
to be as close
to you and yours
(by which I mean
the parts that make
the sum of

what can best
be said to represent
the SNUGGELIES,)
there are no
other wishes
at this time,
my love.

And please don't
hesitate,
I am the ailing
owner of a script
for pheromones.
They say it is
essential.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Feather For Poverty

I do not care how much they would
give to buy me if they could.
I am poor and often starving,
desperately, slowly carving
my own way through this shady maze.
I say to those whose lusty gaze
rests, uninvited on my skin:
Your dreams of finding your small pin
inside of me will not come true.
And if in winter's cold I'm blue
of lips and without any food,
it will not get me in the mood.

I have no shelter and no bread,
and by tomorrow might be dead.
Yes. I'm a virgin, clean and proud
says this young maiden, clear and loud.

And her legs are getting leaden,
rightly sensing Armageddon.
Drags herself down to the Fountain
where a man is standing, counting
money in his fur-gloved hand,
reaching out to help her stand.
' Dear young girl, you are not well,
listen now to what I tell,
come with me up to my room
to escape your certain doom.
All the streets are full of lechers,
prostitutes and woman catchers.'

So she follows him upstairs,
seeing that perhaps he cares.
In the light of his adobe
wrapping her into his robe,
tucks her under feather cover
but refuses to be lover,
feeds her soup with silver spoon,
lets her sleep there until noon.

As she wakes she finds a box,
filled with heavy woolen socks,
bread and cheese and also money,
then she steps into the sunny
day of her old world again.
Thinking that there must be men
who are kind and altruistic,
she herself is quite artistic.
And, on that day she finds employment,
a new life full of much enjoyment,
is waiting for her signal 'YES'
but all of it becomes a mess
when the director of her work
turns out to be a cheap old jerk.
He sees her as his latest toy
to bring her, daily, carnal joy.

That night she's back out on the street,
half-dreaming of the man she'd meet
like once before, to give her kindness,
but Lady Luck displays her blindness.
Her lips are cold and very blue,
as frost arrests the morning dew,
when at the Fountain cries disturb
her sleep, and over by the curb
he stands and waves and comes across,
her head moves in defiant toss.
But when he takes her frozen hand
she grips its warmth securely and
again they climb the creaking stairs
again she puts on hold her cares.

He sets the table and they eat,
right after stretching out their feet
toward the fireplace and savour
a burgundy with Southern flavour.
He dozes off, still in his chair
when she decides to strip and bare,
she slips into the giant bed....
that's when the waking fellow said
'Of course you may sleep in my covers,

just be aware we are not lovers.'

Behind the stove he dons pyjamas
of flannel to prevent those dramas
that happen in the heat of night,
to him this sin would not be right.

And in the morning came a cry
from the outside where chickens fly.
It was that ancient Spanish cock,
he doubles as the town's own clock.
The rooster landed on the sill
and looked inside, where, sleeping still,
they lay entangled with each other.
He shook his comb, crowed 'Poultry Mother'
and flew back down to see his flock.
He thought about the man who'd mock
his morals for a horny fling
with such a poor and raggy thing.

But then, inside his cozy den
went over to his half-dressed hen
and had his usual way with her
until the dust was just a blur,
which she enjoyed because it had
been ages since this cocky lad
had shown an interest in her charms,
she'd take him back with open arms.

Upstairs, there's stirring in the covers,
and they awoke as newborn lovers.
Both took a vow to stay together.
And on the sill she found the feather.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Few Of Us

Each one of us thinks greatness has
without much open razzmatazz
been resident within our minds.
So when we sit on our behinds
sheer brilliance leaves like morning dew
and paints the world a gentle blue.
So, question not, accept that we
dwell always in the gallery.
Like paintings in the homes of Czars
or vintage wines in noble bars
our genius, given right at birth
makes us the talents of this earth.

Needless to say I do not speak
of the majority who seek
their admiration from their peers
while wallowing in morbid fears.

And give to me a generous budget
trust me. It's poetry. I'll judge it.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Fine Sunday It Turned Out To Be

She sat there in my Haines,
reading Oliver Sacks to me.
While I, not being the literal kind,
this fine morning, I stared
discreetly, needless to say,
at how her two formidable buds
rose with the inflection of her voice,
I never did call them oxymorons again,
though I saw them as such,
they tasted like out of this world
and they seemed to be filled with
the warmest blood a mammal,
any mammal could be expected to possess.

She was a clever girl, a bit left brained,
slow in the corpus callosum when it came,
you know, right down to choice,
on a Sunday afternoon, for example,
too many distractions, like this session,
a neurologist who doubles as a Seinfeld,
only much smarter and more technical,
fine, fine I said for the umpteenth time,
you can read to me while I, you know,
to which she vehemently objected, yeah,
on the phony grounds that a woman,
anywhere on the globe could not,
would not be able or willing to whistle
and to eat at one and the same time.

But she has always been great on compromise,
not that I deserve any of it, or so it seems,
to me when I brush my teeth with sound waves,
while looking at my soul in the mirror,
I think she might truly be smitten, like I am.

We men are so dumb, ain't we, thick
as we say Down Under, we lack, lack, lack
confidence, never being really sure,
always between erection and rejection.

I wonder if it's just me and if it stems from
that dreaded Oedipus Complex. Really,
could very well be, won't ask her though,
In the end she always wins, wins for me
and again, she put the damn book down,
placed my head, with her gentlewoman fingers
gingerly, sweetly and somewhat resolutely
on her zone, the dividing range between her,
words fail me here, man..... deliciosos,
where the words of Oliver Sacks soothe my ears,
and her heart plays its secret melody, just for me.

(For C, a fellow dreamer with a fine SCM)

Herbert Nehrlich

A Fire

It was so fulminating.
A fire burned within
from spindly kindling
and a breath of air
it sprang to life
consuming obstacles
and dull objections
and stark conventions.
It jumped all gaps
yet was not seen
by those who could
and bravely would
rise in defence
in bold offence.
So unexpected,
not wished for even,
it took on quickly
and without mercy
a life of egotistic
and autonomic
well, somewhat comic
and drooling presence.
So unprepared
so stunned and scared
yet breathing in
this deadly fragrance
and longing for
the nectar of
a soul ordained
for me alone
and nought is left
to say or do
we were as such
simply because
we had to be
it was a law
of nature
one which can not
be broken

by mere humans.

A fire burns
so cleanly when
the darkness
of our doubts
is absent.

And as I float
in saddened waves
of smoke and seek
those mirrors
which could give,
perhaps be saviours
for answers
from my soul
and heart
my tortured mind
does not perceive
what she must know,
perhaps relieved
and rescued in
the nick of love
from devastation.

I miss you so
my heartease flower
but hope you will
not hear those words
or feel the heat
or smell the smoke.
And if you see
a distant fire
be not alarmed
the smoke has gone.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Fishy Story

A trout who swam in murky waters
surrounded there by sons and daughters,
developed on a sunny day
a toothache, causing him dismay.

This pain was, as you can believe
a constant one, with no reprieve.
He prayed in utter desperation
to old Poseidon for salvation.

And from the shore, well-dressed in Wranglers
pushed off in their small boat two anglers.
They dropped their lines, hook, line and sinker
to catch themselves a tasty stinker.

The fish, the one who had the pain
was going utterly insane.
He took into his mouth the bait.
'The voice above said 'got one, mate.'

Though in his urge to pull him out
he jerked too hard so that the trout
who did obey, as you will see
old Newton's laws of gravity,

due to inertia and strong traction
moved from the water just a fraction.
And at that moment of great truth
something gave way, it was the tooth!

Thus, on that sunny day he'd float,
all smiles beneath the anglers' boat.
He saved himself a Dentist's bill
to date he's there, and swimming still.

The moral of the story says
that teeth come out in curious ways.
And if you have a real ache
try swimming in a murky lake.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Force

She was a force that dwelled
in darkness, far away from God,
a pool of syrup, red and self-propelled
announced her presence, which was somehow odd,
white, bony fingers grasped carotid flesh
and squeezed as if to end life of itself,
new blood ran down in rivulets, its odor fresh
it covered all of life, and chased away the elf.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Four-Leaf Haiku

He was a stickler,
and spent his day in search of
her little tickler.

She said dear fellow
your dipstick is too scrawny,
and soft as Jell-O.

He nodded sagely,
it's why I'm into searching,
and did you page me?

Keep looking, really,
it's lingual persuasion,
I'm giving freely.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Fragile Thing

The blower blows his glass
from heated quartz,
a bubble forms,
its walls so thin
and beautiful to see,
that men will stand in awe.
And some will weep
just to express their love
at nature's skills
and man's keen eyes.
Few know
that glass must cool,
allow its fragile walls
to harden in itself,
what looks to be
in strong and sturdy state
it needs maturity
and that requires time,
without it sadness soon will rule
and of the bubble
there remains
just heated air.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Freckle Remembered

A freckle on my Grandpa's nose,
was prominent, but I suppose
it did not bother him in life.
Though Grandma, who had been his wife
for fifty years in splendid health
she took the freckle with his wealth.

One day, their son, a smart physician
had come to go, with Grandpa, fishing.
He glanced upon his father's nose
where still the freckle thing arose.
And gave his learned diagnosis
'A Seborrheic Keratosis.'

No need was seen for intervention
and they decided not to mention
the stigma in my Grandpa's face.
Well, life went on, its hurried pace
eventually caught up with him,
at first his vision went to dim
and then, while telling a good joke
he suffered a tremendous stroke.

He wore his suit, with silken vest
went off to take his final rest.
I watched as our pastor prayed
and how the giant oak tree swayed.
Then Grandma handed him a rose
as I was staring at his nose.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Frican Gazelle

Well, my kids, in first grade learn to read
we are practicing daily, indeed.
Said boy John I have took
a good look at the book
it's a zoobook, that much is agreed.

Dearest Johnny, it's taken not took
have a peek and another good look,
at the book and then say
what you see, yes you may
it's the book of the city Tobruk.

Oh, I see, Miss, a frickin Gazelle
they can run like the bat straight from Hell.
Watch the language young lad
or your teacher be mad
please explain lest you're caught by the bell.

It says lions will chase them all day,
which is probably, maybe okay.
Yes, A-frican Gazelle
is my answer, pray tell
please explain now the teacher's dismay.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Friend Is.....

A friend is one who is like me,
or is it one who likes me much,
and maybe someone you can touch?
Perhaps a buddy who would be
in all dark alleys in your need
who'd fish you out of murky waters
and bandage when you slowly bleed
he will protect your sons and daughters
and close the shutters on your house
when rains come down to soil the drapes
a friend will never bring a mouse
or other things like living apes
to scare you out of any wits
that you may still possess today
he will collect you from the pits
and hug you even if you're gay
he'll pay your fare on the express
and go to jail to take your place
and cleaning up of any mess
that you've created, to save face
will all be done without agenda
no thought of payment does come up
and should you have a fender-bender
he'll hide your bottle from the cop
when very strange ideas come visit
and you decide to pack a shute
to jump, a nut's idea, or is it?
out of an aeroplane you brute
he will be waiting on the ground
his arms wide open and so nervous
and when he hears the crucial sound
he'll think back to his airforce service
and knowing what can go awry
the fretting gets his teeth to clatter
and when you fruitcake finally fly
he murmurs that it doesn't matter
yet as you float in to a landing
his arms are still in catching mode
he'll hide his lack of understanding

and start composing a new ode
to your adventure, you, the friend
and if your mother or your brother
or any other next of kin
should die and leave you, let another
example of true friendship win
your hand will never feel the cold
or loneliness of cruel fate
and when you wake and have grown old
and all the world is in a state
that narrows down to search of gold
and greed that tramples all that's good
when anarchy eats moral pillars
and thieves no longer wear their hood
when doctors have evolved as killers
and no one seems to give a shit
about all others, beast and man
when humans are no longer fit
your friend who also has his clan
will not be busy with his life
but shake your hand and not let go
and if he has his own sweet wife
he will be there with her in tow
One could go on for many hours
to praise what real friendship is
suffice to say it never sours
and also hardly counts as bliss.
Yet, there are just a few small matters
a friend will stand, no reservation
and if the world is all in tatters
if aliens would attack your nation
there is no compromise at all
and loyalty must be extreme
to share it one will surely fall
that kind of friend is just a dream.
I cannot have a friend who likes
those who have sworn to be my foes
and who would drive their filthy spikes
into my back, who also chose
to live a life of pure decay
and without honour in their hearts
to opportunism they pray

it must be said, it really smarts.

Perhaps a moral could be seen here
before you call yourself a friend
just ask yourself if you have been there
to read these words that don't offend
are you prepared to stand, be counted
no matter what the circumstance
and would you, if the devil mounted
all out attack, could you by chance
be trusted to the road's last bend
or would you stop and smell the flowers
and worry that your life may end
this kind of friendship only sours.
So let me say it with conviction
a friend is one who is your master
who rules within his jurisdiction
and keeps you out of all disaster
and you, in turn are his dictator
who, firm and strict, with iron fist
will rule like Arn the Terminator
I hope by now you get my gist.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Future (Haiku)

Yes, the war for oil
many tempers on the boil
stay on homeland soil.

And soon it happens
that axis evil countries
blow up their neighbours.

It is ordained then
that terror bombs will soon rain
on peaceful people.

And if they do not
the world will wait a decade:
New SUPERPOWER.

Too late then buddies
as billions overcome you
an ugly slaughter.

Before we die though
we will regret decisions
of doing nothing.

Herbert Nehrlich

A German - English Poem

So ruhig fließt der Rhein
kein Fischlein denkt
kein Fischer lenkt
den Kahn fuer sich allein,
ans Ufer treibt ihn nun
der suesse Wein
so soll es sein
vom Trebensaft
und emsig Tun
holt er die Kraft
von Gottes Wesen,
vom Wein am Rhein
kann ganz allein
die Seele neu genesen.

So gentle flows the Rhine.
No tiny fish no fisherman
can steer the boat alone
and driven to the stony shores
by promises of wine
oh yes it's here that mankind can
while listening to lores
and songs of toil and music's tone
will bring God's blessing for
the ailing soul's here on the Rhine
and heals them all once more.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Glimmer

The campus had been plagued
by much unrest and bigotry,
there was the ROTC, pathetically,
those closely cropped nitwitted
and underhanded opportunists,
their president, he didn't like the word
dean or other titles, though PhD
and membership in learned groups,
prestigious clubs and then the Chamber,
was on the stationery, black embossed,
he ran the ship with iron fists, too well,
there were some fifteen nurses in the school,
administering the dispensary and, also
the student hospital, which, owned by Doc,
a graduate of Innsbruck University,
which does deserve its Dr. Ins. repute.
The students came from all the walks
of life as only poverty normally permits,
to keep them off the streets, and out of jail
they lived the life of Timothy O'Leary,
great master of those wonder drugs,
and Uncle Sam was generous, he paid
tuition and allowances to all, 'twas proper,
of course it made statistics look much better,
the unemployment figures were so laudable,
and only those who could not really read
even the big words on the outskirts of the towns,
were given leave to join the forces to fight evil.

And, after years of pretty silent obfuscation
there was some trouble brewing now among
the student body of the institution, such as,
quick twinkle, twinkle, it was in its own right,
so instantly an urgent new directive had been
despatched by those who counted other things
than pinto beans and tacos, the road was clear,
fix all and any stirrings of those rebels, else,
all major funding will just dry like desert sand.

And so it was that peace returned with haste
to the high desert and all powers were so pleased,
new energies were channelled into tasks,
such as the making and designing of diplomas,
which only needed a creative common goal.
And soon the graduation ceremonies came,
like rain in Spring when everyone pretends
at such surprise and all did pass, how wonderful,
the work was tough and hefty bonuses were due.

The dealership had stocked a bunch of cars,
well, mostly Four-Wheel-Drives, with fruit,
in keen anticipation of events, proud times
for the community that nurtured the college,
and, through it, those youngsters, future leaders
of a big land where mediocrity is king and queen.

Is it a wonder that the coveted big Prizes,
have gone to those who have a foot inside the cot
that spoke with accents of a European flavour.
Today that great big land is made up of a pot
in which the melting has poured 40 whole percent
of Krauts and Swiss and Austrian descent,
perhaps there is a glimmer on the far horizon,
or two, though one of them may just be armed.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Grave

The lights go out on Bullcock Beach at night,
gray as the past the waves come in to touch,
a drifter without food and without sight
goes through the bins to hope for something but not much.
And when the rooster calls an end to the charade
first rays start skirmishes with mist and lazy flies,
they show a paperbag-clad bottle in the shade
and once again it is the sea that never cries.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Great Big Cover-Up

'Daddy, why is it that I have to go away,
again to special school for dummies
and misbehavers, troublemakers,
and the like, I know I am too much
for you and Mommie and the nurse.'

'You're not a dummy, dear, and certainly
no misbehavior or a troublemaker,
you have an illness which is not your fault,
and as you know there are so many others,
just like you, and that's why they have built
a thousand special schools, for kids like you! '

'So, if it's not my fault then are you two to blame,
because it cannot be that God in his own ways
would punish his own children with an illness,
unless, of course they did commit a lot of sins.
Did you have friends when you grew up that did,
in their own way behave like me, were sent away,
and who was the inventor of the word, was he a doctor? '

'Autism, my lovely, is what has swept the world,
they tell you that no cause has been discovered,
and thus, no cure exists today, it is a shame,
they say. The real shame, however, and I tell you,
so you know and get a glimpse of our brave world,
is not the helplessness and lack of medicine
for this condition, it is the cover up, my little invalid.'

'So do you mean by sending us, the victims far away,
hide us in schools where boys are bullies, girls are fat,
is that the cover-up, to keep us from the prying eyes,
of all the normal people, like my sister Madeline? '

'Child, this is strictly off the record, and highly confidential,
I was a budding scientist in nineteen-thirty-nine,
there was no Autism around, even in dictionaries.
We brewed a vile concoction of some chemicals
into a vaccine, all done to help prevent disease.

And there were many problems, to get some 'pigs',
by which I mean those guinea pigs to try our stuff,
was very difficult, as prisons had been emptied,
to use the inmates for a war that lay ahead.
The biggest problem was the mode of introduction
into the body of the 'vaccines' with expediency,
so one of the most senior ones, a Daddy Chemist,
suggested mercury, a stuff called thiomersal, which is
a toxic foul preservative, it worked so brilliantly.

Not long from then the victims came, and Autism was born.
I often think that my white coat is just a cover-up,
for all the things that happened then, and I am truly sad.
We do still use thiomersal, us humans never learn.'

'Don't be so sad, I do not hold this tragedy against you,
but could you keep me home this time, perhaps a cover-up? '

Herbert Nehrlich

A Great Invention

Cantankerous she was, his wife
she carried on her a sharp knife.
And when the moon sent her a sign
or after a huge glass of wine
she'd hold the knife up to his chin
though rarely cut her husband's skin.
He did behave, it must be mentioned
and all his deeds were well-intentioned,
however, even whimps will balk
so hubby deemed himself a hawk,
at times, with talons and a beak
he'd shed the image of a meek
subservient nerd and here is how
he braced himself for his own Frau.

He grabbed a knife of equal size
(well, fairness is a thing with guys) ,
and strapped it to his trouser belt
she'd see it there, of course, he felt
that armed would give him a slight edge
though there were no true bets to hedge.
The woman, due to hormone spiking
was feeling poorly, being Viking
(descendant from the folks from Norse)
she soon demanded a divorce.
The knife came out and she went close
and almost touched her husband's nose.
He, fearing now to be outdone
tried soothing words, like sweetheart, hon,
but she had gone to loonyland
thus hubby showed his well-armed hand
which prompted her to feign a strike
it is what fencing warriors like.
The blades were pinned against each other
the pushed and strained, then she said: 'Brother,
do you my husband see my pimple
the one the doctor labelled simple
and left to sprout there on my chin
it seems to've gone inside the skin.'

They looked but could not find the lesion
which normally has full adhesion
through epidermis into flesh
and anchored through a fibrous mesh.
How could a pimple disappear?
Well, while they searched she turned her ear
and snip, a piece fell to the ground
quite visibly but without sound.
'Hold on' said he, 'Are you demented,
I think we have, just now invented
a tool which somehow cuts by friction
though it must be a contradiction
that knives held tight would cut with ease
so shall we try it on Swiss cheese? '
They spent the evening together,
outside the wind had brought foul weather
he used his drill to cut two holes
then looked at the opposing poles
or blades if you prefer the name
it had become, by now, a game,
a bolt was matched to a small nut
the proper term was to abut
both bolt and nut and fasten so
two knives together in one go.

The wife, now in the best of moods
(she liked inventive, clever dudes)
brought rags and papers to the table
and found the tool was wholly able
to cut through all of it with ease
(though not at all through the Swiss cheese) .
The could not find a rhyme for scissor
(the word itself may be a fizzer)
so, after having a few beers
they simply called the gadget SHEARS.

Addendum:

Now you too know how sometimes strife
between a husband and his wife
can lead to positive solutions
like this, a useful contribution.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Great Teacher

All year I had behaved,
with not a friggin' hair
or sound of dissonance
in sight for those who looked.
But on that faithful morning
when certain feelings landed
inside the courtyard of that
what you would call the autonomic
and the system without limits,
it happened, and it did so quickly.

No rescue or reprieve, no hiding grace,
it's what they label 'in the act', that counts
he was my best and most benevolent
impressed with me, Herr Teacher.

How could one, ever, forget the shame,
that had attached itself by then
to one's own innocent and altruistic name?
I sometimes think that my mistakes,
my ludicrous misjudgments could well be
a measure of the me who would not even know.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Hanging

They hung him at the crack of Dawn.
No big to-do, no time for folks to gather,
a rope was taken from the man's own saddle
and within minutes he was swaying in the breeze.
His horse named Reeh, a chestnut Indian Mustang
had been supporting him before he met his maker,
the whip then cracked and Reeh took off at speed,
leaving his master well behind, forever still.

It's the odontoid bone that penetrates and kills,
the base is called the stem and is destroyed by force,
but it takes minutes, not mere seconds for the heart
to get the signal that its beating is in vain.

The horse had gone over the horizon with the sun,
but soon got bored with no direction or a plan.
He wandered back with silent steps and dragging stirrups
to stand below his master's still and eerie ghost,
he dozed while standing, that's what all the horses do,
and when the clock in distant towns faintly struck twelve,
a sound of terror startled him so much he jumped,
a frogmouth owl had said 'your master is still moving.'

So Reeh, who knew that owls are nightbirds, also wise,
he ventured closer and, in hope, posed one small question,
the bird of night and death and all eternal wisdom
just stared and nodded, but she never spoke a word.

By now the horse was standing right below its master
and they could smell each other's fears like an intrusion
into the senses of their brains without much logic,
and in a flash the horse was once again with rider.

He took the weight and did not move and hardly breathed,
there was no sound as all the animals were gawking,
yet, quite distinctly one could hear a busy pecker
who had begun to cut the man free from his noose.

At last the branch gave way and freedom was returned.

A whispered 'Thank You', horse and rider were last seen,
a living shadow riding slowly into sunrise,
their thoughts were secret and remained so, no revenge
was ever handed to the hangman and his helpers.

There have been stories of survivors from lynch hangings,
and if you need to know the secret of these legends,
then get yourself a smooth and highly agile Mustang,
they'll never dropp you without mercy at the end..

Herbert Nehrlich

A Happy Birthday To Jerry - Poet Laureate ! ! !

And may I be permitted to include
my happy wishes for this aging dude?
I've nothing but respect for him of course,
but struth I feel the same about a horse! ! !

What puzzles me and gives me sleepless nights,
is how the heck he found his Lady Love?
It's proof to me again, because by rights
he should have been berated from above.

Ye Gods have seen his seven decades pass
and Jerry knows some went like rotten gas.
I know he pays attention more to life
since being blessed with her, a lovely wife.

I raise my glass and toast you in the name
of he who fearlessly still leads us well.
So let us goose-step boldly to the game
but tread with care and lightly, into Hell.

There is a reason, as you know to choose,
no loving women will be serving booze
up in that prim and proper place, my friend.
And you and I have needs up to the end.

A Very Happy Birthday to the best Warrior
in our Forces!

Herbert Nehrlich

A Happy End

Oh, that your lovely flesh be there for me
a thousand miles I must, on blood-stained boots
hike through the corpses of man's hate for man
and carry only one, an ever-longing thought.

A bullet on a mission with the sound of scorn
and weaving on its path of wild destruction
flies by me, humming like a goddamn bumblebee
I'm telling blistered feet to be my friends.

What if, I say with hollow trepidation
another man, yet from another land
has claimed the prize before I stagger home,
it will not leave me and becomes its own obsession.

And then, a nightingale, sits on the knotted branch
of a tall tree that shows the ravages of war,
and sings the sweetest song that Nature could conceive
she sings for me and tells about my distant love.

It is enough to hear the sounds of this fine music
new powers penetrate my worn exhausted bones,
time is suspended altogether like a dream
and on the steps up to her door I weakly stumble
to catch the ambience of this thing called Happy End.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Happy Morn

A million little fishies swam
with happy faces over the dam.
There, greeted by soft walls of rouge
and buoyed by waves of her deluge.
Hands clasped and tangles of the limbs
a shadow glides inside and dims
all light and space, in slow advance
invited early to the dance.

A million little fishies swam,
with happy faces over the dam.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Hole In The Ground

The centre of the forest was
well covered with thick brush.
And all the trees were full of moss,
the canopy looked lush.

When from the left and from the right
two figures could be seen,
they gave the little creatures fright
and weren't all that clean.

One was a man, long beard, short hair,
the other one had breasts.
She looked intriguing, to be fair
but wasn't the best dressed.

Their paths now crossed
when suddenly
the ground did disappear
and they were tossed quite literally
into a pit - no landing gear.

They had never expected
a hole in the ground,
thus did not detect it,
this big hole that was round.

So the made an attempt
to climb out of this pit,
and she stood on his shoulders
for this escape bid.

An electrical current
then went through his hands
that were holding her legs
like two sturdy steel bands.
And the amperage was strong,
so it got his attention,
thus it wasn't so wrong
what I next here will mention.

She slid down from the top
and he caught her with ease,
so he propped her head up
but she wasn't a tease.

And they stayed there, down under
and don't ask me why,
because I sometimes do wonder
whether pigs could not fly.

What we know is that both
knew that faith had just thrown
both their lives in a head-spin
for new love to be grown.

What is not known to people
is that wings they acquired
and formidable teeth
that the Gods themselves sired.

But all other secrets
now stay underground,
you will hear no more tidbits.
From my lips - no more sound.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Hot Summer's Afternoon

A fly sat on a blade of grass
and leisurely there scratched his ass.
The leaf was drooping due to heat
the summer sun was a repeat
of last year when so many died
dehydrated and later fried.

Beneath the fly there flowed a stream
white caps and boulders smooth as cream.
The sun was threatening to end
the insect's life there in South Bend.

That's when he said 'if I could climb
down to the water's edge in time
the mist would cool my down for sure.'
Down in the stream a large, mature
and hungry fish with eagle eyes
said to himself, 'I love those flies
if he comes down to cool his back
I'll confiscate him as a snack.'

The fly was hurting from the glare
and did not see the grizzly bear
who was concealed in the tall grass
and said 'I'll get his little ass.'

Meaning of course that if the fly
would give the cooling stream a try.
And whereupon the hungry fish
would leap to get his insect dish.
The bear would grab the water creature
he'd practiced often the procedure.

A little further in the trees
stood eating sourdough with cheese
a hunter with a Remington
aware of all the goings-on.
He reasoned if the fly would go
just briefly to the stream below

the fish would grab the stupid fly
the bear would grunt his jungle cry
and he, the hunter then would claim
his trophy through the rifle's aim.

Behind the hunter, in the shade
was crouched a cat that watched the blade
that showed the fly still sitting still
while all were waiting for the kill.

He figured if the fly descended
down to the water, undefended
the fish would gobble up his prize
but in a second a surprise
would come like lightning as a winner
the paw would snatch his wiggling dinner.

The cat surmised that in the tension
and through the deadly intervention
the hunter's sandwich would then fall
the cat would snatch it, that was all.

You guessed it, as the shot rang out
the fly was swallowed by the trout,
the bear received the struggling fish
fulfilled his culinary wish
and cat retrieved the bread with cheese
then jumped for pleasure and with ease,
zigzagging all across the ground
into the water where he drowned.

What is the moral, can you guess?
Well, let me tell you, hold the press.
A fly that seeks the water's edge
and causes a big trout to pledge
as well as triggers a huge bear
to confiscate his slipp'ry share
will soon appear in hunter's sight
and as the shooter drops his bite....
let opportunity arise...!
The hunter's sandwich be the prize.

And through the telescope, Sir Hubble
observes: Fly down means puss' in trouble.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Howler

On badminton and tennis courts
he wore his flowered boxer shorts.
His life, consumed and wrecked by sports
he howled, a plaintiff sound, of sorts.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Hyena

A Hyena

Not a singer and no ballerina
nor the looks of an Angelina,
Vulture one to her friend:
you can see, in the end
she could never attract a hyena.

I shall bring up the subject the day
when my God beams me up, I shall say:
an infallible God,
should consider it odd
to create such inept DNA.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Hypocrite Named Rockaschitt

He was not born a smart or gifted boy
yet enfamil instilled in him a drive,
they switched him later to the milk of soy
and watched the nastiness of greed arrive.

He grew, the body more than his small mind,
and slithered through the dramas of a school.
No teacher noticed that the boy was blind
but classmates saw the pimples of a fool.

They let him graduate, the system stank,
it traded subsidies for small IQ's,
his mother's lover placed him in the bank
but he was fired when they found the booze.

Then came the army, where he did excel
due to insomnia he would always be
the very first to hear the morning bell
and reach the roof with a small stream of pee.

Well, then they let him go because he switched
the polished boots of compadres in arms,
it was the army nurse who saw and snitched,
he tried in vain to rouse her inner charms.

He married then, the niece of Mr. Woo
who owned a feedlot in the outer sticks.
But when they caught him eating bovine pooh
he was admitted, back in eighty-six.

Due to his facial features which were sad
he hooked himself to one strange monkeyface,
she was, as they soon found, equally mad
and lacked in superoxide dismutase.

He found his niche he thought with IBM,
they taught him how to tap on little keys
and soon he was to play ad hominem
telling the world about its Q's and P's.

It was so sad to see the fellow fail!
He stood for nothing which was really it,
one day a letter came through express mail
he found inside the written word of shit.

It scared the living daylights out of him,
he called some army buddies on the phone,
then, stupid as he was and on a whim
he bought the antidote, eau de cologne.

And then he lectured to the infidels
about the dangers of a single word,
about the commie tricks of rotten smells,
now, on the soapbox, he was surely heard.

Then something happened that I need to share:
the world at large laughed really, really loud
because they'd seen that in his underwear
a presence lingered like a brownish cloud.

'You are so full of it', they chanted now
I must admit, a novel, fresh direction
had taken place to show the idiot how
a word, slightly lacking in perfection

would only scare the world of imbeciles.
And that was it, they locked him in the cell
next to the feedlot where they had ten miles
of little houses that produced great smells.

So now you know and I do give my word
what will befall a human hypocrite.
He will be known himself just as a turd
and forced to live with it, the word is SHIT.

Herbert Nehrlich

A January 2009 Limerick

She was lovely and lacking in warts,
wore no straps and no wire supports.
She could be a mirage
or angelic collage
and she met him in well-fitting shorts.

When the various wrappers unpeeled
it was clear and distinctly revealed
that her velvety skin
would be somewhat akin
to an exquisite treasure concealed.

She took hold of his slightly wet hand
and they wandered across the great land.
Now and then they would kiss
well, you know how it is
and he nursed a big ache in his gland.

Being bright she discovered his plight,
and suggested his pants were too tight.
So she opened his fly
and the felon said Hi
then they settled and stayed for the night.

Under pines and the eyes of the Moon
they held hands and she sang him a tune,
then they fumbled a bit
leading up to a hit
and she told him to use a balloon.

He strapped on a balloon and it stayed
but his felon was more than dismayed.
All the joy had been cut
and her beautiful butt
was so close and with pleasure displayed.

She saw grief and chagrin in his eyes
so to please him meant not to be wise,
they pulled off the balloon

threw it straight at the moon
and they whispered a few little lies.

It was later, some weeks had passed on,
when they watched little hooligans spawn,
He said let us soon pick
a most suitable stick
and let's call him our little croissant.

Sixty fish had gone over the dam,
they were quick and they swam and they swam,
In the end, one small fish
got his uppermost wish
and croissant simply said: Here I am.

Thus, the moral is simple to grasp,
it's no use to say OH and to gasp.
Leave unguarded the gate
it is often too late
if your felon ain't wearing a clasp.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Joke From Israel

Moshe has a headache
and wants to go
and see the doctor.
His friend advises against it:
'One does not go to the doctor's
because of merely a headache! '
But Moshe disagrees.
'You don't understand.
The doctor needs to live, too.'

Moshe gets a prescription from the doctor
and marches straight to the pharmacy.
'Don't be a fool, ' says his friend,
'that headache will go away all by itself! '
'Be quiet', counters Moshe,
'The pharmacist needs to live, too.'
Moshe takes the medicine out from the pharmacy,
and pours it into the ditch right away.
His friend exclaims, all aghast:
'Heavens! that expensive medicine! ! '
Answers Moshe, outraged:
'So what? ? I need to live, too! '

Herbert Nehrlich

A Killer Wants Justice

My aunt was old and very weak
but rich up to her ears.
She had much gold and silver, too
and therefore many fears.

One night I snuck up in her house,
I'd made a special key.
I was as quiet as a mouse,
and she did not hear me.

I carried a knife, an eighteen incher
and was about to thrust it down,
when Max, that awful Scottish pincher
began to bark and growl and frown.

I killed them both in expert manner,
the knife with both hands (for extra strength) .
I wasn't sure about how deep,
that's why I slid them width and length.

When all was quiet save my teeth
I dragged them down toward the cellar.
And dug one hole to put them in
and said 'good work there, feller'.

The gold and silver and the money
were heavy but I took it all.
And then I thought it might be funny
to give the cops a little call.

A handkerchief on the receiver,
I spoke with accent and quite loud
to the confused 'not-quite-believer'.
I told him what it was about.

And finally, before good bye
I couldn't help myself to yell
that he should look now for the guy.
That's why I'm sitting in a cell.

My aunt was old and very weak
and rich up to her ears.
Now you, the jury, all you seek
is truth you know no fears.

You want my life but I am young,
and I was poor, you know.
Of all the laws you look among
find one and let me go!

1966

Herbert Nehrlich

A Killing

It was a hole, size of a dime.
Had penetrated his left eye
a Southern California crime
they use their guns there, never shy.

The brainstem caught the leaden thing
but, at a loss to fight intrusions
it sat there, numb, and felt a sting
death came on strong, 'twas no illusion.

They dropped him into fresh cement
and poured another ton on top,
the cops would never prove intent
though they would try, this was a cop.

And it is true they did walk free,
no body meant no crime was done,
but one detective used a key
no, not revenge or his own gun.

He took the crims then for a ride
in a small Cessna to the sky.
When they were up he opened wide
the door and said this is good bye.

Pulled out his Colt, three fifty seven
and herded them, those chicken shits,
it was a quarter to eleven
and they were now out of their wits.

But he was firm and they then tumbled
out into nothingness and smog,
the pilot turned and stretched and mumbled,
then made an entry in the log.

The end result was that they had
eliminated evil doers
and no one acted real sad
they missed them only in the sewers.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Killing With Kindness

A balmy breeze
had hitched a ride
with early dusk
and whispered to
the sleepy trees
encircling
the meadow.

A pair of hairy ears
played in the current,
sensing solitude
as night had come,
imposing silence
onto the valley.

A moose will rarely
eat by itself,
as it prefers
like-minded company.

He had been isolated,
shunned, and stood
alone.
Only a yellow,
worried moon
for company.

When morning broke
an urgent buzzing
at first light
had woken birds
and squirrels.

The sky was black
with flies,
attracted by
the blood.

The wolves,

in deadly frenzy
of restraint,
had brought him down,
with all finesse
and skill
that only wolves
possess.

Yet they had killed
with kindness.
It is the way
of animals.
And something
humans never, ever
will understand

Herbert Nehrlich

A Kiss For Idiosyncrasy

She asked me,
an eternity ago,
on our outing
to the Mutt Lake Valley
where next we ought to go,
what we could see
and do,
that sunny afternoon.

I answered,
casually
but from the heart,
I guess:

I'll leave it,
Sweet
completely up to you.
I'm fine.
I only need to be
with you.

She kissed me then,
an unexpected kiss,
though welcome
more than life itself.

Throughout,
it was impossible
for me to think,
coherently
and after,
it was not clear,
not clear at all,
thus it was filed
in the appendix
of
My Path To Heaven
under:
a woman must

be granted
a measure of
IDIOSYNCRASY.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Lascivious Eye?

A trusted friend remarked today
that he would never ever look again
at sensuality through that lascivious eye,
which, to the chastity of my own mind
was quite unknown to me, a reason then
to delve into the subject with some science.

The magnifying glass was found at last,
it showed (eventually) the little fellow's bod,
but try and try again, much as I might
and did desire to uncover this strange eye,
all efforts were to no avail, there was a hump,
or should we call it ridge, a hue of blue,
and like a Loden coat a drape of flaccid skin
was keeping civil temperatures, for sure, within.
But that was all, there was no eye, so should I cry?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Leaf

He lay there,
resting, as they say,
quite comfortably.
His cheek was pushed
against a torn off piece
of flesh, still bleeding.

There was no time,
no will to shudder
in disgust or fear of death.
His fading eyes
did follow
the dance from lofty heights
of one well-wrinkled
Huckleberry leaf.

And when it landed,
silently,
and unobtrusive,
his eyes had closed,
with a small touch
of happiness
and just a hint
of his mischievous smile.
For one last time.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Life Story

Patience is needed for these days
though patience rarely ever pays.
Perhaps you will, through circumstance
have time to make important plans.
Go watch a play or read some studies
or join some ancient fuddy-duddies
to throw some darts and shoot the breeze
or bundle up to fight the freeze.

This Friday is a crucial one
the weight of roughly thirteen ton
will rest upon his collarbone
while standing guard near the old phone.

Briefly, and at the risk of bugging
while deep inside he needs a hugging,
I will reveal to you dear friend
a genuine information blend,
to give you opportunity
to see what drove him up a tree.

The story started long ago.
he had, to make a nestegg grow
invested in a fruitful scheme
to lay the groundwork for a dream.

For twenty-five slow-moving years,
while going forward, switching gears
he saved and paid each month a sum
into a fund called Sugarplum.
It was insurance and would yield
against inflation a big shield.

As this was in a foreign land,
the payout went into the hand
of one who needed to be trusted,
however, he was one who lusted
and started out within just weeks
like the old criminal who seeks

to take what he believes is his
to buy some caviar and fizz.

To make a lengthy story short
he helped himself, perhaps to snort (?)
and used the money, most of it
which put the giver in deep shit.

Two years had passed when things were found,
the funds were meant Down Under bound,
he had, due to some hungry times
been forced to steal so many dimes
put food, he says upon his table.....
it helped them eat, and did enable
to purchase a new four-wheel-drive
and Paris fashion for the wife.

'I am so sorry', came the mail,
he did admit the sordid tale
and promised speedy restitution
and thus be spared state prosecution.

The story later REALLY changed,
one thinks perhaps he is deranged.
He told the court through his adviser
about the relative, a miser
who'd saved some money for old age,
but then decided to engage
in giving gifts, not to his mother
but to his old and starving brother.

He had, meanwhile, so did his wife
lived comfortably in their life.
Two incomes made the bankers glad
the house was paid for and the lad
as was his sister had long flown
the coop and both lived on their own.

So, said the fellow, he'd been given,
through age-old guilt feelings driven,
half of the money as a gift
which gave him a tremendous lift.

The reason was that through the deed
of the escape there was a need
to make up for the years of shame,
those commies play a dirty game.

He had been banned from academics
and drifted through those Kraut polemics,
all due to HE, who'd left the land
four decades on he'd understand.
While it is flattering to see
it brings about new misery.
The will to heal the gaping hole
no longer is his stated role.
More lies were over weeks created
while far away, he sat with bated
and fearful breath, to hear good news
but all he heard now was abuse.

The legal eagles were soon hired
in eighteen months not much transpired.
This Friday is when things get real
though no one knows about the spiel.
His case is weak as well we know
will he be ill and never show?
And if, as should of course take place,
they are convicted, and the case
is all decided to bring back
the many thousands in one whack,
there is, inside his doubting mind
the thought that there is nought to find!

He cannot squeeze, nor can the judge
out of a pebble chocolate fudge,
thus this appeal to you dear friend
cross toes and fingers to the end,
perhaps the gods will have a heart
and give him back his applearc.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Limerick Collection (21)

Orthodontists twist wires and braces
and have many unfortunate cases.
But I think they could try
not to twist but to tie
no more wires but cotton shoelaces.

When a farmer named Alois Rink
who'd been hovering right on the brink,
had not gone to the loo
and was bursting with poo,
it fell out of him, boy did it stink.

When a girl named Annamaria
saw a doc about her diarrhea
'If it hurts when you piss
then I know what it is,
it's the clap, also called gonorrhoea.'

When a girl who looked utterly sad
told the doc she was fast going mad,
that she'd picked up the clap
from the hot water tap.....
Penicillin for her and the lad.

A professor named Timothy Lear
had no liking for whiskey or beer.
He kept up full employment
to finance his enjoyment.
As his stuff - LSD- was quite dear.

In the land of the brave and the free
it's illegal, in public, to pee.
You can shit on the flag
or hang out with a fag,
don't forget to cross every 't'.

A physician who worked at McGill
on a Monday, mid-morning, fell ill.
They discovered a lack

of the old IPECAC

for good measure they gave him a pill.

There once was a husky named Rover
who had moved from Alaska to Dover.
When he swam in the Strait
he was taken as bait.

When the sharks wiped their lips it was over.

When the Duke, also called Mussolini
saw a maiden in purple bikini
he went into the street
said 'so happy to meet,
let us make, you and me, some bambini.'

And in Spandau there's Rudolph Hess,
playing checkers and saying 'God Bless',
he was Hitler's right man
and he carried the can
room and board was ten million, no less.

When the plane which was supersonic
reached top speed they were drinking Gin Tonic,
as they fell from the sky
it was whiskey and rye
for the ones on the ground - how ironic.

When the shoe salesman looked up her dress,
he said 'Beautiful, I must confess,
I would love to climb higher
and eventually sire
little monsters with you for Lochness.'

A Jack Russell was heard in the dark.
He would bark on the beach at a shark.
When he ventured too close
he was grabbed by the nose
in the end there was just one more bark.

When a gangster named Al Capone
was walking in Brooklyn alone,
he was carrying heavy

when away from his Chevy
but he needed a mobile phone.

They were having a time at the Ritz,
she was flashing, at bedtime, her tits.

When she looked at his sparrow
her green pupils got narrow...

'Oh, don't tell me, he is on the Fritz? '

A young schizophrenic named Klein
was touring, by steamer, the Rhine.

When he saw his reflection
in the powder room section

he remarked 'that young lady is mine.'

When after the movie he'd kissed her
he went home, in the morning he missed her.

But when he did pee
he could clearly see

an exotic and frightening blister.

A lady of means from Madrid
caught the clap on the toilet lid,

though the chances are small
to catch something at all

'twas the mansion of Billy The Kid.

'For a handful of shiny new quarters
you can stay here and drink holy waters.'

Said the nun at the door,

'and for fifty cents more

you can screw all my sons and my daughters.'

A baby boy, recently born
had a growth on his forehead - a horn.

But the doctor remained

in his manner restrained

and he said 'I'll be back in the morn.'

A donkey, who jealous of horses
was dreaming of heavenly forces.

But the Gods were not buying

though the donkey was crying,
he was left with his donkey resources.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Limerick Collection (26)

An aging, cantankerous Jew
thought the blood in his body was blue.
Said his Aryan friend
'it's most likely a blend,
diagnosing is something I do.'

But the Jew was not really impressed
as he knew that all Jews had been blessed,
so he said 'Diagnosis
is like apoptosis'
and he slyly suggested a test.

At the doctor's they quickly were led
to the blood lab where both men were bled.
After seventeen pints
it was clearly a Heinz,
fifty-seven, but thoroughly red.

A female and young cockatiel
had just finished her evening meal.
When an image occurred
of a masculine bird
who had feathers and sexual appeal.

In a cage at Saskatchewan Zoo
lived a cranky old cockatoo,
he was talking all day
and had something to say
to the resident kangaroo.

When his patient came down with trichines
he imbibed a large meal of brown beans.
During late hour shopping
when the worms kept on dropping
he did crush them to smithereens.

When Tusnelda had appendicitis,
German measles and encephalitis,
they postponed the procedure
and soon needed a preacher
as her surgeon had conjunctivitis.

There was an old granny named Flo
she came down with gangrene on her toe,
so she went to the dentist
who was known as adventist
and he said 'it's a tooth for a toe.'

When they gave her the grave diagnosis
fulminating haemochromatosis,
she said 'life is a bummer,
I'm way past my last summer
but my boobies do suffer from ptosis.'

When the specialist checked out his heart
he got nervous and let out a fart.
Said the cardiac nurse
'you don't need to rehearse,
but the sound was a true piece of art.'

He was scheduled to get a new kidney,
though he tried to obtain one from Whitney,
fifty million car parts
but no kidneys or hearts,
so he got his new kidney in Sydney.

'You will start taking LIPITOR',
said the Doc. Asked the patient 'what for? '
'If it gets to your ticker
you'll get sicker and sicker,
it's that bloody cholesterol whore.'

Any doctor today must have stealth,
as he deals with his patients' ill health.
Let me tell you, my friend
what goes on in the end,
it's a state-sanctioned transfer of wealth.

And the funeral was quite perverse,
they had painted brassieres on the hearse.
When he was in the ground
you could hear a small sound,
not a prayer but maybe a curse.

A professor, quite brilliant but odd
loved the nightlife, the dirty old sod.
In the day he was thinking
and at night he was drinking.
In between he would pray to his God.

There once was a maître d'
who had hurt during prayer his knee.
When no doctor could cure it
he was forced to endure it.
Now he's using the other knee.

There was a young butcher in Fife
who was stuck with a disloyal wife.
While he cut up the meat
she would go off and cheat,
there was truly no pleasure in life.

So, one day he had caught her in bed
with the preacher who'd said 'I thee wed',
since he couldn't convince them
he chopped up and then minced them.
And the two have since then been quite dead.

Two bacilli, one blue and one green
were complaining that humans were mean,
they were losing their stuffing
and were huffing and puffing,
it was hexameth-tetramine.

Some would say that as humans do age
that they will not so often engage
in enjoyment of sex
which is just a reflex,
as the world is a sticky-beak stage.

When, in Vienna, Doc Sigmund Freud
who at that time was duly employed
by the town of whipped cream,
he would take out your dream,
leave behind super-ego and void.

Robert Koch had a fine microscope
which identified critters and dope,
when he placed his small sparrow
on the slide (which was narrow)
he decided there could be no hope.

Konrad Roentgen invented the rays
that could see all the body's weird ways.
When he looked at his spouse
through her wide-open blouse
he was sure that curiosity pays.

There once was a Peter named Paul.
They were seen hanging out in the Mall.
They had dinner for one
on a hamburger bun.

Peter burped but it really was Paul

At forty a man's presbyopic,
not far-sighted or merely myopic.
If to you it seems odd
it was gracious of God
since so many things are microscopic.

A dentist's assistant named Jule
saw a blister appear on his tool.
Said the dentist 'don't fret
it's the girl that you met
from the Queensland Venereal School.'

Herbert Nehrlich

A Limerick For Ted

It was Buford the Sheriff who said
if you're not in your house and in bed
you can carry a stick
to ward OFF every prick
or you simply use bullets of lead.

He walked softly, due to his fine shoes.
And he carried a very short fuse.
When he GAVE back the star
he went straight to the bar
and fell into a barrel of booze.

He got pissed as you well can deduce
yet he wanted to reproduce.
When he saw the young maid
he got mad and she laid.
In the morning they tied him the noose.

As he hung in the sun near the hills
way past caring and man's petty ills.
In his trousers, which housed
little dork stayed aroused
unaware that his action could kill.

So the moral of this little fable,
is that those who are willing and able
to risk life and risk limb
on a sexual whim
are much safer, of course, in a stable.

I say hide all your sexual urges
and those seminal androgen surges.
Choose the dead of the night
to turn loose your small kite
keep it private then when he submerges.

A good poet named Sheridan's Ted
who reminds me of Swiss buddy Fred.
Did inspire these words

(no, not mockinbirds)
Pssst, amigos I'm going to bed.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Little Bit Of Darkness

It had gone dark in my world.
An invisible sadness, one of substance
drifted in, from a horizon so far
and so unknown to me,
yet it sought me, only me
touching my skin with
those underworld sounds,
those that we don't seem to,
or want to, understand
and acknowledge.
Though still standing,
my head was firmly
and perhaps cowardly
pulled in between sagging
and defensive shoulders.
Eyes closed,
ears perked,
hackles up,
abdominals taut,
fidgeting for courage.
Like a missile of fog,
of odourless, colourless
but noisy and palpable
condensation, yellow a bit,
but mostly white, a most
unsuitable hue off from
the rainbow of her.
Yes, it was her rainbow,
and her substance,
she has now,
after some time
of mourning
become a Hoverer,
or is it Hoveress,
being there, at all,
including the most
inconvenient times,
looking down,
with an expression

known not to me,
but no raindrops
have fallen
and the breeze
continues to breathe
softly and silently.
Purple it is,
this haze
and the violets
with only their petals,
all green leaves gone,
torn off
or withered,
petals intact
and pulsating
they are.
For others,
for Gods,
for lovers
and for those
who, by way of merit,
and by their nature
do not earn
but own,
the trust and the
sweaty hand
of this thing
this unicum
called love.
And perhaps,
or inevitably,
the fog,
which has the ambience
of cobwebs,
crafted by
the spiders of
human strugglings,
traps that catch
nothing but hot air,
in stinging puffs,
and that can't snap,
can't provide due to

their utter uselessness
perhaps it will,
like a bad smell
remain for a time,
all the while
labouring to engrave,
to etch itself into
my soul, with a vengeance,
as it senses its mortality,
and wants to survive,
hopeless, unhelpful,
disturbingly real.
Yet it stays,
only governed
by its own rules,
by its innate logic,
received from Gods
who hold the strings
of us puppets,
wiggling them,
tugging,
for their own purposes,
mostly to while away
a heavenly boredom.
Oh, do I wish
that my ears could hear,
my eyes could see,
and my heart would,
just this once,
tell me, reveal to me
what it feels,
what it knows,
and what it beats for.
I hope and pray,
that it is,
after all
is said and done,
for me.
Which, in the end,
it must be.

A Long Day

Too late they found it was a bungle,
the doctor had been drunk at work
he diagnosed the spot as fungal
but then the patient went berserk
inside the sweaty Fitness Jungle
just North of D-Day, near Dunkirk.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Mad Grandma

'You insufferable small prick,
I will go get my walking stick,
I will beat your thick hide
'til the inside's outside
you are not the litter's best pick.'

Herbert Nehrlich

A Man's Prayer

There was a letter in my Tuesday mail last week,
airmail and light, the stamp gave it away,
Herr Pastor wrote to say HELLO to all the meak,
and wish our special group a Happy Holy Day.

You see, it's been some fifty years, oh yes it has,
our confirmation in that church with all my mates,
it was the time when trumpets prostituted jazz,
and Germany was two-tongued, and in dire straits.

He sent a photo of a strapping man with hair,
a grin just barely visible and still correct,
there was such holiness and prayer in the air
though I don't mean to show the slightest disrespect.

Certificate, as well, a proverb from the past,
it jogged the memories and melancholy smiles,
top drawer of the cabinet, now filed away at last,
the road has been a long one, many awkward miles.

I woke and knew the day was Sunday, sleep's okay,
half-conscious found the strength to pray, again.
Dear God, may I touch base with you, and pray?
I'm one of those, the upper left, among the other men.

I would, if possible present a small request,
could you erase the time from midnight, well, last night?
I feel so warm and safe inside my featherbedded nest
and would prefer to wake again, and see the morning's light.

If it is not within your thoughts or willing means,
may I refer you to the institution you call tide,
I used to be the same, back thither in my teens
each morning I would wake, and pray. Still sleepy-eyed.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Measure

I'm really not a whimp.
The word timidity
was not in use,
where Dad and
all the rellies spoke.
They hung around
and made the rules,
declared most folks
as silly fools,
while I, the number two
was left to play
with my devices
every day.

My childhood would
have truly been
the dream of any shrink,
twas never dull
and, due to allied bombs
that visited with regularity,
it kept us on our toes,
and formed our souls,
deep in our chests
in soldier's vulgar prose.

Today, having caught up
to modern life,
I fell into an estuary,
on the Northern coast,
things went,
as far as one could tell,
exceedingly,
I'll skip the other adjectives
of course.
I woke
the morning was azure,
and we held hands
inside the shower
spilling soap,

and then we sat
to rest
and kiss
to simply hug
wet skin
and drink our scents,
and, while I sat
on Tuscan tiles
it did occur to me
that she may say,
and kiss
and hug
and sleep
the lovers' sleep but that,
for reasons
quite unknown,
I really may not,
oh God,
not measure up
not measure up at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Memorable Wedding

He was the brother of the bride
and gave the pair a royal ride.
They waited for the judge to be
available right after tea.

He'd seal the fate of sis and man
as only an official can.
The brother now went to the room
where earlier the future groom

had let a bit of bladder pain
escape into the courthouse drain.
The rest of them they sat and waited
with breaths that were a fraction bated,

but brother did not soon return,
which now created some concern.
The groom, though not in urgent need
got up to see if he had peed

and would be ready to retreat,
it would be time to go and meet
the judge for this extreme affair,
which he'd been asked to come and share.

Oh, my, there was a true dilemma,
the brother of his sister Emma
was fiddling with his zipper, though
it would demand a real pro.

Quick thinking found a magazine
left by a salivating teen,
Hugh Hefner's Playboy to be placed
where pubic hair the people faced.

The judge, when he officiated
did glance at glossy, overrated
and photos, arguably explicit,
he also noted (couldn't miss it)

the bulging belly of the bride
an obvious profile from the side.
He nodded then, yes, a connection
and, blocking logical reflection,

he married them in record time,
and thought that sex should be a crime
if practiced by the common man,
in fact, he'd try to get a ban

into the legal system soon,
he'd teach those kids a novel tune,
with one more look at this strange party
and this young hippie, (such a smarty) ,
he took the bribe and said Farewell.
I promised them I'd never tell.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Minute

'Just wait a minute, ' that is what I hear,
I'm an impatient one who doesn't have much time,
yet it has been my lot to be quite far, not near,
from action needed prior to the clock's next chime.

And when you ask, my friend, what really is a minute,
ain't there a lot of them, an awful, countless number?
As a comedian would describe it 'Bear and Grin it',
and in the morning you would gladly add one to your slumber.

It's a commodity of pretty small dimensions,
consisting, as it does, of only sixty seconds.
If running late for work you're feeling added tension,
but at the dentist you don't like it when he beckons.

It must be unimportant, cheap and easy money,
this timely measure of a person's detailed life.
If in a minute it could rain or be blue skies and sunny,
your wife could whisper 'it will be just one more minute'.

But as so often is the case, when people pay attention
to stupid, unimportant, obsolescent matters,
they fail to realise a truth that I must mention:
No minute does repeat, that is a myth that quickly shatters.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Need For Words

Nothing said. But,
trailing close behind you
is my farewell, though a bit late.
And when we meet again
there will be
the uncertainty
of happy smiles at last.

The need for words, it was
my shadow, but not yours.
And what we talked about
was always introductory.
As if the main meal
still could wait,
perhaps the guests
would break the ice,
and change the thaw
into sweet wine
to loosen stubborn tongues.

And of the promises
expected and directed,
was there a plan
that could surpass
common convention?

Will we,
when crossing paths
then walk together?
Make up for time
you did not have,
and would not take
on this God's earth?
Will there be wine to drink
and time to dwell,
is it the company
to fill a need?

Creating what turned

into little 'you'
was rather easy
and perhaps coincidental.
But when you left
you tore the stuffing
out of hearts
that were
but ill-prepared
to see you part
so very soon.

Things left unsaid,
undone, unfelt
and unbeknownst
will be my luggage
when we meet again,
my son.
Though time will drag,
as you would know,
its clumsy feet,
I'd call it Bliss
if you could send
a tiny sign.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Never-Ending Tease

Well, there was nothing else to do,
homework had been assigned
to late tomorrow, after lunch,
and this was just a day, too good
to stay inside and let the world go by.

I walked, which I would never do
without a cause, toward the edge
of our small town, where students
of the arts and sciences co-habited.

There was a pub, about two miles away,
it was the logic of the destination
which attracted me, a sunny day it was.
A rhythmic sound disturbed my mind,
it was created by a hoe between the stalks
of golden corn in a small garden by the road,
and God had seen to it, a maiden with red hair
had been commanded to be waiting just for me.

I struck, not being shy beyond my horniness
up a small talk which quickly led to conversation.
She had a smile that would have told the weeds
to seek their pleasures in the field, somewhere.
Strangely enough I never offered her my services,
but there was talk all afternoon until the night.

Turned out her dad had been the mayor of the town
for twenty years and he was tough with his two girls,
he was a gentleman and had a heart of gold,
but there were canons standing by at City Hall.

We were just children of a time that you will miss,
there was a sweetness to humanity to please
our expectations of a world that saw a kiss
as celebration of the never-ending tease.

Herbert Nehrlich

A New Day

Let dawn arise and send the dark away,
dew drops of silver cling to budding leaves,
reluctance marks the rebirth of the day
as spiders search for victims near the eaves.
Sun's rays grow stronger as they singe the mist
a splash of gold slides off the village cat
while each petunia dreams of being kissed
by happy robins wearing tassels and pink hat.
She fills the basket while the cock objects,
he seems to be a fan and an old fool,
a silver star, a trifle late, briefly reflects
its image in the pond they call the pool.
And now he crows, the sound cuts through the town,
a hundred children scramble out of bed,
a little boy who wanders off to drown
and from the bakery a hint of bread.

Herbert Nehrlich

A New Dilemma

She was not happy
to be left, like surplus iron
and promptly visited
the night after the deal.
She whispered sweetly
that whatever 'she' can do,
meaning the new one,
by the name of Juliette,
she'd beat it by a tractionless
and bumpy, rain-soaked
country mile. And would I,
if it came down to it,
welcome her back,
even as second fiddle?
I said I would.

Herbert Nehrlich

A New Pope

There was an election in Rome,
and it was a true epitome.
But they all carried knives
in their piteous lives,
as they met in their ancient old dome.

And they fleetingly mentioned the Pope,
who had recently talked about hope.
Then the fighting began,
it was man against man.
And their tongues were as slippery as soap.

Of the one hundred hopefuls that came,
only fifty were senile and lame,
all the others were old
and their attitude bold,
and they played a ridiculous game.

When at last they came out of their church,
past the coffin that stood there, of birch.
There was only the one
and he sure was a Hun.
He was carried away on a perch.

It is said it was democratic
and results were indeed automatic.
But for decades to come
it was whispered by some
that the meeting produced so much static,

that the chair, with reluctance agreed,
in this time of an obvious need,
that to pay your way in
was considered no sin,
and the church will be richer indeed.

Herbert Nehrlich

A New Song

She was talking,
addressing me,
just words of course,
to shoot the breeze,
to place a cover on
that ever-present gap,
the sound of silence,
so common when
two strangers speak,
pretending to be fine,
relaxed and in control.

There'd been a silly past,
of never-ending hurts
each time a stalk, a leaf
of poison ivy, rubbed in well,
and so it would not end
the darts would really fly,
the battle escalate to be
a public nuisance on its own,
flaunting its nasty grin
and innuendo from within.

Incongruous it was, I see
attraction, once bizarre
may hang around our lives
and titillate the idle mind.

The day it rained he looked,
to gather words, bland and inept;
a man must justify his deeds,
and point his finger at the weeds.

Alas 'twas not to be, he found
not what his strategy had sought
but sounds of soft intrigue,
like violins from Klingenthal
where catacombs deep in the ground
send back their echo to the folks above.

And he, a connoisseur, sat, stunned,
while still denying what could be
in some dimension of his life a truth,
reality perhaps could overcome
that which was staring with much glee
into his face; he swallowed hard
and then recalled an ancient pledge,
one must be open and speak nothing but
the truth, as it presents itself, it needs
a bit of courage and he mustered it at once.

There was a treasure for his eyes,
and as he read the many lines, it soothed
his ears as real poetry passed to his mind.
A trance had drifted through his head like mist,
he felt a hand and then his cheeks were kissed.

Of course, a man can be expected to misread
though all her prose was like a lovely sing-along.
And sober hindsight says the words were true indeed,
and on occasion they can whisper a new song.

Herbert Nehrlich

A New World

Is there a man who never ate
his daily bread with tears,
is there a man whose destined fate
led to the land of fears?

Is there a man who never loved
another human being,
is there a surgeon, scrubbed and gloved
who operates unseeing?

Is there a man who steals and robs
who hesitates but kills,
a killer who so loudly sobs
about all mankind's ills?

Is there a man good in his heart
who will not compromise,
or is he just another tart
a man made up of lies?

Is there a God, so good and pure
a holy, but free sample,
that he could guarantee a cure
by heavenly example?

Are all the Gods up in their sky
completely apathetic,
and are they of indifferent eye
besmirched by anaesthetic?

Is there a world that we foresee
that could approach perfection,
or does the fault lie painfully
with faulty gene selection?

There is no God, no world, no man
who'd make us only proud,
we need a new God, one who can
come down from his high cloud.

A God who doesn't sit and snicker
about our bad behaviour,
nor raise his finger, scold and bicker,
can we please have a saviour?

And will He pardon my advice
to scrap all DNA
and I don't care if this defies
the rules He may obey.

Is there in all the universe
a bigger, sadder mess,
if not perhaps He could rehearse
new plans, where best is less.

'Cause I am certain He does know
this world must be destroyed,
all new ones will be pure, and glow
forever overjoyed.

No blame shall fall upon Him then
for all the hasty dealings
He did when He created men
Good luck, God, no hard feelings.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Note To Mr. Wiffle

There once was a poet named Wiffle,
he never wrote porno or piffle.
Though the powers decreed
he had sinned and indeed
he repented and showed a small sniffle.

He'd forgotten that poets may not
use their talent to....well, lose the plot.
Mr. Wiffle my dear
please behave now, you hear
or you may get yourself really shot!

I will say that (this is a conclusion) ,
we are left with the son of illusion
put your thoughts in between
all the lines to be seen
by the ones who can practice collusion.

I can say 'oh I love what you wrote
and your rhyme, (is it cute rhymes with goat) .'

Mr Wiffle my friend
you will win in the end
and you know I shall give you my vote.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Passing

Maples, proudly
showing
scarlet leaves,
in brazen wind.

An icy prominence,
he shuffles
down the path,
well-lined by
powdered birches.

No sound is heard,
a prickly feeling
of melancholy happiness
engulfing gently
his frail physique.

Yes, 'Welcome',
the word
slips easily
off bluish lips
as solitude now beckons
and offers up
a bed of moss
to rest a little while.

It was a miracle
that, strangely,
he had reached
down here
on earth
his paradise.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Path

The path is narrow,
potholed, with roots buttnosed,
green needles falling off
and sometimes cones.
And near the clearing,
by the Northern Moss, exposed
is one small arrow.

I feel it in my bones,
it penetrates my hearing.
I'm on the road that leads to Me,
it spans the lonely distance,
from sweet temptation to the land
where old man Ustinov
said it was rich, but bland.

My legs, named doubt,
they stand, though sturdy,
here, before daydreaming eyes.
And disembarking from an old existence,
of what I once regarded as too many lies.
On the horizon I can see a pregnant cloud,
it seems this path will simultaneously
lead up and down, it's what the eye can see.

Which I'd consider somewhat outside of the law
of Nature, and I frown and struggle to be free,
when at the crossroad stands a man, appearing nerdy,
with horn-rimmed glasses, blue suspenders holding pants.
He, being friendly, takes a step to meet this vagrant.
Me, being aimless, shake his hand with sudden vigour.

' I have been resting by this oaktree 'til I saw
that you were troubled and confused with all the sands
of time and place, and that you sought to find a fragrant
new forest where you'd meet, at last, the real YOU.
Yes, I can tell you that it takes tremendous rigour
to drift without an anchor or a walking stick.
You may be puzzled as to climbing or falling,

so do not ask me what it is that makes you tick.
I must be off before they think I might be stalling
in my own effort to be conqueror of ME.'

He took the fork that led due east and was soon gone.
I dropped my pack and willed a spring into my stride.
For many miles I marched, the road went on and on.
And I arrived at last, without my bloody pride.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Phone For You (Me)

I need, my sweet, a mobile phone.
For you of course, for you alone.
Perhaps a satellite with all its trim,
so I can reach you at, the slightest whim.

There are those pityboys and jealous birds
who'd like to jeopardise those precious words.
So, would you stick with me, stay very close
it is your specialty, Ear, Throat and Nose.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pile Of Leaves

A thousand leaves had fallen
the day he chose to go,
so many thoughtful colours
perched on a drift of snow.
The preacher and his flock
were out to hike for God
collecting pious thoughts
to add to ancient stock.
They sang of truth and love
of brothers in the fold
and from the sky above
unbidden now and cold
came flakes of crystal ice,
invisible their path
a nuisance had been sent
perhaps it was God's wrath
they sang, God, we repent.
And in the tallest tree
a spider's child observes
just how a spider weaves
a net of lines and curves.
Gone was the pile of leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pity

When one is down inside oneself
and has some hidden gray agendas,
when cobwebs of the inner mind
do not conceal the rancid secrets,
when one's sole horse in one's sole stable
is called a Masochista Mare
one does perceive clouds of depression
which block the sun one craves so deeply.
Yes the Deceiver is alive,
related to one's distant past
it strangles intellect and soul
and keeps the drapes closed through the day
and does not know the self or others
the giant shadow needs its shade.
Oh what a life, though not to envy
it does not have wide open eyes,
downcast is what the soul has ordered
to see the pitfalls, lest one falls.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pledge

He'd promised her the world,
of course she knew reality.
A continent away, she slept
and dreamed about the man
whose eyes had focused on
the jewel of the East, Afghanistan.

Her brother had, with a small smile
cut his own throat in bleak adversity,
the rules of desert sands were cruel
yet none would dare to stand and shout.

Allah was king and people were his sheep,
the fragrance of pure lanolin would lead
in scent and through magnetic trickery
to destiny as promised by the Gods.

The call woke him at dawn, from overseas.
She simply asked that he would come to her,
it was her life and nothing more than that,
he was still waking from his slumber, then he said:

I will be there for you as soon as things calm down,
it is our future that this deal go through on time,
we shall be rich and live in one big great hacienda
it is for you my darling that I must request your patience.

He did not come within the seven days of grace,
and nothing mattered after that, in her tradition.
No thought of riches or of beautiful haciendas
would have occurred to her, behind that cotton veil.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pledge?

A Pledge?

So black and white,
to think of VOWs.
Is there a need,
for man to lock
into a tiny vault
a pledge of words,
made up through time
and silly-putty weed?
I do advise to stall,
to hesitate, unsure
unless you feel the love
so raw, so wild and pure.
And if you do, my dear,
may I suggest
you holding hands and say
what will be best.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poem For Jerry H. ***

Updrafts are currents of warm air that rise,
released by devils on request from friendly gods,
selective they will help all moths and flies
with humans though, the picture is quite odd.
A man can be defeated by an enemy of chance
sprawled on the ground he worshipped previously indeed,
he swayed and frolicked to the music at the happy dance
yet unknown forces mowed him down, a useless weed.
Each Sunday all the gods sit in the heaven's cocktail BAR,
to make decisions on the stragglers and the downed,
they see and judge the characters and sinners from afar
and send updrafts to those found worthy, only very few are found.
So, Jerry, tell me, God said in his earnest voice,
what have you now to say, is it be or not to be
Assessing you and your good deeds will make my choice.
Dear Lord, I'm partial to your Penderyn, the Scotch you drink yourself,
my poetry is without equal so some say, but have a peek,
at home, the little woman is a treasure, works just like an elf
for which I thank thee, there is really little that I seek.
You shall, said God, be jumping queues to be awarded health,
I made a note of this while getting just a taste,
your soul is to my liking, it makes up for any wealth
so bless you now my son, you will get well though not in haste.
We need the likes of you up here, and when your moment comes
your tasks will be to serve and freshen drinks on Sundays just for me,
I know you are familiar with whiskeys, scotches, vodkas and most rums
I'm looking forward to you in a dozen years, and bring your poetry.

Note: Penderyn is a very expensive Scotch.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poem For Our Juvies

The story of my uncle Fritz
is made up of so many bits
it started with the age of zits
then followed fifteen rowdy kids
who played with strangers, getting nits
and in the morning ate hot grits.
He drove a car named Opel Blitz
and crashed it, giving him the shits
he's dead but the description fits.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poem Named Saywell

I find, in life there are a few
who'd treasure Cinderella's shoe.
On Poemhunter's public square
there is a frenzy (much to share) .
I go, because I feel I must
back to the days of lyric lust.
When genuine poetic skill
had landed on my windowsill.
A handful of great human souls
raked fellow men through burning coals.
I stand, in awe, of those whose art
could soothe the unforgiving heart.

Dedicated with tongue-in cheek to a great poet and human being,
Allan Saywell whose pets are as nutty as I consider 'just right'.
If I ever do meet a better colleague I shall let ye all know.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poem Needs No Rhyme To Be

Each poem, said the man, must rhyme
lest it be worth less than a dime.

I think it is like presupposing
that lawns and gardens get a hosing
through rubber tubes, not from the sky
or, please recall the Lorelei,
her hair was golden, also long
she only sang one lovely song,
could it be true that, short of hair
Brunette or blond, we would not dare
refer to her as Lorelei?

And then, my friends, there is the pie,
one may pronounce that pies are round
their weight may be more than a pound
all pies are eaten from a plate
by humans, but consider, mate,
that bovine pies do not fulfill
exclusively this codicil!

So, use with care your black and white
because the darkness has no light,
yet night cannot be seen as dark
and dog is not the same as bark,
the secret to this puzzle is
be flexible, for Nature is!

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poet

LP Gas. It's a second choice.
Always has been. May as well
be in the future, same as always.
Nothing special, just the gas.
Blowing bubbles, stinking up
the atmosphere, useful perhaps.
But stays among the unmentioenable,
without significance. Or anything.
Wow. They said he might. But? >
He could not, would not, did not.
He did not have it. Only hot air.
Which ain't enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poet Is A Unicorn

A poem is when it is born
a trifle like a unicorn.
It hovers in its growing stage
displays, perhaps a bit of rage
unbridled it can be and wet
just like a baby you have met
but what it really sets apart
from other godly works of art
it grows a horn perfectly suited
in which the poet's soul is rooted.
So when your inner thoughts feel torn
just think of your own unicorn.
And don't forget that all your words
have wings and fly about like birds
and comes the day the world should mourn
their poet was a unicorn.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Poly-Valentine

Tis Valentine so soon,
they mentioned it today
and pointed to the special cards,
three ninety-five,
a hint of chocolate
and lines to fill
with sweet and loving words.
Can I, so asked a lad
have more than one,
or would this be conceit,
you as the Postmaster
would be the one to know.
Of course, my boy
I let you have a dozen cards
for thirty, add the stamps
and you'll be out a fifty
and they'll swarm
like honeybees
who always find their way
back to the hive.
So give me FIVE
and let me know
come Monday morn'.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Portrait

She stands, defiantly it seems,
her pelvic bones in true lordosis,
accentuating chiselled pectorals
fine rays of sunshine cling
to those dividing lines between,
thus casting shades of pink
in willing flesh, curved with such grace,
pulsating to a drummer from beyond,
gyrating now, the laws of novel physics
dipping to chemistry of ready senses,
and glistening dew.

I strain with silent eyes to see
what has been handed me so freely,
an image of the pride of freedom's lust,
yes it demands and takes it in
the great defiance of society's own gods.

For Gina.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Potpourri Of Everyday Rhymes

In thanking you I must agree
that rhyming gives me pleasure,
and that it adds, by some degree
to people's reading treasure,
to those who must show their disdain
go get a magic pen
slip on the mood to entertain
and try and try again.

A storm came up and off it fell
into the waves, into the swell.
All rhymes were blown into the sea
the sailors were in misery.
The captain, though, forever proud
and with a voice forever loud
he turned the ship and asked the crew
to jump into the foaming brew.
Each person shall get one more lime
if anyone retrieves the rhyme.
All sailors jumped, no hesitation
the boss remained right at this station,
they swam and fretted 'til they found
the cache of rhymes, still leatherbound.
Then up they came, (not one perverse)
threw overboard all other verse.
The limes prevented the disease
the rhymes now fluttered in the breeze,
Each poet needs his substance 'C'
and rhymes lest he is not to be.

If adding sheer sophistication
to rhyme it makes for pleasant reading
it seems as if such a creation
can hold one's interest, thusly leading
to hunger for more of the same,
some poems are too short - a shame.

I can see the advantage of having a plum
in the mouth if the atmosphere's hot

if the critics are active and label you dumb
and the one-givers do want you shot.
In the days of the masters like Goethe and Schiller
they used horse apples with a great skill
for the speakers of nonsense it did make a good filler
though some critics got violently ill.
If you give me a choice between apples and plums
I will take all the plums just for me
but for others it's apples, they pamper the gums
of the ones who love misery.

Oh yes, it's YOU down in that grave
and I who stands alone
in brazen wind, your son, so brave
just polishing your stone.
It took me years to understand
that you had gone away
and left me in this world, so bland
with work and bills to pay.
Today it has at last sunk in
how lucky are my friends
who dance and drink until they spin
and life itself then ends.
They figure, though, as long as she
is still alive and well
the Reaper's cruel misery
when finally it fell
would hit the old one, pre-ordained
and gave you a reprieve
your stone, dear mother, it is stained
from tears, and I must leave.

Oh sadness, leave my heart at once
I shall not be your silly dunce.
I fly, a dove, onto the moon
and have in tow my pink balloon.
The sun has told me, close to dusk
that all true love is fragrant musk,
thus when I find what I do need
I shall surround it with pure greed.
And lock it into my balloon
forever grateful to the moon.

How can it be to have a woman who is new
to be expected as a long-term guest to stay,
and as a buddha for the pleasures of the crew
he'd be the wherewithall of all that I can say.
Don't be afraid, I say, just be yourself and more
it isn't sex that stirs the embers in the fire
there is a magnet, a connection to a whore
of all that lives in you and that you can admire.
Why would you shave the head, is there a secret need?
And why the stones and all the words that paint your death,
if you are happy when you grab her and you breed
perhaps you'll notice in the dark her final breath.

This proves that if you have a ditch
with running water and in which
opportunistic, sleepy weeds
wave back and forth and spill their seeds
it really, simply stands to reason
that boys will, during summer season
observe how Nature does her chores
and, since they're itching in all pores
the thought of building now is heard,
and all agree, as does the nerd.
A dam will change the course of fate
though temporary, and the state
of water as it does traverse
the land, is altered for the worse
by man's amazing arrogance
so boys who may know impudence
will build a dam because they're free
and to escape life's misery.
Now we all know, so do the boys,
that it's the devil who annoys
the souls who dream of laissez-faire
he gets them later, in his snare.
Since booze and water do not mix
disaster strikes, like tons of bricks,
and once again, there flows the stream
and takes along a pleasant dream.

I have now studied, you will see

arithmetic, philosophy
and other subjects I shall probe
as long as I am on this globe.
And if I find just misery
upon arriving in the sky
I think that I shall never see
the answer why we all must die.

I think we know you mean to say
that you won't leave, prefer to stay.
But brother, can you spare a dime
I did not see a single rhyme?

We may yet charge an entry fee
for those who are too loose
with rhymes and write in parody
you should read Mother Goose.

I like it when a poet has a voice
and uses it for subtle words of choice,
to hammer home to all a sly reminder
that every city needs its justice finder.

Yes, dreams can turn into the best-made plans
and come to life, by God, through earnest fans.
It is the gang of imbeciles who dwell on greed
who squander all of ours and make us bleed.

Perhaps an error happened in creation
allowing evil spirits in this nation,
and when the time comes where the folks must vote
turn off the set and throw out the remote.

Use three percent peroxide, dear
first in the nose, then in the ear.
Those nasty germs will run and scatter
and from the nostrils greenish matter
shall seek its freedom now outside,
just watch it drip and run and slide!
Remember noses don't need lube
out of a can or from a tube.
Peroxide, also used on hair

cleans out the sinuses with flair.

There is silence engulfing this board
and the absence of voice strikes a chord.
While I'm making a cup
will you poets wake up
and write poems (well something) , good Lord!

The snow comes down so lilywhite
I wonder what it means
it is a most delicious sight
I love those frosty scenes.
And in a while I do suppose
I'll build me a big mate
a snowman with a carrot nose
before it is too late.
For when the sun comes out in force
and looks at all the snow
it's time to get my hobbyhorse
so we can watch the show.
I'll sit upon my hobbyhorse
and watch my snowman die
it is a shame that in due course
all friends must say good bye.

The snowman had almost expired
he had, while melting, been quite tired,
when arctic winds came from the Pole
(these winds do play a crucial role)
and all the drops reverted soon
to snowflakes under a full moon.
Lo and behold here is the tally,
the snowman was revived for Sally!
He stood until the Easter bunny
came by with eggs and thought it funny
that in the Northern balmy Spring
when crows wake up and robins sing
a snowman would be found alive
well something really didn't jive.
Well, it is simple, I'll explain
a snowman doesn't grow from rain,
it must be real snow as such

and even then he won't be much
in terms of sheer longevity
so, God, who saw the misery
decided that he could do magic
and thus prevent the usual tragic
and sudden end through subtle change
in physics, so he did arrange
that snowflakes, once they hit the ground
would never melt but stick around.
Thus from that day when Sally spoke,
they turned immortal, it's no joke.

And now that the contest is done
and a few of the poets have won
I must say that all others
were adored by their mothers
and I'm damned if we didn't have fun.

So I thank all the ones who wrote in
who alerted their friends and their kin
I must say that your stuff
although not quite enough
topped my day like a tonic with gin.

Repetitio est mater studiorum
and each poem can have its decorum
you will never be blind
if you're helpful and kind
you can practice right here in the forum.
Each poetic submission
like a nuclear fission
be a simple decision
not a nasty collision
with the free-versing vision.
If there is superstition
or a quick apparition
you must send a petition.
Pay attention to metre
and not Sally or Peter
but as soon as you teeter
on the much hated ledge
you can write down your pledge

and thus drive a sharp wedge
between you and the edge,
but there are no strict rules
for the poets and fools
you don't write for the schools
but when somebody drools
over what you have written
and he's totally smitten
you can purr like a kitten
or a lover just bitten
it will make all your days
and you need no more praise.

When the bender of the fender
who is normally quite tender
saw the notice from the lender
(though she didn't know the sender)
I must say it did offend her
after lunch she did surrender
to another liquid bender
and a bigger fender-bender.

Rusty was overheard to mutter
something about a leafy gutter.
A ladder, made from metal sticks
and rotten leaves just never mix.
And once you enter into regions
where spiders pledge their proud allegiance
you've taken things a bit too far,
the spider is the gutter's Czar,
and since he does not ever bark
and weaves his webbing in the dark
he comes at you with all his might
and let's you have a painful bite.
There is no forum in the gutter,
exclusively one finds a clutter
of rotten, smelly, stubborn leaves
which reach eventually the eaves.
Now, rumor has it that the plans
to have discussions in advance
of each new poem in the gutter

which makes the biggest spider shudder.

The sadness of this funny place
where egos waste their silk and lace
where often one who's misbehaved
is first encouraged, later shaved
promoting gays in forum's haze
would fuel yet a different blaze.
I think that in the end the forum
is given, by the mess, decorum.
Your poem, Angie, is a play
I like it, though. What can I say.

Yes, you are my little star
twinkling at me from afar.
Wow, you are a precious sight
let me give you some more light.
And you little asterisk
did you see the giant whisk
in the street called Milky Way
also I would like to say
you don't need to twist and fret
it's been years that we have met,
what you really need to know
is that I put on a show:
in the dark I am the moon
hours later, way too soon,
I commence my daylight fun
when I change to be the sun.
So, your soul to me is true
there is me and there is you.
Menage à trois is not for us
others do create that fuss.
My farewell until tonight
watch when I switch on the light,
come then, rest here, in my middle
listen when I play the fiddle.

Stumbleman bought himself China-made shoes
hammered and glued by those infantile crews.
Cry little children, on the Great Wall

don't wear those sneakers, you're likely to fall.
Stumbleman's stingy, has always been cheap
ought to buy Dunlops, it's shoes he could keep.

I must wholeheartedly agree,
we've never learned from history.
Old men will sit at home, all limp
and call the war-dodger a whimp.
They say the phallus symbol rules
all wars and miserable fools.
Just look at rockets, every shell
for rifles, other guns from hell
they're shaped like something known to men
and seen by girls too, now and then.
My favourite is that if you choose
to stay at home, perhaps drink booze
it makes of you a people's foe
you will have sunk extremely low.
You help us to be proud and free
if not you are the enemy.

Haven't met you, though you smell
like wildflowers, I can tell.
Worry not about clichés
listen as the fiddle plays.
Rhyme is for the common masses
some would call us silly asses,
and your poem's music sounds
egging on the forest hounds.

Poems can be dissonances
that's when rhyme is bad and dances
or they are a symphony
played when poets have their tea.

Each day you wake to feel the breeze
upon your skin, a mellow tease.
It gently, with its awesome powers
for many free and precious hours
suspends and carries you to land
where kindred spirits understand.
Only the Gods are now aware

that you have Lorelei's long hair
and that the blue, majestic sea
sprays salty tears so you can be
at home and showered as you fly
in search of your own lullaby.

You are right of course
and there is no dead horse
and no need to debate
the precarious state
of all rhyming and prose,
but of course there are those
who could NOT tell a rhyme
from a lemon or lime.
So let us play footsies
and remember their tootsies
be it known now that onions
cause more teardrops than bunions,
in the poetry scene
only critics are green.

What kind of man will see in you the sexy bun
in you my girl, no matter how you wear your dress.
Will he be serious or hilarious, full of fun
and will he take you out to dance or just play chess?
It is a well-known fact that we can not select
what was created just for us by Gods who knew
we are embarrassed of the tiniest defect
and oft forget that we are aching to be true.
He will, of course, take up his station in your bed
next to your aura which will quickly reach his soul
and as he whispers with his lips against your head
you will start dreaming of your never-ending role.

Yes, rings are like small memories,
they nap most days, as if to please
the owner in his hopeless dream
which is half filled with whipping cream.
A piece of someone's heart breaks loose
and wanders off, becomes a noose
for what brought two kind souls together
a ring of gold, light as a feather?

This poem's made of many bits,
does not respect the its and it's.
No matter how your rhymes seduce
this still makes you a spelling goose.

I like your text as it depicts
for poets, monks and derelicts
what's good in rhyme and otherwise,
you've come to sweep away some lies.

Inside a star struck, see-through bubble
a vacuum has just occurred.
Absence of rhyme will cause you trouble
through ancient power of the word.
A bubble does not have a door
also, profanity stays out
will you take off to distant shore
as an Italian astronaut?

If adding sheer sophistication
to rhyme it makes for pleasant reading
it seems as if such a creation
can hold one's interest, thusly leading
to hunger for more of the same,
this poem is too short - a shame.

Note:

This rather short poem is not a poem. It's all the comments
from the rhyming competition and could serve as an aid to rhyming practice.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Prayer

God will you help me just today.
I am confronted by a velvet skinned young maiden.
Or should I say presented with her by the grace of...YOU?
Her skin is softer than your own chamois
when it's been soaked in Wolf Blass Chardonnay.
Size 38, a C you know it means to me
that I will have both hands full just to taste
extravagance right in the land of plenty.
You only gave me, Lord, such paltry set of tools,
those hands that reach to her and test her soul's own water.
I am a breast man, as you know, so I will surely drool
and nibble gently, take my time for our sweet journey.
But tell me Lord, what should I do when sweetness
and scrumptious mounds of womanhood beguile me?
There are so many other regions that YOU thought of
and that draw me, will you consider making time stand still for now?
I could then tear myself away from velvet breasts,
perhaps keep one hot hand upon the biggest nipple,
then cruise to other valleys and some meadows,
with wondrous eyes of childhood and with awe.
How can I kiss her delicate and ruby
manuka-sweet and cherry-ripened lips,
to then depart from your extreme creation
from titillation and the promised bliss?
To find the softest spot in this warm body
I do not need to have you guide me, God.
You have equipped me with your usual foresight
with searching tongue and one more useful feature.
So, on my way I am, I thank you God, for giving
such loveliness and beauty to this sinner.
You made the parts that fit but wisely kept your hand
away from our most private, lustful moments,
so that the pleasure of two sweating bodies
is ours to have and love and keep within ourselves.
I've found it now, and did I mention velvet,
or silk or satin, nothing comes that close.
She said it was her softest spot and God knew
that she was right and then He closed his eyes.
And I don't care about atomic bombs or mayhem,

of frank starvation or the wrath of Hell.
I'm drinking at the fountain of creation
and will remain there under a soft spell..

Herbert Nehrlich

A Pyridoxine Dream

I woke
the drapes were drawn
and darkness
from my soul
had taken hold
inside the house
where
sounds have died
due to neglect
and beating hearts
both humans and
those lacking flesh
decayed,
to metamorph
into new life
as immortality.
My hands,
sleepdrunk,
reach over to
the warmth of her,
but she has gone
to join the past
where feasts are held
each quarter moon,
and left,
at rest
upon her pillow
in her place,
her imitation clone
whose hands
were ice,
of wilted pallor
and the skin
of paperbark.
But she could speak
and all
my silence
also died.

A Queer Pair Of Boxers

He did, eventually,
after discussions,
and pleadings,
sent to him,
special delivery,
the checkered ones.

The thought behind it
this caving in,
was 'who would know'.

But monsoon rains,
they had come early.
Washed off the ink
and thus it happened.

Postmaster in Manila
retrieved the pair of
checkered boxer shorts,
destined for an unknown lover.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Question Not For Me

For days on end I wondered,
about the way the world decides
who of the chosen few will be
the one to hold her little hands,
and squeeze the rosy flesh
just for the pleasure of
her superfragilistic company.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Question Of Honour

If he does not
it will be up to me,
it's all a question of
the methodology.
A rope, a gun, a potent pill,
since silent blades
and leaden slugs
as well as needles,
gauge twentyfive
or other aids
are all so gauche!

There is no other task
but the tetralogy
of dodobird Fallot!
Thanks, all the same.
I knew you would
and so do you.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Quiet Mind

Perpetually restless,
The eyes cannot see
Or appreciate any
Beauty, properly.

So with the mind's pace.
The eye of the soul needs
To rise up in tranquility,
To look past ruffles and lace.

Into beauty's soul,
Taste its nectar
And inhale its fragrance,
Then be caressed by
A rainbow of calm.

A co-production by
Fay Slimm
and
Herbert Nehrlich

Herbert Nehrlich

A Response Poem

The whistle of the evening train
two giant puffs of snow-white steam
so reminiscent of the Chinese Dragon,
accelerating through the melancholy of
spindly paddy grass, so tall and yet so thin.
Year of the dog it is and all the creatures know;
a sense of loss and painful sadness now descends.
From piercing sounds a startled echo turns to light,
transforming night into the brightness of the day.
No moonlight is allowed to shine, no grinning cheese,
no solitary dog to vent its wild and hungry spleen,
but God has seen the saddened faces on his earth
sent sweetened harpsichords and violins and flutes,
to stop the weeping for all diesel trains and death

Herbert Nehrlich

A Response Poem 2

.....and there it was, the crack
not of dawn but of Dawn herself,
with a tuft of hair, a burning bush
in the sunlight's reflection, bristling,
a Moses parting the water's grave for man,
and the fragrance of forbidden pork lingering,
sending desperate signals to vultures,
birds of scruffy feathers and no decency
Where are you God, where is your only son?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Righteous Death

Kidneys packing it in,
fluid on the lungs,
congestive heart failure,
cognitive breakdown,
prolonging means money.
Who makes it, that dreaded
decision, based on
no vision, no reason.
Seen by some
as treason, or economics,
no cure in sight,
amelioration failing,
heavy cannons
not considered.
Somewhere the word
is uttered, barely audible,
EUTHANASIA.
It smacks of Goebbels,
is it an active death?
And if we change
the term
to a much kinder one,
KALOTHANASIA,
it could well mean
that those who die
will be relieved
that theirs will be
a righteous death.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Risqué Lullaby For A Resident Poet

I once knew a ballerina
she had flown in from Argentina
she liked playing my flute
and was udderly cute
though I stick with the real Gina.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Sense Of Justice

A timid boy, that's what he was.
A nerd in school, though into sports,
observing all his hometown laws
but drifting laterally, of sorts.

His senses had developed well,
but with his parents being strict
he felt dependent (all could tell) ,
much like a dog that has been kicked.

But something ripened in his mind,
it was a curious mix of fairness
and urgent need of being kind,
in conflict with acute awareness

that justice always must be done.
One day, while riding his new bike
in sweltering midsummer sun
he came upon a skinny tyke

in confrontation with a brute,
much older and more muscular.
The situation looked acute
and had progressed to vascular,

traumatic force, I mean red blood,
dripped from his nose into the mud.
The pair were totally mismatched,
the brute was known in town as tough.

The little guy, he must have hatched
twelve years before, it was enough!
Our nerd put on the stand his bike
and ordered Brute to stop the fight.

The answer was 'go take a hike
or I will crush you with my might.'
For those of you who've ever felt
the presence of adrenalin,

you would have loved that first quick belt,
which landed on the big guy's chin.
Without assistance from the kid
the daylight's were then beaten out

of one who worked and lived amid
God-fearing people as a stout,
and tough and overbearing fellow.
His failing was lack of respect,

his colour as of then bright yellow.
He'd seek the weak and then select
the time and place where he could meet
his victims for a knuckle dusting.

Had never once met with defeat,
and on that day his eyes were lusting
for blood and glory, lots of tears.
But his opponent had decided

to shed all shyness and his fears,
and, from that moment he was guided
by Justice and the rights of man.
There was a rather quick conclusion,

our hero mumbled 'Yes, I can',
the case was clear, with no confusion.
The Brute had lost his reputation,
for, in the villages and valleys

the outcome had been a sensation.
And in the dark, sinister alleys,
the Brute was never seen again.
He had become a laughing stock
and never scared another man.
Much later Nerd became a Doc.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Silence Most Foul

As Malice rears her ugly head
it's clear that justice must be dead.
What once did seem a friendly place
reminds me of a botoxed face,
no voice, no sign of having heard
as if a solitary word
were treason against God's own rules.
Oh what a silly ship of fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Small Forgetmenot

I'd managed to traverse
the river of indifference,
and climbed the muddy banks
until I stood beneath the canopy
of trees whose majesty surprised,
they swayed in synchrony
and nodded at each turn,
as if to say we shall stand guard for thee.

There was a purpose to the nods,
directing me to look beyond the shade
my eyes went heavy and all time stood still.

A rose of an exotic colour, all alone,
surrounded by a thousand healthy weeds,
oh wonders of this world, they never cease!
She beckoned me to step up close,
smiled like an angel when I touched her stem,
'you may, dear wanderer, caress my face as well, '
I did, and there was velvet bliss forever seemingly,
I could not leave again, there was no other world.

I settled next to her, though careful not to crush
her precious parts or any weeds in residence.
The sun came out in all its beauty after dawn,
and there was peace, with birds and butterflies nearby,
majestic trees stood guard and lent their cooling shade
and on occasion I would think and ask, 'but why'?

There was a storm, it seemed so meaningless and odd,
though I had noticed the clear absence of the nod,
wild flashes struck and surged to earth between the trees
and lightning's fury forced me down onto my knees.

'You may not live', so said the rose, 'it's in your heart',
and she was right, I felt the dagger's cruel blade
a small forgetmenot, its deep blue leaves apart
cried a small tear and life resumed there, in the shade.

A Small Leak

Eight inches of warm rain
poured down as if the end
of drought were in the cards.
A tiny spot of mould appeared
above my place in slumberland
perhaps a sign of more to come.
There is a spot of trouble, similar
somewhere inside the bible,
it talks about neglect and how
the little wrongs grow bigger
and then become disasters.
I'll have to find my blue green overalls
and see to it that all the tiles
are still in place and whole,
and that the small reminder
carries with it the skills required
to fix what's broken in my life
and keep the powder dry.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Small Mountain

It is an organ, albeit small,
protruding, as it does,
a tiny knob.

At home it is on minor lips,
more secrets well concealed
inside a shroud.

Its raison d'être in all mammals
(hyenas are exceptions which is sad)
is the giving of
and simultaneous taking in
of tasted pleasure,
now and then.

This, as a gift to females from biology,
develops from a tubercle
and ends up either way.

It tickles first the mind
but soon it overwhelms,
by power of eightthousand nerves,
all set to tease
and capable to please.

Its head is veiled
by an exotic hood,
it has a shaft
and inner lips
as well as crural legs,
there are some vessels,
muscles, ligaments
and central station
called the commissure
with a fourchette.

I love to spend some time
there, at the shady place,
Mons Pubis it is called.
And yes, it has it all.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Soldier Returned

The year was nineteen forty six.

A somber faced
and moist-of-eye
dear uncle
revealed the truth,
only to one,
his wife.

They'd married
the year before
when he returned
one morning,
filthy,
from the Russian Front.

He'd brought
a Samovar,
used in the field
for Borscht
and
plain potato soup.

So happy
to be home
and watch the belly
of his wife
grow quickly,
as on command.
Those times were hard
but happy,
one could taste
the spirit of
humanity
in every brick
and stone
pulled from the ruins,
saved from the rubble.
They spent
their stashes for
black market bread
and yellow butter.

The Doc had said
to eat more,
for his cough.
' It is the vitamins,
the A and D,
and get a lot of sun
to kill the bugs.'

There was
so little sun
and hardly
any butter,
though.

His cough got worse,
he started to,
as if by accident
cough by himself,
in total privacy.
Until that day
when she had seen
the sputum,
all foamy red.

She sold her ring,
the one they'd
baptised
'I Thee Wed',
to have enough
to pay the Doc.
They saw him
on that Saturday,
he was sooo busy-
through shredded tubes
his stethoscope detected
a 'slight improvement'
in his condition.

' Plenty of butter
and sunshine, daily,
it is the A and D,
the best of luck

to both of you.'

She rose before him
the next morning.
On that Sunday
the birds were silent,
and he slept in
to never wake again.

There had not been
enough of anything,
and the TB,
with utmost cruelty
had claimed
another soldier.

And, on a sunny day
in early May
a little girl was born.
She'll always wear
a locket with his photo
near her heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Starry Night

It was as if the skies
had kissed this Mother Earth
so that her sparkling eyes
gave rise to precious birth.

A breeze drifts through the fields,
tall stalks sway softly, bright.
The dark of forests yields
a clear and star-lit night.

My soul daring to roam
flew up on gentle wings,
past castles of strange kings,
pretending to go home.

As Heaven was my goal,
when clinging to its back,
in clouds I lost my soul
and God found, it was black.

Now, hurled down to the ground,
condemned, forever banished,
there was a moon-lit sound
and all the stars had vanished.

Today I sleep in heather,
in meadows during nights,
and pray for stormy weather
to douse those star-lit nights.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Strange Teacher

A teacher I adored and loved,
was seen last evening, when he shoved
illegally and with much force,
an object into a big horse.
The horse objected, he persisted
the man was fat and pudgy-fisted.
They called the cops for an arrest.
The man explained that he had blessed
this animal, to meet his god,
what struck the coppers as too odd.
But then, to end the whole confusion
and your's, dear readers' weird conclusion,
the priest poured wine into the horse.
Well then it dawned on them, of course.

Horsing around with any beast -
the privilege for any priest.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Stroll

Two horses and a cow were walking
about the Christmas season talking.
Says horse named Clyde 'I am so big
I'll break the biggest baddest twig
off of the tallest Christmas tree',
said Mama cow, 'just wait for me,
I swing, while walking my big udder
and make for poor folks lots of butter.'

The horse called Percheron, or Ed
walked slowly, like a horse that's dead.
But due to bulk and awesome size
he had, for Christmas a surprise.
By rubbing up against a tree
he would commit some blasphemy.
He'd gobble up a thousand nuts
dropped them in front of peasants' huts.

They walked until the melting snow
made water, letting flowers grow.
And only then did they sleep over
right near a field of lovely clover.
Before they left for other lands
they walked around the barren sands
and dropped what they'd accumulated
which is by gardners highly rated.
Before the year was nearly done
when snow was pestering the sun
the harvest had received the nod
from no one other than their God.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Surgeon's Sonnet And A Response

By Surgeon Pui Ng

Too soon the curtain of this stage will rise
Well trained am I and in this role well versed
In readiness again I don my guise
Yet fear and trembling parch my throat with thirst

My face assumes a self assured masque
The company does not suspect I feign
I force myself to focus on the task
I must find strength to play my part again.

In spite of every effort tried last night
That blackest of all curtains dark did fall
Today we must continue in the fight
Returning to the spotlights of the hall.

One last attempt to calm my trembling heart
Then off I go to play my fateful part.

My Response:

Dear doctor, do not let Queen Sadness rule,
you did preside and lent your well-honed skills.
The God who guarded you while still in school
is also master of the people's ills.

You are a friend, I know it from your words,
you did not walk away without a glance.
And I suspect that two small hummingbirds
disguised as tears fell to your chest to dance.

Without compassion man is just a fool
who loves the emptiness inside stale air
and uses all his talents like a mule;
a great conformist but without a care.

Yes you must go and carry still your torch
and let it burn so brightly as to light,

when during leisure you rest on your porch
your strength renews for any future fight.

If, for some time you feel an aching heart
it will renew the fibres of your soul,
rejoice my friend, this science is an art
it is immersion that will make you whole.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Taste

Once you have tasted milk and honey
your buds are in a state of bliss.
Your world has suddenly turned sunny,
your lips remembering the kiss.

The epithelium of these lips
is made up of one kind of cell.
And once they're primed by pleasure sips,
their character comes out its shell.

And like a homing pidgeon will
attempt to fly to destinations
that are familiar and instill
the 'HONEY, I AM HOME' sensation.

It is well known - if cut and pasted,
you only need to click on SEND.
Your efforts to undo are wasted,
the cat is out the bag, my friend.

Just take the wolf. A taste of blood...
(s) he's hooked for life with no regrets.
Wild pigs do wallow in the mud
and tennis balls beseech the net.

So, once we've known
love's heady fragrance,
have tasted it
and let it linger,
we simply cannot act like vagrants:
Give me your hand
with EVERY finger.

Now night has fallen in the tundra,
the silver fur reflects the moon.
A solitary, silent wanderer
keeps pushing on,
it's morning soon.

As trees dream of infinity,
as moths must hurry to create
a chemical affinity.
And when they have it is too late.

Our time is water past the weir.
You'll never taste it after that.
So let us grab it while we're here.
How does one catch a pussycat?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Thief Born Early

Two boys, both blond and blue of eye
were playing at the Lorelei.
As foreign ships passed near the cliff
bold flags in morning frost were stiff.

The elder brother, to annoy
had brought with him his latest toy.
A fire engine, painted red
(at night it parked beneath his bed) ,
had been reward for A's and B's
and from his belt hung silver keys.

You'd wind the spring to set the stage
and soon the motor would engage,
the truck went wild, with bells and whistles
and raced through grass and forest thistles.

The boy, whose birthday was outstanding,
at first was timid, then demanding.
Though younger by a year and some
he suddenly was overcome
by hot desire for the toy,
which did not please the older boy.

He grabbed and pulled the object free
inserted then the silver key
and launched the vehicle with skill
in the direction of a hill.

Meanwhile, the victim (his own brother) ,
was calling loudly for his mother,
who, hearing cries of desperation
abandoned her accustomed station,
which was the stove, needless to say.
She cooked and let the children play.

The mother saw the boys ascending
the cliff to where the path was ending,
and from the windswept, rocky top

the fire engine flew non-stop
to raging waters far below
the robber yelled 'Oh What A Show! '

A conference was soon convened,
and grandpa, who disliked a fiend,
explained the logic of the law
which, in the end, the young boy saw.

And when the engine was retrieved
both boys and mother were relieved.
A dent below the driver's door
was quickly fixed. They found no more
in damages, the truck was tough.
Built in Berlin, which says enough.

As grandpa who was still a teacher
and had been acting like a preacher,
explained to two bewildered boys
about the ownership of toys.

It soon sank in that what is mine
cannot be dropped into the Rhine
by other boys who may be strong.
Thus, taking things is always wrong.
Unless the item of desire
is given freely, or for hire.

The victim now put in the key
and turned it quickly, just to see
if damages had, during flight
occurred to structures deep inside.

If anything, the truck drove faster,
had gone unscathed through the disaster.
The boys grew up and soon forgot
the incident, or did they not?

So often, when a lesson's learned
an inner quality is earned.
And now and then a thief is cured
at once, and you can be assured

that little boys grow into men,
remembering, just now and then,
those dramas of their early days
when parents showed them rules and ways.

Don't ask me whether it be fact
that, what the older brother lacked
stems from the drama near the Rhine?
In sweet revenge, he took what's mine.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Thing Called Love (By Rachel)

This love affair is in the brain
It does not show itself outside.
Does it exist? It can't be proved
In any ordinary way.

Unusual standards come to fore
The heart, the soul, the memory.
So hard to measure from without
So effortless for you and me.

The physical for now is naught
So sad; no touch, not an embrace.
No meeting eyes nor lips nor hands,
A sense of love in endless grace

There is no future plan in this
Thoughts of a past, now long gone by
A binding tie across the years
Between two hearts a gentle kiss

We leave the fate to knowing gods
Of two whose thoughts merely transcend
All boundaries beyond the odds
To be together in the end.

Presenting yet another poem by Rachel.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Thrum

As all those parts made up a sum
to be admired or ignored
he heard a faint soprano hum
low instincts told him he had scored.
He wrote a poem, fourteen lines,
covertly sprinkling into it
the fragrance of erotic wines,
the chalice of Teutonic wit.
She spoke, with honesty and poise
a woman holding her own drum
her eyes a shade of soft turquoise
deep in her womb a steady thrum.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Toad

A toad sat on a railroad track
and polished there his scales.
He could not reach his centre back
with his long fingernails.

He found a hammer and drove in
ten nails into a board,
then scratched his midback with a grin.
How strange, you say, good Lord!

First time I saw a toad so odd,
he morphed into a prince.
I've trusted my Almighty God
in all these matters since.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Tooth Fairytale (Revised)

The plane touched down at LAX.
I'd nursed that tooth since graduation.
And I had hoped that the old Hex,
which might affect my presentation,
would show some mercy, just this time.

They were distinguished men of science,
who really felt it was a crime
to stand before them in defiance
and, lisping, occupy their time.

No scientist likes revolution,
it interferes with normal flow,
and does affect the execution
of comfort and 'I told you so'.

And then, the thought that bothers much
is why it had not come to me,
this newly-fangled Midas Touch,
which was a rebel's misery.

And here I was, the lower front,
it swayed with just the slightest breath.
They'd laugh their heads off at this stunt.
To flash a gap was certain death.

So, off I went for superglue.
And in the parking lot of SEARS
I lined them up, now feeling blue
and started with the drops and smears.

It would not set (some people stared) .
I tried until I'd swallowed much,
I was the only one who cared
to look presentable as such.

But glue discarded, I proceeded,
to chew, til soft, red bubble gum,
then placed the wad where it seemed needed

behind the teeth, it just felt numb.

It did not work, to my surprise,
so off I went for denture paste,
it figured that, one could surmise,
adhesive stuff would not in haste

fall off or swim away with spit.
I brought the extra strength, large tube,
it came with a repairer's kit.
It smelled like roses, name was GOOB.

I stayed the night with my Swiss friend,
an aviation top mechanic.
When I arrived the denture blend
was sloughing off, a mounting panic

had started spreading through my mind.
So we discussed, drank Gallo wine
what could be done and would we find
an answer if we did combine

our intellects, right here and now.
And Fred was thinking Swissmade thoughts,
I knew that he could figure how
to save the day, if willing Gods

could be enlisted in such ventures.
Fred works on planes and is quite skilled
but when it came to teeth and dentures,
he said to get this wish fulfilled

a miracle must come to visit.
And since we must be self-sufficient,
pretend it's easy, right, so IS it,
Swiss minds are laterally conditioned.

Into his shop we then proceeded,
to find a quick and foolproof way
of stabilising what was needed:
A tooth that didn't want to stay.

When I said Thanks with a 't-h',
my tongue performed its usual chore,
it pushed against those tired, aged
incisors that were young no more.

And then I saw it, felt it wiggle:
It had now fallen over, 'FARKKK'
is all I uttered (Fred did giggle)
'I'm sorry, didn't mean to bark! '

And Fred spat out his short Havana,
retrieved some shiny aircraft wire,
and then pronounced the words 'Mens sana,
in corpore sano', with fire,

and great conviction, humming now,
some tools and 'open wide' he barked.
Next to the barn I heard his sow
was mocking our hopes, he sparked

Arc Welder into instant action
and placed the tooth next to its neighbour,
I prayed that not a new extraction
would happen with his frantic labour.

Fred fiddled, tinkered, hammered, screwed,
explained that aircraft stuff was used.
I sat there, slumped and more subdued,
when Fred's face smiled, he was amused.

'Well, Doctor H' (he calls me that) ,
'we do good work, you must admit,
let's go inside, I think that Matt
is coming over, so we'll sit

and have a bite of things to eat.
So how does Pumpernickel sound,
it's hard and crusty, cheese and meat,
and German mustard I just found.

And for dessert some Northwest pears
and crispy pretzels, dipped in cream.

Tomorrow there won't be no stares
and you retain your self-esteem.'

I skipped the pears and pretzel sticks,
not that I didn't trust his skill,
I know no dentist could thus fix
a situation where the will

to win is uppermost in mind.
And if it's needed we can do
just what it takes to seek and find.
That's what a friend can do for you.

Note: The above story is true.
No names have been changed as there
were no innocent to protect.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Tough Pussycat

They got the job that summer,
house-sitting in the Siskiyou.
Among the Ponderosa Pines
and squirrels, bushy-tailed,
bright-eyed and Oregonian.

The owner had been hesitant
entrusting all he owned to, what
for lack of better labels, one could call
a bunch of kids, just starting college.

And in the night of their inauguration
they took some firewater out of pewter mugs,
until their courage had surpassed all reason.
They placed the residential Persian pussycat

onto the tray of GE's Microwave, model eleven.
And sat it to the Quick Defrost, on automatic.
Step two it was decided to prescribe
a thorough wash with Omomatic in the Miele.

There was much laughter as she stared from the inside,
a porthole of thick glass and wildly churning seas.
It was a cracker of a dawn for all of them,
when stinking emesis remained inside the house.

Only the cat had packed her bags, made up her face,
well washed and groomed she'd see this strange and crazy world.
She was a tough and quite resilient pussycat.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Trojan Horse

He was the first to climb inside,
a trap door just beneath the tail,
only skinny warriors apply,
though all, even the fat ones
were in awe over the very thought,
the idea which had been hatched
during morning tea; what if,
someone had uttered, what if
they could go in sight unseen,
armed, of course and dangerous?

The bailiff had, a cautious man,
said no one checks the mouth,
a gift horse is just that, but hey,
some morons would be drawn
to where the sun don't shine,
it is the odour of fresh dung
that whets their appetite, like
hogs and beetles they go wild
so what will be, he asked them
what, my learned friends, will be?

So many have, in much more
modern times, attempted
a revival of the symbol yet,
no one has ever built and sent
into the camp of morons and the like
a Trojan filled with authenticity.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Turn-On

I know about perception, yours.
you always seem to know
when impulses descend
down from my brain right to the end
where eager nerves feed aging loins.
And, oh so unbeknownst to you
this little secret shall be always mine
it is the sight of naked cheeks
as they emerge from vinyl drapes;
two firm and luscious bosco pears
flushed pink and just a touch of damp.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Twinkling, Obnoxious Little Silver Star

She'd sent me stars, two handfuls in that myst'ry package.
And when I opened to unpack they came like swarms
of silver insects, bright and ready to invade.
A silver touch, I thought, the carpet was a-glitter,
I picked them up, so slowly, one by one
with lingering movements, 'cause her hands had known them.

There was a storm that came, without much warning.
It took my love and whirled it into spheres
that could not nourish it and breathing had to cease.
While I was searching for the force of evil
that sent this devil of a murderer and thief,
all other life went on without consideration
of devastation that had plunged in misery
my very soul, its spirit had been breached.

Just like the hurt that tends to linger,
in nerves of amputated limbs of man,
this phantom pain can safely be dismissed.
It would take time, I knew to lose the memories,
and storms are really, don't you know, just acts of God.

Back to my reading now, which had been pushed
onto back burners, there was never any time .
When I perceived the slightest, softest touch upon my leg,
a star had fallen on a wound that she had healed.
This silver, little, recalcitrant and noticeable,
this twinkling and obnoxious bitty star,
it did just sit there, twinkling like a hooligan.
Until two teardrops fell upon it from above.

This story ends here as it has not been determined,
if too much time has gone for any hope of rescue.
It is well known that love must, like any living matter,
maintain a breath or face a certain, final death.

What if, I ask with anxious trepidation,
a surrogate has been up in those clouds.
Could it just be the life of love was spared?

And would you tell me, show me, kindly, then,
I plead with all you Gods, by Dawn's first light?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Very Happy Birthday For Jerry Hughes - Poet Extraordinaire

He's nothing like Hannibal
but so human an animal.
His poetry shows
that the blood within flows
with a steady noblesse,
not designed to impress
but a man of the word,
neither warrior nor nerd.

The reason this is early is
the old Alzheimer and a very early day tomorrow.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Vibratory Instrument

A vibratory instrument
more often used in early Lent
due to the rising of the sap
that Mother Nature has on tap,
caresses superficial spots
and can be likened to the Hots.

No depth of penetration needed
in fact, if reach does get exceeded
the buzz becomes a rough and tumble
recipients do not sing, they mumble
and heavenly, sweet melodies
they fly away in the first breeze.

A joystick I would call this tickler
and if you want to be a stickler
for sordid and obscene details
then don't for heaven's sake ask males
it is a woman who was made
when God was resting in the shade
and got that luscious inspiration
from apples toward fornication
creating her, G-spot and all
and on each side a rounded ball.

He nodded off, there in the shade
and thus, the rather thin green blade
in His own hand turned into one
quite homely looking tool for fun.
But, pardon me, for now observing
that all the lusting and the perving
is not a substitute for pleasure
a woman needs to spoil her treasure!

And men, your effort to compete
with gadgets, while it feeds conceit
is bound to fall on deafened tissue
as nerve endings must be the issue.

As for myself, I've long suspected
that, once the statue is erected
it would be good to have a lump
on its thoracic (upper) hump.
This would, likely facilitate
and stop the global-wide debate
about the proper stimulation
before the train goes in the station.

To close, here is some good advice
do spoil her, kiss her lovely eyes,
know what an honour has descended
on you, adore this rather splendid
creation which cannot be matched,
and when the bedroom door is latched
and sounds of that gregarious hummer
drift into cirrus clouds of summer
be patient man, give her some slack
and wait until her mind comes back.

That is the time, you'll see the smile
angelic and it stays a while
you may approach her to discuss
the finer points of flowers plus
the fact that no superior creatures
exist and that a woman's features
are what a man would lay his head
onto the block or, ON THIS BED,
but let the invitation come
from her, it helps if you play dumb
move closer, talking, but a fraction
not more, you'll miss out on the action.

If Lady Luck shines on that day
she may invite you to her play
who knows if in the very end
she'll let you use the instrument.

Dedicated to All women. For shallow thoughts
of pleasure.

A Visit

The doorbell rang, I jumped to see
there stood three men in suits,
and bulges (were they meant for me?)
plus black and shiny boots.

'The President has sent us, Sir',
the bigger bloke had said,
'First Lady likes to smile and purr
when poetry is read,
demands that on her special day
you be there with your stuff,
there will be food and drink and pay,
I tell you off the cuff.

The President requests you write
some poems about war
and how his overwhelming might
goes out to foreign shore.

And kills the rotten terrorists
the enemy of man,
and then compiles a lengthy list
of others, in Iran.

He'd like to hear that he is chief
the one who throws the switch,
so, be creative, never brief
with your poetic Kitsch.'

I saw the bulges and the boots
but had to stand my ground,
I told the men in Brooklyn suits
that I was honour-bound
to my own soul and no one else
and I would thus decline.

Next day my body, full of shells
swam in the river Rhine.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Visit To The General

She needed some assistance,
walking was a pain they said,
at eighty-six, though Mother had,
since memory began, been strong
and agile on her feet, she had to be.

Well, arm in arm we walked, ahead
of those who were the generation
that followed and was a trifle tardy,
perhaps it was a sort of humour then,
spawned in the days of youth and glee
which always seems to spoil it all,
omnipotently in their stride at that.

The road went straight to him, the General,
he'd rested there since 94,
and always had his way with words
and with the order of the world,
where even flowers on a grave did have their rules.
Well watered and a shade too cold for me,
he did remain as silent as the marble stone,
we placed the sand from distant island shores
into the gaps so he would see it there,
he never made the trip, though not for lack of guts.

It was an eerie day when smoke arose
from the old house next to the silent place,
and drifted near to us as if to bring a small excuse
for random tears or such emotional yahoo.

Son draped his black San Marcos leather jacket
over her, she seemed so frail today,
and when we said our brief and mute goodbyes
it was as if the works of Goethe had been found
on one's small bedside table in the morn,
to be devoured and completely understood.

Some words were scratched into sandstone wall,
and there, amidst the swinish ones I saw it then,

it said Be Pensive and it did not really fit,
but for that day it occupied me, hanging on,
as there he was, inside the ground and this was IT.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Visit To The Pension Office

'He's just a kid', I thought.
Still wet behind the ears.
The patience that he brought,
a man of so few years,
was rather puny and surprising.
It made me feel a juvenile,
who's felt a bitter taste arising,
of indignation, here called bile.

He sat behind the counter, cocky,
two near-ripe pimples graced his face.
A handsome lad, short like a jockey,
a hint of orthodontic brace.
A mother's son, her pride and joy,
and in a job that gave him power.
It had been weeks when, as a boy
he would have counted every hour
until the school bell closed the day.

I felt confused and not too flash,
thus tried politeness..'if I may..',
it always beats a rather rash
and condescending altercation.
Yet, this young man, he had not read
the rulebook of our glorious nation,
perused the comic book instead.
He said that I was not to talk,
not to disturb his precious work.
And, if impatient, I could walk,
perhaps there was another clerk
who would be more accommodating
to Fuddy-Duddies who were slow,
who mumbled, grossly salivating,
asked many questions, just to know
the answers to irrelevance.

This was a Pension Office, dammit,
and not a place to square and dance.
If he could call the shots he'd ram it

into their skulls, so well-demented.
And, after all, he was quite busy,
'perhaps a letter, if you sent it? '

It was the point where I felt dizzy.
Adrenalin, oh why come now?
My face hot-flushed, I stood up tall,
instead of calmly asking how
I would decode these rules and all,
I grabbed his polka-dotted tie
and pulled him right across the barrier.
And as I had him by the scruff,
I said 'Young man, the more the merrier!
I really do not give a stuff
about your life or who you are,
but you will not if I can keep
you acting like a little Czar,
you are, at best, an angry creep.
But not with me, or help me God,
I'll teach you what your Mom forgot.
Just say the word, give me the nod! '

He hung, a ragdoll from my fist,
his face the colour of cream cheese,
when a deep voice said 'I insist
you let him down, and then you freeze! '
And from the corner of my eye
I noticed two mean-looking goons,
I tried a smile, a friendly 'Hi',
had no response from stern-faced Hoons.
A door had opened to my right,
a tallish, well-dressed man with presence
swept forward like a Sydney tide,
and said 'We've had it with you peasants.
This is a place to mind your P's,
likewise your Q's, and be polite,
and if you have the urge to sneeze
do so at home, not on this site.
You are an oldster now, so know it,
it's we who pay your daily fare,
you'd best behave here, lest you blow it,
believe you me, I could not care

about your problems and your pension.
So, go on home and sleep it off.
When you come back you'll get attention,
but for today, we've had enough.'

I tried to speak but now they gagged me,
four human beings,3 to one.
And then they cuffed and briskly dragged me
into the parking lot, the sun.
The supervisor's late advice
was, 'we are young, we call the shots.
If you respect us, treat us nice...
we may just help - no if's or but's. '

Herbert Nehrlich

A Vote For Obama

McCain you've shot yourself, KAPUTT,
into your warmongering foot.
You would continue policy
of George to make the people free?
It is the will of folks worldwide
to punish those who have a hide
to send young boys into their death
so, SAVE your halitotic breath.

Those gangsters who felt justified
to wage another war and lied
about the motives for the act,
have made a secret, shameful pact
with Satan and against their kin,
all war must be described as sin.

Now, Hillary, don't make me cry,
I ask myself the question why
a sane and thinking person could
put on a blinding, deafening hood
allow themselves to give their vote
to one resembling an old goat.

She runs for office as we know
as someone putting on a show.
Not being what she wants to seem
it makes a thinking person scream.

Obama, yes, we take you gladly,
this country's doing rather badly.
The likes of Bush and all his gang
the ones who previously sang
the tunes of Rumsfeld and of blood
who watch as soldiers, deep in mud
get shot at by the very men
who did get liberated when
the troupes invaded foreign soil,
all claiming ignorance of oil.

Yes, you are black, your hair is short
you will, however, soon abort
the great fiasco in Iraq
caused by a monomaniac.

All those who voted for this freak
will face a stormy, rather bleak
position in society
because it's others that are free,
not those who do presume they can
so endlessly, and then again
go plunder, kill and steal, oh yes (!)
then brag about and shout God bless.

You folks are not what makes us great
you're living in a sorry state,
and I for one condemn you all
for you may make this country fall
and self-destruct from deep within,
though you won't take it on the chin
because you make your little list
and hide inside a social mist
allowing you, by claiming rights,
to hug silk pillows during nights.

I have contempt for all who share
a call to arms mindset, I dare
to name you evil to your face
a blemish on the human race.

But don't forget, that Hillary
fell in her youth from a tall tree.
Picked up by Bill whose shameful past
was almost (there were efforts) cast
in a big movie to depict
how money nearly always licked
the laws of men and those of God
Let's give the black man a big nod.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Walk In The Rain

She went out walking in the rain,
light clouds were showing her the way,
her face, a trace of fresh disdain
yet she felt happier today.

She came upon a bank of weeds
they all were gathered linked by leaves
last season's small discarded seeds
was thriving, mocking callous thieves.

What caught her eye was fair and bright
a proud Hibiscus, painted gold
and in the fading summer's light
her head said, grab it, be so bold.

The weeds formidable and strong
stood, like a Royal Honour Guard,
she thought of taking her along
perhaps attach a greeting card.

That moment, she was reaching for
the flower that recalled her past,
when from the sky, not Zeus nor Thor
sent down a fire storm to blast

a careless thief and hand out penance
no, it was man made, a small bell,
and silence struck the forest's tenants
the sound could well have come from Hell.

It was his voice, what wondrous timing,
he wanted just to hear her say
in complex prose or simple rhyming
I love you, though she shouted YAY.

It was like touching 'cross an ocean
impulsive like a toddler's pogo
of love's own cobweb of devotion
who knows the essence, who the logo?

She went home, singing in the rain,
a kindly Moon showed her the way.
She clutched her flower, so profane
it was the happiest, this day.

Herbert Nehrlich

A War

He'd yelled at her that day,
when she came home
with a grandiose new plan.
They had the space of course
and God would show his grace
to all the family, as he had done
before, and throughout history.

Jews will be Jews her father said,
they'll steal you blind and eat
worse than the Gypsies, who,
so help me God, will kill their kids
and those of other folks.

We cannot risk a certain death,
our Fuehrer knows the why and when,
this plague must be eradicated soon,
the German people are, there is no doubt,
the Master Race, my child, we are the ones,
chosen by God himself in his great plan.

He could not easily say NO to 'little bird',
a name she had been given as a child,
a nest was perched upon her head,
made fresh each day and held with pins.
There was a younger brother who would stare
for hours, so it seemed, unsure, perhaps
a real bird was resident for company.

So, Sunday about ten, folks were in church,
a covered wagon rolled into the yard,
four shadows rushed into the barn.
They lived amidst the straw, the green lucerne,
and were the first to find the eggs each day.

Gestapo came on Christmas Day, in 44,
there was a matter of the need for a whole hog,
who was to eat, and what a waste, there was a war.
The relatives are coming from Berlin, he said,

they love the cracklings and the country food,
you see the loaves there in the oven, twelve,
we'll be okay and would you care to taste the wine?

Close calls, in all there had been ten, perhaps
some had been missed by cautious folks,
and when the war came to an end that day in May,
they danced around the pond, amongst the pigs,
a hundred chickens, while the ducks and geese,
embarrassed by the craziness kept floating by,
their ice blue eyes kept on the comedy on land.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Warm Moist Place

I ventured, full of confidence into the dark,
a warm environment received me deep inside.
Another great adventure for me to embark,
there be no dullness in my life, so let me glide.

Smooth flesh and bumps and crevices abound in here,
delicious moisture, spittle-like, it coats this cave,
there seems to be what I would call perhaps a weir
and from the top suspended a small phallus for the brave?

More fluids are secreted, I can nearly swim,
firm grip engulfs and holds with muscle power, tight
a brief but energetic pull, just on a whim (?)
a fleeting thought, the futile wish that there be light.

A moan is heard, as if the pleasure fairy were
deliciously massaging secret lustful space,
symmetrical the movement now as muscles stir
a bush of hair surrounds the orifice, in place,

now being drenched with vital juices as they flow
and then it happens, a small cry escapes her lips,
all skin is blushing wearing rouge and inner glow,
gyrating forces moving uvula and hips.

Aha, he grins and a contented, sleepy smile
spreads through her mind, as now the deed is truly done
a taste of honey has replaced the sting of bile
the tooth is out, perhaps you will forgive the pun (?)

Herbert Nehrlich

A Weak Spot

Young Siegfried bathed in dragon blood
acquired immortality.

No weapon could have harmed him but
his foe was pure reality.

A leaf from ancient trees of oak
had fallen on his skin
and thus prevented that it soak
the dragon's blood within.

This spot remained throughout his life,
his weakness, although small.

A spear or long blade sharpened knife
could wound him, make him fall.

Though unaware of this defect
the outcome was the same
this happens if you don't detect
all aspects of life's game.

If you assume we are immortal
through birth or special trait
we may go through the final portal
proud victim of our fate.

Kriemhild had seen the balding spot
and spoke up with concern
yet Siegfried pointed to her butt
his voice was rather stern
he said 'the softness of your cheeks
will not withstand a prick
of tiny swords or buzzard beaks
or teasing by a stick.'

So they became without a doubt
immersed in close inspection
retaliating Siegfried found
that vulnerable section
that led to jubilant romance
forgotten was the war
they roamed the forest with their dance
and always wanted more.

So now you know where love will lead
it makes you deaf and blind
the arrow found the great Siegfried

while naked, from behind.
It penetrated where it could
and killed him then and there
the moral is he never should
have been there, prone and bare.
No dragon blood or other tac
will keep you safe and sound
what you must do is watch your back
at least until you've found
the ones who aim to do you in
their game is never fair
they might be strangers, next of kin
but they are always there.
Young Siegfried ended making love
and Kriemhild also died
it was ordained so from above
so let this be your guide
To be immune from destiny
it would be rather odd
to propagate the best in me
I'd have to be a god.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Website Of Age And Decay

Her photo did not flatter.
Even the casual observer,
the one without an interest
in any of life's offerings
would see the blemish; eyes
as dead as ancient stones,
a dullard's pebbles, stuck
perpetually inside a stump,
but what they all observed,
while shrugging, at a loss
for words and body signs,
no contact would be made
it was the teeth, one could,
with some precision take
a whiff of halitosis, sure
there were the potions for,
and they did work a tiny bit
until one turned one's face,
then to return, a toxic huff.

Words fell from deep within
into a quite reluctant world.
You'd think, so said the bum
leaning against the pissoir,
that she would choose with care,
perhaps a real Tie would serve
to take the lead and fool the fans?

Herbert Nehrlich

A Welcome From Enrico

Hey, Luciano, how nice it is indeed,
you've come at last, no longer have a need
to entertain the infidels and those who must
sit tight on wooden chairs to feel the lust
of genius, of a voice that only God
could have created. Nothing is more odd
than men who cry at tenor sounds from you,
yet never hesitate to kill at Waterloo
while wearing smiles and singing songs of utter joy.
Do you agree that life just sucks my Southern boy?

And would you join me at the table for some cheese?
We have a lovely, warm and fragrant morning breeze,
I shall present you with the best of La Capella
and we shall drink, to life, a dark Valpolicella,
If I do say so, I was always number one
and you, signore, will be second, not that Hun.
And may I ask, would you be partial to the oozo,
it is the nectar for my heart, Enrico Caruso.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Will? You Serious?

Keeps nagging me about a will
I had not thought that I was ill.
We must protect and serve the kiddoes,
just look how many lonely widows
sit on a pile of unpaid bills
while taking for the heart five pills.

It's stress caused by the oversight
of not remembering to write
what assets go to whom, what not,
it really wasn't a great lot
but one's affairs need to be seen
as fair, transparent, squeaky clean.

Well, to appease my pouting spouse
I sat there in our mortgaged house
and wrote, using a borrowed pen
a will to please the mother hen.

Let's see, if it is me they take
I leave the icing of the cake
to my beloved left behind
which she would also do, in kind
if luck should have it that she croaks
I'll bury her beneath the oaks
and ring that floozy that I met
down at the club, she's called Babette.

The kids, we have six girls and boys,
we bought them thousands of new toys
and fed them only healthy stuff,
I think that may just be enough
they're living on their own of course
the youngest even has a horse.

I figure they should learn the rules
that are not taught in normal schools,
stand on your own and save your dough
then watch two-digit interest grow.

Do not rely on Mum and Dad,
instead be happy, guys, and glad
that you have folks who really care
and taught you kids that fair is fair.

If I, the patriarch of all
should be the parent last to fall,
I ask you to sit down together
and listen to your sister Heather
who knows her figures thoroughly
as your accountant, after me,
she'll allocate to each a sum
that you will pay and thus become
a patron of your father's wake
that IS the icing on the cake!

The funeral, thus paid in cash
no body burning and no ash
I shall, dressed in my favourite suit
with cufflinks, looking rather cute,
rest on the pillow of goose down
and wearing Kaiser Wilhelm's crown.

Next day will be the presentation,
awaited with much titillation
the testament will then be read
the reason being, I am dead.

Please do not fight, there is no need
you know your parents let no greed
come in between themselves in life
it was just husband loving wife.

You should, when all the debts are counted
and taxes, fees and fines surmounted
end up with one small obligation
which need not lead to litigation
I say, just pay each stupid bill
that's why I wrote this special will.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Windowcactus

A cactus, lonely in his pot
up on the sunny windowsill,
they watered him but he was not
a happy guy. Without the thrill
of a relationship of sorts
he suffered silently and cried,
across the street species cohorts
were having fun most every night.

They had petunias, even roses
and multicoloured foreign flowers,
right next to them, (and shared small hoses,
exchanging fluids at all hours) .

He lived like that, always observing,
for thirty years, then he keeled over.
His life had been, let's say unnerving,
he died, made room for a small clover.

They called him QUADRO for some reason,
(I think he might have had four schlongs) ,
and in the Spring, the silly season
he used to sing such lovely songs.

The lonely cactus, long forgotten,
the clover thrived, it was a he.
It shows that luck sometimes is rotten.
The French would lecture 'C'est la vie'.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Woman's Place

There really is no gender trap
perhaps a teensie weensie gap,
but one thing needs to be proclaimed
it's once a woman's scorn has aimed
it will with great determination
jerk out your balls from hibernation.
She loves you not because you look
like Clooney or that Hilton cook.
Oh no, she set her teeth and claws
and fulminating menopause
inside your dull innominates,
not for consent nor for debates.
A woman is her own best foe.
I told you so. I told you so.

Herbert Nehrlich

A Woman's Scorn

A wise man said a woman's scorn
is given to her when she's born.
She carries it, though under cover,
a secret weapon for a lover
who dares defy her even once,
it's no excuse to be a dunce.

I have been chosen so it seems,
though never in my wildest dreams
did I expect this sly attack
which was prepared behind my back.

You see, to tell the real story,
the saga started with a sorry
but unbeknownst to me entré,
presented as a joyful play.

There lived, in cloudy inner city
a middle aged and rather pretty
and intellectual grandmother
who had been searching for another,

a better purpose in her life.
The task of playing the good wife
and caring for rambunctious kids
did drive her to consider bids

elsewhere in regions of the globe.
While sitting in her purple robe,
she'd dream of knights without a flaw
and then, on the TV she saw

how history had proven often
that free-verse thoughts would help to soften
society's ingrained conventions,
and slowly ripened her intentions.

God, thank thee for the internet,
where countless lonely hearts have met.

She surfed in all the continents
from Adelaide to Arab tents.

And found, (she was articulate) ,
a hopeful one who, old but fit
was quite intrigued by her Hello,
but too naive for any pro.

And now, my friends, this poet skips
four stanzas (sealed must be my lips)
it seems that she did want a toy
to be converted to a boy

without the right to pick and choose
and somewhat big for his own shoes,
she needed in her midlife crisis
not booze or other neat devices

but human flesh in all its glamour,
(and may I use the word 'enamour') ,
so, with her woman's intuition
consolidated her position.

The only fly in this sweet ointment,
which led to bitter disappointment
was that no man, unless deranged
appreciates if an estranged

no matter how erotic soul
attempts to press him in a role
where he must don the leather gear
and, kneeling, mumble 'May I, dear? '

So, programmed for a premature
resounding failure, all the lure
collapsed in waves of turbulence,
there was the thought of 'staying friends'

but that was not at all to be,
so now the fly, with glee, broke free,
and left the spider's sticky net
still wondering why they had met.

And silence now descended gladly
upon the two, though, rather sadly
were days at first, though they prevailed
it was quite clear that they had failed

an undertaking which was wrong,
as only those who, cold and strong
will contemplate and carry through
since they have nothing else to do.

But let me, just for a small second
digress from what the target reckoned,
a friend of mine is youngster lightning
his mother's who is somewhat fright'ning

is wise beyond our wildest dreams,
and sees a thing for what it seems
her name is, fittingly, Dame Thunder
and she did look at this sad blunder

perhaps she is the one behind
this new attack upon the mind
All men have, it is known, a horn
to ward off any woman's scorn

So bring it on, use your resources
of darkness and malignant forces
a dream that roses will adorn
is what I want, not woman's scorn.

Herbert Nehrlich

A World Of Shadows

A shadow is a second fiddle
and always feels inferior
it tries to reach the golden middle
of things in the interior
but is condemned to stay outside
can't mix it with the boys
can only come along to ride
like ragged children's toys.
A shadow has no real life
it is a saprophyte
though if you try to use a knife
cut loose this parasite
you'll find that no amount of prying
can kill this sad reflection
so now you know, there's no denying
you add to your collection
of fans and others who adore
your talent and your wit
a shadow sticks for evermore
it really is a zit
that needs supply from the outside
of nutrients to eat
it lives in layers of your hide
and draws your body heat
and when its life comes to an end
it shrivels up and dies
a shadow hovers to offend
and when rebuffed it cries
a zit is born with intellect
a shadow pretty dumb
the former would be a defect
the latter is a bum
who wants a handout from his host
that's why he never leaves
and clings to you just like a ghost
all shadows then are thieves.
A word of warning to you now
don't ever shadow-box
your shadow knows exactly how

he's agile as a fox
Then what, you ask is there to do
to make you shadow-free
you show him he has no IQ
and he will leave you be.

Herbert Nehrlich

About Breasts-With Apologies

There once was a lady named Kane
she lived in Northcumberland Lane
she was a bit fat
and regrettably flat
it was driving her somewhat insane.

So she constantly went and attacked
those who had what she obviously lacked
and whenever she dressed
she was praying for breasts,
made with the old devil a pact.

Then one day in the middle of Spring
she was scratching her scapular wing
when she noticed a swelling
and hot tears began welling
and her titties began to sing.

Well the devil had kept his word
had corrected where God must have erred
within fourteen hours
she was getting flowers
and Uriah was gawking, my word.

Herbert Nehrlich

About Dipples

I look around for strictly scientific reasons,
to ascertain just what it is that makes the diff.
I spend considerable time here on the beach in all four seasons,
and while observing all and finally asking if
there is a rationale for wearing a bikini,
in contrast to the one-piece of time-honoured tradition.
You see all types and sizes, some the colour of zucchini,
and others ready to attend a fancy Hollywood audition.

I am a breast man, as I have confessed before,
which does not mean I 'm smitten with a singular obsession.
I find myself, when looking, always wishing more
of those two wonders would peek out from their cozy, warm recessions.

So, the bikini shows a bit, and also belly,
and often nosy hairs of pubic regions.
A girl that comes to mind, her Christian name is Ellie,
is an example of it all, but my allegiance
is not confined, as both those garments give me temporary pleasure.
I know that nudity takes all the fun away,
by flaunting so much skin and so much female treasure.
It dulls the senses and affects our sense of play.

I guess it must be that I like to fantasise
what's underneath that woven fabric, hiding well.
It gives a smidgen of a promise to my eyes
and, after all, rags simply function as a shell.

So I keep dreaming and imagine how I would
peel all those covers, either one piece or bikini
OFF lovely women, so abundant, and who could
sit in my bar and have a very large Martini.

As Jodilee has pointed to a lovely name,
it's English from way back, the actual word is DIPPLE,
which rhymes with what is hidden, such a shame:
In cups of foam support. I'm talking of the NIPPLE.

And, do you women even guess what nipples do?

Besides their -God's assignment- baby-sucking role?

I do believe that very few would have a clue
how much erotica they harbour on the whole.

They are the titillating image for old geezers
and then they manage to create a pair of DIPPLES.

Those nudge-nudge, wink-wink greetings, kindly meant as teasers,
our lips pray silent words now, whispering: Oh, Nipples!

Addendum:

I do not want you to surmise
that things are as described, plain simple.

No, they are not, let's realise,
that nipples are inverted dimples.

And as you know about those dimples,
these are between dimples and nipples.

To understand here what I mean
you must have reached a certain age
and know the difference between
the cockatoo bird and its cage.

The question now is which is best:

A dimple, dipple or a nipple.

I take the second, you the rest:

The perfect nipple is a dipple.

'Good Heavens and glamorgatroyd',
as old Magoo was known to preach.
Don't show this stuff to Doctor Freud,
I've never seen him on my beach.

Herbert Nehrlich

About Drinking

Those who drink shall, someday, die
some suddenly, some say good-bye.
All humans that are so inclined
to think that booze corrupts the mind
shall die someday, and just the same
so let me say this, in the name
of all my brethren who like me
rely on alcohol to pee
and who, for ninety other reasons
imbibe each day and all the seasons,
we know about the brew's own magic
to be without it would be tragic.

Herbert Nehrlich

About Origins

A town in England, name of York,
is where they hatched the famous Stork.
It's also where the silly rumour
(preposterous, devoid of humour) ,
of Santa and his sleigh was born
And then, of course, the unicorn.

But I digress, back to the story,
just listen and you shan't be sorry.
One morning, it was late December,
when in the home of noble member
Sir Dangleballs of Hollyshire
was burning brightly a big fire.

Mylord was drinking Spanish wine,
his spouse was into Ballantine.
They fell asleep right near the fire
while on the roof, in black attire
a chimneysweep was working late
(the city paid him evening rate) ,
he worked his way into the flue
and spotted in the Bar the brew.

But what he saw besides the whisky
was that Mylord was turning frisky,
he was on top of his Scotch lover
while the observer (under cover)
was hanging upside down with brush
He needed patience now, no rush.

The heat from alder, birch and fir
while stimulating him and her,
was penetrating the technician
who was on this precarious mission.

While watching hot and endless kissing
and crackling logs that went on hissing
the fire burned his suit and shoes
inside the hottest of all flues.

Materials those days in York
were fire-proof plain skin of pork.
And pigskin roasted in a fire
turns red when temperatures go higher.

Of course, the chimneysweep survived,
when he emerged and then arrived
in moonlit streets against the snow,
the Vicar yelled 'I told you so! '

And, as the vicar's voice was thunder
(he did originate Down Under) ,
domestic animals on farms
did not appreciate its charms.
They jumped until they cleared their fence.
Once free and not well-known for sense
they were attracted to the red
thus followed him. It has been said
they later stole a covered sleigh
and placed inside two flakes of hay.

You get the drift now, don't you, reader,
the chimney sweep became their leader.
They did acquire during nights
when folks were sleeping without lights
so many items, far and wide,
the sleigh got fuller with each ride.

From Finnish Ice fields to Atlanta
they called him Santa Claus, or Santa.
Another myth you thought was true.
It lived like me, inside a shoe.

Herbert Nehrlich

Above All Things

You climb the mountain to the top,
as perspiration slowly freezes.
Inside your chest your heart screams STOP,
you stand there, swaying in the breezes.

Down in the valley you see houses
and veggie gardens, a small river,
emotion tugs and soon arouses
there, on the summit, a quick shiver.

You wonder why you've climbed the mountain,
left sacred beauty far below.
You could have stayed there, by the fountain,
and, as they say, go with the flow.

Perhaps you could not really see
while in the midst of your routine,
its treasures. Thus the need to flee
into the distant mountain scene.

So stay a while, enjoy the sight
and if the spirits move you to
start your descent while there is light,
accompanied by mountain dew.

And when you've settled in the fold
your thoughts go back to when you stood
above all things, up in the cold,
and, for a moment, it felt good.

Herbert Nehrlich

Abschied

And you just stood there, with your silly grin,
you didn't know about the proper way
to handle this goodbye, there couldn't be
long faces or those saltfilled, pesky tears,
though people knew there was a real crisis.

It was the land of milk and honey now for me
while you, my buddy from the happy days
when little hands would try to leave the crib,
and, giving up, would give a clumsy wave,
you'd stay behind, my friend, with all your books.

They hadn't wanted us, such foolishness,
as if our willingness were all we really had,
they were polite, of course, part of the job,
and then, as if to rub it in they took us down
through tight security and sterile grass green walls,
we never turned again to read the blasted sign
they'd lost two willing warriors, all set for the Cold War.

The train to Rotterdam, it sounded so supreme,
I never slept a wink until the ship had welcomed me,
it was the Captain who, all starched including beard,
who said the words that I shall never ever lose.
'Velgomm to SS Staatendam, I am ze vassel's cap'n',
it was a brave beginning of a long revolving dream

Herbert Nehrlich

Academia

I heard some drivel
the other day.
It seems that (s) he,
just to impress
let fly that finals
were on the cards.
Though finals do
belong not to the top
but rather the reverse,
the system takes account
of plain maturity
and independent work.
So let us sing the praises
of those who need to hear
the sounds of glory, Hallelujah.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ach Der Reim!

All poetry, says Greenwolfe must
be rhyming lest it's bound to bust
from deep within its heart of prose
non-rhyming stuff is on the nose!
Says Carter, let me tell you folks
most English poets (please no jokes)
wrote stuff that never rhymed at all
therefore, its logical to call
all prose of class and lacking rhyme
the pride of this, our modern time.
Lamont butts in with more astute
and somewhat sensical and cute
assessment of what he himself
gleaned from a book on his bookshelf.
The arguments resurface often
and never have begun to soften,
it seems that stubborn sets of mind
prohibit folks from being kind
and make them silly all the same
their stance both laughable and lame.
So, poetry as well as prose
may entertain and please both those
who have an ear for finer tunes
and those, who, born with silver spoons
had Shakespeare read to them at birth
so they'd appreciate the earth
and what it had for them in store.
So, later they would want some more
and dabbled, either in the sports
or other pasttime things of sorts
and some were drawn to poetry
which let them feel the harmony
of their own words and those of others
at first they'd read their stuff to mothers
much later, usually a teacher
who, bored, was looking for a feature
in class while he would rest his brain
thus poems came, would often gain
unfair advantage in the crowd

especially if read out loud.

So let me close with this my friends:

You don't know how the story ends,
meanwhile enjoy both both prose and rhyme
since neither really is a crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ach Du Liebe Zeit

Einst, zu Hause, auf der Tenne
sass ne wohlbeleibte Henne.
Sagte zu sich selbst: Ich reibe
mit den Krallen mir am Leibe
um den Koerper anzuregen
denn ich soll doch Eier legen.
Eingeschlafen ist die Henne
auf der haeuslich schoenen Tenne.
Drueckte, rieb mit allen Kraeften
doch mit inneren Geschaeften
ist kein ewig Bund zu schmieden
Henne schlummerte im Frieden
als, mit fuerchterlichem Krachen
uebelriechend' braune Sachen
aus der Hinterstuebchenpforte
flog, da gibt es keine Worte.

Herbert Nehrlich

Achtung, Achtung -

Let's break out the Heineken Beer,
my Hemi V-8 is now here.
After one longish fight
things turned out quite alright
and my vehicle spouse has no peer.

I have named my new wheels Juliette
it was love at first sight when we met.
After breaking her in
we will live in wild sin
am I over the moon? Well, you bet!

Herbert Nehrlich

Across The Main

She floats.
Above old shingles
and windswept tops
of lonely trees.
She wears a gown
of pure chiffon,
it helps her fly
and carry on,
but what she bears
in secret pouches
it's words of poetry
to soothe the soul.
She's one of us
but by default.
And if she steps
across the stream,
partakes of juice
badly fermented,
she tastes the cheese
with its own 'music'
and dreams away,
tshunkle asway.

Herbert Nehrlich

Across The Turbulence

And may I whisper,
words, musical sounds?
Hoping that you will know,
and understand the shyness
and the consternation.
And will you hear me?

Yes, what I'm sending you is love,
a purple flower in the desert,
a butterfly that you can't miss,
a greeting meant to look so casual.
A bright reflection from the sun.
And will you see it?

Thoughts, some fragments,
and others more mature,
are on their hopeful way to you.
To find and take up residence
deep in your mind.
And will you notice them?

Kisses, I send this (X) kiss to you
to find you and caress your skin,
the privilege is overwhelming,
but unearned.
Perhaps you will stand motionless
and smile a little.
And will you welcome me?

My dreams - I gladly would
dispatch them off to you,
but heavy is my heart to see them go,
and would you cherish them?

So, love and kisses,
thoughts and sounds I send to you;
it's all I have except myself.
But will you ever ask?

Acrostics

S lice cabbage with a sharpened blade
A nd keep the crock well in the shade,
U nless you hurry and use salt
E ach microbe soon comes to a halt
R each deep and stir within the crock
K nee-deep and barefoot, it may shock
R eligious types and cityslickers
A s they pull up their cotton knickers
U tter the phrase 'I am a Kraut'
T he end result is Sauerkraut.

An attempt at composing an acrostic poem.

Herbert Nehrlich

Act Of God

I'm pretty sure, my girl
that your unconscious
and my unconscious
do want to get together.
And you and I, the hosts,
we cannot help
this mad desire,
as it is all
a matter of
biology
and destiny,
and cosmic influence,
and, in the end
an act of God.

I ask you then
why you or I
when faced
with higher powers
ever would
stand in the way.
So, what,
my girl,
what do you think?

Herbert Nehrlich

Adam's Apple

I wonder now, should I believe
the old story of Adam and Eve.
Whether apple was breast
on a tree or a chest
but their God made the two of them leave.

It was never completely revealed
as not one person ever has squealed
if you look at a man
I am sure that you can
see under his hyoid, concealed

the old apple, he's stolen from God,
now a permanent lump on his bod
after death, at the gate
and the apple he ate
is still there, which will look rather odd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Addendum To Sherrie's Rhyming Poem

Idiots are the ones who clap
when faced with other idiots' crap.
Groupthink keeps their brains from falling
and their energy from stalling.
Please observe this CAVEAT
they're not happy with their lot.
From the shimmer of reflection
they perceive that imperfection
is what they do represent.
Thus it must be their intent
to dismantle and belittle
while they dribble hateful spittle,
often you will see them gather
slurring words into a lather
feeling as a herd quite strong
paint opponents as King Kong,
in an effort of converting
fellow idiots, all hurting,
battlecries can be effective
handing morons their directive.
In the end they can't be winners
intellectuals are grinners.

To JC I say: Naaaaah, na, na, naah, na.

Herbert Nehrlich

Adieu

On deck I stand and have my arms
propped on the railing of the boat.
And there I'm fascinated and I stare.

My eyes are fixed upon the waves,
those beauties that are never tired.
I hate to go, to turn away. I do.

And once again, I'm back to say 'good bye'.
I'm fascinated and I dream,
my only love is waiting by the fire.

And, to avoid disturbing fascination
I slowly turn my life from waves away,
but suddenly, at once, I understand-
I cannot leave, the waves want me to stay!

And now it's easy; there is no question,
no world, no life, no wish to be.
The waves are smiling now and making room for me.
The last I say is 'happy' on this earth: I do.

And slow, determined plays the water.

Herbert Nehrlich

Admission Denied

Last night I dreamed, I was asleep
about my life and then my death.
About those promises to keep
I woke with shortness of my breath.
It seems St. Peter asked of me
how I had lived with fellow man,
I said the fellow was a SHE
that of gay souls I was no fan.
A smartass, Peter now exclaimed
I have a mind to send you down
to where dishonest folks are shamed
just one more word, you silly clown.
I was outraged that he would speak
in such a disrespectful way,
so I remarked, 'you've got a cheek,
and I suggest you kneel and pray.'
I further added 'it is hard
for me to stand here and to take
abuse from you, a simple guard
so get a grip, for Heaven's sake! '
When all was said and all was done
I took the bus to Satan's lair.
An oxymoron is a pun,
I like the devil's dinner prayer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Admittedly, I Am A Hoarder

They all are, those bitches,
blackmailers, connivers,
nothing can wait a second longer,
tomorrow le deluge perhaps,
I swear I did not promise,
I never said that, tit for tat,
you took advantage, right,
only a woman will stoop so low,
what are you trying to do,
be a merchant, do deals,
you could have asked nicely,
I have always been an orderly, clean
and exceedingly pedantic one,
spotless, inside and out,
I would have, eventually,
gotten to it, after all it is only
papers and they don't go bad
like tomatoes or kumquats.
Yes, I realise a year is a long time
but, a year ago is when my mother,
with her cataract eyes and pacemaker
was here, snooping all over my stuff,
finding holes in my socks, infinitesimal
and not worth mentioning, and I did,
then, without a big fuss, clean the mess.
But really, I have to test drive the new Jeep,
the boys are waiting for that science session,
okay, yes it is in the Pub, it's quiet there,
and the weather will be sunny tomorrow
through midweek, shame to be sitting,
in a dark messy house, going through
what really could and should, wait a bit more.
You are not being fair, and certainly not nice,
even basic politeness would not go astray and,
it might even increase chances for.....
what do you mean by that, really, no need,
no justification that I would have given you,
to be vulgar, name-calling is a woman's weapon,
yes, and your reaction right this second is proof,

utter proof, you couldn't be civilised once now,
could you, I should have known, just like your mother,
yes Doris, that's all your father could say, washrag,
yeah? And what did you call my mother last year?
She can outcook you with her eyes closed, yeah,
she could dust the whole house while cooking up,
over and sideways, a REAL meal, from scratch,
not a TV dinner, so there. I tell you what....
so where on earth are you off to, now, to bed? !
I wish you would go into the guest room because,
yes, that's right, because if you don't I surely will,
as your bloody dog is my witness, yes YOUR dog,
eating me out of house and home, only the best,
steak left-overs for him, and what do I get?
Okay slam it one more time and you will see what,
I, who happens to run the show in this place,
will come up with then, yes I can see the earplugs,
I will be watching the movie of the year right now and,
you, yes you are most definitely not welcome.
And, in my next life I will get myself a hoarder,
just like I am. Nothing will get thrown away, EVER.

Herbert Nehrlich

Adolfsburg

It stands so proud,
majestic, weighed down
uplifted by
its own history.
It's seen the slaughter
of Thomas Muenzer's men,
the fertile fields
have given thanks
and produce
to blood and its successors,
medieval times
have long been
laid to rest
all heads lopped off
the sound of swords
from Klingenthal
ring in the future.
We reminisce
each Spring and Fall
climb up the tower
of the wing
that has survived
and seen it all.
We raise our steins
in solemn silence
those days were ours
and full of promise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Adrian

They stood in line with their
green trays, waiting to be
served, it was their favourite
eating place, a cafeteria,
someone had even placed an accent
on the word, over the first 'e',
'be generous with the brown beans',
he was heard to say, dentures rattling,
proceeded to sit at the table nearest,
the chair creaked modestly and was
silenced by a staccato of at least
seven explosions, they could have
only come from the sigmoid, soundwaves,
wet in their noisy expression, if you
get my drift and are able to visualise
and perhaps even experience, in your mind,
near the cranial olfactory nerve,
the ambience and the essence of this
ah, so human and yet so animalistic thing.
He ate with obvious gusto, undisturbed
by glances, whispers and the envy of the young.

Herbert Nehrlich

Africa

Is it doomed
through pestilence
and poverty?
Is there
a God
to look
with kindness
upon
this continent?

Three million years
it took
to let the scum
of filth,
of war
and genocide
rise to
the top.

It stays afloat
through
the calamity
of gold.

Some say
that Africa
is now,
at last
to come of age.
A strong
and healthy continent
is just beyond
the far horizon,
called
Fata Morgana.

Herbert Nehrlich

After The Big Tide

I wake up in the morning in a stuffy room
and slowly struggle out of bed.
As my foot steps on a long forgotten broom
and my shaky fingers light a cigarette.

My mirror has been dirty for a long long time,
so what faces me in there is half-concealed.
As I punish now my skin with after shaving lime
I feel like a wound that's never ever healed.

There is chlorine in the water that I splash in my face,
and aluminum hydroxide in my spray.
Hexachlor in my toothpaste, heptachlor in my soap,
and strychnine in my first pill as a base.

On the stove, boiling slowly is my pep-up caffeine
and two eggs laid by chickens 'special breed',
my milk fortified with vitamins and greed,
all with hexamethylenetetramine.

My trousers barely buttoned 'round my bulging waist,
I gulp this balanced breakfast quickly down.
The sodium chloride and the DDT in haste
then the glutamate, the cyclamate, alaun.

And I step outside the door, puffing wildly on my weed
and coughingly run for the nearest public car.
And the smog fills my lungs and reduces my speed
as I spit out the window the purest blackest tar.

The lights were installed just a week ago
with special, powerful beams.
To make sure that we see half a block or so,
as a substitute for daylight, so it seems.

The book I read at home just now
tells me of times so long forgotten.
It mentions sunshine, rain and how
the whole wide world would soon be rotten.

It makes me smile to think how far,
how very backward they have been,
with some of them against the car
and even food not kept in tin.

Our age at least is civilised,
the life expectancy is twenty.
No wars no births
and criticised
is no one in the land of plenty.

The rich in our country live
some two, three years over the norm,
with plastic organs put in if
they want to go conform.

We made it, mankind's glorious dream,
got rid of all the obsolete,
we need no schools, no work, no scheme:
The world announces its defeat.

There is but one task still unfinished
and those of us who still can move
are writing history of the diminished,
the conquered universe, the clearest proof.

For after us there shall not be
a so-called human, this time is past-
just giant insects we have raised with DDT,
with intellect and nitroblast.

So, let us praise Christ our Lord,
whose head is made of gold,
whose radioactive spinal cord
protects us, as it's told.

His greatest deed was done with ink,
when that stuff still existed,
he crossed from all the manuscripts
one word which is no longer listed.

That word was 'HAPPY', a foul left-over
from times of little human pride,
and publicly he killed the clover,
the last of plants after the tide.

Our pets are growing at a steady rate,
they teach us how to go with ease.
And smilingly, without debate
we do, because we're free to cease.

1969

Herbert Nehrlich

Afterlife

As if you didn't know.
It's nothing to do with you,
or me, for that matter.
It's circumstances,
an act of God.
And, that's a promise
the life that follows this one
will see me, yup, just me,
as God himself.

Herbert Nehrlich

Age

He took another look
while she sat there,
by the half-open curtains,
catching the afternoon sun
in a most unflattering,
even cruel manner.

No, this was not what he,
so many years back
had plucked with eager hands,
while being careful not to
disturb the others, courtesy
would not be wasted on the weeds,
as he remembered, vividly
how he had partaken of them, as well.

There was a mass of jowl jell-o,
suspended from the chin,
as if the hyoid bone
had shat itself.
The oval shape
of her visage was,
to say it with some kindness,
Hiroshima, way after, though.

He rose and wandered into
the fluorescence of the bath.
And took a leak, haltingly,
it was that ancient geezer of
a prostate, man's best curse.

Ready to douse the light
a fleeting look would do,
into the mirror. Blink.

Detouring to the pantry
he poured some red,
first for her, then for himself.
'Here's to your health',

he sang, with
just a bit of humour.
She looked much better
already, sure did.

Herbert Nehrlich

Age Has Its...

She could not comfortably pee,
her organs sagged down to the knee.
Today she is quite troublefree,
she's had a hysterectomy.

He, on the other hand did pee,
he had to stop at every tree.
At night he dribbled much you see,
he had a prostatectomy.

They met and talked about their lot.
He mentioned that he used a pot
for him the weather was too hot,
for her, while pantyless, 'twas not.

Soon after they decided to
get married, down in Malibu.
Both missed some parts, that much was true
but only HE played peekaboo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Age Matters

This poem is all about the advantages of old age.
There is just one.
And not everyone will end up with it.
It is called wisdom.

Written for CRA_____

I've found, in forty years of studies
that something comes to fuddy-duddies.
Whereas most younger people think
that they are often on the brink
of a discovery that might
eliminate some tragic plight,
eradicate all pestilence,
but on the whole they lack in sense.

Mind you, I wore their fancy shoes
and drank their inexpensive booze,
rebelled against draconian teachers
and lusted after soft-skinned creatures.

Now, just to demonstrate a flaw
in Physics, let's take Newton's Law.
Just one for now, which, in all schools
is taught to nincampoops and fools.

This law concerns itself with motion
Doc Newton entertained the notion
that things fly following strict rules,
'twas proven wrong on cows and mules,
(it's only porkers that can fly) ,
thus was revealed a Big Fat Lie.

You see, what's in the learned texts
could well be taught by foreign sects,
I say? It's foolish to believe
what unknown agitators weave.

As you can see, the point I'm making

has the potential to be breaking
huge pillars of accepted science,
which can be done by sheer defiance.
A leaf from my own research book
I shall present now. Have a look.

What makes a child a handed-one
is it the power of the sun?
Or could it be genetic choice,
like girls, hermaphrodites and boys?

To understand you must now follow
me into a still warm and hollow,
a cave that has been named the SKULL.
Its bony cavity looks dull,
but, look-e here, my eager fellow,
this convoluted, grayish yellow
and glistening, slippery, skinless flounder,
in weight an easy triple-pounder,
it is the brain of a young dancer
and must suffice to give an answer
to why a human being might
in life, prefer to use his right
instead of left, and why the middle
is handless. I have solved the riddle.

You see, here, in the frontal portion
there, at that slightly brown contortion,
a lobe of fairly decent size,
resides, bilater'lly, like pies,
or halves of a round applestrudel
all in the colours of a poodle,
it feels no worries and no pain
and has been named the human brain.

You are aware of the nodosum,
of course, now this is the callosum.
A corpus charged to separate
and keep the demarcated state
(akin to having a proud nation
split in two parts through separation.

This happened, needlessly, I say
when at Neanderthal's Wild Bay
Kro Magnon and his many foes
were eating bisons, worms and crows.
And when the winter got extreme
team after desperate hunting team
went of to hunt for genuine meat,
came back with crows and frozen feet.

The biggest cave did have their fire
on top of an old grate of wire,
right at the entrance of the cave,
which housed the beardless and the brave.

As only crow came home it followed
that all inhabitants then swallowed
(yes let me use the term 'eat crow'
you will admit I told you so) ,
the flaky, tasteless black bird's flesh,
(today the folks in Bangladesh
think nothing of consuming it,
but say it tastes a bit like shit) .

So, as expected, it transpired
that, although absolutely tired
of eating crow the tribe contracted
a rather evil and protracted
disease which killed them, one by one.

The last one standing was a Hun.
he'd wandered in from Great Teutonia
and brought a woman named Astonia.
They moved their stuff into the cave,
he would be master, she the slave.

Now, to conclude this little tale,
I shall deliberately fail,
to give you folks elaboration,
because, in life, an education
will only come in the last pages
of people's lives, thus as one ages
accumulated WISDOM comes,

in silence, you will hear no drums.

Thus, I shall leave you with the riddle,
about the corpus in the middle.

And why you cannot just suppose
which hand will pick a fellow's nose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aged Hams

The age is what we must
take into all considerations,
be it the soul of lust
or simple flagellations.
I dive forever more
into the perfect pond
all hams aged forty-four
the prize for this gourmand.

Herbert Nehrlich

Agent 30-Seven

It all came back to me, the fright of a tsunami
a wall of water found its way around the bend
where I was hiding in a house of origami
outside of reach for you, my trusted darling friend.

But waves that kill and maim the innocent at will
engulfed me gently and I rose to see the sky,
I got to meet you just once more by the old mill
to pledge an end to any thoughts of a good-bye.

I dreamed a dream last night, I climbed a mountain peak,
and saw below the rusted ruins of bygone days
it soon was clear that I prefer a tongue-in-cheek
to foot-in-mouth, which makes for awkward polonaise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ah, So True!

If your house has been built of good stone
as it should you'll be happy to own,
and to languish within
with your old mandolin
with the music or, simply alone.

As the elements mount their attack
proper stone will resist, does not lack
if it's made from veneer,
you have reason to fear
the appearance of aging, a crack.

Even stone of the best quality
and the timber obtained from a tree,
won't take kindly at all
to an acid-rich squall,
it may crumble in misery.

For R.R.A.&C

Herbert Nehrlich

Albino Tan

In the highlands of Monte La Fino
lived a scruffy but well-read old wino.
He was a deep thinker
and a serious drinker
and a pure and authentic albino.

He wasn't up there for the fun
no he wanted the high desert sun
to produce a deep tan
a most logical plan
he had taken along an old gun.

When the sun failed to get his skin brown
he discarded his hopes for a frown
and he reached in his bag
then inserted the mag
and then opened the top of his gown.

With his left he raised up his round flask
had reserved for his right the big task
and the desert went still
in respect of his will
so what happened? And why do you ask?

Herbert Nehrlich

Ali's Prayer

The desert sand had covered most
of Ali's scrawny body,
his camel, down and bellowing
the sandstorm was ferocious.
So Ali raised his head and bowed,
he prayed for quick salvation.
His trusted friend ceased bellowing,
they both said 'Allah Akbar'.

Herbert Nehrlich

All Grown Up

A kiss on the cheek
is an insult to me.
It is not what I seek
or desire to be.

I am now fifteen
and a real wise guy,
I can get real mean
and don't care about why.

If you look at a shellfish,
how they do it all day...
if you want to be selfish
it will NOT be okay.

I must tell you that men
always know what is good.
They can tell you just when
and how often you should.

As we're sitting here, hot
at Niagara Falls,
move your beautiful butt,
opportunity calls.

Herbert Nehrlich

All Mine

I never claimed to be
what modern man would call content.
A spirit raw and free
a stranger to the word repent.

You showed your cards to me,
and stood high-heeled and very tall.
And staked a claim (a plea?) ,
I know you want to have it all.

And so do I, my peach.
You shall not have another god
near you or within reach.
So, in your heart you find this odd?

Herbert Nehrlich

All Of Me?

Oh, what a dream!
You drooled all over me.
You couldn't get
enough.

And I of you.

You held my hand.
Your lashes scratched my cheeks.
Bare legs were touching and
the world had gone away.

You said you wanted
all of me.
I was so flattered.
It's yours to take,
I said.

Then I woke up.

I'd like to dream tonight,
and dream of you.
Perhaps you would,
my love
tell me
you will.

Herbert Nehrlich

All Of You

I like the chemistry of you,
your physics and biology,
each molecule must be
what others only dream of.
And when I sleep I do imagine
being inside your physiology,
where I am busy, lovingly
untiringly, mixing and matching
a trillion particles, all yours
each one I take into my hands
then bring it close to eager eyes
and waiting lips, you do not mind
that I must simply own but all of you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Allan's Lost Sex Poem

Late at night, he didn't look
a Tweed Heads man, a likely crook
climbed up the downpipe with his legs
and stole the poem about sex.

He took the page and made a flyer
and climbed some more to get still higher,
then launched the thing into the breeze
helped on its way by a good sneeze.

The poem landed in the street
where it was trampled by two feet,
an aging teacher from the school
who'd visited the local pool,

picked up the paper as he was
obsessed with rules and private laws,
unfolded it and took it back
to his own house, just down the track.

There, by the light of a small fire
he read those words of sheer desire.
His maid, a lady from the town
had left his favourite dressing gown

right near the mantelpiece, well-pressed,
she'd cleaned and straightened out his nest,
as she was hired (and well paid) ,
she was a skilled and punctual maid.

The teacher read the poem twice,
went to the kitchen for some ice
to ascertain that his small fellow
who had been passive and quite mellow,

for decades now since she had packed
and then performed Houdini's Act.....
He never missed her touch and scent
but this was a predicament.

The words from Allan's poem drifted
through convolutions and then lifted
his spirits, well...his private being
which is, you knew it, used for peeing.

'Well, what the bloomin' hell is this?
Something that I would never miss
so suddenly came back to haunt
and in a real way would taunt

a middle aged, god-fearing man',
he figured he would make a plan.
The telephone, a great invention
would expedite his clear intention.

And so, he asked her to stop by
she did and never did ask why.
The story ends, well...I'm afraid
that poetry, that night got laid.

Herbert Nehrlich

Alligator In Your Tub

When the waters receded
they returned to their home.
After all the excitement,
the stresses and the uncertainty
they found enough kindness
inside their hearts to speak softly
to the alligator that had found
temporary accomodation
inside their once white tub.

Herbert Nehrlich

Alptraum

Under the mistletoe,
a hundred yards below
King Ludwig's castle,
she lay, mortally wounded
and moaning softly,
among the Southern Birch.

She had encountered him,
the razorback of Steinbach,
outside of breeding season
yet still the mad and manic boar
who'd kill just for the heck of it.

Both eyes were sticking shut,
from blood and salty tears,
but with an effort, 'twas her last,
she saw the twinkle of a star,
it seemed to shine up there
like gold and silver promises,
exclusively for her.

And for so many minutes,
she waited for that kiss,
but this small mistletoe,
bred in the snow-capped Alps
was, like the Lederhosenman,
a friendly renegade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Altruism

I asked Diogenes the other day
what is the measure of a real man.
He smiled and said, inquire if you may
about misfortunes of your neighbours, if you can.

No matter what befalls the little guy,
he struggles 'till the Devil takes his soul.
It's you who ought to stand and question 'WHY'
Instead, you blinked and left your cottage for a stroll.

The papers came, slipped under the oak door.
Headlines in colour, yes they shot him dead.
You told the servant to go out and close the door.
And turned the pillow over once and went to bed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Always

She said it, yes she did.
One little word for me,
which would, and could
wrap peace and harmony
around the two of us.
No one will ever know,
that ALWAYS is a sound
that will surpass
and conquer time.
For you perhaps,
but not for little me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Am I Too Bold My Love?

May I be bold my love?
You said yourself
we ought to not hold back.
It came to me the other night,
do you recall,
you stuck your digit
without warning
in my face,
and slipped inside,
encountering no
Résistance,
and played around
with tongue,
came way too close
and almost touched
my uvula,
teased salivary glands
and scratched
which woke the hyoid bone
but it was not
this bold activity
that etched the deed
into my mind,
how shall I put it
it may well have been
a culinary touch,
and, for a connoisseur
which I take pride in
to have been
a lifetime now,
it was a summit, yes,
it ought to be explained
yet words do fail me, love.
While I was savouring
and salivating
(likely from the
glandular massage)
I said a dozen prayers,
even though I doubt

that God himself,
rebuffed by me
would really be of help,
but, low you went,
behold you did
and, one by one,
all fingers peeked
and slipped right in,
it was a steamy feast.
I did, I'm being honest here,
for moments lose
what I had come to do,
the thought had vanished then
and bold receptor cells
inside the skull
sent signals to the front,
the sella turcica,
there would not be,
this night of nights,
a further use
of hormones to be sent
into gonadal land,
this may suffice,
and it was heavenly,
until the felon spoke
and said it would be strange
to leave the golden fields
with all their fragrances
and with their bees,
without partaking of
the offered fruits,
and he was right,
thank God for common sense,
and so the time went on,
and things were kind,
there was the evening sun
just leaving with a smile
and words were heard,
one word was Camelot,
a castle in the sky
to which all kindred souls
retire for the night.

What I was meaning though,
to say,
to ask you,
love,
is somewhat odd,
it would be best
if you could guess
or I could be a mime,
words don't do justice here,
but, since you do insist,
I wonder,
would you mind,
or even like
or grow a woman's scorn
if I could come to watch,
I am quite partial to
the little stalagmite
and like the way it points
as if to say this way my boy,
and i would promise
to behave,
be silent if it suits,
I'd keep an eagle eye
upon the cave,
and wait,
no matter what it takes,
(I do not mean to rush) ,
until the little river flows,
its lavalike eau d'or
will come to see the world
and would be greeted
by an eager tongue,
I have been dreaming
sweet, am willing to discern
with you, if matters told
in earnest as a wish
would get the nod.
So, well, does this,
mean I am truly odd?
Don't answer that,
it matters not,

it's you,
and only you
who must decide,
and to assist,
I shall be here,
right by your side,
resting my head
on either knee
to help with thoughts
society has placed
like barricades
before our joys
and it is best ignored
what spinsters say,
I know you will be fine,
and see our way,
as after all,
the thought is really shared,
having evolved from you
and me, the two of us,
whose love has grown
by bounds,
so let us leap,
into a bed of silk
and linger there.

Herbert Nehrlich

Am Pranger

Am Gartentor haengt eine Zwiebel
und auf dem Dach, gleich bei dem Giebel
ein Spatz mit grauen Federn sitzt
es regnet grade, und es blitzt.
Die Tuer geht auf und aus dem Hause
tritt eine seltene Banause,
ein Dieb der nicht den eignen Becher
doch den von andren nimmt, Verbrecher,
so sagt man hier im Volkesmund
und bald geht auch die Story rund,
ein jeder soll es bald erfahren
das Publikum es kommt in Scharen.
Dort hinten, bei dem alten Anger
da steht er ja, des Staedtchen's Pranger.
Wir binden ihn, mit schweren Ketten
auch nicht sein Teufel kann ihn retten.
Nun lass ihn nur, er hat genommen
von Armen, Reichen und von Frommen.
Es gebe ihm kein Mensch ein Brot
und irgendwann kommt seine Not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ambush

He backed in such a funny way
I froze due to the fear.
There was a wiggle and a sway
the whiff of Polish beer.

He said, a voice of no regret
that life begets its prize,
he held my hand, I'm glad we met
and looked into my eyes.

I was, as you might know my friend,
a cousin to his mother,
and in the end, the very end
I'd love him as my brother!

Herbert Nehrlich

America - You Can Do It (And You Must) !

America you beautiful
you only have one chance.
You need a young and potent bull
to bring you renaissance.

Old geezers cannot walk the walk
take this from one who knows it,
McCain can barely talk the talk
each movement clearly shows it.

His breathing rate, it tells it all
congestive cardiac failings,
his rank at war school, duty's call
last four, that ain't smooth sailings.

And Bimbo Barracuda spreads
her venom without thinking,
they both have made their comfy beds
alas their ship is sinking.

America must reassert
its presence and its kindness
undo the arrogance and hurt,
the greed and cruel blindness
to others; this was once the norm
today mean spirits linger,
each word can bring a vicious storm
and bears its poison stinger.

We need a man articulate,
who's searched his soul and spirit,
whose mind and bodyclock are fit
whose words stand on their merit.

No more excuses, no more lies
kick George into the gutter,
Americans do like their fries
their steaks and yellow butter.

We've had it, truly, up to here
with imitation living,
our houses made of cheap veneer
our pockets always giving.

We have this golden chance my friends
to dump the bums forever,
let us ensure the story ends
as our best endeavour.

No Kraut or Frog, no Pom or Dutch
would welcome the old geezer,
and even horny teens as such
ignore the Northern teaser.

Let us be honest, ban deceit
let's help a friend, a neighbour,
sit down together, let us eat
the fruits of mankind's labour.

Like the Italians, share the wine
a man is a com-pan-ion
and not a thorny porcupine
who's ventured from his canyon.

So, break your bread and share a smile
together build this nation,
in just a tiny little while
it will be a sensation.

Herbert Nehrlich

America Is So Much Bigger.....

As desperation really strikes
McCain and comrades, well the likes
of what has bled this country dry
by looking earnest, aiming high
are scheming how to fool the folks
but chances are the geezer croaks
and, naturally, she steps in
while wearing nothing but a grin.
Behind the scenes, there's panic now
they ask each other, what and how
can be created to derail
the Kenyan Muslim, he must fail,
nursed in the living room back then
by two-head monsters, breasted men
and fed, in later years by those
who sneer at any Jewish nose
inferring, ('twas subliminal)
an Arab is a criminal.
Suggestion now, from inner ranks:
Let's nationalize all US banks
and take their money, throw it at
that phony, dark-skinned alleycat,
I'm speaking off the record though
we need to land a body blow
and decency left on a train,
what can we do to save McCain?
The meeting closes with a sacking,
a fellow absolutely lacking
but not in decency but style
has used the Hitler greeting HEIL,
great man he should have known that fear
can be prevented by veneer,
you say what decent folks demand
but keep the substance rather bland
yes, promises are for the sheep
no need to really ever keep
it's words tha motivate the crowds
just point their eyes up to the clouds
they'll see the silver and the gold

admire you, for being bold
and place the banner on each bus:
Hail John McCain, he's one of us.
Back to the fellow who got fired,
his thoughts had been so much admired,
he posted in the Phoenix Star
(and raised another fascist bar) :

America is so much bigger,
don't vote though for a Kenyan Nigger.

Epilog:

Convinced you will not hear this phrase?
It's early days, it's early days.

Herbert Nehrlich

America The Powerful

America the powerful, defender of the meek,
around the globe you fight the crime, democracy you seek.
You did not shy away at all, from roasting all those Nips,
and stand there, proud, so white and tall, with brave words on your lips.
Afghanistsn is for reform, you failed, with many dead,
so many bombs, such desp'rate screams, you spew your hateful lead.
America, the powerful, Iraq may bankrupt thee
but for the oil, you keep good books, in your democracy.
You say you must free the oppressed, you sacrifice your own,
your sons and daughters, truly blessed, knocked Saddam off his throne.
Four thousand stuffed in body bags, the nation sheds its tears,
a land collecting soldier's tags can overcome its fears.

I ask you now, America, do you not see a need
to topple yet another one, an evil man indeed?
So will you mobilise again, to see Zimbabwe soil
to sacrifice the lives of men for liberty, not oil?

Herbert Nehrlich

America, The Good Neighbour

It is time that I speak up for what they call America
for a people not appreciated much,
they are generous to all and help the needy near and far
millions gladly felt the good old Yankee touch.

There is Germany and Britain, and Japan and Italy
they were showered with those dollars and forgiven
many debts were cancelled all to end their self-caused misery
new investments, new economies were driven.

While some debts remained in place and should be honoured as of right
it is clear that not one country pays a dime,
you would think that just the interest would be given without fight
but the world does not regard this as a crime.

It was nineteen-fifty-six and Vive La France was near collapse
guess who came to prop her up in those dark days?
Yes it was the helpful Yankees, while De Gaulle was taking naps
but the money disappeared into the haze.

Look at earthquakes in those regions where the people are so poor
who will hurry to the places and assist,
yet tornadoes flatten cities in the homeland every year
any helpers must have faded in the mist.

When the Marshall Plan pumped billions into countries destitute
there were smiles of gratitude on every face
yet today their papers write about the decadent dispute
and are calling them the warring tyrant race.

Look at planes that fly those people in convenient and safe trips
to the places where the world looks not like home
should you hear the names of Boeing, DC-Ten on foreign lips
on the way to a now free and prosperous Rome?

When the railways broke in Germany, in France and India
they were rebuilt by Americans, my word,
when they did collapse at home, in Pennsylvania
and New York no single miracle occurred.

No one lend them even one lousy caboose.

I can name five thousand times when old America would act
while the rest of our great world were in a snooze.
Take an earthquake on the coast, and with little left intact
who of all the mentioned countries would be seen?

I could go and tell you more but maybe all will get the gist
that Americans have always been too keen
to be nurse and, yes policeman while the envious souls get pissed
so America, you ought to stand up tall.

No one stands with you in times when there is need for a strong shoulder
that could help you and prevent that some might fall
I have seen you go alone and with your goodness move the boulder
while the sneering and the whistling could be heard.

And today, courageous people, you are faced with a new foe
that will plant your precious boys deep in the dirt
once again the world is watching and enjoying their own show
screaming insults, throwing rocks at simple folks.

It is not the Ma's and Pa's or all their offspring that is bad
and there really is no room for your poor jokes.
It is George and Donald and some others who've gone mad
as the devil of Big Greed has grabbed their hand.
Uncle Sam and his mean henchmen need to go inside a cell
so the people can get back their promised land.

And I pray for my America, Get Well.

Note: This was inspired by the radio address of Gordon Sinclair,
a Canadian, in the seventies. I kept the title as well

Herbert Nehrlich

American Thanksgiving

Down by the Murray River's banks
I rest and send our giver Thanks.
Oh do I miss that Yankee feast
the turkey or a different beast
up on the table bending slightly
with young ones, and those oldies, sprightly
all fiddling in anticipation
to start the party of this nation.
There's cranberry with real berries
and on the server various sherries,
those roast potatoes look devine
red cabbage, cole slaw, shredded fine,
and salad with a thousand colours
and suddenly the old man hollers
let's get this show now on the road
I always felt that one small ode
should have been written long ago
the people love Thanksgiving so.
And even though the very thought
of thanking Him, the one who brought
those riches to the common man
is not apparent but one can
detect that all the people are
aware and grateful, from afar
they know who is their real Master
who keeps them from abject disaster
so when at last the glass is raised
it signifies that God be praised.
As long as I'm among the living
I'll miss American Thanksgiving.

Herbert Nehrlich

Amnesia

Remember to forget to remember,
that day of tristesse in November.
Akin to the mood of the sun
this can never be truly undone.
So do not forget to remember
that terrible day in November.

Herbert Nehrlich

Amore

A mouse, grey-coated, cute and male
had eyed an elephant's long tail.
He had been horny for some time
and was prepared to risk the climb.

The elephant was one big girl
and known around the place as Merle,
that night she leaned against a tree
and took a leisurely, long pee.

It was a miracle, I say.
The mouse survived the tail's wild sway,
and stayed away from raging streams
to reach the summit of his dreams.

At last he had arrived on site,
prepared himself and thought he might
be gentle with this big fat cow.
He dropped his boxers and yelled 'NOW '.

And at the moment of this yell
a coconut came loose and fell.
It landed on the mama's toe
and was an unexpected blow.

The elephant then muttered 'OUCH'
while in the rear, close to her pouch
the mouse was working up a sweat
replied 'don't worry, little pet,

the first time causes girls to scream
but after that it's one sweet dream.'

Herbert Nehrlich

An Accidental Rediscovery

Life can be fluid in its depth to soul
whether a mountain of flame, a light of petrol.
Burning or erosion leads to clean up of new
as brilliance of spark paves way to one true.

You are my soul and the fuel for my fire
climbing the mountain yet higher and higher.
Pure as the flakes of a January snow
falls on the embers, the afternoon glow,
rising from ashes and then melting to one
warmed by the rays of a Southern Sea sun.

And by chance it dissolves when you risk rediscover
strong shields hold creation as protection for lover
when the stir of emotions is poured by wizards
to send oracles that forecasts an end to all blizzards
and the new whims of nature join to bring on spring
where they once again hear all the birds and bees sing.

And we dance in the meadow, like youngsters gone wild,
as your cheeks turning red and you laugh like a child,
we go round through the trees 'til we sway with the breeze
and your eyes speak of love while your mouth is a tease.

Then we meld as bold souls, linking spirits for life
in our habitat's shelter, ever guarded from strife
And we leave with the Sun as the Moon lights our way
holding hands on our path to the end of the day.

Note:

This is another Co-Production poem.

Created by: Emancipation Planz

and

Herbert Nehrlich

The entire tit for tat took very little time and the authors would like to encourage others to not only work together but to be kind to each other.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Act Of Kindness

He noticed her expanding v
and wondered whether it would be
considered one man's sacrilege
or woman's greatest privilege.

No answer was inside his mind
he searched and searched but could not find
Thus to escape he took his mast
and, with great pleasure ventured past.

Surprise, surprise showed in his eyes.
The promise that he fertilise
by means of his own stalagmite
bestowed new meaning to the night.

Herbert Nehrlich

An African Blessing For Easter

May the Lord bless you.
May he fill your feet with dance
and your arms with strength.

Bless your heart with tenderness
and your eyes with laughter.
Your ears with music
and your nose with pleasant fragrances.

Seal your mouth with joy
and your heart with jubilation.
May he continue to give you
the mercy of the desert,
silence and the freshness of water,
above all new hope.

For us all, he would give
his strength and high hopes,
as a face for it all.

May the Lord let you hear
in the silence of night,
his own blessings to grow
be your destiny's guide.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Ailing Spider

A spider suffering from arthritis
and fulminating balanitis,
had spun a net five metres wide.
If past experience is a guide
it should catch insects, mainly flies.
But few in science realise
that sickness brings for those in health
the opportunity for wealth.
Instead of being dumb and blind
they use their (only average) mind
and sell the spider many pills
to swallow and thus cure his ills.

The net is any spider's tool
to catch a fly or other fool.
The treatment of the spider's ills
with many profit-making pills
is not the work of predators
or Nature's own competitors.
It's offering you tainted honey
to keep you sick and take your money.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Early Haiku - For Linda Ori

For Linda Ori
whose birthday coincideth
with the Berlin Wall,

A Happy Birthday
and may you always write such
terrific poems.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Early Night

Silence has arrived,
in all the chambres,
pillows are fluffed
and there is barely a hint
of the softness of down,
a distant memory
of Yolanda, the goose,
cousins perhaps,
but the glistening
of what soothes
was made
in the lab of Synthetico.
How fitting
to focus,
head over tail,
on the strange meeting
of two worlds.
Amongst all this nudity.

This was written for my little Gina.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Elephant's Big Room

An elephant is said to own
a room inside his funnybone,
it's where his memories are stored
from which he draws when he gets bored.

As elephants are big in size
it does not come as a surprise
that this small room is more a hall
where incidents are standing tall,
anticipating eagerly

in Schadenfreude and with glee,
the time when grudges do converge
and give an elephant the urge
to raise his trunk in agitation,
announcing utter devastation.

You ask what could be done about it
since elephants can't do without it?
I think you could, with the right broom
sweep out the elephant's big room.

Herbert Nehrlich

An End

On water's edge she sat and cried,
so gently, no one saw.
And some time later came the tide
with strength and willful awe.

She had not moved,
nor blinked or budged
as this was her new lover.
And then the water
gently nudged
and asked her soul to hover,
eternally for all to see
but not to comprehend.
The meaning of a spirit, free
embracing its own end.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Ending

All is quiet
on the Prairie.
Wild horses graze
it is all I see.

Thunder afar,
teasingly flashes
lightning
for me.

Still of the night
benevolent moon
forces now beckon
leaving so soon.

Herbert Nehrlich

An English Poem

A sheep grows wool and is quite dumb
a lamb becomes a sheep.
Small numbers swell into a sum
sum totals are to keep.

A boy sprouts hair and soon grows tall
a man was once a boy,
all men predictably will fall
like a discarded toy.

Philosophies they come and go
take over silly minds,
it's not the whom but what they know,
it's all in their behinds.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Erotic Exchange (From The Langley Files)

T. Asks:

How can you say you're shy
When things you've said to me
Bring pink and make me sigh
And make me long to be.....
Close to you?

How can you say you're shy
While hands around my waist
Tell me that by and by
But without undue haste
You will be closer?

How can you say you're shy
With purpose in your eyes
Demand I give you my
Heart and that it is wise
To be closest to you?

M. Answers:

I say I am shy, because it is true
but I overcome it, looking at you.
If I make you sigh and the colour goes pink
I may visit and wait, at the gate, near the brink.

I think shy takes on meaning not normally known
it's the heart and the fondness that's rapidly grown,
overcoming all hurdles I shall wait for your YES
then, with tremulous fingers I shall help you undress.

As my hands now encircle your shivering waist
there is lust in our bodies and a natural haste.
You can feel him expand with his purposeful urge
as your dewdrops increase, a small sign will emerge.

I come closer yet, feeling as our fingers now meet
with no shyness at all and a palpable heat,

and two bodies entangle, as he enters the cave
sloppy kisses for lovers in the land of the brave.

I do love your small poem and I'm waiting for more
Would you lend me your heart, love, I've something to store.
May I stay where I've travelled in the depth of your self
from a minute past midnight until quarter to twelve?

We could move with distinction, by withdrawing but just
and then slowly and sweetly glide inside, to your lust.
Never parting completely and each stroke a new kiss
do you think we will have this, do you think it'd be bliss?

Herbert Nehrlich

An Erotic Limerick

My darling, I have a request.
Would you mind if I held you and pressed
both my lips and my face
to your secretive place
while my hands are at rest on your breasts?

And carressing, each nipple will rise,
an expected and welcome surprise.
Ah, bonjour, le lavage
c'est pour moi, mon visage!
New dimensions may soon alter size.

Disentangled, we're sensing a tide
in a hurried ascent you're astride.
As we catch the next wave
sweeping into the cave
to the end of the velvet inside.

Liquid tears without salt we become,
in a storm where the mind must go numb.
As the poetry flows
as it fills you with prose,
we hold hands with each other and hum.

Is there something this life can provide
that would have you or me satisfied?
As they chase after gold
our happy hands hold
better jewels by far and by wide.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Error

A cocoon will provide
the larvae with the correct
humidity and temperature.
Thus ensuring the creation
of life, such as we know it.

Though, with all due respect,
if any, observing offspring
it appears to me that
there is always room and need
for a true error of refraction.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Invisible Crack

...and when it slipped out of my fingers,
it landed on the tiles.

A vase from Alexandria,
a Pharaoh who smiles.

An ancient piece, a modern treasure,
my pride from Egypt's culture lingers,
with Western ways now side by side.

The curator had said, a measure
of real value, if applied
be without meaning here, to guide
the experts in exotic matters.

'Bang' it had fallen, omigod,
I fell right with it now to see,
examined it and found it odd
that undisturbed it seemed to be.

The more I turned it to inspect
the smallest areas of the vase,
to spot the tiniest defect,
the more I felt that Oh's and Ah's
were applicable in this matter.

Perfection had survived the fall
where I'd expected it to shatter
in thousand pieces, after all,
fragility does have its logic.

No harm had come to Pharaohs,
the smiling of Cleopatra.

One last time now I looked so close,
discovered that it had so far
withstood all ravages of time.

But, ever since that fateful day,
when nothing broke and nothing cracked,
I hesitate, but have to say,
that what my eyesight clearly lacked
is to discern what I now may
reveal: elusive, hidden shame.
The figures never smiled the same.

An Irish Lass

The preacher, who was dressed in green
appeared short-winded, on the scene.
He'd had a helping of pink gin
which God did not regard as sin.
The Devil though had been a guest
and drawn a vision of the breast
with all its soft and luscious silk
the image of sweet human milk.
And there, in Aberdeen's own mud
she rested, covered by red blood.
His pupils widened as he knelt
and timid fingers shyly felt
beneath the blouse of cotton blues
for signs of life and God's own dues.
And with a cry of sheer despair
he placed his lips into her hair
then slid, with loving gentle moves
down to those warm familiar grooves.
And rested on her nipple's rose
his tear-stained cheek and grieving nose.
Townspeople soon left them alone
their secret pact would not be known.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Obsession

It was a strange obsession,
but it had come to him in church.
There was a bat, of course,
that fluttered, somewhat clumsily
and oscillated in between
the organ and the purple pulpit.
He'd had a funny feeling then
that bats in church meant trouble,
which was, needless to say, ridiculous.

Though, on the other hand he did
cast a good look into the face
and on the vampire coat, spread open
the clawy feet and that most vicious
head, it could well be the devil, right?

Whatever did transpire, he was now
all saddled with this single thought
that he would need to find his way
to Paris, France and then the tower.
He was to hurl himself off its high top,
and count the seconds to the very end.

He fought the thought for weeks, he did.
Then chose a Friday afternoon at last,
the bus arrived right on La Place
and up he went, slamming the door
of the South lift on reason and his life.

One foot onto the balustrade, reached up
to grab his last support in life, but then
a voice, so sweet and innocent, soprano,
asked 'Oh Monsieur, avez-vous faim? '
He was not hungry, for Christ's sake,
and told her so, but she persisted
Voilà, Monsieur je habite près
du Bois de Bologne, il est minuit! '
La ville des lumières, ah, magnifique!

Who cares, he thought, while looking down
onto the grandest ville, the city of the lights,
if you live near the Bois de Bologne,
and what on earth gives you the right
to bother me, and be up here at minuit?

The spell was cast, the innocence of youth
had carefully removed the ugly bat
from his insides and he was led
by happy hands, down to the lobby,
the foyer, where one could be a child
again and buy from the kiosk, un chocolat.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Odour

And once upon another time,
when all the animals had
settled their minor
disagreements over
the shameless animal,
you know,
the one with the long fur,
the pretentious lips,
the bad ears,
the poor sense of smell,
and the very long horns,
whichever animal had,
not only returned to the
scene of the explosion,
but had had the temerity
and the poor taste,
the even poorer smell,
to leave, at last,
by turning its less than
appetising
backside on us,
and revealing,
perhaps intentionally,
an abominably soiled,
semi-solid
and off-colour
rear end, which did
show signs of
old, well, ancient
remnants of the same,
the very same
CACATUM, which is
the Latin term for
SHIT, proving,
to all the animals,
again and,
for the last and final
the proof of the pudding
time, that what they

had here, was an unfit,
an unappetisingly
and pus-generating,
a decaying view
of a grossly neglected
and leaking, septic tank.
And it had left the worst
present that a forest can
tolerate in good faith.
A bad smell.

So, being clean and
rule-abiding, as well as
strict and unbending
creatures of the forest,
they all agreed, at last
that filth need not be
tolerated, not today
and not tomorrow.
And they decided that
there were measures
to be taken to restore
the forest to what it had been
once before, prior to
the malodorous Bang.
They enlisted a group
of volunteers, pine trees for
fragrance and colour,
skunk juice as an antidote,
underarm fragrance from
bandicoots and badgers,
rancid dandruff from chickens,
and pheasants, dead feathers,
do smell nice as well,
Moose and Buck deer
pheromones, also urine,
jasmin bushes, including
chinese star and trumpet flowers,
oak astringent from leaves,
quarternary ammonia base from
vilicus ostradamicus,
and, for good measure,

the forest's ultimate weapon,
of supreme bluff, due to
shape, stature and ability
to browbeat, to instill awe,
fear and the renewed tendency
to bed-wetting, also called nocturia,
and not a pleasant or much
appreciated affliction.

Yes, it was, is and will be...
her Majesty, the lovely and
much respected, *Iuniperus*
communis. And, in eternal
and perpetual gratitude,
this wonder plant repays,
and amply so, the trust,
the respect and the unquestioned
loyalty of all its peers, underlings,
overlings and sidelings,
by providing, but once a year,
the raw materials for a
wild and wonderful, but
civilised, party, which rings in the
New Year, which does occur
but once annually. It provides
Gin, from the fruit of the Juniper,
the berries, *fructus iuniperi*,
which, in turn, always
leads to a situation best described
as 'the nuts among the berries',
and that is where it ends,
in perfect harmony, and
with the forgotten memory of
a very bad smell.

Herbert Nehrlich

An Old Fart

Driving my fancy automobile,
down a Nevada country road,
asking myself 'how do you feel'
running over a sleepy toad.
Shadows coming, soon it's dark,
I'm just an old fart from the caravan park.

Got the radio cranked up high,
desert wind in my wild looking hair,
now I wonder whether she'd cry
I really don't think that she could care.
When I left the mongrel did bark
I'm just an old fart from the caravan park.

Power's great in this old caddy,
top is down, beer on the seat,
she would call me 'sugardaddy'
when I kissed her sweaty feet.
Once as happy as a lark
I'm just an old fart from the caravan park.

Things deteriorated, sadly,
sex ain't what it used to be
and she took it rather badly
when I wanted to be free.
Called me then a friggin' shark
I'm just an old fart in a caravan park.

I am going west young man.
Destination big adventure
get a California tan
on the beach, take out the denture,
night cap is straight Cutty Sark
I'm just an old fart, left the caravan park.

Got to the beach, called Malibu.
Settled right near a stern looking sign,
lady comes out, saying 'How do you do',
would you come share some strawberry wine?

I look at her closely, the contrast is stark,
I'm just an old fart, left the caravan park.

So the beauty is ancient with plenty of gray,
but she serves with the wine a great raznichee.
In a while she leans over and asks me to stay,
'my man is away, with the boys in DC
he spends half the year, as a government narc'...
I was once an old fart in a caravan park.

For that lovely lady out west, named Gyps.

Herbert Nehrlich

And Hi To You

All the hootin' and tootin'
and the fancy fallutin
only shows that you mock
right from under your rock.

But what is the reason
is it ridicule season
in that case, if I may
would you please go away.

Herbert Nehrlich

And The Soul Leaves

Now the silence descends
like the Lady of Darkness.
Yet his eyes remain wide,
both remaining behind.
Then the stillness is kissed
by the rays of the soul.
As it leaves, laced with grace,
to the end of his road.

Herbert Nehrlich

And Then...

They hummed.
And sang,
but when they drooled
I raised my hand
puckered my lips,
smoothed out my hair,
as if to say
I am perpetually
immersed in love,
with all of you.
And then they left,
to follow strange pursuits,
and harvest more exotic fruits.
I drooled just at the memory.
And then I died.

Herbert Nehrlich

Andrew's Limerick

Have you heard the account of Lord Gritz
he was fond of all innocent tits
he had told his own spouse
that he'd open the blouse
of all women except of those Brits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Angels

While you slept the sleep
of innocence,
two angels wept
hot tears of silence.

Until their
master mentioned,
quite casually,
that resurrection was
foregone conclusion.

I am no angel
but I could be
with you when
the raindrops of
my love
would cover you,
perhaps you'd ask me
then to drink them back.

And two new angels
would go to sleep together,
to share each other.

All angels would be smiling.

Herbert Nehrlich

Another Betrayal

He was my brother until now,
a trusted friend who shared
a childhood of great dreams
who read the stories of the blood
that could be shared between
two genuine pals, by birth.

Yet he betrayed my trust,
with a disgraceful shame
and lack of plain humanity
to others, it was not to be
that honesty could rule
nor would it now survive.

I do not understand the world,
perhaps I never did,
the knife was twisted
and left in place, deep in
the soul that in the past
would without question
have died for you, my boy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Another Day

They say that people need their sleep
and this includes the meanest creep.
Each night I pray and ask my God
to give this soul another nod.
Awake, I start another day
and chase uncertainty away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Another Limerick For Jerry H.

Two days then he'll have his vacation
just a time of great consternation,
like two ships in the night
one be high as a kite
and out cold in the operation.

If they change the date yet once again,
I shall count to the numero ten
then I'll flaunt my plum'age
and perform a lavage
on the surgeon's own cranium, right then!

Herbert Nehrlich

Another Win

Oh yes, the LOTTERY.
Another one I did not,
would not, could not
participate in, yet
my lucky number found
its own sweet way
into the pot of gold.
Eighthundredfifty
thousand Euro STERLING,
no doubt another new,
perhaps exciting
currency has raised
its interest head
while I was busy
writing poetry of rhyme.
Would anyone
in need of money
become my agent,
fetch the dough
for me and send
just fifty Eurocent
in every Sterling
to me, who lounges
now, in my recliner,
(inflatable, of course)
at Woorim Beach.
Potato Vodka
by my side
and dreaming
of conversion rates.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ansichtskarte Vom Meer

Auf der Karte sind Wasser und Sand.
In der Ferne ein anderes Land.
Bleibt der Sand schoen am Meer
gibt's der Postkarte Flair.
In's Getriebe gehoert gar kein Sand.

Lasst uns hoffen, dass Ton-Dissonanzen,
die wie flinke and tueckische Wanzen
unser Dasein versau'n
alle Harmonie klau'n,
auf demselben Parkett wie wir tanzen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Answer Poem For Sally

You are right of course
and there is no dead horse
and no need to debate
the precarious state
of all rhyming and prose,
but of course there are those
who could NOT tell a rhyme
from a lemon or lime.
So let us play footsies
and remember their tootsies
be it known now that onions
cause more teardrops than bunions,
in the poetry scene
only critics are green.

Herbert Nehrlich

Answers

He crouched in front of all his books,
ten thousand and a few
he looked at his certificates
one hundred, none were new.
Remembered all his special honours
bestowed by envious peers
and wondered silently inside
was it just smoke and mirrors?
Sat on the floor, the crouching hurt
and cried a bit, alone
it was a shock when it occurred
to him that in his bone
a nasty parasite had lodged
who had an appetite
for living tissue as it dodged
the killer cells with spite.
What a caressing devastation
to find that all one knows
means nothing in the scheme of things
and that it simply shows
we humans, dumb and arrogant
pretend because we must
and turn into a sycophant
in desperado frust
So Papa started with the first
of all the hardbound works
and re-awakened his old thirst
and thought perhaps there lurks
the answer to his desperate plea
if not he would be doomed.
For many weeks he was engrossed
with all his dearest friends
he often wandered, became lost
and tied up old loose ends.
The memories of high school days
and then the cruel studies
came flooding back with old Hooray's
and like a bunch of buddies
the authors of so many books

who'd passed so long ago
had kept their bright and brilliant looks
and smiled their stern Hello.
And finally, he knew the answer
not one of them had lived
and many had succumbed to cancer
they would have been quite miffed
that all their learnings was no use
and even frank denial
was killing that great golden goose
with liquid from a vial.
He saw and welcomed his own end
stood up and tugged his tie
remembering every single friend
he then laid down to die.

Herbert Nehrlich

Answers **

I shall watch you as we run,
just to ensure
you will be
next to me,
not fall behind,
and when we get
down to the sea
we halt our steps
and face
like happy birds,
we peck
and kiss
and pirouette
just for a while,
you whisper
and I lend
to you both ears,
to catch it all,
the sun
now free of clouds,
burns mercifully
and we sweat,
I cannot wait
I want it all,
to lick it off
each lovely inch of skin,
I must be close to you,
so very close my love,
until we melt
like Ikarus
and lose our flesh,
then rise from ashes
to new heights,
a union forged
by universal laws.
I cannot know
the plans
of destiny,
I shall be here

or anywhere
for you,
and when we are,
at last
then of a mind
my arms will
briefly wave
and then,
with gentle care,
wrap tightly
'round you
as to tell you,
you must stay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Antidepressants - A Fool Would

A man, endowed with very little
put on his fingertip some spittle.
Together with her contribution
he'd get his rather lillipution
and flaccid felon to dive in
her pink and ready den of sin.
But age and booze, so often found
tend both to travel round and round
the former tends to keep from swelling
small vessels, though there is no telling
if those that trap the crimson fluid
would with encouragement still do it.
As far as booze, it is essential
and, in its actions penitential
the palate, prone to histrionics
from spirits, chocolates and tonics
is known to also become smitten
with lava flowing from a kitten.
So here we have a situation
where there is silence at the station
red-capped the man who blows the whistle
who guides the now approaching missile
observes and nods because, indeed
the train is now approaching speed.
The locomotive, gleaming, huffing
and from all corners steaming, puffing,
goes in the tunnel without lighting
and finds the journey so exciting
that it soon pledges repetition
without the devil's superstition.
You see, my learned friends, depression
will jeopardize a lover's session
so throw the pills into the bin
embrace a life of steamy sin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Antigens To Share

Some forty years had gone,
things went their usual way
and, as they say abroad,
time just went by. It did.
Kids grown and hubbies fat
the grind goes on, no medals here,
could this be all there is, she asks
and nods her pretty head,
and all its wrinkles, all her lipo spots,
at one who's done the deed,
lived, as they say, rambunctiously
and was somewhat content to sit
to let the world and all its troubles pass,
because he thought that even God was a big ass.

The springs would sag in something old,
the shockies worn,
the youthful shine washed off
a dentist for a friend.

Now nearing seventy
please, folks, it is not on!
I thought that pheromones
would die before the end.

They did defy what would be fair,
and folks believed,
convention did not hold a promise, none at all.
There was a meteor, so hapless and bereaved
none ever mattered, they had antigens to share.

Note: I like C-Antigens

Herbert Nehrlich

Antioxidants

It's a true believer who grapples
with the nakedness of the banana,
and the fruitiness of those apples
who on occasion wear little bandanas.
If you look at Miss Buffenstein's rats
whose bold nakedness may well offend
you must think of the cutest of bats
who eat fruits and make C in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Anwar

There once lived a man named Anwar
he considered himself a big Czar,
he moved to the UK
but what can I say
he never got out of the bar.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aphrodisiac For The Poet

I found an aphrodisiac
that helps the poet think
so when you find a certain lack
or teet'ring on the brink
of running out of words to say
you sit there like a dummy
take my advice just for today
and don't call for your Mummie
but turn your ears to words of wisdom
don't wait for an ovation
accept her thoughts,
she might have kissed them
love is your inspiration.

Herbert Nehrlich

Apocrine Glands

What do you get if in the sea
you throw a black, a white and me?
Sharks go by vision and by smell
as far as anyone can tell.
Blacks carry bigger apocrines
which are the size of giant beans,
release the liquid loved by germs
(they eat and change them on their terms) ,
so sharks will eat the black man first
and, in this way the bubbles burst
that people always smell the same
and, let me say it is a shame
that silly bimbos make new rules
for citizens and challenged fools.

To point to differences makes
a man lose sight of all his stakes.
How weak their ego's got to be
they might need help even to pee,
talk not of splinters in my eye
unless you are a genuine guy!

Note:

Africans have, in general, a very high number and size of apocrine glands, the sweat glands responsible for body odour (with the help from bacteria) .
Whites also boast of big numbers though usually less.
Some Asians (Koreans, Japanes) have very few apocrine glands in the axillary regions (armpits) and thus have little or no body odour.
The way you smell is determined by genetics, food, drink and drugs taken in and by other hormonal influences of the Sympathetic Nervous System including fright, flight and fight.
So, if someone says that 'others' smell different they are just telling the truth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Appeal To Emilie

I cannot read a single poem
while others will now get to know 'em
I sit here playing with my mouse
and take it all out on my spouse.
The message to Emilie sent
for nasty comments I repent
please re-instate my reading joy
I do not have a single toy
that would be able to replace
my P/H entertainment base
for daily entertainment, no,
it even beats my favourite show
on the olde tube, so would you mind
to be both quick and also kind
I cannot wait, I have no patience
and am addicted to sensations
derived from those who flaunt their stuff
here, to be read, thus it is tough
to sit here, helpless, just to stare
which is, to say the least, unfair.

Herbert Nehrlich

Apple Picking

The ladder was still there.
Leaning, as if worn
and ready to retire now,
after those decades
of school and work,
and being just another
robot like all the others.

I had abandoned it,
that oaken ladder,
the work was done
by grandpa and
his eager little helper.

Impatiently I had suggested
we nail the rungs
with sturdy galvanised
and made in Germany
ten penny nails
but to my great chagrin
the saw was needed
to cut an individual spot
for each damn piece
whose only task in life
would be to keep
the likes of me and
other climbers safe.

We'd picked the apples,
and the pears, the plums,
escaped from bees
and wasps and hornets
we learned reluctantly
about a feeling at day's end
that would not come for
many months to little minds.

We looked at woven baskets
made from the willow tree

down by the river's bend
and smiled a shallow smile
at those that were on top
with their red cheeks
and sturdy little stems
and it did seem as if,
there was a deeper purpose
in this life, it smacked,
and reeked of work,
an effort only some of us
were destined to perform.

Grandma would then decide
which had been dropped,
she had an eagle eye,
they went for cider, 'Mosht'
and what the press could not
in early evening hours squeeze
would make the most delicious,
all-consuming, cream apple pie.

There soon developed skill,
and good logistics, among us boys,
we learned that just a bit of wit
could make a sheer determination
about the cider bottles needed
and how gigantic that great pie
would be, perhaps the size of
the great big table of the harvest kitchen.

I felt a whisp of melancholy mist,
it must have drifted in from near the river,
just looking at the lonely ladder,
still standing by the tree, the one with apples,
the day did flash just like a life
past those old gooseberries
right near the rusted gate,
and I could clearly see those years,
condensed as if the cider press
had done its sweaty deed,
there was a time, and it was now
for just a touch of vertigo, and pallor,

I found the birchwood garden chair
from nineteen-forty-nine, still there
and gladly sank my aching limbs
into the chair. It was like visiting a friend.

But it had been too long, those years
of poppycock and useless bark
that fell without assistance before the harvest,
this was the road I saw but did not take,
and here I was, all smiles, expecting what?

The chair rejected me, fell into a pathetic heap
the frosty grass found naked flesh
and burned its own identity into my knee,
I saw the sun at once, and then the wind,
it came with a ferocity, from the big range
and winter had arrived, with its first blizzard
the moon a witness to the howling of
the only wolfe I ever recognised.

There was the ladder, still erect,
it seemed to point toward the moon
past two or maybe three forgotten apples,
there had been little thought about them
and now there was no time to do
what I had learned so long ago,
but life had taken from me, with permission,
an honest, hard and satisfying day
of apple picking, there at grandpa's.

But now my night was here, reflecting
with its own stars, and my long day
had truly ended. It was cold out there
Before I closed them I briefly wondered
about the apples in the tree, and how they felt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Applepie Statistics

Statistics are the favourite tools
of doctors, pharmacists and fools.
But, in addition there are those
who use fine poetry and prose
to make a factoid appear strong
and show that textbooks can be wrong.

Let's take the homebaked applepie,
each slice would be a trifle shy
of other slices, at least some,
plus, there's the matter of the crumb,
a dozen of them make up weight
and add their joules to the debate.

So, pie containing apples can
put some condition on a man,
however, apples may affect
one's body and the intellect
through mystic powers from within
(most factors live beneath the skin)
so, for the sake of argument
consider the experiment
of following a million men
who eat their applepie at ten,
another million who prefer
like any genuine connoisseur
to munch some now and some at noon,
by using a min-iscule spoon
then comes the matter of devices
that would provide true equal slices.

And those who eat with sudden haste
may spill some crumbs, which is a waste.
These groups are monitored for years
until a malady appears.

Specifically, it is cancer
to which we do not have an answer.
So, prostate, common as it is

it's a disease germane to his
and all the plumbing of his friends
it slows the flow and also tends
to make you dribble (try to shake)
at night, which renders one awake.

So, of the millions, who avoids
prostatic grief and hemorrhoids?
Is it the ones whose slice was bigger,
not once but often, could the trigger
be missing crumbs or time when eaten
is there a chance this can be beaten
or should I say prevented by
the proper use of applepie?

As you can see, there are too many
and factors hidden (or uncanny)
but, to get printed, I could fiddle
with my statistics-driven riddle.

I'd take the men who ate and died
and then declared them applepie.
The ones who ate their slice at ten
would be deleted by my pen.

This has to do with a confounder
which makes all proof a trifle rounder.
I'm left with a small group who died
but no one knows, perhaps they lied
about their deaths, one can't be sure
perhaps there was a silent cure?

And late at night, I sit and type
a sober paper, without hype.
It seems that applepie is able
to keep you healthy, but the table
must have a cover of pure silk
and there must be a glass of milk
unpasteurised and full of cream
just Jersey though, it is supreme.

Put all together, (facts convince)

next study will be fruity mince,
just wanted to present to you,
statistics sometimes can be true....

Herbert Nehrlich

Arc

Came tumbling
in silent grace
a leaf of gold,
and red,
of rust
enclosing
hairlike veins
of fading life
dancing with
melancholy joy.
Its last.

Oh yes,
I know it is from you,
still moist
with kisses
from your lovely lips.

I shall,
for now,
be quite content
to stand with open arms,
awaiting you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Are My Test Results Back?

His operation had been a success,
a student nurse arrived with sponge and soap.
He slurred his speech, 'hello my dear, God bless.'
She knew he was still under all that dope.

'I'm here to sponge your legs and arms and then your back, '
she whispers, reddening, to which he then replies:
'Please tell me if my testicles are black? '
She hesitates, then looks him in the eyes.

She pulls the covers from his legs in one swift move.
Grabs hold of all his most essential, precious ware,
inspects the balls and referee, also the groove.
'No sir, ' she whispers, ' they are coloured pretty fair;

you must be groggy from the op still but to think
that they would change while you were under the old knife
to raven black from velvet soft and pretty pink
please be assured, they will be longing for your wife.'

'I thank you kindly, ' he replies, 'for this sweet touch
I have not felt such pleasant feelings in some time,
I do appreciate your hand so very much
and may I add that all my gear is in its prime.'

And then he asked her, with a touch of burning need:
'would you give me now the answer I still lack:
Leave your hand there, it is healing me, indeed
Are my test results, the urgent ones, now back? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Are We Getting On.....?

Do you recall the phrase
from yesteryear, called
'FENDER SKIRTS.'
Perhaps 'curb feelers'
or even 'steering knobs'?

Remember 'Continental kits? '
They were rear bumper
extenders and spare tyre covers
and made cars look as cool
as any Lincoln Continental.

And how about the ride
with Dad on sturdy
'running boards'?

Or 'wall-to-wall'
it was a term
much used in our homes.
Those days we covered
hardwood floors,
with wall-to-wall carpeting!
Today we cover our floors
with hardwood to be 'in'.

If you were pregnant
you were in
a 'family way'
as the term 'pregnant'
was too graphic
or too clinical.

To be polite
you mentioned storks
you were 'expecting'.
And how about
'brassière' for bra
or 'unmentionables'?
A 'picture show', which

could show what they called
'ratfinks' which was so nasty
you would need a permit
just to think it.

You got up in
the morning to start
the 'percolator',
you watched the
'spectravisión'
or listened to the
'wireless'.

Kids got 'castor oil',
there were those
'telethons' for all conditions,
such as 'lumbago'.
or the 'vapours',
you were sent
upstairs,
without your
'supper',
today it's 'dinner',
and 'political correctness'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Are You Back Sandra?

What a breath of fresh air
and a touch of sweet lips
back you are in my cyberarms
please do pardon my stare
when we hug, crushing ribs
I may melt at the thought of your charms.

Herbert Nehrlich

Are You Leaving?

And I'll ask you today,
would you like me to guess
what your future will hold,
like a good game of chess,
you must choose very soon
how you'll pay for your bread
when you lay down MY spoon
you will need to be fed.

At the ripe age of thirty
you must stand on your feet,
you can get your hands dirty,
it is time that you meet
real life and its pleasures
and also its pains,
as society measures,
in the end, what it gains
from each worker and peasant
from each tradesman and teacher,
but your life can be pleasant,
I will show you some features
all you need do is choose,
do not listen to voices,
that will tell you to use
some unethical choices.
What is given in debt
by the agents of state
you must put in your hours
and be one with your mate.
Be it sunshine or showers
or a mystery fate.

Well, then listen to me:
Would you like to be baker,
or a butcher or tailor,
or a candlestick maker,
or a soldier and sailor?
Maybe dentist or doctor,
university proctor,

or a fiddler, musician,
undertaker, beautician?

There are so many options
and you must be prepared
to accept some disruption,
'cause our leaders declared
that the servants are US,
and that they take the money,
after sixty-five plus
you'll have milk and sweet honey,
really, never you mind
that this world is so strange,
just get off your behind
and get going, arrange
for your future today
what will feed you tomorrow,
it is all quite okay
and there should be no sorrow.
'Cause whatever you choose
I will sit in my chair,
like a tired old moose,
with my silver gray hair.
Let me say, he who climbs
up the steps of success
has a father who rhymes
your adventures, no less.

Herbert Nehrlich

Arlene

'Father, bless me and forgive me, I have sinned.
I have doubted the great wisdom of our Lord.
I was in the backseat of my boyfriend's Volvo,
when the windows very suddenly steamed up.'

'Well, my child, you need to be much more specific,
so did you have that young policeman with you?
About his uniform, I mean was he on duty,
or was he wearing just protection meant for you? '

'Father, he has such a big civilian weapon,
and he said it needed to be put at rest,
in the only safe Aunt Jima and I have it,
then he found it, called it lovenest after that.'

'Carry on, my child, did he explain the meaning,
of that procedure then, please girl, now pray and tell? '

'He did most certainly, and also checked for fever,
his weapon is a mometer of sorts.'

'And did it happen, what I mean is, was it wet?
Our Jesus needs to know all of the facts, so tell me now.'

'Yes, there was stuff that I had called beef drippings,
but it was only, rest assured, that slipp'ry silver.
He said that often these mometers spring a leak,
it is the mercury that sticks to my pink panties.
Though, not to worry it has disappeared, thank God.'

'Well, now my girl, you are the child of Jesus,
tonight the last of the confessions in my church.
I want to show you now the special love of God.
Let's go upstairs to study all God's word indepth.'

Herbert Nehrlich

As A Doornail

A surgeon, rich but low on skills
came down himself with painful ills.
The pharmacist prepared some pills
from herbs he'd gathered in the hills.
The tablets didn't come with frills
the doc found out that living kills.

He laid upon the bed his head.
And soon the pillow coloured red.
Which by its liquid nature spread.
This filled his heart with sudden dread
and scared his older brother Ed.
Asked Ed 'what was it that you said? '
There was no answer, Doc was dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

As Death Knows No Mercy

And when the light
at the far end
of Hope street
silently slips over the horizon
you nearly feel the icy blast
that pushed its way
through floor boards
seeking you
with its rigor mortis eyes
and its greedy talons.
It knows no mercy
and it sucks
the very breath
so shallow now
and then,
a grand finale
it blows its horn
and snuffs the spark
that once was you.
Dead calm.
The deed is done,
it matters little
that all death
is murder.

Herbert Nehrlich

As He Slept

He slept as she,
on tippytoes,
came in,
she smiled
and bent
in silence
then
to kiss his brow.
He stirred,
perhaps he marvelled
at the thoughts,
the vivid dreams,
their hopes
and wishes
as their time went by.

She felt secure,
a happy girl
whose charge,
whose flowerboy
was safe at home,
attended to
by loving hands
and touches
from her tongue;
she brushed his temple now,
her hair engulfing
his sleep-flushed face,
there was a hint of salt,
its taste
mixed with
what she now knew
was his,
she loved to feel
his lashes
as they gave
submissively
in to her flesh,
bathed in saliva

as the eyes dreamed on.

His hand
now reached,
unsteadily
for hers,
and both,
one dwarfed,
sought out
his trusted place,
and pleasant heat
soon welcomed them,
the whisper of their nights.

She sat,
as he would say
she placed her
lovely bum
upon his bed
and studied him,
the dark had yielded
to infinity
which fed her eyes
and looked into the years
that would unfold,
her other hand
now sought the comfort
in the company
of two,
he'd named them Twins,
two soft and silky mounds
with knobs of pink.

She stayed,
a wistful smile
spread to her lips
where one small drop
condensed from silver mist
had trickled down,
they'd talked about
so many things,
the high-fallutin' ones

and some domestic chores
and happenings,
as if they were
without a question
now a pair.

He'd been afraid
of taking sleep
lest trumpet sounds
would break the morning's peace,
he'd talked about a fast
so empty tubes
would not disturb
yet she,
(another smile replaced the old)
had laughed
and he had joined
at last,
there would not be
a wall,
they'd grown
as if the gardener
had placed them
in hormonal soil,
and they would share,
she had remarked
without delay
all things in life
which was,
and this they knew,
a life of one.

She kissed his ear,
her acrobatic tongue
exploring deep,
it was an echo in his dream,
bounced back
from walls of stone
and muffled by
the waterfall
inside the cave.

She thought about it,
long and hard,
and knew
that she would never leave,
she'd hold his hand
as he had said
throughout their life
and, finally
until the moment
one would have to go.

And then,
there was again
the scourge of time,
they'd wait
until the advent of
their true infinity
when they would,
once again,
be holding hands,
and kissing eyes
and ears,
and touching skin,
and smothering,
each taking turns,
the other
with their endless love.

He'd have prepared
their private cloud
and fretted over things,
he'd want her happy smile
and find their heart again,
its beat
so reminiscent of a drum,
to share eternity.

Herbert Nehrlich

As It Were

The Postman rang his little bell
to hand me stacks of letters, well
if none would prove to be from her
I'd pout and have some sweet liqueur.
You may in this not quite concur
but even thoughts will cause a stir
I'm painting her in aquarelle
thus to dispense with his small bell.
I am, it's true, a connoisseur,
in certain matters, as it were.

Herbert Nehrlich

As Petals Open

There was a melody,
few ears could hear
meant not for folks
or even lovers near.

She smiled though
at the soothing sounds
and dreamed.
She was a rose,
exquisite in soft pink
high-placed her friends,
majestic were her oaks
gave shade and peace,
spilled drops of dew to drink
and beauty to the grounds.

In fact it seemed
that forests grow
as roses and tall trees
and Nature tends to be
a gentle mother lode.

Windswept they stand
and listen to the ode,
a musical for some,
invisible the band.
Woodpecker plays the drum.

She listens with her heart
and shares but knows it is
for others only art,
for her it's simply HIS.

Soft petals slowly spread,
receiving melodies.
Green moss, a silent bed,
from distant hills a breeze.

As Petals Open ***

I like that time,
the chill before the dawn
when dew still covers all,
and golden rays
highlight the spider's web
the one that's always torn
when first the farmer's wife
goes through the door
to get the morning's share
of eggs; each day the spider
builds anew, with patience
just to trap a fly or two.

I see the smoke rise now,
it re-ally is forest steam,
to me though 'tis a sign
that all the forest critters
have arisen from their sleep
and that the coffee's surely on.

I smile and visualise at once
my grandpa's face, the great moustache,
a Kaiser Wilhelm beard, 'twas called,
and now the first small squadron
of our honeybees alight,
to search the fields for sweets,
the rooster, shrill of voice, commands
that hens of pecking order status
get a move on, it is time he says,
a morning bath in dust and then
a little tête-à-tête inside the pen.

But I, backside at rest on sappy oak,
I watch the flowers, everywhere.
There always will be some
whose petals open with great care
yet with a pond snail's speed.
It is enough to keep me there
and reminisce.

Herbert Nehrlich

As Thoughts Float By And See The Way We Are

The softness has,
for many decades since,
stayed in my mind.
A gentle curve
where pale grows pink
and seems to lose
a hint of depth,
like tiny pearls
surrounding, randomly,
admiring as it rises
to the changing breath
of what my soul desires,
so selfishly. A greed
passed down from Zeus
through clouds of time
and clinging tightly to
the shadow of a fragile tuft,
it swells with pride
and leaves on eager skin
the promise of
your lips,
and shades
of pheromones
from you.

Herbert Nehrlich

As Time Stood Still

She'd drifted off
at last,
the day had gone,
a whirlwind filled with awe.
They had succumbed
to an irrational idea,
unknown to man
dismissive of all laws,
yet full of boiling clout
as it had fallen from the sky.

A dinosaur from space,
well dressed to kill
as it spread silken grace
between the silent trees
with their combative birds,
the feel of bedding hair,
from horse or ancient unicorn.

Few eyes observed,
a stagnant pond rejects
any mentality from crowds,
drawn simply by the jealous mind,
and as the shade rolled in
suspended from a mass of clouds,
they talked a little more,
but less was said that could be seen
as slayer of all luddites, no
the sailing was not smooth
until a glance locked on at speed,
eyes are like glaciers from beyond
where Edelweiss will grow
and none allowed to climb
and reach the brink of death
near the crevasse of pride
and silly sacrifice to some
who must be free,
and who will give
without a second look

or thought from deep inside.

There were so many now,
known to a few as busy bumblebees,
thoughts from the hemispheres,
half-baked and filled with hope.
They crossed and bore the skill
and timeless will of creepy bats,
avoiding strife and flying blind
into the other's scheming mind.

It was of course the sudden glance
that changed the prickly game.
There would be sips of wine and dance,
the hoarseness of a name.

And, as he watched her sleep,
a reddish glow rose from her cheek,
and, like a melody so soft
it would have done the Kolibri so proud,
she sang of sadness and of time,
a right Canary snore, he thought
and, absent of analysis and need,
he pulled the cover, just to keep her warm.
And laid his body next to hers,
beside her, breathing, of symmetry
the gentle sound of growing harmony
as one, a violin of ebony and maidenhair
that angels in the heavens understand.

And in her sleep she smiled,
and reached for his, a tiny hand demands
what must be right, she places his
into the cleavage of her twins
where now his fingers stretch
becoming still, to listen to her song
and rise with hers, as inspiration swells
to quell the hunger of her breath
for air, now laden with a scent to be
the essence of a promise for the touch
that would unite two hapless souls
if only gods would send their kindest plans

to let the eagles fly into the skies
and man to be as free as any bird.

They woke a dozen times and held
as if they needed to ensure
safekeeping of this innocent mirage,
their hands, their limbs entangled now
and there was morning dew to reassure
and underline a handful of their solemn words.

And time, so often asked to compromise,
yet never having yielded to a man
quickly took pleasure and an interest there,
it slowed each breath and calmed two beating hearts,
all touch was slowed in time,
hands lingered, lips were pressed
with strange inertia taking residence at once
and there was silence and the ambience of love.

Herbert Nehrlich

As You Know

Now that I left you there,
in your familiar grounds,
now that I've wiped the tear
I have composed m'self of course.
But may I say, my lovely girl
that I would be so much obliged
if I could borrow (no, not steal)
your soft hands, the ones that hold,
with just the right degree of grip
my face (the temples turn me on)
and I would truly be a happy man
if you would make available your lips,
I'd give the world and all its riches,
to have your lips to kiss when sadness strikes.
I'd try to, well reciprocate what I enjoy,
your gentle bite to confiscate the lower part.
I never told you, Sweetie, how I love you though
I'd give you all, on top of lips and hands and more.
You know, as well as I, that there are things
that one does not put up to share, they are our own,
and that I jest, (perhaps I tease) to let you know
there are no bigger and no better grounds at all,
and I am longing for the dew drops as they fall.
I hope you see my little words for what they are,
they speak of love because I love you, warts and more,
and if I lust for you today and from afar
it's just to please upon my skin each little pore.

Herbert Nehrlich

Asara's Death

In vino veritas said Bacchus with a smile,
there is no truth that comes from fork-ed human tongue.
Without the essence of my grapes of utter joy
how many mustang thieves would they today have hung,
if they remembered only one small pale-faced boy,
who had been left at last, near burning covered wagons.
And who had wondered off a day, two moons, a mile
while bounty bastards drank from rusty, stinking flagons.

Yes they had scalped those men, blades from the local shop,
and burned their village down to draw them in and near.
The early morning raid which proved a bloody flop -
it brought new life to them, and killed a wandering deer.
There was much hatred now, it needed urgent venting
no bullet big enough, no knife too sharp or keen,
would they be satisfied or utterly unrelenting
and herd their cattle north, though much too soon, too lean.

Clarissa was the one whose life meant all,
they raped and killed her there, right at the stables.
The one who spat at her, then had the gall
to hang her by her feet, off from those cables.
Her blood was dripping still, in liberation
no life was left for her, and none for him.
If he had only strength to search this nation,
and if those chances were extremely slim,
he would avenge her death by bright new measures
enjoy the suffering a thousand ways
and then remembering forgotten treasures,
up on Boothill it is, in sun's last rays.

His name was Winnetou, a Redskin Chief
he was an agile little bugger on a horse,
he was no drunkard nor a womanising thief,
but one great warrior who had never shown remorse.
They faced each other on the top of Niagara,
with bow and arrow pointed at the pioneer frontloader.
There was a name pervading all, it was Asara

and Raging Jack recalled the rotting, human odour.
When arrow flew it met the bullet at midway
they both connected with their target, as ordained,
there was a brief but quite significant delay
when both had tricked the other, acting as if chained
so when evading the next bullet and the arrow
they stepped aside and did avoid that instant end.
But as that ledge up on the Falls was very narrow
it was inevitable that they would descend
into the distance of the turbulence below.
Only the Gods could tell us all about the knife,
that on the way toward his doom that Indian Pro
had used in earnest as he took the soldier's life.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ascorbate For Cancer

He walked into the conference,
confronted all too sudden by
the earnest decibels of intellect
and penguin-like tuxedos.

He had requested a brief consultation
with the two founders of the system called OM,
instead, the cream of smart society
had gathered here to celebrate itself.

No one remembered him at all,
most likely they were secretaries,
those gaping cleavages on black tuxedo knees,
and here he was, alone again, the fear of death his mate.

'A Johnny Walker, please. No ice',
the waiter smiled and hurried to the bar,
clairvoyant kindness left the sevenhundred mil
as if it were a potent elixir.

He did receive some courage then from Johnny,
and wandered to the centre of the hall.
With glassy eyes he started his strange plea,
'there is this cancer, gentlemen, so can you help? '

So, Pauling, Hoffer, Riordan, Hughes et al
first listened closely then the verdict was pronounced.
'You will most likely get an instant retardation,
while hoping cytostasis can be (help me) done.

Unless repression of the tumour's in the cards
you will not see the light of many carefree days.'
He'd hoped for more, of course, for something like a pledge,
instead they toasted with their handmade crystal glasses.

There was no whisky but a slightly milky drink.
It was the stuff that later saved the fellow's life.

Ashes To Ashes

I laughed because I did not have
what it would take in normal times
to cry for him. I had not practiced,
after all, boys will be boys but they,
with few exceptions, sissy those,
do know the limits, tears are reserved
for others and for times when darkness
emulsifies all liquids emanating
from human orifices and from hell
on earth which hovers without pause
in all those niches and the cracks of joy.

I laughed because it was not me,
but him, that tyrant without kingdom,
the one whose slaves had flown the coop
so long ago, using the wings he had,
in painful and so logical precision
handcrafted and attached to them,
which really, should be 'us', oh yes,
it was perverted pleasure in the snow
when Johann dug the grave and winked,
we were old friends by now, for sure,
between the shovel and his sandwiches,
of bloodwurst and red beets, and lemonade.

What bothered me the most was a dilemma.
How much did they expect me to throw down
of dust to dust (I saw no ashes) as farewell,
well, with a heart that had been born and bred,
to honour generosity I took two scoops,
and went home happy for two reasons,
here revealed. I had been spared and Johann,
the gravedigger and friend, had smiled,
as if to say 'you're doing fine', I know that now.
At funerals you can't just talk among the dead
and in the presence of the Lord, so great,
I still think back to that strange day in fifty-three,
and wonder with a scoop of trepidation
when I will have to walk the walk to it again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aspirations

They talked about it,
all night and then
the day that followed.
It was a question
of such crucial
and so timely,
of a nature
that needed answers.
Though the forest
kept its silence.
How could they kill
the bearers of
the germ of life,
and to obtain
the precious secret,
and its promise.
It would bestow
at once,
and through
the thought
of justice,
eternal life.
And change all
mankind into
Gods.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aspirin

Hear, hear about a deadly sin
it's known as common aspirin.
Each year four thousand children die
as misguided physicians try
to help those youngsters who are ill
by giving them a little pill.

And, looking at an older bloke
he may get sidelined by a stroke
and bleeding in the stomach proper,
soon spreading to the lower, upper
intestines, also to the spleen.
Well, aspirin can soon be seen
wherever blood does circulate
its great potential is a state
of sheer increased morbidity
by causing new pathology.

So, if your doctor says you need
to take a pill that makes you bleed,
say 'No' and tell him 'be my guest,
this time the patient does know best.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Assassination

The sentry stood, alone
surrounded by cold wind
and demons of his fears
when, silently it climbed
invisible to even God.
A lightning flash of steel
reflecting the small sliver
of a Swedish moon,
and briefly came the thought
that it would be tonight,
the day of one called Quisling.
There never is a sound
when steel is thrust with force
into the renal calyces
unable to respond, to shout
by overwhelming pain
he slumps while hugging
and clings as if in love
to his assassin now,
who twists the blade but twice
a mini Harakiri, it seems,
but hold the thought for now,
he sees sheer terror
in those dying eyes, so young
and blue, an Aryan he must be,
and thus, he hurries with his knife
extracts it with a grunt
and shows its crimson steel
before he slices in slow motion
his throat, from ear to screaming ear.
And then he nods, it pleases him
that none of this was missed
by crying eyes the colour of the sky.

Herbert Nehrlich

Asses

He coughed so hard
the linings of his lungs
peeled off and were propelled
through Valplast partials
and urobilinogen saliva
unto his golden pocketwatch.
That dreadful dust,
composed of death
and lingering decay,
creating evil stench
that never goes away.
His name was Goethe,
Johann, to be exact,
he had not been embalmed
as he had asked
with fading breath
for much 'more light',
thus years have passed
so many, full of history
which would have been
methinks, much better off
if cancelled at rehearsal,
and newly clever peasant,
just born, has quickly learned
the pastime of a never ending game
called cleaning house and barn
of cobwebs of the past
and fragrances once pleasant.
It gives, or so I'm told
a sense of power,
enriching, as it does
the frontal lobes
and, as the sweetness
of the nectar is kissed by ego
updrafts supported by illusion
soon carry the charade to heights
that do permit the laughing leisure
of casting eyes of arrogance
down to the dull and feeble masses.

There lives, near the old hunting grounds
outside of Weimar a descendant,
and by coincidence his name is
the very same, though he is not a poet.
Remarking to his class of yawning pupils
he wonders often, who might be the asses.

Herbert Nehrlich

Assholes

All human beings have a hole
that carries out a special role.
It sends the end results of food
which starts its life by being chewed
and travels through the body then
(a smidgen more in hungry men)
into an even bigger hole
where it falls down, its final goal
is council sewers, and the ocean.
Well, daily there are many motions
about a zillion on this earth
the practice starts right after birth.
I do not mean to waste your time
to walk you through digestive slime
and enzymes, bile and H C L
suffice it now that I do tell
you only of the end result
which really borders on occult.
When nothing more can be extracted
and, lest there be some stuff impacted
the little door just opens wide
and out comes cellulose and pride.
Now, one more thing needs to be mentioned
so that you'll know I'm well-intentioned
some holes are bigger than are others
this is discovered first by mothers.
In later life this does not change
and thus the world boasts of a range
of various sizes, different shapes
a bit like those of bigger apes.
What is amazing is that once
a back door resident near buns
has been identified as large
you can assume that, say a sarge
in military garb possesses
a big one, and that small comtesses
would have a cutie of a nipple
which barely shows the slightest ripple
when things get urgent and want out

and since there is no other route.....
well, it is clear that we're conversing
about physiology, rehearsing
a bit of what you need to know
so I can say I told you so.
In closing let me add that size
makes all the diff, it's no surprise
that assholes can be large or small
and that, my brethren, that is all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Assigning Blame

He'd made a huge mistake,
an error, so he knew, of thought.
The road looked fine, smooth bitumen
so he proceeded with due care
until he was upon it, quel malheur!
A boulder from the mountain top
had rolled onto the street, during the night.
it stood, in all its might and took
the force of shiny steel and neoprene
without a whimper of complaint.

The pages of the triplicate report
remarked that he had caused
the accident, through negligence,
contributory, someone asked?
Oh no, it is plain logic my young friend,
had he not turned into this street...
and the big rock, so out of place,
well never mind, here, use this sheet.

Herbert Nehrlich

At Her Lowest

The sheets were black
perhaps a vivid sign
about the state of it,
why praise the Lord?

She'd slept the afternoon away
and then the night,
to rise but briefly in the day
to sit and reminisce,
inspired by the cold
of yet another toilet seat.

They called, those who still cared.
All friends had scattered though,
since she turned penniless;
a pale and haggard skeleton,
fine portrait of her anorexic days.

There was a silence now,
no clock that ticked, no calls,
text messages were out for now,
she could not know about the state
of one small battery, devoid of life.

And for the first and only time she snored,
a rhythm not without appeal
to spirits from the other side,
and to the silence of a life that hung
like spiderwebs from brittle twigs
as if deciding to descend and find the end
to what had been a mountain of sheer pain.

She had no drugs, they would not sell
to one so destitute, there was no charity.
And so she slept and all her troubles had
escaped through dusty drapes into the night.

The Gods had seen it all and pondered it,
her case was somewhat sad, perhaps unique.

And thus, they smiled their little smiles and let it be,
and she awoke that day and knew she would be free.

Herbert Nehrlich

At The Class Reunion

She told me, after forty years,
while others heard and smiled,
that she had always liked my scent,
had on occasion failed to wash
to gain a fair extension for her nose,
and then, when forty years had past
she stood there in the aisle to get
a jar of peanut butter, which was loathed
and shunned by me, back then. The speakers
in the store were playing soothingly,
the song that promised what she felt,
it was by Whitney and it made her cry,
those tears came swiftly, running down her cheeks,
she'd smelled the scent there, near the many jars.

Herbert Nehrlich

At The Dentist

Today is it, it must be said, the man gets out his tools
he practices his silly skills on imbeciles and fools.
A pair of pliers, chisel, drill and hammer, forceps too,
two burly aides with cuffs and rope, I sit there saying BOO.
'No', says the man, 'you need to say not BOO but Ah-Ah-Ah
and open wider if you can, you may call on Allah,
though it's unlikely he will come and rescue you from me..
oh no, not now, we must proceed, it's later you can pee.

Last week we had a fellow here, he tricked us, found the loo
escaped, with pliers in his mouth, found later in the Zoo.
There is no need to be afraid, I 've done this once before
and afterward, you'll pay my bill, you also will be sore.

Now let me see, I had a plan, a blueprint of your teeth,
well, never mind, I do recall your name was Raymond Keith?
I'll pull, don't move, the lower ones, so if you want to speak
you do it now because you won't for one entire week.

The plate? What plate, oh yes I know, the man has fallen ill
I do suggest some patience Sir, and have you done your will?
You see, you may not need new teeth, acrylics they are called
a while ago, I lost a man, his wife was quite appalled!

They'd bought and paid for dentures, full, and he, the fellow croaked
it seems he might have swallowed wrong, in any case, he choked,
found partial during autopsy inside the gastric juice
I think they may have been a trifle old and loose.

They tried to pin the deed on me, I should have had a look
but my defense is simply this, I treat them by the book.
So, do relax, my friend, lean back, you are in brilliant hands
it's rare these days to find a man who truly understands

the intricate and complex tasks a dentist has to face, '
(turns to assistant :) 'write this down, a complicated case,
don't know how well this will pan out, but them's the bloody breaks
who knows, and would you care I ask, if all were eating steaks

and you would ask the Maitre D. to grind the meat for you
it's God who makes decisions here, Sir, are you turning blue?
It happens, it's the novocaine, it hits the ticker hard
and folks like you are predisposed, it's all the stored up lard,

oh that reminds me, if you should lose pounds to slim your gut,
it will affect your falsies too, and I shall see your butt
back here to have a bit more work, it's labelled a reline,
you see you shrink inside the jaws it's due to endocrine

and also genes, but not to fret, I'll help you through those years,
the worst a man can do with teeth is harbour crazy fears
of dentists (well, some are inept) , because you need to plan..
Oh yes, I understand but hey, you should be eating bran,

those Kellogg's flakes are way too hard, you'll likely ruin your bite
I say you follow what I say and things may turn out right.
So, talk is over, I am glad we had this little chat
just one more thing, I need to know, are you a Democrat?

Herbert Nehrlich

At The Medical Library

This story is, I swear it, true,
my books were slightly overdue
and as I stood there at the portal
I sensed the aura of immortal
and penetrating energy.

Across the walkway, there was SHE!
She stared, I kid you not my boy
long hair the colour of pure Soy.
Blue eyes were focused on my crotch
so that my mate went up a notch.

Now, I who has experienced often
when ladies smile and quickly soften
in their resolve to play it tough
but this was different, it was rough!
Me, Casanova of my class
confronted by this pretty lass,
was at a loss of what to do
all I could look at was my shoe.

Ten minutes passed and I had not
devised a strategy. The plot
had thickened though I was exempt
my thoughts were spinning with contempt
at my own lack of true pizzazz
when she sat down in the green grass.

Of course, I had a real spouse
who waited at the student house
and straying wasn't in my blood
though once I had been called a stud.

Regret accompanied me home
I suffered like a ribosome.
'What if', I did repeat it much
I could have talked to her as such
and things might then have grown to bear
erotic fruits for us to share.

I changed into the shorts at eight
when wife came in and muttered 'Mate,
you have a rip in your new pants
which could expose your private glands,
what if a stranger saw your skin
and lusted after Ho-Chi-Min? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Attila

Yet Attila the Hun
to Segestus a son,
he was fearless and partial to wine,
the great battle, it happened in four fifty one,
and they held to the end the great line.
When the battle was won
with the foe on the run,
they were singing the song of the dead
if you know me at all, you will pardon the pun
and prefer to pass on in your bed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Audience At The Immam

'Immam, you say to me
I need to kill the infidels
to gain my place in heaven.
But are you serious
that our God will expect
and honour this directive.
If He wants to eliminate
those who deny his role,
his rightful place as king
all he would do is send
a bolt of lightning down.
He would not need us
for this task, and I, myself
do find this so distasteful.
There is no joy in bloodying
and thus render unclean
my hands, which were intended
for prayer and the worship of
eternal peace and love for Him.'

'Oh, yes, my pupil you are right,
it is for reasons very similar
that God is delegating tasks,
those which require action
and carry with them a slight whiff
of universal accountability.
God's hands are clean and holy,
so let us work toward the future,
to keep them well above suspicion.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Auditories

Like youngsters after school,
awakening,
glandular uprisings
endogenous effects
on voice,
fading without grace
settling, mist like
in cognitive anterooms,
if only the lights were out,
tactile communion,
the carminative,
slurping wisdom
of a carnal kind,
passages smoothed
by hapless sap,
so vital,
signals gushing
a mélange
of soft fatigue,
the changing tide,
a solitary maple leaf
suffices
as it blankets all
keeps secrets in the well
new life inside a shell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Auf Dem Beerberg

Die Sonne schien, hier hoch am Berge
ganz frueher wohnten hier mal Zwerge.
Ein Glitzern kam von allen Baeumen
Kristalle, wie in schoenen Traeumen.
Der Wald war dunkel, doch am Himmel
schien silberleuchtend, wie ein Schimmel
der Mond, vom Schnee gut reflektiert
so sind wir Stunden dann marschiert.
Glutrot verlaesst sie diese Huegel
am Firmament sieht man die Fluegel.
Schoen ist die Rhoen, in weiter Ferne
bald gruessen uns die Weihnachtssterne.
Nach Haus geht's nun, es war ein Tag
der morgen wiederkommen mag.

Herbert Nehrlich

August Thirteen, 1961

It is today that you remembered,
they built the wall, seemingly overnight.
Berlin was what it was and would not be,
they said the communists were swines,
so full of guilt and gasping for a breath
of sweet deliverance of every day.
They shot the innocent, rewarded those
who, in the blink of it, would shoot to kill.
August thirteen, my friend, is you on time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aunt Hulda

Aunt Hulda was a clever girl.
Her nose was borrowed from a hawk.
Her family called her a pearl,
and what she mainly did was talk.

At three a.m. the dogs would wake
from Hulda's constant pillow talk.
The neighbours took, for friendship's sake
their early morning wake-up walk.
At breakfast she would really start,
she hardly ate because she rambled.
Her use of language was an art,
she was a teacher and she scrambled
on weekends with the mountaineers
up sheer cliff walls to keep her fitness.
Each night she'd drink a dozen beers.
And smoked cigars, God is my witness.

They said the reason she stayed single
was mainly that enormous nose.
She wasn't shy, would often mingle,
whenever an event arose.

It is reported that a cyst
was underneath that sudden jag,
and that the angle, if she kissed,
as was the custom, by the flag
near City Hall, the boy would kink
his neck and bruise his facial bones.
Next day they'd make a nasty stink
to all their mates in sneering tones.

So Hulda crossed them off her list,
and ran the farm and taught the kids
as mamsel with an iron fist.
Took in a youngish man named Fritz,
devoted that one was, good God!
He stayed with her for sixty years.

All relatives found this quite odd,
because she shared with Fritz her beers.
But when I, as a nosy lad,
who, fond of berries and of cakes
would visit she would look so sad.
And sometimes we would grab our rakes,
to turn the hay on giant fields,
when she told stories of her life,
she taught me that our outer shields
send signals to prospective wives,
or hopeful suitors, full of lust,
who, pennyless roam through the land
to find a woman 'cause they must.

'But most are smart and understand
to leave us ugly ones alone.
And, as you see, my boy, I chose
to watch TV, talk on the phone,
so that the job of fighting those
perverted souls in men's pyjamas
would not come up and I could sleep
eight quiet hours without dramas.'

At ninety nine old Fritz keeled over,
while sitting on the rust-brown tractor
and mowing luscious, dark green clover,
(I think the bottle was a factor) ,
and eighty blades cut him to shreds.
It, driverless, went to the city,
(this is as gory as it gets) ,
the pieces did attract some pity,
and after a gigantic lurch,
a funeral was underway,
they came to rest inside a church.

At home, meanwhile, Aunt Hulda cried.
Poor Fritz, that loyal, honest peasant,
had left forever Hulda's side
and life had now ceased to be pleasant.

Aunt Hulda lived for twelve more years.
Townfolks called her the Bottlebee,

in her back garden, with her beers,
she'd sit under her wattle tree,
with her new friend called Slivovitz,
from Zagreb, overproof and strong.
She drank and toasted her old Fritz:
'Oh Fritzzy, I do miss your Schlong.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Aunt Hulda On Mincemeatpies

I'm partial as my favourite Aunt
(name's Hulda) (who's no dilettante)
has pointed out a thousand times
to mince pies and to certain rhymes.

Debating comes to her like singing
and Friday last, the phone was ringing,
she yanked the cord out from its socket
took from her purse a silver locket
and handed me a treasure piece,
the locket showed a few wild geese.

A gaggle, Hulda said, they'd wander
throughout the orchards, also yonder,
to chase the bloody thieves away,
their tour of duty starts in May.

You know, my Aunt said, way back then
when your great-uncle, Lucius Benn
pulled up his stakes down in Toulouse,
packed up their children and the booze,
kissed on both cheeks his slutty wife
went north to find a better life,
he left some fertile ground behind.

A land of people, short and kind,
who toiled all day to fill the vats
down in the cellar (live with bats) ,
their specialty was Beaujolais
as well as Le Pernod. I say,
perhaps he really should have stayed,
although your uncle was dismayed
by what he had considered sad,
a marriage which, so quickly had
turned into un petit fromage
she left and took her great plumage.

Oh yes, my boy, le grand chateau!
It was a shame, he loved it so

but gave the land and all the geese
to his philandering, cute niece.

He had to leave and since he knew
that Nordic folks, too liked their brew,
his travels led him to the Rhine
that's where he tasted sour wine.

He was appalled at the poor juice
and bought a single, gallic goose.
The local ruler, filled with presence,
was twice as heavy as his peasants,
they knew him as a connoisseur,
and in the land, a force majeure.

Hand-carved of rosewood was his bed
and thirteen cooks to keep him fed
were living on the palace grounds
where English pheasants made their rounds.

A master by the name of Pierre
worked day and night to brew La Bière,
a shock it was to see a French
and not a Kraut, a local Mensch
would be employed to brew the Bier,
well, Pierre had been the man from Trier
which was his home and that is where
his mum would regularly bear
a child each Spring, from different genes;
she'd been a woman, full of beans
or, as they say, of many coats
who'd eat her share of well-soaked oats.

Well, boy, Aunt Hulda said, some day
you too will understand, you may
condemn the filth and fickle mores
of men and also of their whores.

Back to the story, (here she grins)
your fondness for a pie of mince
is in your blood, you see we made
from berries not just lemonade,

while menfolk stirred the virgin wine
we manufactured a sweet brine
of fruits and spirits and some spice,
(the measurements must be precise)
this mixture then was put in crocks,
weighed down by hemlock boards and rocks.

It would ferment in one short moon,
be tested with a silver spoon
and made the filling of small pies
for men and women and small guys,
and uncle Lucius was the one
who brought (do pardon, lad the pun)
the recipe from the deep south
to please the bland Germanic mouth.

Down in Toulouse, in Seventeen Ten
you'd see how clans like ours, Benn,
would butcher geese to use their meat,
after some cooking on high heat
into the pies they then called mince,
your uncle stopped this; ever since
a deep respect is shown to geese
but let me tell you of the fleece,
the golden one, boy you will be
impressed....what is it dear? I see,
back to the subject, well I know
inside my head the thoughts do flow,
from hemisphere to hemisphere,
which is much better than pure air
which some do seem to hold within
(she said with her satanic grin) .

Where was I, yes, I meant to say
that since your uncle went away,
all locals changed their recipes
and kept their orchard guards (the geese) .

So mincemeat pie contains no meat
the fruits and berries, great to eat,
are sprinkled with some spice (but no)
there is a secret which will go

from grandma just before she passes
to her own kin and not the masses.

Well are you hungry now, let's eat
we're having mincemeat pies - No MEAT.

Note: Mincemeat pies today, and since about 1710,
contain no meat whatsoever. Geese and other animals,
some employed as guards for the precious fruits and berries,
are used for more worthwhile purposes such as making shoes
and feather pillows. Adding meat to mincemeat pies is an abomination, a
prostitution of a sweet delicacy. It is, in my opinion, akin to attaching a groin
duffelbag to a lady. However, the Americans have managed to manufacture their
semi-plastic mincemeat mix with added meat! It is rumoured that the origin of
said meat may be as secret as the recipe mentioned above.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aunt Hulda Sings To Her Children

Glow little worm glow little worm
fly through the night,
blow all the candles out
always glow bright.

Bring all your brothers
and cousins and sisters,
also your mothers
and all those philisters.

Too much is dark in the
devil's own land,
glow now to mark
a new path in the sand.

We don't need the lighting
nor the fancy machines,
they only cause fighting
and gives us the means

to destroy and to hurt
wherever we drift,
we were made out of dirt
and this life is a gift.

So tonight when you sleep
you can dream of our God,
who will watch you and keep
you alive with a nod.

Let us pray now together
for the world as a whole
and for wonderful weather
to be good is our goal.

Herbert Nehrlich

Aunt Hulda's Doctor, Professor Z.

Professor Z., a brilliant teacher,
was in my school the oldest feature.
He told me early in the game
to not forget a patient's name.
And as to radiographs he said,
unless the sufferer is dead,
you must believe all that you see.
It makes us masters, you and me.

Too many people are naive
and only see what they believe.
He'd say by looking at your tongue
that only good folks will die young.
But life can also be a bitch-
who suffers longer? It's the rich!

I sent, to flatter the Professor,
my favourite aunt and predecessor
as patient to the learned man.
He did what any doctor can
but, at a loss to fix her ailments
(all cures resulted in derailments) ,
he would, in many consultations,
discuss her pains and strange sensations,
yet she persisted that her God
would soon give her that special nod.

He'd say 'Aunt Hulda, it is time;
be ready for your final climb, '
though many potions, tinctures, pills
were still prescribed for Hulda's ills.

She lived to be just ninety-nine
and died from lack of iodine,
or so they wrote of the deceased.
Her doc would have been very pleased
but he, Professor Z. had passed
while speaking at a telecast
when sets were huge and screens still round

though you had black and white and sound.

Aunt Hulda, when she met her fate
in silk and oak, she lay in state,
left in the pantry a large chest.
This was because my aunt knew best.

All medicines of ninety years
sat patiently, like musketeers
awaiting use, alas in vain.
Aunt Hulda much preferred Champagne

Herbert Nehrlich

Aussie Talkabout

It was a dog's brekkie,
with him being done like a dinner,
and the galah, maggoty today,
when he realised he was zonked
while sitting on an ant's nest
in the land of the white shroud,
like a waterlily on a dustbin,
or a pickpocket at a nudist camp.
He saw that playing funny-buggers
would net him a Woolloomooloo Uppercut
and he'd spit the dummy
while trying to fart into a bottle,
just prior to seeing his last gumtree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Australia Day 2007

So today is Australia Day!
Lucky country it is, you don't say.
Though of stunning good looks
it is governed by crooks,
and we are the jumbucks who pay.

Willie Nelson is heard in the Park.
But the talent is meager and stark.
Let us drink our Vee-Bee
and pretend to be free
stagger home with a mate in the dark.

If you think our leaders do care
I'd advise you my friend to compare,
go to Russia and see
that the Russkis ain't free
and they drink just as much over there.

It was Lenin who saw the green light.
You address your constituents' plight
with a truckload of booze
and they'll pay you their dues.
Those who don't will be shot down on sight.

Let's rejoice for the human condition!
And go forward, fulfill our great mission.
Keep an eye on the nerds
and the treasonous words
grab a bottle of Bundy, go fishin'.

If you have, in your life, a good mate
you can say Bugger Off to the state.
You must never believe
that the card up their sleeve
will put edibles onto your plate.

It is them against us, that is true.
You can't hide anymore in your loo.
So, let's spare a good thought

to the diggers who fought
and forget about taming the shrew.

Herbert Nehrlich

Australian Father's Day

I'm looking forward with dismay
to this year's coming Father's Day.
You see, my son in USA
says Father's Day, there is no way
that I will send you something twice
(he will not take my good advice) ,
well Father's Day is coming here
but not for 'them'. It would appear
that I can celebrate again
(as should all fathers that are men) .

The local shop, to compound troubles,
ran out, I checked it with my Hubbles,
'Potato Vodka', said the man
'I know, Sir, that you are a fan
but we have had such great demand
and management could not have planned
for all our customers this year,
so I suggest you buy some beer.'

Five times I had the special pleasure
to sire offspring, a good measure,
so maybe things will yet improve.
My daughter often makes a move
that does surprise and spurn them on
her brothers for this Pater-Thon.

To all the fathers who are reading
these lines with balding or receding
hairlines, (a sign of getting old) ,
I say, you must be somewhat bold
do tell them often, in advance
about the Day, so that your chance
of getting showered with those gifts
expands, that's how the spirit lifts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Awakening

It was so very black,
and curly, rather cute,
I wondered what
if anything remarkable
worth noting it could be.

I had, in a small fit of splurging,
acquired pillow covers,
and sheets of snow white,
somewhat semi-gloss
and devinely textured
damast-o-silk-o-satin.

'The only way to fly',
the salesclerk had insisted,
something akin to flying
had been the order of
the night and every night
since she moved in.

So, there it lay, as snug
and happy as a lover
who had just woken
from a dream of cotton candy.

And having duly noted
and understood its right
to rest its sleepy curls
upon my pillow, by my side,
I briefly wondered if she would
prefer Gillette or Wilkinson.

Herbert Nehrlich

Awakening Alright

They hurt, as if to say
we have been entertained.
It was the time and age
when a young boy decides
to take the plunge
if it is possible at all.
It was, but only just.
There never was
a bang, discharge of fireworks,
today, I think it may
have been the urgency,
and, like the crowds
before the summer sale
they stayed behind
and never saw the light of day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Awakening Of Schoolboys

He thought back to the days when boys would go
at recess to the half door boys' latrine,
one had to hold then pull the trigger so
that, once released, the stream would be so mean
it nudged the ceiling and would echo back at once
and showered (ill prepared) and local fathers' sons.

Time would rush past of course, it always did
and small moustaches grew, nights were for dreams,
no teacher wanted to hold down the lid
and trousers stretched at times beyond their seams.
There was a loggers' camp near the old mill
they'd meet to once again take aim and shoot
away from prying eyes well past the hill
there was such innocence, they were so cute!

Herbert Nehrlich

Awesome Dreams

It is a bit shocking,
to have a dream
that is nothing,
not spectacular,
not weird at all,
but just normal.
Like a narrative,
taken straight
and without
embellishments
or intriguing
and beguiling
or so scary
bits of action.

Last night
it was, again,
all about me.
I stood
and stared
upon the two,
I now shall call them
the darling buds
of Fay,
shyly revealed
behind the
Ponderosa Pines,
because the mill
had people close,
too close.
And I was frozen,
in space
and time,
a man made
of curare.
The freeze remained
in place
but blurry vision
changed

the image,
it went from boobs
to a big head,
emerging from
the birth canal
in silence.
The awe was
just the same.
Those awesome dreams.

Herbert Nehrlich

Babel

At the edge of Fallbrook Forest
so distant from the city, inhabited
by Haves and Have-Nots,
I dwell, a cabin without shutters
and moods created by surprise
and mystery, in rags and free.
Abandoned on an island of
tranquility, envy of those
who must exist, in crowds
alone, amidst the terror of
a frothy sea of deadly poison.
Metropolis of gloom and doom.
Smoke billows from the purple
and age-stained rooftiles,
beneath which sigh
the sounds and stench of
a tea party of Mad Hatters.
Between us lives a placid lake
with wondrous secrets,
and happy pebbles
quick swarms of fish
in blues and yellows
loud orange rainbow brightness,
fine tuned, nuances like
a clustered psychodelia.
Reflecting its own soul
within my eyes,
caressing spectacles
within a world
of soothing beauty
a gift of Nature
for those of vision.
There are no fish
of pleasant colour
in murky waters,
though made by swirls
a whimsy of
bold evolution
with unexpected

yet innate wonder
of loving humour,
once selected
and then bestowed
on those who hear
the whispers
of humanity.
The tranquil waters
of our lake
now stir
in balmy morning breeze,
and,
from the bottom of the sea
appears a humpback,
giant whale
adorned with
countless barnacles.
His vocal blows
are heard in town,
a sign of freedom
forever distant,
a sound that travels
through all valleys
and mountaintops.
Across calm waters
carries proudly
its wings of hope
and black despair.
Yet not one ear
will on this day
receive. A deafness
has surrounded
all living beings
within walls
of stone and mortar,
topped by weeds
that rise from crevices
to heaven.
All time has landed
at the Portal,
to meet the piper
and to pay.

As clouds drift closer
darkness beckons,
from snow-capped peaks
an arctic presence
invades the city,
brings damnation.
And lightning strikes
for one last time.
Yet we are safe
beneath the acorns,
if frightened by
the orange glow
of fires sent
to cleanse the land.
And as we sit
to say our prayers
it starts to snow
from feisty, fluffy clouds
onto the trees
where an Alaska Pine
is home this year
to a Columbia Owl
now perched
and motionless observes
a frightened chipmunk
on the ground below.
Appearing frozen,
like death itself
it plunges silently
with sudden speed,
sharp talons leading
to start the cycle all anew.
The morning wakes God's little kingdom
our lake a sea of ice and snow,
a blinding glare,
a million crystals,
the city gone
and all its people.
'New Order', now it dawns
reluctantly,
for us it is
the life just as before.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bach

Johann Sebastian,
I have been, many times
inside your house.
First with the school,
then with the Musikus
of Eisenach, in Spring.

There is the castle,
with the old spot
of fifteenth century ink,
and dusty pages
where Martin Luther
and his own devil
stretched the strings
of his companion,
the violin handmade
in Klingenthal.

He never did
impress a single one,
nor did the devil stay
to listen to the sounds.

I must admit that I,
who was expected to
take up what seemed
so natural and pre-ordained,
the music that you
had begun, and which
would live far longer
than the bible or its dust.

But we have failed you,
the countless souls
who recognised
but were unable
to fully master
the discipline
so it remains for you

to watch and listen
and in the end,
to nod.

Herbert Nehrlich

Back Again

Like silken hair
with sparkles
in the light of
glow-worms.

Your thoughts
and heartbeats
in the darkness
of my soul.

Crewcut of
poison ivy,
next to
the juniper.

Refreshingly
not dead as yet
but slightly mossy,
staleness of age.

When moon and stars
have taken leave
just once
before I go
I will be with them,
the whole ungodly lot,
playing on swings
and teeter-totters
yes, with the best
of them.

Herbert Nehrlich

Back For A Visit

I'm here to make confession
at your imposing grave.
You taught me that discretion
was never for the brave.

You taught me so much else,
most was by innuendo,
at times I heard faint bells
and, sometimes, true crescendo.

For decades I begrudged
that snug and smirky grin,
you were, when you had fudged
my concept of plain sin.

You know all my complaints,
you did when you were living.
Now that you're with your Saints
would you consider giving

your views on how you treated us?
Five kids, like soldiers in the trenches,
control was yours, you managed thus
to dictate and to reap what quenches.

The fallout was of no concern,
you had strict rules, born in tradition.
No wonder you would never learn
to be a father on your mission.

It was, I say it with conviction,
a matter of your academics,
so homelife could be seen as fiction,
I do remember your polemics.

The smirk, so slight, on your pale face,
as you prepared to meet your maker,
inside that box, dressed up in lace,
no longer mover or proud shaker.

I did resent that you withdrew
not having shed your harsh behaviour,
you left a world that would renew
itself without your role as saviour

but what is strange in all of this:
I used to feel your force and power
whenever something was amiss,
be it atop the Eiffel Tower

or other, more mundane occasions.
The cord was cut with your good-bye
and undeciphered correlations
turned silent like MY Lorelei.

I was prepared to have one shoulder
assume its role of carrying
a rather big, obtrusive boulder,
because I thought by marrying

just indignation like a grudge
to soundings of a public voice.
I could discard my grief as such,
which, after all, was just for boys.

I sent you up some honest rhymes.
They did express my unrestricted,
and independent view of crimes
that I was sure you had inflicted

on unsuspecting, undeserving,
and rather frightened little guys.
Your heavy hand, so big, unnerving,
looked like a monster to our eyes.

But waking up the other day,
I heard a voice in fading dream.
It said 'Go find in stacks of hay
that precious needle which may seem

a task so utterly pathetic.

and when you hold it in your hand
you will be feeling kinaesthetic
and see the world as rather bland.'

I do not understand these mystic voices,
yet smell the wisdom of each word.
And gradually, some novel choices
arrive, and I have seen and heard.

Perhaps I see you now more clearly.
That's why I paid you this brief stop.
Good memories, I love them dearly,
so, just this once I'll call you POP.

Almost forgot my real reason,
it was not smalltalk, not at all.
By coming up this Christmas season,
remember when we used to fall

when skiing and I was the boldest,
who stormed between the tall pine trees.
And when the weather was the coldest,
I'd take my gloves off just to freeze

and show you guys of what stern stuff
my God had made me just to spite
you weaklings, soft, not half as tough.
Yes, so I meant to, if I might

say 'thanks' for yours and mother's genes.
They've served me well in many fields,
and given me the handy means
of tasting all this big world yields.

The Gods already have my praise,
but it is time to let you hear it.
It is an issue that I raise
just now, when I no longer fear it.

So, give me time! My evolution
will need it as I do unravel
my past inside my convolutions,

some day I will put down my gavel.

I do not know if I'll tell Mother
that I would pick in my next life
the two of you or just some other
genetic tyrants full of strife.

But you should know that when the Cello
was played at your last farewell party,
I felt a real urge to mellow
and of a laugh, so hale and hearty

that it would have been very shocking
to laugh out loud, although of joy.
But when I felt a vision knocking,
I had to tell you that your boy

will grow in wisdom even more,
which, after all, was YOUR obsession,
no longer wondering what for
the world would need the term Depression.

Herbert Nehrlich

Back To Shaving

For years I wore a beard, it's now turned rodent gray,
the revelation came; a friend who is quite gay
suggested time would show more kindness to the face
and folks would welcome me, back to the human race.

There was a glut of gadgets, fancy with their names,
and double, triple, quattro blades for gents and dames.
A badger brush, some said, it is a real plus
just to exfoliate and spread the foam and thus
look like a circus clown while flashing ruby lips
and having studied all the makers rules and tips.

Stand in the shower, man so said the pofter friend,
hair must be soft and willing and not stand on end,
he made no move to come and keep me company
perhaps he'd wait for me to finish, then he'd see.

The touch be soft and gentle said the little book,
the blade will find each little crevice and each nook,
this shaver has been made in Solingen, my man,
by German craftsmen and this means this razor can,
it is superior to the modern day Gillette,
to Schick and Wilkinson as well and you can bet
that so much money thrown to mediocre stuff
all to create your facial image in the buff.

So when you see the name spelled Merkur (say MurkOOr)
you load the blade inside its head, just making sure
that a loud click is heard to lock the cutter in
and then you start with gentle strokes, from cheek to chin.

Well, I must say that using tools that Grandpa praised
is just a trifle shocking and I am amazed
how old traditions are discarded without care
until the time arrives where someone might compare,
and see the error in our ways, the frantic haste.
Inside the greenhouse it's a policy of waste.

Back To You, Mary -2007

Dear Mary, this is sweet of you,
I thought I felt a hunch.
The breeze is light, the sky is blue
I'm sitting, having lunch.

And as I read your words again
my ears are glad to hear,
what you wrote just for me, back then,
a tear fell in my beer.

Thanks, Mary and your family
for thinking of my day,
next time it will be up to me
to send a Chardonnay.

Of course, a Chardonnay in words,
for all you lovely folks,
flown to Mount Morris by the birds,
an ageing poet's strokes.

I know you will be happy though
to hear from an old friend,
it makes you special, that I know,
quite special, in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Backseat

She saw he wasn't circumcised
and right at first it had surprised
her bourgeois and searching brain.
'So did they.... did it cause you pain? '

She questioned him about the cut
and soon felt queasy in her gut.
So, being young, just hit sixteen
he'd lured this Baskin Robbin Queen
into this lonely road that night.

He knew she wasn't super bright
so he explained that circumcision
affects the lifespan and your vision.
It needs, to soothe the tissues, frayed
moist heat. And that's how he got laid.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bacterial Endocarditis

I have been told the truth,
only a human valve will do,
the doctor said it is the endocardium,
it always kills before the next full moon.

And, no one would believe
that privacy, its stupid laws
allowed me to fulfil a dream.
I gave you all my valves
with just one signature,
that you may live, my love.
And, in recovery you wait
in vain for me, to be a visitor.
I'm here with you, so close
that neither God nor Devil
nor the end of all we know
will have the power to destroy
the bond of you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bad Choice

Well, huckin' fell, I could not hold your hand,
it was this thing I've had since I was born
no teacher would, nor could you understand
how, in my soul the shreds of decency are torn.

You died my friend, or should I call you that?
Without the comfort of the human touch,
I could not even give you one small pat
to see you off, I do not count for much.

It was your hour of great need and I was picked
the most inept of all your busy friends,
and as the clock inside your body ticked
you were just wondering how all this ends.

Your eyes were focused on my frightened face,
there seemed to be a sudden loss of light,
it was not you who stretched as for a brace,
and it was me who lost the will to fight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bad Decision

Stanley Park, Vancouver.
A grizzly in a safe enclosure,
A Yankee doodle wanker
climbs in to say 'Hi There',
it must have been the accent,
in any case, the end was well...
not unexpected, but shocking, still.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bad English

There ain't nuthin' more worse
than bad English 'n grammar,
it's when fools treat good verse
with a saber-toothed hammer.
It's a shame says me mother
they pay teachers no mind,
as us talk to each other
them ain't words they can find.
So I say to me mates
if you done what you must
you go visit the States
watch your lingo go bust.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bad Judgment

A fake who had run into strife
re-appeared as another man's wife.
Name is August oh yes?
And a female, no less
go and f**k yourself, get a new life!

They will never allow him to come
to their party, he's simply too dumb.
Not a talent of note
it is curtains she wrote
and for you, there ain't even a crumb.

He attended his own circumcision,
his strange father had made the decision.
From the day this took place
it was simply a case
that he lacked even simple cognition.

Though he ventured to where they do write.
Thought that poetry might need a light
not a single soul read
what came out of his head,
he was neither too handsome nor bright.

Well, he could not believe that they would
that they might and that (really!) they could,
so he crashed through the gate
when a fellow said Mate,
we cut balls off of every hood!

He assured them he was not a felon
or a fiddler, his name would be Helen.
But they cut off his tail
in the Worcestershire Jail
and the rest of it, well..I'm not tellin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bad Times Coming

Bad times are coming, I predict,
we'll suffer as we have been tricked.
Banks crashing, petrol price obscene,
abandoned now the War Machine.
Those who were never short of soup,
who saw themselves within a group
of well-to-do and upper class,
are homeless now, in the green grass.

Herbert Nehrlich

Badedas

I'd eat the crumbs
that you have dropped
into the mud outside.
I'd have your sneakers
as companion on those nights
when you are gone,
to screw around with relatives,
for no good reason, mind you.
But, when I really think about
what in this life of lives
would turn me on,
it is the thought of tasting,
just a tiny, little bit
of Badedas that has
for a few minutes
played host to you,
immersed within.
O my sweet Jesus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Badedas *

Extract of chestnut will
applied to thirsty skin
start churners in the mill
small fountains deep within.
She aged, remaining chaste
was promised to her God,
a semi-liquid taste
woke interest in the rod.
She spoke from then in tongues
and licked her way to bliss
two hills protecting lungs
two nipples, there to kiss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Badedas*****

A chestnut fell onto the ground
was taken hostage by a hound,
who carried her without ado
into his doghouse near the Zoo.

The chestnut, sad and quite depressed
sat, crying in the wolfhound's nest
But no escape was to be had
the dog seemed clever, also mad.

During the night he scratched his fur
which woke and irritated her.
So she said: 'Hound, you let me go
and I shall make some special Eau,

it will, I promise you my friend
put a quite shocking bitter end
to itches of the canine kind,
from chest to neck to your behind.'

They went down to the water's edge
and here the chestnut made the pledge:
'Just take a bite off of my back
it's where the colour is dark black

and let us soak it in the lake,
I know, my freedom is at stake.'
They mixed and heated until morn'
and soon a greenish slime was born.

Refined in daylight by the breeze
the dog said, 'may I try it please? '
He took, while chestnut did avert
her almond eyes behind her skirt

a bath and covered all his skin
from toes to crotch up to his chin.
All itching stopped not to return,
it's something you may want to learn.

The stuff was marketed that year
and took the sales-record from beer.
Named BADEDAS, it's worth a try
I own the company, that's why.

Herbert Nehrlich

Baerenlauf

Am Samstag ist der Baerenfang
mit schnellen Spruengen, hoch den Hang.
Die Beine machen bald nicht mit
'ne Schnecke gar, oh gittegit.
Was auf dem Pfad uns noch begegnet
bei Sonne oder wenn es regnet
ist hoffentlich kein echter Baer
doch sicher schreibst Du mir die Maer
dass Du dem Wesen weggelaufen
(er machte grade seinen Haufen) ,
doch nahm er die Verfolgung auf,
das war der Suhler Baerenlauf.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ball Of Fire

There was an awkwardness, a clumsiness
about the manner it had chosen to progress
through simmering heat of what is called Death Valley,
while dreaming of the Napa Valley and its wine.

It thought, most of the time, of self as tumbleweed
which had a modicum of class attached,
and when the day was done and the horizon
had bathed itself in stunning sunset glow
it often visualised a life as one big ball of fire.

If only to command respect, so sorely lacking,
no creature gave the spinifex a second glance.
At best it was a nuisance to the foxes
who dodged when chasing rabbits and the like.

One sentimental afternoon of cloudless skies
saw brilliant red just hover in conceited glory,
and spinifex did pose to catch the fiery rays.
A sudden trance descended quickly from above,
and so it stood, so still the wind had come in vain,
a picture of such beauty, crown of gold,

when, casually, a passing motorist flicked out a Camel
still lit and glowing with its own internal life.
The desert heard no cries, it felt no fear.
There was no sudden rush to beat which was ordained.
Only the awesome sight of something utterly spectacular,
a wish was granted, it went out inside a great
big ball of fire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Balls Of Fire

It was his first, and smuggled in at that,
the Commies hadn't yet approved of things
that made the forces of free market grow.
Blue Jeans, they said were just a symbol,
they stood for what they knew as exploitation,
like nylon stockings, even pantyhose,
they were not needed in the State of workers,
and peasants who adored their stoic loyalty.

But, as so often happens, things did change,
hard currency could plug so many holes,
and tastes of those old clowns were all the same.
Thus, Trabbis mixed with Stuttgart limousines,
and colour came to visit all the grey facades,
where he was now accelerating, metal heels
were echoing back from the Brandenburger Gate.

He'd followed the instruction of the merchant then,
to soak inside a tub of frigid water, wearing them,
all Levis Jeans demanded this, it made them fit.

He recognised the STASI by their armpit bulges,
they questioned him at length about his views
of their beloved Workers' Paradise and more.
He could not speak, no words were formed
or could be heard, he stood in silence, motionless,
and visualised how millions of those little sperms
were dying as he stood, near Brandenburger Gate
with shrunken Levis Jeans, and heat inside his crotch.

A killer, so the STASI said, came always from the West.
Imperialists, warmongers who roamed in the night.
And, as the voices built toward a new crescendo
he lost his cool and screamed right into faces who
were solemn symbols of authority here in this land,
the meaning was not out of place or time, the words,
in perfect English now: 'Great balls of fire.'

Ban Them

What a wonderful site
they exclaimed when they saw
how great writing abounds
and the poetry, raw
and unfinished, not polished
yet such readable sounds
in a second demolished
by the forces of spite.

Let us hang from the rafters
those who don't have the bits
to exist amid laughter
due to pus-laden zits.
Let us chase from the scene
all the hidiers of dark
who should never be seen
and whose bite is a bark.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bananas (Limerick)

There once was a lonely banana
pretty ugly but otherwise sana.
Poet Allan came by
dressed it up on the sly
the banana then wore a bandana.

Do you know why bananas aren't straight?
They would never fit into a crate.
And when eaten in haste
for their wonderful taste
they'll go down, slightly bent, to their fate.

Each banana here has its own bender
they are twisted according to gender.
if a straight one slips through
it's the evening crew
and it always goes back to the sender.

Herbert Nehrlich

Banquet For Two

She did suggest he bring some fruits
and chocolates of course,
thin slices of the burpless cukes
and a fair pot of freshly cooked
and warmed spaghetti with the sauce.
The lights now dimmed, she hung
each garment near the door with care,
and stretched full length at last.
Banqueting table, so his thought...
she nodded, reading him, and smiled,
let's decorate, you may well take your time
yes that feels fine, a few more slices there,
perhaps the stalks lined up concentrically,
I do adore tomatoes, yes, the slices paperthin
and alternate with green perhaps, a pinch
of parsley should complete the lower abs,
spaghetti thrown onto the belly now,
and pour, not trickle the red sauce,
the garlic next, a bit of parmesan on top
and berries hidden in the lower bush,
well soaked in genuine Bulgarian too,
and let me taste this liquid chocolate
it's truly Swiss, oh yes a kiss, come here,
my flowerboy, arrange yourself,
I have been served, you be the honoured guest.
And lose that tremor of the digits, you'll do fine
we dine in style now, for dessert it's you and wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Baptising The Hemi

It is a godforsaken shame
that I have found no proper name
for my new sweet with her big heart
who is a real piece of art.

So, early yesterday I thought
that all this fretting is for naught.
And no one tells the man with Hemi
that choice of name has to be Emmy.

As of today, my love will answer
of course not to the name of Dancer,
but any beauties, female gender
who talk to me with rather tender

and down to earth soprano tones
(this kind of talk goes to my bones)
may have a claim to put her name
into the ring for this great game.

Depending on the week, or day
and whether, also where I play
she will respond to any name
but will remain always the same.

The final judge? It must be me
my Hemi is, of course, a She
she wants to, daily go on trips
and reads my wishes off my lips.

Oh that a girl within my dreams
could be like that, but no, it seems
that equal rights have put asunder
relationships, there and down under.

They are concerned with just veneer
and wallow in their selfish fear
my Hemi takes me for a ride
but always hovers by my side.

Herbert Nehrlich

Barytone For You

The sun awoke to warm our skin
there, huddled in the tulips, you and I.
I kissed your throat and then your chin,
and heard from you tradition's sigh.

Fear did well up, unwelcome guest,
I could, my feelings gave their sly okay,
your lovely lips and mouth were pressed
against my hairy chest, I say!

I roamed now, drunk with love's own fumes,
not missing even one small spot.
Few recognise when greatness looms,
I drool and know your skin is hot.

I take possession now of grounds
that, rightfully belong to you,
your yellow ribbons, simple sounds
gave me the first important clue.

From memory, I do recall
saliva can be well supplied
but this is bliss, and Rome shall fall
before I reach the mountainside.

I drink now from the mountainstream,
the sun retreats, leaves us alone.
At dawn there will be peach and cream
the soothing sound of barytone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bathing

She invited me, (all into bathing) ,
though my mother had words that were scathing,
when I cleaned her with care
both our bodies were bare
and the ending was simply amazing.

I had planned to go drink in the pub,
but her wink called me into the tub.
Playing 'chase submarine'
we got utterly clean
and there wasn't a glitch or a rub.

Herbert Nehrlich

Battle Of Wits

A man who, tired but awake
came to the shore of Deerhorn Lake,
his wife could tell he had not caught
a single fish. When he had bought
those lures and poles and fancy reels
he'd talked about delicious meals
that they would have once he would go
onto the lake just like a pro.

He told her then he'd go and snooze
inside the house (there would be booze) .
So, off she went with boat and gear
and half a pack of Coor's cold beer.

She reached the centre and released
the anchor of the large-hulled beast.
She reached for the big fishing guide
when there was movement at her side.

Inspectors do patrol these regions
and with the Law is their allegiance.
'What may I ask is your intent,
'it's out of season, early Lent? '

And staring at her ample breast
he added 'I will now arrest
you for the fishing here today
and for this crime you sure will pay.'

'I am not fishing, Sir, I read
each day here on this boat, indeed.
As you can see, the gear is here
I haven't even touched the beer.'

'I do not care', said he with glee,
'you have the means and don't fool me,
you are out here to catch the fishes
instead of home with dirty dishes.'

'If you arrest me, I will scream
and tell your whole inspector team
that I was trying to escape
and you will face the charge of rape.'

'How dare you, lady talk such rot
are you on uppers, coke or pot?
There was no sign of sex, I say
the courts will lock your life away.'

'You have equipment and the tools,
I'm sure that all the legal fools
will see that sex was your intent,
may God have mercy, do repent! '

Without a word the man then turned
as far as he was now concerned
he'd lost the battle of the wits,
he would remember though, her tits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bauernweisheiten

Wenn der Hahn kraecht auf dem Mist
schlaeft der Bauer oder er frisst.
Schnattern die Gaense und alle Entchen
machen die beiden Fisematentchen.
Gibt's auf dem Feld den Kartoffelkaefer
war es die Herde, gefuehrt von dem Schaefer.
Laesst der Trakhener schnell einen fahren
kommen die Heuschrecken sicher in Scharen.
Faellt eins der Schweine rein in den Teich
wird nur der Duemmste der Dorfbauern reich.
Sieht nur die Oma am Schinken den Schimmel
kommt sie am Dienstag schon in den Himmel.
Stottert der Pfarrer sehr schwer bei der Predigt
ist er bei Gott und der Witwe erledigt.
Tritt in die Kacke der stolze Gendarm
beisst ihn der Schaeferhund gleich in den Arm.
Geht sie zum Baecker und schliesst nicht den Riegel
faellt auf den Kopf ihr vom Dache die Ziegel.
Singt in der Dusche der froehliche Freier
wackeln und huepfen die eigenen Eier.
Soll der Brief reisen, nichtsdestotrotz
kann man ihn kleben, mit etwas Rotz.
Frueher durft' Vater Kinder verhau'n
oft wurden Hoeschen dann etwas braun.
Pinkelt man abends flugs aus dem Fenster
gibt's in der Nacht gar keine Gespenster.
So ich will hoffen es hat Dir gefallen
noch einen Whiskey und dann muss ich lallen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Be Still My Heart

I look at you, no words are said,
your cheeks take on a tinge of rouge.
Moist lips now speak their silent words,
come closer, and they whisper more,
the promise that was never made
flows in a trickle from the corners of your mouth,
I shall not waste another beat,
be still my heart, our kisses are for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Be Strong, My Child

You pain has reached the depth
inside the inner core.

It drives you mad and wild
be strong my precious child.

And like flesh-eating germs
they nibble at your soul.
Would you please hold my hand,
we'll keep you whole.

God's own disgusting plan
it had you riled.
Be strong for this strange man,
my precious child.

Herbert Nehrlich

Be There

I hold you tight my love,
across the violent sea.
They've gone to certain hell,
sunk like a wounded ship
that rang its final bell
while lightning from above
struck all the free.

Monsoons of salty tears
make up new waterfalls,
you mourn a precious life
and pray that, as it nears
you'll have the iron balls
to play abandoned wife
and talk to me.

I ask no sweet return
nothing in gold,
but when the Gods adjourn
I'm there to hold
that soft and fragrant you
in endless time,
that promised sky is blue
so let us climb.

No tree would be too tall
too hard no task.
If there is need to fall
I'll be your mask.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beamed Back

I woke with just a twinge of shame
your face had smiled inside a frame
at me, your Mona Lisa eyes
were young and fresh and, oh so wise.

The picture hung in my old school
where years ago, I'd been the fool.
You had, it was so very clear
lured me to you, to have me near.

The symbol here, the word called frame
brought Sigmund part of his big fame.
My dream was wild (they're never tame)
it started when you breathed my name.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beans

There once was a lady of means,
she was thrown out of New Orleans.
Had no money nor skills
and a need for green pills
she would eat only Mexican beans.

You may know that the bowel gets loose
from much roughage and Alamo Booze.
But feed beans and watch out
for the skunk-flavoured cloud
and the lady lived in a caboose.

She was cold and her windows stayed shut.
There was gas coming out of her butt.
Then she lit a cigar
while she sat in the bar
it had all been a fault in her gut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beard (Haiku)

I may just shave it
to celebrate the end of
a different era.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bears

There once lived a grumpy old bear
who had silver and very coarse hair.
As the bear had grown bigger
they all called him a nigger
and this name he was destined to wear.

When he met a young she-bear, he said
I am thrilled with the shape of your head.
He was plain ithyphallic
and a brachycephalic
would be suitable as a biped.

One more question concerning a bear.
It is something I'm eager to share.
Do they shit in the woods
do they leave their dropped goods
are they shaped like a sausage or pear?

As you know, the small wombat (a bear)
lays his droppings, some cubed and some square,
on the top of his home
where it forms a nice dome
but the wombat has beautiful hair.

And in closing, Karl Ernest von Baer,
embryologist, not ordinaire.
had a bear's scruffy beard
(and he did look quite weird)
that's the data I wanted to share.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beating Father Death

There once was a fellow named Bart
he declared Father Death to be art
when the knock finally came
and death called out his name
he said, please, just one last farewell fart.

Father Death had ignored this small plea
Bart was home that was easy to see
when the loudest of farts
and it had to be Bart's
blew the reaper right down on his knee.

When the reaper is utterly humbled
and his job has been thoroughly bumbled
he will have to retreat
while admitting defeat
Bart was scared and he farted and mumbled.

So it is the olfactory nerve
that's the weak spot, it gives us new verve
so when Father death knocks
quickly strip off your socks
let him have it, say: 'Happy to serve.'

If collateral fallout disturbs you
a discoloured pyjama perturbs, too
then you don't wear a frown
but a wide open gown
it's what 'DEATH-I-WILL-FART' people must do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beating Some More

There was no doubt about it,
the horse was truly dead,
yet men with wads of dough
stood near the creature's shrunken head.

One could not really tell about the means,
there were some sticks, a hammer, even two
but what unfolded was a curious mix
of betting papers and the need to still subdue.

They beat the carcass mildly decomposed
until the feeling had embraced them all,
and when the cruel winter came and took
one of the Percherons they did not blink.
Perhaps it is the nature of humanity to press
the flesh of beauty into rotten stench of death.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beauty And The Beasts

Ach wie gut dass jeder weiss
das ich wirklich Zato heiss.
Und dass Busen und auch Hoden
haengen manchmal bis zum Boden.

Busen soll man doch mehr loben
denn sie haengen weiter oben.
Sind auch schoener anzuschau'n
bleib ich deshalb bei den Frau'n.

Maenner haben nichts zu klagen
immer tun sie Frauen jagen.
Ob sie wohl, es ist wahrscheinlich,
allzu gierig und auch kleinlich

ihren Schmuck mit den von Weibern,
(ich meine da den Schmuck von Leibern) ,
doch vergleichen und auch messen
da Anatomie vergessen,

und den Willen unsres Gottes
der zum Trotz und auch des Spottes
wegen uns geschaffen hat,
(mit und ohne Feigenblatt)

so dass jede kleine Schraube
jedes Pflaenzchen, jede Traube,
immer einen Zuschlupf findet
was dann wiederum verbindet

und die Welt noch schoener macht.
Und der Buestenhalter lacht
denn er muss nur Schoenheit tragen,
oben, hoch gleich unterm Kragen,

niemals wuerde ein B H
wenn er erstmal Eier sah
sich dazu bereit befinden
und sich schliesslich ueberwinden

diesen kleinen Sack zu heben,
ja so einfach ist das Leben.

Herbert Nehrlich

Becky

I grabbed her then,
in drunken state
amongst brave men,
the night was late.
One hand around
her gracious neck,
a well-formed mound,
a nametag 'BECK'.

I picked her up in rough incline
and slurped her sweetened sap.
She struggle not, her heart was mine,
come rest my dear, sit in my lap.

At last the deed was truly done
I'd emptied out her core,
as a tradition every Hun
perceives with each small pore
that life is beautiful if blond,
with just a touch of fizz,
no foreigner would dare abscond
with her who is not his.

And as I through the country roam
from hills to ocean piers,
my lips seek out that head of foam:
A stein of German beer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beef Stroganoff

^There once was a sheila named Sigh,
she did try, she did try, she did try.
But the words never came
so this middle-aged dame
joined the crowd known as really small fry.

She has talked to convince many folks
though they thought she was cracking cheap jokes.
When she flattered and cooed
and appeared in the nude
she turned off even pensioner blokes.

They could see that she couldn't quite stand
with the regular ones in the band.
Ask the ones who've perused
all her rough, mitrailleused
words of English, a moron's own brand.

Once old age hit the fan, as they say
she had nothing but crap on her tray.
Who would smell what's gone off
over Beef Stroganoff,
who would ever stop in just to play?

Herbert Nehrlich

Beep - Beep

A line of cars - about nineteen,
had stopped behind me.
No obstacle was to be seen,
you ask 'why should this line be'.

My trusty phone lets out a beep,
a sign of simple pleasures,
my heart performs a happy leap,
familiar with these treasures.

So, now you know, my little flower,
your magic does extend
with unrelenting innate power
through messages you send.

The next time when I hear beep - beep
I'll wear again a smile.
And if the line behind my Jeep
is longer than a mile,
so be it, I say, what's your beef?
Perhaps these drivers could
send out their own texts, long or brief,
as definitely they should.

And come to think, I only felt
this happy on my birthdays,
reminds me of the time you yelled
'I'll talk to you on Thursday! '

So now the day of Thursday has
become my favourite day.
We need to keep this razzmatazz
have Thursday every day.

For: L

Herbert Nehrlich

Beer

For those of you who like their beer
I'm writing what you need to hear.
The vitamins B-six and two
are present and so good for you.
A bit of substance folic acid
keeps belly folds from going flaccid.
Though beer is one good diuretic
(and, in excess, a strong emetic)
so let the doubters drink their booze
and in the morning face the blues.
Australia makes some lovely Ale
and I must end this little tale
and grab a can as cold as ice
it's great I have no other vice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beer For Danny

Now getting back to you dear Dan,
all beer is subject to
a well-laid blueprint and a plan
and then it pleases you.

Drink up my friend, time flies too fast
and keep her saying 'Danny',
you may be an enthusiast,
so drink and stroke her fanny.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beetle Crap

A beetle shat upon my eye,
while I was sleeping soundly
beneath my favourite willow tree
it was an act of love.

A blink did free the greenish putty
and as he looked at me
the memories came flooding back
I closed them now to see.

Was he a friend although he shat
upon my saddend face
perhaps a messenger for me
who had been rather blunt.

I must escape, into free sleep
it beats the firewater
there is a world where harmony
and pax vobiscum reign.

The beetle flies back to his nest
in my own willow tree
and all her leaves look down on me
but none with any scorn.

I stay here 'til the sun goes home
and all the cows head east
the beetle takes his second shit
that's when I say Good bye.

Back down in dreams the memories
come floating like mad bats
to let me know I can be free
but not in chains for two.

The dew from my own willow tree
rains down on my creased face
refreshes me, revives my soul
it is my only home.

So, please ye Gods, can I grow roots
become one just the same
I do not mind the beetle crap
I do not mind the shame.

Herbert Nehrlich

Beetle Is Better

I have always had a thing for beetles,
conceived by Dr. Porsche way back then.
Don't you just love the sound,
the boxer huff and puff, a cough of tin?
Though there are downsides, I must say
cramped quarters, rattly springs, the heat
that works when one ascends a moderate rise,
a horn with scratchy tunes, a brake so bad
it is mechanical, of course, will take both feet,
McPherson's came to rescue, fixed the sway,
but wallowing is still a trait, it also hops.
Come to a flooded road, a creek, a swollen stream,
it takes you through with pride, a beetleboat.
I say all other cars really do smell, they stink,
their colours turn me off, the way they drive
turn corners sans aplomb and with a leftist lean.
My plates, one in the front and one behind,
say STEREO (leading edge) and TYPE (the very back)
condemn the velocipeds, and the magnificent machines,
not one comes even close, to mine, the real people's car.

Note: Any racial slurs are entirely intentional

Herbert Nehrlich

Before Breakfast

I will shun prophylactus as it must be the flesh
though you sneered at the cactus with its bristles so fresh.
You may fondle and smother all the parts of my boy
as there can't be another, Trojan horse, man of Troy!
Let me taste all your lava, and the sweat of your boobs
in the morn, over Java we may solve Rubik's Cubes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Behind The Old Mill

Purple heather
by the old mill,
the waterwheel
turning impatiently,
it never rests.
We play,
pale children
in rags,
sharp stones
blue glass
and thistles,
darkish green.
Bare feet are cut,
a thousand scratches
of annual initiation.
Behind the barn
we stand as boys
and hatch new plans
for summer days.
Courageous words,
so full of hope,
how soon we will
be touching
those sassy,
feisty buds of Spring.
There would be welcome,
hearts would stumble,
school blouses bare
small hidden treasures.
And with each year
that passes since
a chiffon curtain,
youthful pink,
descends to change
those memories
until they suit
the pride of men.

Belinda

Today I actually found out
the name of her, she ran
the beach in opposite direction
and always smiled a sweaty smile.
But when she switched last Saturday,
and overtook me, with a frown
and vocal grunts, and huff and puff,
it stabbed me in my alter ego's heart
and we had fun together after that.

She was a lady of wild instincts,
which breed the stamina of animals
into your soul, so that you have
all of your life, a cool advantage,
which she employed, pretending,
that she was only out for a small run
of just routine, and this was a, per chance,
encounter of a harmless kind.

It wasn't one of those that could be settled
by sheer politeness or a conversation,
which would necessitate a slow down
and wreck any competition, automatically,
so brawn was called upon and androgens,
(you may remember that a female does
produce testosterone as well as oestrogens) ,
and in the end she stumbled fell and stayed
a swollen ankle was the best excuse.

So now we train together only Fridays,
it is sufficient, more would be too much,
I'm thirty years her senior and 'mere male',
that's what she says and I just love her smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bellbottoms For Ajs

Bellbottom jeans
a clever means
to make more room
fruit of the loom
when tissues sag
the jewellery bag
sinks down the legs
like emu eggs.

Bellbottom tease
avoids the squeeze
today they're small
a double ball
between fat thighs
like turtle eyes
too light to drop
down from the top
as fashions change
logic stays strange.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bellow

Upon a bench there sat a fag
complete with his small dufflebag.
The bag was small and in between
sat a small thing, perhaps a bean?
He didn't think that he should brag.

A wanderer stopped at the bench
struck up a dialogue: Hey Mensch,
what do you keep beneath that rag?
Is it perhaps a dufflebag?
The rag was fabric made from Trench.

They got on well and soon one fellow
said age makes every human mellow.
And could he place his little hand
onto that hidden secret gland?
He offered then to be a bellow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Benign Limericks

In the forests of Uluru
fertile pebbles of Kangaroo poo
make the bunya trees thrive
and the bees in their hive
sing the song of the didgereedoo.

From the top of the Eiffel Tower
I had dropped in the morning a flower.
When I went down for lunch
I discovered a bunch
and got drenched in a Paris rain shower.

That time I flew with Lufthansa
I felt crowded as if in a Panzer.
Well, our pilot was new
and we had a bad crew,
there is more in the following stanza.

We were served by a Sauerkraut Roll
who was mean like a sausage-less Pole.
When she raised her shrill voice
I had no other choice
but to break all the rules of Parole.

I then grabbed the bitch by her blue collar
raised her up (I was quite a bit taller) ,
out the window she flew
without further ado,
you could hear her (for ages) still holler.

Herbert Nehrlich

Berries

Wandering down
the path of our smile,
through our forest of
promises,
with Hawk looking down
and Wolf looking up,
I am stuffing myself
with berries,
as I always eat
when I am lonely.

When I come to the hollow tree
I step inside.
Could not resist,
and I rest a while.

When I reach our stream
the fishes are waiting
to give me a wave
and the smile that I need.

And the forest lights up
as if all suns were shining at once.
There you are,
and my heart,
if it didn't know you
would have fainted at this.
Me?
I long for a kiss.

As we tangled our arms
to be greeting each other
I briefly thought:
What I ever would do
if you weren't coming,
and you had gone away.
Then I killed that small floater
of thoughts.
And you looked at the colours,

a bluish red, purple
that the berries had left.
And with movements that only
my lovely
possesses
you lingered and kissed me-
I know that you don't
like a mess.

Herbert Nehrlich

Best

The man who loves her and then coins
new words to suit her, and her loins
could overlook the female breast
which may, to some be second best
reserve his eyes for soft-skinned groins.

Herbert Nehrlich

Best - Iality

It's treponema pallidum
that transfers when the moments come,
infects a critter in no time
neisseria though don't have a rhyme.

When folks betray their human kind
they do approach then from behind,
transferring evil inter species
still worried though about plain faeces.

Herbert Nehrlich

Betrayal

At last, I think I understand,
your silence is not indifference
nor could it be a covert message
of a dislike, born out of disappointment.

No, nothing as mundane as that.
You have now relegated me
to that forsaken place outside
of all our worlds, onto a scrapheap.

What little history we had, you did condense
and squeeze it with the energy of anger
though not quite indignation, too noble, that.
You have abandoned me for reasons of your own..

They say that leaving is akin perhaps to dying,
for whom I wonder, surely not for both.
But when I left you it was not a little death,
no, my departure cut much deeper, 'twas betrayal.

Herbert Nehrlich

Betrayal Is So Common (Haiku)

So is it honour?
An echo coming back now,
for me to answer.

He did not have it.
The courage to deceive though,
was pure genetics.

I stand alone then,
a dummy under palmtrees
Let's go exploitin'.....

Herbert Nehrlich

Betrayed

She took the keys and left.
He later found burned rubber,
Continental, on the road.
No way she'd handle all this force,
the engine needed breaking in,
a man would have to do it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Big Ben

In the shadow, downwind from the men
walks a stout and bright fellow in line
as he listens to sounds of Big Ben
he discards all his hopes to the swine.

In a mix of self-pity and reason
he aspires to give up his will,
to his soul (and her heart) it is treason;
he remembers his Hamburger Hill.

All he needs is the love of her caring,
it will fix the autonomy,
let us slay that sly beast for his daring,
his obsession with misery.

Let him ask what makes people survive,
where the flower is hiding its face.
One will breathe with contempt if alive
all while dressed in the comfort of lace.

Herbert Nehrlich

Big Man

Bukowski was a man,
such a B I G man.
He'd eat the shepherd alive
such a wide gulp.
And he turned
as they burned
from the fire,
it burned,
such a B I G man.
Well it is said
and there ain't no dispute
such a B I G man.
He would eat all the fries
and the Mexican Butch
and the Irish backstabbers as well.
Then the Earth once again
was a paradise, yes,
and the Gods took the credit for all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Big Pharma, Sugar And Big Oil

Big Pharma, sugar and crude oil
keep economics on the boil.
Man has descended way too far
has fast become a falling star.
Some die, indeed, on foreign soil.

The three I mention are the cause
disasters with their own strange laws,
the time to look is almost past
is there a man who will, at last
say NO, and would it give us pause?

Is it the love of money, Sir?
A hat of mink, a coat of fur?
so many say 'of course it is'
as life itself must be show biz.
But who might be the regisseur?

Herbert Nehrlich

Bile

To those who carry too much bile
and others, even madder
I say to you, Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil,
go check your liver's bladder.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bill Frist & Company

We humans are facing
a dangerous moment
in our history.
An industry
with more money
than sense
and a government
with more greed
than patriotism
are conspiring
to rob our right to
control our bodies,
keep them safe
and,
if harmed,
seek recompense
from the corporation
which harmed us.
If the world had
even one more
person like
Bill Frist
I firmly believe
that the Gods
would close it down.

Note: Words here were taken from various utterings
of concerned people. Real people who are keeping
their eyes open.

Herbert Nehrlich

Binges

...and way past midnight we were on our staggering way,
had happily spent every single cent.

On Friday nights no homework made us stay,
'cause weekends, all agreed there, simply meant
that batteries depleted through the week
in endless studies and much class attendance,
had to be charged again, this was no freak
of nature, or a man-made situation.

I'll sum it up in one revealing sentence:

Each weekend was an ethanol-replenishing vacation.

The local boys were targets early on,
as simple farmers, all lacked an awareness,
that students with no money equals con.
The many tricks we thought of shattered any fairness.

'How would you like', we asked the man in Sunday jeans,
'to have a beer poured inside your left shoe?
I guarantee that not today and not by Monday
your feet be wet, five dollars I 'll bet you.

Of course he lost as only one got wet,
but even farmboys wouldn't take again a bet
that they had lost before; a misdemeanor
would be committed every single minute.
Extracting money for more beer was the intent.
On Friday nights we, all of us were always in it.

We lived at Uncle Al's, the twelve of us.
A farmer, butcher, full of ancient Nordic pride.
He wanted us to study, daily made anew a fuss.
When we went drinking Fridays, that man sometimes cried.

So, homeward bound and singing loudly now,
we noticed none of us had brought along a key.
The question was we'd have to get so cleverly somehow
inside the premises, without old Al to see.

I climbed the downpipe then, with muscles of the young,

got to the top, had one foot on the sill,
was straining hard to reach the strap that hung
down from the gutter when I suddenly felt ill.

Three stories of a downpipe with ten singers
now froze in awe of urgent sounds of wretching.
When content of a stomach hits it drapes itself and lingers,
they didn't have a real choice concerning catching.

As Newton's Law so clearly demonstrates:
All objects find their targets down below.
And this applies to all inebriated states.
It's called 'throw-up', yet it is down you throw.

Old Al woke up, and, with metallic voice,
surveyed the scene and up went all his hackles.
He yelled: 'My way with all you rotten, misbehaving boys
would be to tie you down and put your bloomin' legs in shackles.'

Next morning saw a tired crew of 'leven,
big buckets, giant ladder, brushes and much soap,
scrub every inch of Al's but lightly tarnished stucco.
We're done by noon, then Al said 'It's my hope,
that as the future of this country's generation,
you'll reconsider your perverted weekend binges,
how would the leadership of a much respected nation
climb up a downpipe when the choice so clearly hinges
on only one who climbs the ladder of success,
who would then open up the door to all his friends,
instead of climbing into nauseating mess,
that covers all of you
and makes so little sense.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Biology Lesson

The student asked, 'what is it then',
the answer came as it must come.

So here's a little lesson:

A naked mass of protoplasm,
not animal nor really plant,
called proctoctists, and they hang out
in nether regions, thus the name,
Proctologists beware.

Their proper name is molds of slime,
or slime-molds, are they coprophagic?
They eat bacteria, fungi, but prefer
decaying matter like the dung
of bovine creatures, soft and warm,
thus coprophagia does apply.

They creep, a sign of low-life trait,
now classified as Eucarya,
which should not be confused at all
with similar religious names.

So, here you have, in one nutshell
or shall we call it ball of slime:

The molds form spores, which quickly spread
become amoebas, turn to slime.

Most slime is now considered as
obnoxious to the human eye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bird Flu (Haiku)

The bird flu virus
has now changed destinations,
flew to Florida.

High altitude did
let the virus catch a cold
they scrapped all vaccines.

They needed money,
so did create a virus
and scared the people.

So many crooks, though
not all of them are lawyers.
And some are doctors.

Big Pharma smiling
they own the world completely
and fleece all humans.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bird Whisper

And if you be a bird
in the jungle's tall trees
would my whisper be heard
carried forth by a breeze?

Herbert Nehrlich

Birthday Wisdom For Gregory

A birthday comes but once a year,
the day remains the same.
But let me make it crystal clear:
When they picked out your name,
they wisely mapped a life for you
so that you'd comprehend,
the birthdays HE has given you
must tally in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Birthright

At first it was the head,
a tuft of matted hair
a sudden unexpected pulse
a frontal bone, so bald,
all lookers tasting urgency.
And frozen in a world
of timid turbulence
he stood, completely motionless.
And not a sound except
the shrill and urgent 'PUSH'
of one who could have been
a genderless Marine.

It was a day like others.
Nothing of note except a birth.
And down the corridor,
passing the Nurse's Station,
she walked as in a dream
and pushed the button
of the talking lift.

A solitary tear fell on the tray
which was designed for cigarettes.
She had just heard the final breaths
of her companion of so many years.

And then, the angry cries, or was it joy?
Of one new soul that God had deemed
was sorely needed in this hapless world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Black

And of envy they reeked,
'Boy, you've got it made! '
Their adrenalin peaked
and they called him a Spade.

There was no way to win,
he was coloured by birth,
salty tears washed the grin
of this salt of the earth.

He was gagged and then bound
(there were many, all white) ,
trembling lips kissed the ground
in the heat of the night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Black Hole

...and falling toward the unknown, down, down.
Scaring last remnants of dignity out of me,
is this the end of the beginning, as
the Cantadora has whispered into my hair,
while kissing my face with wild abandon.
With kisses that reek of unused cobwebs and
long ago abandoned petunia patches.
'What beginning', I whisper back,
barely able to breathe, as her gnarled fingers
are choking me in midflight, with nails of vicious prominence.
If we are passing anything, it isn't going the same direction,
and a nagging ache of worry oozes out of my
innermost and secret places. 'Speak to me',
as she is still hanging on and I am no longer bothered.

,
'Facing this together', whisks by like a tuft of cloud,
and, with no warning, a wurr-wurr of circles,
fluorescent, on fire, springs into our path, below,
we are descending into a welcome of vicious colours,
and the unmistakable dissonance of Death himself.

'Give in', 'let go', as her ample bosom,
now free of the torn garment, presses against my face.
'Yes', she breathes, unleashing a tongue
that darts into my ear, causing thunderous mayhem,
and as the circles gyrate ever more crazily,
she presses her loins against me, hot breath
into my face, burning loins, 'yes, you can',
as I shake my head, eyes wide open.
'Just as easy as underwater', 'You must, push,
the Black Hole is ours ', and we keep flying,
as her warm tunnel accepts me, claims me,
endless it is and deeper we must and we drop,
lower and lower at supersonic speed,
and now, near the end, surely,
blood runs down my face,
where she is ripping open my smiling cheeks
with needy nails, salt mixes with
old saliva and tears of abandon,

grinding, falling, rotating
in time with the approaching rings of fire,
as she squeezes to take my breath,
to replace it with hers, air rushes by,
as we penetrate new regions of barren fields,
and each other, as saliva and blood and skin
dries and is stung and abandoned.
And, at last, we can see the end of the journey,
darker, plunging, falling, head first,
falling, entangled, entwined, as reluctant one,
into the Black Hole, where all light vanishes,
all sound ceases, all movement ends.
It is the end of the tunnel with no light,
where our insides melt into liquids of fearlessness,
where our pleasure implodes into itself,
and where we have missed beam-up time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Black N White (Cloak N Dagger Poem)

I've always been a man who treasures black and white.
One either is still breathing or one must be dead,
all cats are gray due to the colour of the darkest night
so black and white is king and that is what I said.

Be flexible said he whose bow was made of pine,
there came a point when nothing could extend it more,
the splinter took his eye, he fell into the vat of wine
his ship was lost at sea and never did return to shore.

A friend named Malcolm Williams, Nigger though to me
was quite ashamed of being black, me being white,
went through Chicago after curfew, it was hard to see
I figured it could be an asset to be dark without the light.

Herbert Nehrlich

Black Or Green?

A racist who was loud and mean
arrived with buddies on the scene.
They pointed fingers at the Black
and then prepared for an attack.

The black boy asked why they would pick
to beat and torture with a stick
a little boy who'd done no wrong
the racist said 'you look like Kong.

'It is the colour that we hate
that's why we now will beat you, mate.'
The fellow pleaded, 'don't be mean,
I think I am a shade of green.'

The racists, though, yelled, 'never mind,
we're white and also colourblind.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Blackbird

Come again, my pretty Blackbird,
you sang to me on Sunday afternoon,
so many years ago, here in my garden.

And have you gone to hone your beak
or polish your low voice,
I would not ask you, bird,

let it be told that I would be
supremely happy if you returned,
to sing for me again.

It matters not if you are dressed,
or shaved and manicured.
Even perfume will not be needed.

We have it all, here in your garden,
except for your fine melodies.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blackmail

My friends, I really must confess
my life has been a sordid mess.
She bought, at Pierre's, a brand new dress
it was expensive, can you guess?
She nags me constantly, oh yes,
her favourite word? It is 'unless'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blast

Just wait, my love
all flowers will
soon go to sleep
inside their beds.
The cloud of gas
has been released
it travels slow
but with a mind
that must erase
all traces of
our lives.

And we shall too
when darkness comes
pull up those sheets
to cover eyes
which never will
be used again.
And do not ask
who was behind
that last command.
It matters not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bleeding

At what stage, so I ask myself
does bleeding get to be
a real problem.
Go ask the doctor,
so she says
and that would be
the proper thing to do.

The coronary arteries
do not have any real
sense of humour,
that I will confirm.

And, if the heart bleeds
things are out of hand,
by just a bit,
to say it
optimistically.

The surgeon needs to know
what caused the leakage
in the first place.
Bleeding is not normal.
So he says.

And what if you're the doctor
AND you bleed.
Your heart is losing precious
drops now every minute.

There is no medicine
nor surgical technique
to make it right.
The potion must be love.

You must identify
the source of all that blood.
Before you wither
and then die

with hidden promises.

An arrow has apparently been fired
into my heart, I welcome you, my love! ~
The pain and suffering of upper class attire
will serve to catch the guys
with help from the above.

The only cure is LOVE.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bless You

They stood, in little groups,
heads bowed as if about to pray,
while urgent steps strode past
through sliding doors besmudged
with tons of fingerprints, fly pooh
and squeegee marks left there to dry.

Two uniforms, well starched, appeared,
their shiny boots stepping in unison,
in rhythm of a city full of dreams,
of little secrets that would be like flies
attracted to the innocence of eyes.

A father, robed and bald, hands raised
and flaunting a worn bible to the sky,
God needs to know who still believes
and who would carry His well laden torch
down the old path, so very full of thorns
that hung suspended from thin twigs
and formed a canopy of discontent,
while silent whispers of the greatest sacrifice
descended, playfully like living flakes
to come to rest upon the icy streets,
painting the fields and luscious meadows
in virgin white, a portrait for the Gods.

There had to be, he pondered on this still,
a gaggle of the holy ones above, indeed
mankind would never be without the need.
The father now pretended to immerse
his facial bones into the holy book,
as if the truth did matter, in each verse.

He passed the group, oblivious to all,
and as they swayed and let their bodies fall
coming to rest inside their drug-induced cocoon,
he hurried past as if his presence were to be
a matter of good planning. Maybe soon.

The Bishop came to open the big door,
broad smile placed on his face, Oil of Olay,
well manicured he shook and pumped
as if to say, we are two of a very special breed.

Fig Newtons dipped into a tea just brewed,
from raspberries and olive leaf, well stirred,
and never shaken, he explained and smiled
his boyish and heartwarming crowfeet smile.

They dwelled in subject matters of concern,
and lingered over drugs within their town,
the facial tuck and cream did not permit a frown.

At five the two, one as a predecessor though,
the other with his hopes glued to the hierarchy,
did bless four hundred cons within the local jail
and praised their work; it was a fabric shop,
downstairs, on concrete floor, heavily spangled with
machines that seemed to have been salvaged
from a distant past, yet they did do the job, and well,
a stitch would race through vinyl of a certain grade
like little footsteps in the fresh November snow.

A little armless man, quick on his feet, did spring
as if on tiny trampolines, from one machine
to number two, each time attaching a small cloth,
in linen white, the Roman letters neat and raven black,
announcing both a purpose and a destination,
correctly spelled as well as starched, they said,
One Body Bag, size universal, Property of DOC,
which stood for, well, Department Of Correction
as you may have known. The father, full of hope,
glued to the hierarchy and promises to reap,
he entertained a fleeting, very much disturbing thought
about the owners' name, misnomer it could be.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blind Chook

A blind hen
will,
undoubtedly,
find
the occasional grain.

Even if
blind
and deaf
and paraplegic,
as well as
full of
hatred,
ignored by
roosters and
other chickens,
this truth
would still
apply.

It's all
a matter of
the kindness
of our God.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bloodshed

I had to close the book of mankind's history,
it told of many wars, of bloodshed and of torture,
describing in disturbing but extensive detail,
how one can split a skull and full-grown man in half,
right down the centre of his hapless, useless being.
As if he'd never mattered or deserved to live.

So many years and so much blood was spilled,
that fertile fields bore witness to man's greatest folly.
On page eleven of four hundred, many illustrated,
they had included a description of a gallic guillotine,
complete with animation, only light touch was required,
and in true colours bloody heads rolled to the bottom of the page.

I had now seen enough, of pages so explicit
and stuffed it back into the very upper shelf.
And out of sight was out of mind, all within minutes.
I'd closed the book on one man's cruelty to others.

But the Jack Russell's death watch in Zimbabwe
disturbed me so that I was forced to close my eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bloomin' Mongrel

I must surely confess
that this comment is true
may ye Gods come and bless
Christmas Day just for you.

As the day leaves behind
all its sounds and the light
you just rest and unwind
with sad eyes, blue and bright.

There is not on this globe
even one who could give;
like the lights of a strobe
you are mine and you live

for your master, that's me
you impose no condition
could I be a small flea
we would surely go fishing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blown Away

But then she could not stay,
the one with regal confidence.
She sang the song of naked innocence
and all my cares were, in the end,
just blown away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blubber Visits The Dance Hall

At first I thought she waltzed,
but then I saw the error of
my observation powers.
She waddled, all that blubber,
garnished with shoulder pads,
covert suspenders and duct tape,
size called 'infinity', a wave
of air preceded the mass,
mostly the temperature was high
but in the noise of raucous laughter
it was hard to tell what happened.

Yes, men were at her feet, all over
the dancing hall, though hardwood
on a polished floor is without comfort.
No one was able to keep standing,
it was too much to grin and bear.

Majestic gestures emanated, clearly,
there was confusion as to the identity
and origin, was this thing human then?
And, in the end it was decided that
it had been good to have this episode,
though fleeting pay its short visit,
although the most intriguing part
about the thing, consisted of its skills
to speak of things that human beings
hold dear, some raunchy stuff included.
And all were shocked, though pretty glad
when hardwood planks did give and cracked,
and Blubber sank to vanish through the hole,
from where some devils must have grabbed
to commandeer the energy, all the triglycerides,
not food for thought but something quite substantial.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blue Eyes

Death did persuade me,
sweet promises of love.
I woke and found myself
in soft embrace of arms
that had awaited me.
Her kisses pointed, longingly,
at eyes so blue, so heavenly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blue Velvet

The snout was occupied,
just plowing over ground
that had been plowed before.
No truffles could be found,
though roots would do.
Treasured for all their juiciness,
exotic tastes and fragrant musk.

This life, she thought, it could have been
in circles of a better class.
And then she dreamed,
watched by the fading stars
and other planets of a distant world,
she dreamed a woman's dream
and wrapped herself from head to toe
into the most exquisite ambience
of lust. It was the colour of blue velvet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Blushes

That day I was in such a rush
I did not see her lovely blush.
How much they blush in the deep South
is quite unknown, but her sweet mouth
could not because it had been red
since early days, so it, instead,
did point its lips to send a kiss
I promise that I shall not miss
the blush when next it does appear.
A woman's blushes do endear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Boats Passing In The Night

I look for any sign,
dark pupils hope
as shades of gray appear,
blurs growing into blue,
and it is really you.
My darling when you write
I sleep and dream of much,
like sailboats in the night
so close, they never touch.
And did you hear the rain,
each dropp a little drum
to raise the spirits' soul,
asleep from too much rum.
Hush now, my love and sigh
let lanterns be your light,
it is the winds that cry,
near sailboats in the night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Boese Worte

Lacking genetics, empty her head,
age bringing changes without any grace,
dinner for one and alone in her bed
lifting the flabbies, also the face.
Ashes to ashes, ashes to dust
vulgar the lingo, full of disgust.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bombs

At first they thought
that on that day
the sun had simply,
just that once,
slept in, due to the stress
of shining, being there,
on that demanding job.

The elders calmed them,
said it was likely that,
this giver of all life
had missed the call to duty
that morning, do not fret.

But by the second day
it was apparent, sadly,
that two strong men,
on continents apart
had had a conference
where they concluded
for the good of man
that arsenals would be,
as soon as night descended
released to show them all.

And then they knew that,
it had been futile to
be optimistic,
and that the sun,
that giver of all life
would, truly, never ever
shine for man again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bombs In The Outback

In the town of Oodnadatta
and the one called Paramatta
live the weirdest little guys
two inch short are shins and thighs
heads of supersize proportions
spinal columns with distortions
eyes are crossed, all hair is green
facial features set to mean
spittle falling on the fingers
and an odour that still lingers.
No one asks what happened here
are they silent out of fear?
Let me quickly give the answer
all these people suffer cancer
when the Brits that time exploded
bombs the people's health eroded
gone was genuine DNA
and the people have to pay.
Have they learned from their mistakes
no, they are doing what it takes
to re-create some old disasters
praised and directed by their masters
you ask if there is some dissension
oh no, it means they get no pension.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bon

I was hoping to see
an Earl Gray cup of tea.
when I woke but it was
just a cupful of awes.

So I asked my dear friend
for the Indian Blend
but it tasted like pee
if you really asked me.

But you chose to believe
that all men are naive.
So to hell and beyond
I shall never respond.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bondage

In the beginning
you left me, no warning
other than the slamming
of the solid timber door.

All in all, you did return
a dozen times or more,
and always found me
as you had discarded me,

no spine, you said, no guts
and who would want me,
barbs were what you had,
a thousand and then some.

I made you dinner then,
and all the other times.
The house was clean,
I say immaculate but you

would silently point to
the broom closet, to show
that majesty expected more.
I was so happy, you could tell,

you robbed me of my brain,
and when you did unpack
the leather goods and all
I soon became the imitation

of silence of the lamb, for you.
I did not like the whip or cuffs,
to have to beg you countless times
to no avail, until you felt

that a new twist was needed.
And you would, with grace,
have your strange ways with me
and call me all those names.

I felt demoralised and cheap,
and weak as well as dumb,
where did the devil of perversion
(surely that was who he was)

hail from if not from deep within
your womb, or was it part of
the baggage coming back
earmarked for me, the willing wimp?

I've had it now, this time it will not wash,
when last you left me I did make a pact
with my internal masochist at last
and no amount of coaxing or sweet words

will open up my solid door for you again,
there comes a time when we must take
a stand of courage and of pride against
temptation, titillation, fornication.

Well, I feel better after stating my conviction
there is no siren in this world that can persuade
this man who's born again to be a noble sisyphus
but for himself who will be pleased beyond belief.

Enough of this, this monologue was meant for you,
though you will never hear it from these lips in person....
I'm sorry.... that's the doorbell, just a minute.....
'How do you do, my lovely, please, I have been waiting.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Bonjour Tristesse

The day was triste,
gray clouds adrift
like bags of crumpled rags,
and through the wipers came
the image he had feared.
Portrait of la jeunesse,
small dimples, dots to join
and waiting for a kiss,
so they could flash a smile,
warmed from inside
by fleeting thoughts,
a million glow worms of her mind
now painting rouge
upon a hopeful face.
He heard the thunder,
saw the flash of lightning then,
as angel tears fall softly now,
his heart is unaware of fading light
and trumpets glory still
a confidence to know, my heart, be still.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bonjour Vengeance

Clear lines are in existence,
the gray ones drawn by Lucifer
whereas God's lines are black and white.
Too many venture near and then
without a further thought, they step
into attractive Nomansland,
where promises hang from the trees
and golden nuggets grow.
You must have missed the signs,
erected near the lines
your ears rejected shouts as well
of those who stood in silence
just wearing resignation on their faces.
And so you hopped across that day
olive green rucksack securely strapped
on broad and liberated shoulders
meandering through brush and swamp
your head surrounded by a swarm of flies,
a rabbit, not accustomed to a man
just sat and stared without a care.
It would be Easter soon, but not for you,
as fog rolls in, it spits its flecks of dew
onto your tainted skin, then seeks the ground
yes, darkness greets your eyes and blinks,
you are alone, with only your own mind
a proud triumvirate of spirit, heart and soul.
You flick your wrist as if to wipe away a voice
and it retreats into timidity at once,
you are the captain now, who conquers all
you are the finder of abandoned loot at last.

There is a shooting star, it has for you no use,
its journey fails to follow God's own plan.
It is too late, my brother, have you seen the star?
Flying so low and bearing silver-plated words,
'I've come for you, mon bon Monsieur,
and do exclaim, Bonjour Vengeance.'

Boomann

I once knew a wuckfit named Boomann
who was dumber than bugers of Truman
he had someone write words
and went back to his turds
no one figured that Boomann was human.

And this hobo was mucking about
he had nothing to utter out loud
all his teachers were wise
and the sermons gave rise
to a filthy ole juggernaut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Booze

My mother said 'if you drink booze
you soon will sing your private blues'.
Just buttermilk and herbal tea
was what she saw as good for me.
I drank my booze for sixty years
as of today, I'm in arrears.
I've yet to really sing the blues
and think that booze attracts the muse.
They say that man's above the beast,
that's why I never, in the least
have listened to my mother's voice.
I say to her, boys will be boys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Border Easement

It was a simple barricade,
Arabic letters, exclamation marks,
a hot, oppressive wind, pregnant
with stinging sand and camel dung.

Passport control in hands so filthy
they stained the paper in the heat
with grease and dye of purple.
'An Infidel', he uttered to the other,

'A German, though, what do you know? '
A closer look at all the visas, stamped
and stuck inside the pages, then a look
of consternation, perhaps of sadness.

'I see you have not been to Israel,
it is a good and pleasant finding,
a sign which will improve your situation,
say, would you have a photo with you

of that great leader of the world,
who died so early, through circumstance? '
I was perplexed and asked with worried eyes,
that's when he raised his arm, saluting Heil.

Herbert Nehrlich

Border Incident

I huddled there, inside a drum
that stank of rancid oils and rotten fish.
So close to freedom, nudging now the gate,

my legs were cramped and toes wet-cold and numb.
I saw the shadow of the borderguard, I wish
those night mares that had started late

would slip away, such never ending dreams.
He kicked the drum which sent some tiny grains of rust
into my eyes, alert but forced to sneeze,

sheer luck was able to suppress it, when the beams
of giant search lights quickly added to my frust.
Then, shortly after, the command, it ordered 'Freeze'.

The game was lost by then, I climbed out then and there
to face the music only STASI would provide,
when I discovered that the guard had teased his mate.

I was just standing there, inside the searchlight glare
and quickly thinking of a better place to hide,
when friendly Gods did intervene, and now my fate

was looking better by the second, when three shots
rang out not far from where I almost had been caught,
I saw him running with his shirt soaked full of blood.

He would not make it, as this border knew no buts,
and if anyone, like I had really thought
that he could hard-breech through this fence, dividing mud

they would now grasp the real meaning of a border,
between two Germanys, and guarded by obsession.
And at that moment he went down for the last time.

Then, from the tower came a very cruel order,
it was a voice of piercing armour and aggression.
They let him bleed to death and said it was no crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Botched

There was no surgeon on the continent
whose skills were, in the least, comparable.
He stood now, as in trance, above the bowels,
just staring at the smelly cavity.
No, he was sure now, had been really, though
when first he glimpsed the grayish mess.
This bugger was a millionaire, but not for long,
he'd kick his money bucket very very soon.

' Assistant, close', he barked. And went
into the lounge to light a Camel cigarette.

Herbert Nehrlich

Botox

I have, he said lost all my sense of humour.
Perhaps I did, my Lord, perhaps I did.
It is what drove me, do not question this,
but once the gods decide it is their game,
all that remains would be, a silly botox smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bovine

The tree was aching
under the burden of
white tons of snow,
arrived just know
to please
the little ones.

As traffic stalled
a cow gave birth
just when the wind
from the Northeast
picked up its feet
and whipped the town.

The little ones
inside the house
of stone
were shivering
and crying for
the newborn calf,
out in the snow.

Though fun was had
out in the sudden blizzard.
A new arrival,
bovine celebration.

Herbert Nehrlich

Boys And Their Spinach (Children)

All the kids sat down for lunch,
and the mother, also Dad
during meals this happy bunch
ate and ate. But Tim looked sad.

Spinach sat, all mushy green
on his plate, next to the meat.
A bigger pile he'd never seen
and was expected now to eat.

Dad insisted that all greens
must be eaten by his kids,
that included ugly beans,
bitter olives (without pits) .

But, since Dad was often flying
overseas to make his money,
Tim would sit there, loudly crying
'til his nose was really runny.

Mother, who was always busy
got a headache from the crying,
and it sometimes made her dizzy
(that's when Dad was gone, and flying) .

So, she did allow that Tim
trade his spinach for some Jell-O,
with his older brother Jim,
who was always a good fellow.

But, you children may have heard
that your food will make you grow,
and that Jell-O is dessert,
not as good as spinach though.

And what happened after years
of Tim's body getting Jell-O,
he stayed little and Dad's fears
his hair would turn canary yellow,

did sure come true, so listen, guys,
Popeye was really big and strong.
The spinach gave him eagle eyes,
all because, for years (that long)

when he was a little man
he would always clean his plate,
and he was a spinach fan,
that's why his muscles looked so great.

It's up to you. If you would like
to grow into a fine young man,
and be the fastest on your bike,
have great big muscles 'cause you can

you'll need to always eat your greens,
including spinach and green bugs,
and broccoli, cabbage and beans.
Green-eating boys get all the hugs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Braces For Faces

A dentist must adjust the wires
of braces with his stainless pliers.
The radio now is wireless
which leaves us simple folks to guess
that it will surely come, the day
when wires can be thrown away.
Which then would lessen (praise the Lord)
the image of a circuit board.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brain Chemistry Lesson

You asked about your serotonin,
it's such a catchword nowadays,
though very few do understand
ramifications of this noble substance.

Imagine, if you will, a theatre
in open air, the background fragrant pines.
The stage is set with circles of straight chairs,
there for the actors and the dignitaries, waiting.

A goodly number is reserved for Serotonins,
who share the limelight with the Dopamines,
and now, the show begins, both do their thing
while standing, pointing with their hormone fingers.

Soon tension builds electrically, it is
communication between chemistry and physics,
the guests of honour rise and wander off the stage
to mingle with the crowds and interact.

They stand in little groups of five to eight,
all talk is 'shop' and does concern the nips and tugs
that may be indicated here and there and now.
Meanwhile the chairs up on the stage remain
just standing there and soaking up the sun,
awaiting the return in patient silence.

At times it happens that a group of strangers
descend upon the stage out of the blue.
They sink into the chairs to rest their bones
and snooze the time away until, too soon
the rightful owners do return to claim their seats.

The stand-off does not end due to politeness,
no battle does disturb the atmosphere,
all Serotonins and their real adversaries,
by name of Dopamines accept the change
and stand around, but not in little groups.

Because the time will come that the intruders
(they very often come from Pharmaland) ,
get up to stretch their tentacles and yawn.
And then, as if to re-establish balance,
they execute the switch to Harmony.

Whatever interferes with those receptors,
also called chairs, inside the brain, makes people ill.
Man cannot match the awesome skills of Mother Nature.
But there are always those who think they can, and try.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brainwashing

Equipped with my own, well-trained Schnauzer
and one of gunsmiths' best, a Mauser
I stepped into the hornets' nest
had thought aggression would be best.

Her mind was almost gone by now
those bastards knew exactly how
they could turn upside down her thinking
and in the end she would be sinking
along with all the other ones
my answer would be dog and guns.

The Bishop came right to the door
and asked what I had come here for.
He waved a bible at my face
and preached that this was God's own place.

That all the disciples had come
because religion was for dumb
and stupid folks in misery
and that this was her place to be.

Too tired of the whole charade
the applications I had made
to all the right authorities
(I nearly had gone on my knees) ,

I told him that I'd come for her
and no one ever would deter
me from my purpose here today
alone I would not go away.

A huge gorilla with a beard
now in the background had appeared.
Held in his hand a bowie knife
with which to threaten now my life.

My bullet was a nine-three-five
the bishop smiled when still alive

but when a shocking hole sprung up
he fell and spilled his coffee cup
slumped to the floor to sleep the sleep
that should be given to a creep.

Four more came now, they all were running
they carried automatics, stunning
and holding hollow-point big slugs
I dropped myself and then those thugs
when from behind a curtain 'water'
the word was spoken by my daughter.

I ran, my heart was in my hand
as anyone would understand
and found her on a prayer stool
surrounded by a crimson pool

and at her feet were two more guys
it took a bit to realise
that she had bought only a scratch
in this uneven righteous match.

It must have been a shot from me
that brought the bishop to his knee
and went through walls so paperthin
my girl now looked with a wide grin
at my concern and silly fretting,
it was attention she was getting.

Before we left she showed the book
that she had held and which then took
the impact of the bullet's force
my Mauser had been its true source.

Said she that God had walked with her
that nothing bad could thus occur
and now, that her old mates were dead
she would get rest at home in bed

and marshall within days her strength
to measure and extend the length
of our house to make a church.

The altar would be near the birch
down by the mossy, stony brook.

And then she handed me the book.
When we arrived at home for dinner
she sat me down, called me a sinner
and looked into my eyes to find
the Dad who always had been kind
and could be swayed by his own girl.
I said, 'we'll give this thing a whirl.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Brambles

They say that blind men hear the falling snow
and smell the pheromones of puberty,
there is a wonderful and lasting glow
beneath the eyes of those with an infirmity.
They say that lies are pleas of last resort,
and that a thief will never kill a man,
but that no judges who preside in any court
would jump at the suggestion of a plan
that smells of gold and silver, precious stones,
to break the law that they are to uphold.
They'd blink just once, then go and crack some bones,
thus every soul endeavours 'to be sold'.

What happened to integrity my friends,
and has it now made room for something better?
Is it just me who's having trouble with new trends
and is it you who follows rules down to the letter?
I have the answer, it was plain to see,
it was too long ago, some fifty years.
A burst balloon, once named humanity,
since then all honesty has left our tears.

So, what to do my fellow crooks, you tell
are we enjoying our rapid journey.
The time will come when you don't feel too well,
when shared dishonesty will crowd your gurney.
It will be late that day, the sun will urge
that we be done away with, so, post-haste,
and only prayer may prevent the purge,
by hand of bureaucrats with lousy taste.

We have a chance, of course to do our part,
the love of money, though, stands in the way.
You could hold hands with me, just for a start.
God does not mind when twenty fingers pray.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bravery At Sea

The Captain knew that pirates would again
attack his crew of brave and fearless men.
In answer to a call that there were three
unmarked and bloody-minded frigates, it was he
who called, to able seamen bring the shirt
the red will certainly be hurt.

The battle over, first mate asked the chief
as they were sailing near the Stoertebeaker Reef,
why would you call for a red shirt, please tell me Sire,
just at the moment all of us must brave the fire?

It is, he said, a matter of concealing fear
red masks all injuries inside the chest or near
folks will assume that things are going rather well
the colour red is always soothing, I can tell.

Then, suddenly the call came from the mast
that twenty frigates had surrounded them at last,
the captain yelled now at the top of his strong voice
get me the pants now that are brown, and hurry boys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Breakfast *

I will ask for the usual, it is bacon and eggs
though intrigue has me puzzled, I'm thinking of legs,
and the valley of shadows, where the brook's silence springs
to the grass of green meadows as it sprinkles on things.
Let thy yolk pass my lips and slide down in the gullet
to be followed so soon by the unruly mullet.
There are acids, ferments and there's alkaline brew
wholly tacit sweet scents and a topping of dew.
I shall ask for a voucher to a breakfast in bed
nothing more need be written nothing further be said.

Herbert Nehrlich

Breakup And Harvest

He'd seen it coming
for so many months.
Things had not been
conducive to
communication.
A normal life -
he had misplaced
the meaning
of it.

Yet, the effect had been
as if a bomb
had dropped into
his lap,
put him to sleep
and, with a Bang
did celebrate
her victory.

He'd been
so angry then
and it was easy picking
for the two of them,
the shyster and
his hurt
accomplice.

He'd given up
on worldly goods,
when, on that day,
the scaffolding
erected by
the many weeks
of counselling
had fallen into
a heap
of rubble.

She was the one

they'd called emotional,
made up of histrionics
and hysterical hormonal,
yet, when at last
he searched the ruins,
painstakingly,
there were no trinkets.
Just the fragrance
of the perfume
Moisson.

Herbert Nehrlich

Breast Cancer

Yes it is cancer,
a sternfaced doctor,
one for the stars
pronounced at once.
I am so young,
and a celebrity
she said, her tearful voice,
accusing, although timid.
But why, after a minute of
denial and confusion
it seems that young ones
now fall ill with this dark monster.
The answer was, if nothing,
a plain lie.
The cause of carcinoma
of the mammaries
is failure to do screening,
called mammography.

The logic was unreal,
and nothing but deception.
Again, it was pure greed
that motivated all.
Like guns that do the killing
and screening does prevent,
in either case dishonesty
was present from day one.

Mammography does cause,
no doubt, new cancers frequently.
The innocent who went to screen
will be new victims soon.
New evidence has also shown
that of those who do nothing
their cancers let them live a while
far longer than than expected.
To cut and burn, bring out the chemo
is good for the economy,
malignancies, however are

like housepets in exotic ways.
It pays to take much care in choosing
which route is best for you at last
it is your life, so be informed
you have but one, it's not for sale.

Herbert Nehrlich

Breasts

A picture, as they say
is worth considerably more
than vulgar words.
It came, unbidden
like the wind of change
and whispered urgently
into expectant hands
to turn themselves into
two eager beavers,
erect a dam
to please the gods
and their erotic angels
on worship day,
when all would congregate
on their majestic rise,
Mons Pubis as the shadow
for the valley of insanity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brennan Park

She opened heavy shutters,
as she did each morning
and let the old air out
the fresh and voices in.

Across the street, in Brennan Park
there sat a figure, all alone,
on rough-cut boards,
the benches had been given
by city father Griffith in the Fall.

A lazy wind played with the stragglers
half shrivelled leaves of the old oak,
scaring the wits out of the finches
that had begun the dance of their
amazing and astonishing fertility.

Another cloudy one, she thought,
and such a frosty chill there in the air,
she waved across to Simon the fat cop,
his beat was so predictable, each day

he'd make the rounds throughout the Park
down to the hotdog stand, there shot the breeze,
with Dame Louise who preached about
the great advantages of German mustard,
without the benefit of which the dogs would
still be proper and nutritious, as well as tasty,
but it was only just a nickel more to spend.

And Simon stood in front of the lone bench
apparently interrogating the man without a hat,
who sat there, still, in the romantic rain
without umbrella or the sense to slip away.

A whistle blew its shrill attention-getting stinger
to her half open shutter where it echoed,
and Simon now was grabbing the young man
and shook him by the shoulder, when he slumped

and lay there, oh so still, and motionless just
as the 200 pounder cop was clearly frozen,
though constantly he blew his whistle, louder
and with more urgency, so plaintively and
with a hint of sadness and the promise of disaster.

An ambulance arrived in record time, took 'it' away,
and Simon had a cup of her delicious café-au-lait,
he told her that he'd packed the man's belongings,
as was the regulation police procedure in this state,
into a plastic zip-loc bag, it had a lot of room inside
but all that Simon found and placed inside, then labelled
with fire-engine red felt pen John Doe, of Brennan Park,
was a syringe with just a tiny bit of green still left inside.

For: Philip, Bernard, Alexander, Hans and the Melbourne Park

Herbert Nehrlich

Brief Comment

Fatback and bacon,
butter and eggs
stirred but not shaken
makes for strong legs.
Hear not the whining...
'plaque does you in...',
arteries lining
hardened as tin.
Doctors confuse you
tell you low fat,
aim to abuse you
skin your own cat.
Back to tradition
eat Nature's stuff
their apparition
is just not enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brigitte

I was just nine - you caught my eye,
you stunned me with your smile.
I stood with friends when you swayed by,
I thought of you a while.

You were thirteen and looked to me
like...well...you had it all.
You wore your skirt above the knee
and rolled your hips - a Doll!

My love for you stayed classified,
I kept this secret for five years,
when in a school bicycle ride
your chain came off the gears.

I flew to you, with flailing arms,
discouraged other helpers.
My brain had triggered two alarms
'bout horny little yelpers.

You stabilised the bicycle,
I fiddled with the stupid chain.
Your hand touched mine - an icicle-
remained there, yes, that hint was plain.

A date? My mother asked
with mock surprise.
At 14, are you growing up?
And then she told me
words so stern and wise
and said that dating now
would be a real flop.

She was right, we stayed
until the curfew.
Talked about, well...mostly German Lit.,
and when there were just 15 minutes left
I tell you,
I held her hand

and squeezed a little bit.

Well, it was the obvious dilemma,
on one hand here was Brigitte,
she was so much cuter than
my classmate Emma.
I had good taste but I was just a midget!

Brigitte then accepted our bond,
over decades we did keep in touch.
Crucial learnings our kinship spawned
even though we didn't
hold each other much.

And today I am not sad.
When I think of her I miss her.
Only, sometimes do I wonder
why in all these years and decades
I just never had the guts to kiss her.

I still remember
looking at her hips,
but never ever
did we even talk about our lips.

For: Brigitte

Herbert Nehrlich

Brink

Oh that the rosy cheeks of lovely maidens
like apple blossoms, sweet, in shades of budding pink,
be there for me when, at the end of aimless wand'rings
I fall into the gap that seperates man from the brink
of an abyss whose time dimension overcomes one's own.

Arriving in a promised land, decrepit, filled with hope,
my luggage being plain audacity and arrogance of fear.
There is no logic to these longings and no justice
though all fair play has been consigned into the past.
Inside a laughable cocoon called living hell
there is not life, my friend, as life can never last.

Herbert Nehrlich

Britches

Since Friday when the Muse seduced
my mind I have again produced
a handful of those cheap and plastic
and trashy, utterly bombastic
poetic thingies for my fans
who file them under 'also rans'.
And in between when typing fingers
did rest the funny feeling lingers
that those who did decline the chance
to write some rhymes that please and dance
cannot for love of all the riches
fit in their oversized dull britches
thus they must pull a 'sour grapes'
just like a bunch of silly apes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Broccoli - Not Blueberries

Why Blueberry, I ask you now
I have now come to lean to green
what has been shown, I'll tell you how
but no, it ain't the lowly bean.
It's broccoli, her majesty
a garden's pride, raison d'être
so let's not have a travesty
for horticulture's noble maître
is what the Gods meant when they made
this lovely plant all green throughout
and every single grassy blade
is envious, even the Kraut
called cabbage by the vegetarians
knows very well that broccoli
turns spinsters into centenarians.
Now broccoli sits high and dry
it likes its soil to be sweet loam
and rain is needed once a week
I think that every home, sweet home
even the shacks that look so bleak
would be enriched by this green queen
so do consider what I say
Don't get me wrong, I do not mean
to be conniving, even sway
your culinary tastes today.
But, try this, as they say, you might
like it, one just never knows
go to the garden at first light
spray the plants with your green hose
just to scare the little bugs
off your prized and precious friend
go inside where coffee mugs
wait for you with Maxwell Blend
take a bite, courageous, huge
of the broccoli with glee
as you chew, a small deluge
of saliva will flow free
grab her then and kiss her well
let the broccoli disperse

from experience I tell
that your soul will soon immerse
into loving shades of green
and you will forget the berries
and their purple bluish sheen
all the Toms and Dicks and Harrys
will testify, but if you choose
I will visit you in Spring
to chase away the blasted blues
and then we'll do the all-green thing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bronson

The telephone rang loud and shrill,
it was the secret code
that gives the signal for the kill,
for bullets to explode.

The message was a triple beep,
then followed by the gist:
'And miles to go before I sleep',
he had, at first been kissed

then, using mesmerising skill,
she placed him in a trance,
it would forever own his will
for any song and dance.

Hypnosis well can make you do
what you would rather not.
And anyone who says that you
can't be controlled, talks rot.

A killer can be made of you,
we train assassins here.
You're now recruited to the crew,
don't worry, do not fear.

This world is run by criminals,
we need to kill the lot
our weapons are subliminals,
and mercy we have not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brown Bear

The dampness woke him.
He stretched into a furry thing
which could not be made out
here in the darkness of the cave.

Went back to sleep on pointed rocks,
with bats a-coming and a-going,
and dreams of her, at home in bed
she was no hunter, after all, no way.

Her hair so soft, coarse curls aplenty,
he scratched and stroked with care.
It was a miracle that hibernation
was on the mind of that brown bear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brown Eggs

A gardener, who liked to spend
most days and also the weekend
out in his garden near the town
was in a way a real clown,
his humour served him happily
and the occasional enemy.

One Saturday while pulling weeds
before he'd plant the season's seeds,
he glanced toward the garden's fence
and was confronted with a sense
of déjà-vu when he discovered
that in the thistles someone hovered.

It was a man who spread his legs
and laid what seemed to be brown eggs.
The gardner ran to see his hens
(the fellow sat still by the fence)
and grabbed an egg and placed with care
it under cheeks that sat there, bare.

And then he hid behind the coop
until the man gave up his stoop.
He took the egg out of the shade
and said 'I can't believe I laid
a real egg, this is unreal
it does have wonderful appeal.'

Each day he came and crouched to lay
into the growing grass of May
his movements and each time he found
another egg, there on the ground.
He knew his troubles would be over
and bought a patch of luscious clover
invited all his friends and mates
from town and from some other states
to demonstrate his special powers.

The crowds had waited there for hours,

a band was playing 'Golden Goose'
and channel nine announced the news.
In view of millions there he sat
right near the fence and then he shat.

But out came for the world to see
in Nature's soft green gallery
a sausage of the usual kind.
The fellow, when he looked behind
and saw what graced the spot marked X
was poo and not the hoped for eggs
he suffered there and then a stroke
and did remain forever broke.

Herbert Nehrlich

Browns Into Greens

The worm had made it,
evaded all controls
arrived, fresh and alert
and looked around.
They'd placed him there,
among the lettuces and leeks,
a thousand acres of fine greens,
oh, he would thrive and stay alive!
Midmorning came, the little man
turned on the water, a fine mist
to freshen up the greens,
it caught him unawares, he fell,
was swept onto the vinyl floor
where fibers of a giant mop preside.
By afternoon he found himself,
in sorry state of health and mood,
inside a drain behind the store.
Surrounded by a thousand acres of
gray soapy scum and pastes of dirty brown.
It was, he mused, the way of things,
and he would now perceive all browns as greens.

Herbert Nehrlich

Brutus The Alpine Rescue Dog

They baptised him up on the Berner ridge,
the dog thought Brutus was a splendid name.
He trained between the summit and the bridge
a perfect pupil who adored the game.

The day when churchbells sounded through the day
a thousand tourists tortured tired feet,
tomorrow was the second day of May
the local Vicar took a bite to eat.

They saw him leaving the Café De Mange
but not again until the evening Mass,
a hundred people saw the Avalanche
it started at the top of Brenner Pass.

Brutus had been the Vicar's special friend,
he powered up the mountain's icy slope.
He slobbered and he fretted, would the end
be simply death or was there any hope?

He barked the loudest he had ever done,
the scent was something slightly in between
the stench of porkers having lots of fun
and yellow roses up near the latrine.

He did not scold the Vicar for his fear,
instead the odor was a pleasant breeze
his canine tongue inserted in one ear
the holy man sat up and had a sneeze.

Brutus lived long, in fact some twenty moons,
up in the church inside the Vicar's flat
was fed each meal from ancient silver spoons
and died a proud and happy dog, and fat.

He had succeeded early in his life,
and glory followed him like turbulence,
he took a Weimaraner as a wife
but she got cataracts inside a lens.

So they retired her with a new mate
up near Geneva in the lower land
while he stayed with the Vicar and his fate
it was a thing that few would understand.

So was he resting on his laurels then?
Performed no other service to mankind?
Oh no, inside the Vicar's holy den
he read the Bible to improve his mind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bucketloads

The sky did open,
and bucketloads
of what is usually
contained inside
the honeywagons
rained down,
as if to drown
the lot.

It was the logical
and pertinent
as well as long-awaited
conclusion,
to an investigation
of the people's souls.

And afterward they closed
the sky for good,
for one, the sewers
had been emptied,
the other reason?
it does escape me now.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bufus Marinus

A fly of rather noble class
had flown across the Strait of Bass.
He was quite proud of this great feat
and looking for some things to eat.

The sun had set and it was late,
it had been ages since he ate,
and, coming from the Southern parts
he liked his chicken pies and tarts.

Tasmania is, as you may know
the island where they chop up crow
and mix the feathers, beaks and feet
into their favourite pies of meat.

Victoria (this makes me shudder) ,
is known to grind up Emu udder
and add a bit of kangaroo,
to make a most revolting stew.

The rich though eat down at the pubs,
they like their roaches, ants and grubs.
They top it all with Vegemite
and have roo oysters late at night.

Well, luckily, flies aren't selective
each sees himself as a detective.
They seek to find nutritious fare
there favourite is fromage gruyère.

This afternoon, the fly had landed
inside an otherwise abandoned
and quiet room inside the town.
He rested now and wore a frown.

His bones were tired from the journey
and in his gut, near the McBurney,
he felt a rumbling and a pain,
he needed tucker, that was plain.

The fly, I should have added early,
was rather handsome with his curly
and black and silver speckled hair,
he was surrounded by an air

of feudalistic foreign roots,
and did I mention, he wore boots?
He was, as fate would have decided
en route from Europe on a guided

and Yankee missile launcher rocket,
he'd flown inside the pilot's pocket
and landed safely then Down Under,
the day they had that awful thunder.

Australia, it must be mentioned,
is as a country, well-intentioned.
The Natives like the Northern yanks,
their jets, their money and their tanks.

But, those who think that they can come
be welcomed with a mug of rum
would skip their homework at their peril.
Australia can be quite feral!

As you will see, just bear with me.
The fly stood up, prepared to pee
when on the ground a little critter
walked through the room with a large litter.

Bufus Marinus is a toad
who'll shoot at enemies a load
of toxic venom when he's scared.
No fly can ever be prepared.

The little toads now watched their mother,
release a bucketful, oh BROTHER!
The fly was hit, fell without grace
and landed on his lifeless face.

A toad, who looked polite and groomed

(he was the one who had assumed
his father's role when he passed on)
a custom for the eldest son

did get the honour to imbibe
the fly, watched by his canetoad tribe.
And thus, the story ends and teaches
that you may visit foreign beaches.

But be aware that other lands
(it's what the smart bloke understands) ,
have traps for those on every street.
Be careful, what you choose to eat.

And if you need to take a wee,
in matters of great urgency,
watch for the little critters, sunny.
It always pays to use the Dunny.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bumblebee Creation

When God sat down to have iced tea
(His weather had been hot) ,
he thought that he would change the bee
as it was really not
exceptional or beautiful
it lacked a certain trait,
he poured a silver teaspoonful
of phosphopyruvate
into the mouth of the small bee
then waited for a bit,
the bee flew up into a tree
and had a minor fit.
Petit Mal thought God and as he sat
the bee let out a rumble,
and from within, from bellyfat
it grew a handsome bumble.
So now you know that bumblebees
were touched by the creator,
unlike all flies, and roaches, flees
and every alligator.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bumping Into The Past

I was so tired when we landed
two hours more at Honolulu,
before the onward flight departs
Vancouver, I can hardly wait.

An argument now with the barman
the whiskey was a blend of sorts
and not what I would always drink
welcome to cheats, they own Hawaii.

I turned and stared at what appeared
behind the counter CP Air
and lightning struck, that's how it felt
I had to know her, it was life.

And in a moment we were laughing,
she had commanded in the past
the desk of Frankfurt's ancient uni
and now she flew the freedom skies.

I was upgraded to first class,
and watched her splendidly round ass
as she came cruising many times
with twenty year old Bourbon Whiskey.

We talked about the very smallness
of our big world where people bump
into each other and remember
old times that need to be refreshed.

It was a real act of kindness
I stretched back in the first class chair
and when we landed in Vancouver
I met her husband, and the kids.

Herbert Nehrlich

Buns In The Oven

There once was a candlestickmaker
whose own daughter had married a baker.
Well, the baker died young
he was dark and was hung
and while dead met the undertaker.

Soon the widow took fancy to Clare
whom she met at the B`allina Fair,
they designed a new bun
if you'll pardon my pun
and created from flour an heir.

First they mixed a small bucket of flour,
added yeast, let it rise for an hour.
Then they squeezed fom the breast
of an innocent guest
some colostrum to make the dough sour.

In the oven the dough received heat
(baking things makes them ready to eat) ,
when the loaves were all done
(each was shaped like a bun)
they were in for a very strange treat.

Soon each bun grew a pair of white legs,
(this was due to the use of four eggs) ,
add two arms and a face
all attached to the base
in the shape of a carpenter's pegs.

All the buns remained steady and still,
so they fetched from the garden some dill,
which they sprinkled on one
(a formidable bun) .
Pay attention now, folks, if you will.

There are mystery powers in greens
which includes all the herbs and the beans,
when the power unfolds

it will break sturdy moulds
and revives aging crap in latrines.

Well, the bun had been switched on to life,
so Miss Clare turned to say to her wife:
As it looks, it's a girl
let us baptise her Shirl'
and she pulled out a pastrycook's knife.

Now the candlestickmaker appeared
looked at both and their buns, then he sneered:
You will need a boy bun
if she wants to have fun
and he scratched his two meter long beard.

Well, his son who had been the town's baker
had a dad (yes, the candlestickmaker) ,
he performed a neat trick
by implanting a wick
which was tied to a live circuitbreaker.

Added dill to the bun that was cut,
placed them close, overnight in a hut.
Then nine days in the sun...
she gave birth to a bun
and they named the new baby King Tut.

Here the tale gets a tiny bit shonkey,
while the little one liked Honky-Tonky,
he was sterile of course
like a hee-haawing horse,
which the candlestickmakers call donkey.

Herbert Nehrlich

Burial

Churchbells remind me
to this day
of innocence and home.

I hurried now to reach
the ancient rust
and eerie squeak
of what you'd call
a sacred portal.

Townfolk had filled
the chapel room,
it was the final stop
for all, though not today.

Framed by the rustling
of proud growing junipers,
forbidding walls
relieved by shades
of purple velvet
over hand-blown glass.

It would provide
the quick escape
for any soul that had,
now been recalled.

An act of God, they'd say,
and somber nods
like reassuring waves
hung from the rafters,
rough-hewn oak,
a single ribbon greeted,
I was nearly sure
just me, the one still young.

There, near the coffin,
a spider sat, alone
and seemingly all lost.

He startled me
as he now stared
until
we both appeared to smile.
I knew he could not be
part of this world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Buried In The West

They had expected it,
that greasy, yellow fog
zigzagging from the one
then to the other lamps
out on the silent street.

The would, of course
be vigilant tonight,
it was their only chance
and the alternative was death.

Tomorrow all would dance
in celebration of the first of May,
the day that workers had,
through Lenin's grace
gained freedom all at once.

There would be, for some time
the sound of guns, more distant now,
as stragglers came to grips
with their own destiny and fears.

It was not theirs, would never be,
this paradise designed in Hell,
let others stay and dance
and kiss their masters' feet,
and listen to the Kremlin's brazen bell.

Berlin had been too far for them to go,
one needed proper documents and guts,
there was no moon tonight but bloody fog,
all three could clearly hear a barking dog.

Pines swayed and creaked as if to shout
a warning and to hurry them,
a rabbit out too late in frozen fear,
the freedom whistle of a foreign train
as terror crawled into heroic hearts.

They'd stitched the fabric over many weeks,
Bulgarian canvas, just imported, but for tents.
A harness borrowed from the country fair
and handkerchiefs to button up the leaks.

Propane had been the worry all along,
they'd stolen just one tank from the old school,
the gas hissed out, igniting as a flare,
and now it grew into a circus tent and more,
each man strapped tightly to their chairs
then they were off into the darkness of the night.

The wind had woken now and helped to make them go,
there was the image of a happy Milky Way,
full steam ahead they sang and watched the giant flame
when shots rang out from fellow citizens of shame.

Too soon they crashed, an urgent, wild descent,
into the river that had promised liberty.
It was the territory of the bold and free.
Four lifeless souls pulled from the water's icy cold,
but the true story, it was never ever told.

Herbert Nehrlich

Burma General

He sat and sipped
while orange mumus slipped,
aghast and filled with human fear,
prayers so urgent
rose from cold lips,
courage my shephard,
soldiers may cheer.

An arrow, featherlight and trim
broke silence then
of arrogance and hate,
pausing but briefly
in the satin drapes,
to find its home
within a heart gone cold.

Herbert Nehrlich

Burp - (German Version) Ruelps

Am Fenster sitzt ein grauer Spatz
beaugt von einer alten Katz'.
Der Vogel frisst vom Napf Getreide,
fuellt damit seine Eingeweide.

Der Katze knurrt der leere Magen,
hat nichts gegessen schon seit Tagen.
Nun springt die Katz mit einem Satz....
den grauen kleinen Spatz, den hat's.

Der Vogel der ja einst gesungen
wird von der Katze runterg'schlungen.
Im Magen selbst ist es sehr sauer,
hier schlaegt kein Vogelherz auf Dauer.

Der Spatz, in sehr prekaerer Lage
stellt sich die doch sehr kluge Frage:
Was wohl passiert wenn er sich wehrte
weil er die Freiheit so begehrte.

In diesem Augenblick da spuerte
die Katz' 'nen Stich was dazu fuehrte
dass aus des Magens inn'rer Feuchte
ein Katzenruelpser nun entfleuchte

und durch den Druck von Saeuren, Basen
entstand ein Aufwind von den Gasen.
Erst brodelte der Brei und kochte,
dem Sperling schon das Herze pochte.

Er spannte seine Fluegel aus
und flog dann mit dem Ruelpser raus.

English:

A sparrow sits, as sparrows will
gray-feathered on a window sill.
He eats there, from a bowl, fresh seeds

and thus fulfills his body's needs.

A cat observes the sparrow eating
and wonders whether this brief meeting
could lead to fill the belly since
she'd found no food in garbage bins.

And for some weeks she'd fed on roaches
inside retired Greyhound coaches.
In desperation now she pounces,
with all her pounds and fourteen ounces
and swallows quickly the gray bird,
who, going down, says not a word.

Inside the stomach it is sour,
no bird would last in there an hour.
The sparrow ponders what to do
his birdbrain though provides no clue.

He wonders briefly what would be
if he fought back. Would he be free?
And at that moment he is feeling
that from the bottom to the ceiling

the soup turns into one big bubble
which might increase for him the trouble.
But, unbeknownst to Wyatt Earp
the feline did release a burp.

And you, my friend, you would have laughed
as CO₂ produced a draft.
The sparrow, shocked but somewhat clever,
thought to himself, if I could ever

escape this cat's digestive belly,
which was quite dark and very smelly,
it should be now! And then he felt
that through the updraft now expelled,

along with vapours, bile and juice,
he had escaped the feline's noose.

Bush

I am not smitten with the man
or what he does, day in day out.
I wonder though, just why there is
a veritable hurricane of lies
blasted like unforgiving arctic wind
at him as if he were the culprit,
a villain extraordinaire, mais ouis.

'Ami', says Schroeder privately,
dumm, ein Texasbauer, peasant
with stetson and that longhorn shit
for brain, no European would conduct
himself or this great orchestra
with such incompetence, no way.

'All hurricanes can now be safely blamed
on George, he did not sign the paper',
a fruitcake by the name of Trittin,
says 'Amischwein you did not do
what all the people wanted, your neglect
of the environment has brought
you punishment, so well deserved.'

Al Qaida adds 'it is the wrath of God'.
Another voice wants to be heard,
somewhat anonymously, it says
much money was withheld from New Orleans
to pay for warring in Iraq, and troupes,
most of them sent to battle overseas,
and no one left to help those bastards,
who were, by their own frank admission
black as the night, and sins occur,
as we all know, most likely in the dark.

Four years ago the editors of SA
predicted a disaster of unknown proportions
was waiting in the Gulf of Mexico.
They did not mention that the president
would be committing this indictable offence.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bushfire

The outback fires raged and chased
the little critters onto barren land,
home was now gone, as sadness interlaced
with spinifex and bulldust, in the sand.

But look, a purple flower, ah so unafraid!
Unfolds and points its petals to the sky,
oblong and green, caressing as a braid
two fragile leaves embrace, while aiming high.

A trace of darkness, scorched from hostile flames
sticks to the fabric of the flower's skin.
I stand in awe, forgotten are the precious names
though there is closeness here, a spirit's kin.

Last puffs of smoke drift up as if to search for space
in which to start anew its evil tongues of death,
a shadow scrambles and it leaves a wrinkled trace
upon the earth and on its critters' hopeful breath.

The purple flower, now maturing into pink,
is standing taller and it sways in the new breeze
it cannot wait for friendly clouds to share a drink
and leaves to others all the begging and the pleas.

Life for us all may hinge on simple, silly deeds,
bestowed in random ways by friend and foe alike.
Each purple flower must be tolerant of weeds
and of Bavarians with big bellies on a hike.

Yes, life will blossom as the script itself revealed,
no fire ever can destroy the spirit's soul.
All deadly ills of human beings shall be healed
by roaring flames under benevolent control.

Herbert Nehrlich

But For The Grace Of God

God sent his only son
Jesus by name
to save the world
with its abundance of
sinners, devils and cockroaches,
but Jesus, who had
never learned the art of smiling,
who was not given talents
such as diplomatic skills,
was caught by the envious ones,
not allowed to speak,
nor to learn how to smile,
and put down like a rabid dog
well before he could have,
perhaps would have
and most certainly should have
spoken the words that were in his heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

But Mother!

So, after all, you Are a bleeding heart,
grown up with pointed ears to let the wisdom in.
They told you, and you swallowed how it would be smart
to imitate the sheep they called your next of kin.

The Baker's daughter, catholic, and, by tradition chaste
had bedded down in brambles near the ancient mill.
The boy had been so sweet and, in the evening's haste
quicksilvery seeds had found a home, by God's own will.

They found her frozen body late on Christmas Day.
Pale ankles crushed grotesquely from the sudden fall.
She'd floated down, an angel in macabre play
a useless gasp on impact with the ground, and that was all.

Townsppeople were so shocked, as were you, Mother,
two wrongs committed as an act of silly selfishness.
But I do not agree that there could be another,
an option, so-to-speak, with life itself amiss.

She did not punish those she snubbed and left behind,
the life she took was hers and by all rights was hers alone.
Perhaps she was, right when she jumped, confused and blind.
But it was freedom that she found on mossy stone.

Herbert Nehrlich

But Why?

You did not hesitate,
big hands you have,
they did not care
about the world
or little me and mine.
You were my brother,
God had arranged it,
but what you tore asunder
can never heal.
I leave you now,
and know that you,
in all your wildest dreams
could never care.
You have destroyed
what never could be built
again, for either you or me.
The scalpel that you wield
has cut too deep into the flesh,
it cannot ever heal
but it will calm itself
when all the blood
has run its course.

Herbert Nehrlich

Butt Coconuts

A man with a humongous butt
was injured by a coconut.
He'd taken Max the cattle hound
for a short walk across the ground.
He passed the windy esplanade
and sought the comfort of some shade
which was, together with a breeze
available beneath the trees.
The dog, conditioned by genetics
and hardly fond of pure aesthetics,
would lift his leg and spray a mist
onto each tree, thus it be kissed
and grow through fertiliser bigger
(here, nitrogen would be the trigger) .
One tree, a stately specimen
liked neither dogs nor gentlemen,
it stood there, seemingly contented
but in its brain it was demented,
so, in a fraction of a second
it thought, considered and then reckoned
that timing was the real key,
the dog paid dearly for his pee.
The man as well, and here's the story,
the tree made hound and human sorry,
by shaking due to agitation,
which was enabled by dilation
of pulmonary arteries,
and squeezing of the tree's own knees,
releasing pure adrenalin
and setting up the tree to win.
Some eighteen coconuts were hanging
and in the wind, were gently banging
until the shaking cut them loose,
and, heavy weights due to their juice,
they crashed high speed onto the mutt
and knocked the human on his butt.
The moral is trees are majestic
that goes for foreign and domestic.
But now and then, they stand their ground,

dropp coconuts on man and hound.

Herbert Nehrlich

Buttermilk (Children)

You leave your room, it's full of clutter,
go to the barn to milk the cow.
And, in a while you're making butter,
only the clever do know how.

When you convert the cow's own milk
into soft butter with your hands,
the finished product, smooth as silk,
once lived inside pink udder glands

it does leave something you can use,
a runny, yellow-speckled fluid,
which you can change if you so choose
into a product. If you knew it

you've tasted flavour like no other,
a different consistency.
They named it after its own mother,
so, can you guess what it could be?

It's buttermilk, I told you first,
go, have a glass, just close your eyes.
It's what I recommend for thirst,
for little girls and little guys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Buying A Ticket

And it just hit me, then and there.
I was, with saved-up cash today
buying the ticket to escape from there.
While counting she looked up
and flashed a smile to melt titanium
reached with her arms through the
dividing glass to help me count.

I fell in love with just a pair of arms,
and counted freckles for protection
from prying eyes of other passengers
as well as hers, though I was praying
that she would catch me in the act.

A feeble 'Are you sure' was all I could,
under the circumstances utter,
and then it was high time to board.
I sometimes wonder, yes I really do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Buzz

My tongue starts just below the knee
and like a horny bumblebee
I buzz into the gorge above
and whisper silly words of love.

Herbert Nehrlich

By Definition

You see in troubled skies above
bizarre-edged Ebenezer clouds,
a fluffy-feathered steel-gray dove
just soaring into distant doubts.
And ask yourself just what is love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bye, Bye To American Pie

Bye, bye, oh my, to freaks like fry
I may be gone tomorrow,
I hear the great communal sigh
which signifies such sorrow,
but I don't like
those filthy swine
who snort around the streets
I will retreat, drink good red wine
sleep in on silken sheets
who needs the shit that Berrie poops
or that of Bobschen Bligh
they may succumb in their own soups
but I do say Good-Bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Bylaws

He was an altruist
though didn't know
the meaning of the word.
Gave fruits and vegetables
as well as honey,
gratis
to all who wandered by,
his garden was gigantic.

Council inspectors warned him,
it seems the town's own plan
required special permits.
'A sign is, where required, needed,
and any sign attracts a council fee,
which must be paid well in advance.'

'If there is some uncertainty
the sign is deemed to be essential,
even though it may not be required,
or needed, as a permit, special,
or if desired by the seller or the buyer,
if sales take place a portion of the profit
will need to be protected from the elements
by what is called a levy vouchertoken,
renewable for each new customer,
and, finally, a further permit is proscribed
for giving produce free to others,
payable well in advance, of course.

If on those days where clear intent,
by seller and potential buyers can be seen
a tax called enthusiasm bond applies,
this does protect both buyer and their sellers,
and activates the previously obtained
public insurance for twelve million dollars,
last but not least, just to ensure the quality
a small certificate of authenticity shall be attached
and this will also guarantee chemical protection,
as no organic foods may be for sale or give-away.

If no one buys or takes for free the offerings
the sellers may, at their discretion, choose
to keep the produce for self consumption,
which is well covered by the storage tax.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Byron

'Size matters', the midwife said,
he weighed two pounds or less,
about the size of a big chunk
of butter freshly churned that day.

'No chance at all'- the local quack-
and packed his leather bag and left,
it was in 1921, a preemie was,
in many ways condemned to die.

The cows were calling to be milked,
and chores were waiting, life demanded,
they left him there with Mrs. Puller
with quiet hopes that death would come

with swiftness, kindness and with silence,
it would be hard to witness it for both,
and mucking out the barn, it could not wait,
when life is tough the tough go on to live

as if those little interruptions were expected
and so it was when Mrs. Puller called them,
'I think he may, with God's good grace,
pull through and live, my hopes have been revived.'

And Byron lived until the morning of Thanksgiving
of 1991, and he had given to this world four kids,
each one was heavy, well above eight pounds
for me, it's pleasant when a kind of justice wins.

Herbert Nehrlich

C O Two

So many idiots, such much hype,
the world is dumb, mischief is ripe.
A bunch of loonies did decide
that global warming, far and wide
is caused by stuff called C O Two
therefore we suffer, me and you.
Conveniently forgetting though
that rain and sunshine, even snow
and life itself depend on it,
all eaten stuff turns into shit
by means of CO Two, oh yes,
without it there would be no mess,
because all life would end at once
Al Gore, your hero is a dunce.

Herbert Nehrlich

C****

So turn your foot,
retreat your steps,
there's only darkness here,
feel deep inside your quadriceps
your guardian angel, do not fear,
your world could only be kaput
if all the people's blame
were yours.

In coming back, there's love
but never, ever shame.

Herbert Nehrlich

C.A. - A Disease

It looks a bit like low fat cottage cheese,
stuck in the mucous folds, and turning bad,
the odour reminiscent of a snotty sneeze
or unwashed hose belonging to an undergrad.
The trigger's made of carbon, hydrogen and O,
the latter stands for oxygen, life's precious breath,
together they make saccharides that bugs must have to grow
without it there is misery and, later, certain death.
Candida, you smell sweet at first, but rancid is your fate
you travel through the body, even reach the distant brain,
so if they ask you was it something that you perhaps ate
you'd answer it is difficult to know and to explain.
How do you kill the mushrooms then, the doc is at a loss
from antifungals, douches and cute insert-a-things
there is a chance you'll keep the bugs and grow some moss!
Here is my remedy, it's simple and has wings:
one of the halogens, atomic weight is high
kills pathogens without selective care,
it leaves the fungal boys all jittery and dry
and near Mons Pubis all the landscape clean and bare.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cacatum Non Est Pictum

Page eleven,
word correction,
erratum.....
Cacatum.

Actor, female
a bit passé
by now,
name's Tatum.....
Cacatum.

Accumulated
gases in the gut
escaping soon,
called flatum.....
Cacatum.

Proposition
to draw conclusion
or make decision,
Datum.....
Cacatum.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cafeteria Jello

I was ashamed to be the jello
of the cafeteria kind.
And no amount of shaking did
or would (so I was told)
catch your idiosyncratic tongue.
So there was ample grounds to change
into a lantern, kerosene and all,
which, like a jet propelled my need
into the stalagmites indeed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Caffeine

The German chemist, name was Runge, did discover
what is today the recreation drug of note.

He had been burdened by a rather frigid lover
and any chances of pizzazz were quite remote.

Until the day that he unveiled this alkaloid,
he slipped the newly ground up powder in her drink,
and, like a miracle, without the help of Freud,
inside an hour she had hovered near the brink.

Today counts millions that enjoy it, are addicted,
its subtle forces reminiscent of hypnosis,
it grabs the mind's own keepers, they become afflicted
and light the fires through a power like osmosis.

Adenosine, a sleeping aid for humans
is blocked thus, cleverly by this great chemical.
All faces, male, will then appear to be Paul Newman's,
erotic switches madly triggered, quickly. Well,

you get the gist of course, this substance turns you on,
it lifts your spirits, boosts alertness, sharpens thinking.
It brings a buzz into your system like a ton
of sweet endorphins that will lead you, without blinking

into the land of auditory high perceivers
and visual clarity you have not known before,
it gives you limitless endurance for those fevers
of ultramarathons, as you then ask for more.

We have Red Bull today, it is a tasty blend
of fancy sugar, bits of protein, caffeine,
six hundred milligrams will very likely send
you into territory where you've never been.

Which is equivalent to three strong cups of brew,
or of The Bull it would require eight cold cans.
Medieval chemists who had lazy wives, they knew
that ergogenic aids would make a trillion fans.

They thus revealed the secret to the common masses,
soon all the households drank their Java at sunrise.
Some used their cups or barley straws or whiskyglasses,
but they all felt truly enlightened and so wise

that the habit grabbed the folks of many nations,
it also helped to bring about a great invention,
since all the people liked the uplifting sensation
also the way it brought all things to their attention.

It murders sleep though and the nights were very dark,
a cup of coffee got the youthful juices flowing,
but even hyperactive vision missed its mark,
electric lighting would eliminate the glowing

and flicker-flacker tallow candles would make room
for the new light bulb and its rather pushy mother,
of course our friend again, today we can assume
that much of progress, mankind's growth did have no other

but that sweet beverage of roasted beans behind it.
And, to this day you ask the Nobel Prize Committee
and you will find that they use coffee and they grind it,
to help them think and make decisions, and be witty

about who gets to win the next Prize of Nobel,
it's always coffeedrinkers, never tea and toast
who find the secrets of the universe and tell
the real story of the very innermost

and so elusive, well ambiguous connections.
Though this is changing with the advent of that drink,
which has already swept through population sections
of global villages and countries on the brink.

And now I'll leave you with a riddle you can ponder,
a brandnew custom has befallen caffeine.
You and I may just sit back and gently wonder
how plenty Vodka will affect that coffee bean.

Cain's Punishment

Inside the church he did his sum,
the wine, in flasks, a large caraffe,
but treponema pallidum
would soon have others get their laugh.

No cure could be by quacks procured
and Salvarsan would eat your brain,
so many clergy had endured
this plague before they'd gone insane.

Yes, altarboys and girls of skill
who'd flaunt their wares on lonely nights
a man of God, through strength of will
for privacy turns out all lights.

As if this could erase the sin;
perhaps it could, though please explain
who would, with a satanic grin
send pestilence to strike you, Cain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Callgirl

I saw her shadow first,
that Sunday afternoon,
'twas luck the bus was late
there was no better sight
the length of Hennepin.
A man, looked like a gigolo
now grabbed her arm,
and fragments of loud words
came flying over shrapnel-like,
when suddenly he slapped her face
I did what needed to be done.
His shirt was cheap it seemed
it ripped as I used martial arts
admired by a crowd and....her,
the nurse was very kind later that day,
she told me that the pimp had,
within seconds summoned friends,
and that there had been ten.
My wallet later became evidence
in State against Georgina,
callgirl with a lot of friends.

This poem was written by Stefan Reitz
of St. Paul Minnesota.

I posted it under my name
to encourage him to post it at all.
I think he may not become a member.

Herbert Nehrlich

Calling Poet Eitel

There once was a soldier named Keitel
who was unaware of Poet Eitel
she would usually fail
to look in on her mail
I am calling the poet named Eitel.

Herbert Nehrlich

Camellia

Her name was Camellia Sinensis,
she lived inside a modest hut
in Eastern India, the Darjiling.
Once a great hunting ground
with fossil bones on barren fields
bleached by the ravages of time.

Saber-toothed cats had roamed
and ruled these latitudes,
their restless ghosts live on
as proud reminders of long-ended battles
and of the tragedy of sacrifices
for unknown dreams of feudal lords
who laughed in unison at their spilled blood.

Oh, yes, the sea, a thousand dimples
from half-hearted drizzle, Darjiling rain,
home to so many of the great survivors
not ready for the afterlife back then
and stuck in memories of agelessness,
a fate of frank infinity and frightened presence.

It welcomed her, when she at last had reached
the end of one brief journey, the boulder
that marked the trail's last step for saddened souls,
and as the Spirit of the Skeleton, teeth bared
in that inimitable smile of one who time forgot,
a mermaid goddess, Camellia of the Sea.

Herbert Nehrlich

Camels

A camel is a wondrous horse
it finds its way through dunes
it's really not a horse of course
nor is it a raccoon.

Some ignorants say camels do
store water in their humps,
this is demonstrably untrue,
there's fat in them there lumps.

Now, let me tell you, please take care
and do not stand too close
a camel spits into your hair
or smack right on your nose.

A bit of news, to close this time
more camels are sent to
Egypt and countries with their clime
from Sydney (this is true) .

Australia grows its camels tall
they love the food Down Under,
and when they yell their camel call
it sounds like heavy thunder.

Once on a ship to the Mideast
they spit into the sea,
which is for catfish a small feast,
the humour is on me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Camera..... Action....Roll....

She was curled up on her mattress loosely covered by a sheet,
crimson rivers staining alabaster skin,
through French windows peeked a moon through thick Louisiana heat
marking out a most sardonic final grin.

Mean his manners and his stubbles as he barked a new command,
all assistants scurried gladly to and fro.
From the alley came the voice that rattled gravel and pure sand
flashing lights were just a part of this great show.

Tears of sadness fell to ground and mixed with blood on marble tiles
as the camera picked up a silent twitch,
when the boss put down his pipe and started scratching at his piles,
then announced that they had run into a glitch.

In the end it took a day before the scene recorded right,
they were tired of that little word named 'action'.
And the body had a fever from the hot and burning light
the director had to have his satisfaction.

Herbert Nehrlich

Camilla And Charles

Oh, what a dream it was!
I had been standing idly
at the gate called Buckingham,
the Palace was engulfed
in British Dew, so gray
when suddenly, how strange,
two corgy dogs came at me growling.
In an evasive, quick manoeuvre
I entered royal territory,
a carriage driven by the Queen
devoured body, soul and spirit.
'I must be dead', the thought occurred,
a yellow light was playing sweetly
with four full-grown and horny moths.
The Prince was bandaging my ankle
and for my soul my head was cradled
within the lap of a stout maiden.
She stroked my hair, then kissed my cheek
and spoke exotic English,
I understood, I'd be alright
if not they would be sorry
and give command to have a wake
a burial with full honours
she smelled so nice and looked so young
her perfume is called Ambush.
And when Camilla mentioned 'Wake',
I sat up in my bed,
and, realising what's at stake
I'm glad I am not yet dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Can You Spare A Dime?

Oh Bro, can you spare a dime?
I need to get some soup and bread
to feed my brain so it can rhyme
there is a glut inside my head
of words and letters, ribbons, buttons
to be let out in splendid birth
but poets in their heads are gluttons
we give and take from this great earth.
So can you spare just one small dime
I'll make for you the sweetest rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Canadians

A handsome, male, Canadian Goose
had, since that morning, rather loose
and frequent bouts of very runny.....
you know, and no, it wasn't funny
now let me tell to you the reason.

December is the Christmas Season,
and geese are often on the menu
thus no surprise that at this venue
at a small town named Chilliwack
the hunters went on the attack.

Now Mr. Goose was known as gander
and he was prone to just meander
through all the gardens and the woods
to look for culinary goods.

He had, needless to say, decreed
that she should wait to get her feed
and since the gander's high IQ
would always tell him what to do
they would be safe to New Year's Day
when hunting closed out on the Bay.

It now so happened that the base
of Mrs. Goose's hiding place
was at the bottom of the Mill
where she could sit no longer still.
She scrambled up the steep incline
and crossed a well known danger line.
A man, well armed was walking near
and caused the goose a bit of fear.
She ran to gain her take-off speed
slowed down by snow and frozen weed
and as it started now to hail
the hunter was right on her tail.

Now female geese don't have the wits
of ganders, but they get the shits

whenever danger shows its head
the question is, be loose or dead.

So, was it instinct or an urge
of Nature when a sudden purge
of quite substantial gooseshitgreen
came flying out onto the scene?

Pursuit is often quite successful
but also can be rather stressful.
Precisely at the moment when
the goose decided, once again
that she was doomed this day, would lose
this battle and her gander goose,
there was an empty sound at last,
she recognised it from the past
there would be only gaseous bluff
she hadn't eaten quite enough.

But, with a bang that could be heard
by each and every Northern bird
a chocolate well filled with nuts
exploded from her inner guts.

The night before, her gander man
had hatched an urgent, special plan
he sat, in silence, and subdued
to get his lady in the mood.

And from his soft, Canadian wing
he did retrieve a gift-wrapped thing.
It was a chocolate bar from Lindt,
the foil was taken by the wind.

She swallowed it, without a thought
(and happiness had just been bought) .
But since she didn't chew the nuts
they went intact, right to her guts.

Nut pellets hit the man who lusted
to get his goose, his glasses busted,
he fell without a further sound

into the green sauce on the ground.

By now, the goose had gathered knots
and since she was no clumsy klutz
she lifted in the winter air
just missing a tall Polarbear.

She honked to let the gander know
and soon he could be seen in tow.
They left the region, flew to Rome
and made themselves a Latin home.

The man who had been knocked out cold
had turned and on the slick ice rolled
down the incline just when the bear
was looking for his season's share.
So you can see that when a gander
gets up to go and just meander
it's best to keep each female feather
out of the fickle winter weather.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cancer

It's the word
to fear,
more than
fear itself.
Much more.

Billions spent,
trillions sought,
finding
a cure.
Soon,
if you help.

Getting ever
closer,
now almost
there,
you simply must
help
to make it
come true,
for you.

Yet nineteenseventyfour
as compared
to that fair year
just passed
shows that the fear
is justified
as ever.
You see
no difference,
just trillions spent
in the pursuit
of an elusive
gaggle of
wild geese,
but far too clever
and fed by

pathetic ignorance
and human greed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Canine Clock

At six-eleven, precisely,
she wakes, first stretches,
then yawns and marches
to the back door.

To do her 'business'
out in the world
of toads and frost.
Ears shaking
new found energy,
high speed into the warmth
and back to feather covers,
on birchwood frame.
Just right for a small child.

Resuming that familiar snore,
until, much later,
when the routine of daylight
takes away the boredom.
When darkness falls
she volunteers
and snoozes soundly
until six-eleven, precisely.
I kid you not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Car Theft

Drivin' away in my automobile,
taking a corner a little too fast
chuckling loudly about the great deal
300 horses oh what a sweet blast.

Coppers are hanging on to my tail,
ought to be chasin' the crooks in town,
planting my foot, stay out of jail
what's going up surely comes down.

God gave me this Daimler Benz
ain't my corned beef if laws of the land
do not conform, I have great friends,
up there in heaven where Jesus blends

fuel made for racing, sends it to me
nothing they have will keep up the pace.
I will prevail, be homebound for tea
pigs of the world, give up your chase.

Drivin' away in my automobile
writing my laws as I want them to read,
no one but I would know how to steal
modern fast cars, it's a definite need.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cardiomegaly? Really?

Each day I wake and shuffle to
first to the switch and then the loo.
While the computer whirrs and hums
I cross my fingers and my thumbs.

But, hey, she has been there already
when I was still inside my beddie.
At lunch I'm home for just an hour
and there she is, my Fuchsia flower.

I see her everywhere, I do
up in the sky, inside the blue,
and in the water of the ocean
I don't deserve that much devotion.

Instead, I am the one who is
a man who knows the world and his
pre-destined place, no question there,
but things have changed, I may be heir

to destiny's amazing plans
for two bright souls to do a dance.
The future is a big unknown
not clear cut but not overblown,

and if you ask, I say no more
except that I, myself adore
the one who's waved at passing ships
and then came close to kiss my lips.

I kissed her back with open eyes
and felt confused and not too wise.
Then, we repeated in the dark
the kissing, and a single spark

flew like a meteor between
the twins and me, though quite unseen.
The spark ignited that which had
commenced upon a narrow pad.

So many moons back in the past,
so, did we know that it would last?
Don't give me logic or convention,
there is no need for further mention.

We both have cardiomegaly
accommodating you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Carnal

He knew the term from adolescence,
had never tasted it due to benign
but earthen scents of ripened spuds,
he savoured all once all the clouds had gone.
Black as the night she was, exotic pleas
and wore the mantle of abject delight.
There was no vanity nor pure deceit
and only carnally there would be peace.

Herbert Nehrlich

Carnivores

Flesh-eating animals
don't get fat.
They would not be able
to hunt.

Flesh-eating bacteria
do get fat.
They would eat much less
if they remained thin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Carol

Hot pokers fell into my well.
She wrote!
It's been so many moons.
She took my blood,
and analysed it all.

Those were the days,
she had the expertise,
the looks and when she said,
let's walk, we missed the frigging bus,
and walk we did, as underfoot
a thousand maple leaves,
discarded and alone,
sang out in agony of sorts,
we paid no heed, but did
for decades yet to come,
store all the music of that day
away, so sweetly far, and even further
far away.

One cannot speak of these events,
we shall not know,
what human spirits can,
in memory recall,
but in a moment when the angels sing their song
my heart could falter and will ultimately fall.

I have been raised in a cold climate of despair.
Where only science and its disciples survive.
There cannot be a smudge of love for us to share
but will you kiss me, please to keep it all alive?

Herbert Nehrlich

Carpal Tunnel

At first you note a tightness and
your grip has lost its youth.
It comes and goes, at last it stays
you ask for diagnosis.

'Oh, Carpal Tunnel', so they say
a nerve that's pinched so badly
that you will only suffer more,
unless you see the surgeon.

What they do not, but should, of course
reveal the secret treatment
for most of those who suffer so
a vitamin, so simple.

So, do you wonder why the hush
when this is so effective?
And no one seems to know the truth,
Perhaps it is the money.

Herbert Nehrlich

Castles

I felt so tired of the hassle,
that seemed to fall down from the sky.
That's why I built a lovely castle
of sand right on my beach nearby.

I took great care with all the towers,
the drawbridge opened on two ropes,
and all the front windows had flowers.
Crown Vetch was planted on the slopes.

And just in time for its completion
the clouds were promising some rain.
The castle's name was Holstein-Friesian,
after the one that looked the same.

Thus I got ready to move in,
and brushed the sand well off my feet.
I knocked against it with my shin.
What stared at me now was defeat.

My future home had simply caved
in to a minor kick.
And if I railed and if I raved
I would not save it, 'cause the nick
of time had surely passed.

So, would I build again?
I do not understand.
Why can't I build all by myself
a castle out of sand?

Herbert Nehrlich

Cat

When the storm came
and the lights went out,
my cat left.
Never to return.
I had always fed her, though.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cat Among The Pigeons

An alley cat with scruffy hair
got into the old pigeon house.
And all it wanted was its share
of pigeon meat, because a mouse
was such a bore and pretty small
variety, the spice of life
would play, exceedingly, a role
for this gray cat and for his wife.
The pigeons flew in all directions
some crashed like Kamakazi fliers
the cat cleaned up the closest section
and then returned to the home fires.
Revenge was planned by all the birds
as word got 'round about the raid
it was decided that with words
one could not sway a cat who made
these trips to be a connoisseur.
So they enlisted Mr. Eagle
who was so strong that they were sure,
that with some luck they could sweneagle
a devastating end for cats
so fifteen small birds were procured
from within ranks of ugly bats
whose parents had been well assured
that their excursion would be fun,
of course they were the Eagle's fee
when he would fly in with the sun
to maim and kill and set them free.

That's how it went, the eagle came
swooped down from lofty heights at speed
and knocked not only out his frame
but heart and lungs which cat did need

.
The end of cat was rather swift
he never did another raid
the eagle got his batty gift
and pigeons were no more afraid.
But on the Monday of that week

there was a storm, it seems, severe,
the cat's own spouse, just like a freak
killed all of them, oh dear oh dear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cataract

A gleaming scalpel in his hand
gloved left hand on the thymus gland.
He slices with extreme precision
the pupil's frontal third division.
Leaves just enough at bottom end
to later stitch it back to mend.

His handiwork has been well learned
to justify a fortune earned.
He operates by the old book,
I hand to him the Crowley Hook
with which he dives into the eye,
inverted lid, attached a sty,
and wiggles until something gives
a miracle if this one lives.

A minute, slightly more, it slips
out, onto cotton balls and drips
with yellow gel and blood-stained gristle
assistant mops, and starts to whistle.
A gentle irrigation follows
until all crud has left the hollows.

We pack the victim now in bed
surrounded by sandbags, instead
of pillows or soft covers,
because his fate now simmers, hovers
until a fortnight well has gone.
And, after that life may go on.

Note: Cataract operations as described
are no longer done in such a 'crude' manner.
Also, instead of leaving the lens crypts
empty and relying on thick glasses to replace
them, today, artificial lenses are placed in situ.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cath

When he did not return
from an errand that day,
she accepted the eyelash invitation
of the piano player
to sit on his lap.
And that was all there was to it.
She had not realized the importance
of digital dexterity
and how little the music meant to her.

Herbert Nehrlich

Catherine

She was, it must be said, proportional,
if you, my feathered friends know what I mean.
Inside her cranium though things looked distortional,
there was a brain as such, its size a pinto bean.
She suffered fickleness, inconstancy of thought
there was no logic or capacity to think,
an empty space, filled with a substance known as nought,
not even capable of grimace, smile or wink.
The diagnosis was inferior human genes,
anthropological poor standards were in place,
complete irrelevance in talk and written means,
unsound of mind and with a bland and frozen face.
Are you an imbecile a moron or perhaps
a total idiot which is possible I guess,
I may consult with learned colleagues, clever chaps,
a glaring defect in cephalic things, I guess.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cathy

She was so bloomin' young!
And blooming truly is the word.
I smelled the innocence at once,
while focusing my longing eyes
upon her milky white and dimpled skin,
the asymmetrical slight ruffles
near where the heart should be,
and ears to kiss and gobble up,
if opportunity did offer up itself.

I did not mind her passiveness,
or was it fear of fear itself,
and we were dancing on the stage
the Waltz by Johann Strauss,
you know the one, The Danube,
we moved as if it were a blues
and not a waltz. I was a bit afraid
that she would mind my slightly
sweaty hands, I did keep wiping
what Vagus squeezed through pores
perhaps in an attempt to lubricate
communication between two souls,
both shy, but one much more determined,
and just a smidgen hornier to boot.

She leaned her cheek so sweetly
into mine below the ear, I heard
those whispers that were never uttered
but inside my daylight dreams,
and then I did with terror in my heart
take the initiative and kissed her eyes.

The dance went to the early morning hours,
we left as if to say we are a pair,
her flat was on the floor above the top,
it had been added as an afterthought
and shared its space with some prized pigeons,
as well as birds who came to scrounge,
and freshly washed blue overalls and socks,

some speckled with the gray of pigeon poo.

The bed was huge and of a lattoflex design,
it did not creak which was a shock at first to me,
we settled in, ostensibly to watch the TV news
and then the Johnny Carson Show as a dessert.

It now was time, she smelled so sweet and fresh,
went off to get a large carafe of Gallo wine,
we drank with straws that hailed from the McDonalds
and giggled at the jokes of Ed McMahon.

The gods did like me on that night, they had her say
that there had been a slightly sprained left ankle,
I took the opportunity to check, massaged and loved
the ankle's fourteenhundred points and every hair.

From there it did develop, I was soon close to the knee
while all my senses had, in undivided manner
sent timely signals to my hands and feet and lips
which made me feel like a conductor for Chopin,
who was, (God thank you I will always honour you) ,
now joined by the first violin in force, playing études
and then a Schubert, on to Liszt, my head was,
swimming in a fog of pure desire, while drums went off
and one small clarinet spoke up, the grand piano then,
but way too soon for trumpets, we were just kissing,
as the reasons of convention had briefly surfaced
in her mind and not in mine. I covered every inch of skin
that night in May, and would have gladly died in bed,
with her, a goddess of my being, there were no doubts.

I felt a bit embarrassed being so advanced, my God,
she even asked how many girls I had been with,
you know, she wondered about the deftness of the fingers
and how I knew just what to do and what to say.
I had been gentle, so she said and I just nodded,
I did not have a clue of what that did entail, so with
the confidence of arrogance I was the talker, who
all night and the next week just clung to her, her ears
and all of her, she didn't seem to mind, but then it went
all so malignantly and utterly awry, it was the sign,

a certain signal from above to say good bye.

One cannot be allowed to have it all, not ever, dear.
But in that night, when Gallo Burgundy was spilled
we did indeed and she will tell you to your face,
as she revealed to me, while sharing some with me,
I'm now the Godfather to her most precious Jodie,
granddaughter who has features unrelated but so close.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cats

I do not like them, not at all.
Their feline nature drives me mad,
in Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall
our cat, named Lucy made me sad.
She had the personality
of an anointed queen,
but every day reality
showed that she was quite keen
to mingle with the common folk
and rabblrouse all night,
dead mice and birds, oh what a joke,
were waiting in daylight
on our breakfast table often
half-chewed and bloody skins to boot,
she'd munched on them to slightly soften
the insides of this yummy food.
She scratched all items in the house
and poked her claw in Rover's eye,
she would have left had not the spouse
decreed to have another try.
A training program was begun,
the two spent hours learning rules
and I came home to utter fun
of cat behaviour, we were fools.
And then one day the vet said 'sorry',
at twenty she was very old,
'I'd say this is her final story',
it left the family dead cold.

And then she died on Sunday night,
was buried near our Bunya Pine.
For weeks I didn't feel quite right,
and there she sleeps, that cat of mine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Caveman

Inside a dark and silent cave
he heard the sounds of pain,
he'd ventured far, a man so brave,
had thought it a small drain.

Without a sound small geysers spat,
the path lost all its friction,
no need to smell an ugly rat
or face post-haste eviction.

The fit was snug twixt tepid walls,
the ground now wide awake,
he'd left outside his trusted balls
in case there was a quake.

Herbert Nehrlich

Caves

There were so many,
they hung their heads
as if in shame
and swayed, unnoticed
buoyed by the staleness
of belated centuries
and, by and by they dripped
onto the rocky grounds
their semen as if it could
renew this world, its breath
and, as the devil watched,
the thorn of stalagtite
slipped with a tiny cry
into the petal gate, so moist
of what has been described
by Gods and man alike
as stalagmites, those givers of
the ambience of caves
and of its secret womb.
It was the taste of love
the force that does perpetuate
the beat of each small heart
which, in its own noblesse,
surprises even Gods.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cedar Avenue Bridge

'And would you', said the lovely maiden
in Minnesota's early hours,
where in deep snow moonlight was fading,
'come up and have a drink, your flowers
do need a vase and CPR.
No, I'm okay, I live here, 'member,
and never stray or go too far,
I LOVE the snowstorms of December
and am surprised that minus twenty,
for one not used to it like you,
has not exhausted you, there's plenty
whose lips and ears would be dark blue.
It's something to be much admired,
when, after walking here all day
that you would not be deadly tired,
you'd only want to hit the hay.'
I thought that I did like that thought
and that my prospects looked quite good,
a strange fatigue that I had fought
much earlier, I'd feared it would
come back to trip me, keep me guessing.
I trapsed around all goddamn day
to end up here, receive her blessing,
to have a drink and maybe stay!

Upstairs we went, the place was heaven,
and half the room was one big bed,
it now was quarter past eleven -
ten hours after we had met.

We had that drink, it was Jack Daniels,
it hit the spot in my insides.
My memory recalls two Spaniels
that barked next door. Where Mum resides.
We'd shed some heavy outer layers
and kicked our boots against the door,
a statue of the great Nay sayers,
of Minnetonka graced the floor.

Soft music, it was Aznavour,
the logs were mesmerising me,
ice from the porch, Jack Daniels pure,
I placed one hand upon her knee....

So, what on earth was (somehow) missing,
that tiny but so crucial step,
from idle talk to eager kissing,
if there was tide then this was ebb.

We had a studious conversation,
Kristin, it was a Nordic name,
had turned the start of my vacation
into an arctic winter game.

And soon, the bell would have its toll,
the sweetest voice one could remember,
recalled me from a leading role
in dreams of love, the Queen of Slumber
had not released her yet to me.

I briefly wondered what if any
activities had broken free,
I was quite young, had not known many
long mutual nights, with Uncle Jack.
I saw the bottle then and knew
that we had slept on that big sack,
like tired people always do.

Thus, smiling, faces bittersweet
had scrambled eggs and wrinkled bacon,
and 'wondertoast' and silverbeet,
that's what she had.
But godforsaken, and noticeable urges rose,
we did the dishes, me the drying,
outside the Mississippi froze,
when she remarked 'I would be lying
if in this room we will remain,
look at that snow, the sky is blue,
don't you agree, we'd be insane...
so would you like to see the Zoo?

Across the Cedar Bridge, then right,
about eight miles, one way it is,
and should we take my Chinese kite? '
Stood on her toes, one tiny kiss
and off we went to that damn Zoo,
another day, now minus thirty.

And yes, the bloomin sky was blue.
Kristin was happy, rather flirty,
and what a day it was, so WOW!
Arriving 'home' just after dark
I was preparing, thinking how
once past those ugly dogs that bark,
I'd stay awake for sweet erotics
another bottle of old Jack
requiring only plain robotics
and one can drink Jack on one's back.

The same routine today, with supper,
I peeled potatoes in a hurry.
We ate from fake Wisconsin Tupper,
the meal was cardboard taste plus curry.

Then we relaxed close to the bed
me thinking of the time invested.
My body felt like it was dead,
and, once again, oh MY.....you guessed it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cedric Didn'T Fly South

In Europe, all the feathered friends
get ready when the summer ends
to fly themselves to Italy,
away from winter misery.

A flock of sparrows soon were packing
their luggage for the lengthy trip,
one sparrow though was clearly lacking
the energy, he meant to skip
the annual, exhaustive flights.
He also was afraid of heights.

The tribe took to the air at dawn
but Cedric offered a big yawn,
went back into the empty nest,
convinced his choice had been the best.

Three weeks into the frosty days
young Cedric felt a strange malaise,
no matter how he fluffed each feather
he could not stand this icy weather.

Reluctantly, he waved good-bye
rose up into the freezing sky.
But, as he passed a local farm
he noted with renewed alarm
that both his wings were icing badly,
he moved them faster, trying madly
to get the circulation going.
Meanwhile his fears were quickly growing.

His efforts were to no avail,
he dropped just when a bit of hail
came from a cloud devoid of charm
and landed hard, inside a farm.

Near death he opened burning eyes
and saw, to his extreme surprise
a cow who wandered slowly by.

When she was close she dropped a pie
of mushy, brown and warm manure.
It was salvation. soft and pure.

His frozen blood thawed in a flash
and he felt fine inside this mash.
His voice returned, he sang a song,
though this, decidedly, was wrong.

A cat who happened to be near
said to herself 'What have we here? '
She dragged the sparrow from the pie
and, with great pleasure, ate the guy.

The moral, if you're up to it:
Someone who drops on you some shit
ain't by necessity your foe.
But she, who offers you a hand
may never qualify as friend.
And most importantly, if you
are to your ears in bovine poo,
keep eyes and ears and your big mouth
closed tightly, else you must fly south.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cemetery Dreams (Haiku)

When you see robbers
behind each scrawny cedar
it's paranoia.

And when you fathom
that homocysteine is
out of the bible

and that a gangster
who fooled the Royal Mounties
describes the ovens

then it is time man
to hang your head and shudder
and take your valium.

The great Houdini
or was it someone smarter
said go and wait there

He meant the Boneyard
and that we could hang out there
await our turn.

But human beings
have never grasped the meaning
of death in earnest.

We are so clingy
and will not part with honour
because of envy.

Or are we jealous
do we begrudge the living
to view our passing?

Let's lean on marble
and close our tired eyes now.
Juniper bushes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Challenge - A Sonja Limerick

A girl by the name of Sonja
asked me 'do you have them on ya'
wants to see every poem
is just dying to know 'em
she is travelling to Estonia.

Herbert Nehrlich

Challenge Response Rhymes

In the morning I saw Fred Astaire.
A bit later I went to the Fair,
they were talking about Tony Blair
how he told the old Prez they would share
how his people came over to care
in Iraq's deadly climate and glare
of the desert sun's rays that would tear
into skins and your eyes over there
but the women they don't like to bare
either faces or shapes of a pear,
and who could not display any flair.
I can't wait to return to O'Hare
it's my life that I want them to spare.
That makes 14 good lines now, mon frère.
But hold on and continue to stare,
this makes sixteen, just add the word Bear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chambre Chaleureux

Hazel or green,
I did not take
the time to ascertain
(admittedly these words
are to impress) ,
which of the two
claimed for itself
that hue
of soulfulness.

And in my dream
I touched
pale velvet,
that had
revealed itself
with pride
and heady thrill,
surrounded by
the fragrance
of the colour purple.

The touch electrified
and shook the earth
but imperceptibly,
though you looked down
from your small window
and I was left
with chestnut hair
and nothing else.

You did not speak
yet words descended
to play their music
in dissonant allegro,
you spoke the voice
of Bartok just to tell
me of requirements
to earn my place
with you

inside that
tiny
chambre chaleureux.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chance Encounter

So, come look at me,
let me breathe in your sweetness,
as I marvel at beauty that should not exist.
As you dance with me
in the wind and the weather,
I will hold both your hands.
Will this keep us together?
I will love both your eyes
and caress your sweet face,
smell your hair and then kiss it,
all this beauty of lace.
I don't know how to act
and I'm just a dumb guy.
If I just could be yours
I would never say 'Bye'.
As we dance in the wind
and the moonlight tonight,
I am not in this world,
I'm on a space flight.

All my fibres now hum,
all my senses alert.
As you hold my big drum
as you don't say a word.
I would never have dreamed
that such love could exist.
On the journey of life
I have often been kissed.
Yet it pales into naught
what my soul has been given,
first I dreamed, then I thought
and my actions were driven.
Now the moon is retreating
behind a big cloud,
he is watching this meeting
of a Pom and a Kraut.

We are breathless and flushed
but we dance even faster.

now the forest is hushed
by decree of its master.
And we hold and we tangle,
our limbs do the talking,
as we try ev'ry angle
wildly dancing - not walking.
But at last we must stop
and like children we giggle,
as we lean on each other,
as YOU do a last wiggle.
Now we look at each other,
our eyes at full lock.
And I know I would rather
stay like this, bless my luck.

Our hands are quite sweaty,
our pulses are racing,
as we cuddle quite frozen,
as we're silently facing.
And the forest is quiet,
there's really no sound.
As no man can define it
what the two of us found.

Herbert Nehrlich

Change Of Moods

The grocer usually avoids,
he does not treasure arguments.
Though yesterday he spoke,
what has, dear Sir happened to you?
You were marked down inside my book
as Groucho, someone to avoid.
Now little ladies run to get behind you
in the queue, could it be pheromones?
They say that kumquats, also watermelons
will boost and make you smell divine,
it seems to give you smiles and laughs
and have you tell good jokes,
if I were ingorant in matters of the heart
I'd say, it could be love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Changing Spots

A leopard who was fond of mice
and claimed to have no other vice
was killed by a rhinoceros,
which really wasn't a great loss
because the jungle was well filled
with leopards, so the one just killed
was left right near a shady tree
his body dead, his soul now free.

Night fell, the moon looked at the spots
that fade as now the carcass rots
when, in the shadow of the tree
the other animals could see
that even though the beast was dead
he seemed to nod his ugly head.

And then, his body seemed to stir
some thought they heard a leopard's purr.
Giraffe said 'this cannot be true',
(he had escaped from Capetown Zoo)
and, soon, the jungle's real king
pronounced that there was no such thing
as leopards playing resurrection
it surely must be the reflection
of moon and other magic forces.

The elephant said 'hold your horses',
and two hyenas who had come
to have a meal felt pretty dumb.
They hadn't eaten in a week
and now, that things looked pretty bleak
they looked around for mice or rats
and succulicious jungle bats.

All mice, though, from the underground
were hidden and could not be found
they ate it up, oh what a feast
inside the dead but moving beast.

All learned that when a leopard rots
it can and will change all its spots.
The moon put on his wily grin
said 'one must get beneath the skin
to change the ways of any beast
sometimes this brings about a feast
but that is truly Nature's way! '
And that was all he had to say.

Herbert Nehrlich

Charity

A God, in a position to do so
has offered something
quite attractive and desirable.
It turns out to be free
and has no strings attached.
So, I declined.
I may bestow -
but never welcome
CHARITY.

Herbert Nehrlich

Charity's Pocket

He reached deep inside
because here was a human
destitute and close to death.
Sadly, his hand returned empty,
he had not been able to spare
without causing inconvenience,
and possible hardship
onto himself.
And he was, after all,
not her keeper, that was the job
that God had signed up for.
And where was God, by the way?

Herbert Nehrlich

Chase

There once was a student named Chase.
He could never diminish his pace.
As an athlete he aimed
to be winning, not framed
so he made it at last to first place.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chase On New Year's Eve

The snow had started at noon.
It was New Year's Eve again,
another year down the drain.
My new toy, metallic blue, ABS,
all the fruit, the salesman said,
was ready and waiting inside
the warm garage, halogen eyes shut.
Power everything, 401 V-8,
full time four wheel drive, a Jeep.
Frigging holidays, always seem to
foul up the mood in this house,
another storm coming tonight,
and I don't mean to talk about snow.
Leave her to the damn dishes,
Gallo Hearty Burgundy, Wild Turkey,
an interesting mix, but nothing novel,
and one more word from the kitchen,
who needs this, today, of all days.
The V-8 rumbles sweetly, promising all,
this is the USA, shopping centre open,
snow plow en route, life as usual, yeah.
Flasher dead ahead, ah, the local yokel,
has nabbed himself a snow-speeder, Ford,
F-250, but a 360 lame duck blue motor,
passing him is a little bit like crying, they say,
the mother drops his book and takes up
instantly and with obvious urgency now,
the pursuit of happiness, which is what I feel
warmed inside and a trifle of adrenalin in tow,
I step on it, Quadratrac, we must be victorious,
no use having the newspaper headline tomorrow,
no medical emergency to invent, no excuses,
six halogen lights leading the charge, ice, snow,
a secondary road seems to be the thing tonight,
yes he has fallen way back, dim lights, sliding.
Seems that neither of us made it for midnight
that fateful night, the chase went on and on,
advantage being with the gods and me, yeah.
In the end, it was the local copper, he was something,

never to be believed, but a gentleman with a big heart.
Nothing ever came of it, the plates were forgotten,
he had lost the game in a somewhat fair manner,
and New Year's Day was a new leaf, a new beginning.
Not to be sullied by a mess carried over from the past.
I did, some ten years later, get to shake his hand,
he'd known all along, but they did not have, in those days
a quota. You see, it was the old days, the world was still,
in some weird and wonderful way, perfect enough, yeah.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chastity

The priest who now in silence knelt
a man of God, not of the Welt,
became aware he had been dealt
a blow below his holy belt.
For years he had -in secret- felt
that Chastity was just a belt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cheap Wine

You said that life is pretty short
and that we should not think
that we are people of a sort
who save and rather drink
the cheapest wine under the sun.
Then, when I came to visit you,
you poisoned me, why did you Hon?
You fed me tasty Hemlock brew.
And did you kill me for the reason
that you could spend that gold of mine?
And drink the best dropp of the season
and send me where the sun don't shine?

Herbert Nehrlich

Checking Out

They fished him out at noon,
seagrass was draped and dragged
behind, like angel hair, though green,
lifelessness all dressed in Sunday suit,
the firemen and cops were busy fretting,
and filling in the gaps in giant notebooks.

A life was lost again, reasons unknown,
the cost to the community was small,
the firemen were volunteers, the cops,
though on a Sunday here, were all on salary,
the spectators, they always come for free,
and all his bills, they later learned, had been,
the day before, on time and fully paid.
He'd sent a payment voucher to the masons,
'all granite, with a marble top, indented,
for flowers, and the lettering in green',
because he had been an environmentalist.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cheeky

She was my favourite cousin,
barely ten,
and sleeping over.

I could not rest that night
and paced the hallway.

The door was there
so sudden,
like a welcome apparition.

And well-oiled hinges
let me have a peek
at little Gina's
moonlit other cheek.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cheers 'N Such

The bloomin train from town was late,
a Chevy launched a puddle at my coat,
that day I was in love with genuine hate
the world seemed to revolve by sheer remote.

What is the use, said Barry (guy at work) ,
and popped a bunch of pills, to lift the mood,
he's always been an item and a jerk,
and liked to see his workers in the nude.

The world needs serotonin, we must have a boost
he liked his prozac pills, had dumped his holy book
Big Pharma had been picked to rule the roost
restored his sanity and got him off the hook.

I went to lunch at nine, to get a Reuben triple,
a shot of Jack washed down by Heineken, (it's Dutch) ,
I do prefer the great expression tipple
it keeps me focused and insane but not by much.

Came out from Harry's with a stagger in my smile,
work piling up and who, I ask, would give a hoot
up to the boss to put a damper on his bile
I have a job to do, a real horn to toot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chelsea

It is a small challenge to rhyme
your undoubtedly pretty first name
I would give you a rather clean dime
in an effort to share with you fame.

But as much as I searched through my files
I could never discover a word
that could cover the well-travelled miles
and would give me the word I'd not heard.

Yet, you must have a middle name
if you send it to me I will see
that I'll add to your personal fame
through a poem to you from me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chelsea Marie

Well it's Chelsea Marie
so how could it be
that I found not a word
like a featherless bird
I was searching my brain
but it all was in vain.

If you go to the zoo
I would wear the right shoe
on the left and the right
and I know you are bright.

So say Hi to the monkeys,
and the zebras and donkeys
and when home in your bed
think what Socrates said
to be you and be free
it's what you want to be.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chemistry Lab

Pilshoffer was the name
of our old teacher,
'twas chemistry that made him
what he was and clung to.
Made up of strictly chemicals,
like atoms, molecules
and many, as yet unknown
exotic particles.

The place one would expect
to find his soul had been
completely taken over
by aromatic clusters
of blue aldehydes.
He needed no botox,
as all expression had been
deep-frozen so long ago.

And in his smelly, fizzy,
gurgly, bubbly, yet so punctual life
he smiled just once.
It was just moments
prior to the great event,
when this obedient student
blew up the Lab of Chemistry,
but hadn't meant to, really.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chère Emilie

Could management please have a peek
at poemhunters page this week.

It seems there is a naked man
with features of an 'also ran'
who humps a sheep or Nubian goat
right where we poets place our vote.

So up and down he goes and grins
I say we do have plenty sins
without these foreign fornicators
and need perhaps some good debaters
but not a bearded man of sleaze
so let us have a clean page please.
No goat or lamb or ugly mutton
is welcome but the Farting Button.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chernobyl Volunteers

The Kommissariat decreed
that someone volunteer
to call for volunteers.
Chernobyl was a mess
and messes did not happen
inside the Soviet Union.

So, in due course they came,
with shovels, picks and spades.
Olive green shirts and boots
of imitation leather, black.

They worked their shifts,
all for the Fatherland,
or, as they called it, Mother Russia.

The Kommisar congratulated,
on Saturday, the gang of twenty-five.
He also demonstrated the new mask,
the one the Kremlin had procured
for those who led the people.

A document had been prepared,
a couple dozen times plus one.
It stated 'Hero Of The Soviet Union',
so many shaky fingers folded up
the papers as they had to now recline
and rest their weary, radioactive bones
until the strength would once again return.

The papers were enclosed inside
the hemlock coffins, the next day.
They had the names imprinted,
thus could not be used again
for those who waited at the gates.
The happy volunteers, for Mother Russia.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cherokee Traditions

A very wise, and old tradition
passed on through many generations
concerns the rules of going fishing
in all the lands, of all the nations

be not to take all you can get,
let little ones go out and grow,
and do not use a fishing net
attached behind your boat to tow.

Since Nature knows how to provide
for all her people and her critters,
you must go hunting far and wide,
and of the wild beasts' springtime litters

you may take one, perhaps a pig,
raise him at home to feed the tribe.
Always think small and don't act big
and only rarely do imbibe,

as white man's water, mixed with fire
can rob you of your heart and soul,
convert you into a big liar
and take away from you your role.

If there is one way that we measure
all man and beast by (ancient rules) ,
that word is HONOUR, and a treasure
and those who have it are no fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cherries

I see them now, red ruby and engorged,
would there be any way to have a taste.
God made infinity, He planned and forged
He saw a temple of the law of waste.

A taste of ruby red, I've lived too long,
tastebuds are truly dead
I have your song.
Please say HELLO to Fred,

I bid good night to you,
I shall withdraw,
please keep your flying crew
inside my bra.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cherryblossoms

I told the world about my past,
that I hailed from the old and dusty,
and after many steps, at last
I could discard my filthy, musty
rags for the riches I desired
and find this emperor's new clothes
that I had spotted and admired
all those except the pantyhose.
Have carried excess, heavy cases,
with remnants that were once quite dear,
and managed to escape those chases
that are designed to bring us fear.

Back for a visit to remember
what age forgets and youth ignores,
I could not wait until September
to see what on our distant shores
does not exist, one must construct
an image of that day in Spring,
when blossoms, starting to erupt
caress each other, smile and sing,
thus I am here to reminisce,
to take for granted that those times
when Springtime meant a borrowed kiss,
that was payed back in awkward rhymes,
that all is well and nothing's died
we are all waiting for each other.
Time has stood still, unlike the tide
but has not spared my aging mother.

I well remember all of you,
you skinny little long haired birds,
I watched them daily, as they grew
and found those soft, persuasive words.
Oh if those trees who watched our hikes
could speak of lame pathetic moves,
and in exchange for shade, the likes
of which we badly sought, it proves,
that we desired to have cover

from prying eyes and pointed ears.
Though none of us could be a lover,
we had too many inner fears
about this whole confusing age,
So all we did was talk and look.
Also at times we would engage,
one at a time, with a new book,
that way one might come right across
a scene where kissing was portrayed,
and we would lean back on the moss
so full of hope and yet afraid.

My mind has etched that day in June
when we had wandered through the hills.
The sun was perfect and the moon
could be observed among the frills
of cirrus clouds, politely waiting
for fragrant dreams to rise to heaven,
when both of us, forever dating
came to the orchard number seven,
twohundredthousand trees in all,
the sandy soil was food for cherries,
the fruit was juicy, trees grew tall.
But harvest was not 'til September
when guards and dogs patrolled through here,
how clearly I do still remember
those times when we were high on fear
up near the stars and stealing boldly
all eyes alert for men with sticks,
who, not afraid to beat us coldly
and call us rotten little pricks.
That day the fragrance made us woozy,
while holding hands we made our way,
that is, my precious girl named Susie
up to the giant pile of hay.
And rested on that pleasant bedding
and talked and dreamed and snuggled close,
she raved about her sister's wedding
while I was hoping that a rose
would help my stalemate to collapse.
The problem was that none of those
could grow within these mountain gaps.

So with my cleverness and wit
I gathered from those lovely trees
climbed to the top, I was quite fit,
a thousand blossoms in the breeze
and took them to my resting beauty,
whose upper button of her shirt
had opened up a glance at cutie
forbidden fruit, oh what a flirt!
My path was clear, I stuck those flowers
into the attic of her dipples,
and then we lay there for two hours,
she dreaming, I was thinking nipples.
Then we went home, in time for dinner
a hasty brush of lips on cheeks,
and that whole day I felt a winner
and told myself that he who seeks
will get rewarded in the end.
That shyness has no place with females,
today, of course, I'd gladly send
her ninety-nine strategic e-mails
just paving future roads to take
but then I was content to dream
about this lovely sweetcreamcake.
I think my love was not full steam.

So, thirty years have added rings
to cherry trees and pretty things
I did succeed to get her YES
to roam the orchards, oh God bless
the night before I climbed those hills
and never mind late evening chills
and placed my ninety-nine sweet petals
right near the hay where she would settle
so nicely wrapped with ivy green
would she remember once she's seen
this sign from God from ancient times
and should I make some special rhymes
for the occasion so romantic
on these cold shores near the Atlantic?

The afternoon was full of fragrance,
we felt a bit like straying spouses

and walked at first like Eastern vagrants
until we'd passed the last of houses.
Came to the orchard, and the pile
of fresh made hay among the trees,
and rested there a little while,
surrounded by some nosy bees
we could not stay, the threat was real,
so wandered off without the treasure
had boysenberries for a meal
and did enjoy this special pleasure
of our childhood resurrected,
and shared with lovely memories.

This Sunday walk, it has affected
us deeply, and those pesky bees
who had prevented the detection
by her of my erotic bribe
were sent, I say, upon reflection
not for a nasty diatribe
or fingerpointing for prevention
but simply to remind us two
that we subscribed to the convention
that brought us Cinderella's shoe.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cheyne Stokes For Ordinary Folks

She rested still, her rattling breath
a sentry for impending death,
awakens those who share her room
still fearful of their private doom.

The nurse had ventured out and in
her cheeks in a sardonic grin.

'You all must die some day, you hear?
But do not fret and do not fear,
as long as I preside and rule
you may just lay your bits of stool
inside the pan (but do not spill) ,
and read your bible if you will,
the rattle you experience
means in a real, mortal sense
that Mrs. B. your mate and neighbour
is in the tunnel, not in labour,
Cheyne Stokes I call it, it derives
from final twitches, bronchial hives,
the body shuts its systems down,
the heart is saddened, wears a frown.
Both kidneys stop the flow of pee
oh, have a look now, as you see
saliva dribbles down her chin
now SHE wears the sardonic grin,
I urge you though, please do not speak,
the dying can, though very weak,
hear all the words and phrases said
until you're well and truly dead.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Child

It is I, Cantadora,
creator of dreams
for the feeble of mind
and the pressure at seams
that will leave you behind.
In the Kingdom of Bora
every dream makes us wild.
In the fauna and flora
wanders only one child.

Herbert Nehrlich

Childhood (By Rilke) Translation

It would be good to reminisce
of all that's lost from childhood afternoons,
can they return to me, I miss
those endless hours that are now in ruins.

It does return now, gently, still
perhaps in all the drops of a warm rain
yet we've forgotten what it will
remind us now of riches and no bane
of seeing and just living without care
like creatures yet as humans with no fear
and filled up to the locks of children's hair
a figure of a Thing, it would appear.

The shepherd's loneliness then, in the end
weighed down with endless distances today
and called as if ordained, touched by a friend
a lengthy thread of images, astray
in which it is no use simply to dwell
there is no memory for us to know
and to a stranger, childhood thoughts will tell
of afternoons, where life itself was slow.

Written 1906 in Paris

My version of a translation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Childhood Lessons

Is filth the same as trash?
Asked little Speedy Zales.
No, trash is what you mash
filth has its own morales.
So boy you need to know
if you smell filth nearby
say loud and clearly No
and never ask them Why.
Some people are disgusting
so stay away from those
and never be too trusting
rely on your own nose.
See, filth live off cacatum
while good ones drink good wine
God has their ultimatum
he always gets the swine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Children Of Poetry

It is a bit like having foster parents,
you think they give a damn, because they really care.
Then comes the crunch, you look up from your pillow
and find they're busy with some other pressing matters.

It leaves a hollow feeling, why did they apply
to have new members come into the family?
To close their ears when children cry their bitter tears
and let the bogeyman come to the bedroom window.

So, Foster children must pack up and leave,
perhaps it's best to steal away in night air's silence,
all in the knowledge that they are alone in grief
and say good-bye, to be forgotten in no time.

I have two dogs at home and 8 intriguing birds,
they are our children and we feed and keep them comfy,
marauding cats or other evil gets evicted
yet other places have their own rules to obey.

So when the children have no choice but to escape
to find a world that caters well to their small needs
they hear the laughter of some others like an echo
it follows loudly like the sound of empty skulls.

And as a wise man once remarked about us humans
we have two souls inside our grossly swollen chest
the one to fear is named quite fittingly Miss Envy
there are so many with that name who stand and watch.

It is a pity what we tolerate for others
should evil fall upon thy neighbour, close the door
we know that Judgment Day is still so far away
that's why the cat has nine and we get only one.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chimney Fire

Only forty more sleeps
and then Santa will come
with the bells and the beeps
and the presents for some.

Only good kids will get
what all good kids have earned
so there's no need to fret
where our tribe is concerned.

Now the stockings are swaying
near the chimney's old brick
and the snowflakes are playing
all in honour of Nick.

It is bedtime and after
but all riled are the boys
we can hear their sweet laughter
as they think about toys.

They've turned on in a hurry
their CB radios
will they work in the flurry
of the blizzard, who knows?

They were talking on air
to a deep and stern voice
and with all-knowing flair
over loud static noise,

were discussing details
as to when the big shipment
with the things it entails
thanks to proper equipment,

would arrive then to fill
all the stockings at last
when the room became still,
and young Greg yelled it fast:

' Hold your reindeers, St. Nick
when you get here and use
it is equally quick
the front door, do not choose

our old chimney today
you will burn in the flames
and our stockings will sway
with no toys and no games.'

Now you know the tradition
of the stockings still works
and each year it's his mission
to stop by at those jerks

who with timber and coal
light their Christmas Eve fire
from the distant North Pole
comes the man we admire,

and he slides with Ho Ho
down the chimney to bring
all the goodies we know
and his praises we sing.

But the sound Ho Ho Ho
is a real good answer
it's an arctic air blow
as suggested by Prancer.

And no fire keeps going
to prevent bringing gifts
it is cold out and snowing
and they fly over drifts.

Merry Christmas to Santa
and to all living things
from the Pole to Atlanta
and for paupers and kings.

Chincherinchee

She'd always hated sticky things,
refused in kindergarten peanut paste,
that's what they called it then,
no jelly passed her lips, no sweets.
The boy who asked her to the prom was black,
he'd swing his hips as only blacks can do,
his hands were soft and full of grace,
they rested on her bum throughout the night,
and when he dropped her at her parents' place
they stood and kissed, him leaning on the bell.
The intercom transmitted every sound, each breath.
Dad's voice came down like thunder, threatening death,
they parted limbs and lips and their sweet company,
and she was happy for the sticky chincherinchee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chiro Duck

Four days to Christmas, eyes aglow
yet I remember some years back.
We owned a duck, as white as snow
he had a lengthy, ropy neck.
Was called the chiropractic bird
and had respect due to his shape.
That Christmas he had overheard
that at his neck's extended nape
we'd planned to make a clean-through cut
for turkeys were not our taste
he saw himself in our pot
a-roasting slowly, catching baste.
Two days before the guillotine
when splitting wood for winter heating
he waddled by in glossy sheen
his feathered suit for formal meetings
and all the children said how mean
to eat this little friend for dinner
that we were lying, also cheating
he who pretends must be a sinner.
So guiltily we played his game
he'd fetch the morsels of white bread
but wholegrain wasn't quite the same
and by tomorrow he'd be dead.
His eyes did have a certain sadness
my daughter cried and hers did too,
so I decided that this madness
would have to stop and I would do
a quick trip down to butcher Pappy
to see about a different species.
That made the kids so very happy
I turned and stepped in green duck faeces.
So, start the Jeep and in reverse
the stores are'nt waiting just for me,
when loudly, plaintively, a curse
comes to my ears, oh goodness me!
Yes the impossible came true,
the long-necked duck had tried to hide,
or maybe aimed to hitch a ride

the wheel had in old Newton's fashion
shown little mercy in its mashing
of feathers, flesh and feet and skin
not recognizable by kin,
but yet he tumbled still around,
his head was dragging on the ground
strange nervous function had beset him
I cursed the day I had first met him.
The axe was handy, me the oldest
I certainly was not the boldest
to put an end to misery
I chopped his neck and set him free.
I almost cried at such unfairness
and for the children's full awareness
the silence stunned for many hours
we buried him, complete with flowers.

That Christmas we ate many salads,
and veggies, pumpkin, apple pie
I should not write these tragic ballads;
something inside me wants to cry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chirp

She was back at her home called a nest
just to stretch and to snooze and to rest.
But a voice from below
(from a cranky old crow)
said, no bluebird can beat their own chest.

So our bluebird, both delicious and smart
as a bird a bright picture of art,
chirped a song in her tree
that brought great harmony
to the forest and calmed down her heart.

Sing a song, said the owl to the others
let us honour all women and mothers,
let us sing her to sleep
and forever we'll keep
our bluebird for us and our brothers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Choice

Inside the grotto is my place
while kissing her angelic face.
May God trap all the blood to spare
inside the swollen vessels there.
I say I'll take my priapism
before I vote for communism.
The former may last one whole night
where warmth and moisture is just right
the latter is for all the masses
I only love ONE of the asses.

Herbert Nehrlich

Choir

She felt his hand,
the hand that had
the previous night
caressed that wife,
who, undeserving, smiles
and wallows in her lust.
It is the bloody money,
needless to say,
the bitch is cold as stone
I see her eyes, ice-blue
dead cinders, fuzzy strands
of useless gristle,
no flames, nor spark
just greed, opaque and still,
and here I am, the one who must
but cannot stay,
whom he called Honey
makes demands
a jolly whistle
transcends the dark
the telephone - 'it is for you, '
'oh, yes I will,
would give my life
would wait for you,
is this your hand
'oh, please, no light, '
I shall be sad
and then go mad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cholesterol - Friend Or Foe?

Raynette did ask about the stuff
it's called CHOLESTEROL,
we seldom really get enough
all else is hyperbole.

The people with the highest score
they live by far the longest
and at the risk that I will bore
those who believe the strongest

that this strange waxy substance would
do damage to ourselves
but ask yourself just why it should,
read books on lofty shelves.

The theory was one big horse,
the biggest of them all
it died a death without remorse
the lie was just too tall.

The reason that they flog it still
is due to simple greed,
as doctors their prescriptions fill
to help the ones in need,

they know, of course, that Lipitor
brings in great tons of dough
its mother is a Pharma Whore
that's what you ought to know.

So eat, to your own heart's content
your butter, eggs, fat meat
don't let them scare you with a stent
or what befell old Pete.

What makes the people's hearts give out
is all the man-made junk,
ask me what this is all about
it's nothing less than bunk.

The arteries do not get plugged
by eating lard and eggs,
your average doctor simply shrugs
but lies do have short legs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chooks

I am reminded of the flock of Leghorn chooks,
they were so ugly and they laid each day an egg.

Rhode Island Reds were more my style, go check the books...
...I'd want my hand go very slowly up your leg.
Please stay with me, my love, I need your impish smile,
it may well be that it is destiny that rang,

I have those flashes, how I catch you in the aisle,
would you allow me, once again? Don't mind the bang.

Herbert Nehrlich

Choosing

While looking around for a hero
something close to the number primero,
I found Mother Teresa
and the great Mona Lisa.
In the end I chose Robert DeNiro.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chosen? **

I dreamed
that I was chosen
to prepare
for cruel tasks
in daylights shimmer
to succeed.

The ghosts
in the deep waves
they duly screamed,
but missed the glimmer
of the crap we
then appealed.

He was a lawyer
he had studied volume nine,
but was quite ignorant
drank wheaten beer, not wine,
and when she came
across the bitumen
as such,
he took her hand
and (as a first)
he craved her touch.

Herbert Nehrlich

Christmas - A Bit Of History

The Fatherland, that's where it all began.
A Christmas Market held in 1434.
The town of Dresden, needless to say,
where candles, toys and sweets
and later gingerbreads and roasted almonds,
delicious chestnuts and regional specialties
the custom spread throughout the land,
downhill along the path called the Romantic Road.

And soon it had infected Austria and Switzerland,
and France and Italy, and Denmark, Hungary,
the English could not hold back their embrace,
and then the storm went east to settle in the Baltic,
and all of Eastern Europe, but wait, I need to tell:

'Twas Dr. Martin Luther who, while walking
through the forest in the dark just before Christmas,
he thought it would be festive and could make
a new tradition honouring the Lord. He asked to have
a thousand candles placed upon the trees, to light
and to replace the moon who was right then
taking a nap to gather strength to face the season.
The year was fifteen-ten, and folks became excited,
the first authentic Christmas Tree was born, at last.

Herbert Nehrlich

Christmas Bound

The season now is truly finished
and all our funds are well diminished.
I know a trick of how to be
by Easter, thinner and debt free.

Stop eating, use the fat that's stored,
the calories you ate while bored
and those that came inside a glass,
just have a look at your fat ass!

So, now you fast for forty days
and then commence another phase
when celery and lettuce greens
will be your new survival means.

You save a bundle on the food
(though it may modify your mood) ,
and with the dough that you don't spend
you pay the banker, in the end.

Debt free you get some hot-cross buns
and Easter ham, there's tons and tons.
Adipocytes fill up again
dress size awhile ago was ten.

But listen, chub, you have the time
to make amends, undo the crime.
Start counting days from Easter eh?
And dollars saved from all that pay.

So eat, make merry 'til July
then stop the chips, the beer and pie.
And when the season comes around
you're free of debt and Christmas bound.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chubby

Would you do me up dear, please?
Pull a little harder, they still growin'
Funny you should say this, they are not,
lard accumulates beneath a woman's skin
good thing though, otherwise they'd droop
and interfere with waistband and below,
I say it is the Lindt you have each day
and after dinner mints, but hey
I'm not the one to scold you, chubbygirl
the Atkins Diet, you could give it a whirl.

Herbert Nehrlich

Chuck'Nut Drive

I, too regret the very day
they came, unbidden
with sound and lights
the fright of well-fed pets
in what is known simply
as Chuck'nut Drive.

It's where the cream retire,
payback, now called reward
for years of bumbling toil,
the art of quackery itself,
known to a few, of privilege
as watching out for God,
robbing apothecary bins
and practicing sly dyskinesia
to wealthy clowns and fools,
and call it esperance,
wearing the mask of Galilee.

I had, so many nights ago,
through journeys for the rich
to promised lands and seas,
lost what I found that vulgar day
when they placed cap and gown
upon a disbelieving lad.

Unlike the gray valise in Rome,
you never did return to me,
though well insured, it was not you;
deceived they were, the same as I.

I knew that Jack would be a mighty thorn
inside your baggy eyes, I knew.
Yet something deep inside, I swear
was well aware and kind for all these years,
it was my guide in a heroic quest,
an exercise in holy loyalty to you,
to find you there, inside the sturdy wall,
the hourglass, where shade was dark

supplied by paper squared in symmetry,
designed by Daniels' Jack, the gentleman
and tasted for the cream, now obsolete.

I never found you, love of younger days,
inside that sanctuary of silent myths,
though no one can accuse me of adultery,
I longed for you, and once I tasted you,
only to lose the scent when all was clear
as my command was a resumption of the curse.

Endless and lonely days, extended heavily,
without much fruitful thought into those nights,
when lights of one or two tall ships with sails,
reflected from the cliffs of Chuck'nut Bay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Church Business

A preacher named Adrian Finn
had considered that living in sin
with a nubile young maid
who'd ensure he'd get laid
would bestow a perpetual grin.

An enraged and surprised congregation,
after thorough consideration,
voted twenty to one
that he'd live with a nun
who would practice, each day, flagellation.

Said the elders 'A priest must abstain',
lest the practice would render insane
all the good in his head
through the deeds of the bed.
He agreed since God's rules were quite plain.

Thus the nun took up residence soon
she would sing, sometimes whistle, a tune.
A seduction took place
when she sat on his face,
she was under the spell of the Moon.

It was night and he knew it was wrong,
but the urge to be carnal was strong.
Like old Jefferson Bill
he did savour the spill,
was it sex without using your schlong?

He could probably claim that he had
been a party to some kind of fad.
Thus it wouldn't be sin
if he hadn't been in
he was livid, still rigid, but glad.

Said the nun 'will you now be my master,
we have entered the zone of disaster,
if you hurry inside

we shall go for a ride,
and the ride will go faster and faster.'

As he still was a trifle dismayed,
she took action and soon got him laid.
At first light (which is Dawn)
he went out to the lawn
and he preached that they'd REALLY prayed.

After thirty-six weeks they could tell
that the nun who was Sister Adelle,
had dropped weight overnight
and they thought that she might
be in trouble and really unwell.

But the preacher came up with a fable,
they'd received from Morocco a cable,
and had taken the option
of a hurried adoption
then she showed them the boy, on a table.

Herbert Nehrlich

Church Matters

The vicar had as it was writ
denounced the devil, in a fit.
The one who tempts all mice and men
picked on a preacher now and then.

He had, in steaming summer weather
sent him a barmaid (name was Heather) .
She bore a Bardolino flagon
(the vicar had been on the wagon) .

He did resist, at first through prayer
but when she lifted the first layer
of petticoat and under-ruffles
he did go after her sweet truffles.

And while the orgy was in motion
the devil, full of hot devotion,
snatched quickly, with a fleeting frown
a pettycoat and vicar's gown.

God watched with anger and disdain
and sent, to punish her, a pain
into the depth of loins afire.
She whispered, 'now you've hurt me, Sire.'

And so you know what it all means.
When youngsters in their early teens
experiment above the knee
the 'ouch' is spelled virginity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ciborium?

CIBORIUM?

We have here an EMPORIUM,
it sports an AUDITORIUM,
though not a SANITORIUM,
much less a CREMATORIUM.
They called a MORATORIUM
in building a SENSORIUM,
Glory be in MEMORIAM.
Looking for NATATORIUM.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cinderella And The Dog

Cinderella and her dog
sat at home on the old log.
Sisters had gone to the dance
homely ones did have no chance.

Said the dog 'my Cinderella,
may I be this evening's fella,
we could wash and dress with care
and could make a handsome pair.'

She had raised her bushy brow,
asked the clever dog just how
they would get into the castle
while avoiding a big hassle.

'You are nothing but a mutt,
always scratching your big butt,
full of craziness and fleas
barely reach up to my knees.'

Dog had motives quite ulterior,
said 'I'm not at all inferior,
every dog, on the inside
hides a man beneath his hide.

All it needs is one French Kiss,
which in turn produces bliss,
makes me into your own prince
(turns away and quickly grins) ,

Bravely Cinderella acts,
knowing only half the facts.
Kisses him for one whole hour
to release that magic power.

But no miracle breaks free,
dog lifts leg now, just to pee,
doesn't seem the least surprised,
she has still not realised

that the dog has pulled her leg.
So she now begins to beg:
'I will kiss you one more time,
please come out, man in your prime.

Let me tell you that your breath
is far worse than Father Death.'
So, they kiss again and linger
as the Emperor's own singer

happens to be wand'ring by,
carrying a rhubarb pie.
'Sir', pleads pretty Cinderella,
you, the singer Pico Bella,

can you give us some advice? '
Pico says 'You have nice eyes,
but a mutt will stay a mutt,
into man a mutt cannot

metamorph through simple kissing,
since he has genetics missing.'
Well, she turned now to the critter,
hot, enraged and really bitter,

'How could YOU, a lowly dog
who sleeps in a hollow log
trick me into kissing French
with your halitosis stench? '

'Look', he answered, 'truly sorry,
first, I had to have a story,
all my life I've not been kissed,
but I am a journalist.

Hired by the King's own wife,
never gotten into strife.
Learned that one can grab a chance
if the lady likes to dance.'

Circus Logic (Re-Post)

A Chinaman, who, new in town
was working as a circus clown.
One day he saw on the trapeze
a muscled woman named Louise.

To show her that he was no coward
he called his colleague, (name was Howard)
and told him that he'd climb the rope
that courage would bestow some hope.

And so he climbed until he stood
next to Louise. He said he would
now be an artist of the air
to which she answered 'I don't care,

you are an ugly little clown
so get your boring body down! '
As you can guess, her words had shattered
all his brave thoughts, the hope that mattered

and in the blink of a clown's eye
he whispered quickly his good bye.
Jumped off the swing headfirst and fell
into the cage of Annabelle.

This creature was, please do not laugh,
a rather tall and pink Giraffe.
He wrapped his arms around her neck
and slid, while thinking 'what the heck? '

down to the animal's soft skin,
then landed with a silly grin
inside the hamper stuffed with hay.
To his surprise he was okay.

Meanwhile, Louise (who couldn't care) ,
had craned her neck, begun to stare,
she lost her balance then and dropped
until she was, quite roughly, stopped

by Ben, the Hippo's giant jaws.
There first was silence, then a pause
as all the folks expected worse
and someone yelled a heartfelt curse.

The Hippo, having left adventures
back in the jungle, now wore dentures.
He would have liked to eat Louise
but, with arthritis in his knees

and utterly disgusting bunions
he now preferred sautéed green onions.
And, being gentle at his age
he bowed toward the silent stage

and set Louise down on the ground
right in the soft and steaming mound
of Hippo droppings where she stayed
her face a mess, her mind dismayed.

The clown had learned a lesson here:
Rejected love defeats your fear
but choose, before your very end
giraffe or hippo as your friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cirrhosis

A life on the fermented stuff
and married to a viper,
the verdict comes, and it is tough
you need to pay the piper.

It was not in you to abstain,
you wanted the escape.
Your mind went gradually insane,
your body lost its shape.

You had him over, your old mate,
the one with Asbestosis.
You sank into an altered state
and died from your cirrhosis.

Herbert Nehrlich

Civil Tongue

Is there a civil servant who was sent
into the masses of the common folks,
aiming official powers at the Discontent
or have we all been victims, once again, of jokes?

The relevance of words, such as 'to serve',
has faded to oblivion years ago.
No longer does exist the righteous nerve,
word in the street today is to eat crow.

Strange things have happened, ringing in defeat,
some say that we are seeing future trends,
no longer are there neighbours in our street,
there is an empty silence and no friends.

I do not really pay attention to the rationale,
they say that evil forces grow from simple greed.
As I'm resigned to see myself as my exclusive pal
suppose it is the lack of intellect, oh yes, indeed!

Herbert Nehrlich

Cj's Misunderstanding

I was dreaming of getting a peck
on the cheek from a poet named Heck.
She had seen one of mine
thought it was like fine wine
but she missed and kissed only my neck.

Then she woke to discover those ones
just enough for duodenal runs.
And a mean spirit said
it was Herbert who had
placed the numbers, as one of the Huns.

Then the fairy came to her at night
with a silken chiffon, what a sight.
And she told her that he
would forever be free
like a free-flying spirited kite.

And a spirited kite would admire
CJ's poems like cavemen the fire.
He would soon be in awe
by the writings he saw
let us hope she will never retire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Class Distinction

I'm not sure but I really suppose
that the facts are, well, dammit who knows
just a mix of small lies
but I'll shun the small fries
yet a tiny one prospers and grows.

Said an ugly and shit-covered fly,
I am flying so high in the sky
that the odour is scant
to the average ant
you may call me the fly on the sly.

You the people know (Jeezus) so little
hence no chance for an early acquittal,
as today we campaign
we shall hide our disdain
all you have is a few drops of spittle.

We are born to be rulers of fools
use a whip on the oxen and mules.
We don't care about you
this is utterly true,
it's the Have-Not who whinges and drools.

To the end of the world, the hereafter,
we look up where you hang on a rafter.
So what did you expect
from a group so select,
you will swing to the sound of our laughter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Class Dummy

Did you hear of the dummy who cried
when the others went on their joy ride
they had counted to ten
and to do it again
there was 'one' who ran quickly to hide.

He had bothered the friendly old teacher
when he showed them a simple math feature
though his mind could not grasp
and the pupils all gasped
so they called him an ignorant creature.

Herbert Nehrlich

Class Excursion

It was the last and final day of their school year,
the atmosphere quite festive and excited.
And Christmas carols lullabied the ear,
when Mr. Gallus from his rooms alighted.
He was their teacher, into mostly Math,
wore horn-rimmed glasses and maroon bow tie.
A lisp, and in his music class said bath for bass,
but his authority and power made the pupils shy.
Today was field excursion and the 50 students,
had earlier prepared their knapsacks well.
Their mothers had then mentioned things like prudence.
Oscar was the student dressed like Wilhelm Tell.
Off they went by bus to Kruger Park,
and the teacher talked so he could teach.
'We will stay there until shortly after dark,
that will bring more learnings within reach.'
When the sun had seen enough of this
she left, darkness came, reflected by the river.
Lions roared and then a scary hiss
from right behind gave all the boys a shiver.
Two hours and they'd made it to the summit.
It was the Kruger Dam's Bridge, highest on the globe.
Just looking down one felt like instant vomit,
and teacher Gallus now took out his probe.
'As you can see here, boys and girls', he said,
'it is straight down, but darkness gives illusion,
and if we measured speed and fall and MET
we could reach some significant conclusions.'
'I propose that all of you prepare
as a test of character, no doubt,
for the free fall -this is not a dare -
and I'll tell you later what it's all about.
Though the light is dim you all must aim
in between the rocks, go for the waves.
That way, the touch-down will not be the same
as it would jumping into mountain caves.'
'And, at 90 meters it is clear,
that the faster that you fall
will be your speed - I'll watch from here,

timing all who jump and that is all.'
So, the biggest nerd stepped boldly up,
climbed on the railing and went on his way.
All his comrades watched him from atop,
when he hit the teacher said 'Okay! '
What that meant was number two was due,
and he didn't have to wait too long:
Another pupil, after taking off his shoes,
flew into ne hummed a song.
Well, it took a while, they all jumped but,
and everyone had landed with a noise,
there was a boy known as the High School Mutt,
Oscar had never joined in much with other boys.
He plain refuse what madly had been asked
and told the teacher 'You go have the pleasure ',
to which he said that his important task
was to record and calculate and measure, measure, measure.

And, with a sudden move so quick it worked,
he grabbed the renegade by his lapel.
And heaved and strained and bucked and finally jerked
him over, kicking, screaming, with the loudest yell.
Now he had his data and he would
write a paper on it very soon.
Get rewarded for it if he could.
He looked down now as it was full moon.
There was movement down between the stones,
only feeble and no sounds came up.
He'd come back next year then to study bones,
and he - laughingly - considered jumping from the top.
Sadness now has filled the reader's mind,
the truth is always difficult to take.
But it may be quite impossible to find
any teachers that for science's sake,
would make their students jump into abyss.
However, if you're looking for a student
who would jump, please believe me
many do exist.

Herbert Nehrlich

Class Reunion

They met, thirty-one, all men
at 'Joe's' who still served beer.
And after hats and coats were off
they chuggelugged 'Hello'.
They looked alike - expensive suits -
and sat around a table that was round;
and each of them had placed his golden pocket watch
before him-
thirty had, one had put his glasses down.
He'd felt a smell that made the glass perspire.
10 years had gone since they had had
their beer together here at 'Joe's'.
They laughed about the dormitory girls
that they had laid in back seats and on lawns.
And after two more beers began
to praise the breasts and legs
and how they worked together,
they also mentioned where their wives had come from.
Thirty did; one picked up his glasses
and played with them
and wiped them off.

Then it was midnight.
They all stood up
and earnest-faced
pronounced the words
their Latin teacher once had taught them:
'SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI '.

Thirty did and then set down with empty glasses.
Right after this the ONE stood up
and paid his bill and took his coat and hat.
And thirty men were quiet.
And suddenly he took his hands
that had so firmly shut his mouth away
and said, he wished them beards
and much more belly
and much less hair
and 100 kids of much the same.

And, leaving, added that they should have kept their hats on during the procedure.

And thirty men looked at their golden pocket watches, and thirty started getting back their smiles.

And all discovered that he had forgotten here his glasses.

And when they started to recall about him one took out a box of aftershaving powder, and used it on the smell that had not left with him. So one picked up his glasses for an illustration of the story.

And thirty men discovered that the glasses did not fit and that the glass was broken.

May 1966

Herbert Nehrlich

Clean

So, here I stand,
my God,
unclean before you,
ready to
enter the purgatory
of my own shower.

All waters, hot
have vanished,
though apparently
did purify
five flesh and blood,
who got there,
in succession,
and first.

Now shivering under
the cruel challenge
of temperature, so inhumane,
I ask you, my Creator,
Sire, will this DO?

Herbert Nehrlich

Cleavage

She came into the room,
flaunting, she said, but then,
I do not know what it would be,
that she could use. She grunted,
flashing a pathetic looking one,
some would call cleavage, but not me.
So, I, in turn pulled out my garment,
most dear to me and flashed what,
in a moment of quiet deliberation,
had been exactly measured and recorded,
a true eight inches plus and, thick as a brick.
It was embarrassing but, in a way, so funny.

Herbert Nehrlich

Climate Change

Anthropogenic climate change,
the very term must strike as strange.
We're set to trade in carbon shares,
comparing broccoli with pears.
Man's ignorance often aligns
with slow and greedy little swines.

Herbert Nehrlich

Climate Change (The Truth)

From geezers down to pimply teens
a few do fancy proper beans.
Though education is much needed
authorities have just conceded
that climate change reversed its course
it's getting colder, well, my horse
and I, we have the proper means
to do our part by eating beans.
Each bean is one small piece of art,
each bean creates at least one fart.
Together, all the farts will rise
up to the Gods (inside the skies) ,
there, once received, they are compressed
inside huge cylinders, then blessed.
You see, ye Gods prefer aromas
that don't put butterflies in comas,
thus all the gas gets sent to earth
where valves then open, giving birth
to carbon in its gaseous state
which smells a bit, but, (ask my mate) ,
makes plants grow big and juicy leaves,
and, in the night, like silent thieves,
they warm the earth and all its creatures,
so listen not to biased teachers
or experts who have floppy ears
(if British they drink heated beers) ,
all change does not depend on smarts
in case of climate, it's the farts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Climate Does It

They say that in Seattle snot
runs out of noses quite a lot.
The weather is, well rather shitty
which, in a way, may be a pity.
There is a creature which has got
a claim. A poet he is not.
And all the sucking up to others
still means that only stupid mothers
could ever say a thing of praise
to poetry of such malaise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cloak N Dagger, Aussie Style

From hearsay and firsthand reports
he wore light beige Bermuda shorts.
A shirt of flowers, very loud
he mingled with the weekend crowd.
It was, he later did confide
a camouflage with skill applied
he needed incognito status
which meant that not a single flatus
could be allowed to leave his gut
(he wore a gadget in his butt) .
No one could ascertain the reason
for him to spend another season
when tourists chased the Native folk
and drank old Bourbon aged in oak.
Well, he was spotted taking notes
of humans, dogs and passing boats,
a clipboard fastened to his belly
incorporated a small telly,
and two way links to forward on
through waves across the Rubicon.
What no one found or even guessed
is why he groomed himself and dressed
in such an entertaining manner
it was like raising a huge banner
alerting those who were his prey,
but, who he was, I cannot say.

Herbert Nehrlich

Close Call

The sign said 'Liege'.
A smelly town in proper Belgium.
The stop was short,
much distance lay ahead.
I parked the bike
on its pedestal
right near the kiosk,
and then went inside
to help myself
to its soft papers
that one would use
to wipe then flush.
That was the plan.

And, if your travels
take you to that
smelly town,
I hereby warn you
that their railway stations
do not have seats
but single holes,
two handles,
where they do expect
you lay your egg
of brownish colour.
Oh, what a shock!

And when my key
fell into that,
which was intended
to travel further down,
through force of gravity,
I had to stoop,
though turned around,
no longer squatting
close to peril.
And dug with skill,
and, let us say,
much quiet desperation

until I saved it
from a certain
last farewell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Close Call - Saved By Amygdala

I am not an overly religious man,
although the pope hails from adjoining fields.
Today, however, on the beach I ran.
Aerobic fitness such behaviour yields.

The tide was high, like every other week,
so Buckley's Hole was flooded to the top.
If one wades through - not for the shy or meek -
the tide brings sharks and other creatures to
face up to in the water, that's chest deep.
And not all clear, you step on hooks and bottles.
Perhaps on stonefish, and the local people say,
that ocean creatures sure can smell your fear,
well an environment like this can be quite devillish.

I saw no ripples or suspicious circling waves.
And things were calm, with seagulls all around.
It's usual, when my fellow swimmers thus behave,
things are benign, that's what I've regularly found.
And so it was, when I was re-emerging
to territory of the soft white sand,
I didn't know then that something was quietly lurking,
that from these parts of our island should be banned.

I had not come to demonstrate high jumping,
though any spectator could no doubt have been fooled.
And within seconds I could hear my 'drenals pumping,
using all the resource they had made and pooled.

A brown one, circa five foot ten in length
now had decided that I looked attractive.
I could see that much resolve and all my strength
would be re-tested now, high time to switch to active.
My Neo-Cortex, as one would suppose,
the thinking brain that man has so much pride in,
would handle any trouble that arose.
Two hemispheres and structures to confide in.

But that's not what decides things in a pinch.
There is a saviour that's on stand-by, ready.
It's called Amygdala, its size -approximate- a meagre inch.
Its histologic structure looks like pink confetti.

So this Amygdala takes care of us like mothers
could never hope to do for their spoiled brats.
The Neo-Cortex thinks but never even bothers
to get its duff out from cerebral batts.

But I digress, a purple haze descended
over my consciousness, as it assumed command.
While I would still have plans to quickly be amended,
Amygdala reconn-ed through sea and sand.

The bastard moved with full and raw determination,
he seemed to really take a fancy to me now.
They do like summer over boring hibernation
and get protective, mean and scary, here is how:
December is the hottest time Down Under,
and snakes like heat as much as we like sex,
so if occasion has it that you must meander
through snake-infested country in the sticks,
be sure your system is immune to reptile trance,
it happens when their stoic eyes lock on
and you become unable then to dance
away from danger - buddy, you are truly gone!

Be master of your destiny, my man!
Remember the temptation of Creation!
It's he who listens to the devil also ran
the real risk of sheer annihilation.

I ran, of course, as writing these things after
I'm dead and buried and forgotten by you all
would be hilarious and deserve some silly laughter.
But I survived 'cause my Amygdala has gall.

If someone tells you that a normal human being
can outperform all snakes on level ground.
That all it takes is just the simple will of fleeing,
those experts are the ones that can be found

in shallow graves of Africa and Asia,
Down Under and the big old USA.
Their book facts lead to terminal dysplasia
where Taipan and King Brown do have their say.

Herbert Nehrlich

Close We Were Meant To Be

Gods sat in bamboo chairs and made
strange gestures, man is so afraid
he lacks esteem, his mind is odd
he longs yet cannot be a god.
Man looks to the horizon's ridge
but overlooks nearby, the bridge.
He frets, so hands cease beckoning
and chooses thus a reckoning,
he whispers to his inner ear
denies the coward's heavy fear
protect and serve, he says aloud
his breath gives life to a dark cloud
and as he seeks the cooling shade
ye gods pour down their lemonade.
Small drops descend and kiss the cave
no warrior could betray the brave,
he sees the beauty of creation
but hurries to the subway station.
What was ordained will never be
and she, the wife, stands like a tree
she is not his, and soon is found
a statue, frozen to the ground.
And while her senses seek their trance
the southern breezes come to dance,
come drink ye bees and butterflies
wipe salty tears from hopeful eyes,
and pigeons living near the Lake
take one small word for love's own sake.
Like angel dust love graced my skin,
united we will be in sin.

For my drippy little swimmer girl.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cloudface

It was expected that I look
up to the sky, this holy day.
Stared back a cirrus cloud
all puffed and full of pride.
A face was evident and well aglow
if it was me I would be keen to hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Clouds

A cloud of colours and hot air
resembled a large Bosco pear.
It floated effortlessly through
the atmosphere above the dew.

Observing people, far and wide
it nodded and it sometimes cried.
I think that I shall never see
a cloud as uninformed as me.

Do you, my darling, find it odd
that there should be a real God.
And if there is why would he bless
this superfragilistic mess?

Herbert Nehrlich

Coarse

'Coarse', she said,
it's always been,
and both the same.
I think it may be
a racial thing.
'So, do you like? '
I did not like
and in the end
we compromised.
Nothing is better
than something.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cobwebs Are Old

Pulling one foot
out of the printer,
the other stays
mired in ink,
whereas the face,
ah, yes, the face
will now surge forward
and shine upon
what you would never
understand, meboy.

It is the freshness,
the total lack of any
clichées, be modern,
leave the geezers,
the ones who
did not know,
behind.

It is today
that counts
all cobwebs are
forgotten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cocky

A woman's job it is to gather
the eggs at dawn on our farm,
while hubby whips up shaving lather
and grandma keeps the woodstove warm.

The rooster sounds an early warning,
both to the flock and to the thief,
that's the routine for every morning -
but I'll keep this cantata brief.

Our crafty chickens try their best
to let their offspring have a start,
constructing many decoy nests
whenever they're not laying hard.

The rooster is a real cock.
He struts around the barnyard, preening,
picks favourite hens within his flock
and shares with them - you get my meaning.

What happens in the morning after
he doesn't care about at all.
When he is sitting in the rafters
to plan another 'service call'.

The moral of the story is:
If men were charged with crucial duties,
the world would be a sorry mess.
Just ask our little chicken beauties.

Herbert Nehrlich

Coffin Nails For Dummies

I knew you had a craving for,
they told me at the ward,
the MRI was inconclusive, though
they said that you were,
and rightly so perhaps,
quite uncommitted.

May I suggest you follow in
your next existence,
the great example of the apes,
eat a banana if you really want
or even have a burning need
for SEROTONI the fags.

Herbert Nehrlich

Coincidence

Another strange coincidence
said George while sitting on the fence.
He sat there, dreaming on most days
and watched the heteros and gays
walk past to reach their destination
(George only dreamed of fornication) ,
the reason he would not jump down
is not because he was a clown
but simply due to his belief
that people often come to grief
by joining in the life of strangers
thereby attracting untold dangers
the worst of which was if by chance
they would encounter, without plans,
the Lady named Coincidence,
who would affect your common sense
and change the blue-print of existence
as you could offer no resistance.
So, if you stay up on the fence
you will be only half as tense
as those who foolishly submit
that two events can cause one hit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cold Blood

.....and from the river bed emerged
a mermaid of astounding features.
I wondered whether she'd been urged
to leave the underwater creatures.
She could not walk, that much was clear,
no legs but just a bulge of cheeks.
And in the front, oh dear, oh dear:
Rewarded be the one who seeks.
Her smile was brilliant and seductive,
two shapely arms and milky breasts,
I thought that these could prove destructive
if one stopped by to be her guest.
A good samaritan like me
will help when it is indicated.
She could not walk she was not free,
a problem she had not created.
I carried her toward my house,
traversed the threshold in my arms.
Would she agree to be my spouse
after some previous false alarms?
She saw the bed, its silken covers
and nodded rather eagerly.
I briefly wondered whether lovers
of female mermaids could be free
to stroke the region God constructed,
and do the thingy called 'foreplay',
from outside in 'twas tightly ducted,
some hair curled coarsely in the bay.
So down I went, head into pillow,
Logistics was now springing up,
she arched her fishback like a willow.
My temperature went to the top.
When Eerie Calm came with her tongue
and titillated all my being,
into my ear she blew her song.
I felt her nipples, wasn't seeing
that, although firm, they spoke of reason.
The blood was cold inside soft mounds,
and in this steamy summer season

a frigid breast in bed astounds.
She whispered, cuddling clammy skin,
that TIME was what we must respect,
that we'd commit no deadly sin
if thoroughly we would inspect
all of our idiosyncrasies,
like hairless armpits, purple lips,
and concentrate on keeping these
in deeper waters like tall ships.
Avoid the storms, the urgent thrusts,
the exploration without sonar
and all-consuming feral lust,
by giving in to Master Boner.
'I say', she breathed, 'we only share
our hearts by holding on with hands
that lovingly caress the bare
and willing skin without demands.
And time will pass, you mark my word,
your heart will share its warmth and blood.
Our souls will answer when they've heard
the tiny extra beat, the Thud.
And then, my man, we will be ready
to love each other in this bed,
but in the meantime let the heady
perfume of closeness rule instead.
My blood is cold, but not my heart,
if ours is love we will succeed
to have our heat grow from a start
until both spirits have been freed.

I thought about the whispered wisdom.
I snuggled with her clammy skin.
I saw her lips and slowly kissed them.
And thought 'I love eternal sin'.

Dedicated to: Whom it may concern.

Herbert Nehrlich

Colorado Boots

A pair of Colorado boots
were walking over bracken roots.
Wild pigs had covered the terrain
and caused the bracken so much pain.
They would be re-habilitated
and, once again, be vindicated
at being useful and alive.
They honkered down, position Dive.

You buy the shoe brand Colorado
at Walmart, down on Coronado.
And, as with so much Yankee stuff
it's made to look quite rough and tough.
The bracken was a hardy weed,
survived all wars and droughts, indeed.

But, as is often found there grows
among the bracken a rare rose.
That was the case when these tough boots
marched over all the hardy shoots,
and, as expected stomped upon
a violet, which well could stun
all flowers in Ohio woods.
It had, as some would say, the goods.

When Colorados stump on you
they ain't no ordinary shoe
but when they crush a violet
I would prefer they had not met.

Herbert Nehrlich

Colours

There once was a boy with three ears,
he was white and well known to his peers.
To the south side of town
where the pigment was brown..
they could care but a lady brought shears.

It turned out that all manners of style
got the better of folks and their bile.
Never mind the third ear
it is colour we fear
said the one they called homophile.

But the horses, he said, do the same!
It is not the old mare that is lame
but the Gelding that's gray
whom we chased far away
there is nothing we'd look at as shame.

Just this morning I saw a small lad,
he was wearing a pirate's eye pad.
But his smile touched my soul
eyes like hot burning coal,
I will save him or surely go mad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Come Closer Now

I am so far from you today,
would you consider taking part
in what they give you, for support
the coffers of the bureaucrats
and stay at home, with me?
I felt a sadness on this day,
St. Valentine's has passed
and there was no one you would name
nor I, the world can have the brash
and all the strapping boys
the dames with ponytails
and even sweet ones and their toys.

I asked my Gods today
if I could be allowed to be
for just a seven minute spot
as close as I would see affinity to you,
so I could look into your endless eyes
connect within and make these words come true:
I want to hold you and to touch all that is you,
bring me your molecules, your sweat and all your tears,
and take my hands and let us cross those treacherous weirs
and to the world but not to us, say our Good-Byes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Come In?

She calls it contemplative, and,
so do the kids, they know,
from countless years of course.
It's when I daydream right at five
the happy hour, when I come alive.

I sat there in my well worn chair,
quite still, no motion countered the idyll,
Wild Turkey, aged eight years, on ice
I saw you there, my Rachel. 'Well, how nice
to meet you in these depths my sensuous friend, '
she answered, bubbling, saying nothing to the end.

Don't worry, Ann, she did not drown, no way.
She kissed me from the surface with her agile tongue.
Soon we were bathing in the stuff. Jesus I say,
back then I would have been, quite rightly, hung.

I see her everywhere and feel the need to kiss,
she always smiles or is it just a grin?
It bugs me though that there is nought amiss
and she will always wave to me and say, come in.

Herbert Nehrlich

Come Smile At Me Again

Come smile at me
come smile at me again.
And use the only smile you have,
the selfless and exquisite one.
And keep your eyes on me.
I'd like to study
the nuances of your smile.

Come look at me.
Come look at me again.
And use the only look you have:
The one of pure
Manuka Honey.
And keep your look on me.
I'd like to study
all the markings on your face.

Come close to me.
Come close to me again.
And hold your warm and tender body close to mine.
Come closer yet.
I'd like to study
YOU,
and hope to never graduate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Comfort Zone

When others stand too close to me,
and box me in, invade my space,
I've always thought one must be free
of pests that like to take one's place
and spread their wings like pesky flies.
So when I stop to shoot the breeze,
exaggerate, tell little lies,
some of these folks will try to seize
an opportunity of sorts
to hover close like an oppression.
And now and then someone resorts
to paw me, skipping all discretion....

I hate it mostly when it's hot
or on a steamy summer day,
the best deodorants cannot
make armpit odour go away.

Throughout the years thus I have learned
to keep as friends the ones who think
the same as I, they will have earned
a lengthy chat, and not a blink
or hasty hold-your-breath retreat.
I need a distance that conveys,
in shops or on a busy street,
to make distinction between gays
and those who'd reach into your purse,
which, as you know, requires eyes
that do record as it occurs,
allowing you to realise....

And when I met her at the Park,
I was so smitten with her features,
that, as we walked into the dark
she leaned on me! One of those creatures.

So many nights we braved the frigid
and icy banks of Father Rhine,
came home, not feeling any digits,

unable to uncork the wine.

And then, one early day in Spring,
when all the snow will meet its maker,
Woodpeckers peck and Robins sing
and Swallows nest down at the Baker,
there was an overwhelming feeling,
when our clock had struck the hour,
as we laid back, stared at the ceiling,
still dripping wet from one shared shower,
we fell asleep with happy faces.

The bed had so much room to spare,
there were no empty, unused spaces
between our bodies, little air
would have been able to diffuse.
And here I was, one craving distance
from other humans, free to choose
a girl who understands resistance
to close encounters of the skin.

I loved the closeness of her heat,
it was confusing to have been
converted in that silken sheet.
We woke at times throughout those nights
and I confess that now and then
we could not even tell when lights
were on (you know us frightened men) ,
which lip was hers and which be mine.
We suffered optical sensations
when touching skin stained by red wine,
there often was no confirmation
of who the owner was and why.

Our bodies were so glued together,
there was the one thing that a guy
seems to wear like a trophy feather,
but even that would sometimes dive
into some underground resort.
The two of us, so much alive,
were tied together by a cord
that took two beings, at each end

then joined the bits to let them kiss.
And that is when the dearest friend
will have to know what closeness is.

Addendum

Is it, the reader may inquire,
a matter of some pheromones?
It is a question I admire.
but do not like its undertones.

Herbert Nehrlich

Coming Down Now

It was a long way down,
not all of us had that far
and to go into such turbulence,
what did not help at all was
that snowflakes naturally are
not what you would call substantial,
or heavy, so we are at the mercy
of winds, other flakes, hail, drops
of rain, even the rare bird out
and about in the freezing weather.
But what makes it all worth it,
really worth it is the how shall I say
wonderful smile on the faces of
the thousands of children and, of course,
the grown-ups, who are just as happy,
although a bit more reserved about it.
So, when I get there, there isn't the slightest
the most miniscule doubt about it,
I am most welcome. Makes me feel warm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Coming Home

It had been overcast
forever, in God's own country.
That's what you said it was
when you lured me, to see
to climb the Spaceneedle,
and look at the Harbour,
like two birds without wings.
And I, the believer knew
that it would be the place,
because the magnet that was you
had once again beguiled me,
you had become my little Evergreen.

That Greyhound bus had style,
you waited at the gate, all in blue,
a dangling Leica resting between them.
Low cut to perfection, flat Birkenstocks,
nails painted the redness of arterial blood.

I could smell the Ambush now from here,
knowing you would not forget those days,
the banks of old man Mississippi at St. Paul,
when we would come in from the snow,
you heating spiced red wine, mugs waiting
while we undressed to snuggle in the big bed,
watching the Black and White, oh that fragrance,
'twas always Ambush, nothing else would do.
And, perfect as it was, straight from the factory
you did enrich it, no one else had what it took,
(I know because I tried a couple times) .

Those cold and wind-whipped nights ended in dreams,
of someday travelling, going West, out to the coast.
Pacific Ocean, man, nothing comes close,
clean air and friendly people, and eternal green.

And so you did it but, without me, why oh why?
Took someone by the hand who had no reason

to stay behind and study in the arctic world,
he kept you warm and did so wallow in your Ambush.

All those years, though, late afternoons most often,
I'll talk just to myself a bit, cruising on memory lane,
Dinkytown and that cantankerous caretaker,
at Luther Hall who was an aging ugly wanker.
The job you got me then, at Briggs, your drunken uncle,
and the long weekends in St. Cloud down by the river.
Remember how your Dad taught me about the Highball,
and Jamie did explain the joke about the carrots
and the pees, in the same pot, and my first marshmallows...

And when the memories came back,
like floods of bitter sweetness,
like salty tears and crystal sticky honey,
I would say those things about the warmth
of loving arms around the two of us that time,
dreaming the dreams of all delusions all at once,
it got me going and the pleasures stayed a while.
It was and is about no one but you and me,
all others gone, dead, wasted, laying no more claim,
dumbshits they were with my explicit blessing.

After all frequent flyer points, the cold and snowy nights
trotting the bridge to Augsburg College, job was great,
seems everyone was into learning German.
Yes, my love, those truly were the days,
and all the lonely years on top of those.

This morning, waking up to you and drizzling Seattle,
shaking my disbelieving head and focusing red eyes
onto your dimples, either side of that exquisite bush
of graying pubic hair, I ask myself, how could I doubt
that a much higher being does exist somewhere,
exclusively for us, and come to think of it, my love
I do suspect She takes a special interest, in you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Communism

There lived, with thirteen other hoods
a guy named Robin in the woods.
They had devised the clever plan
to rob each unescorted man,
and took the riches and their horse
thus they became a fearsome force.

At first it seemed that Robin took
the gold, like any other crook,
but then gave all of it to those
who, in their drafty houses froze.

He was at heart a communist,
who had, in early childhood, missed
the comforts of his richer neighbours
who'd roamed around with shiny sabers
and terrorised those lowly peasants.
Thus, Robin learned his early lessons.

But, as so often one can find
the Devil runs the righteous mind,
and soon they kept a certain portion,
inviting with it a distortion
of justice and sheer altruism.
Which, notably, is communism.

Herbert Nehrlich

Competition?

Lay the cards on the table
all you poets unable
to create a good rhyme.
It is surely no crime
but it should be admitted
when you write those quick-witted
creations with meaning
that you are always leaning
on the stout tree named prose,
which gives shade to the rose
of those past generations
where the great titillations
of the Masters prevail
and no roses would scale
any tree for sheer fun
and the warmth of the sun
as it shines on the glade
wanders in on the shade.
I had previously mentioned
a benignly intentioned
and fun competition
which could bring to fruition
some well-hidden beliefs
it's like pulling down briefs
or removing the blinds
so let's busy our minds
and announce an MC
who will show us the key
and lay down proper rules
for this gaggle of fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Compliments

A fisherman goes out to fish
his wife cooks up a fishy dish.
Do not forget the lowly worm
who wiggles but stays rather firm
without the worm the fish would stay
inside the waterways to play
let it be said that any worm
when out of air will twist and squirm
and also, that most swimming fishes
do have their own peculiar wishes
they want to swim as they are able
and not be served upon a table
so how about you girls and gents
we only fish for compliments?

Herbert Nehrlich

Computersprew

Each computer is home to a mouse.
And the mouse shares the owner's own house.
If the mouse were a cat
with long claws and all that
she'd compete with the master's dear spouse.

How is that, you ask, what would a kitten
whether, loyal or hostile or smitten
have that housewives would lack
It's when pussies attack
the old trousermouse surely gets bitten.

I suggest we all switch to the sprew,
he would sleep in a child's smallest shoe.
And for gremlins inside
you could tell your sweet bride:
this small sprew is a clue just for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Con Games

The latest hope is in the news
prevention of a killing spree,
achieved by a new golden goose
called C-reactive, C-RP.

With bumbling idiots to guard
the health of humans, man is doomed,
each day another bold retard
is graduated, quickly groomed

to find, persuade the frightened folks
and scare them more, of evil ghosts,
to test the fluids of all blokes
and scan for possibles both coasts.

Cholesterol fell out of favour,
too many saw the great deceit,
a protein is the new flavour
a fancy name is hard to beat.

Forgotten that all inflammation
is a response, not a disease,
the practice of sheer obfuscation
convincingly shows expertise.

Take anger, injury, infection,
the CR-Protein will rise,
a marathon, a brief erection
promotes the numbers to new highs.

Which is a godsent, reminiscent
of measuring cholesterol,
the masses, wholly impuissant
don't understand a millimol.

The aim is clear, let's scare the herds,
and test and screen to show we care,
and query not who are the nerds
but who has golden coins to share.

Yes, it is true, that medicine
has fallen from its pedestal,
douceur de vivre beneath its skin
and magic for its clientele.

May I suggest, my fellow sheep,
decline all offers if you're well,
your blood and guts are yours to keep
all merchants come to you to sell.

Expensive urine, they will snort,
all vitamins will soon be banned,
they make of you a worrywart
and feed you pills, the noble brand.

So, you may ask, what is their aim?
Are they not sworn to soothe and heal?
The answer is, that a Schlemiel
may be a Klutz without all shame.

Herbert Nehrlich

Concrete Jungle

In the sweet month of April when the clover turns green
and the fox and the wolf go a-hunting again,
is the life of the hare not worth MUCH, is it then
and the mouse and its cousins are now rarely seen.

In the month of July when the rivers run dry
when the gnu and the wildebeest flee,
when the crocodiles groan and the hippos march by
comes the African killer bee.

And the elephants smash all the coconuts now
to extract from its flesh milk to drink
all the rhinos look sad as they figure out how
to escape from this threatening brink.

And the lions and tigers go after what moves
as they eat, also drink all the blood
bold hyenas clean up, eat the skin and the hooves
as they all dream of big rains and flood.

When the African sun send its merciless rays
down to earth to burn leaves into powder,
when the clouds in the sky wander slowly away
and the plaintiff calls only get louder.

That's when white man turns black as he burns to a crisp
and his hair singes into short curls,
and his lips become fat thus he talks with a lisp
as his African nature unfurls.

When the night filters in, goes to seed in the tops
of the trees and the mountains of stone
all the animals know there is nothing that stops
murder mayhem to all those alone.

As the temperature drops and the boulders expand
and sly reptiles hide under their rocks
and the king of the jungle, with excessive demands
goes after fat does and young bucks...

...we are glad that we live in a civilised world
where this predatorship is a stranger,
where deceit and its siblings are easily hurled
at our neighbours and friends, causing danger.
It's a jungle out there say the chimps in the trees,
the gazelle is convinced it's cut-throat

but the lawyer in court with his bargaining pleas
and the yuppy whose greedy eyes gloat.
So superior are we that we sit down to eat
and we think we're unique in our talking,
as we proudly show off the executive suite
where we hunt them by baiting and stalking.

Herbert Nehrlich

Confusion

The wolf asked li'l Red Riding Hood
if with a wolf she ever would
and seeing shock on her small face
he did not mount a full-blown chase.

Red Riding Hood ran like the wind
but soon the wolf caught up and pinned
the little berrypicker to
the mossy ground that smelled like poo.

But just when this mean beast began
to take her clothes of, a small man
came hopping from the nearest tree
it was a dwarf with a big key.

His hair was long and he had swallowed
a Boskop apple when he followed
Red Riding Hood through the dense woods,
he had admired all her goods,

and so he gave the wolf his apple
which prompted him to stop the grapple
of her red dress that had been stitched
by grandma who was quite bewitched,

but she had been pre-occupied
with Hansel's finger when he lied,
and when the wolfe regained his sense
the seven dwarves broke through the fence,

they took the girl who was in shock
up to the meadow where a rock
concealed the entrance to their cave
the little guys were very brave.

Inside the cave they put her down
took off her clothes, put on a gown
and there she needn't have new fears
because she slept a hundred years.

Outside the cave a frog had waited,
his breath, with time, was surely bated
a hundred years were up at dinner
thus he would surely be the winner.

He hopped up on the cozy bed
and saw her resting, looking dead.
He found a warm and tender spot
he is still there, I kid you not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Consequences Of An Unkind Cut

There was a young fellow from Tut
whose behind was an elephant's butt.
Though considered a hunk
he was carrying no trunk,
just a stubby the doctor had cut.

He'd picked up a young girl at the Mall,
she was pretty and not very tall.
On his farm, in the hay
where he wanted to play
she said 'Dammit, my boy, is that all? '

'I have had the complete operation,
eighty bucks plus some tax and inflation.'
But the girl took a peek....:
'It is substance I seek
and this stem does not rate an ovation.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Contempt

Let us enjoy our poetry
a given in a land that's free.
Though politics may bother some
ignoring it will keep us dumb.

A limerick overshadows time
the pleasantries of clever rhyme.
Free verse is mastered by a few
though much of it resembles pooh.

So many live inside a trance
where words perform their lovely dance.
We must, as poets stay alert
lest they may take our favourite shirt.

Our leaders ought to know the rules
that we are not pathetic fools.
Yet they behave as if exempt
and practice, laughingly, contempt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Conversations

Ach sie sind wohl noch verreist,
oder trinken Himbeergeist,
Kochs die riefen gestern an,
er ist ein gesunder Mann,
will noch vierunddreissig Jahr
leben, trotz der Rotweinbar.

Sagt Organe sind gesund
Aerzte staunen, laecheln und
schreiben neue Pflaster auf
nehmen Leberstress in Kauf,
Morphium Du bist mein Retter,
nehm' ich Dich bei jedem Wetter,
Kinderloeffel fuer den Brei
auf dem Teller Allerlei.

Weiss er auch dass im Gericht
der Verbrecherboesewicht
keinen Einspruch mehr erhebt
da er nicht mehr lange lebt.
Wird sich mit Pistole dann
bald erschiessen wie ein Mann,
in den Knast wird er nicht gehen
das kann Gerhard gar nicht sehen.

Eri prahlt von ihrer Reise,
wo sie so auf ihre Weise
schoen und lange ausgespannt,
dort am Bodensee, im Sand.
Gab's auch Wein und harte Sachen
ja das Leben ist zum Lachen.

Wichtig waer' noch das erwaehte
dumme Zeug (als ich schon gaehte) ,
das ich danken soll dem Hammer,
jeder and're waer ein Jammer,
schlimm haett' ich dann da gestanden
angereist aus fremden Landen
ohne Hammer, liebe Goetter

hoerst Du sie nun, diese Spoetter?

Wer dem Rechtsanwalt vertraute
auf dem stolzen Felsen baute,
und wir haben ihn empfohlen,
sagen Dir ganz unverhohlen
Hammer war fuer Dich ein Krieger
machte Dich zum grossen Sieger.

Ruehrte wie der Marshall Rommel
tief im Osten seine Trommel,
zeigte Ossies wie man handelt
und ein Unglueck schnell verwandelt.

Junge kann der Hammer denken
und das Schicksal wirklich lenken,
Richter, Zuschauer, Genossen
Leute ohne Sommersprossen
und die Frauen die dort putzen
Rechtsanwaelte die Dir trutzen,
wischt er souveraeen und munter
alles Negative runter.

Ueberall im Land bekannt
und mit Gerhard fast verwandt
will man ihn zum Koenig kueren
deshalb also die Gebuehren!

Als ich mitten im Geschwaetze
noch vernahm die letzten Saetze
war's als haetten sie gepredigt,
damit war es dann erledigt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Conversion Dilemma

He always had us dropp
our fancy Lederhosen.
It seemed that fate,
as he interpreted
it, and those other,
less important matters,
was just sooo fickle,
and never ever
would it come
to save the day
for two wild boys
who had been born
into a world
where dust of war
still had not settled,
after all.

It was the stress
he later said,
called post-traumatic.
We could not know,
nor be expected
at our age,
that nerves had been,
without much warning,
but cold abandon,
rubbed til they glowed
in red hot fire
inside one's soul.

And, so it followed
when moods befell him
he welcomed anger
and opportunity,
presented
as it was
by two wild boys.
He beat the living
and so memorable

daylights,
which lit the way
inside the innocence
of youth, til darkness came.

Herbert Nehrlich

Convoitise

Of all you innocent naives
I wonder is there even one
who sees the grand new plan
of modern genocide?

There are so many eaters,
use up our food supply,
let pestilence come now
and add a bit of war.

Let them eat shonky meals,
and tell them crafty lies
we follow new commandments
the Reaper rules our lives.

Too much is now amiss
the word humane has been
replaced by convoitise
and God looks down and smiles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cookies

Are the cookies like rookies
or what is the reason
they inhabit my drive
and come out in the season
when they're least expected
and so misdirected
that they clog up the works.
Ergo, cookies are jerks!

Herbert Nehrlich

Coprophagic

A rabbit is a coprophagic
which is not really sad or tragic,
so raise your rabbits in a cage,
they will not reach a normal age
B 12, it is a vitamin,
will do no good inside a bin.

Note: Coprophagics are critters that re-cycle pellets.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cork

I saw you, naked one,
inside the Beaujolais,
you swam,
came to the top
to see who'd come
and that is when
I got a glimpse
and fell, I thought
into a fiery love.

So, having been prepared,
I placed the cork
into the neck again,
and hammered with
my ten pound little friend.
The aim was to be sure
that you'd be safe and sealed,
within the reach of me.

Don't worry, dear,
I'm here for you,
and when the time is right
I shall extract it with my golden screw.
And hand the spills
as well as bits of cork to you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cork Bits

Put the cork back,
there is a draft,
on its merry way
to dive, head over heels
into the bottle.
Pop. It goes down smoothly.

And finds you
there, and here
where I would wait
for centuries
and in dimensions
quite unknown
to God or man.

You say it was
the mellow breath
of God himself,
seduction pre-ordained.

But God would not,
not even as a gesture
to old Lucifer
concern himself
with little dregs
and bits of crumbly
cork.

Herbert Nehrlich

Corn And Celery

Young Celery said to the Corn
'you were so small when you were born,
why is it that you grew so big
and on your ears you wear a wig? '

And Corn looked down on Celery
and said 'you little misery,
a Celery can never thrive
as long as Cornplants are alive.

You see, our blood is royal blue
which obviously is not true
of any of you little stalks
you are just fit to line the walks

of senior citizens with dog
who stumble over you in fog
there are some people who will eat
your roughhouse greens along with meat.

But we, who live in lofty heights
can reach up to the flying kites
we gently sway from side to side
and snooze inside our tough green hide.'

Just then a sudden gust of wind
came through and while the Cornear grinned
it lost its footing at the top
and had no choice then but to drop.

It fell down near the Celery,
had lost some kernels, bruised one knee
and overall felt pretty sore...
when from the woods a big brown boar

came by and picked right from the ground
the Cornear that he just had found.
The Celery was shaking wildly
the boar now did regard her mildly

but judged that such a tasteless thing
was not designed by God to bring
much sustenance for big strong beasts
he did prefer Fungi and Yeasts.

So off he went, all heard him grunt
but let me tell you, to be blunt
it often does not seem to matter
how high you are when you grow fatter

because when circumstances like
and small disasters come and strike
a Boar may come and chew you out
that's what this life is all about.

Herbert Nehrlich

Corporate Success

As you're walkin' down the street
dreaming of a better day
please look down, close to your feet
floats a shadow, and it may
look familiar to your eyes
it is always there for you
never tells you little lies
never gives the slightest clue.

It is Death, your dearest friend
he will stay until you die
go, look down but do not bend
do not ask him when and why.

Just remember when you fret
that your profit is too meagre
that the only foolproof bet
quite regardless of how eager
you live out your precious time
is the fact that it will end.

Up the ladder you may climb
when suddenly the Gods will send
one brief signal to your keeper
and you slide, with care, back down
as he shows you, your grim reaper:
No pockets in your final gown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Correction (Haiku)

I do not live in
the continent of blackies,
but I am driven.

The sun is strong here,
it shines on friendly people,
and you are wrong, dear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cotton Candy

She meant to write it down,
that vivid dream, so strange
but pleasant, warm and weird.
But then it slipped away
through gaps while brushing
with Oral-B her white enamels.

Try as she might during the day
she realised that there would be
no point and that she'd wait.
Perhaps they had not dissipated
to feed the aspirations and the dreams
of others, this was hers, her handiwork.
And then, while brushing her blond locks
it came to her, the memory of cotton candy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Courage

When first I jumped it did not take persuasion,
much stronger forces needed fighting 'til they quit.
One trusts a parachute on only one occasion
until the next time when they ask for Agent Grit.

To overcome the inner guardian and succeed
in hairy matters that are threatening to life
it is essential that one recognize the need
to substitute BIG for a smaller strife.

And so it was when I was sitting on the bench,
with Magdalena from the Catholic Lycée,
we had progressed to kissing longer, and in French,
but my left hand, perched on her knee, would not obey.

It took an hour of the strongest concentration.
And only promises of later, greater pleasures
at last allowed me to give in to motivation
to roam around and find the greatest of all treasures.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cover-Up

When God created woman he did plan
to give her various, attractive, useful features.
And when compared with the appendages of man
it's obvious that of all the living creatures
she is the queen of all the minds and of the heart.
There's only one thing that has puzzled me for ages:
Why does a woman, who is such a work of art
and who occasionally makes love and thus engages
her pubic region in a noble undertaking.
Why does she have a veritable jungle,
a growth of curly and thick brush at the front door?
Could we assume that God made such a bungle,
when thinking of some other godforsaking
priorities that were intended for
the human race, just hatched, and sizzling to go.
Did he have parts and pieces from Creation
of useless or redundancy unused
and felt the need of well-deserved ovation
to use them up or was he just amused?
Well, I don't know, but one thing is for sure:
He placed a handful of thick hair in a location,
where hungry eyes would dwell in peace with mounting pleasure.
Of all the wonders and achievements of Creation
He should have left alone an unobstructed treasure.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cow Eyes

And who I ask you academic minds
would find the eyes of cows attractive
most humans would consider putting blinds
to cover bovine faces, though they are pro-active
in their own way, most notably the udder
on those occasions that they have been freshly cleaned
and, thinking back to my own farm I often shudder
how hard it was to raise a calf until it's weaned.

It was the State of Washington, the weather lousy
and bugs would visit unsuspecting little calves
the frigid winds blew in and pushed around the drowsy
young critters and we used so many medicines and salves
yet many died, of the pneumonia bug and also scours.

I well remember that it often broke their mother's heart
when in the foggy, lonely often deadly morning hours
another one fell over, cutting short a very hopeful start.

But what I never will forget is how those homely eyes
took on a sad and melancholy look of real pain
each time a little one was finished, and had stopped its cries
it felt, to all as if a cruel bovine devil suddenly had slain
a child of innocence, so cute and full of utter need
it was those sad occasions when we all were fools,
such helplessness, but we could see, indeed
the mix of Friesan, Holstein and those Jersey jewels.
You may prefer those often mentioned Spanish eyes
so full of Southern heat and spirit of the roaming sun
and if you do you have not ever caught the look, so wise
of one sad mother cow, who thinks 'what have they done'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cra - Years Cannot Erase

I see you still, just standing, in the shade
soft shoulders, slightly drooped, it wasn't fair.
It was a day it seemed like any they had made
the memory of lust still in the frosty air.

Although prepared for awkward glances, bring them on!
Due to the nervousness of things to come so soon,
a future which was spent and now had gone
no tears were visible or felt, I was a hoon.

A ray of sunshine probed through traffic's cranky noise,
and settled on your sweet, angelic face.
You looked so sad but covered well (just like the boys) ,
I was so tempted then. But years cannot erase.

Your Nordic features, bathed in golden orange glow
have stayed with me for forty years, and maybe more.
But when we met again, so briefly, in the snow,
there was resentment from the stuff that went before.

I'm passing through, would you please forward all my mail?
I left you suddenly and vowed not to return.
Unspoken promises remained, though no farewells.
I was a brat and not too likely then to learn.

There is no question that ye Gods have intervened.
You matter more than you will ever ever know.
I say Good Day now to the bum and to the fiend
and watch a secret little flower thrive and grow.

I am not mean or without feeling for them all,
would never hurt a little fly unless it squeaked.
But in the city, at the big shots' annual ball
it was my energy that really, really peaked.

You held your hand out, dressed in glove of snowy white,
I took it off and kissed your lifeline just to say,
it is not crucial what there is but what just might
come join me on the road to far and far away.

There is a weather coming in, an Autumn haze,
huge clouds are drifting just to settle here tonight.
But all our years will never ever quite erase
it would have been, my darling, right and right and right.

I shall be waiting for you, anywhere you choose.
And if you cannot break away until we die,
perhaps you WILL save just the last for me, a Blues
and we could dance until the angels say good bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cra Lives Here

I have met so many in my days,
who would demand admission to the place.
Clean-shaven and surrounded by the fragrance of Cardin
you'd carry your Schick-pampered chins with pride.

You did not ask, you ripped the fabric door,
a curtain that was made of silk and lace,
and just a patch or two of autumn kangaroo hide.
It is a day of sorts, the French call it Martin,
they also say that all of life is an encore,
and that the people carry on inside a haze.

My place is closed to all, it has been spoken for.
I cannot have another guest, I do regret,
all rooms are taken from the basement to each floor
it's been a love-in since the very day we met.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crash

...and bathed in beads of fearful perspiration,
our pilot tried to re-start one more time.
He had exhausted all his skills, and navigation
of empty air space with no power, was a crime.

So, they prepared for the disaster by the book.
Your head goes forward with the pillow on your knees.
Your mouth is open, eyes would have a fearful look.
The pressure fails, a door flies out, in comes a breeze.

The first to go is flight attendant number two,
as by the exit she had tried to lock the latch.
It sucked her out, she struggled, then she flew.
Her fragile body for those forces was no match.

The folding seat, reserved for flight crew was now rattling,
the purser hurled himself to isle seat right nearby.
An older woman left the toilet and was battling
against the suction but she also had to fly.

The captain's voice now shouted his commands:
'Stay belted in, we're ditching in the sea.'
And one could see the golden dunes and endless sands.
I started praying to the cushion on my knee.

There was no sound except a howling from the wind,
the nose was up too much, the tail was sagging badly.
And in the cockpit sat the pilot and he grinned,
I thought he's losing it, we need him now, how sadly
these things turn out sometimes when nothing is expected.
A simple journey with a modern aero-plane,
then something happens and your whole life is affected,
as you go down at speed you try to look so sane.

We seemed to glide now, perhaps were slowing down,
only the body of the plane had started shaking.
A thousand rattles, I was sticking to my frown,
some of the passengers had quickly started faking
a calm expression in the face of Grim the Reaper.

Go out in style, die like a man, I thought of that.
I asked Him briefly whether He as my own keeper
could have the heart to show the way to where it's at.

We hit so hard the plane broke in two sections,
a fire flashed from deep within the galley floor,
the flight crew instantly was springing into action,
but nothing worked, the bloody chute stayed by the door.

We had our panic, something useless and insane,
that no one welcomes it although it fights the stress.
Now passengers were jumping off the plane.
A black-robed priest stood by the exit, said 'God bless'.

There, in the water, there was movement and much foam,
some of it red as many sharks were coming in.
The plane was tipping now, submerging its nose dome.
And soon the suction of the water would begin.

Some horrifying screams were heard, and limbs,
whole torsos, heads and other pieces floated
between the frenzied sharks but from the iron rims
of the wrecked plane were people jumping as I noted.

Then we went down within about ten seconds,
a pooping noise was like the last hooraah.
I thought is this how hell or heaven beckons,
and a decision was required - jump or stay.

Into the cockpit was my thought, I dove right in.
Quick. Shut the door and bolted, then took stock.
The storage section by the door was one big bin,
'twas filled with cylinders that said 15- B-Dock.

A bill of lading was attached to it, I read it:
Port Moresby - Helium, A-Grade, pressure sealed.
A thought appeared, before I could forget it
I started grinning at the secret here revealed.

I shook the pilot who had passed out cold and grinning,
as he came to he did confirm my bright idea.
If we could manage it, the chances of us winning

would be considerable, and we'd get out of here.

With kitchen knives and cockpit axe
we chopped the shute and sealed the cube.
And double-checked and caulked with wax
until we'd used the final tube.

Then, on command applied our masks
of oxygen's life-giving power.
Forthwith began the vital task
of opening up our helium shower.

All cylinders were cranked wide open,
their hiss drowned out our anxious fears.
We clung to instruments and seats, were hoping
would we go up if no one steers?

And with a gurgle and a rumble
we started our strangest trip.
At first we did a little tumble
and then a bumpy backward flip.

That's when the captain grabbed the stick
to steer our ship - I guess he's mad.
He turned around and said: 'Hey Nick,
we're gaining altitude, not bad.'
And up we floated now and hovered,
the four of us, by now recovered
from fatalistic final mood.
We broke the surface and went faster.
The captain stared, sat there like glued,
and said 'I take you from disaster
back to your loved ones in this ship.'
'Thank you for choosing us to fly
we hope you had a pleasant trip.
and now we bid you folks good bye
we'll see you back on our ship.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Crash Of United Flight 811

There suddenly, a great big gap
the fuselage flew off the map
the captain fought to keep control
flight engineer had just one role
to go assess the damage now
he rushed downstairs to find out how
the crew were coping with the mess
and felt the turbulence, no less
than what you would expect to find
he fell and slid, and in his mind
he saw himself go through the door
to fly away and live no more.
A flight attendant grabbed his shirt
much earlier she'd been a flirt
they got him to unsteady feet
Hawaiian suntan, white as sheet.
Nine passengers had been the cost
depressurised, their lives were lost.
And sitting by the cargo hold
the suction took them to the cold
of thirty thousand feet, oh shit
into the engines, that was it.
Death would be instant, so they say
no time to wonder or to pray
it beats a quarter million seconds
it takes four minutes, captain reckons
to reach the oceans near Hawaii
in any case it is good bye.
His name was Tom, his parents stood
inside the terminal, they would
surprise him with a late night snack
all pre-arranged inside the black
and cozy Auckland Oyster Bar.
He would come home, a real star
had passed the hardest test of all
at Harvard, finished in the Fall
and was a full-fledged Engineer
who had designed new landing gear
for DC Tens, four hundred seats

to ease the force when metal meets
the tarmac at full landing speed
he'd solved a problem there indeed
and in the case of a disaster
his tac would get the gear down faster.
But sadly, it was not to be
he would not land nor would he see
his loved ones or his homeland ground
inspite of all he's never found.

Herbert Nehrlich

Creation Science - An Oxymoron

Perhaps you ask yourself at times
what drives us humans to succeed.
Do you recall the March of Dimes,
an effort born from human greed?

They say it's faith that we all lack,
I ask you, faith in what or whom,
believers never do look back
to catch the daffodils in bloom.

My pastor sent to me a note,
enclosed was a certificate,
a photo and some words he wrote:
Lord Jesus was no hypocrite.

Yes, fifty years have surely passed,
I recognised myself of course,
In 58 we had a blast
and only Jesus showed remorse.

He says to love your fellow man,
to feed the poor and tend the sick.
My pastor had a real plan
and God himself gave it the tick.

I had, back then, been known to speak
quite freely and with no regret,
I studied Latin and some Greek
but NEVER was the pastor's pet.

We would discuss the word CREATION,
how God made everything by hand.
I questioned that this operation
could truly satisfy demand.

Once introduced to EVOLUTION,
I loved the concept of BIG BANG,
a godless, random execution,
the grin that bared the devil's fang.

My pastor swore (I swear he did) :
'Religion is about CREATION,
CREATION SCIENCE is my bid,
and you, my boy, you watch your station! '

Born when they had the second war on,
he took denial to his grave,
'your science is an OXYMORON',
said I and saw myself as brave.

My pastor died from a small fever,
and his successor's in the dark,
he figures me as a believer,
I am, but just in Noah's Ark.

Herbert Nehrlich

Creation's Creatures (By Rachel, My Kindred Spirit)

When the Creative God,
And mayhap Mother Nature,
Began to shape the animals
That populate the Earth,
They found extremes on either end
Of what would please the likes of man.

For charm, let us investigate
The lovely Bower-bird.
Black and silky, bright of eye
So sleek, with looks to please.
It has, besides, a charming way
For boy and girl to meet.
The boy will build a bower-house
With fancy decoration.
All designed to please the eye
Of any passing lady.
Arranging buttons, shells or blooms
In varied thoughtful patterns,
The lady looks and chooses one
That finally meets her fancy.
Now she is his and they are we,
and baby birds will follow.
Creative God and Mother Nature
Together told this tale.

The spectrum at the other end
Harbors the naked mole-rat.
Alive in tunnels underground
They're blind and hairless things.
No one is charmed by teeth so long
Or claws, or pink rough skin.
They spend their days grooming their Queen
And feeding her, for strength
They eat her waste and lick her skin,
Devotion at great length!
But ugliness precludes much love
And humans can't relate.

Creations powers are immense
They cover every facet.
From high to low, from dull to bright
The creatures keep appearing.
'Oh look at that! ' 'Oh look at this! '
Ideas never ending.
To judge is not a human's place
God's work is without flaw,
From earth up into outer space
We stand, perplexed. In awe.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crème De La Crème (Poem By Rachel)

Crème de la Crème

Devonshire, double, heavy cream -
My hair is wet, my eyelids closed,
Covered, coated, spared, my nose.
My lips are rich, my mouth white rose.
My breasts are mountains, frosted tops
Belly a valley of snowy drops.
My hips are ski slopes, warm and slick
Legs are creamy without a nick.
Within this milky way of dreams,
Crème pour le corps, sweetened cream;
The center spawns a molten stream,
Its rightful name is Crème de crème.
Desirous of a spoon for some
Stirred up and topped with purpled plum.

© Rachel, Nov 2008

Herbert Nehrlich

Critic Gina

There once was a poet named Gina
though she wasn't from Argentina,
but she didn't accept
that the future is kept
by the creatures that have a small wiena.

If she reads what I wrote once again
and then copies it with a soft pen
she will mumble 'how odd'
and then give it the nod
and my poem will get one more ten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Critter

His name was Rolf,
Rolfie for all the kids
who teased him, daily
while waiting for the yellow bus.

He stood behind the fence
ears perked and all wound up
the driver was a mama of
three hundred pounds or more,
she took a fancy to the critter
and gave him little treats
out of her bulging esky
just one to greet the day.

She always winked at him,
and he winked back at her
as if to say I like you too
and all your blubber is okay.

The day before Thanksgiving,
the snow had just begun,
a foolish postman did a big one-eighty,
in front of Rolf. Knocked down his fence
and slid into the deepest ditch.

It was his chance and Rolfie left
the safety of his property behind.
And as the bus accelerated
he ran, with eager legs and
sudden purpose quite unknown to him.

It had to happen, he slid and disappeared
right under the big monster by GM.
All kids now screamed and pounded
their little fists in great despair,
and one fat foot stomped on the brake,
she flew right out the door and crawled
no athlete could have beaten her
beneath that bus, expecting on this day,

when she had burned her toast
and broke the coffee cup, the one from Rome,
and when there was no time to waste
because the principal would not be kind,
she did expect the smirk of death, of course.

And, burning now her face on red-hot pipes,
while looking in the dark, within the snow
for one sad bundle of a snuffed out life,
the kids, now peeking too, between the tyres,
were startled by her sudden laughter,
by screams of joy and muffled cries.

And there she was, sprawled in the snow
her arms around the stupid critter, tightly.
'Twas very hard to tell for any of the kids
who was the happier right then, between the two.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crocodile Dream

A boy who had a scary dream
had nodded off, right near the stream.
His dream now featured crocodiles
that chased the lad for many miles.
A mermaid kicked with legs of steel
the crocodiles who'd chased their meal.
The day was saved and he awoke
when from the water's surface broke
a giant reptile, green and mean
it did disturb the peaceful scene.
The boy, he knew that mermaids don't
have legs and, therefore, that they won't
be able to prevent disaster
though they can swim a trifle faster
than crocodiles, but here's the catch:
Mermaids can never be a match
for reptiles who do chase in streams
a tired boy within his dreams.
The boy believed that mermaids do
kick crocodiles, because it's true.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crocodile Skin

I walked another endless mile
to spot at last, a crocodile.
Had heard from knowledgeable mates
and Publicans in hot debates
that one must nowadays acquire
an extra belt, just like a tyre.
To ward off bullets and mean words
and deadly rays as well as turds
so what I needed was a beast
of thirteen metres, at the least
I'd jump upon its beady eyes
and soon you'd hear those desperate cries,
I have a novel theory
and dentistry is here the key.
You see, if one can separate
the upper from the lower plate,
and dislocate the jaw at once
(you'd need the strength of several Huns)
the beast would be out of control
unable to perform the roll
that crocodiles are famous for.
Well, here I am, a moonlit shore
and there it is, a silent ripple
a stab of pain affects my nipple
but with a leap of faith at last
I hurl myself and fly right past
the monster of our waterways
I see him coming, in the haze.
A croc can swim a little faster
he is the undisputed master
and as he comes to now ingest
my body I shall do my best
I grab the mandibles in back
but right away, I feel the lack
of powers needed to succeed
his bite now crushes, makes me bleed
the battle rages just a minute
as to his skin, I soon am in it.

Crocodile Tears

There is Monty the croc
still lethargic today
winter's cold on his rock
not the season to play.

As he goes to his maker
amongst sadness and cheers,
this keen mover and shaker
leaves just crocodile tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crossed Wires Do Spark

Why did you, once the apple of my eye,
and that of a close friend (I knew) ,
why did you then unleash the fury
which was meant to make a point,
I do not understand the rationale behind.
I always meant to be your friend,
to help you understand this rotten world,
to hold you up beneath unshaven pits,
enlist your brother in a vain attempt
to drum the missing sense into a brain
that had been laughing at that sillyputty pain.
I know that talking in the open will not do
no woman hears the little signals of a man,
I cannot help it though and all of it is true,
I cannot help myself, I ask of you: Who can?

Note:

No, sorry, my marriage is fine. I have learned to shut up.

Herbert Nehrlich

Crossroads**

It had come down to it.
Crossroads appear
are thick like monsterspit
flushed down the weir.
There was the carnal thing
nectar so sweet
no tongue would ever ping
blueberry sheet.
There is a spark to light
the mix to blow
and in the final night
the dew did flow.
They were confused at that
was it just lust?
A shaven pussycat
and plunge we must?
We be outsiders now
just looking in,
to judge the why and how
with a small grin.
And then we talked a bit,
she looked at me
and said, I say (to wit)
I've got to pee.
I knew right then and there
we'd never leave
and while she counted hair
each early eve
I took her lovely hand
and held it tight
all through our Sandman's land
(remind the night?)
and when we woke we knew
our heart will beat
and that the morning's dew
makes us complete.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cubic

Two cubes of ice
were sitting up
inside a glass.
The one remarked
that it was bigger
than the other.
To which the other
said 'you see-through
are an ass,
I had a giant one
a rubic cube
as mother.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Cuckoo Bird

The Dralles had a cuckoo clock
it could be heard well down the block.
One day the door stayed open longer
and being young the bird felt stronger
than anything around the place.

So he eloped, and just in case
that humans with their crazy habits
came after him like silly rabbits
he armed himself with one big weight
and off he flew, now tempting fate.

The lady of the house came running
and saw the bird with his two cunning
and forest-trained but droopy eyes
for her it was a great surprise,
she called her hubby from the cellar
in came the man, a pudgy feller.

They chased the bird with tennis rackets
and threw a pillow, then two jackets,
yet nothing trapped the small Houdini,
so Hans sat down to a Martini.
The bird, relaxed, but also tired
and, truly, not the least admired
was hovering above the drink
when slowly he began to sink.

The weight which he had for protection
had been a rather poor selection,
as you may know, a cuckoo bird
can fly, but only say one word.
And so it is, when sudden fate
snuffs out a life due to the weight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cuckoo, Cuckoo! (Children)

There lives inside my cuckoo clock
a feisty cuckoo named Tic-toc.
We bought the wooden enchilada
when coming from the autostrada
and entering the Fatherland.

The makers of the clocks reside
in the Black Forest, where a guide
is used for navigation reasons
clocks can be bought in all the seasons.

We chose the biggest on the shelves
(they all are made by German elves) ,
and shipped the thing so it would get
home in one piece, we did not fret.

It took the best part of a day
to hang the clock so it would stay.
The biggest, cleanest strongest screw
was found and used, I'm telling you

it was a job but in the end
a visiting (and nosy) friend
remarked that he had never seen
a clock like it, and he was keen

to also travel overseas
to get himself, likewise a piece.
We went to bed that night content
but when at dawn my lady went

into the kitchen to prepare
the coffee she received a scare.
There on the stove sat a small bird
and mumbled just a single word.

It was a word that we had heard
but never from a little bird.
Heimweh he said, which is the same

as homesickness, which is a shame

because it leads to deep depression
and will require shrinko sessions.
My spouse who tends to jump the gun
since being married to a Hun

went to the cellar just in case,
turned off the gas for the whole place.
She figured that he would not know
too many other ways to go.

And no one has observed a bird
(perhaps it has, somewhere occurred)
to shoot himself or hang by rope
so we continued to have hope.

When I arose and then was told
I felt my bones, (I'm getting old) ,
and really wasn't in the mood
to be delayed, I needed food.

So I resorted to the tactic
that can for birds be prophylactic.
I asked him why he'd left his home
and who allowed him here to roam.

His facial feathers sagged right then
'I realise I'm not Big Ben,
but in the Forest with the elves
all little birds amuse themselves,

but if for you it's a disaster
I say to you, my treasured Master,
you make the laws and all the rules
for even us Black Forest Fools.'

It took six weeks to have him happy,
he grew on us, the little chappie.
The deal between the bird and me
was that he could fly out to see

the world inside our little home
he was allowed to freely roam
but when the time came to announce
the hour he would quickly bounce

back in to his well-furnished place
spruce up his wrinkled cuckoo face
and do what he was born to do
it is to sing cuckoo, cuckoo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cum Grano Salis

Those men so fond of foreign terms
can be compared to eager sperms,
they swim to find the velvet fleece
and get there, lastly, in one piece.
Of course, not all can be in front
the road is long from any 'unt,
the prize awaits the number one
his time will show the fastest run.
There are a few who scream and yell
who by the roadside stopped and fell,
they never shut their mouths to pause,
and wish there would be better laws.
Why run if you can only walk?
Why shout if all you know is talk?
And if you cannot use a tool,
you may look silly, you old fool.

Herbert Nehrlich

Curfew

It took most of the time
our folks had granted,
yet years would have been fine,
you did not flinch at all,
returned my timid squeeze
and epidermal fluids merged
in hopes of life beyond the day.

I prayed a bit, would God agree
to give me extra flexibility,
my arm had reached around
and hopeful fingers almost touched
the warm and velvet bulge,
if she could turn a bit, away
look at the silver moon,
or its reflection on the lake
where swans watched silent as a pair,
perhaps to satisfy simple curiosity
perhaps to cheer in scratchy baritone.

They stayed until the clock announced
that penalties would lie in wait,
and there was salt and sugar mixed
in warm saliva when at last we kissed.

The swans had long retired, it was dawn,
her dad stood tall, with patience on his lawn.

Herbert Nehrlich

Curly Moss

Arise oh spirits of the trees,
arise from roots through ancient rocks,
and as I climb, I reach warm knees,
I peek: Does curly moss have locks?

Herbert Nehrlich

Cut

A nut is just a nut,
it looks like a small butt
though it is really not.
The tree outside the hut
gives shade when it is hot
I think I'll go putt putt,
give it another shot
this game has got the lot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cut It Off

She secretly held the belief that it looked weird,
but held her tongue lest he would feel somewhat critiqued,
though he was unaware of rashes that appeared
and burning skin where all his interest had piqued.
He'd told her that the daily chore was just a bit too much
no man could be expected to perform this menial task,
so he had left to Nature and to Gods as such
the tough decisions and he did not ever ask
if anyone did like his growth, now turning gray
the subject had avoided him and he had turned his head
but now, a door had opened, ringing in a novel day
so here is what she thought and what she never said:

I hate this bracken on your face, this Muslim tag,
you could have fooled the world and even caught a fag,
don't tell me God gave you this coarse and gruffy hair
Her, take this razor, it's from Remington, I dare
that you cut off the evil growth and please tonight
it would so please me and I'd douse the ceiling light
and we would snuggle near the fire, reading prose
I want your beard off so we CAN be very close!

Herbert Nehrlich

Cute Little Mouse

I'm swinging from my appletree
and feel like a gorilla.
My arms are short but I can be
the image of Godzilla.

They kicked me out of my own house
for insubordination,
all I had done is place a mouse
near our weighing station.

She dropped the robe to get the number,
(reward for eating less) ,
when in her vision, still in slumber,
she saw it moving, yes.

I'd tied the thing by its short tail
securely to the scale.
Why is it that I never fail
to be a helpful male?

Needless to say, she jumped so high
that head and light collided,
but when she landed, my-oh-my,
the mouse had just decided

to chew the string that held him there
and make a quick escape,
his path crossed, sorry, as it were
near the descending shape.

A splashing scream was heard for miles,
bare bottom onto mouse,
which had been trapped on slippery tiles,
but left this horror house

stuck with his head inside the crack,
his sorry body draped, so flat
that, surely, life would not come back,
though what protection did the fat

of this loud-screaming human give?
He was still breathing, and his hearing
did function well, so would he live?
This hindsight really was endearing.

They both survived, mouse looking square,
the string was evidence per se,
my being booted was unfair.
While thinking, heard her voice call 'HEY',

she beckoned from inside the house
and looked bewildered, waving arms,
'There is another bloomin' mouse! '
I answered 'Mice don't do no harm,

they come inside to find some food,
I'll find a tougher, longer string...'
it changed her back to her old mood.
So in my appletree I swing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cutting Out The Middle Skin

My brother-in-law.
What a man!
He used to be
known as Kojak.
Until,
one day,
he met a Bolshevik.
Surgeon he was,
that one,
knew his stuff.
Cut the central
three inch width of skin
off the scalp,
then had those from
near the ears
join hands on top.
Kojak's new name is
Struwwelpeter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cyanotic Lips (For My Blueberrygirl)

So will you walk with me,
I know the paths
that lead into the dark
and wondrous shadows
cast by ancient pines,
there are so many secrets
hidden in the canopy
where leaves of different hues
shield them from prying eyes.

So will you swim with me,
I know the currents and
the underwater caves,
down at the estuary
where the Mama Willow stands,
I'll help you sit upon
the softest coral sand,
and show you the small fishes
as they come and look
caressing legs and thighs.

And will you fly with me,
up to the stratosphere,
where clouds are thin
and only special birds
are seen, where air is scarce
and we will tumble
from the lack of
oxygen, but we'll be fine,
I'll take your hand
and guide your lovely arms
so you can be attached to me,
just squeeze my neck
and lay your cheek
right next to mine,
I like your touch
and we will fly to ever greater heights
into a place called Paradise.
I've been, for ages

of a mind to tell you of my plan
and as we rise I ask you,
lovely bird you are
to kiss my cyanotic lips.

Herbert Nehrlich

Cyberkisses

I only know that
you are my friend,
though there is
nothing to substantiate
even the thought of it.

You said it was the vibes,
intangible, these things.
Elusive, anorexic, even.
You could be right.

Being surefooted though,
it comes in handy
unless the devil Doubt
screws up the works.

Fraternité in cyberspace,
decided absence
of hands-on or
eyes open, even.

Using precision
in my perception,
I count the ones
whose vibes are foetid,

not on my fingers
but on toes that have
been long-term residents
of man made runners.

But I can always tell
the rotten from the rest.
It is a sense, de novo,
and does require faith

for activation
of the account.
It is pure luck

to have this talent.
It helps me shudder
when fielding
cyberkisses.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dachau

The guard just laughed,
you Jews are full of lice,
but worry not, we'll use
the stuff that kills them fast.
A thousand have gone before you,
come out clean and smelling nice,
impressing family and friends alike.
Thus re-assured they dropped their things
outside the metal doors and stripped
down to the naked skin, the shy were young
they huddled in the shade of rabbi beards,
until the signal came, the chimney spoke
belching brown smoke into the frozen sky.
It was a signal and the giant doors swung wide,
in silence of Teutonic precision gear,
well oiled the hinges were and so the clever plan
commenced to giggles of embarrassment and words,
they would be clean, the children sang, and danced
forgetting in their rush of joy the nakedness,
some boys did stare, of course, they'd never seen
breasts in the flesh and photos weren't the same.
It was a happy lot that crowded in the hall,
though heavy shadows of concern sprung from the walls,
was all this really true a mother asked, some cried
it was part fear and lack of certainty, they would be,
so the teacher, who was fat and well regarded, said.
And then the steam began to fall from overhead,
the soothing waters though, they never ever came.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dad

He slept the dream of ethanol
and when he woke, his battered soul
was in a mood too foul to bear
as vomit stuck in his gray hair.
There in the gutter where he lay
in awe of yet another day.

By-passers did what they have done
for generations. People run
from something seemingly askew
they all have better things to do.

Two blood-shot eyes, deprived of care
can, if required, beat the glare
of solar early morning bragging
as purple bags, resigned to sagging
do complement this alley bum
there, in the gutter with his rum.

She stepped, fresh ginger in her heels,
around the Salvos' stern appeals,
took two crisp banknotes from her purse
when from the sidewalk came a curse.

Blue eyes hop-skipped onto the ground
to find the voice that made this sound.
Much static electricity
now filled the air for all to see.

His eyes were locked onto her breasts
like horny, uninvited guests.
To break the atmosphere of shame
she held the note out 'what's your name? '

He answered, spitting as he spoke
'My girl, you have observed I'm broke.
But all the rum in old Spokane
has not destroyed my inner man.'

And then, it fell, like dandruff flakes
from deep blue eyes and long-lost aches:
This unkempt bum, red-eyed and sad
now held her hand. 'I am your DAD.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Daddy Dear

Daddy, dear you look
so young today.
Such shiny hair
and gleaming teeth,
so clear of eye
and sweet of voice.
A suit like this,
Italian shoes,
and just a whiff
of Calvin Klein.

So, incidentally, dear Dad,
I would so much appreciate
if you could lend me
just enough to drive away,
and then come home
to take you for
a most exhilarating ride
in a Mercedes Benz.

And all my friends,
they love you too.

Herbert Nehrlich

Daffodil

A lonely little daffodil
sat crying on a sandy hill.
Her fiancée had taken ill
was buried forthwith by the Mill.
Came down the path a doctor phil
out for a stroll to find a thrill,
he was a native of Brazil
and had converted oil of krill
into a small endorphin pill.
He saw the little daffodil
still crying on the sandy hill.
Administered his special pill
to stop her spiralling downhill.
He didn't stay there, on the hill
to let her have just one refill,
that's why the little daffodil
still sits there, crying, by the Mill.

Herbert Nehrlich

Damsel In Pink Dress

Once upon a girl in Spring
in the shade of an old shack
entranced, we heard the finches sing,
it took some time to wander back.

I'd found her standing by the road
with two flat tyres, facial sadness.
'twas in the upper Mother Lode
where gold fever and other madness

had taken hold of people's minds.
She had been to the local shop
to buy a pair of cotton blinds,
the kind that makes the sunlight stop

outside the house, where it belongs.
When shards of glass did interfere,
and there she stood, amid the songs
of happy birds, both far and near.

Thus, at a loss, and lacking tools
she waved to passing motorcars,
though most of them were ancient fools
and on their way to local bars.

But no one stopped except for me.
I had not fixed a leaking tyre
in sixty years and I would be,
dressed as I was in church attire,

a bit hard-pressed to be a knight,
a bicycle technician yet,
though, in a pinch I thought I might
attempt a rescue, not to fret.

Four hours later things looked pleasant.
I put away the tyre pump.
She said 'Though I am just a peasant,
how would you like a piece of rump,

smoked to perfection, and some wine? '
Said she and spread a giant rug,
produced a Napa fifty-nine
and poured some into her big mug.

It was a picnic to remember
we shared some stories, many laughs
it cools right down in late September,
which made her cover up her calves.

Two litres of that old Merlot
can bring results for anyone.
Well, it did paint a rosy glow
on her young face, warmed by the sun.

I feel compelled to tell the story
just as it happened, and no lies,
though to this day, I still am sorry
to tell you that some teenage guys,

who wandered through the countryside
as noisy as that age enjoys.
And there they saw a happy bride,
something exciting for the boys.

By then we'd woken from our snooze,
sat up and had a fit of laughter.
We'd slept four hours in our shoes
and felt as if a morning after

had happened here, on the green grass.
I told her that at eighty-nine,
and after drinking wine at mass
it would be prudent to decline

when meeting damsels in distress.
Deep in myself occurred the thought
that I was one who would confess
all of my sins at church, I ought

at least have stayed awake

there in the sun and balmy sky.
But then again, for goodness sake
I must admit, I was too shy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dandelion Greens

Dandelion Greens.
Someone had placed
a bit of it under my pillow.
Only the gods do know
about the rationale
the question is, of course,
if they could care.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dark Side

So, as we sit and contemplate
the country's most precarious state
the sun reminds of pledges passed
and opportunities so vast.

So snug we are, so up ourselves
have overcome the thought of elves
believe in nothing any more
and sweat indifference, that whore
sent by the devil to sow seeds
for stubborn sociopathic weeds.

'A drink now, boy, and move your legs',
is it our conscience now that begs
lean back and soak it up my friend
too soon will come the bitter end.
Remember though, you may not see
the dark side of the old shade tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Darkness

The moon had just arrived tonight
he looked with twinkling eyes
toward the North that's where his bright
and trusty Northstar flies.

Two camels on the ground below
were stumbling through the sand
discussing what they could not know
and would not understand.

Up on the older camel's hump
there sat a wise old bird
who looked and acted like a grump
but duly overheard

the subject of the camel talk
it did concern the dark
where camels do their stumblewalk
and hear the dingoes bark.

The camels and the silver moon
and even barking dogs
and Northern Stars agreed so soon
that nights are just like fogs

and when the daytime came at dawn
they danced, had lots of fun
the bird and Mr. Moon had gone
They welcomed back the sun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Das Doppelkinn

Was hatte Gott denn nur im Sinn
als er erschuf das Doppelkinn?
Und wenn man guckt sieht man dass Damen
ihr Kinn verschoenern durch den Rahmen.
Sie reden Tag und Nacht natuerlich
sehr oft sogar ganz unwillkuerlich,
Das Fett im Kinn auf alle Faelle
verlangsamt diese Wortesschwaele.
Somit wird Stimmband, Zahn und Zunge
sowie beidseitig auch die Lunge
geschont sodass sie sich bewahre
die Redekunst fuer viele Jahre.

Herbert Nehrlich

Das Ende

Am Friedhof steht ein alter Mann
guckt auf das Grab, den Stein und dann
wiegt er den Kopf so hin und her
als fiele ihm das Hoeren schwer.

So ist's, es kommen leise Toene
von Mutters Stimme an die Soehne.
Da liegt sie nun und ruht sich aus
und er steht da, haelt noch den Strauss

in Fingern klamm durch Vater Frost.
Der Brief kam durch die Deutsche Post,
er hatte einen schwarzen Rand
und Marken von des Kaiser's Land.

Die Zeilen flattern nun im Wind,
sind nicht von Muttern an ihr Kind.
Es ist ein amtlich strenges Schreiben
das sagt: 'Sie können ruhig bleiben,

denn die Beerdigung ist morgen
das koennen wir allein besorgen.'
Er sparte aber keinen Heller
und stieg in seinen Vorratskeller.

Woselbst, versteckt in einer Ecke
die Truhe, die fuer solche Zwecke
Reservendollarnoten haelt
bis dass das Schicksal auf uns faellt.

Er gab das Buendel dem Piloten
es waren viele, gruene Noten.
Doch flog er nun, in Windeseile
zwoelf Stunden und 'ne kleine Weile.

Kam an als schon die Glocken klingen
und Ortsgenossen Lieder singen.
Doch stand er endlich vor dem Grab
und hielt den Strauss, und seinen Stab,

den Brief, der schon im Winde flattert
und steht da rum, als wie verdattert.
Die Mutter hat die Welt verlassen
und er allein kann es nicht fassen.

Es quietscht das Tor aus altem Eisen
ermuedet von dem vielen Reisen
bemerkt er nicht dass seine Schwester
sich naehert, sagt 'Na Du, mein Bester',

gerade angekommen war.
Der Himmel ist schoen blau und klar
und durch die Wipfel weht ein Hauch.
Da stehen wir und zittern auch.

Herbert Nehrlich

Das Ergebnis

Die Verhandlungen waren im Gange.
Mit schlauem Eifer legten sie sich,
voran der Schoeffe mit den grossen Taschen,
ins Zeug, es war viel mehr als nur Routine,
lebenswichtig zum Dienste der Gerechtigkeit.
Und dann, als die Stunde einer Wahrheit schlug,
gab es als stolzes Resultat nichts weiter als
ein unerwartetes, doch schallendes Gelaechter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Daughter

She left because it was
the thing to do, she said.
We were so many years behind.
To make her own mistakes
she would be sure to not
repeat things of our past.

But it was not to be.
She made the same,
and then some more
cardinal errors, yeah.

She calls, what a surprise,
we talk about the options
and she wants to hear
total agreement, just this time
lest we could be the targets of
abuse, bred by the circumstance
of modern life, that's what they feel.

And, in the end she follows what
she deems acceptable and doable,
now I am sure she got her brains
from her own mother, bird she was.
And all her beauty came from what
is known in circles of the industry
as situational and Mendeleyan logic.
The two of us look smashing in the buff.

Herbert Nehrlich

De Forum

I will say that this place is a cesspool of crap
and the maggots wear shit-eating grins.
Though some members can boast of a gift of the gap
it takes luck and those maritime fins,
if you want to survive in a gaggle of freaks
you must have at your very disposal
perfect teeth and a couple of tongues in your cheeks
let me offer you this new proposal:

Get a shovel, a broom and a heavy wet-vac
stick the end of the hose in their asses
it's unlikely the vermin will ever be back
all we're left with is slow fading gasses.
Mr T. I applaud you, I hope you recharged
all your cells and the accumulator
we will post a most flattering and duly enlarged
coloured portrait of you a bit later.

Herbert Nehrlich

De Ribbe

Die Rippe ist schon wieder gut
kein Schmerz behindert nun das Leben.
Zum Rolfie geht's mit frohem Mut,
es heilt noch mehr der Saft der Reben.

Und brichst du jemals eine Rippe
egal ob vorne oder hinten,
dann denk an Deine grosse Sippe
die ohne Panzer, ohne Flinten

sich auf den Feldern blutig schlugen
nur um des Egoismus willen,
Da sind wir heute doch die Klugen
doch unser'n Durst den woll'n wir stillen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dead In Bed (Haiku)

He stayed in his bed
on that beautiful morning
because he was dead.

And no matter how
they had yelled and screamed loudly
he stayed dead, proudly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dear Fag

Dear cigarette, are you my friend?
Your lovely smiles, are they for me?
The filter on your other end,
does it protect, is it the key
to disallowing noxious gases
from occupying healthy lungs?
I see, when wearing reading glasses
small cuts that look like ladder rungs,
inside your smooth and shiny filter.
The number of those cuts decides
how toxic, let's say out of kilter,
the puffs will be to my insides.
So tell me, handsome cigarette,
could it be true what I have heard,
that I should think and smoke instead
a colourful, though dried out turd?
Cause cigarettes are coffin nails:
You smoke enough, they close the lid,
and turds originate near tails...
I'm talking to my youngest kid!

Perhaps my words for smoky ears
will penetrate the haze,
prevent a tragedy through fears
that years cannot erase.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dear John

The postman rang,
not once but twice,
his Irish Twang
sounds pretty nice,
delivering to affluents
beats 'cross the tracks
where they have stashed the effluents.
Dear John, or Max,
the letter read
when you read this
our love is dead.
Sealed with no kiss.

I won't be ringing on the phone,
though writing sucks
without the tone.
Well, here's some ducks
and pelicans
and John Greene Deere
chews jellykins
and sprays the weir
goes round and round
and squints his eyes,
it's not the ground
but pale-skinned thighs
and curves attract
I see he's mowed
now once again,
and barely slowed
thus are the men,
testosterone,
brain in a bag
Potomkin's bone
lifts up the rag.
Well, see you John
it says in bold
Methinks a letter is too cold.

Death

She smiled the smile
that only flowers know
while dew drops fell
and petals opened
to frosty winds
of early Spring.
She knew of time
its mangled end
yet gave her heart
heart of a rose
with happiness
deep in her soul.
And death would not
defy its master
it came with measured
leaden steps
and smiled the smile
that means the end
when dew drops freeze
in frosty winds.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death - Bed Or Chair?

My father felt unwell that day.
he'd tripped on cobblestones.
It was expected that he rest
in bed his weary bones.

And in the morning hours, cold
death took his clammy hand.
Don't know if he left happily,
beloved fatherland!

I do not have respect for Death,
but marrow-chilling fear.
And from my early childhood days,
it hovers very near.

As all the world, set in its ways
expects to die in bed.
The fickle term of deathbed is
a lie we have been fed.

And, after years of earnest thought
I've found my sweet solution:
I won't lie down on any bed
to face my execution.

I'll sit up in my favourite chair
and watch the world go by.
And no one needs to know I'm there,
but death will know that I defy
his greedy claws and greasy face,
his clipboard with our names.
Who ordered that the human race
must set its sight and aims
to certain death before our time,
'cause none of us are ready.
Advancing years make us sublime,
our spirits wild and heady.
That's when a pompous God decides
that I should now prepare

to kick the abides
by these draconian rules?
Well, no arrangements can be fair
when laws are made for fools.

A sheep will never make a fuss,
you simply cut its throat,
but you may not consider us
in such a docile boat.

Defy, stand up to destiny,
my brothers, let's unite!
Dump fears behind the willow tree
and put into this fight
our ancient wisdom, strong and free.
And for our guiding light
we let our spirits rise above,
well-carried by our souls.
And overcome with painful love
these heaven-ordained roles.

Who's telling me I have to die?
What's your authority?
Our life once started with this lie
'twas not revealed to me.

So, here we are with our chairs,
we will, at Death's first sight
forget pathetic worldly cares,
arrange all cushions right,
flop down to sit, prepared to stay
'til all eternity.
No other God will have a say,
the purpose is TO BE,
and, as once Shakespeare said so well
it's 'Be or Not To Be',
the question is can the death knell
subdue a chair-bound me?
The proof is in the pudding, though,
of which I'll, in my chair,
eat plenty as I watch the show
and Devil's eyes that stare.

To sum it up: You die in bed,
so if you don't lie down,
you won't be found by others, dead,
all pale, your face a frown.
And if my theory should fail,
and, like a clever sleeper,
he takes advantage of the frail,
this cruel, cold grim reaper,
and grabs my hand while sitting up,
it can't be quite the same.
I won't lie down where life does stop
inside the bed of shame.

So, if he wins I'll sit right there
and watch the world go by.
Until the end comes for my chair
and then we both can die.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death Be Proud

When age and all its dried up masters
have finally caught up with you,
though you're not ready for disasters,
'is this seat ta...how do you do? '
You wake up early in your bed,
another day's translucent wings.
The very next day finds you dead,
(they say it's one of those damned things) .

And, on the way to your Valhalla
you get a glimpse of afterlife.
You hope that either God or Allah
will be more lenient than your wife.

At last you see the Pearly Gates,
they have your rap-sheet with all entries,
you wonder if they do debates,
instead, are taken by two sentries
straight to a break inside a cloud,
where padded stairs, marked by a bell
start their descent. A well-endowed
olive skinned angel, straight from Hell
now takes your hand and you just follow.

And soon you enter a dark cave,
you think and find it hard to swallow
that you are here. But to be brave
is what you've learned and do admire.
You figure that this stark damnation,
with sulphur smell and constant fire
is better than annihilation.

That's what they mean by 'finite, ' friend,
when you got nothing, zilch, null, nada,
and when you're finished it's the end:
You lose the bloomin' enchilada.

The moral of the story is
for one, if you do not quite measure

up to the standards that are HIS
be warned, St. Peter's greatest pleasure
is to add up all of your sins
and that includes the smallest lies
meanwhile, in Hell the devil grins,
they kick you out of Paradise.
Deep in your heart though you do know
that it is better to be hot
and watch the Bloody Brimstone Show
than to be not, than to be not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death In Clover

He rested in a field of clover
when death came down and looked him over.
The clover made him look light green
which is exactly the right sheen
that qualifies for the beyond
but Death bestowed a reprimand
since it had many on its plate
you see it flies from state to state
and gathers up with spindly arms
from battlefields and lonely farms
the ones whose tickers have been stopped
this season though their number topped
a record never seen before
and the reports foreshadowed more.

And, on that day, not far from Dover
exhausted, in a field of clover
the soldier saw old Death arrive
though filled with hope and still alive
he pleaded with the skinny Reaper
who said 'All life is getting cheaper.'
Then took his blood stained Reaper's scythe
and cut. Another soul's good-bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death Of A Child

You came into our lives,
I can still hear the patter
of wrinkled feet, so soft.
You could not stay
but needed to say, fleetingly
Farewell, before the end
of a mysterious journey.
And it is certain, without doubt,
that God did send you,
with love he took you back.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death Of Another Soul

They sat around the bed,
as if it were required to be small
in confrontation with the Death
of one more soul, a relative at that.

What were they waiting for, I ask
was it Cheyne-Stokes type breathing,
it is not pleasant to experience this,
the last small sounds are such defiant gurgles,
and no one in the healing arts will be
unmoved and sitting still while Death takes charge.

I often wonder, would I, when the moment comes
prefer the family surrounding me en masse,
would the embarrassment of taking leave,
the loss of functions and the theft of hope
be in the least so out of place that I would cringe
while long-dead eyes are staring into mine?

Would I prefer to have the comfort of a hand
given with love to see me through this final time,
who would it be and could she take such sudden leave,
would eye brows raise and jealous hearts pound now?

Perhaps my God will grant me what my Grandpa got,
'I shall not wake one morning' is what he did hope,
when I was small I always prayed his favourite one
'Tomorrow, if by just the grace of my dear God...'
the public death is just too much for fragile souls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Death Prediction Of A Scholar

I predict here today
that a man known to all,
who was cut, as they say,
will in 18 months fall.
They repair what ain't broke
for the money I guess,
if you don't want a stroke
come and let me no less
cut your heart that was faulty
and demand lots of dough,
tell you that no more salty
food be part of your show.

Then they let you take Zocor
because it lowers your risk,
and if you should say 'no more'
they suggest a quick, brisk
walk through streets of pollution
where the bums live and die,
and you see no solution
and you ask yourself why.

Is the will of the powers
really geared to be kind,
as his mood slowly sours
he can see that the blind
and the deaf and the cripples
and the 'plegics in chairs
cannot make those big ripples
to alert those upstairs.

And he sees that there is
no distinction between
those poor devils and his
operation that keen
wealthy surgeons had laid on
his gullible mind,
and he felt truly preyed on
as he left them behind.

He returned to the clinic
and demanded to see
the head doctor, a cynic
as a doctor could be.
And he reached in his pocket
to take out his pills,
threw them like a small rocket
and yelled 'treating my ills
is a task you ain't up to
and I trust you no longer,
if I don't come to club you
it's because I felt stronger
until you and your minions
got your greedy hands on me
Stick your bloody opinions
up you know where, don't con me! '

And the clinic staff grinned,
and they grunted and danced.
Yes, they knew they had sinned
and thus subtly advanced
the condition they treated,
and that needed no care
with the patient defeated
they returned to the glare
of the theatre lights,
to administer more science
to those devils whose rights
had been stripped in defiance
of the laws of the land.
And the morals of all
with your head in the sand
you won't see them all fall.

Then his wife who will run
for a very high goal
told him 'now that it's done
you can take up the role
to tell others about
how the doctors today
have considerable clout

and deserve a Hooray.'

But the man, who was smart
had already decided,
that in modern day art
one's decisions be guided
by a look at the motive
behind doctors' big plans,
for THEM locomotive
for YOU a big chance.
And the fortune he'd paid
would not buy him two days
'cause his deathbed was made
by their sinister ways.

Herbert Nehrlich

Debbie's Old Farm

There is a certain eerie charme
in darkness on my father's farm.
And I shall miss those countless hours,
the sunny days and sudden showers,
the rooster's calls at four A M
each chicken egg, an oval gem,
the chops from porkers, steaks so lean
and most of all, such peaceful scene!

It is not right that big bad brother
has taken over like no other,
built giant holdings just to crush
us little guys in a big rush.
It's agribusiness today
the family must go away.
But look and taste what they have done
made their decisions on the run.
Used shovels even tractor scoops
to take more money from our troups.

There once was on this earth a need
to raise our genuine foods to feed
our children so that they would grow
with pride and get up, healthy glow
sustaining life for all the creatures
and be, to all, as farmers, teachers.

Sadly, we've taken a wrong turn
we poison flowers, weeds and fern
and whip our animals to get
a bigger bottom line, you bet.
The trade, though, unbeknownst, for wealth
is taking from us our health.

It is my wish and my desire
that we will learn to spot the liar
and take our heritage right back
restore the power we now lack
and resurrect the greatest charme

the comfort of the family farm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Deceit

It was a single dropp of dew
first scraped together by tiny feet
of two Rockhampton bugs,
that fell into the eye of the untamed shrew
who, not the kind that would accept defeat
then turned to her for one last time.
One eye was crying now, it was all hugs
and kisses and not really a crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Defeat

Uncle Sam is not respected,
Europe burns its Yankee flag.
Jewish humour well deflected
Matzoballs in musty drag.

Muslims show their forty-sevens,
DIVIDE(E) ET CONQUERA,
make a kingdom of the Heavens
from the Rhine to Africa.

Knuckle under, Christian Diggers,
time has come that Allah rules.
Into slaves we turn white niggers,
make from infidels new fools.

Now the hordes of desert dwellers
sweep aside the taste of love.
Leaving only Rockefellers,
with the blessing from above.

Herbert Nehrlich

Defeat (Haiku)

I understand now.
I am an inconvenience.
Beneath the carpet.

And you, my mother,
you walk within his shadow
so who are you, then?

You've chosen wisely,
it really never matters
your word means nothing.

I'd always reckoned
that truth would be the winner
I am so sorry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Deleted Poem

The system did not like to see
my fingers hit the wipe-out key.
Delete, it seems is left to those
who have a super-touchy nose.
Use words like...well, you know which ones
and management brings out the guns.
Thus, we shall keep this site so proper
that it would suit the highest copper.

Herbert Nehrlich

Delicious Again

And so we meet again.
There is an essence
that is woven in
like fabric in the human life,
it nurtures all
does not discriminate
'gainst wanton sin
and never tolerates
a stony wall
inside a heart in love
and touched by pain.

You are indeed my life,
my molecules,
you breathe into my lungs
drool in my mouth,
we have ignored all rules
and, like a knife
we cut through etiquette
and climb the rungs
into the Heavens, yes
immersing deep
and holding tight in strife
until we sleep.
My blood would falter soon
devoid of you,
we blow up our balloon
with air and dew,
fill it with song and wine
and drink our fill
I am perplexed, you're mine
it is His will,
it must be destiny
ordained by whom?
If love can be defined
we have it all,
our path is surely lined
by oaks, so tall
that we can climb in joy

up to (you know)
and as the warm winds blow
this flowerboy
and you my precious sweet
make no demands,
'tis surely is enough
be holding hands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Deliverance

The nurse had left him
to his thoughts and the IV
of 'doing something' fluid,
and still, his undiminished pain
that dreadful night,
when he could hear cajoling
on the street below,
of happy youth in action.

The morphine gadget,
self-injecting, timed,
he'd labelled it
'Deliverance',
had given up
in silence
and perhaps disgust
at its futility.

And no replacement
was to be available,
due to the weekend.

That tiny spec
inside his gut
had grown
to now
unmanageable,
and, most certainly
unreasonable
size,
you know
proliferation,
a thirteen letter word.

It would not bow
to but the biggest
cannons.

For hours,

whose minutes
seemed to
in rash convenience
(act of hostility?)
have frozen
in time,
he lay there,
willing ghosts away.

Yet, they would not
as they did not possess
a human face
to smile with.

'At last'!
How true, he thought,
this pun,
he took the
object of
malfeasance,
and bit the daylights
out of it,
with healthy molars
and the still considerable,
and unaffected power of
the masseter.
Strongest muscle
in his body
though useless
in this battle
of his shame.

It worked at once,
and many grains
of noble cousins
of the precious poppy
flowed into him.
Delivering Deliverance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Delusional

I think the chuckle is all mine,
and if it ain't then nothing's lost
as some of us drink noble wine
and others shudder at the cost
thus are condemned to drink inferior
and cheap, half rotten stuff from casks
perhaps they know we are superior
and even if they don a mask
they still remain right near the gutter
from where they aim to, some day rise
yet those of us condemned to stutter
would, in this circumstance, be wise
to find some other field to plow
something requiring no skills
because, my friends, that would be how
they found that gold in them there hills.
Blue collar work is what we need
and most are born with half a brain
which they then use as ego feed
as envy drives them quite insane.
Their lives are lived in the pretense
that they are high society
which to the world makes little sense
but absence of sobriety
can numb the mind and fog the brain
perhaps they will not ever know
why life in this conceited lane
will just be show and, someday, blow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Democracy

And will there be Democracy,
where words are blown to pieces,
same as people who would speak
instead of praying on a mat
of peaceful colour, knitted with
the fibres of explosives and despair?

What once emerged with hope
for man to live together
in harmony of spirit and of liberty,
where no man be a tyrant
it is abused, shamefully used
for there can never be
a true Democracy
without much opium for the people,
one cannot have divergence
and inequality, without a ruler
who would make Dictatorship
a pleasant household word.

Remember Bill the Conqueror
and the WITAM, a council which,
for many, did decide their fate,
it was composed of noble men
who knew the truth of all the truths.
Today, take Ghana and Zimbabwe
with thug Mugabe, look at Iraq.

If there are differences
between the people
it sparks ambition
and leaves Democracy
an empty dream.
It is the rationale of hope, unfounded,
that Jesus Christ will soon return,
to be the ruler of utmost perfection
without a democratic thought
in sight between all manners of horizons.

Dental?

A man can stand to be called mental
by others being quite judgmental.
Though being docile, kind and gentle
is usually coincidental.

Herbert Nehrlich

Departure

I see you standing,
there at the Qantas jet.
Next day it will be landing
as if we'd never met.

A cold November gust
expands your summer coat.
And yes, Mother, I must,
I could not go by boat.

You're worried about flying,
remembering the war,
the many mothers crying,
the word from distant shore.

And yet, you're smiling now,
a smile without the tears,
the stoic German Frau
is not what she appears.

So many people board,
your eyes assume command,
a noisy, silly horde
off to a promised land.

The wind combines with ice,
My gesture 'go inside',
a parting son's advice,
a mother's love and pride.

I see your hair, dark brown,
your summer coat, so gray.
Upon your face a frown...
but Mother, I can't stay!

II

The engines revv, a thud is felt
my breath forms cabin dew

upon the window crystals melt,
they've gone, except for you.

I felt your arms, the boyant lift,
the pilot must have known,
and soon above the clouds adrift
was I, who'd never flown.

I swear I saw you from up high,
still standing there so tall.
I knew that you would never cry
until you took my call.

Remember what you said back then?
I rang you from a box,
you said be sure to write me when
I need to mend your socks.

III

When thirteen years had puffed away
you'd changed, and even cried.
'Twas me who knew not what to say,
I showed you my new bride.

You stood there, with your summer coat,
your hair, now pewter gray
and told us all about the boat
that sank in Hamburg Bay.

A wind picked up, as cold as ice,
five children grabbed their Oma.
Inside they went, those little guys,
I smelled Tshibo aroma.

You could, for twenty lousy cents
drink coffee, rich with cream.
At last, inside the trusty Benz
the sequel to a dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

Depression For Gold

He rode a nervous Palomino through the gate,
tail bound, a braid, a silly flaxen coat of arms,
the sun was setting and he knew it would be late
but there was no one in the desert with his charms.
A brief command, the sound of Boston in the air
was there a double meaning, certainty all lost?
A final twinkle of the fireball, a dare
will you go on my friend, and what will be the cost?

His body reeked of steel-cut stamina and strength
a string of pemmican forever would sustain.
In search of gold he stretched his body to great lengths;
so many others had been found alive, insane.

It was his mind that could not tolerate the heat,
reflecting devil's fry from rattler's glowing stones
no Canyon cowboy of the south would take defeat
until all marrow had been used up in his bones.

He saw the gold now, tons of glitter, piles of coins,
the horse had stopped to let him slide onto the ground.
And then his soul emerged and left his aching loins,
ten moons had passed until his skeleton was found.

His horse remembered, with some fondness, Canyon Joe
a Pima squaw had commandeered his leather reins,
he was a fighter and true treasure seeking pro
but suffered turbulence inside his aging veins.

Yes, he was Jekyll in the morning, and the ride
would be a pleasant and refreshing, lonely trot,
and with the speed of light he would be Mister Hyde
perhaps the cells inside the skull were burning hot?
No it was all a matter of bad chemistry
two potent substances would fight for mind control
and when the dopamine set all his devils free
no one could rescue then his doomed and troubled soul.

It was Doc Holliday who'd given him the pills,

they hadn't worked for his consumption's fetal breath,
and as a DDS he knew depression kills
and that this medicine would surely hasten death.
They searched for Joe in all the valleys until Fall.
Until the day that they rode into the town of Dodge.
Six final slugs from Doc, he really had a ball.
They buried both behind the Bison Hunter's Lodge.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Alte

Big and Tall,
with a
formidable mind.
Full of talent
and always searching to find
all of life's answers
by the end of today.

And demanding, oh my!
'Study hard, do not lie! ',
'You must strive to know all
or in disgrace you'll fall! '

'Ahhh, your grades, let me see:
Nineteen A's and one B?
Why the B? '-you'd accuse?
You are not filling my shoes.'

You encouraged all sports,
even showed how it's done.
And we liked your support
of occasional fun.

All in all, now you're dead,
you're not Papa no more,
we will call you the name
that we called you before.
'Cause we think if you had
over all these years,
with the teachings and beatings
and the standardised tears,
if you'd smiled even once
when we brought you a cuppa:
We'd remember you as
our wonderful Papa....

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Atheist Und Der Grizzly

Ein Atheist ging einst spazieren
im Wald, umgeben von den Tieren.
Er sagte vor sich hin, wie schoen
sind diese Baeume die da steh'n.

Und auch die Fluesse die dort fliessen
worin sich Wolken dann ergiessen,
ich liebe diese schoene Welt
Natur ist schoener als das Geld.
Ach, ploetzlich hoerte er ein Brummen
schon musste er verdutzt verstummen
ein Baer war hinter ihm schon her
es war ein grosser Grizzlybaer.

Zwei Meter gross und ach so boese
und aus dem Rachen ein Getoese
der Atheist rannt' um sein Leben
(Gott hatte ihm nur eins gegeben) .
Schnell naeher kam der Baer gelaufen
kein Mensch kann je sich wirklich raufen
mit solchem Ungeheur denn;

So sagte sich der Mann, 'nu renn! '
Doch bald war ihm das Tier im Nacken
blies seinen Atem aus den Backen
auf sein Genick und ueber Wurzeln
sah man den Atheisten purzeln.

Schon hob das Tier die grosse Pranke
ihm war gekommen der Gedanke
dass hier ein Essen auf ihn warte
er liebte Menschenfleisch, das zarte.

In Todesangst rief der Bedrohte
der zwar kein Gottesmann und Bote
und auch kein Kirchengaenger war:
'Mein Gott, Mein Gott, was nun, was nun? '

Die Stimme wie ein armes Huhn.....

schon blieb die Zeit ganz schnelle stehen
und keine Winde konnten wehen
doch Gottes Stimme kam von oben:

Soll ich Dich Deines Lebens loben,
Du bist ein Suender in Bedraengnis,
ich soll Dich retten vorm Verhaengnis
wie kaeme ich denn nur dazu?

So sagt der Mann, Gott koenntest Du
statt mir dem Baeren Gunst gewaehren
so stolz sind diese grossen Baeren
sie koennten Christen sein und singen
Dein Werk unter die Tierwelt bringen.

Ich sehe ein, es waere Frevel
mich zu ernennen, denn der Schwefel
des Teufels ist mir sicher schon
und mich zu kueren waere Hohn.

Es sei gescheh'n sagt Gott und segnet
den Baeren der ihm jetzt begegnet,
und gleich erweckte die Natur
und weiter tickte jede Uhr.

Der Grizzly sagte, Danke sehr
fuer Deine Gabe, sie ist mehr
als ich als kleiner Christ verdiene
dann ass er mit vergnuegter Miene.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Kranke Mann Und Das Kind

Mit weissem Bart und Mantel, lodengruen
sass er, verloren in Gedanken auf der Bank.
er wollte sich ein letztes Mal bemueh'n
doch innen sprach die Stimme, er war sterbenskrank.

Die Taube flog, ein scheuer Blick herueber,
er merkt es nicht, doch spuert er noch den Wind.
Schneeflocken taumeln, trunken und sein Blick wird trueber
als eine duenne Stimme fragt, es ist ein Kind.

Darf ich hier sitzen bitte, Herr so neben Dir?
Ich bin ein Waisenkind und heute knurrt der Magen,
da kommt die Kindergartentante, wegen mir
ich flehe um Asyl, sie wird es niemals wagen

Hand an mich hier zulegen, so gewaehr mir Schutz,
fortan bin ich Dein treuer Diener und Vasall,
als trautes Paar, aufrecht und aller Welt zum Trutz
gehn wir auf Wanderschaft, weit weg von Teufel's Stall.

So gingen sie, die kleine Hand verschwand
in seiner grossen doch schon schwachen sehr geschwind.
Nach zwanzig Tagen sahen sie den Nordseestrand
da ruhten sie, und lauschten nur dem Wind.

Und im Konzert der Wellen, Schreie von den Moewen
war suesser Balsam fuer die Seele, er entschlief.
Und traeuimte kurz von Menschenaffen und von Loewen,
bis dann der Gott des Universums seinen Namen rief.

Fuer Gisela N.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Ochse

Ein Ochse sagt zu einer Kuh
nun hoere doch mal endlich zu,
es stimmt man hat mich arg beschnitten
schon lange bin ich nicht geritten,
doch juckt's mich oft wenn ich dich sehe
dann sag ich mir, es tut mir wehe
doch sicher koennten wir's probieren
ich auf zwei Beinen, Du auf vieren

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Schieber

Ein paar Zeilen fuer Dich hier, mein Lieber
wie ich hoer sitzt Du gern auf dem Schieber.
Aber iss, Jung! Du musst
wisch sie weg, diese Frust
denn sonst komm ich selber mal rueber.

Isst Du wenig bekommst Du ein Fieber.
Also nage am Zeug wie ein Bieber.
Und entspanne den Nacken
denn dann kannst Du gut kacken
doch zuviel und der Schieber laeuft ueber.

Und ich frag mal, wie alt sind die Schwestern?
Steh'n sie rum um zu tuscheln und laestern?
Dann nimm's Popopapier
und sag Schwesterchen, hier
sieht das aus wie die Kacke von gestern?

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Tod

Graue Haare, viele Falten
Zaehne kaum noch welche da,
bald schon nennt man uns die Alten
Oma, Opa, Opappa!
Joggen nur im Sauseschritt
und der Tod joggt langsam mit.

Oben auf dem steilen Huegel
schau'n wir runter in das Tal,
Herrgott gib uns doch zwei Fluegel
fliegen kann ich allemal.
Fliegen nun im Sauseschritt
und der Tod fliegt leise mit.

Landen wir am Strand der Fulda,
springen in die wilde Flut,
in den Wogen winkt uns Hulda
und ihr Laecheln macht uns Mut.
Schwimmen nun im Sauseschritt
doch der Tod schwimmt immer mit.

Kommen wir an's grosse Meere
Gott allein bestimmt die Wahl.
wer das Wasser ueberquere
ist fuer Menschen eine Qual.
Treiben hin im Sauseschritt
und der Tod? Der nimmt uns mit.

Der Refrain, insbesondere das Wort Sauseschritt,
wurde von Wilhelm Busch zuerst benutzt.
Nachahmung ist Schmeichelei.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Tod Des Pfarrers

When guardian angels failed you in the very end
you counted silently lest youngsters overhear,
you sensed inside you how this time you would not mend
and scrunched your pillow up against your burning ear.

It soon was taken from you, cells make their own rules
like Ceasar's armies all now lusting for red blood;
a tiny rogue persuades all mortals to be fools
your march of glory did proceed, led by a dud.

Those left are laughing and they sing of times so still
like summer's shade trees as they whisper to the weeds
you hoped they'd bury you behind the Potter's Mill
and let you take that special portrait and the beads.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Traum Von Der Blauen Blume

He'd walked to
all the corners of the globe,
in search of it,
a flower, blue
superior to
the Alpine Edelweiss.

Dressed in his khaki suit
he left no stone unturned,
no tuft of grass
escaped his prying eyes.
The laughing stock
of all the guys
to be obsessed
and driven by his need
to find a godforsaken weed.

Once, in the snow,
he'd laid his frozen eyes
onto a young and growing thing,
her fragrance pleased
and she would be
a flower in the Spring.

Exotic plants are quite devoid
of voice, they may not speak.
She heard his words
and saw he was in awe,
by what he saw.
She could do nought
and let him go away,
there was no need for him
he did not stay.

She knew of course,
and wished she could have said
that here his search could end,
she watched him wander off
and raised her pretty head

to see him round the bend
and to forget, just for the time.

The world went round and round,
the same routine was always seen.
One day there was a tremor underground
and she, now grown, so velveteen
set off to see all corners of the globe.

He did remember her, the fragrance fine
the rainbow hues, especially the blues.
But only when she smiled did he believe
that she'd brought Christmas and,
as well his New Year's Eve.

Herbert Nehrlich

Der Verfruehte Geburtstag

Zu diesem Thema muss ich sagen
dass an so manchen Ehrentagen
man sitzt und wartet auf die Post
bei einem kleinen Glaeschen Most.

Kommt was so schmeckt der Most sehr lecker
und man bestellt beim Zuckerbaecker
noch schnell 'ne Torte so mit Sahne
wo obendrauf 'ne kleine Fahne
die Herkunft und das Jahr bekennt.

Bei mr war's nicht im schoenen Lent
obwohl der Fruehling mir gelegen
nein, Gott gab mir den ersten Segen
im Herbst als schon die Blaetter fielen
und Birnen fielen von den Stielen.

Geht gar der Bote von der Post
vorbei, dann nehme ich den Most
und schuette ihn mit viel Elan
(ein kleiner Anfall oder Wahn?)
dem Briefetraeger auf die Haube

Dann geht es, schnell wie eine Taube
zum Weinregal, dem Beaujolais.
Den VCR stell ich auf PLAY
und trinke auf den eig'nen Ruhm.
In meinem kleinen Fuerstentum

Geburtstag, ja, Du liebe Tante
die Mutter die mich einst benannte,
sie lebt und werkelt, denkt zurueck
denn dieser Wicht war doch ein Glueck!
Dem Kommentar dem stimm' ich bei
beginnen wir die Feierei!

Herbert Nehrlich

Desert Flower

And do you hear it, from afar
the melody, so sweet and sad?
It is not I who picked the star
but it is good and I am glad
to stand here in the desert sand
where all is gray and rather bland.

And gusty winds play silly games
the distant range beckons and frames
just me and rolls of spinifex
I dream of you and all night sex
while butterflies and birds with wings
from far away bring lovely things.

Your music destined for my ears
has now arrived but no one hears
the love that holds your words together
when light and pretty, like a feather
your pledge embraces me to hold
and warms a heart that was so cold.

You mentioned then that distant stars
which all are children of Old Mars
will gladly be the in between
a star, you said, can then be seen
when our heart is open for
the lover from that distant shore.

So here we stand, just holding hands
have no more wishes or demands
what would you think of at this hour
perhaps a special, fragrant flower?
Oh no, I say. I will repeat
this lovely girl smells just as sweet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Desert Fox

I am like Rommel.
The desert fox
who ended up
as fall guy in the war
between the vanity
of Adolf Hitler
and the necessity
to let the masses
eat sausages
and drive the new
and fancy People's Car.

The reasons for
a similarity
that may be obvious
to no one but myself
remain a closely
and forever
guarded secret,
I say Basta
to the peasants
and the vultures
who had me covered
on the ground
and from the air.
You've been disabled
and squashed
like one of those
let's say those pesky
useless and recalcitrant
and smelly bastards
of chitin and of crap
and no significance.

I fry my egg now
on metal made by Krupp
extremely heated,
and wipe the sweat
of desert thoughts

off weary bones.
The biggest battle
one which will
without a doubt
decide the fate
of all the deserts
and all people
is yet to come.

Herbert Nehrlich

Desert Games

And the moon hesitated,
on the way home, at shift's end,
to look at heavy clouds of desert dust
which seemed to travel at
an ungodly rate of speeeeeeeeeeed,
through cacti, laughing at balls of
tumbling spinifex and gray, bedazzled hares,
blinded by Daimler high beams.

It was action that even Silver Moon,
who had seen practically everything
was unwilling to ignore, struth and all,
with sharp and calculating eyes,
and cold-blooded cognitive ability
it took just seconds for the old Cheddàr
to know and marvel at the torque
that put the wilderness into its place.

And for the balance of the morning,
a round full moon was seen, relaxing
incongruous in company to a bright sun,
until, reluctantly, the fuel getting low
Quick Juliette went home to have
a little nap and dream about tonight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Despair

A yellow fog had come,
unbidden,
its colour reminiscent of
sweet cotton candy.
Its tiny droplets soothing
his burning skin
and hiding from his view
two crumbling walls of stone
that leaned and threatened
his lightly chosen path.

Willing numb feet he raised,
defiantly, his chin.
Outlandish was his need
to overcome
and to insist
on odds, belonging to
a road unknown,
but, home sweet home
for him, the different drummer.

He could not see the obstacle.
His eyes had focussed on
a single tree,
majestic,
far in the distance and
bathed in golden rays.
He heard the echo of the bell
and felt the universe,
its beckoning.
Yet in the inner sanctum of his ear
the urgency of voices swelled,
at last to the crescendo
of a dissonance of village choirs,
breaking through heavy armour,
then to cling and not let go
of what his angels had ordained.

It was the fork, of course,

so dark.

A thousand flickers dancing,
he knew about the glow worms
of a lonely youth,
how they had always
rung in the night,
as fear of darkness was their game,
and lure of Heaven's promises,
his destiny well within reach.

The moon had gone again.
Strange and familiar groans,
old branches bragging skills
to brash, pubescent twigs,
convincing owls and possums
to choose wisely in their night.
Blind as he was
no choice would dare
and come his way.
He hurried on with anxious eyes
and legs of sheer uncertainty
straight down the silent path
until his lungs could only scream,
his breath a blazing fire.
The sparks of hope had been,
in just a blink of desperation,
extinguished as they'd gone
around the sudden, cruel bend
of chosen forest road.

And, the collision had to come
it snapped his spine in two,
cold, bony fingers ripped his heart
out of its cavity within,
and left a soul behind,
dependent on the spirit that each man
keeps well inside his own cocoon,
once woven with the Heavens' diligence
now softly swaying in the winds of fear.
And like a fly destined to die
great fireworks of chaos could be heard
and seen for countless miles.

As all seemed lost in time and endless space
the clouds made room again,
a yellow moon bestowed
a different panoramic shine
upon the scene of mayhem and despair.
As if a heavenly command had come
a sudden pulse of cosmic energy
transcends and lands within
the great tristesse,
as countless critters congregate with ease
with friend and foe each side by furry side.
And birds swoop in from sheer curiosity,
the forest comes alive again, in rituals of life
essential part of Mother Earth tradition.
A holy breath is felt inside
and fills his chest with joy,
as apathy must yield at once,
and, through the pulse of immortality
life is renewed, it opens precious petals
proudly erect, its hopeful eyes toward the sun,
uniting inborn melancholy of the soul
with human spirit, all within the heart.

The fog has now come back into the forest,
but he can clearly see a thousand steps
a cotton candy glow,
left there, among the needles, illuminated
two sets of footprints, side by side.
He sees it all, astonished eyes alight,
at last he knows who walks with him
through valleys of the shadows and of fear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Destination

Is it sixhundred
I ask myself in silence
and no more coming?

Herbert Nehrlich

Destiny

It was his seventy-seventh jump.
The ancient Cessna rumbled loudly.
They checked their gear
and willed their nerves to be deceived.

All shutes did open, what a sight!
Except for one, and desperation
was written on the Para's face.
And no one else could hear the words
he on the downward journey mumbled:
'To die like this, make no mistake,
is not my destiny, by God! '
Repeated it so many times
that he believed it when he hit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Destiny **

I thought of other things,
of butcherbirds with wings.
You rang, would you be game
for coffee with a dame?
I thought what is the use
would being a recluse
convince the pesky bird?
Well, Sir, you have my word,
I had no mind to sip
pale latte or to skip
my game of golf at noon
my swim in the lagoon.
You know (I think you do)
that it is surely true
if I had stood my ground
we would have never found
this thing that has us tied
like Bonnie to her Clyde.
The game the gods do play
are full of man's dismay
we'd dwell in misery
and be alone to pee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Destiny ^^

Not being Catholic nor Jew,
I may not sit
in that small chamber to confess,
or cry my tears
while gripping
with numb fingertips
the wailing wall.

I come to you,
my dear old friend
to ask advice.
I've travelled long
and often took
the hilly roads,
due to the views
and then
the pleasure of
descending
into valleys,
with a well earned ease.

I took to resting under trees,
'twas always hard
to leave their pleasant company,
and I preferred to reach
the outskirts of small villages
so close to dusk,
when there would be
a festive atmosphere,
with candles being lit
and heavy curtains drawn,
the children's voices,
muffled though,
would echo off the stones
and hopeful dogs,
left out to guard the folks
from evil spirits
and foul-smelling vagrants
from the East.

I'd knock
and wish them well
and offer to perform,
to play my Klingenthal,
the oldest violin
and one which warmed
the coldest heart of stone.

They'd give me bread
and, for a song of love
or one to praise our Lord,
I'd sleep the night away
among the goats,
watched by the loving eyes
of Jersey cows
and there was peace
within the barn
and in my heart.

The year came swiftly
when I settled in the hills,
a house of stone
a tiny plot, a picket fence,
and she was there
as if the gods themselves
had planned it all
and there was method
and no madness
to it all.

His robe was black
his voice a somber
litany,
'till death, he said
and it was clear
to one and all,
decades would pass
and there would be,
the happy laughter
and the patter of small feet.

All things, the pastor had,
so many moons ago pronounced
to only me,
are possible to those who do,
devoid of doubt, believe.
He'd grabbed me by
my bony shoulders
then he hugged me tight,
you'll be the one who will,
without regret make waves,
it is an honour to be wise
and always to remain
a servant to your god,
and too, to man,
so be prepared to pay,
to sacrifice
when evil spreads its wings
and threatens peace
you carry truth
and inner justice,
go with God!

I never understood,
though do recall these words
as if they had been uttered
not to innocent and eager ears
of youth
but yesterday.

And I would be
here, at your church
today,
to ask advice
of you,
my learned mentor
and my trusted friend.

Sadly, you have been called
to be with Him,
and I have drifted
in the years

away from God,
not to forsake,
but just to be
a better man.

And here I stand,
without an ear to hear my tale,
I now must trust
not God nor Priest
nor destiny,
I shall speak clearly
to myself and to the soul
who held my hand,
yes, just to dance
and have a happy afternoon,
to hear our laughter
over silliness and sin,
and walk the beach that night
while watching a full Moon.

It is bizarre, I say
and really,
who'd have thought?
I've studied physics
and the whole of chemistry,
I've found the errors
and the scientific lies
but there was something
much more powerful than me
and it lay smiling
in those still and lovely eyes.
So to be fair,
I shall enlist her as one judge,
appoint myself
to be the voice to tip the scale,
no use of asking those who stare
(we shall not budge)
and if God will
we'll stand together
just to wail.

Destiny**

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appoint myself
to be the voice to tip the scale,
no use of asking those who stare
(we shall not budge)
and if God will
we'll stand together
just to wail.

Detroit Turbulence

There lives, in cities like Detroit
the devil of the haemorrhoid.
Perhaps the number of mobeels
that is, those vultures on round wheels,
makes easy work for this old Hemple
he hates them parked before the temple,
but it is true that those old asses
who on occasion emit gases
do sit too much on their behinds
and watch the world as it unwinds.
The artery that is in charge
of lower structures is a sarge
in ways that bodies never thought
it's one that surely will be caught.
It tells the great saphenous vein
that there is nothing that a grain
of LDL could not clear up
and this is how they filled the cup
of useless plasma and some C's,
only to find that God keeps these..
And that the numbers have been freed
in favour of the infidels.
So cut and burn, in case that weed,
the radiation gnome endure
do not forget to have decreed
that most of it goes for a cure.
So do give freely, but beware
the time when she did freeze for nought.
no matter, civil versus fair
it is the answer that I bought.

Herbert Nehrlich

Devil In Tuscany

The balmy air
was still, so still.
And not a whisp
of breath
did dare appear.

A solitary cloud
ragged as such,
though not
what one would
in a mood of anger
describe and label
without true merit,
it did exhibit
and was wrapped
in silver lining
with a hundred,
perhaps some more,
atomic speckles
of God's condensation.

The cloud descended
to within heartbeats
of the crowd
which stood
and gawked
and did not miss
a thing of true significance.

It was for me,
as I could only tell
because of past
and well-remembered
childhood experience,
so with a gesture
of noncommittal blunder
I stood at ease
and did receive
the unexpected

and uninvited,
as well as blisteringly,
and blank, unknown
Ooop, Ooop, from there.

It shocked the living
and the other, really
daylights out of me.

Though it was pleasing
to my soul,
beyond belief
at that,
my little devil overseas,
who was now picking
for the harvest,
and in the best
and somewhat ludicrous
tradition, yes tradition,
the bitter olives
down in Tuscany.

Living, if you could
call it that, in houses
completely,
though with competence
and patience,
made of stone,
so many pebbles,
and boulders,
all having learned
to live in closeness.

Dear God of Tuscany,
please keep your watch,
and what else it takes
forever on that girl,
a better specimen
could never be
produced,
even by you.

Before you go,
my Lord,
may I impose on you,
it's simply for the sake of
and in the name of
my soul (well known to you) ,
would I be now permitted
to send my love
wrapped up securely
in a cloud (a cumulus?)
that you would then
with your own hands
(thus blessed, and thank you God)
put on the road
to distant shores,
which means of course
to take a right
at Bibione,
that way you will avoid
the Kosovo dilemma,
and when pillow reaches
as my dear rep of promise
the settlement of Titirona
you will, without a doubt
become aware
of an angelic smile
on your own face.

That is the nature,
and the essence of
my little devil.
May long she live.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dew

A voice of substance,
to pierce gray cirrus clouds,
a disobedient angel
dismissed by God
for carnal acts,
'twas morning then
and cold on earth.
He sat within the shade
of ancient junipers
and dreamed.
When, silently
a dropp of silver dew
bequeathed an urgent stir
and, like a butterfly,
she came.
It was the welcome nectar
of her hot desire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dew From You

That bloody dog!
He barks and howls
on Saturdays,
when I need sleep.
The night was short
and fumes rose
from the crumpled bed,
then fell back down
onto the sheets
as morning dew.
Or was that you?
Wild Turkeys flew
through crazy dreams
their feathers scratched
talons draw blood,
around and around they go
and off each tree
falls gold and silver now,
kind angels make all dew
while I make love to you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dic

What a beautiful baby he was,
born with a healthy sucking reflex,
noisy at night, winking Benny Hill-like
during the day, making friends and fans,
sailed through school, flirting always
with long haired teachers, 'twas the eyes,
rose through the ranks of dad's firm,
fat retirement at the conclusion of hard
and occasionally thoughtful years,
only to have it all end prematurely.
Though he never did know the term they used,
disseminated intravascular coagulation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dichotomy (By Rachel)

Here is another creation from the pen of
my Protégée.

To run, to seek to find
To leave to break, unbind.
When it is lost at last
When all that's gone is past
Then?

To stay to look to be inward
To keep, to heal and tie
So is it found at last
Can all that's past be here?
When?

Herbert Nehrlich

Dicks

Inside a toilet at the Zoo
a man was doing what they do,
he always liked the fellow's size
and feasted on him with his eyes.

By chance though, through the open door
he caught a glimpse and heard a roar,
and when he saw the great big trunk
his happy heart had quickly sunk.

He didn't need to see the rest
this animal was truly blessed.
He knew that in a beast this big
it wouldn't do to own a twig.

The moral is, (as if you cared!) :
the size of organs, when compared,
can scare your own and steal your pride.
My own prefers to stay inside.

Herbert Nehrlich

Die Beschneidung

Ein kleiner Bulle stand im Stalle
und witterte dort eine Falle.
Der Tierarzt wetzte seine Klingen
die Voeglein hoerten auf zu singen.
Geplant war ein gar boeser Streich
schon wurde gar der Bauer bleich.
So schnitt man ihm die kleinen Eier
servierte sie zu einer Feier
als grosses Aphrodisikum.
Und Gott im Himmel? Der blieb stumm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Die Kuh

Die Kuh verlangt das Strip, Strap, Strull
dann wird der Eimer langsam full.
Das Euter doch erinnert mich
an Milch und Honig. Und an Dich.

Herbert Nehrlich

Die Oma Als Spionin

Dass ich das noch erleben darf!
Sie sitzt und gruebelt, 's gibt Probleme.
Ihr Hirn, das war schon immer scharf,
fragt wie man es in Angriff nehme.

Jahrzehnte schon gibt's Datenschutz,
der schlichte Buerger darf nichts wissen,
doch uns're Mutter macht, mit Trutz
und viel Geschick, auch hochbeflissen

ein Spielchen. Diplomatisch klingt's,
hat weder Sorgen noch Bedenken,
sie fragt sich nicht: Warum? Was bringt's,
weiss dass Beamte nichts verschenken.

Die haben Sturheit schon im Blut
und scheren sich nicht an Misere,
sie beugen sich auch keiner Wut
und gaehnen lamgsam in die Leere.

Geheime Akten sind verschlossen
auch wenn die Not am groessten ist,
der deutsche Michel muss, verdrossen,
den Rueckzug machen. So ein Mist.

Da sitzen sie, die Buerokraten,
und schmunzeln ob der grossen Macht.
Wir Sterblichen, wir koennen raten,
die Staatsmaschinerie, die lacht.

Doch niemand wuerde je erwarten
dass eine Dame hoeh'ern Alters,
beim Blick auf diesen stolzen, harten
Tresor und den des Herrn Verwalters

Gedanken pflegt, die wie Lianen
sich um den Gegner heimlich winden,
sie redet, darf er doch nichts ahnen
und keinen Grund zur Vorsicht finden.

So wickelt sie, geschickt und leise,
Experten ein um zu erfahren
auf unkonventionelle Weise
was Staatsgeheimnisse einst waren.

Und diese kognitive Ader
ist ihr nicht auf's Gesicht geschrieben.
Zwar wusste davon unser Vater
doch sonst ist es uns fremd geblieben.

So hat sie nun, in aller Kuerze
schon dreimal ihre Kunst bewiesen.
Das bringt in diese Sache Wuerze:
Ein David gegen Goliathriesen.

Drum haben wir sie nominiert,
fuer 'ne Medaille mit Urkunde.
Welchselbige nun deklariert,
dass aus der lieben Mutter's Munde

viel Logik kommt und das beruht
auf einem Qualitaetsgehirn.
Ob mit, (doch meistens ohne) Hut,
sie bietet jedem ihre Stirn.

Herbert Nehrlich

Die Schweine Des Werratales

Es wohnte (ich erzähl es mal)
im wunderschönen Werratal
ein Weib das nannte sich stolz Frau,
doch war sie nichts als eine Sau.
Zusammen mit dem Ehemann
ging sie an Fremdvermögen dran.
Sie lebten so in Saus und Braus
und hochverschuldet in dem Haus
was mir bekannt und wo man sich
an mein Gemüt nun heimlich schlich,
um einzubuttern und zu blasen
den Zucker zu den bösen Gasen
die sich im Darm oft einsam wähnen
(und bei Entladung kommen Tränen) .
Am Abend lagen oft Pralinen
beim Bett, und hinter den Gardinen
stand Wein aus Chile, Aldimarke
die bringt den Saft, dass man erstarke.
Die Waesche war -kaum mal getragen-
und noch sehr sauber da am Kragen,
schon landete sie wie auf Flügeln
im Automaten, dann beim Bügeln.
Man fühlte sich, dass muss man beichten
wie Gäste die ein Ziel erreichten,
wie erste Klasse und vom Hofe
doch war ich doch der Herr von Dofe.
Geplant war diese miese Sache
(ich meine beide sind vom Fache) ,
sie sind wohl keine Amateure
wie ich von manchen Menschen höre.
Man fängt nicht erst mit sechzig an
wenn das Gewissen schweigen kann.
So ist die Perle, einst gepriesen
dort unten bei den Werrawiesen
ganz gar nicht ein normales Wesen,
ich sehe sie mit einem Besen!
Vielleicht 'ne Hexe fünfter Klasse
von einer Untermenschenrasse,
sie kam ja, wie man lange wusste

mit Oskar und der alten Guste
vom Westen in die rote Zone,
das ist nicht kosher und nicht ohne.
Sie brachten mit den grossen Opel
den fuhr noch nie der kleine Popel,
sie hatten Schulden und sie rannten
zur DDR und den Verwandten.
Und heute stehen die Verbrecher
und scheuen noch den Schierlingsbecher
den sie, so sollte man doch sagen
nun schuetten sollten in den Magen.
Verbrecher, die von ander'n stehlen
und diese Schande dann verhehlen,
die vor Gerichten saudumm luegen
und dann den Richter selbst noch ruegen,
die schamlos durch den Ort spazieren
und ihre Wohnung noch verziern
mit Waren die man gar nicht ehrlich
genommen hat, die heissen Nehrlich!
Wie schon der Vater einst erkannte
und mancher Onkel, manche Tante
so ist der Name doch ein Zeichen,
denn diese zwei geh'n ueber Leichen.
Sie werden doch alsbald erleben
dass suesse, dunkelrote Reben
wenn auch verlockend schoen erscheinen
sie nie den echten oder reinen
den Wein der Wahrheit destillieren!
Das Diebespaar wird schnell verlieren
und wer wird lachen wenn sie kommen
um wegzuschaffen diese Frommen,
die Hohn und Spott zum Altar schleppen
und denken dass wir alle Deppen
und Bloediane fuer sie sind,
dabei sind die Verbrecher blind,
sie stuerzen sich und die Familie
wie schon der Mann von Frau Ottilie,
der auch kein Geld bezahlen wollte
bis dann Justitia's Muehle rollte
in den Morast der schwarzen Seelen
sie sind Verbrecher, muessen stehlen.
Im schoenen thuringischen Lande

beginnen sie die grosse Schande,
und haetten sie ein wenig Ehre
(und in der Seele nicht nur Leere)
dann haengten sie dort an der Buche
und baumelten der Welt zum Fluche
doch wissen wir, dass solche Feigen
nicht zu normalen Taten neigen.
So warten wir bis zu dem Tage
wenn angesagt ist ein Gelage
zum Feiern eines glatten Sieges
und auch zum Ende dieses Krieges.

Herbert Nehrlich

Die Uhr

Hast du denn Gottes Uhr gesehen,
sie haengt am Himmel an 'ner langen Schnur.
Und immer wieder hoert man Menschen flehen
sie sind nicht vorbereitet fuer die letzte Tour.

Doch sieh mal wie der grosse, schwarze Zeiger
so unerbittlich immer weiter vorwaerts rueckt.
Und dann der kleine, wie ein zweiter Geiger
das Schwert des Schicksals, scharf und glaenzend, zueckt.

Er prueft die Seele wie den neusten Reisepass
so mancher hat nur schwarzbeschmierte Seiten
da steh ich nun, zermuerbt und im Gesichte blass
Und neben mir steh'n Nieten, Suender und die Pleiten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Differences

A paper clip,
all dressed
in vinyl blue
was on alert
inside a glass
that once held
two hundred grams
of Thomy's mild.

And within seconds
of being pushed
aside,
passed over,
for a little
floozie
in bright pink
he felt it.

A burst of anger
at the injustice
ignited
deep within
and generated
within nanoseconds
a red hot state
capable of
melting
the vinyl off
all clips.

It was an unintended
but quite equitable
solution.

To pick one clip
above the next,
it means to
overestimate
the difference

between
one clip
and any other.

Herbert Nehrlich

Diogenes

Inside a weatherbeaten drum,
there sat a man, alert but glum.
It was, of course, Diogenes,
he'd fled the world and its distress.
And from the time that he had fled
the people came, alive and dead
to ask him how to truly live.

He had the answers and would give
the best to all who came to see
the man inside the drum, so free.
And many thousands took advice
not knowing how the truth applies
to real life, so they stayed dumb.
All wisdom stayed inside the drum.

Herbert Nehrlich

Diogenes Und Die Kakerlaken

Diogenes sass in der Tonne,
die Fuesse draussen in der Sonne.
Die Fuesse fangen an zu schwitzen
wenn viele Zellen sich erhitzen.

Doch drinnen in der dunklen Tonne
schien weder tags noch nachts die Sonne.

Durch kleine Fugen und auch Ritzen
sah man die Kakerlaken flitzen.
Sie lebten alle in der Tonne,
mit Weisheit wohl, doch ohne Sonne.

Herbert Nehrlich

Disappointment

A coward is a person who
could never wear another's shoe.
There is a pattern you should know
they're good in putting on a show.
Once they have given the impression
that they can supersede depression
and that their hearts are on your side
they have you fooled, from far to wide.

They talk a lot of how their kin
committed daily a new sin.
And how they drank and smoked the pot
but they conveniently forgot
that apples are not to be found
far from the tree's immediate ground.
A coward may not know for years
that devils do create your fears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dna

Vote for the USA,
money and pray, pray, pray.
Y'all join the NRA
it's all in the DNA.

Herbert Nehrlich

Do

It's only you that sees the fog
and finds himself so lost within
the murmur of familiar voices,
do let the kindness of the sun
transform all tears to morning dew
and warm your heart so that it can
be mother to your mind at last.

Herbert Nehrlich

Do Earwigs Have Hair?

An earwig, brown and also shiny
sat on a river bank, alone.
Compared to others he was tiny,
a critter made of skin and bone.

This mission's solitary aim
was simply to elucidate
his role in God's creation game,
to find himself, at any rate.

For many long and lonely hours
he stared into the stream's reflection.
Half sitting in a sea of flowers,
a specimen of weird perfection.

And when the Moon arrived at last,
dead shadows out to find their prey,
the little guy crawled very fast
into a giant stack of hay.

His intricate, but feeble mind
was at a loss as much as ever,
his image, front and from behind
did look presentable, but never

would he resemble to keen eyes
a hairless critter, plain and nude,
and to this day he does despise
the EARWIG name as rather crude.

Herbert Nehrlich

Do The Deed

You know, he said, this world, it truly sucks,
they've got me coming from the morning to the night,
I can't remember when we were such eager bucks
that we would itch to get ourselves into a fight.

Today we loathe the confrontations and the pain,
why would they stick those little daggers in your skin,
there is no help from those who have too much to gain
they stand and watch as the black hole just sucks us in.

What keeps us sane though is the thought that human hands
are there for us to share and hold when there is need.
It is a wise man who has seen and understands
that it is friendship and plain love that does the deed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Do Write It Down

Those tiny moths
that are
in their dimension
just thoughts.....
and when they
come searching
for you
do write it down.

When rhythm and words,
leisurely,
seek company
to bring a melody
into your heart,
do write it down.

Are you in trouble,
or so filled
with joy,
you cannot utter
a single word?
Do write it down.

Prone, on the ground
and looking up
to catch
the final smile
of her,
before she goes,
will you remember?
Do write it down.

Embarrassed by
those pesky
feelings,
recalling
memories,
and times of weakness
and despair.

And those of bliss.
Do write it down.

Herbert Nehrlich

Do You Doodle?

He'd always put free reign
into his cranial hemispheres
but there was method (and a bit of madness) .
He'd dreamed up rules, of course,
'twas either right or left but never both
in unison or (think of it!) in competition.

His brain was sharp, inquisitive and quick,
an eager tongue in search of novel tastes,
thus it was clear they'd have to find a road
substantially less travelled, say a compromise
which, in the end, and subsequently, they did.

Two brothers, yet unlike in many ways,
bright children under God and of a common mother:
The Analyticus, known by his monocle, opposed
to Amadeus who would listen endlessly to Figaro.
A shy arrangement, it had served them rather well.

No yellow jealousy or envy plagued their heads
until the day they were confronted by a pet. A POODLE,
which led to chaos all at once for Analythicus
who could not find the proper link to please his mind.
And Amadeus nodded wisely only once.
And then began to doodle.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doc Curtis - Dentist Emeritus

He was long retired,
sick of groping and drilling
inside the mouths
of fellow citizens.

But golfing wouldn't do,
his old sciatica
had now revisited.
So he would spend

his mornings sleeping
until past noon,
then dress in Wranglers
and Sears fake Birkenstocks

Hawaiian shirt
each afternoon.
It was a splendid club,
'the usual', he would say

and Cedric poured
as if there were no limit,
then added just a sliver
of iced Kohlrabi.

It helped, he knew,
desensitize the gums
against the sudden cold.
He'd talk with Cedric

about the past,
and implantology,
and Dr. Weston Price
as well as caps

and crowns and splints
til Cedric's ears
would burn and ache.
And, in due time

he'd join Doc Curtis.
It was a medicine
so universally respected.
And no one could deny
its brilliant efficacy.

The day the accident,
way up Alaska way
did make the news
the two were grinning.

Doc Curtis called it crap
and added that,
in all his years
he'd seen the benefits

of sodium fluorosilicate
with his own eyes.
And that the charlatans
and commie bastards

had likely engineered
the deaths through water,
enriched to help
the children of the world.

'No one would ever die
of fluoridation,
properly applied',
he said to Cedric,

who had now reclined
atop the Heineken,
and at that moment,
that afternoon in May

Doc hatched a plan
to give some meaning
to his retirement.
And so he did.

Soon he had allies,
there was the firm INTALCO,
and then the fertiliser crowd,
as well as dentists by the dozen

and their closed society.
And so they formed
in a great hurry
a group called,

not surprisingly:
'The Families For Health
For Our Children'.
Their motto was

Life must have fluoride.
In sixteen weeks
they did amass
a pot of real gold.

Threehundredthousand
to use, and well they did.
Since money talks,
it would, most likely

be a piece of cake.
Election came
for all the people.
There was no money

for defense but
there was something better.
The people called it
common sense.

When all the votes
of all the folks
were counted
it was found

that Curtis had,
to put it mildly,

now lost the plot.
By FOUR percent.
The people had prevailed.

Today, each afternoon,
Doc Curtis, in fake Birkenstocks
and checkered shirt
and well-worn Wranglers

still sits with Cedric
at the Bar and drinks.
No sliver of Kohlrabi, though.
Instead he adds a dash

of fluorosilicate
to please his own.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doc Frankenstein

'Perfection', said the scientist,
'if you fall short, you're off my list.
Genetics cannot be surpassed
selection, friends, will not be vast.'

'A single abnormality
will end your life in misery.
A mangy dog without a tail,
I must be strict, I will not fail.'

From one cold slab arose a ghost,
all nude, with genitals exposed.
He spoke: 'Oh, Doctor Frankenstein
I've managed it, now you are mine.'

He took the doc then by the scruff
and shook him heavily, and rough.
Until the doctor cried in vain
and both of them went quite insane.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doc Stickfinger

There once was a doc who was needy,
and each year he turned ever more greedy.
He would steal from the rich
and liked garden gnome kitsch,
both his eyes were nystagmic and beady.

He had thought of a brilliant procedure,
it was new and a supersedure.
He would screen them for health
and take off them their wealth.
In the end he was called a besieger.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doch.....

It strikes me, suddenly,
a stem cell of surprise.
So will you play, new friend
or stick to the demise
that has been scripted then?

I may regret to say I will not need
the helping hand you do unfold
there, on the public square for me
it's only pride that guides me now,
a silly gallery of puppets on a string,
perhaps they would at that, believe
how I could be the spirit of the catacomb,
each side a bat's transperence of a wing
without the promise of an afterlife's reprieve.

Yes, it is I who sucks the marrow of the beast,
until the echo of its hollowness cries out.
But will you come to me and hold my little hand
I'm only little, just an image, but not stout.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doctor Freud

The fact that you wear a moustache
and float around with much panache
does not make you into the Kaiser
nor would it see you any wiser
so stop pretending little man
wipe off your grin with the false tan
for, if you think yours does not smell
then in your mind you are not well.
Come see me when you have a chance
but pay your fee well in advance.
as otherwise I get annoyed
my name is Doctor Sigmund Freud.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dog Eat Dog

Australia is known to all and sundry as
the lucky country.

As luck might have it this,
and seven other factoids
may well be true.

America, I shudder to present to you
as circumstances made it,
is known to all but to its own
as the dishonest country.

Down Under has its dingoes and a fence,
they hunt for rabbits little 'roos and handsome shrews.
Their common names do, as a rule make little sense,
no dingo ever would be caught as a recluse.

The land of Lincoln though has rules befitting fools,
they hunted buffalo and wiped the forests clean,
you find no bison and no boars, no Northern mules
it was ten years ago, they shot a wolverine.

Thus it is logical that, only to survive
they turned to food that was nutritious and at hand,
today the dogs will eat each other while alive
it's something wolves would never ever understand.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dog Years

The stones accumulate at last
and make you mellow
your public face is quite aghast,
your inner fellow
will wonder what will now become
of your resolve
as inner voices on a drum
play jazz and golf.

It's only milestones says your doc
nothing to worry,
it is not you who will take stock
and when the flurry
of plain arrythmia does arrive
it is too late.
You had such fun while still alive
my friend and mate.

And I insist to hold your hand
with all its sweat
no soul could better understand
a treasured pet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doghouse

I'm in it!
The dog's been moved.
I took his place.
It's airy, noisy
cozy and it smells a bit.

It's just the thing
to find yourself in,
now and then.
Or longer.

You may NOT,
- it is possible -
be asked to come back out.

A dog defends
his territory
like his house.
Be careful therefore
and beware.

However, when you see
ME as a tenant,
you may ignore me.
It is not my home.

Lest the happy sounds of applause start ringing: I am currently Not in it.

For: L

Herbert Nehrlich

Doghouses

My dog lives in my house with me,
the doghouse stays outside.
He thus avoids the misery
that weather changes might
inflict upon his gentle soul
my dog is very bright.

So while his house
just sits there waiting
the thought occurs to some
that I should be, they are debating,
be in there, chewing gum.

Already banned by own volition
into a doghouse far,
I realise the new decision
has further raised the bar.

While living in both houses is
not what I had in mind
when from my thoughts of wilderness
I had to sift and find.

So, Tibet here I come for sure,
I hear the houses there
are not much harder to endure
than doghouses are here.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doldrums - Population Unknown

My mother told me
on a day when all
my necessary actions
were going well,
that she and maybe all
of us would be soon
in the Doldrums.

Well, there were bombs
above our heads
and the great enemy
was out to kill us all,
those final days of
what the Fuehrer had,
with skill and foresight
started, our precious war.

So I decided then and there
that nothing should be added to
the stress already visiting.
There would be time
to learn the meaning
when calm returned.

I never got around to it,
and went through
countless years,
a little niece explained to me
that Doldrums was no town.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dolly The Sheep

Dolly was her name.
She was a sheep.
Some asinine
and arrogant filou
had started up a game
of can we screw and keep,
have a genetic line
superior to any zoo.

But Dolly faltered,
some things were not
and could not be
up on the up
when it was altered
and Dolly's life was
yes, 'twas cut
they prayed, said
over runs the cup
and then she died.

But someone lied.
It had been all along intended
to put her down for science's sake
and fourteen laws, newly amended
would give the world a needed shake.

So IVF and other tricks
will still be there for those who will
take peace of mind compared to NIX
and Dolly died. She'd had her fill.

Herbert Nehrlich

Domkop

In Holland where the tulips grow
and mills turn in the breeze
where barges have small boats in tow
and where they make great cheese.

It's where the gods do send the creeps
to punish and to change
did they forget that Holland keeps
the dumbbells within range?

Each kop who doesn't think too straight
a blight is for all men
their presence punishes the state
until they're gone again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Don'T Call Me Mother Hen - Again

I stood and watched
my daughter's birth.
A tuft of hair
salt of the earth.

To see it through
to its safe end
I prayed to you
asked you to bend
rules of devotion.

My smile was frozen
with high emotion
and I had chosen
you as my keeper
my hand to hold,

as now my beeper
so shrill and bold
called me away
to other chores
liquid dismay
oozed through my pores.

I held you then
today we're shy
called Mother Hen
and time goes by.

Herbert Nehrlich

Doubledicker

In answer to your underhanded query
and knowing that you have been rather puzzled,
it would surprise you, as a shoulderpadded dearie
that I have two, though one of them is always muzzled.
They share the dangly bits and are not Siamese
the bigger one likes flashing and was cut
the other one, a peeper, what a tease
remains immaculate and is the one that's not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dousing The Light

I knew of course, one starts
this bitter journey at the very top.
Each step gives you a little jolt
as if to jog the memories now gone,
the sound is barely there
and I control it as I have to hear
those voices of my little gnomes
who will, of that I'm sure,
jump off my skin just like the rats they are
and watch the ship go down without
a shred of glory, see the captain drown.

Not many left, I see, the bottom is in sight,
a clumsy stumble but no fall, I am the clown,
yes I am ready will you kindly douse the light.

Herbert Nehrlich

Down At The Roots

I'd spent some time there
on exquisite dunes,
before a gust blew in from Belvedere
and played a melody like looney tunes.

I slip and plummet down the slopes,
a copse awaits and breaks a careless fall,
awakened are, through scents, forgotten hopes.
Is this the foyer to a long lost Royal Hall?

And pleasant is the ambience, I stay because it suits.
An ancient melody, its plaintive promise sweet,
as moisture trickles down to thirsty roots
and whets the appetite, there in the heat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dozing Off

I sat, against the root of a dishevelled casuarina,
the storm had been too violent for its tender face
a horde of hungry crabs and shiny Fiji beetles
have made a gala dinner of the saprophytes,
green ferns whose pea-like bulbs hide from the sun.
There is a humming and the hoarseness of old voices
and no defence for me, the one who drank that night.
A strapping boy, no, it's a man on a brown horse,
a blaze of white pursuing nervous Jersey cows,
big udders swaying in the grass, exotic pouches
an aromatic dust of dung and powdered earth
now fills his nose and gives him taste to linger long,
he wonders briefly how it is that cows endure
so many hours of a game made up by man
and when the bats fall off the silo in the dark
he sees a thousand eyes aglow, yet far away.
There is new movement in the sky, near the horizon
a sudden craziness has gripped the patient clouds,
and he is turning now, his world a giant globe
as pupils stare to find the land and all its seas.
Oh, yes my God, I can indeed make out the sounds
of silent bats with devil's faces and his claws,
the giant ship has rocked itself into a rhythm
and soothing music like the beauty of a fog
descends with poise onto his loins to reassure
it is his life that passes, all of it, just now.
His frightened eyes can see the boy with dreaming eyes,
with stubborn spiders and fat worms in crowded pockets
and growing fast into a man with all his sins.
There goes the school with all the teachers in a flash
a dozen ceremonies, hats in black and gowns,
and gaggle after gaggle of those lovely souls
each face a memory, a long forgotten smile,
and now the office with the yellow gap-tooth smile,
who will not sign him off to get the lousy pension.
And then he knows that there is dream and there is truth,
because the music, all its mellow sounds have died.
He feels the urgent hand that reaches for his heart
a breath of morning air to wake him from his sleep

'twas all a cloud of cotton candy and of foam
and as the tongue of Wilhelmina licks his skull
it wakes the mind as only bovine tongues can do,
he takes his walking stick and hurries to the barn,
where all the young folks milk the overflowing bags,
it will be supper soon, best get himself inside
where his old chair stands at the head still, of the table.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dr. John Celes - Bob Gotti

One never learns enough in life,
today would prove this fact,
one of my poems got in strife,
it was the name that lacked
a certain sensibility
and Paris took it off.
I sat here in futility
prepared to hiss and scoff.
It was the name that bothered them,
the leader's name at that
they asked to restitch at the hem
the poem as I sat.
So I did send an urgent mail
to Dr. Celes here
and one to Gotti to avail
myself of fact and fear.
The question was did I offend
by using this great name
and I expected they would send
an answer, solve this shame.
Well, Dr. Celes did just that
he was the wise one, yes
Bob Gotti though, just like a cat
wrote something you may guess.
It seems that he disliked my words
that criticised his preaching
I said that those religious nerds
should do their bloomin teaching
in church or far away from here
well Gotti did not love it
so he now had the chance, the dear
to tell this guy to shove it.

I think it shows what he's about
he'll give you hell damnation
I fail to see why he would shout
His word to all the nation.
There is no kindness and no love
but vengeance and raw anger,

but rest assured, the one above
he knows this bible banger.
So, Bob, go preach your stupid crap
just know when your time comes,
that God will get up from his nap
and asks you for your sums.
He will point out commandments too,
the ones you do not follow
it is a matter of the shoe-
it fits. And you are hollow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dracula's Wanderers

She was a sorceress,
though not a soul
had known.

Her incantations
could be heard
by no one.
A Magyar
and heir of
Attila, the Hun.
Though fate,
not magic
had transplanted
her to the plains
and gorges
of Dracula.

Moldavia
and Mongolia,
a sprinkle of
the Kasakh,
amidst the Wanderers
from Asia,
the sour-faced
Greek merchants
and the Csabas,
took on the mountains
called Carpathians.

Oh, Dracula,
oh Transylvania,
give me
your Saxons
to re-unite
within the
Fatherland.
And let us
bring her back,
this sorceress,

to drive the Csangos
and the Vlachs
into the hills
to join
the Gypsies,
and then to rob
the Croats and
the Serbs.

And only then
can we resume
the life of Nomads,
of restlessness,
and liberty
and freedom
of the soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dragons

There once was a jolly old dragon
who would daily partake from his flagon.
Since the flagon was round
he was tipsily bound
first to trip then to fall off the wagon.

There he was, soaked with rain in the gutter,
and the folks heard him sputter and mutter,
though his liver was fat
and he wore a straw hat
he had not yet decided to stutter.

For the dragon was waiting at home
a small dragon he'd married in Rome.
She was armed with a spear
and a bottle of beer,
but she lacked number four chromosome.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dream Pills

As is my custom I will always try
the remedies I now and then suggest
to patients, (some of whom ask why)
the one or other potion might be best.

So, long into the rationale of one small pill
its name is pyridoxine, and it is a vitamin.
This molecule is very crafty and it often will
restore one's dreaming and improve one's skin.

So I proceeded to ingest just before bed
the wonder substance in a hefty dose.
And soon, in fairyland a little spirit led
a boy through meadows of pink poetry and prose.

The spirit left me at a bench made from old pear,
where seated was a lovely maiden from days gone.
A smile peeked through the curtain of silk hair
she said the words, I'm listening, please go on.

We talked for years which turned to decades in a flash,
just sitting holding hands and taking turns,
and once she leaned to place a little kiss on my mustache
and in the end we made bouquets from leafy ferns.

I woke and wandered off as in a daze,
the power in that vitamin was something to behold.
I often think about us sitting in that haze,
and listen to her heart, a heart of gold.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dreams About Things

I had a dream last night, my friend
there was a guy named Bligh
he bucked the Fairfax ghetto trend
and took some pills, got high
he was a pitiful disaster
and cut, you know, it hurt his pride
he did not know when Alabaster
came to his aid as a new bride.
He was a Jew, and Hollywood,
though full of them did not condone
the goings on of what one could
call anti-Kike right to the bone
so, in the end, they drove him out
he had no talent and no skills
the sheriff, he was pretty stout
stood tall like one who seldom kills
his middle finger pointed west
although he meant the Middle East
while chewing gum he said 'it's best
if they had gone and really greased
his neck before the blade came down
the world would surely thank them all
and give them one Kuterian crown
as in the end they always fall.'

But God looked down and said those words
if human beings can't decide
between the apples and the turds
I will go in the clouds and hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dreams Of Delusion

I have these dreams of late,
cannot be helped says I,
and if you want debate
about the how and why
you must be quite content
to take the waste bin crumbs
it's your predicament
and I will do the sums.
I dream that I am it,
a poet of renown
that every quarter wit
in cap and gown
is drooling on my stuff
all day and night
the big ones huff and puff
the dummies might
come shake my hand one day
or take a bow
perhaps old Bill would stay
and ask me how
to write good poetry
perhaps great songs
and put the moneytree
where it belongs.

But when at last I woke
it was quite clear
that we who like a joke
while gulping beer
write perfect stuff, no doubt
like Ogden Nash
who had the nasty gout
but was so flash
that it will take some years
and some hard thinking
and many happy beers.
Creative drinking
will make the soul come out
and that is where

the talent hangs about
and to be fair
I am a poet
how good depends on
those guys who know it,
the hidden Talisman
who is elusive
as you can see my friend
the most conducive
and all revealing trend
is not for you
because it's others
out of the blue,
also their mothers
who read my stuff
they are the judges
and also plenty tough,
might love my smudges
and what goes in my bin
it's who I write for
strangers and next of kin
and if you want more
to blast and smash
you must go elsewhere
to rise and crash.

You are a poet
if people read you
just so you know it,
it's those who need you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dreamtime

Last night I had a funny dream:
While flying over mountains,
saw scenery I'd never seen
and desert towns with fountains.

Saw rabbits, foxes, cats and dogs
and wombats hiding inside logs,
and birds and bees and butterflies
and busy beavers, rats and mice.

Was tempted to attack with speed
to get myself a decent feed.
When suddenly I spotted her:
Soft skin, dark eyes, no jungle fur.

She sat alone amongst the trees,
her nipples proud, with pointed knees.
Lips parted, soft and moist - so tempting,
as if they meant to be pre-empting.

Ye Gods! I'm not an infidel!
Please let me linger, keep me well.
And let me drink this image in,
head over heels commit this sin.

I want to hold her to my chest
and kiss her eyes and all the rest,
and can we slowly dream together,
lie down among the moss and heather?

Just one more thing I want to ask:
You Gods, it is a simple task.
Let darkness come, two stars may shine
when I am hers and she is mine.

Then, as the night air slowly cools
my LOVELY kisses me and drools.
We want no promises, no lies
because we are in Paradise.

There is no time that keeps progressing,
that, in itself, our greatest blessing.
It's here and now - there's no tomorrow,
no earthly baggage and no sorrow.

And would you like to know the rest?
This dream has learned to break all rules.
Eternally I'm at her breast,
my LOVELY kisses me and drools.

This story has a happy ending,
it's true and does not need amending.
And, if you think that I'm a tease
I look at her and say: 'yes, please.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Dreck

I'm through asking.
It seems to be an imposition,
and what the hell,
I do not need it now,
nor later on, or ever.
A fitting closure,
for you and me and them
is that the meaning of it all
perhaps enlightening to some,
is what the Germans call
a heap of Dreck.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dresden Again?

The bombs are dropping still
so reminiscent of the dirty days
of powdered dust, so cocoa brown,
the city was surrounded by the coal
that built a generation there,
of Thyssen, Krupp and companies.

They say that there were just a few,
all Pharma men, such keen observers,
I do suspect that history, this time has
without a doubt received re-incarnation.

Well, not to worry, folks, they will not burn
the stuff that could so easily feed any flame.
Old men in fancy bunkers, patient men,
and always counting notes with little smiles,
there cannot ever be an end to this, dear God
you have your raindrops and the sudden snow
you must allow us to present the real show.

Herbert Nehrlich

Driftwood

What struck me were her eyes.
When the first spark
discharged itself,
down at the docks
where I had gone
to look for
(the name did fit) ,
driftwood.

And there,
barefoot,
in shallow puddles,
the rising sun,
just stood,
as if befuddled
about the time.

And dusk had come
on silent soles
to take
its rightful place.

It was the perfect
and so timely
medium
to obscure
those salty tears,
that fell,
without a sound,
though hesitatingly
into the sea.

For one brief moment
I had forgotten
the purpose of
my being,
as well as of my
evening presence.
And as the darkness

with its grief
and promises
descended,
not unlike a blanket
I heard a melody
of words,
'almost as whispers,
making their
determined voyage
into the stillness
of that Horseshoe Bay.

An eagle called,
the sound of
Old Nainaimo.
It was an omen
not to be dismissed,
and with a rhythm
only Gods could
have created,
untiringly,
the sea
sent curly foam
onto the sand,
where toes
with chipped off
scarlet polish
were marking
their territory.

' It is my pooch',
she breathed,
'a terrier,
and surely
my only friend,
he has been gone
for seven days
and stormy nights.'

And thus, she had
for one long week
suspended all

reality,
and searched
with patience,
and great hope.
I asked her then
if she had prayed
to ascertain
the truth,
enlist the
helping hands
of Providence.

She nodded
with her eyes,
two jewels
of a sadness,
undescribable.
The word precarious
suddenly
rolled off my tongue,
and soon we searched,
between the
oily drums,
and under jetties.
So many miles
and hours,
the two of us.
And only Sadness
and Despair
for company.

We were the first
to greet the morning
as it rose
from misty waves,
urged on
by painful rays
of sunshine,
a smiling melancholy,
now bringing
unwelcome chill.

A seagull saw me
cover her
drooped shoulders
with my checkered,
all woolen winter vest,
which flashed
'Au Canada',
supported now
by ample breasts.

There was a tiny
and ridiculously
ramshackle,
Fisherman's Café,
near the old crane.
And welcome warmth
received us,
two unlikely lovers.
And after coffee
she thanked me,
briefly,
and absentmindedly
it seemed.
She had to leave.
I did not speak
to her,
not then,
not later,
and for that matter,
ever again.
I know, I know
but did not understand,
inside the chill
of that cold morning.

Important business
did occupy me,
until, again,
I thought of
collecting driftwood
by the sea,
to heat my cabin.

Outside the
Fisherman's Café
there was a crowd,
and some policemen.
They'd found a body,
washed ashore.
She must be,
so they reasoned,
a proud Canadian,
because Au Canada
was blazing
from her chest.
And when at last
they set the flimsy stretcher
down behind the van
marked Coroner
a very nervous
and hysterical
Jack Russell Terrier
was running circles
around the body.
It was disturbing
in its obvious confusion.
Though I'm not certain,
as I was totally unable
to see it all
through sudden drapes
of salty tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drinking

If you drink
you die
if you don't
you cry.
So don't cry
but do drink
you will
thus
skip the shrink
help your soul
to reflect
on your liver's
defect.
And how odd
that your God
did invent
the old booze
thus he gave
you the nod
and you simply
can't lose.
It's C-two
and H-five
and OH
for you
we're alive
and God-fearing
so we love
this endearing
histamine fuse
to be touched
by kid's glove
wave away
all the blues.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dripping Tap

A dripping tap must think....
(that is, if you subscribe to
what Gods have hinted at,
that lifeless objects have a life) .

The tap I know began
to notice that each day
a dropp or two escaped
without authorization.

She was convinced, of course,
and very rightly so,
that it was of her substance,
elixir of life that drained away.

The tap, now filled with sadness,
itself a strange affliction,
which occupies the spaces
left by departing goodness

it now began to weep
about the loss and its finality,
lack of reversibility,
but nothing changed at all.

The drip intensified
to sixty beats a minute.
And, when the plumber came
he grasped the meaning of it all,

and left without his usual fee
because he knew intuitively
that only God is authorised
to put an end to tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drive

When I was still home in my hive
Dad said PUT your gray matter in DRIVE.
Doing AS I was told
made me fearless and bold
and what's more, it has kept me alive.

I admit that I aim to impress
as a wordsmith in English, no less.
Yet I harbour some fears
that, when judged by my peers
that the verdict is anyone's guess.

Herbert Nehrlich

Driving Home On A Cloud

I'm known as the Wheeler and Dealer,
in my head there exists a smart feeler
and I push down the price
as they try to be nice
to this little old bumbling healer.

Thus I play the wit-matching game
and I never will sign my own name
'til the price has been crushed
and the salesman sits hushed
as his profit ain't matching his aim.

But I figure they would not agree
to a deal with a wheeler like me
if deep inside their sleeve
did not live a reprieve
that will always safeguard their best fee.

In the end we can all be quite proud,
shaking hands, talking somewhat too loud
when musical roar
leaves the showroom floor
I am driving straight home on a cloud.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drops

A raindropp off the Matterhorn
was in the heavy clouds just born.
It fell and tumbled from great heights
enjoyed, while falling, splendid sights.

A hundred meters off the ground
a teardrop, hot and rather round
had just been shed by a young filly
who was engaged to Kurt, a silly
and immature and randy lad
that day he had been really bad,
had grabbed her by the ponytail
just when she bent to check the mail.

The priest had stood nearby the gate
engulfed in a finance debate
with Mister Penny, local banker
who was a jelly-bellied wanker.

But in the town where Edelweiss
are currency and do entice
the boys in blue-green Lederhosen
to climb up into high and frozen
crevasses and to distant peaks
the Priest is one who always seeks
compliance with the Laws of God
so, it was neither strange nor odd
that this young filly shed her tears
as tears are made inside our fears.

This tear had almost hit the street
when winds came in with snow and sleet
picked up the drops, both rain and tear
and took them up the mountain, near
the summit which had dared young men
for centuries, each year again.

And there they played light as a feather
they swirled around in nasty weather.

Updrafts live at the Matterhorn
in fact that's where they once were born.

And so it happened that they stayed
though neither did seem too dismayed.
Well, if you think about the two
perhaps it could apply to you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drought In Australia

A cloud which was designed for rain
was home to drops (that should be plain) .
The forecast had announced some showers
thus, in the early morning hours
the signal came from higher up
that all the drops jump off the top.

Two oval shaped good looking drops
took off their speedos and their tops
and slowly went up to the edge
when one of them said 'I do pledge
to never misbehave again',
the other answered 'count to ten.'

They were afraid, that much is clear
and looking down increased their fear.
God long ago had stipulated
that drops had to be marked and dated
so that the world would get its rain
because a drought is such a pain.

Well you can guess what happened then
they jumped right at the count of ten.
So many others chicken out
that's why Australia has a drought.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drug Dealers

I do hate thee
and count the ways.
you hide inside
a toxic haze.

That rotten smell,
sound of your voice
your place is Hell,
you have no choice.

I must assume
that God can make
a witch with broom
and you, the flake.

But his intent?
It will not click,
who would invent
a drug-soaked prick?

Well, up in Heaven,
the two discuss,
each night at seven
the earthly fuss.

Satan and God
debate and choose,
and give the nod
to those who lose.

Thus God receives
repenting souls,
while Satan grieves
for ugly moles.

Will they decide
for gutter-creeps,
through whose thin hide
the badness seeps?

A low-life man
like you arrives,
whose evil plan
ruined many lives.

No one will cringe,
you'll plead in vain.
Take the syringe,
Scum Of Cocaine!

Of all the fools
a handful lack
those innate rules,
they won't come back.

The time will come
when D N A
of filth and scum
will have to pay.

ANNIHILATE
each single cell,
that is your fate.
You won't make Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drugs Or Hugs

A rather handsome looking stork
whose home Down Under was Cape York
was on his way to a lone cottage
wherein the lights were of low wattage.
This is the reason he was fooled,
(just when he had his long legs cooled) .

He dropped a baby at the house
which pleased immensely just one spouse.
The other was not into hugs
but rather liked a life of drugs.

Mistakes like this have consequences
as drugs affect a human's senses.
What happened there, it was not right,
the stork just needed some more light.

Herbert Nehrlich

Drum Beats

My sweetest pie of berries,
If you, on this occasion,
take out my heart
(just help yourself) by
reaching with great care
into my ribcage, only then
can you proceed to hold it
lovingly in your warm and
tender hands and then drum
onto its walls like in the tale of
Skeleton Woman, does this
then mean that one of us,
or both are listening
to a different drummer?

Herbert Nehrlich

Du - English Version

YOU are my flower.
The loveliest flower
that exists
in this world.
And, oh how I would
have YOU
all to myself.
And keep YOU.
I would caress YOU with
my love
and breathe in
YOUR fragrance.
I would kiss
YOUR petals
and, gently,
lick YOUR nectar.
YOU are my
sole conjunction.
And YOUR tears are
my rain.
I want to drink every drop.
I need YOUR hands
to never release them,
YOUR breath
that warms me and
loves my skin.
YOUR heartbeat
which keeps me alive and
your breasts
that make me
immune to insanity.
I need YOUR closeness
to be awake
and to perceive
the world,
YOUR eyes to find
my soul
and to melt
into YOURS.

I need YOU!
Without YOU the world is not.
Without YOU there is no life.
Every cell of my being
longs for YOU,
for YOUR touch
and for
the warmth of YOUR blood.

And, when my end is near
I want to die
with YOUR hands
holding mine.

And so it shall be.
And that is good.

For YOU - Love of My Life

Herbert Nehrlich

Du ** (Bilingual)

Du bist die Stille in meinem See,
Deine Augen schauen aus der Tiefe
in Traurigkeit,
Sehnsucht umgibt Dich
wie ein grauer Nebel,
Du weinst,
Deine Traenen sinken,
langsam
zum Meeresgrund
wo sie nach ewiger Ruhe,
nach Erloesung suchen.
Ich bin da,
Du bist meine Liebe,
mein Edelweiss
mit der Seele
des Enzians.
Langsam,
mit der Bedacht
eines Dichters
und dem Zaudern
eines Denkers,
gleite ich in die Wogen,
teile mit starken Armen
die lauen Fluten,
komme zu Dir.
Um Dich zu troesten,
zu kuessen
und fuer immer
bei Dir zu sein.
Wir sind nur frei
wenn wir eins sind.

You are the stillness
in my tranquil waters,
your eyes look
from the depth
in sadness as longing

clings to your skin,
a light gray mist.
You cry,
your tears descend
in painful motion
to the bottom
of our sea
there searching for
the solitude
of sweet deliverance.

I see you,
I am here.
You are my love,
my Edelweiss,
my Alpine gentian leaf.

I take much time,
the poet feels
and then
the thinker hesitates,
but then
I glide
into the waves
and part
the waters
using arms that need
to hold you soon,
I come to you.

To touch
and be so close,
to kiss your eyes
and then
to be
forever
at your side.

We can be free
if we are one,
just you and I.

Du Bist Magie - You Are Magic

Du bist ein Zauberkuentler,
ich ein Lehrling nur,
dein Wesen spricht
von Traeumen und Magie,
wenn wir uns sehen
schlaegt die alte Uhr
doch langsamer vergeht
die liebe Zeit doch nicht.
Du weisst dass ich dich liebe
es steht lange fest,
beruehrst du mich
ist es um mich gescheh'n.
Du nennst mich vieles,
auch mitunter Best
und deine Seele
kann die meine leicht versteh'n.
Ein Herz und eine Seele schlagen nun
bei Dir und mir, die Zwillinge hast du,
zusammen singen wir aus einer Kehle
und fragen lange: Was ist da zu tun.

You, magicmaker, yes, I point to YOU,
must know that I am only a trainee,
your being speaks of magic and of dreams
when we converse,
the bell that tolls is just,
it will not err,
time, as two lovers hope
may never change its beat,
YOU know that it is LOVE
all that I feel for you,
'tis long been known.
Each touch is felt
so deep inside
and weakens steady knees.
You call me names,

like Hey, and Best, and such,
your soul can understand
the gist of life itself.
A single heart, one soul
beat in my chest
to echo yours,
you, sweetie, have the twins,
together we shall sing
until we cease to ask
for guidance what to do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Du Laesst Dich Geh'N

I know my bosom is no longer young,
the swell is gone or somewhat less attractive
there was a time that you would stare with your hot tongue
at every part of me and ask me to be active.
Yes I have shrivelled up a bit and wrinkles have now squatted
on my 'sweet face' that you would never tire of
we had our dates, subject to all the time that was allotted
by my strict Dad who screamed at us with his pipe-smoking cough.
But just this morning, when the rays of our sun
stole in the bedroom and the sheets exposed your elfin skin
I started crying when I thought how your left bun
had always been my favourite, yes, I grin
I knew right then that it would matter not at all
the outward signs of aging or the wrinkles
so let's get up my sweet and have a real ball
I will be sitting here to listen for your tinkles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Duckfeathers

They say that water, with some luck
runs off the feathers of a duck
which means I think that feathers would
keep dry the ducks as well they should.
And why would ducks, I ask, wear feathers
if unprotected in all weathers,
they might as well go waddle nude,
though naked ducks look rather rude.
If you can see a different meaning
in this, perhaps to do with preening,
or something else entirely
let me invite you to feel free
to write a poem about ducks
but do not say that this one sucks.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ducks

To write a poem
without preparation,
without really thinking
about it.

It is sheer madness,
or, perhaps,
it is
what underpins all poems
in this world.

I don't know.
And it doesn't really matter.
And no one will have to listen
to me.

Or to even pay attention.

What is a fellow
supposed to do
if the whole world
thinks differently,
and if the whole world
disapproves,
and if the whole world
distances itself.

Is a fellow allowed to dream
and to believe in his
own dreams?

What if he wants to
smash up
the universe
to be able
to be with her?

What if he needs to
change the order of things?

Will he really,
truly, honestly,
have to wait for
the next course?

Do sad eyes count enough?

Yes, I am not
in any dumps.
On the contrary.
Just had a question or two.

A hungry duck
will fly.
Unless he does
clip his own wings.

No duck will do that for
any reason other than
fulminating,
burning,
God-given
LOVE.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dugongs**

A dugong, native to our coast
looks like a whale crossed with a ghost.
Once an old man who fished the bay
was carried off and far away.
Talk is the Dugongs snatched him though
and took him from his boat below.
I warn you tourists, stay at home
and if you must, just fly to Rome.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dukes

I was thinking last night.
Close to midnight,
when midnight madness
drifts in from the regions
of The Tweeds.
Thinking of
the two
whithout whom
I would not now
have the pleasure
of having a few friends
and one or two
kindred spirits.
Upon reflection,
I will call them
The Dukes Of Hazzard.
Name fits like a
Berlusconi suit
or a Venetian glove.
Needless to say,
they were impressed
by their own
perception of selves.
The Dukes of Destiny
was in no direct conflict,
as one needs open lines
of communication for
skirmishes or other
touching gesture.
So, in forgiving hindsight,
they were the Hazzards,
only not as funny.

For: AJS, who didn't know my parents (the Dukes)

Herbert Nehrlich

Dumb Cop

Tonight I drink, if only for one reason.
I drown not sorrow but the years that have slipped by.
The cop who wrote the ticket said: 'This silly season
means to feel high is quite okay but drive and do not fly! '
'Blow in this tube my friend, you look down under,
past ohpointfive will ruin your day and then some more,
I'll throw the book at you with lightning and with thunder,
you'll be surprised at what we have in store.'
'Now blow again', a disappointed cop announced,
he dropped his gadget on the pavement where it bounced.
'You ain't been drinking sir, you are unique.
Are you a saint, a monk or just a freak? '
He was in shock while I was calculating figures,
eight grams per hour this old liver does.
In silly season with those party rigors
you give some leeway then, glad that zilch it was.

But wait I'll tell you what the copper missed,
his giant speedo showed a ninety-two,
where sixty was the limit, 'less you're pissed.
He said 'the world needs no more drivers just like you'.

If all the people in their cars obeyed the rules
and never speed or misbehave in other ways,
you'd have an anarchy where all the cops be fools,
and think of revenue and play with radar rays.

'So off you go now, sir you didn't break no law',
I slipped the clutch right then and thundered down the highway.
In this encounter one could find a single flaw,
I'm going home now, have a beer and think of my way.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dumplings

All dumplings tend to trigger awe
Bavarians even have a law:
Mix cooked potatoes as a dough
into untouched ones, take it slow.
A dumpling needs to be half raw.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dungbeetles

Dungbeetle sat on a mountain of dung
Dungbeetle shat from the ladder's top rung.
Dungbeetle fell after slipping a bit
Dungbeetle drowned in a pile of pure shit.
Dungbeetles like taste and odour of poo
Dungbeetles send the Grim Reaper to you.
Dungbeetles never use fork, spoon or knife
Dungbeetles live with a Dungbeetle wife.
Dungbeetles born after Dungbeetle nap
Dungbeetles nurse, not on milk but on crap.

I found this in the attic.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dunny Talk

The dunny was her favourite place,
she lived there, ugly was her face.
You see they sprinkle her, to wit
ontop of what the Yanks call sh**t.
You know that once you slash and burn,
put the remains into an urn,
or use it in the Dunny then
the stuff is envious of men.

Herbert Nehrlich

Duroc Pigs

In the seventies
we raised those durocs,
their colour brown
but otherwise the same.
When time came -wow,
to get the Python
and all the knives
that had been sharpened,
weeks ahead.
One shot it took,
then cut the live carotid
make sausage, spicy
right at that precise
and dizzy moment.
Blood Sausage,
yes, it is the pig's pyjamas,
and stuff the sausage
into casings of
their cousins.
All Germans love
the porcine products,
all its flavours
We love the mince
that pork tataré
which means raw pork.
And in Australia
we go hunting
for wild pigs.
The world is eating
what the Gods
have always wanted.

Herbert Nehrlich

Duty Of Care

The preacher stated 'I thee wed'
and took the bride straight to his bed.
The groom had been into the booze
thrown up into his Rockford shoes.

This proves that once the scent of lust
goes through the celibacy rust
no human can be safe my lad,
as even preachers can be bad.

So, my advice is keep your eye
on all the layers of your pie.
And if you don't, it is okay.
I am God's servant and I may.

Herbert Nehrlich

Dutyfree

I made you, love
a bed of roses
so you can,
in times of stress
or natural fatigue
just rest your back
against the sea
of God's own flowers.

I removed each thorn
so none would sting
and trouble you
as do those words,
spat out at us
by vicious tongues.

It took me ages,
though I did not mind,
and it is perfect now,
as you may find,
and may I ask you sweet,
will you have me
on your red roses
in your bed,
all dutyfree?

Herbert Nehrlich

Eagle Eyes

As the eagle soared
sharp eyes observed
life itself, as it moved
under cover of leaves,
between blades of grass
button eyes peeking
from freshly dug holes.

Such routine, yet it was,
in its own way, new each day.
And he enjoyed nothing more
than a descent at 300 k's,
the rush of high speed,
alert pupils, dried by wind,
talons, confidently stretched.

Yes, it was a pleasant existence,
so far above human dignity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Eating Disorders

An anorexic fly was flying
around the kitchen, near the stove
he smelled the spuds that they were frying
so now and then he slowed and dove
down to the pan to have a peek
when suddenly a pale, anaemic
and funny looking two-winged freak
accosted him, said 'I'm bulemic'
I am so starved, must have some food.'
The anorexic fly was fearful
that this bulemic would fall in
not only was he very tearful
he'd also lost that insect grin.
So, fly said go and get some spuds
I'll keep an eye out for the cook
he did then emptied out his guts
that's what is written in the book
about bulemics, but those flies
who purge their takings aren't up-front
and to deceive they will tell lies
but please permit me to be blunt
it doesn't really bother me
that flies can have eating disorders
the most important theory
about disease causation borders
on witchcraft and plain old conjecture
the search goes on to find a cure
that's why I gave this little lecture
I wanted to make really sure
that people think about this more
prevent the deeds that often kill
because the victims never will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Echos Of The Heart

Sometimes, it is the flutter
of Southern Hornets who
recalcitrant and ill-tempered,
sneak into sacred territory
where they always find
enough to entertain their
absolutely lousy sense of humour.

They tug on fibres holding things,
shake up the velvet valves,
squat on the great 'His' Bundle',
but most importantly, creating
and enjoying the new turbulence
that gives you PVC's, and fear
as stumbles wake your sleep,
and skipped or missing beats
urge you to move your body
just to prove that things are fine
and as they say, the beat goes on.

God has, the Cantadora says,
allotted you a certain finite number
of beats, to be used wisely
but when they are, my dear, used up
there are no seconds, and no substitutes.
Then all the turbulence just stops,
the hornets leave as if to say how boring,
and you depart, not ever having known
that not one moth did ever grace
or even briefly visit, your corazon,
and, as you see, some hornets can behave
with skill and self-serving deception.

There is, however, as they used to say
that little fact that for each single ill
an herb is growing somewhere on this earth,
to set things ortho, that must be doctor talk,
and in the case of the old clock that ticks
inside your chest, just like an aging drum

it is a substance called ubiquinone,
as also known as Co -enzyme Q-Ten.

I would not kid you, nor do I have compadres
among the hornets, so I urge you, listen now,
take time between your wondrous poems
and study up for future days and nights
when tides are rolling in and out, in moonlight
and do not sit there, with the gel and electrodes
strapped to your melancholy breasts to gauge your mood,
no one will come and scoop you up, my friend,
for rescues to succeed do them yourself.

Herbert Nehrlich

Edna's Death

She had, those days she spent outside
so many visitors, some became regulars,
they'd talk and bob their feathered heads,
and raise, with pride, impressive wings.

Inside she'd entertain, it was a real joy.
The cheapest most mundane of any music,
from classics over Bartok to a touch of Soul,
she'd dance, and sometimes dance the night away,
Mazel and Karajan would have been mighty proud.

Today, she needed extra love, she asked us all,
each person had to scratch her scrawny neck.
But no one did suspect, no one was told.
She sat (birds do not sit) , there, at the bottom
of her wire home, and she looked very, very ill.

I think she knew she would not ever go outside,
though feathered friends were calling, by the gate.
She did not call to them, but said her last good bye,
to those who truly loved Dame Edna, Lady Cockatoo.

A few of Edna's garbled words rose from the cage,
then, with a small sigh she rolled, so full of grace onto her side.
That was the moment that our friend, our Edna died,
and she will know, who in this house went off and cried.

Herbert Nehrlich

Edward

Of all the family demands
and overtaxed adrenal glands
I wonder if in distant lands
the average dummie understands
I'm known as Edward Scissorhands!

Herbert Nehrlich

Ein Plums klo (German And English Versions)

Es steht in unserer kleinen Stadt
ein Plums klo, ganz aus Glas.
Nur einer, der die Nerven hat
kann sagen dass er sass,
umgeben von dem Publikum
und putzt sich dann den Po
da bleibet der Mensch vor Staunen stumm
in diesem frechen Klo.
Die Schilder sagen Einwegglas
das kann ja viel bedeuten,
ich pinkele und lass mein Gas
nicht vor so vielen Leuten.

Our city has a toilet
it stands within the square,
but, if you're into etiquette
you will not go and bare.
The cubicle is made of glass,
you watch the world go by,
they see you as you wipe your ass
in there you can't be shy.
The signs all say it's one-way glass
yet you are not so certain,
next time you need to go, you pass
your pee behind a curtain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Eine Niete

Wer nimmer sein Versprechen haelt
demnaechst mal auf die Nase faellt.
Und faellt er, da die Nase vorn
auf diese und das bringt den Zorn.
Er schimpft auf alle Menschenaffen
und Gucker die da steh'n und gaffen.
Doch hat er sich's selbst zuzuschreiben
er konnte bei der Wahrheit bleiben.
Drum sage Dir, gibst Du Dein Wort
('s ist ganz egal an welchem Ort) ,
dann muss das bare Muenze sein
sonst bist in aller Augen klein.
So rate ich, Du moegest lesen
wie einst das Ehrgefuehl gewesen,
als Manneswort noch sehr viel zaehlte,
drum die Ballade die ich waelhte.
Die Buergschaft, Schiller hat's geschrieben
es ist ein Meisterwerk geblieben.
Das Schicksal Dir ein Beispiel biete,
ansonsten bist Du nur 'ne Niete.

Herbert Nehrlich

Eisblumen In Suhl

I was still a child
and believed in ghosts.
Winter was an icy,
elusive old man who
painted flowers
on my window.
I still dream of them
so many years later.

Sometimes,
the flowers were
a hedge of roses,
other times a dragon,
borrowed from a fairytale,
dragons always made me hide
under the bed covers and hold on
tight to my Teddy.

So many winters
have gone by,
all with their
special memories
for me,
but today,
there are
no more ice flowers.

Old man winter must be
painting elsewhere,
surely for some children
who have rosy cheeks
and at least one personal,
special teddybear.

Now and then,
when the cold
has transformed
the world around me,
I watch as children play

in the snow.
Looking
through my window,
I can see
the iceflowers again,
but they are invisible
to all others.
I think they have
always been near me. .

Herbert Nehrlich

Election

Ye Gods have been too kind,
the geezer failed his flock,
the people are not blind
they recognise a crock.

America will flourish
without the crooks in charge,
give, that they feed and nourish
the nation and its sarge.

The bums who make their riches
by squeezing others hard
now littering the ditches
and crying out for lard.

No nation needs to wonder
about philosophy,
if in its wild blue yonder
the people are not free.

What are we, if not felons
by taking neighbours' wealth,
let them eat watermelons
while we subscribe to stealth.

America, the giant
so sick from head to toe,
yet, feebly, still defiant
await your fatal blow.

You cannot live by killing
or taking more and more,
a decent man is willing
to be ambassador

to those who may be ailing
and people down on luck,
society's smooth sailing
does not adore the buck.

So, yes we choose the nigger
as some of you would say,
he'll make us ever bigger
encourage us to pray.

Let's stop the exploitation
the dog-eat-dog disgrace,
let us restore this nation
back to its rightful place.

Herbert Nehrlich

Election Eve - Australia

The election, they say, will be tight
and dishonest John Howard just might
get the votes of the sheep
who still fall for this creep
an old eunuch too weak for a fight.

These elections are surely a crime,
so much rubbish, all covered in slime.
We are praying to God
to give Kevin the nod,
you can't fool people all of the time.

Well, my money is firmly on Rudd.
The incumbent is simply a dud.
With the truth he is loose
but we're cooking his goose
and he'll land in the crap with a thud.

Would you like to be a politician?
With the flair and a secretive mission?
Then, when decency calls
you'll be hiding your balls
from the shadows in opposition.

Herbert Nehrlich

Election Haiku

Joe is no plumber,
nor a flutist or drummer.
'Twas a clever plan.

No one would suspect
they would plant him, how clever!
Hopes gone forever.

McCain is a pile,
it protrudes from the anus.
He is no Janus.

He could never win
nor could Sarah the dimwit.
Abominal sin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Election Usa

And the people will vote for the prez
will not listen to what their god says.
Will they get what they need
will there be a stampede
to the musical Porgy and Bez?

There is always the matter of lies
let them eat their strange cakes and their pies,
but the masters will win
with dijon on their chin
and the whole of an egg on their ties.

Herbert Nehrlich

Elections

Obama shakes her manicured
di-a-phoretic hand.
A hand that rightly has endured
a million handshakes, a n d
how many felt the vibes of flesh
so full of rank deception,
who saw the drapes of tricky mesh
a woman of subreption.

Obama, black and well-denied,
he drinks right from the bottle,
all wines are suited for this ride,
he will control the throttle.
Where wine goes in though, it does change,
to water it converts.
His re-assurances are strange,
his face? It really hurts.

That leaves McCain, the man who flies
off any handle gladly,
his women often wear black eyes,
that's when he treats them badly.
All three would relish the rebuke
they'd send to all the darkies,
Iran will have its genuine nuke,
the hell with words and sparkies.

What will you do, my Yankee friends?
Could we just vote for Yogi?
I cannot tell you how it ends,
might get that mean old foagy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Electric Chair

And not a single hair was out of place.
A face so stern and utterly composed
majestically he walked the walk. His last.
Let no one say he let them have the pleasure
to smirk or grin or tell the grandkids later
that 'Uncle Bruno' had collapsed or faltered.

The executioner was talking to the priest,
the latter was not needed, had been dismissed
and then a hum had silently descended,
all eyes were hungry, even cameras attended.
Those electrodes, attached to clean shaved skin
a crown of thorns upon his head, like Jesus Christ.

It wasn't really a switch as one imagines,
a stubby metal lever needed pulling
from A to B, the colour code was green to red
he had been looking forward to the deed all day.
It was the power and the feeling of omnipotence,
a bit like God, deciding life and death for those
who needed fixing, which you did by deeply frying
their faulty and deranged and so subhuman DNA.

It was his turn now and the priest said to himself
'the eyes, they have it', as the man convulsed
and through the glass partition one could smell the stench
of urine and of hairless flesh well roasted,
it took the better part of seven minutes,
which was about the time it took to kill the child.

Herbert Nehrlich

Electric Company

You caught my eye,
and was it not
electrifying, even then? !
While singing in our High School choir,
unspoken messages, adrift
through bass, soprano, band (too loud) ,
so undeterred, in isolation.
With an agenda of its own.

You did not know
you were caressing
my very being,
young it was.
We could not see
the world nearby.
That was in nineteenseventy, love.

Oh, that ye Gods would
bring you back,
the time so wrapped
in honeysuckle.
You wash my socks
today and that
is all that's left
of our love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Elves

Only the wind
does know
that you have sinned.
Perhaps if God
would grow
a horn
upon your face
the future of
all men
who call themselves
the Human Race
would be decided
by small elves.

And neither God
nor man
would be
perpetuating misery.

Herbert Nehrlich

Embolism

A microscopic spec once sat
inside a cluster of brown fat.
When surgeon Doctor Cutoomuch
was slicing with a gentle touch
into the upper tissue layer
(inside he said a little prayer) .

And cutting now the outer skin
of a large vessel, with a grin
the scalpel did dislodge the speck
which travelled up toward the neck.

The blood stream is a crimson river,
the happy speck now passed the liver
and when it got close to the duct
the patient's chances surely sucked.

It plugged and closed the line of life,
there was a stab, like from a knife
and then the graph went very straight.
They turned it off - it was too late.

Herbert Nehrlich

Emmy

I was thinking of calling her Emmy
but my wife of three decades won't lemmie
she is jealous of her
when she catches her purr
So my Hemi will not be called Emmy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Encounters

A very fat girl from Toulouse
had invited me up for the views.
I was really too short
so we had to abort
and we watched on the telly the news.

She was restless and rubbed her fat thighs.
Then she spoke and said thirteen more tries.
We may wear the fat down
and she took off her gown.
There were fire and heat in her eyes.

It was crazy for her to expect
for a member, though fully erect,
to reach gorges that deep
(and the entrance was steep)
we would never quite interconnect.

What a pity, I said and I think
that she did overdo on the drink.
Then she danced in the nude
I don't mean to be rude
but I felt him to cower and shrink.

I did bid my farewell to the lass
she was still pirouetting her mass.
Then I met a bulimic
who was short and anemic
and she had neither boobs nor an ass.

Herbert Nehrlich

End Of War

'Doway, doway', the soldier shouted,
moving them on with much impatience,
they were not able to go any faster,
kids, handwagons and their lives' belongings
were not salvation but a hindrance for them all.

He took his filthy and mud crusted Kalatshnykov
and shot them all before they reached the town.
'What is the difference', he asked himself,
a few more bodies in this war, and then he saw
a timid movement in the pile of bodies, 'life',
more out of shame and guilt he aimed again
and killed the final remnants of the human spirit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Endocarditis

We placed a camera,
down through the tube
they call esophagus,
and aimed it at her heart.

I held the tube,
it was for her,
and I would keep
one in my hands
if it did glow
with fiery heat.

There was a small
but still, a leak,
the pulmonary valve,
which is the best one can
and would expect.

Once past the age of birth
it matters less,
but now we wait.

Will there be staph
that leaves its hiding place,
to swoop and colonise,
to maim and kill,
by squatting on the edge,
to cut and strip
until the pressure drops
and hope as well as life
forever stops.

Herbert Nehrlich

Endocrin

Inside a little bitty gland
resides a volatile, not bland
creme fraîche, filled is the reservoir
for wild adventures, très noir.

All good intentions, gliding in
sweet welcome, name is Endocrin.
As rhythmic mitochondria dance
each in and out, a second glance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Enduring Power Of Attorney

They laughed a bit at first,
to break the ice, he knew
they were as ill prepared
as he, the sisters were,
while the quartett of doctors
blinked and gave a tug
to the great symbol of the craft,
the stethoscope which hung
precariously it seemed to him,
around the stilted arrogance
of what he knew to be the neck.

His mother had attracted, suddenly
a strange affliction with the, well...
he'd memorised the name last night,
the sternocleidomastoid, that was it,
a mini stroke, they said, it often does
the unpredictable, it makes them spit,
can't keep a morsel down, perhaps
they urged he try, a son might win
where others feared to fail. Alright!

They were polite to him, of course,
he had the paper, after all the power of,
and all decisions passed through him.

Do Not Resuscitate, in crimson red,
it was a handsome decoration for,
a chart that had by now, grown up
and out, filled to the hilt with dots,
and lab results, a list of potent drugs
that were expected to perform as planned,
though not a single soul was able to,
or was it lack of will, describe the logic,
and the rationale; heck who, I ask you now,
who would, it was his mother though,
who wants to know? Things will eventuate
as he had seen that day, displayed
on a well lit and prominent billboard,

a flag to draw them in, where they could pray,
and give. Donations always paid, they say.

The one with snow white hair, and beard
had beckoned once, then waited as the nurse,
expressionless, did usher him into the room,
it was decision time, and he would be the one,
to use his stubby thumb, which must decide
her fate. And all decisions sought finality
within his mind, so unprepared, and bare,
she would not last the week, without a bit
of simple food, and drink to heal the soul,
and strengthen a resolve he did not feel.

She spat, they said, due to the muscle thing,
the sterno whatcha.., and the veins were,
put it mildly, similar to open market yarn
sold in the summer heat of Mexico, it frayed
and mother, in a never-ending fit of rage,
would yank until the needle gave, and popped,
allowing precious blood to flee and stain the sheets.

They were, they said, observing a small Waterloo,
he was Sir Wellington in this, a tragic play,
so would he sign and tick the verdict, please today?

He snapped at everyone, a huge surprise,
he called them cowards and to end their silly lies.
This is my mother here, not Terry in her bed,
you killed a cripple with such ease and no one said
that it is wrong to keep the food and drink from man
So let us feed my ailing mother while we can.

Herbert Nehrlich

Enemies

The horseshit now was shoulder deep
brought tears to eyes of innocence
but in the White House was asleep
the president with all his friends.

Was Washington on fire now
and if it was, who would it be
and would they know exactly how
to quench the flames the world could see?

The people had been told again
that foes from far away
are coming fast and many men
would, sadly, have to pay.

'The ultimate, your sacrifice,
that's what is now expected',
the people, though knew of the lies
the brave had now defected.

A little man stood on a drum
and gave a fiery speech
they called him Minnesota Rum
he used to be a teach.

He said that all our enemies
were people, even friends
he showed us how to live in peace
that's where the story ends.

Epilogue:

The White House burned right to the ground
and peace came to the land
what Minnesota Rum had found
they all could understand.

The moral as he did reveal
was in your own belief

The enemy? It's just a spiel
invented by a thief.

Thus, common folks like you and me
when hearing calls to arms
shall follow a more human plea
and go back to their farms.

Herbert Nehrlich

Enigma Visits

When I woke in the morning at home
at the bedside there was a new feature,
it looked a bit like a small gnome
or some other benevolent creature.

So I stretched and then yawned for some space,
maybe dreams had accompanied me
into consciousness with its own lace,
a mysterious, promising key

to the mind of an ageless tradition
the enriched and intangible soul.
He remained there, an apparition
not quite human and not quite whole.

Well my question did startle him some.
I had asked for identification
but he carefully reached for his bum
and produced, for negotiation

a green passport with shiny gold writing
and with digital face recognition
under which it said 'INS - Sighting '
thus the gnome must have been on a mission

to the country of George and the gang,
and we then did commence our talk
which was mostly about the big Bang
then the gnome said 'Let's go for a walk'.

We went out to the green onion field
and he told me what was in store,
he assured me his lips were not sealed
and I shuddered and worried some more.

'Two most evil groups of God's creations
have besotted, besmirched our life,
they have taken as hostages nations
always bearing their self-serving knife.

It is not that the Jews or the Blacks
or the Germans, the Muslims or Gays
are responsible for those attacks
on the fortress of heavenly ways.

Nor is it what one would call need
for survival or comfort of living,
it is raw and belligerent greed
that will con others into giving

to the robbers and hoarders
who will steal what they can,
don't respect any borders
be it plant, beast or man.

There is, one, your physician
he will cure you to death
all those drugs have a mission
they will steal your last breath.

And the merchants who sell you
all their planned obsolescence
and then smilingly tell you
that their stuff is the essence.

And the bureaucrat servant
who devises new papers,
who, pedantic and fervent
always dreams up new capers.

Then the churchman in collars
who drinks wine in the dark,
preaches water and hollers
though it sounds like a bark.

They take all of your money
if you let them my friend,
and the land of sweet honey
is a dream in the end.

I must go now, just wanted

to alert you, my man
if you feel as if haunted
just remember, you can

change the world by demanding
from yourself and from others,
that if good men are standing
those who honour their mothers,

when all evil has vanished
and no shortcuts exist
even death will be banished
only sunshine and mist

will surround us and hold us
as we think of the odds,
what our forefathers told us
it came straight from the Gods.

Well, I truly must go
just think of the stigma
but I want you to know
that my name is Enigma.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Enola Gay

Who was the man who on that fateful day
dropped from the safety of cumulus clouds
a metal case filled to the very rim with death?
Who was the fellow piloting the Enola Gay?

And did he grin when sudden panic choked their breath?
A mushroom cloud arose, accompanied by shrouds
of radiation puffs that travelled incognito
throughout the city, far away from Hirohito.

'Oh, yes, Hiroshima', he said out on the porch,
a lovely wife in summer dress, a girl of five,
'the little bastards, all them nips, they got the torch,
though in the end there was a handful still alive.'

A handsome picket fence around their little castle,
a dog, asleep in cooling shade right by the door,
since he retired he had left behind the hassle,
all the publicity, the hero talk and more.

Well, he supposed he'd be in every student's book
and generations would remember what he'd done.
But not a single person mentioned what he took
that blasted day when many lost their only sun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ensemble

A fitful sleep of nightmares and mean gremlins
came to an end at dawn's uncertain light.
The sheets were tangled, soaked and thus quite simply useless
and, half-asleep, I knew this morning might
decide what hovered as a threat so close to both,
and brave enough I was not on this morning,
the knife word 'if' had started cutting lightly,
but I must know, cannot survive without it,
so 'face the music' as the lucky people say.

The sun awoke, began to polish gently all her rays.
With special care and fond anticipation,
and the occasion, let me be the first to say
is that WE are, YES, alright and that is the summation.
What had been causing mad, unruly, hurtful skirmish
was a persistent devil of the evil kind.
Yet love was there and conquered all detractions,
that's why the sunshine was so brilliant for our mind.
When was the last time you have crossed a swollen river
of trickery and pitfalls, all homemade?
And when you had how did you know the hazy feeling
that was your truth but did not look much like a friend.
It's called 'our happiness', quite rare in most encounters,
you welcome it with open arms but fear
that an imposter could have come to visit
to leave you yet without a paddle up the creek.

Herbert Nehrlich

Environmental Worries

Two lions lounged down by the river,
just finishing their zebra liver.
While chewing still, one lion mentioned
that this noon meal, though well-intentioned,
and brought to them by lionesses
was tasty but left many guesses
as to the nature of the flesh.
Of course it had been served quite fresh
but what about the origin,
they knew that zebras and their kin
do graze all over the Savannah
to find their chlorophyll-rich manna.
So far so good, but studies show
much pesticide where grasses grow.
Perhaps a conference was needed
to see that levels which exceeded
the universal lower figures
would automatically be triggers
for full reports, delivered quickly.
One sign would be a rather sickly
and limping, staggering gazelle
they would not hunt what was not well.

The weeks went by, the females came
back from their hunts for jungle game
and often they came empty-pawed
while in their bellies hunger gnawed.
It seems that there were plenty cripples
some great big cows still sucking nipples
and unafraid of hunting beasts
since uninvited to their feasts.

The King was finally fed-up,
he raised his blood-filled skullbone cup
and toasted to a change in tactic
which was in fact a prophylactic
would keep the wolf far from the door,
they'd spare the lame and frail no more
as they were meant to be brought down

said he and placed his silver crown
onto the termite hill nearby
to keep it safe and also dry.
'While additives and pesticides
and even those thalidomides
wreak havoc in our food supply
we must ignore the How and Why
just think, we eat two-legged creatures
and while we like their outer features,
they are so full of chemistry
that you can taste the misery.
So I suggest you girls get busy
I see a zebra, she looks dizzy
don't worry, bring her here of course
I'm hungry, I could eat a horse.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Equal

There is never an equal
to the infinite sequel.
But whatever comes first
makes the soap bubble burst.
You may ask where it is
if the bubble has fizz
if the sequence has order
and respects a true border
Is the answer a tease
blown away in the breeze?
Red alert, all erect,
it is cause or effect.

Herbert Nehrlich

Equality, My Dear

Take this kiss and praise your God,
he was there and gave the nod
to this union all for life
he appointed you my wife.
Did he plan that double chin
and that early morning grin
cellulite hides in the dark
and your bite just beats your bark.
Gray's been covered, now brunette
but the pubic hair when wet
looks like winter wonderland,
things I will not understand
have come up through many seasons
but, of course, you have your reasons.
You've forgotten how to flex
fall asleep and skip the sex.
Things are not what they once were
and you think I sometimes err
where you used to trust me blindly
I repaid you, rather kindly
as you know our equal rights
once replaced those nasty fights
but today you think you can
question me, your favourite man!

I suggest that at this stage
we can start another page,
all you need to do, my dear
listen carefully and hear
wisdom as I do pronounce
truthful morsels, ounce by ounce.
Let's consider all your words
erudite but free as birds,
thus they will take early flight
and as spouse you'll see the light
shining brightly, just for you
after all, you said 'I do'

Ernestine

Oh Ernestine, oh Ernestine
do take a whole vanilla bean
and grind it up into fine dust
add to it nutmeg if you must.
Some heavy cream and lots of honey
twelve beaten eggs (it won't be runny) ,
combine the lot and chill it well
then take it out, but do not sell.
And from the upper kitchen shelf
take down a glass, and toast yourself.
Your writing is a real pleasure
by any P/H critic's measure.
And when you've finished half the brew
your mind will tell you what to do,
the words will come as a surprise
you need to post it for us guys.
I've often wondered if through liquor
our poems could be hatched much quicker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Erothoughts

If you, my friend, know of an early riser
it won't be me, I am the owl of sleepless nights.
As time flies by the old cognition does get wiser
I hear the dewdrops, lighting up the morning's lights.

You are a beauty, resting there before my eyes,
cheeks flushed and mandibles in soldier's speak at rest,
thank you for letting me, before our sun can rise,
drool over you, covertly, and your heaving chest.

I love the movies, dear, and stay to watch the end,
but seeing you beats all the pleasures on this earth,
may I forever be for you a real friend,
with little butterflies and beetles, who are worth

the salt of life and of your soul as you relax
on satin sheets while dreaming dreams of déjà-vue,
may I massage erotic legs with special wax
and may I sit here watching always over you?

Herbert Nehrlich

Erotic Dreams

Well spoken and sweet
from luscious girl Gina
it has tickled my feet
and bedazzled my wiena.
It is I who would live
in the depth of your dream
to each other we'd give
as erotica's team
when we go for that ride
to the land of the willows
liquid thoughts deep inside
near the whispering pillows.
If tomorrow we perish
then tonight is good-bye
squeezing tight what we cherish
as we reach for our sky.

For Gina (with audacity)

Herbert Nehrlich

Errare Humanum Est

I had, (this happened in a dream) ,
gone to the Lobby for some cream.
The cream was for my special drink
which tastes divine and looks like ink.
Returning to my room I missed
the proper door (well, I was pissed)
and found myself, though unaware
soon on the bed where two quite bare
and ample bottoms were displayed,
it looked like someone getting laid.

I was not welcome as a guest
and suddenly felt really pressed
to organize a swift retreat -
thus gave the order to my feet.
Before I could reach neutral regions
where she, with whom I shared allegiance
was resting in the king-size bed,
this clown pronounced me really dead!
I saw that he must be a nerd
who'd paid for time with this blond bird,
and to my query he said, 'Fool,
I do teach Latin at the school.'
I shouted at him (God be blessed)
'Errare, Sir, humanum est.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Error

It's a great windy day
out on Goldwater Bay.
Not a single boat out
and no swimmers about.
It's because of a glitch
in the Pentagon, which
tripped the nuclear lever
in a misguided fever
and a million and one
then exploded. We're done.

Herbert Nehrlich

Error Of Creation

Is it an empty space,
a hole so dark, invisible
or could it be
that rotten gas
has filled it
for eternity?
What value then,
oh, rationale
the work of forces
of the devil?
How could creation
mock itself
produce a blob
of utter shame
and warm it
with the sun's
own rays?

Herbert Nehrlich

Es Sei Wahr

Es ist ein Fluch der sitzt am Berge Aeskulaps
er sucht sie heim, die Bauern und die Pfaffen,
man findet Ungereimtes innen doch,
Dukaten rollen, langsam vor sich hin.

Es ist ein lineares Feld, das man betritt
doch hat der Koerper keine Geraden, nimmermehr,
denn wenn Stimme und die Seele zu ihm spricht
dann heilt der Arzt und nicht die Pille der Chemie.

Sie treiben ein das grosse Geld und laecheln sanft
'Sie sind ja krank mein Herr, ich sehe es sehr klar.'
Wer sieht die Schande, und die Scham, bist Du es denn?
Wir muessen beten dass was gestern war ist wahr.

Herbert Nehrlich

Escape

One foot immersed
the plan rehearsed,
then off at speed
to do the deed.

Two hours on
the moon had gone.
The river flowed
kind willows bowed.

He must have caught
a glimpse but thought
I'll let him pass
won't tell the brass.

And fate did swim
(just as a whim)
alongside sweetly
although discreetly.

She quickly kissed
rose in the mist
tend to another
perhaps his mother.

Who sat with tears
and choking fears
at home alone
right by the phone.

She had to wait
in that sad state
until it rang
or for the bang

of shots out west
beyond the crest
of river's waves
where someone braves

incarceration
in one small nation
so many died
and mothers cried.

Herbert Nehrlich

Escape From The Salad Bowl

When the little salad onion
saw the knife of stainless steel,
she forgot her crippling bunion
which would have to wait to heal
later when the danger's gone.
So the little onion fled
from the table down and on
to the dachshund's fluffy bed.

Down the stairs, onto the street,
stranded in the dirty gutter,
staring into sure defeat
together with the utter clutter.

Came a gust of winter weather,
brought more stuff into the curb.
One of them, a great big feather.
Thought the onion, 'Ill disturb
this dilemma for my sake.'

At that moment the street sweeper
came, and -with her life at stake-
quickly prayed to God, her keeper
where her prayer then was heard.

Southern winds can be uplifting,
go and ask a passing bird,
one of those, now coming, shifting
some heavy things around the town.

Picked up both stowaway and feather,
the onion mumbled 'Up, not down',
it was a godsent, this foul weather.
And that is how, from any salad
an onion can escape my friend.
If you enjoyed this truthful ballad
you've read to here, which is the end.

Escape To Rome

And there it was,
the symbol,
all things he valued
in this rotten world.

The very thought of it
could dry his throat
and bring a tear or two
to eyes that had,
since they could see
been smothered
by its very presence.

He had to leave the city,
the Russkies could be heard
across the river Spree,
a Hansa car was ready
and had been loaded
with rags and medicines
both for the poor and wounded.

With care and trepidation
he crossed the Ku-damm
into Charlottenburg,
squeezed through the space
just barely big enough
that had been left
between the school
and the still smoking wreckage
of the tram, one-hundred-four.

Accelerating inconspicuously,
he felt the wind,
the promise of fresh snow
from Prussian fields.
He smelled the blood,
mixed in with acrid smoke.

And to distract his mind

he turned the radio knob
and heard the speech,
his Fuehrer's urgent voice
that strangely reassured.
Yes, victory would still
at this late hour
belong to Germany.

He wondered whether anyone,
his wife and the two boys
were safe, if they had even reached
the sanctity of Switzerland.
You could not trust
nor guarantee a thing
here, in the Fatherland
since the entire world
had trained its weapons
on his land and people.

Oh, yes, it was the Bolsheviks,
those stinking Russkies
with their primitive
and so subhuman features.
Who only trusted Vodka
and their carnal needs.

If things went well he would,
by nightfall, reach the border
and show his letter, stamped
by hand of Vatican, with seal
of what they call the Holy See,
it proved his presence was required
by the Pope himself.

He sighed, then cleared his throat
as if this might remove debris
from that long stretch
of road one-twenty-five,
course SSWest, he thought it funny,
this symbol of his group.

The smell of petrol hung,

like drapes of anaesthetic
above his frozen ears.
He'd be alright with four full Jerry cans,
all stamped with 'US ARMY',
and duly documented,
for one, en route to Rome
with stop in neutral territory.

A Russian road patrol.....
his heart now hammered,
sweat trickled down his collar
and painful twinges squeezed his crotch.
'Shtoy, Gospodeen, zeig documenti! '
Things were in order, though
and this, his voyage would,
now he was certain, lead to Rome.

He gripped the wheel to hide
the fear now from himself,
and started the long climb
that leaves the range of Brandenburg.
So many miles to go,
how many bloody Russkies?
The car was groaning now,
the differential whine,
and clunking of some kind,
in second gear due to the rise.

All systems go, full steam,
the brutish power of the Horch,
eight cylinders of German ingenuity.
To calm his nerves and fretting heart
a cigarette would do just fine,
a Scandinavian brand,
restricted to the party heads,
much treasured by SS
as well as cardinals in Rome.

He smiled just then,
a happy day it was.
And from the pocket of his vest
he plucked his favourite toy

a ZIPPO lighter from America,
memento of a mean interrogation
down in the cellar of the Spandau Jail.

Two Russkis, Ivan and Vasili
had stopped their olive jeep
down in the valley, to have a smoke.
And, as they leaned against the Jerry cans,
strapped to the back, marked CCP,
they saw a fireball, and seconds later
a thunder hurried off the mountain top.

And the explosion was
much bigger than
a cannon would produce.
Some bits and shards now landed
down on the road.
Outstanding was the fact that
a dozen silver pieces
rained from the smoke-filled skies.
They came to rest next to the sign
that read ZUR KIRCHE.
Someone who loved graffiti
had painted upon the sign
a handsome swastika.

Herbert Nehrlich

Escape To West Germany

We are hoping for fog
and a moonless night.
Approaching the border to
the West and its freedom,
we begin to get scared.
There are shadows,
some moving.
And sinister shapes
are probably hidden
and waiting to pounce.
The river looks hostile
and cold, uninviting.
But, strangely,
must be
full of promise.
Freedom for sale,
or just for the asking?
The plunge may just be
the final splash
of a tortured soul.
The danger has passed,
the landing subdued.
What we just have done
deserves admiration.
Yet we're only wondering
why the mountain,
thus conquered
appears now so small.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ethanol And Solanine

Two poisons live, by God, within my favourite brew.
It's ethanol and solanine, the latter's somewhat blue.
The first preserves all manner of things dear to man
the other may well cause the stuff to hit the fan.
It well could happen that in future a short race
will be deciding over me, and stare me in the face.
But frankly, dear, I couldn't give a healthy slug
which of the two will see me rolled up in a rug.

Herbert Nehrlich

Euthanasia Again

She nodded when the doctor asked
'you're sure you want to go my dear? '
Out on the balcony there basked
the nephew and the niece, both here
because they'd heard that it looked bad
and that the relatives would be sad
but medicine was out of tricks
an ancient heart would cease its ticks.
She felt a bit, well, let's say rushed
and while the house was quiet, hushed
the doctor had now drawn the stuff
into the big syringe, ENOUGH!

He would have been a brutal killer
but murdering poor Esmée Miller
was not what doctors ought to do.
That's what I think. How about you?

Herbert Nehrlich

Euthanasia In Switzerland

She stood at the end of the noisy street
and the motorcars rumbled on by
she was here for one purpose and that was to meet
the old man who would help her to die.

It was legal at last and the government had
in its wisdom declared that each city
could accomodate those who would follow this fad
and who'd die among strangers and pity.

And the country was neutral as it always had been
individuals did keep their rights,
every man was his master and in charge of each sin
but no foreigner died during nights.

They were taking in silence to a room in the rear
of a boarding house painted pitch black,
the injection came fast, there was time for no tear
once committed they never came back.

In the alley was waiting a fresh-polished hearse
and the driver was dressed in Tuxedo,
at the signal he read her a catholic verse
all in English, she'd come from Toledo.

For an extra few francs one got buried near town
with a view of the snow covered mountains
and each body was dressed in a Loetschenthal gown
there to rest among flowers and fountains.

It is strange how we all, when the hour is near
are convinced of a life after death
it erases the worries and dampens the fear
and it eases the very last breath.

Herbert Nehrlich

Eve Of Life

I think that as the body ages
it's just like turning many pages,
one at a time, and not too fast,
so that we don't forget the past.

And when we reach the final page,
we try to (cleverly) engage
in 'change-of-rules' negotiations,
assuming God has ample patience,

and may allow us an extension,
(there is no pride that one could mention) ,
it's shameless begging at its worst.
So rest assured, you won't be first

to say that things have gone too fast,
and would HE please forget the past,
as well as all the naughty deeds
to -kindly- cater to your needs.

Don't get me wrong, I know you will
behave like that when there is NIL
or Zilch for you to pray and hope,
when you have reached, of your own rope

the bitter end, so badly frayed.
God says the Piper must be paid,
and he will hesitate a bit
and then announce that 'this is it'.

He's seen it all a zillion times,
(the number of his victims climbs) ,
and on that last and lonely eve
there's never one who wants to leave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Evening Swim

And there we were, in darkness, down by the river.
Four girls, four boys. A night away from town.
A cooling breeze was causing her to shiver,
or was the prospect of the lovely evening gown,
to be dispensed with on this balmy summer night
a cause for nerves, it may be at that age.
When things are new, exciting and 'not right'.
It was decided that the moon was much too nosy,
as we could see all creases and each others' cracks.
I noticed upper cheeks were flushed and looked quite rosy,
the bigger ones were white and more relaxed.
The dresses hung on branches in a jiffy,
boys struggled with their clumsy boxer shorts.
The whole idea, in hindsight was quite iffy,
but had its value as a lifestyle test of sorts.
At last we told the girls to face the lake,
and not to turn around for all and any reason.
So that we could untangle our stakes
and rush into the water, it was summer season.
We had assumed that cold would shrivel matters,
to dampen this embarrassing amplification.
We swam around, therefore our plans were just a bit in tatters,
and many silver tinkling stars brought heavy titillation.

Excited eyes were feasting on white skin.
The water fights had started now for real.
I grabbed my girl with courage by the chin
and kissed her lovely lips as if to seal
tonight's conspiracy to let it all hang out,
to rub our bodies up to warm and tender breasts.
To hope the moon would hide behind a cirrus cloud,
as we STOOD in shallow water feeling blessed.

Looking back to days of youthful inhibition,
had we missed the main meal, munching on dessert?
'Twas the company that kept plans from fruition,
of something ominous that started as a flirt.

And one more fact I want to bring to your attention

is that the coldest water doesn't always shrink,
the vivid memory remains, deserves a public mention.
We never covered for the next few weeks, I think.

Herbert Nehrlich

Evergreen State

'No, little Johnny, raindrops are really just the tears of sweet angels, who cry. Cry because of sins that people commit, and that is why, my smart and curious boy, we get rain so often in Washington State'.

'Oh, so we have a lot of sinners here, then and that is why it is called the Evergreen State? '
'Well, yes. I have lived here all my life, all my friends live here and, as to being sinners, I think it is more because of the tears, salty they are, they bring down moisture and salt, my boy, that, in the end, creates the salt of the earth, and your grandpa is part of that. No sinner. So, when the angels cry, you can watch the grass grow.'

'But grandpa, that means the more I sin the greener and faster the grass grows, that feeds our cows, makes more milk, steaks for the BBQ and, of course, more salt of the earth. Right, old man, or not? '

'Smart boy you are, if I do say so myself. Smart. So, how are you doing in school, behaving yourself? '

'Salt of the earth, grandpa, salt of the earth.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Evidence

His name was Jeddediah Fedder,
he was a human with no sense
they killed him put him through the shredder,
left not a shred of evidence.

Note: Inspired by a murder investigation
currently going on, with no body.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ewigkeit

Er spuerte mehr als seine Augen sahen
die zarte Hand, so seidensanft und warm,
stahl sich wie eine wilde Katze in der Nacht
dem heissen Atem hoerig auf den Tod
und draengelnd ohne Ton, zum hohen C.

Und dort verblieb sie dann, versank im Meer
von laechelnd aromatischen Gedanken
welchselbige, alsbald, wie Fluestergeister
leicht schwebend sich ergiessen, als Strom der Gier.
Inbruenstig war der Wunsch, in Symmetrie,
empor erhob sich flugs der stumme Schrei,
und als das Feuer und die Glut des Abendrot
am Horizont die letzte Eiche schnell verschlingt
wirft nur der Sensemann den Schatten wie ein Bild
auf die Geduld der kalten Erde unter Gott.

Herbert Nehrlich

Excuses

I caught your eye that day,
it made a hostage
out of my voyage of discovery,
which I had, long ago, embarked upon.

A wind of change was born that day,
of honeysweet persuasion, which
at first, while softly crying,
created melodies so sweet
and melted by its presence
all defiance.

Thus I became the Jumping Jack that day:
No job too small, no chance be missed.
I brought to you a sea of flowers,
and chocolates and oatmeal cookies.

I played my Banyo at your window
and laid out my eternal love
(framed by red roses) at your door.
And there you were, Angelic Smile.

You wrapped my life in golden promises,
and miles of velvet ribbons, purple bows.
I slayed the dragons as they flew from their horizons,
it was enough to see the royal wave from you.

'Twas satisfaction well, I thought so at the time.
And then, one night, I slipped and fell asleep.
Upon awakening there was the sound of music
and also fragments of much shiny golden wrappings.

I smelled new dragonblood and saw you had invited
another Jester to your side for entertainment.
And now the clouds had puffed themselves
in righteous indignation.

A voice was heard that changed things on that day.
The rains then came and washed off all the webs

of rank deception into gutters plugged with ribbons.
Where all alone I stood, just reminiscing, silent,
for many hours to the morning of that day.

I had no questions or complaints to utter loudly.
I gave you freely all I could, and so much more.
While you -by way of love- gave me excuses.

Herbert Nehrlich

Expansion Joint

It was, the builder said,
a true expansion joint,
a bit of liquid nails,
and putty on the seams,
to catch the silent moves
and then facilitate
a perfect fit as well as
friction within normal range,
heat would be tolerable though,
as long as cooling fluids were
in good supply, he was, the builder
said, a fitter and a joiner,
he'd bone the old mahogany,
the cypress with its tongue
and all the grooves, so they would
shine and glisten in the night,
it was, he knew that folks would not
be wise or occupying space on top,
there was supine and also prone,
and timber? It is known to squeak and moan.

Herbert Nehrlich

Expatriation

It was no old shit.
The trap was, just like last time
all set to grab, to ruin things.
He had fallen that one time
and, when they found him
all bets were off, forever, finito.

But then, when the machinery,
the budget-driven county awoke,
he had absconded, could not
no matter what, be found.

Today, he sits on a tall stool
in what they call the Gringo Bar,
in hot and fucking dusty Nogales.
Not one of them has pried the secret
about the greenback stash from him.

He loves his life within the family
of people, compadres, down to earth.
And wonders if the day will come
when someone adds a bit too much
of special sauce that kills the tongue, senior.

Herbert Nehrlich

Expertise - Applied For The Good Of Man

Bufus marinus is a toad
that can be found on any road,
Down Under, would you let me add,
the plaque has really gotten bad.

Last Sunday, I went out to see
the cute opossum in the tree,
he's made a home here for his wife
and they get on quite well in life.

I always check on them at night
when moon and stars provide some light,
that's when the toads fulfill their need,
to gobble insects and to breed.

A female cane toad lets her eggs
fall from a pouch between her legs.
Some thirty thousand thrice a year,
a lot of toads. Oh dear, oh dear!

The folks who introduced this species
(they wrote a scientific thesis) ,
were trying to eradicate
a nasty beetle from this state.

Bufus marinus likes to eat
large portions of fresh beetle meat.
However, God did not equip
the toad with muscles of the hip

that would allow him to ascend
tall sugarcane and apprehend
the munching beetles for his dinner.
So, here, the beetle is the winner.

The muscles lacking in perfection
in cane toads' clumsy pelvic section
the biceps femoris, short head,
is well developed, it is said

in insects, not in ugly toads,
thus you will find them on the road.
Back to my friends, the cute opossums,
who live up high, above the blossoms,

they use their biceps brachii
and quadriceps to climb so high.
A problem though: Possums detest
cane beetles (which you may have guessed) ,

the beetles, scared out of their wits,
get gut contraction (called the shits) .
This substance falls, reducing traction
on twigs and branches, just a fraction.

And soon one sees the beetles dancing
while far below, toads are advancing.
So many fail, severely tested
and then are greedily ingested

in biological deduction,
their flesh helps fuel reproduction.
The question now may well arise:
For plague control would it be wise

to kill the cane toads of the nation
and stop their shameless fornication?
Or would it be a better tactic
to use a hormone prophylactic

on beetles so they cannot breed?
A loaded question, yes, indeed!

Epilogue:

This tale exemplifies, dear reader
that, to control a rabid breeder,
authorities conduct a study
(each scientist invites a buddy)
and weigh the pros and cons for ages

while being paid horrendous wages,
and in the end, their bright conclusion
creates more chaos and confusion.

Let's not forget which brains imported
the toad, and now the same distorted
and tunnel-visioned bunch of nannies
sit on their well-developed fannies
and send their emails and their faxes,
then saddle us with further taxes.

I heard (a spy leaked me the memo)
that they are setting up a demo
to prove their grasp of basic science.
The whisper is that global clients
are queueing up for the occasion
so let me give you the equation:

Translated for the common masses,
it also covers greenhouse gasses.
In short there simply will not be
a single solitary tree.

Trees harbour possums and their brothers,
and beetles, birds and useless others,
they make dioxide which then rises
in clouds and similar disguises
they warm the toads through global warming,
and badger beetles into swarming.

Our task is done - we shall be free
once they cut down the final tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Exsanguination

America, my promised land,
I see you in a puddle
of blood, you do not understand,
your people sit and huddle.

You turn a blinded eye to all
no matter that they cry.
Another soldier takes the fall
a patriotic guy!

His mother gets an interview,
perhaps some notes in green,
so, Uncle Sam, what's it to you,
are you that cold and mean?

So generous your people are
no equal on this earth,
they worry and they travel far,
meanwhile, another birth

brings joy to all the family
but years will not erase
your strange obsession to be free
as the new Master Race.

I love you all, Americans
and pray to keep you well.
I'd rather you be Larrikins
than send your boys to Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Extinction

Between two blades
of prairie grass
sat smoking
a Calicetaz.
Which proves that
smoking may
be linked
to other species
quite extinct.

Herbert Nehrlich

Eyes

Two jewels in your lovely face
may not be just described by me.
Cannot conceive a single phrase
to do them justice, literally.

When I am looked at in this way,
where all the pupil bares itself,
I feel like asking if I may
come hug and kiss my little elf.

And, if I could choose where to live
and those were quite available,
I would not hesitate to give
my all, that's unassailable.

But since you need them for the task
of looking at me when I ask,
I'll want to kiss only their lids.
With kisses like from little kids.

And when those lids at last get tired
from being slobbered on so much,
I'll move to regions, much admired.
(I thought that was a clever touch) .

So, be forewarned, today's creations
are all for you, except the one.
That one describes things like sensations
way too erotic,
thank you HON.

Herbert Nehrlich

Face

I sat alone in shades
of summer lust
and where the soul evades
what never must
become routine
or commonplace
I love the sheen
of your sweet face.

Herbert Nehrlich

Facts And Factoids

A Fact is something you can see.
And hear and smell and it can be
of any size or shape at all,
as well as short or big and tall.

It's something you may want to beat,
if it's a Fact that's called Defeat.
Facts are not easy to avoid
thus man invented the Factoid.

When facts occur or are the case
on true experience they are based.
A Fact is never an illusion,
it does not spring from a conclusion.

A Factoid does not really live,
it is a cloud that aims to give
the clear impression it exists.
It writes itself on many lists.

And here it is, for you a hint,
a Factoid lives once it's in print.
The printed word is just like sperm,
so eager, first to twist and squirm.

It soon begets a million more
all Factoids from the common whore,
which is, of course that thing called Lie,
a Factoid leaves you high and dry.

So, if you want to pull one over
you spread the word, the town of Dover
is situated on the Nile.
Endless repeats will, in a while

create an earnest paradigm
which can withstand the wraths of time.
The internet, a breeding ground
for factoids, where they go around

it spreads the gospel of deceit,
which is so easy, for they meet
a billion souls who lead a meagre
existence, and, therefore are eager

to swallow hook and line and sinker
each stylish looking Factoid stinker.
You ask why Factoids are around
(and it is true that they abound) ,

They've been created to dumb down
the masses, each becomes a clown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fairytales

My love, I hold your sweaty hand
as us unites eternal band.
Same sex like lovely Elton John
I say let's bring the puzzle on.
I've never been afraid of chaff
and would forever hold your staff.
I have retired at the coast
with dogs and get from life the most.
Would people, just like you and he
leave me alone, to be just me?
They say that God does not approve
that homo's just don't fit the groove.
But tell me why they would allow
that I'm unmoved by any Frau.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fall Guy?

...and was the dream reality?

A giant hall, with gold cathedral ceiling,
assembled were onehundredthousand beauties.
Three had surrounded me, stood very close.
Could feel their breath upon my flesh and
heat within their loins.

I sensed temptation taking over every fibre
and raised my head to God for needed inspiration.
But then gave in, as naked as I was, I's just a man,
all hands reached out and touched and lingered softly, when
I glanced up across the crowd toward the exit.

Oh! There she was, in all her goddamn beauty,
within a blink I flew through space into her lap.
And buried there, and clung to all that's holy,
for me and her and then the devil laughed.

I could not tell what all this means at all,
I would not tell her what it takes to fall,
I knew however that, if fall I can
I will not say to her 'Im just a man'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fallada

Es rinnt der Schweiss
Blut fließt, gerinnt.
Macht Euch die Erde untertan!
Weil niemand weiss
ob Gottes Wind
posaunt der Menschheit letzten Plan.
Gib mir die Hand
teurer Soldat
fuer's Vaterland
die letzte Tat.

Doch stehen wir
vereint, am Rhein
Gott glaube mir,
ein jeder stirbt fuer sich allein.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fallbrook Creek

So that was it, the cross street was,
for reasons unbeknownst,
well hidden in the summer weeds.
I lusted now, that taste (it was a smudge)
it had awakened carnal ghosts
and turned them into evil forces.

The heat was dancing, like liquid smoke
above the bitumen, clear clouds, a sky
which seemed to be part of the puzzle.
Why had she lured, with coal black eyes
and olive skin, and pearl dropp teeth,
a magnet of desire, pulling me along, to
barbed wire fences, guarding cows
and their hilarious, frequent pies,
a world forgotten by cityfolks,
but visited each day by shiny trucks
that ferried milk back to be pasteurised,
a lazy stallion flexing muscles, just in case,
a pair of herons reminiscent of the twins
and Frank, who teaches school to noon
is seeking mushrooms in the sticks,
perhaps he wants a psychedelic episode,
I know this place so well, but things have changed,
a bunch of hippies come to town, unwashed,
with fuzzy beards and silly ponytails
perhaps she was. She looked so clean,
there's talk about their hasty huts, loghouses,
built with exotic skill on someone's land,
they squat, you know, all things are shared.

I smell the sweetness of an unfamiliar fragrance,
and see a pair of naked feet, immersed
in what is left of Fallbrook Creek, just mud,
her flower skirt hitched up as if to shout
it's here, so come and get it before dark.
I sit beside her, casually, a man just curious
and eager to discuss the local news,
turns out she is the one they wrote about

on the front page of our small paper:
Canadian Teacher To Fill Vacancy This Week,
she doesn't mind the isolation here at all,
comes from the Big Prairie, up near Ontario Way,
divorced, no kids, just twisted memories.

I did feel cheated and I owed her some,
the explanation of a prejudiced Caucasian,
she knew though, and without an introduction
I heard a sermon about Indians, unwashed kids.
You simply must, she said, come get my Mother Earth,
it has the answers to what ails humanity.

At last I did receive directions to her place,
next to the firehall, a weatherboard affair,
we sat and read the magazine together,
drank Gallo Hearty Burgundy from coffee mugs.

And on the day before Thanksgiving Maurice came,
an Amish carriage pulled in enthusiastic stride
by two black Percherons, dressed up for the occasion.
There was a wake, so joked the preacher,
it seemed that all the folks had come to be
in pleasant company, to celebrate our union.

And each of fifteen years, consecutive they were,
another child was born, and always half Canadian,
they grew, before we knew, time just eloped
to secret places beyond the weeds and rusty fences,
could be the liquid pies, there were so many,
I doubt it though, of course we both agree,
well, I must close now, it is time, they did say four,
and when she called she said, oh Grandpa be prepared,
she wore a ponytail and fancy flower skirt
and we went down to Fallbrook Creek to sit and talk.
Both feet stuck deeply in the soft, immortal mud
surrounded by the sweetness of white flowers,
the early promise of a bounty of big blackberries.

Herbert Nehrlich

Falling Drop

Descending from the very top
an elongated, liquid drop
gained speed and landed with a 'pop'-
it must have reached its final stop.

Its aim had been, it must be said,
to launch its fortunes from her head
fall into cleavage (like a bed)
but softness always gets you dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fallout

The will has withered
just a wee,
though wham be sought,
we hide
when
wails of
walking wounded
can be heard
and wicked winds.

Herbert Nehrlich

Family

What then you ask, might be a family
is it a bunch of people thrown together?
Or is it God's own plan up in his gallery
creating birds that share a common feather?

A new arrival, Spring's delicious bud
conceived through love as others have before
is placed into your arms, it is your blood.
a promise for your future, gypsy lore.

The winds of change are whispering to me
my sun remembers where to send those rays
and when the darkness comes (when will it be?)
there always is the moon, he has his ways.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fanny (Limerick)

It's astonishing, sweet and uncanny
how the memories of my old nanny
are revived in this place
by that well-hidden face.
I shall call her not Funny but Fanny.

Rest assured I shall never reveal
how in youth an erotic appeal
had me gaze into space
amidst ruffles and lace
and the sounds of our glockenspiel.

Though the language, while used by the Queen
did not offer itself to this teen,
hence I call my old Nanny
only now my old Fanny
it's the curse of an Odyssean.

Herbert Nehrlich

Farewell

Two lions, carved of stone
are lounging at the entrance.
Thus overseeing life as it unfolds
that early morning bare of promise.
He leaves, his alligator briefcase chained
next to a rolex thus completing his attire.
Brushed silver temples framing tiny renal vein
and facial features of a man in noble thought.
And as he purrs onto the treelined avenue
he does not glimpse the farewell wave behind blue drapes.
Two kings of jungle stay behind and guard his past
not understanding why there cannot be a future.

Herbert Nehrlich

Farewell - Sunshine Coast

All angels crying
it was the fitting tribute
crocs rule forever.

What is a Haiku?
A simplified concoction
like mathematics?

He did not wonder
about the silly critics
or funny haikus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Farewell My Friend

I had been married to her,
for going on five years.
Pearl white in colour,
and the inline six.

I did not have the heart
or what you may consider
the inner moral strength
to say good-bye to you.

You have been, truly,
my very loyal friend,
Onehundredninety horses
and sweet torque aplenty,
you never let me down,
you never even once
considered faltering,
you have been what I'd call
a blatant inspiration.

So, do you mind,
if I just wave at you,
while driving out
into the streets of life,
while you sit there,
a bit forlorn and sad.

I do not know your psyche,
although we did
spend so much time together
and you were there
when things got tough
and rough and tumble,
you had the wherewithall
to shrug your fenders,
and blink those Osram bulbs
as if to say, 'Oh yes we can'.

I hope, with my own, heavy heart

that you will find a home,
a new companion
who treats you well
and does appreciate
the soul that can be found
only in places near
the most elusive Edelweiss.

I will remember you
with fondness,
and I can say
that we were
such a lucky pair.

Herbert Nehrlich

Farmer John

It was his eightieth,
they let him out
of solitary.
Nowhere to go.

The system had
resumed his farm
some
thirty years
ago.

He was
a common
criminal.
Had steadfastly
refused to use
the modified
genetic
seeds.

In court
he did
defend himself.
All in
the name
of justice
for us all.

He talked about
the terminator gene,
a seed that dies
on ripening.
And then you see
the man
at the
Monsanto Shop,
to buy again.

There is a Traitor Gene

which actually
ends its own life.
But leave it to
the wizards
at...you guessed it,
they have the
antidote
to certain death.
A chemical
reversing apoptosis.

The farmer pointed out
that this
did constitute
a crime against
humanity,
suppression of
the human spirit.
He said it was
a genie
from Satan's bottle
that, once it was
released
would never be
returned.

The judge
whose name
was
Monte Santos,
did find
sufficient grounds
to throw him in
the clink.
To give him time
to think.

He was a man
all changed
through the ordeal.
He volunteered
to travel

through the land
as an ambassador
for GM foods.
Which was a bit
too little
and too late,
of course.

But they appreciated
the friendly gesture.

He had consumed
some twenty tons
of modified
and stratified
new foods.
And he was proof
for this brave world,
which had,
by sheer coincidence
solved fully
the population glut
which had consumed
the last resources.

Officialdom had stated
that the life expectancy
had reached the
magic number
of fifty-one.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fat Of The Land

A person living off the land
would need to really understand
what he can eat and what's taboo
most people wouldn't have a clou.

Well, anything that crawls or hops
or runs full speed through farmer's crops
those slippery devils in the lake
no birds of prey though on the make.

And do remember that a bat
is full of that essential fat
and kangaroos make yummie stews
I also recommend small shrews.

If you observe what Nature gives
to those who ask, it mostly lives
you take a life for nourishment
it is a small predicament.

And have you heard the ancient saying
that's oft repeated, just like praying
it's something you must understand
live off the Fat, Fat of the land.

Fats come in various disguises
molecularly it comprises
the saturated ones, they're best
poly's and mono's for the rest.

You need a hefty lot of sats
those are the predator's good fats.
And olive oil as well as plants
will put condition in your pants.

The one to keep away for sure
is transfats, they'll ruin any cure
they are constructed by dumb men
and hurt your body first and then

they kill you slowly, wreck your heart
so, think about it, play it smart.
If you desire to be whole
you must eat your cholesterol.

It's found in eggs and cheese and meat
nutritionally it's hard to beat.
Protects you from a heart attack
brings in the nutrients you lack.

So listen not to the purveyors
or those who offer you their prayers
while taking out of your big purse
much gold, so read this little verse

And use your skills and your cognition
say NEVER to the apparition
and to the crooked moneymonger
believe you me, you'll live much longer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fata

At a quarter to twelve
he had shat his good self,
and, with bible in hand,
withered face in the sand,
feels the devil's foul breath
the foreboding of death.

'Let me climb one more peak
in this world of the meek,
do not take me this day.'
And he's gone on his way
to the land of believers
who, besotten like beavers,
take the judgment and die
never seeing the fly
in the mulberry soup,
or the ghost in the group.
Leaves behind Satan's words
in the language of nerds.
Then he drinks sour wine
from his Godfather Rhine.

Trusted soul, you shall sink
into heavenly drink,
no more devil to dread,
no more God. He is dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fate *

There once lived an olive green frog
in the back of a half-rotten log.
He was killed in his sleep
well, the log wasn't deep
and the killer was simply a hog.

As for truffles the hog searched in vain
it was clearer than glass and quite plain,
in his terrible mood
he came wholly unglued
but he later was hit by a train.

Thus the hog and the frog bought the farm,
it was sad that there was no alarm,
though the frog owned a clock
which went tick and then tock
'till the sun was well past the yardarm.

But one night there was Ezel the lizard,
he was known in the woods as a wizard.
Called to fix for the frog
his small clock in the log
a small spring disappeared in his gizzard.

Since no parts were on hand for the clock
they marked North and then South on a rock.
It would show them the time
(the idea was sublime)
'till the clock parts again were in stock.

But, the sun let them down and slept in.
(It is said she is partial to Gin) ,
thus two critters lost big
through no fault of the pig
but the lizard's huge overbite chin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Father Paul

Father Paul, an aging priest
was invited to a feast
in the village by a peasant.
It would be, he thought, quite pleasant.

But the peasant had a maid
who was itching to get laid,
put her horny bedroom eyes
on him, she liked older guys.

Father Paul ignored the maiden,
later though was liquor-laden.
Maid brought him another scotch,
put her foot inside his crotch.

This was happening below
tablecloth, far from the show,
no one saw how Father Paul
grew a big and rather tall

monster he had never known.
Lord, it was as hard as bone.
Lucky, though, he wore a toga
and he practised, daily, yoga.

So, he bent his member back
get away from her attack.
It was time to bid good-bye
he would skip the apple pie.

Up he got on shaky feet
quick, the maid did flash her teat
but he carried it behind
where it would be hard to find.

Father Paul now thanked the peasant
for the wonderfully pleasant
dinner, when the peasant said
'Did you have this toga made

in the fabric shop in town?
It is ONE good-looking gown.
Though there seems to be a lump,
could it be a hunchback's hump?

Herbert Nehrlich

Father's Day

Father's Day

In nineteen-ten, on Father's Day,
my real father went away.
My mother took another soon,
he came and brought me a balloon.
That year the bubble burst for them
my mother had just sewn a hem
on her new dress, it was too long
when stepdad came and said 'it's wrong',
you women are so dumb it stinks
a man's brain works and if he blinks
it means that time is given to
the likes of brain-dead dames like you! '

Well, mother took the rolling pin
and aimed directly for his chin.
Twelve teeth rolled out and hit the tiles
they heard him scream for many miles.
And after that my mother said
another man? I'd sure be dead.

And ever since, we play a game
I am called Junior, it's my name.
But annually, on this great day
my mother fills the green/blue tray
with goodies my first father liked
the punch, of apricots, is spiked
with Gordon's best, it is our genes
we drink our gin behind the scenes.

From Britain? Yes, of Royalty
and I am father now, you see

Herbert Nehrlich

Feedback From Management

It's been days that i heard from the French
while I rested my stuff on a bench
they could care to be fair
or to properly share
all that's left is a gallic ole stench.

Herbert Nehrlich

Feedback My Love

And when I wrote about you,
about my neverending love,
the past which saw us kiss
and never think that elsewhere mattered
that one false move would make amiss
a fantasy so sweet and so contrived
smelling of fairytale aromas and vain hope.
I thought it prudent now, perhaps not wise
to write to you in view of all those gawkers
who'd benefit from our decade old love
so, for your birthday I created ambience fit for you.

I have not heard from you but shrugged it off, okay
perhaps the medium was not fit to see the message,
although the thought is there in front of my own mirror
that nothing can and will break through that special shell.

It is protection from the ravages of what?
But what it sounds like is the armour-all of life,
once hurt we tend to keep the limbs out of the battle
I understand of course, but will you be my wife?

Herbert Nehrlich

Fiddling Figures

O my, dear Robert
it burns to see you
have moved to fifty-six
from fifty one.
So much for 'nipulation
and blatant uh, uh
I could have told you.
Perhaps the big old liar
who did accuse
would now be quiet.
And my computerman,
a gentle bloke
said that this can't be done
was it a joke?

Herbert Nehrlich

Fiddling With The Big 500 - Envy Story

Robert Burns

the one who turns
inside the grave
where poets, brave
lie undisturbed
their writings curbed
went from the number 51
where he was sitting having fun,
not to the number Fry had pledged
he was at first so tightly wedged
between illustrious company
and liars said they'd set him free
and move him up the scale at speed
to show the Shepherd that indeed
these numbers could be truly fiddled
I wonder if he wept and piddled,
but, struth, the project did not work
and one would feel a real jerk
and little kiddies on the street
found out that liars can be beat
they chanted therefore liar liar
you have your bloody pants on fire.
And Robert Burns hit sixty-four
which in itself can be a bore
it shows that no one can be trusted
and that their empty skulls be busted
their credibility is shattered
but knowing them, it never mattered.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fifth Wheel

Quite useless, it does
take up some precious space.
Handy it is
for the occasion
-so rare-
when one or the other
of the regular ones
fails.
But only then.
The spare.
Smile at it sometime.

Would you want to be
the fifth wheel on
anyone's wagon?

Herbert Nehrlich

Filbert

He endlessly walked through the malls
in search of sanity and balls.

He'd lost the former when his wife
had taken over in his life,
the balls fell off and bounce just once
when he was stricken with the runs.
He endlessly walked through the malls
and in the end did find his balls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Filling The Gap

He sang, some fifty years ago, this song:
I would so love to still my raging thirst
and wait here, at the door to hear the Gong
to be the only one and yet the very first.
So please allow me to partake of it, I will
leave you immersed within the warmth of bubble wrap
just rest your eyes and let me touch that little hill,
it is my duty now to fill that lonely gap.

Herbert Nehrlich

Final

When he asked her to stay,
when he pleaded and begged,
when he reasoned with logic
she just stood by the door,
briefly smiled with her lips
and, in a gesture of finality
slowly, with delicious sterility,
rotated her oval Madonna's head
left to right, silently, beautifully.
There was no need to read her lips.

Herbert Nehrlich

Final Song

They called him Opa,
he was so....old.
He took l-dopa
and hoarded gold.
Behind each hedge
he saw a hider
it was his pledge
that a lone rider
from evil places
with devil's claws
was counting paces
avoiding flaws
so during sunrise
he flipped completely
this ain't no fun, guys
he folded neatly
and stretched supinely
he stopped his breath
then went divinely
to his own death.
You see the shock did
that morning sun
and like a mock kid
on his last run
he was the victim
of his own mind
which really tricked him
and fate was blind.
The final plea
which made him fail
was, on a tree
a nightingale.

Herbert Nehrlich

Finito

Du bist, ich muss es sagen, ohne Reue,
ich auch, es lebt das Leben vor sich hin.
Ich habe Dich, mein Schatz und halte Dir die Treue,
so weit entfernt von Deiner Blume Lohengrin.

Kein bisschen Hadern und kein Zoegern, er bestimmt
welch Leben bleibt bis in die Zukunft meiner Welt.
Es ist die Hand, die ihn an Zepter's Kragen nimmt,
ich habe Dich und alles an'dre ist bestellt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fiona! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

On Mondays I don't rise with all guns blazing
my head needs oxygen and interphasing.
Anoxic from the Cabernet (which folks are praising)
I find Fiona calling both of us well.....azing!

I ask what have we done to be so labelled,
are our cognition cells somewhat disabled?
Perhaps the neurites spliced and poorly cabled?
My quest to all of you is, hereby, tabled.

Herbert Nehrlich

Firewater And Love

Firewater and Love,
unwilling companions,
met at the creek
near the last tipi,
made of the skins
of Campbell River wolves.
The chief himself
was resting there,
with the white squaw,
who had, until
that early morning raid,
been faithful
and closely tied
to a brave man.

They roamed the land,
their covered wagon
filled with anything
an Indian heart
would ever need
or want.
Took furs in payment.

Hoss and his wife
were frugal,
they mostly lived
on Pemmican,
and bits and bites
on offer,
when negotiations
went well.
It was a living,
until now.

Some warriors
had been told
about the white man's
FIREWATER,
and Hoss was

quickly surrounded,
and many bottles
soon changed hands.

Then, before retiring
they counted
all the pelts,
the Grizzly claws
when, with alarm,
strange noises
could be heard
outside the wagon.

It was too late
to grab the rifle,
which was fully
loaded with
buckshot,
and Hoss was murdered,
also scalped.
And, to appease,
the chief was
then presented
with a fresh
and pleasant-looking
squaw.

She often thought
of Hoss
in later years,
and long gone words
would haunt her:
'Let firewater
and love
never be seen
under the sky
of the same moon.'

Herbert Nehrlich

First 2009 Limericks

There once was a fellow from Britain
who had never been stung or bitten.
While he swam in a creek
during Passover week
he saw HER and was instantly smitten.

There once was a bloke from Berlin.
Who would wear on all weekdays a grin.
When he prayed and confessed
it was Sundays (you guessed?)
he would cry over every sin.

She wore tights and high heels and Chanel,
walked the streets like the Aussie girl Elle.
When she flaunted her melons
she alerted all felons,
'twas like ringing the liberty bell.

Herbert Nehrlich

First Grade - First Class

'I'm only five, you know
and, just like you
have started school.
Mum says I like it.
As all kids do.
I find myself,
in real life,
much more mature
than you'd expect.
Dad says a girl
is always way ahead
of any boy.
And that, my friend
is what you are,
and one (I ought to
whisper now)
so cute, it's weird
that our paths
have never crossed
in younger days.
And I was wondering
if we could
walk home together
after school?
They say a girl,
one like myself
should have protection
from the villains,
the cradlesnatchers,
I saw that on TV.
Well, shucks
there goes the bell.
Another day
of sitting still
and chewing
yellow pencils.
What is your name then,
also, listen
I see you have

a runny nose.
If you would like
to use my hanky....
I only need it when I cry.'

Herbert Nehrlich

First, Pause

I like a bit of shyness
in a girl,
she'll wait and think,
consider what to say,
to me this means
she'll never ever wink
but there be flowers
in the month of May.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fish For Dinner

Fritz the fisherman fished for fresh fish
did that dull day discover the dish
which wife Wendy was working with wisk
stirring sage into sauce at some risk
gentle grilling goes great, gee, good grief
basting butter beats ba-na-na leaf.

Herbert Nehrlich

Five November Limericks

A monk from the town of Toulouse
practiced witchcraft and penile abuse.
When he cast a big spell
on his little Fidel
it grew larger than both of his shoes.

She turned on the defogger/demister
when the fellow right next to her kissed her,
said she: Surely you jest
and let go of my breast,
just remember that I am your sister!

In the Birmingham city's old sewer
worked a smelly old fellow named Brewer.
When equality came
they did hire a dame
and he seized the occasion to screw her.

There was a young lady from Dover,
she grew acres and acres of clover.
Came an Aussie and saw
she was wearing no bra.
Said he: 'Jillaroo, I am your drover.'

A professor who taught at McGill
ate some witchetty grubs and fell ill.
Said the nurse: 'My dear man,
I will do what I can ',
and she rubbed his small grub for a thrill.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fixing Figures

I am so proud,
I told my mother,
your son the poet!
So when you look
at the five hundred,
they have been fixed,
so says Poo-hound.
So if they have
given the hatred
I would be down
by many notches.
Judge for yourselves
and read my poems
I'll try to write them
in better style,
and in the end
we will sing praises
for those whose poems
died with them.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flakes

Snowflakes fell, landing upon
the dilapidated body of man,
dressed not for the occasion
but for vanity and economic,
well, political and other success.

They all melted at once, watery,
their grave was unimportant, not,
as you would have expected,
of any significance at all.

But they all came from a womb,
leaving reluctantly perhaps
and aimed to make a place
in this world for all, and themselves.

And then, in a sudden explosion,
clarity was the fall-out, heavy but,
for all intents, benign, necessary.
It was found, through consensus
that no flakes ever did make a difference.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flanders Field

They died a painful death in Flanders Field,
earth drenched in crimson blood, a soldier's dream,
he knew the very day his fate was sealed
'twas his final meal, of peaches and sweet cream.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flattery Will Do It

I did remember the adage
about how flattery will get you
into the portals of all homes
and palaces, perhaps it can
secure an entry permit for
the Pearly Gates at that.

She was fresh-faced and pretty,
lovely legs, and freckles,
two dimples, mischievous
(and placed with great precision)
moist ruby lips and not a trace
of fur as often can be seen
adorning crazily the upper lip,
white skin, caressable and soft,
like light-pink velvet with a glow
that seemed to be created
from an inner light, perhaps her soul.

But she was flat, that is the best
that I can do with this description,
if anything there were two indentations
rather than those buds of Daisies
that look their best in May among
those thousands of green blades
of God's green grass, oh pity.

We did connect, in mind at first
and later carnally, please do forgive
and keep this whole account
in strictest confidence, my friends.

It was the strategy of ages that I used,
the very flatness had inspired me
to overwhelm her other assets
of which there were so many,
(kindly read my praises up above)
with blatant, humdinger but diplomatic
and dressed in pink chiffon, with Flattery.

It never fails, will even start a battery
so dead that not one spark remains.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fliegen Lernen

Als dazumal, im Elternhaus
die Sippschaft sass beim Osterschmaus,
da waren zwei halbstarke Buben
bei Schulaufgaben in den Stuben.

Die Langeweile kam erst spaeter,
vergessen war das Wort der Vaeter.

Ein Schirm, aus starkem, bunten Tuche
beendete die lange Suche
als man erwaegte und beschloss
zu springen aus dem Dachgeschoss.

Der Schirm, als grosser, runder Traeger
zwei Buben, je als Fallschirmjaeger.

So standen sie am hohen Fenster
unschluessig wie zwei Strohgespenster.
Sie wuerden heute noch dort stehen
doch in der Nacht kann man nichts sehen.

Denn ohne unser Sonnenlicht
springt man aus keinem Fenster nicht.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flight

Pardon me said the goose to the chicken,
I did mean no affront nor offense,
though the plot bubbled up, then to thicken
and the mood in the barnyard was tense.

It is known what the goose intimated,
that the chicken made eyes to her man.
As she stood at the crossroads and waited
while the hen had been gobbling bran.

Yet the rooster, his comb full of crimson,
had his eye on a bird in the sky,
gave a wave to the farmer named Simpson
and his song was a final good-bye.

For the hen who could not dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flight Q-24

The cop pulled out his ticket book:
'No ma'am, you may NOT go one-fifty,
we realise LA has shook,
earthquakes make freeways rather shifty.'

'We see that this blue B M Dubb
commands respect and wants to race.
Yet it's the law that is the rub,
that's why the two of us gave chase.'

She pulled her licence from her bra,
and gingerly, with trembling fingers
was reading C A L I F O R N I A,
the stereo played Meistersingers.

He dropped the licence on the ground,
instinctively she bent to get it.
His eyes had quickly searched and found
the lovely target and he dreaded
to be a man of middle class.
He would have loved to take her home
and longinly looked at her ass.
The steward called 'Welcome to Rome'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flight Q 124

So, here I sit, drink rhubarb wine
and dream about my Valentine.
She's in New York to see a wizard
the telly showed a great big blizzard.
Meanwhile the wine is warming me
and sets romantic feelings free.
I ponder why my heart still flutters,
my accent-laden voice, it stutters.
And goosebumps occupy my hide
when you are sleeping by my side.
Tonight, the bed caresses Freddy
the cuddly, brown Bavarian Teddy.
And me? I sit here with my wine
and wait for you, my Valentine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flirting With Mrs. Bluerinse

'Excuse me, young man,
do you mind? '
Even at the market
you find the unusual,
the exotic and the unexpected.

Her fingers were pointing
to a shelf, out of reach.
And she fluttered her eyelids
to complement
and accentuate her
blue-rinse hair.

A lone multi-pack
of toilet paper,
rolls, tightly packed,
two-ply and pink,
occupied lofty heights.

'Would you.....? '
I would. And I winked.
Eighty-five-plus was smiling
with pearly brilliance,
waiting.

'A two dollar charge
applies normally,
but,
for you, and if you are
in a hurry.....',
nodding toward the rolls.
Great joke, judging from
her reaction, and
we talked a bit longer,
outwitting each other
with pleasant and clever
bonmots.

'You must surely be in love',

she said when we parted.

How could SHE tell?

Herbert Nehrlich

Floodplains And Bloodstains

A medieval landscape it is,
the floodplains of Lower Saxony,
where once gypsies replaced
with deceptive vengeance,
the locals, warriors of a time,
that saw ventures to fields of Catalan.
Blood spilled there to right an injustice,
lush green meadows and fields of brilliance.
Heaven for wildlife, sad reminiscence
for eyes and all hearts who felt history's lies.
It is blood and not water for a beautiful world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fluids

I like that, as it comes from you,
the thought alone - it warms my skin.
I'll be the one who manages to drool
just at the memory of you, so, are we kin?
No need for laboratories or for tests
though I was educated in the blessed school
where all would wear bow ties and dark brown vests
while checking the exchange of fluids, it is true
that man has made a mess of lovely things
so let us dropp the clipboards and the slips
a common spirit always grows its wings
with just one signal, it's the kissing of sweet lips.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flying

A man who thought he needed wings
to fly above the lands of kings
woke up one morning with a pair
that been stitched from angel hair.

He moved them gently fro and to
and like a feathered bird he flew!
He should have been content with flight
but, boyed by arrogance and height,

he climbed and climbed until he came
close to the sun's eternal flame.
And if he knew about the sky
that only birds, not humans fly,

he did ignore the laws of science
and operated in defiance.
The sun did not take kindly to
the human who was bold and flew

but did not worry over things
because, right then the fellow's wings
had started to disintegrate
which sealed the fliers sorry fate.

The wings had been prepared with wax
and bound with angel hair and flax
both melted in the sun's warm rays
which tells you that it never pays
to challenge God, as you may die,
since only birds and pilots fly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Flying Off The Handle

A fly, during the summer's drought
was buzzing in a fly-about
through villages and fields of wheat
in search of something fit to eat.

Above a farm and from the air
he saw a feast of no compare,
a brown and somewhat runny pie
pleased both his nostrils and his eye.

He landed quickly to make sure
that none would see this sweet manure,
and ate way past his normal fill,
felt stuffed and just a trifle ill.

Sounds from the house now could be heard,
and he could see that every bird,
that had been sitting in a tree
flew off as if it had to flee.

The fly, now finished with the pie
was getting set to bid good bye,
he tried and tried but only found
that he would never leave the ground.

He was too heavy, that was it,
so full of warm and tasty shit,
but he was crafty, skilled and never
would give it up; he was too clever.

A pitchfork stood, leaned to a wall,
its handle wooden and quite tall.
He figured if he climbed he might
initiate successful flight.

He did, and reached the top at last,
let out an afterburner blast
and hurled himself into the sky!
but dropped just like a stone. Oh my!

Blood, mixed with brown digested matter
the sight of it, I mean the latter,
was nowhere pretty to the eyes
but it attracted other flies.

They swarmed and held an aerial meeting,
and found that they would do some eating,
because there was nutritious fare
which they went down to, and to share.

I say, if you have eaten shit
and thus are truly full of it,
don't off your handle ever fly,
just look what happened to this fly!

Herbert Nehrlich

Foghorn

They'd found a place,
down at the water's edge
two flights with balcony,
the walls off white
except the tiny loo,
which had been done
in huckleberry blue.

The stove had seen
much better days,
warped lower grill
and crisp fried crumbs
of unknown origin.
Touched up a tad
by sprayed 'Appliance White',
encapsulating two
well maybe three
brown furry legs,
forever young,
embalmed by haste
and memories of taste.

They'd searched
and gave thumbs down
to newer flats,
no dogs or other pets
and let the lawyer read
the finer print
and listen to the sounds
of number two
go down the porcelain,
the trumpet farts
and Friday nights
when springs would sing
and vulgar moans
spread through the place,
like open thighs
and busy tongues
the muffled cry

suggesting anal joy,
they'd wanted privacy,
their place
a kitchen's warmth
and room for 'it',
king size it was,
for roaming
and for playing
in the steamy nights.
The shower was,
ticked off as fine,
almost too big,
they'd use the space
for private water games,
a touch of liquid gold
would rain
and lift its drooping head
to seek
and swim against the stream,
remain inside
amidst
the freshly fallen snow,
which she received
engorged with thanks
and added to,
twas warm
and silky moist,
and flowed
then covered limbs
and tongues,
flushed cheeks
and curious eyes
in new surprise.

They'd wake,
still holding on
to nighttime dreams,
unspoken words
and salivary touch,
taste from within,
shared morning lips
foghorn, the sound

of sailing ships.

Herbert Nehrlich

Folks And Their Sins

I am late, I am late, for a very important debate.
Talk religion with me and your mind will be free
understand that your faith is your fate.

There once was a scrubby and wrinkly old boy
he would stand on the corners of streets,
he would play with a book, and it looked like his toy
but it was neither Byron nor Keats.

People walked and ignored, no one stopped even once
they were busy with planning their tasks,
when the scruffy one reached for his well-hidden guns
and he put on sunglasses and mask.

Now the people did listen as the fear quickly spread
and they stood there just praying to God,
in the end there was trouble and some folks were now dead
and the scruffy one gave them the nod.

He believed they had gone to a far better place
and it seemed they were wearing big grins,
and the gods were discussing this strange human race
who would pray while committing grave sins.

Herbert Nehrlich

Folly In Science

Linus Pauling Nobel Laureate
demonised Ed Teller who showed
the hormetic influence in radiation,
and got his second Nobel Peace Prize.
Alexander Fleming gets the Nobel
for Penicillin while Howard Florey
and Ernest Chain go unrecognised!
Such folly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Folly On The Trolley

Oh ye gods do consider the folly!
That a fellow who's aging but jolly
through no fault of his own
has been left all alone
at Prince Alfred, on top of a trolley.

Herbert Nehrlich

Foolishness

There's talk about an Avian Flu
a lot of hype yet not a clue
about the real chance it will
come with a vengeance here to kill.

Stock antivirals and vaccines
for elderly and junk-food teens.
Do not forget the politicians
we need them for the odd decisions.

There is a call to kill each chicken
and now the plot begins to thicken.
The virus has not yet matured
and yet some people have been cured.

Judicious use of modern drugs
eradicates those viral thugs.
Reality is soon ignored
but stocks and bonds have quickly soared.

Today, all means are justified
it matters little that they lied.
So if you need to know what's real
you'd best dismiss their foolish spiel.

The flu will come, and it will go
and all the world will surely know
that some have died as is the rule
and in your mirror yawns the fool.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fools Come By Greyhound Bus

It takes some time to pick the fools
each Greyhound bus discharges some.
You ought to know that fools make rules
they do prefer their victims dumb.

How can you tell who is a fool?
You need to quickly close your eyes.
And dream the way you did in school
when buddies told you clever lies.

Your inner man will let you know
and send you from his intuition
a verdict with the truth in tow,
just file it under premonition.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fools Like Us

The say that all of us grow up to grieve
the lack of love a child ought to receive.
We therefore go through life to find revenge
inside a square or such, an open henge.
And if we fail to find our paradise
let's drown the elbow patched, the shaded eyes.

I know, my lovely friend, you were deprived
and things got worse indeed when I arrived.
Today I'm truly yours, you choose the tools.
would you please join me on, our Ship of Fools

Herbert Nehrlich

For A Most Handsome Weed - Jerry H.

Just two fingers will guide the sharp blade
neither patient nor doc are afraid.
Since the patient is out
like a beached rainbow trout
he is missing the masquerade.

All in green is the surgeon, (nice chap) .
Somewhat Russian his tight fitting cap.
As he saws into bone
near the critical zone
good old Jerry is taking a nap.

And he dreams of his friends in this place
as a flicker now crosses his face.
One small tear flows due south
stops just short of his mouth
and it leaves a small silvery trace.

Deep inside now the hands, full of skills
cut those tissues like stainless steel mills.
In the basin they go
then he zaps a fresh flow
knowing sometimes a fresh bleeder kills.

Jerry smiles as he's far from the action
then his hand moves a very small fraction.
Is it something that itches
soon he has him in stitches
and for both there is self-satisfaction.

In recovery Jerry plays dumb.
To the nurse he says please scratch my bum.
They are kind and assist
but he aims to enlist
a delivery girl for some rum.

Tells the surgeon about Penderyn,
that it's rare and expensive as sin.
Says the doc I was sure

that you'd drink the stuff pure
and he put on his innocent grin.

So they sat on the side of the bed
while the nurses were out, being fed.
Drank from medicine cups
like two homeless old grubs
said our jerry, 'this beats being dead.'

And the surgeon said, 'yes I agree,
just imagine my friend how you'd be
if we HAD sipped this sauce
I'd have cut straight across
from appendix straight down to the knee.'

So it proves that it COMES down to time
(and the skill of the poet's own rhyme) .
Leave the surgeon alone
and let's hope he is prone
to a squash, either lemon or lime.

All our thoughts are afloat in the air,
just look up if you want to and care.
For that afternoon shot
(you may like it or not) ,
strip those covers, your bum must be bare.

I remember you sampled the life
in those clinics, so far from your wife.
Just make sure to be brave
get your rest and behave
even bedpans can get you in strife.

I shall speak with the voice of my brothers,
and the ones that are known as 'the others'.
We do wish you God speed
and, remember, each weed
will surprise and survive their own mothers.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Adria Moya

A sheila named Adria Moya
who was born in the town of La Jolla.
Comes across very hot
but perhaps she is not
and it's only my own paranoia.

So elusive, she cannot be seen
although I was especially keen
to discover her nest
which is likely out West
and I know she is pretty and lean.

Well I have an old friend name of Fred,
here is something old Freddy just said:
Keep your feet off this stage
and consider your age
it's like beauty and ole Mister Ed!

So I fired old Fred on the spot,
he's the kettle if I am a pot,
for if Adria sings
it's like air under wings
though a highflying dude I am not.

It's a matter of cyberspace waves
and how any old geezer behaves
when the view of a kind
and erotic behind
is exactly the thing that he craves.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Allan Whose Poems Would Buy.....

Some little poems do have legs
just long enough to buy some eggs.
Though for a dozen not enough
So, Allan, do you give a stuff?

You know you'd shrivel like a flower
and sting like a box jellyfish
if God would suddenly turn sour
and took away your favourite dish.

I saw your finger's long extension
which I will, quite regardless, mention
you wear on each of your ten digits
small pencils shaped like happy midgets.

So, bleat no more about your hobby
I mean to meet you in the lobby
right after they bestow the prize
I'll say some words, both cool and wise.

Your life is poetry, not eggs
you must be there each time one begs
to be let out of your big head.
Without your poems you'd be dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Angie Mae - My Favourite Canadian

Sending two earlobe kisses your way
you have certainly spiced up my day
and the next time I doodle
it's for you a big strudel
for my favourite Angie Mae.

Herbert Nehrlich

For As - Age Matters

I gotta tell you something, Mate,
let's not postpone, it cannot wait.
Remember yesterday's debate?
About mere male, his likely fate?
Well, I for one, now near the gate
where age resumes a steady state,
(no, it is nothing I just ate) ,
I've sailed right through my recent date
perhaps I ought to illustrate
the time we hugged, there by the gate
while I, I had to micturate,
you know, it does humiliate,
my God it sure was getting late,
no plans though to inseminate
well trust me, do! At any rate:
a woman blooms at thirty-eight!

Herbert Nehrlich

For Declan

There once was a fellow named D.
he had misunderstood little me.
Though his poems ain't bad
and he is a good lad
so let pax for the two of us be.

So this limerick was writ just to say
that in life it is better to play
than to act like two farts
who would hurl poisoned darts
let me know if it's Aye or Nay.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Dew (Haiku)

It's such a pity
that folks think they can gather
love in a fortnight.

The poet Schiller,
while watching Johann Wolfgang,
advised great caution.

Observe the heart, man.
And tissue-match it sweetly
love is forever.

It is forever,
for one who will be hoping
for magic flowers.

Note:

This is my last poem.
I shall post no more.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Dr. Ursus - Either Or?

He pointed to your brilliant marks
and killed the just emerging sparks
of what, in other, better times
could have produced some pleasant rhymes.

That counsellor, you know it now
with bovine brain, that of a cow
was instrumental in the death
of infantile poetic breath!

I note, in this, your brief account
that God himself gave, pound for pound
what He Himself would call The Gift
to you, though someone did get miffed,
which I (of kindred spirit) see-
a badly genuflected knee.

I am, from what you say, convinced
that he, the counsellor who minced
his words pretending genuine kindness
was facing, really, ego blindness.

He sat, without a useful skill
day in day out, without the thrill
of talent, gifts or intellect,
though compensated to detect
what made those pimply students tick.

With you, he tried to pull the wick
out from your candle out of spite
he could not stand another light
to pass his desk and then succeed
while he was stuck, a lowly weed
inside his basement closet rooms.

Some days he wished for giant brooms
to sweep all promises to hell
and find himself a bagatelle
from which he'd leisurely create
a work to change his sorry state.

Surely, he reasoned, there must be
for anyone a proper key
to open simple doors and portals,
God would have loved his little mortals
or could it be that He was keen

to have another Nazarene?

He was not sure, nor could he judge
the truth of it. He could not budge
from his low station in a life
that had bestowed on him a wife
who nagged him morning noon and night
with words like 'lazy', 'not-to-bright'.
So, nothing more of this adviser!
You Doc, have risen like the Kaiser
and ought to, this is common sense,
look at your own head through the lens,
rose-coloured as it well may be.
This will allow you to, like me
turn syllables to wondrous words
which rise, like happy little birds
and roam through cirrus clouds and lands
where children play while holding hands
until they grow too soon to face
the madness of the human race.
I wonder, do you get my drift?
Might there be value in the gift
to put to paper from within
a subtle taste of Lohengrin?
Well I shall close now, lest the powers
delet me as I write for hours.
I wanted you to understand
that man is shackled to the bland
to sweat and blood and salty tears,
to obligations in arrears,
and that some clever writing will
keep many folks from getting ill.
So while our minds, with patience, weave
new verses destined for our sleeve
we have a remedy to use:
Its smile will drive away the blues.
Thus, Medicine and Poetry
two are for you and both for me.
Good Heavens, this must be the end
and will you answer me, my friend?

Note:

This was in response to a colleague who found, much later in life, that the advice of his counsellor in school to choose Medicine rather than writing, had been wrong. He now does both.

Herbert Nehrlich

For E.N.

He took it all,
well packed
and planned.
The talents and
exotic skills,
a voice,
that look,
and his own melody
of soft tranquillity,
which always was
(as if it needed time)
a patient herald of a bell
tolled just for you

.
He left a gap,
a gorge that Moses would
not have believed,
but when the angels came
he was prepared
to take their hands
and leave his mother earth
forever now.

A glance, into her eyes,
reflecting promises
of a mysterious unknown.
Wrapped up in memories
and that Manuka Sweetness of
a solemn whisper from
a future yet to come.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Henner

I woke without you
it was fine.
More space,
a second pillow
and no bloody snores.

You think I care,
I know enough about you
you are not mine,
a pretty face
hung high from the old willow
a world of whores.

I found a real friend
it's Gordon's Gin.
Let, in the very end
the Devil win.

In memory and mourning for my
old friend and co-troublemaker
from High School. Henner.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Her

There was
a time
where laws
of rhyme
did stand
for class
demand
a crass
niveau.

I've felt
the need
to belt
indeed
those rhymes
and post
for dimes
at most
also free verse
and other styles
with care I nurse
that which beguiles.

The down to earth
and lovely bird
must have from birth
each day have heard
the music for
our poetry
forever more
she'll sing for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Her Who Went To The Beach Today

I do admit it freely Sir,
the legs, the movements, it was her.
She entered slowly, splashing some
I was in awe, yelled here I come.
To introduce myself, I'm not
a man or boy, yet I am hot
they call me hooligan, I swim
stay sharp, alert and always trim.
I am a fish but do prefer
two human legs with bits of fur
between them where they hide from eyes
a treasure drove and a surprise.
I spend my days here in the waves
my aim is to inspect all caves,
so when the ladies swim I glide
through moving fabric folds inside.
You see, elastic holds things tight
but movement opens, left and right
a gap due to the pubes a-shifting
and thus, my colleagues see me drifting
with currents easily and happy
while they are pleased with all their crappy
sea creatures small enough to eat,
I enter now the cave of heat.
Then, if I'm lucky, like a stinger,
inside the water, she will linger,
so I explore each nook and cranny
and take a side trip to her fanny.
But in the main I chew and nibble
when now and then, they're known to dribble
while in the water, I could care,
my motto must be laissez-faire!
So now you know, my silly fishes,
some day, you too may have these wishes
by then, I've seen a million caves,
and settled in the one who shaves.
The reason is of course the shrubs,
they trap some plankton and weird grubs
and I do not associate

with lowlives; it's, at any rate
a personal perogative,
and keeps the little fellow stiff.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Hrh Princess Shirley

Imagine this, a rose
descended from the thorns of age
of royal origins in distant lands,
she caught the eye of a young man,
a strapping farmer, a commoner as such.
This man, possessed by taste and will,
a fortitude so few would entertain
he did not ask, he took her hand
and knowing fully his predicament,
no better judgment could exist
a union of the noble and the bold.

What would he say, this man named Theobald?
Would kindly eyes send ancient smiles
upon descendant Princess Shirley,
oh yes, as do the masses of the folks
who've had the opportunity, the luck
of basking in her grace and genuine warmth.
Who of you men and women, who would stand
and point the finger at a better royal pair?
Who would not want to live within the shadow
of graciousness and sheer humanity?
As they look back in generations yet to come
there will be twinkles in the eyes of the historians,
but not a single little cause for discontent.
I say, my friends, we are the ones who see
what Gods and humans can create for this strange world,
and let us praise the one they call the Real Princess
and give a smile to her, it's all we can return.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Jerry - Part I

A brilliant man that Rosenfeldt
an op a notch above your belt.
You noticed his old fountain pen
he's a stickler among men.
All nit and picking you will need
is thus provided, yes indeed.

He likes his aging instruments
and likely drives Mercedes Benz.
But that, my friend, astute you be
is what he means to you and me.
You will, though groggy, re-appear
and hear the Forum's Hear, Hear, Hear.

I'll spare you what the doc intends
and no, there won't be no amends.
He's ordered from the Blacksmith Joe
four sharpened blades and one small hoe.
They are de-rusting them of course,
and trying sharpness on their horse.

But, heck, why worry, it's in vain,
will you imagine what the pain
and other symptoms would present?
No pills would make a proper dent.

So Jerry, we all know it's tough
and frightening, perhaps it's rough.
You, as we feel are just as weak,
and it is promises you seek.
But we, who know just what is right
will be there after that big night.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Jerry Hughes

I did, mein Herr,
stick up two fingers,
they had been treated
as you had asked
by deep immersion
into blacked-out crypts.

However, only flies
and one fluorescent bumblebee
showed any interest
in aromatic air.

Well, never mind, I say
let trash drift with the winds
it may be carried off
by friendly ghosts,
those cousins to our great
and wise Godfather Penderyn.

It's always wise to trust your blood
and when we next partake
of precious times together,
we'll toast our crystal glasses,
and know within our hearts
that we are living children of
a loving, common mother.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Kelly Mcg.

A soapy spongebath of all things!
She stood, sweet bovine eyes of hope
and wiped away the worries of the day.
I had suspended conscious thought,
the very moment that our glances nibbled
small morsels of a mutual wedding cake.

I've never seen a more engaging film,
and never met a woman who would be
alive and filled with rosé cherryblossoms
just as you are and will forever be.

No one did ask, but be it known today,
I would have given up all riches of this world,
to lead that sponge throughout its journey on the skin
which gives me goosebumps and the shivers still today.

I like the spirit of the Amish, kid you not.
And could, of course, live out my life without a phone.
But no one takes away my Hemi, fivepointseven,
though, if you call me, Kelly, I shall dropp it all.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Linda Ori-No Special Occasion

While sitting on a hollow log
I noticed a small, handsome frog,
he came to me, quite unafraid
and said 'we need to find some shade.'

I was as you'd imagine shocked,
he sat there seemingly half-cocked
and smiled with bulging eyes his smile.
And so we sat there for a while.

'The sun will move toward the West',
he croaked while scratching his green chest.
It did and shade soon changed the hue
from green toward an ocean blue.

'I say, you are the Limerick Earl,
and do you know the Ori girl?
She's written some fantastic stuff
but hasn't been praised quite enough.'

'I am aware', I lectured him
'that even frogs, out on a limb
will be impressed by stellar writing,
all frogs find poetry exciting.'

'So, sitting here on your left knee
I demonstrate a liberty
that few will ever understand',
he said and climbed into my hand.

'I am, as you may have surmised
more than just cleverly disguised,
I am the Prince of all things written,
and with her poems I am smitten.'

The sun went down, 'I now must leave
it is my destiny to weave
for minds that have both heart and soul
a very special cubbyhole,

which serves, of course to store forever
those poems that I do find clever
and in a pinch there would be room
to save the poet from her doom.'

I must admit, the talk was strange
and a minUte dividing range
had placed itself smug in between
the two of us. Oh what a scene!

I said, to add a new dimension,
'should we not honourably mention
the many others who write well? '
He answered, 'oops, there goes my bell.'

And hopped, as only frogs can hop
down to his loghouse from the top.
I stooped to have a sticky beak
and saw a small, semi-antique

well furnished study full of books,
stuffed into crannies and in nooks.
He sat in a huge Lazyboy,
marked Property Hotel Savoy

and held a book with gentle fingers.
You, have you seen how love just lingers
on faces of the connoisseur?
That love is surely to endure.

And there was Linda's work in print.
(Well, LULU doesn't charge a mint) .
And he was drinking ice cold tea.
He never knew if you ask me.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Lot's Wife

Hung out to dry in ridicule
is she who imitates a fool.
Ignored by all, attracting laughter
for now and then and the hereafter.

You are a rather stupid lady
who ventured into dark and shady
back alleys hoping there to find
a man whose hormones make him blind.

As time went by you did remain
still searching for the salt's small grain.
Meanwhile the pigeons dropp their poo
while snickering on top of you.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Mal

My life has gone so quickly,
and suddenly, my God!
I woke up very sickly
it was my aging bod.

I've always been a dancer
I even learned the Twist
and now it is the cancer
that put me on his list.

He came up to my table
I didn't want to dance.
I said I wasn't able
but he had his demands.

He took me on the stage
taught me another dance
and then he turned the page
I didn't have a chance.

A knock on my oak portal
it was that skinny Reaper
he said 'You silly mortal
I will now be your keeper.'

He took me as a dancer
right to the Pearly Gate
I left behind my cancer
and made an early date.

There was an angel, pretty
she eyed me with a glance,
and I was feeling witty
and asked her for a dance.

So, greetings to all dancers
that stayed back on the ground
don't fear those nasty cancers
just dance another round.

And thanks for all the flowers
the funeral and all
I lasted many hours
before my final fall.

But friends were standing with me
that meant an awful lot
to those of you who miss me
forgotten you are not.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Max And Sally

The fly was in the belly yes,
and found therein a frightening mess
the fly was anxious to get out
so he flew wildly all about
the belly of the hungry frog
who sat, still, on that ancient log.
When, wise old owl came passing by
all dressed in suit and green bow tie.
She had the latest Sunday Times
and told the frog to read the rhymes
there, in the section 'Poetry'.
The frog first scratched his bright green knee
and then he told himself 'I need it',
and started chanting 'read it, read it'.
But chanting thus requires bellows
to blow and thus, imprisoned fellows
like flies or other little guys
if they're not dead yet, realise
this happy opportunity
to read the paper and be free.
So, out he went and landed on
the headline of the section Sun
the frog whose eyes at first detected
a movement, (of the just defected)
strained tired eyes and sniffed around
the fly was fearing to be found.
So, quickly he hid under 'S'
the big black letter, that the press
had printed with a lot of ink,
which also still, did have the stink
of chemicals so that the frog
who only lived there near his log
could neither smell nor see the fly
and he forgot, as time went by
all memories of flies for food
since poetry had changed his mood.
Thus you can see the usefulness
of lovely poetry, like this.

For Mr. A. Phuk, Aka Fark

There once was a fellow named Lark,
he would smoke near the shed, in the dark
When the neighbour's cute wife
said too short is your life
he said, Lark thinks, we'll fark in the dark.

What is fark said the lady, please tell,
is it likely to get you in Hell?
Never mind said the Lark
simply think of a shark
who seeks refuge inside a deep well.

She was cute as I said but quite slow.
Well, I need to, I must really know.
Is a fark's like a fork
and it triggers the stork
it will cost you a bundle of dough.

So they went for a walk in the park,
it was eerie and pitchblackin' dark.
They enjoyed the long walk,
all they did was to talk,
and they never again mentioned Fark.

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Favourite Niece Mara - Happy Birthday!

Auf Kamel in der Wueste Sahara
ritt ein Maedchen mit Vornamen Mara.
Kam ein Sturm mit viel Sand
sagte Mara 'das Land
ist ja schlimmer als Guadalajara.'

Nach zwei Wochen war Mara am Ende
war so hilflos wie einst bei der Wende.
doch es gab keine Brause
und es trieb sie nach Hause
im Computer da drueckte sie SENDE.

Schon kam Opa, ganz eifrig am Suchen.
Jeder Wuestenfuchs hoerte ihn fluchen.
'Ja wo ist denn das Kind?
Wenn ich Mara nicht find
dann esse ich selber den Kuchen.'

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Hawk And Playmate - To My True Kindred Spirit

Come dance with me
in the wind and the weather
holding fast
we tumble through heather
purple, gold, opal, white,
new discovered
by dawn's fresh light.
Come laugh with me
til breath is scant
our cheeks blood red
with merriment.
Eyes aglow, mischief bright
the other's joy
brings each delight.

Answer to Lenchen by Hawk:

To my true kindred spirit:

I will dance with you
in the wind and the weather,
holding you tight as we tumble through heather.
May the dance last forever,
and may time be abolished
could I say something clever
so all doubts be demolished?
I will laugh without rest
'til my lungs are screaming
will consider it best
to be trusting and dreaming.
Eyes aglow with a shimmer,
like the children we are,
as we dance in the glimmer
of the morning - not far.
As I hold your sweet hand
and look into your eyes,
as we dance through the land,

as we watch the sun rise.
Now I know what I've missed
'cause it did not ring true:
As children we've kissed
and this child loves you.
And wherever you go
when your heart wants to smile,
I will never say 'NO'
to the very last mile.

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Hawk And Playmate - To My True Kindred Spirit - Part II

Lenchen's reply to Hawk:

Come dance with me
Through heart tangled bracken,
Brambles, nettles,
The pace never slackens.
Sharp thorns may rake
Our thoughts, flying wild
With Hawk and Wolf
Fey untamed child.
Ripe berries stain
Heals fresh wounds gathered
Our quickening gains
In spirits un-tethered.
The steps we dance
To the tune of the soul
from dawn of creation
As two made whole.

Hawk answers:

I am coming, my lovely
and I reach for your hands.
You say bracken and brambles
and nettles and thorns,
let us dive into trouble,
see the devil's own horns.
Slip and slide on the rubble
in this wild, untamed shambles
our faces are merry
our pulses are racing.
As we share our first berry,
drink its juices together,
then continue to tumble
through heavenly heather.
And the mountain we're facing
desires us humble

yet the eden of summer
is giving us fragrance.
As we hear our own drummer
and keep dancing like vagrants.
In the end we fall silent,
standing close under trees,
know that man is no island,
ask what each of us sees.
And our eyes tell the tale:
What our souls can create,
as they -hearty and hale-
choose the other as mate.
Could it possibly fail?
Would the spirits destroy
that which happened by chance?
With our hearts full of joy
we continue to dance.

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Hawk And Playmate - To My True Kindred Spirit - Part Iii

...as we get to the river
still holding hands tight,
and in stitches our livers
at evening's last light.
We are happy out here
now we welcome the moon.
Will the darkness bring fear?
Will the trouble come soon?
As we've asked no permission
here to wander about
who will make the decision
to order us out?
And formidable weapons
hide in darkness with glee
to ensure something happens
that will not let us be.
Can they read our thoughts,
can they judge our deeds?
Are they aiming their venom
as they hide in their weeds?
And I ask you to ponder
why those strangers would care,
so it should make you wonder
why this life is not fair.
So, I'll tell you, my darling,
it's the fact that we like
to be living with Nature
and that's why they strike.
We are happy and humble
and we live in a hut,
where we hear the earth rumble
and achievers we're not.
Let the silver, the gold
please the shallow pretenders,
let them fit their strange mould
as their soul there surrenders.
Let them strive after riches,

let them build more sky castles,
let their women be bitches,
let their men live their hassles.
Fill their wardrobes with dresses
and with thousands of shoes,
let them live in their messes,
let US DANCE OUR BLUES.
What they don't have: it smarts
when at last they discover,
that of stone are their hearts,
that they don't have a lover.
But for us, my sweet flower
that is NO life to live,
where one fills every hour
just with give, take and give.
When there's groans, turns and tosses
in their silken bedcovers,
they are dreaming of losses -
not hugging their lovers.
So you ask why they're coming,
why they mean us great harm,
why the warlords are drumming
in a state of alarm.
So I tell you, my darling,
it's the envy of man:
You will always find snarling
if snarling they can.
They can't stand our love
and detest that we're free.
As the Gods know above:
It's the truth they don't see.

Lenchens Response:

Come dance with me
In the moon lights glow,
Whispers of magic
The elf beams sow.

Blind eyes cannot see
What their heart cannot feel,
Alone in this glade
Our passions are real.
Come sing with me,
Silken air of the night,
Cushion our steps,
But not in flight,
We dance for ourselves,
Not the pleasures of man,
We dance the figures,
First piped by Pan.
Note follows note
The reel still beguiles
Our footsteps to follow
The path of a smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Hawk And Playmate - To My True Kindred Spirit - Part Iv

Come dance with me
At the Star-kissed shores
Salt water wavelets
Lap at our sores.
Faltering steps
In longing and pain
Marks struggle between
Sacred and profane.
Pause the dance now
For the body is weak
In each others arms
Is the respite we seek
Draw strength anew
In the sharing as one
We are complete
A new round has begun.
As we take the first
Steps to dance
Back to the moors
We know in shared heart
The future is ours.
Come dance with me
In the eye of this storm
Loving forever
We are reborn.

Hawk's Response:

Come look at me
my accomplished dancer,
your cheeks stained by berries,
your arms scratched by thorns.
The sting of the nettles
has bothered old wounds
but spirits untethered
we stumble through ruins

at the edge of the forest,
where promises live.
We're at home here forever
and forever we give
our love to each other
may all else go asunder.
In this forest we're happy
as we slowly meander.
But come rest with me
my beautiful flower,
we've danced now for ages
and late is the hour.
So come look at me
I will study your lips
and gladly forego
treasure-laden ships,
so come cuddle my sweet
as we need our rest
and come closer to me,
put your breast to my chest.
We remember our dance
and our spirits untethered
let us heal all our wounds
as we lay in pale heather.
Take me inside your soul,
deep, united we're whole.
Let us linger a while
as we've danced to exhaustion,
let us re-charge with kisses
let our bodies entangle
this embrace as it misses
the mistletoe dangle.
And our cheeks are blood red,
our breath is scant
as we look at the sky
and embrace merriment.
So I ask would you come
even closer to me?
Let the world now go past
as the Hawk in the pine tree
looks down from above.
Let's say thanks to the Gods

let's say thanks for our love.

Herbert Nehrlich

For My Little T-Cell

A fluffy-feathered bird, small,
to some a picture of
great loveliness
and rarest beauty
perched on a twig called hope
precariously above
a vulgar world so far below
ignoring pointing fingers
and their lusty expectations
of faith in true catastrophe
began to sing.

She sang the most exquisite song,
a melody of sweet HELLO,
of hands that long
to touch and hold in warmth
the promise of just being there,
without the fanciful and vain
and, oh so plastic decorations.
The twig soon resonated sounds
and gained in strength,
it would not bend or crack
though its fragility was plain
for all to see.

There was an ancient force
called by the soothing sounds,
it beckoned to the one
whose scruffy, feathered ears
were listening from far away
until all time and distance were,
suspended, once again.

The little twig soon carried two,
as kindred spirits,
birds of so many feathers
and their tears.

For My Mother - Mother's Day 2006 (English Version)

What will I write to her this year?
About the childhood I remember?
Wait for the poem to appear
in local papers in December?

'If you still have a mother, Sir..',
then I could add some 'thorny roses',
a 'tiny bug that smiles for her',
'a boy, in Lederhosen poses? '

Yes, memories are never far,
they do not ever fade or die,
something has left a tiny scar
and, like a hiccup, comes a sigh.

A rosebush stands, with patience, waiting
for life to take itself in stride,
as petals grow to honour mating
and thorns are always by her side.

Now, as she bears the signs of age
her hand still rests upon your heart,
the eve of life, that final stage,
it's more a science than an art.

A thread, made strong from hemp, does grow
from childhood to advancing years.
It binds together (you may know)
you and your mother - love and tears.

The cub is slain by human greed,
its mother grieves in sheer despair.
The fur fulfills a selfish need,
about the mother, they don't care.

A child, still young and full of steam
falls ill and dies, a message comes
to tell her all inside a dream
she wakes, and, nervously, she hums.

A mother, let me tell you, friend,
will carry burdens, sure to break
the strongest man and to the end
she will be there when you awake.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Ravinder Malhotra - In Response

Hey there, Ravinder
you've been inside the sewers
too long. You smell now.

It was not I who,
through haikus, made you sick, sir
it is your liver.

You need curcumin
blown into the rear passage
you may look better.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Sherrie (Haiku)

Her trip to England
postponed indefinitely.
Big Ben - a Yankee.

All measurements did
live up to her high standards
Big Ben - The poet.

On Sunday mornings
she felt like her own grandma
Big Ben - The lover.

There is a wedding
a light on the horizon.
Big Ben - Will be there.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Sialia

A poet of note
in the days long past
he said what I just wrote
it will last it will last.
When they visit God's Acre
in the century next
they will know me as Quaker
but their eyes be perplexed,
for my skills they are given
they can never be learned
as a poet I'm driven
as a witch I'd be burned.
So, for those who don't like
what my pen puts to page
I say go, take a hike
you're not fit for the stage.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Stephanie

For my darling girl, keeping the breeze
from her neck (there are structures to freeze) ,
take this scarf, tie it tight
for the chill of the night
I'll send longjohns next year for your knees.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Tai

In the beginning Suit met Tai
then the Tai-gerr came
out of Tai-land,
a Tai-raid started,
they all Tai-ed hard,
in Tai-uhm
Tai-gerr was
Tai-ed up.

Herbert Nehrlich

For Tara - The Girl Of His Dreams

It would please me immensely, of course
and I thank you for thinking of me
if my wish were a high-flying horse
you can guess where its rider would be.
I would bring you a blueberry pie
baked with berries from (yes) my own patch,
as you know certain blueberries fly
though for wishes they can't be a match.
I would ask at the village police
for the shop that sells heavenly cream
all I want is a very small piece
and for you to be wrapped in your dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

For That Elusive Molecule

Ich bin ein Mauerbluemchen, ja
und singe tralalalala
ich atme tief, doch hat die Luft
am Morgen einen schweren Duft.
Hier bei der Mauer ist es kuehl
nur laue Winde die ich fuehl,
die schoensten sind doch stets gewachsen
im Schatten, Thueringen und Sachsen
erzeugen seit Jahrhunderten
das Edle, die bewunderten
und lieblich duftenden, ich weiss
das ich Die Mauerschoenheit heiss.
Dort drueben ist ein kleiner Teich,
fuer Fische ist der Teich ein Reich,
auch Froesche plaetschern hier am Abend
und so erquickend und so labend
bringt die Natur uns Gras und Muell
uns Blumen gibt sie Chlorophyll.
Und ab und an, zu selten leider
schwimmt eine Jungfer, ohne Kleider
im Reich das Menschen nicht gehoert,
da bin ich Bluemchen so betoert
mein Stengel waechst in zwei Sekunden
und bleibt beharrlich dann fuer Stunden.
So wisst Ihr also, Blumen duerfen
vom Bodenwasser stetig schluerfen
doch traehmen tun nicht nur die Weiber,
wir Maenner lieben nackte Leiber.
Und in den Traeumen sind wir geile
ergreifen Blueten, Knospenteile,
und mischen Saeftte in der Grube.
Wie schoen, ich bin ein Blumenbube.

I am, if you must know, a wallflower thing,
tralalalala, encore une fois, et s'il vous plait.
I breathe, my lungs have been re-born
the air is heavy in my morn.

It's cool here near the ancient wall
where weeds and flowers, stand so tall,
these parts produced for centuries
the lovely fragrance, just to please,
my name is Beauty of the Wall
the creatures listen, do their all.
A pond nearby, a kingdom to
the fishes and green frogs for you,
they play each night at water's edge
and give each other a new pledge,
there's nettle folk and chamomile,
we flowers do get chlorophyll.
And now and then, there swims a maiden,
an angel, nude and never laden
by garments or such conscious weights
that makes some creatures hold debates.
Two minutes pass and one small stencil
turns into might, a swollen pencil,
to stay for hours in its fever,
while praying rosaries and beaver,
we flowers slurp deep in the ground
while dreaming of a mossy mound,
we men love female nudity,
in altered states we smell and see
soft petals, parting them with ease
and taste the nectar, mocking bees,
green hues, a chlorophyll dessert
and sap, once rising, it will spurt,
into the horny waves I dive,
marchons, marchons, we are alive
into the citadel called Troy,
I need to be your flowerboy.

For The Molecule that traps the most elusive of all powers,
the Photoreceptor. I would volunteer to be the light to be absorbed.

Herbert Nehrlich

For The Waters Of All Estuaries

I have been thinking,
those times you are not here
are filled with thoughts
most all of which concern
the one that destiny has picked
to be my running mate
in what I now perceive as
the inevitable fate of one
who fought so many wars,
and who was bruised
humiliated and dismissed,
who pried the greedy hands
of the infatuated ones
away, ignored their tears,
their siren pleas and smiles.
There may have been,
so it is said by men of wise
and wily ways, the spark
or full-blown flames
of LOVE, bandied about
like tennisballs deluxe,
too often there was sanity
that had succumbed to lust,
had blinded human eyes
and bathed inside the mirror
of imagined, tranquil lakes
where waters still and clear
reflected what the eye
was keen to see and to behold.
Oh how we fool our souls,
we listen to cognition's song,
which, clearly mathematical,
serves up a brief analysis,
and maps the road ahead,
supported by the watchers
and the elders in the crowd.
The image rules in life,
benevolence speaks loud,
it nods its gratitude, it frowns

if we but stray a step or two
we simply must obey the laws,
all handed down, approved
and sealed to be the fate
that man must fight to keep,
lest chaos lead to anarchy
and God himself butt in
where the old Devil watches all
while wearing a contented grin.
So what about the heart, you say,
naive you are, and innocent my boy!
Man rose above the critters big and small
by power of his mind, not by his heart,
we would have perished long ago,
knee-deep in foul morass of wanton lust,
before the altar we must kneel
receive the blessings of one God
and fit inside a mould made in His name,
then go and make a home, and build a nest,
where fornication shall proceed but once
to sow the seed for a new life, to carry on
the name and all the tasks prescribed
meanwhile we toil and pray, fulfilling deeds
while ascertaining that we have no human needs,
'tis what we reap that has been sown
a million little fishes, quickly made and grown
to plunge head over tail into the cave
where they will battle and find victory, one brave
and agile soldier as he reaches home at last
he signals his success through chemistry
while God bestows on man a touch of celibacy.

I disagree, my vehemence knows not a single bound,
she spoke, her glacial eyes regarded mine,
and it was heaven as I listened to the sound
she came and kissed me and she tasted of sweet wine.
All past was wiped right then, though deep within my head
there grew resistance, and my hemispheres talked fools,
there would be anarchy and many would dropp dead
each life was sacred and each man must have his rules.
It was a whirlwind, though it blew and left them whole
though others tumbled and the screeching grew too loud,

there was consensus that a force had turned a mole
into an elephant; the sky became a cloud.
Have you, my learned friends been touched perhaps
by hands of love created only for your skin?
I have not met another man, nor younger chaps
that were content without the thought of going in
and playing games like making love and feeling well
to brag of conquering and dousing a bright flame
they never saw that those instructions came from Hell,
and no one noticed either blemishes or blame.
No, it can never be that science should prevail
where it is pheromones and more straight from the heart,
it must be clear that such attempts will surely fail
as unions joined by other hands will break apart.
I have no way of knowing why I have been picked
nor do I care, it is enough for me to be
in an embrace when all our molecules are licked
and where I marvel at the thought. It now is WE.
If love were only an illusion sent to earth
it would behoove mankind to make a substitute
I have been blessed to witness personally its birth
about all other things I promised to be mute.

Herbert Nehrlich

For You *

What if we could
find us a grotto or
a stone henge monument
inside a jasmin garden,
of beauty and some Eden ambience.
We could then stretch
out on a picnic rug,
and talk,
and whisper,
allowing flies
and other pests
to listen in
and would we like
the handsome butterflies
sun shining through
translucent wings,
Blue sky would be
a trusted guide
reflecting what we think
but would not say,
air would be heavy now
with honeysuckle bees
and touch would be reserved
for little moments between thoughts,
Keep it my love,
my flesh belongs to you.
And, like a fairytale,
a ritual found in ethnic stores
a train is heard,
and, from afar it brags
of might and crafted things
as little hands hold very tight.
And there are promises
of kisses in the air.

Herbert Nehrlich

Foreboding

Only when the last needle,
and the most tenacious ornament
have fallen off this year's tree
and when all bottles are empty,
the cupboards bare again.....
only then will the Gods relent
and, with a heavenly twinkle,
send a small smile through the clouds,
followed by some half-hearted flakes
of last season's snow and sleet,
silly remnants of a life gone by,
heralds of the coming insignificance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forest Hounds

The night was black
the valley foggy
the hound was back
now running groggy
he had been kicked
by size 10 boots
his pride was nicked
because his roots
had been confused
by all his friends
the truth abused
make no amends
his gene pool crap
God's own selection
fat belly flab
and lost direction.
It was a hound
who could not show
his face by day
as all would know
to his dismay
his horrid features
and did he smell
much worse than creatures
straight out of hell.
So why is God
sometimes so cruel
I find it odd
that every fool
was handiwork
of God's creation
one meets a jerk
at the train station
and wonders why
these specimens
so often cry
when we drive Benz
it is because
they do have little

and no applause
is due for spittle.
So is it fair
to just withhold
a decent share
well, it be told
it's programmed hate
from wolfish roots
a sorry state
and in cahoots
with Nature's failings
in the jungle
you hear the wailings
and see the bungle.
The hound keeps on
and scares the weeds
that's why the sun
does her good deeds
in daytime, not at night
how could you stand
to function right
if those hounds and
perhaps some others
were roaming there
all with their mothers
who couldn't care..

Herbert Nehrlich

Forget-Me-Not

They were simple daisies,
picked in the Park at Dawn.
Not up to standard, though,
traditionally, the expectation
had always been to shop
for more appropriate ones,
at the local family florist,
the trademark being cost,
and plastic, as if thinly veiled.

But she was poor beyond belief.
the town had given her the coffin,
the preacher had supplied
a long-retired gown, all black.

Her only son had cabled from America,
that he was indisposed for this occasion,
that time, without a doubt, was money
and that the world would still keep turning.

She stayed a while after the service
was over and the crowd of two had left.
And, when she was alone with him
she placed, among the happy daisies,

a single flower of a brilliant blue,
which he had grown and nurtured
in their small garden, near the rhubarb.
It was a flower, simply called Forget-Me-Not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forty Years

He's drifted off
as he so often does
lately,
after dessert,
doc says it's starch,
sugars and such,
drive up
the insulin.
God help me if
he turns out
with sugar diabetes,
they get bed ridden
and smell like acetone,
pee every hour,
all night
and can't get it
past 15 degrees
on their best days.
Forty years,
boy where
HAS the time gone?
I'll close this now,
dear diary,
you have been
my very best friend,
adviser, and you
never failed
to be there
for confession time.
Now I know,
and I have only you,
the wise one
to thank,
I've been going up
the down staircase.
All these years.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum Future

There once was a silly old poet,
he did write but he always would blow it.
So he pointed his thumb
said that others are dumb
they believed it but didn't quite show it.

Soon they joined him in droves under cover,
they would pounce but preferred just to hover.
Then a miracle came
and the deaf took the lame,
and each enemy changed to a lover.

And the forum rejoiced, well at first.
There were many who'd grown a huge thirst.
But with all the bad lingo
Mr. T. hollered BINGO,
and the aneurism suddenly burst.

It was actually an AV formation,
it's an artery leaving its station.
And becoming a vein
which makes everything plain
it's prevented by oral chelation.

Some suggested we all pay a nickle,
to keep this from becoming a pickle.
But a measure of pride
takes us all for a ride
and the world's little people are fickle.

Came the clue from the poet in Tweed,
let the nerds and the ballet boys read,
let us open a harem
that's where we all share 'em
it is Nature's own way to sow seed.

In a year there was so much congestion,
they were happy for AJ's suggestion.
But their love quickly cooled

only little ones drooled
and the poets stopped asking new questions.

Said the teacher, you must resume writing,
as no life can be truly exciting
with just love-ins and pot
so I urge you, do not
shy away from some old-fashioned fighting.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum Giggles

Your New Year's Pledge makes butterflies come home,
and I shall bring for you a metronome.
Its hand will move, controlled by my own mind
from left to right and then repeat itself in kind.
While Sarah watches with her blue Canadian eyes
I'll wrap your lovely little hands in sturdy ties.
Then you will speak your poetry quite freely and at speed
and we shall judge its innate quality indeed.
The reason for the ties are really manifold
but will not be revealed this time, will not be told.
It will, of course prepare you for a poet's walk
and it is docile poets, just like you we need, to talk
to further this great art without undue haste
much later you can type and edit, even later, paste.
But first, due to my nature being quite obsessed
and with superior taste and sharpened eyesight blessed,
I crave not only molecules found deep in stalgalites
it is the close and fragrant company of women, during nights
and other times that is for me the same as fire for small bugs
hence you and Sarah walk with me, each mile there will be hugs.
Another bonus is the cushioning when linking arms with care
a subtle little pleasure from the land of Mommabear.
Lest you or Blue Eyes fear the journey lead to Nomansland
there is no need to question poetry and you will understand,
a poets' meeting, in small circle, must inspire inner cells
which is essential to creation and will ring exquisite bells.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum Giggles 2

Deana, I shall always be
your friend, and you a friend to me (?) .
My love for games to match one's wit
has scored a very lovely hit.
We simply must, two-o-o-nine
get back and tease. WHO'S Miss DEVINE? ? ? ?
I'm not aware of such a bird
and do reject the slur, my word!
But tell me please, perhaps, by chance
I could invite her to our dance.
Plus Sarah, who is such a gem
but that's enough, don't call for them,
the ones who'd slow the work and giggle
the four of us could surely wiggle
and post our ditties, all at speed,
I'm looking forward, yes indeed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum Matters

Apologies are overdue
so here they are, to some of you.
I did post stuff that was contraire
to fool you all, it was not fair.
But coming as I do from whence
the slightest whisper makes one tense,
one never tells one's thoughts to others
not even spouses, friends or mothers.

Thus, I kept up the grand charade
unlike the fellow called De Sade.
This morning when I woke from sleep
(I'd gone to bed still counting sheep) ,
the wife called out to me, 'hey slave,
go have a real perfect shave, '
we were to meet my boss and all
she never used the noble 'Paul'.

I questioned her, that's how I found
that Paul has sought the underground
to hide and scheme another game
he needs the fun, an inner flame
seeks out like moths the brightest lights
and thus is drawn into the fights
between the egos and their masters,
he hates pathetic flatumblasters.
I am so glad that he's not me
though for a minute I could see
how this confusion came about
just like the milk pail with its trout.

I think we MAY see quick success
here in this place, and I confess
that I shall spend some time and post
on health and things like possum roast,
I say let's give this place some pride
which means we'll never have to hide
or sit, enduring shit for brains
and comments from the sad remains

of dullards, dills and ninkampoops
we'll have our own (and strapping) troup.

What do you say, my learned friends
shall we arise, without the bends?

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum Rhyme

All forum posts shall be in rhyme
all else will be considered crime.
Miss Emily may well object
if there should be a small defect
in choice of words, she would detect
the slightest flaw, like carnal talk
and tell the poet, take a walk
for thirty days and thirty nights
because the managers have rights
unheard of for the common bloke!
But listen to my clever joke:
write rhymes in Russian or Chinese
use keyboards with exotic keys
and snicker as they hire staff
and pay for nothing, have a laugh.
Dear poet can you spare a dime?
I'll pay you back in peasant rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forum, Fori.....

Still in pyjamas I awoke,
thought to myself 'this is a joke'.
Said out aloud, 'Attila, brother',
reached for the phone and called my mother.
Oh yes, the wise old woman had
observed how things have now gone bad.
She said, 'my boy, do not take sides,
just wait, your dad will tan their hides,
because..' and I, myself agree,
'their brains are smaller than a pea,
and what is worse, they do not know
that it takes decency to grow.'
She added 'I, myself like nerds,
they're so much smarter than the turds.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Forumalgia

Human nature is what it is.
Although hers is as bad as is his.
In the forum you'll find
those who stab from behind
and they give themselves titles like wiz.

They'll accuse of the grossest of sins
and they post it with shit-eating grins.
The intent is to harm
while all dressed up in charm
it is sad though that nobody wins.

Herbert Nehrlich

Forummonger

Any poet who brings about tension
ought to get from the mangement mention.
It's like droppings of birds
if you use the wrong words
and it leads you right into suspension.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fourteen Nut Lines

A tree dropped off a hazelnut
it fell and landed on its butt.
Felt queasy in his hazelgut
from the effects of one small cut.
Came down the path a butternut
said hazelnut my darling what
has happened that you're on your butt
here let me help you to my hut
where you can meet Sir Coconut
but when you enter kindly shut
your mouth that always utters smut
you arachidic scuttlebutt.
They entered into the small hut
where Coconut kicked Peanut's butt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fragments

Wishes, demands.
They surround me.
Dreams and hope,
do not hound me.
Remember the day I found you,
and woe to the night when you left.
Waiting now
for tomorrow.
Not knowing, caring, not now,
whether all the events that were promised
will tomorrow remember today.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frankie's Shinbone

Frank was the one who always would
be first and do wild things
and when you asked him if he could
fly with the bird that sings
or dive in under foot thick ice
jump into violent seas
he was the toughest of us guys
by ninety-nine degrees.
On Sunday mornings we would go
to Muller's Railway Crossing
and put on our favourite show
it beat the daily flossing.
Our parents were so bloomin strict
they had a thousand rules
though inside our chests, there ticked
a heart not made for fools.
The game was CHICKEN and you had
to dive across the tracks
like someone who is raving mad
or one who, sadly, lacks
a normal brain with common sense
and some kind of protection
yet we would line up at the fence
avoiding thus detection.
The Ten-O-Four would pass right through
it did not have to stop
the twelve-Sixteen, E-5, it flew
180 was its top.
The last one just before our lunch
would amble in at one
that one was slow and all our bunch
had one big ball of fun.
Things went okay and we were high
and no one ever fell
when Frankie, our toughest guy
went when he heard the bell
it was too late, we all got sick
his leg stayed on the track
if he had hurried just a tick

he would have made it back
with both his legs and not passed out
and bleeding like a pig
the Stationmaster, big and stout
got out his giant rig
a truck that ran on wooden fuel
he fired it at speed
and said that in a silly duel
the train would win indeed.
The doctor saved old Frankie's skin
now fifty years have passed
that day when he did lose his shin
its memory will last.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frankly, My Dear, So Do I!

A moth, you know the ones that come
with messages, some great some glum
had just arrived in dark of night
just visible in starry light.

The message was from far away
that she adores me, well, I say!
The feeling is a mutual one
so you can see life can be fun
at times when human beings stun
a friend or even just a soul
without an active local role
by pouring a manuka-sweet
for someone you have yet to meet.
I thank you, maiden of such class
would you still like me as an ass?

Herbert Nehrlich

Fred

For fifteen years this sun-parched man,
a pensioner of eighty-one,
had celebrated passing weeks
in the old Pub, down by the park.

He'd ride his trusty horse, named Ale
on Sunday mornings, half past nine.
Ale waited in the shade with bucket
of water and a flake of hay.

The hay was first class quality,
the water cool in Queensland heat.
A pot of beer, one dollar special
until the clock struck noon at last.

One recent Sunday, when he left
he could not see his loyal horse.
Was it the sun or too much grog?
He hurried over to the tree,
found only bucket and some hay.
Hand on his chest he sank to ground
and called the name but all in vain.
So home he went, his friend was gone.

And late on Monday they arrived.
The boys in blue, gave him a notice:
'You must appear in Council Chambers
to prove your ownership of Ale,
and need to bring 800 bills
to pay for Council's Sunday troubles.'

Turned out they had untied the horse
from shady spot under the tree,
transported him to foster care
as he'd been unattended there.

'These things cost money', said the mayor,
'we did what needed to be done.'
When asked, he knew the horse's name

but had not learned the word called shame.

The owners of the land and tree,
when told about the old man's plight
wrote him a letter with an offer.
They'd put a sign and running water
at the old tree to make things legal.
And for a fee, a token really,
of twenty bucks times four, for Sundays
his world would be a happy place.

The man declined, as all the savings
for Sunday morning beer would be
erased by fancy fees again.
And since that time, old Fred is seen
under the tree with old mate Ale.
There's water, hay and ice-cold beer,
attended horses do not pay.

And now and then he spits tobacco
onto the sign the owners placed:
'No Unattended Horse, Signed - Council',
the owners of the Pub and land.

Herbert Nehrlich

Fred B.

So, here you are my friend
so dead and all alone
for you it is the end
a pile of dust and bone.

I had not heard your voice
in, going on ten years
when you had made your choice
we sat, had many beers.

It was America
the land of milk and honey
the need to travel far
at home is was not sunny.

It rained on all those days
and frozen were the nights
your ship left in a haze
with fading little lights.

You sent me a collage
of house and car in Maine
one near the fuselage
of your own aeroplane.

You climbed right to the top
in corporate USA
but knowing when to stop
take time to get away

was simply not for you
the greenback ruled your life
one day she found you, blue
she screamed, your little wife.

Pallbearers were four bankers
each slipped a cheque inside
appreciative wankers
who took you for a ride.

They gave you a farewell
with twinkles in their eyes
as far as I can tell
the cheques were super size.

The reading was a mess,
the barrister agreed
the family got less
due to that thoughtful deed.

They say one cannot take
one's riches with cold hands
this is a constant ache
to rich men in all lands.

But you, my childhood buddy
you did it all your way
you liked your waters muddy
and always had your say.

No doubt, the moneychangers
were told to take the max
(well, you were friends, not strangers)
and sneak it, without tax

so you would be the first
to take the lot with you
the day that vessel burst
and you had turned so blue.

Herbert Nehrlich

Free

I was born to be me.
Perhaps not to be free.
But to live as another
after knowing my mother
was not on, not at all
though I don't have the gall
to be free of me,
or to be me and free.
Born free in the jungle
was a very big bungle.
You can take it from me
I can't bear to be free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Free At Last

Free of shackles, free at last!
Gone to ashes, dust to dust.
Will you give me, God, the time
to catch up with my distant past?
No more begging, no more stealing,
independence day has come.
She remembers all his rulings,
all his cautions, turned to slaps,
cruel beatings of their children,
an irony he never saw.
So she goes through others' silver
as she empties all the stores,
a merry circus, she is in it
and has become their biggest clown.
The combination is intriguing,
senility and stark defiance.
The last shirt doesn't have a pocket
hers will be checkered for the past.

Herbert Nehrlich

Free Like Birds

Can love,
as it transcends,
with selfish ease,
the autumn air,
to drift,
in currents
of its prophecy
into the forests
of convention,
wher Modern Moses lives
and keeps the book
of lies and laws
that bind all men
who welcome ties
and wear their chains
with pride,
but rarely do with sighs.

Thou shalt
or shalt not do,
I say who would
demand of mice and men
to listen to
the righteous rhapsody
and never hear
the sensuous harpsichord,
the music
and the melting of the heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

French Cheese (Children)

In the cupboard, near the cheese,
sits a mouse, down on his knees.
Nibbles with much haste and pleasure
from the medium Cheddar treasure.

Unbeknownst to that small mouse,
Tomcat Tom lives in the house.
Whiskers homing in with skill,
almost ready for the kill.

BANG, the door flies open wide,
no place to go nowhere to hide.
Now the cat jumps on the mouse,
ripping her white cotton blouse.

Never mind, the end is near,
and I personally fear,
that the blouse will not be worn,
(even if it were not torn) .

Cat is happy now and dining
after a last second whining,
mice are eaten head to tail,
that way they're fresh and don't go stale.

Another matter is the cheese.
The mouse had begged the cat to, please
just let her finish her last meal.
But most cats look at mice that kneel

in front of cheddar with disdain.
So, pleas like that are made in vain,
as do frank bribes and tiny tears,
they fall on stoic feline ears.

The mouse has disappeared from life,
now Tomcat takes the cheddar knife
and cuts himself a hefty wedge,
consumes it, sitting on the edge.

His ancestors were Gallic cats,
those are the ones that chase big rats.
In France it is considered wise
to eat some cheese before you rise

from any meal, to make strong bones.
They serve it in cold pewter cones.
Thus Tom, to follow the tradition,
has two big helpings on this mission.

And, in the silence of the house
he wipes his lips with the torn blouse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frenulum Labiorum Pudendi

Like the rose you could be
if a flower you were
you would blossom for me
dit je t'aime à mon coeur.
Just today as a woke
mon coeur s'est arrêté
and I thought that it broke
yet you came, Liberté,
as we crossed the big river
in that small little tinny
I was stroking your liver
and caressing your inny.
Klingt das Echo, ein Eid
let the avalanche break
in the tide of the slide
le fourchette, near the lake.
And she greets him, 'Effendi'
as he enters her cave
fren. labiorum pudendi
it's the land for the brave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Freudian

Blemishes are what you get
when you are not in full control
and when the world's corrupted net
has sucked you in through one small hole.

And by the time it spits you out
you're badly stained and full of it
and as you stand there, you may shout
who is the cause for all this shit.

Well, rest assured it may be you
just follow these astute directions
see if it fits (I mean the shoe)
and if it does, upon reflection,

you've seen the light at last my friend
so if it's something to avoid
this blemish acquisition trend
don't listen to old Sigmund Freud.

Herbert Nehrlich

Friday Is Limerick Day

There once lived a poet named George
near the Falls of Carnarvon Gorge.
He ran out of ideas
and to us it appears
that he secretly started to forge.

So he copied from Chaucer and Suess
which of course was a blatant abuse.
When he went to the printer
in the middle of winter
he'd manufactured his noose.

In the bookstore he sat, smugly signing,
many copies, the people were lining
all the streets from the park
until way after dark,
with the moon and the streetlights shining.

At the stroke of the midnight hour
from the clock of the old Limerick Tower
through the door wandered Suess
with an ancient recluse
and for George the whole world went sour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Friggin' Stress

It was, no doubt, beyond sweet reason.
And what the flaming hell did you contrive
in this, your bloody little world of fucking treason
where shitheads and the like are kept alive.
You think that pleasant words will make things flow
that pre-conceived ideas do rule the roost,
it ain't conceivable that anything will grow
without the shit for brains whose presence is a boost.
So let me state it here again and with the thought
that not a single soul would take the slightest chance,
and that the soldiers and the followers who fought
will be the last ones who will turn up at the dance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frisson

She'd fantasised about it,
mornings woke her roughly,
in half sleep she'd see the leaf,
'twas difficult to tell the brand,
though she had always liked
the earthen colours of the maple leaf.
His molten lava geyser like and hot
would hide the luscious hues
and, through eternal flow, bestow
multiple layers of opaque bernaise,
until the weight could overcome
and plunge the centre to its doom,
into a slippery grave of wild and wet
as in the end of ends he'd pulverise
in battle heat and sounds of near frisson
all traces of its bold and floral origin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frivel

Mary got a fiancee,
called the fellow Frivel,
all the fellow did all day
was to sneeze and snivel.

Mary was a poetress,
loved those clever rhymes,
Frivel liked to window dress,
and those bamboo chimes.

Frivel dribbled but one day
Mary just dismissed him
Frivelboy could never say
why nobody kissed him.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frog In The Log

There once was a handsome green frog
who resided inside an old log.
He had cut two small vents
in the log for defense
but the stork used, as cover, the fog.

And he swallowed the frog in the buff
though just one frog was never enough
for a frog in a log
who can't see in the fog
daily life can be utterly tough.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frog Sees Tara

A small and green but drunken frog
sat in the evening on his log.
He contemplated there on life
and wished he had a green frog wife.
He'd interviewd a thousand frogs,
kept diaries and detailed logs.
But never did he find the one
who'd rest all day out in the sun
and dream with him at night in bed
so this green frog was never wed.
One day he saw, down near the trees
a British subject. What a tease!
She was a trifle big but, well,
we cannot all live in a shell.
She chatted with the folks and then
there was a silence among men.
They looked at her, so did the frog
he sat, quite drunken, on his log.
He dreamed that if he ever were...
this was the girl. If frogs could purr! ! !

Herbert Nehrlich

Frog Stereotypes

Frogs are green
like chlorophyll
their eyes bulge out at you
they can be mean
and further still
can fit inside a shoe.

They have a land
all to their own
it ain't a small one, no
so shake their hand
'cause they are prone
to see you as a foe.

They eat their legs
and also snails
and drink the Beaujolais
a frog who begs
is one who fails
be warned, that's all I say.

A stereotype
is something which
applies to definition
of all the hype
it's really Kitsch
and now I'm going fishing.

Herbert Nehrlich

From My Attic Iv

Fieldmarshal Rommel
with his Teutonic trommel
made war in the sand
like Custer's last stand
a unique institution
of denied restitution
until Hitler decided to act.
With the frontline intact
he called Rommel home
and named him a gnome
then he had him put down
while wearing a frown.

Herbert Nehrlich

From My Attic Vii

There are words in my head
in my limbs and my ears
there are some for the dead
and for those who can hear.
There's a flood simply waiting
to enlighten the masses
and the bold ones are mating
with the word middle classes.
I am swimming with sparks
and it matters a lot
as each letter leaves marks
and the airwaves run hot.
I pretend that I couldn't
really care what they say
but I know that I wouldn't
want to chase them away.
All you people please listen
to the words that want out
as the syllables glisten
and the consonants pout.
If you like the sensation
of a mellow bouquet
come and read my creation
and consider a stay
As a bird of one feather
I do welcome you, yes.
As together we weather
the critique from the press.

Herbert Nehrlich

From Real Life

You know, my sweet heartbreaker,
you sometimes outdo yourself
when I would have thought that
further sweetness would not be possible.
Lovely is not doing you justice.
And I feel like a fool at times for
seemingly saying the same things,
words, expressions again and again.

Wish my native language were English.
Words will never do you justice in my book,
as you said, in any language, incidentally,
does Uri exist as yet in real life? Does Julianna?
I love the senario, of course, predictably.
You KNOW you can let the big X's
out of the bag any old time,
how about leaning against a nice friendly tree,
a softbarked one and then
let the world go by for a while.

That's when the macro sizes would be
appropriate and the only other time
for them is at all other times. But
I must have you there,
can't kiss myself very well.
So, if you are convinced that the children
can be left safely in the play house
(without having one of us there to babysit)
I will take your hand(s) and
inwardly whisper to my heart:
'See I told you you would get
lucky and happy yet! ' Although,
I wasn't really all that optimistic
at times.
What kind of berries
would suit your taste and
how far would we travel?

From The Chest In My Attic I

And once upon another time,
when all the animals had
settled their minor
disagreements over
the shameless animal,
you know,
the one with the long fur,
the pretentious lips,
the bad ears,
the poor sense of smell,
and the very long horns,
whichever animal had,
not only returned to the
scene of the explosion,
but had had the temerity
and the poor taste,
the even poorer smell,
to leave, at last,
by turning its less than
appetising
backside on us,
and revealing,
perhaps intentionally,
an abominably soiled,
semi-solid
and off-colour
rear end, which did
show signs of
old, well, ancient
remnants of the same,
the very same
CACATUM, which is
the Latin term for
SHIT, proving,
to all the animals,
again and,
for the last and final
the proof of the pudding
time, that what they

had here, was an unfit,
an unappetisingly
and pus-generating,
a decaying view
of a grossly neglected
and leaking, septic tank.
And it had left the worst
present that a forest can
tolerate in good faith.
A bad smell.

So, being clean and
rule-abiding, as well as
strict and unbending
creatures of the forest,
they all agreed, at last
that filth need not be
tolerated, not today
and not tomorrow.
And they decided that
there were measures
to be taken to restore
the forest to what it had been
once before, prior to
the malodorous Bang.
They enlisted a group
of volunteers, pine trees for
fragrance and colour,
skunk juice as an antidote,
underarm fragrance from
bandicoots and badgers,
rancid dandruff from chickens,
and pheasants, dead feathers,
do smell nice as well,
Moose and Buck deer
pheromones, also urine,
jasmin bushes, including
chinese star and trumpet flowers,
oak astringent from leaves,
quarternary ammonia base from
vilicus ostradamicus,
and, for good measure,

the forest's ultimate weapon,
of supreme bluff, due to
shape, stature and ability
to browbeat, to instill awe,
fear and the renewed tendency
to bed-wetting, also called nocturia,
and not a pleasant or much
appreciated affliction.

Yes, it was, is and will be...
her Majesty, the lovely and
much respected, *Iuniperus*
communis. And, in eternal
and perpetual gratitude,
this wonder plant repays,
and amply so, the trust,
the respect and the unquestioned
loyalty of all its peers, underlings,
overlings and sidelings,
by providing, but once a year,
the raw materials for a
wild and wonderful, but
civilised, party, which rings in the
New Year, which does occur
but once annually. It provides
Gin, from the fruit of the Juniper,
the berries, *fructus iuniperi*,
which, in turn, always
leads to a situation best described
as 'the nuts among the berries',
and that is where it ends,
in perfect harmony, and
with the forgotten memory of
a very bad smell.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Chest In My Attic II

And, in the end,
my dear Aunt Hulda
used to say,
'Distance Makes
the Heart
Grow
Colder.'

To which I did
reply and ask
is it but yours,
or ist it mine,
the frigid devil
may have found
his way to you
her path to me
and put its icy fingers
inside our pericardium
which is a sac
that's tough and round
it keeps the gremlins out
but when it's torn
by callous claws
it cannot beg for mercy
much like the
crafty Trojan Horse
it slips inside
expands its hide
it cuts and drills
its aim is
sheer destruction.
And when our
precious chamber fills
with noble blood
so full of life
it sits and stares
and frowns and glares
applies its evil suction
and defecates its foul effluent

to poison and make turbulence
and in the end
when it exhausts
its weapons of destruction
it fires darts of deadly frost
to kill the heart's own soul
I asked Aunt Hulda
are we lost
has fate dealt us a hand
that nothing ever
will erase
and will it never mend?
So my sweet Aunt
with hawkish nose
and still living with Fritz
she said that there
was one way out
that it involved her tits.
I'm sorry to be
so direct
but Hulda was quite blunt
apparently it was correct
to grab the one you liked
and hug her, even him, so hard
that one would call it tight
that was according to my Aunt
the secret of cold hearts
'cause if you hugged with iron arms
(you'll know it when it smarts)
the Frigid Devil sounds alarms
he's running out of room
and tries to find
his quick way out
yet meets his early doom
when two good souls
with two warm hearts
want to avoid the cold
they must embrace
from heart to heart
that's what Aunt Hulda told
to eager ears
on MY own head

so I called Mr. Boeing
and said to him
and to the world
that I will now be going
to visit my most favourite Aunt
and thus reduce the distance
which will no doubt
restore all warmth
that miles have slyly stolen
the problem is
I must return
some day when duty calls
Well I could bring
her back with me
to add her to my dolls.
Reiterating what I said
when someone yelled 'Too short'
it's true that distance makes afraid
no other than our Lord
arranged it so
and now we know
it really is no wonder
that it's the closeness
above all
that makes
the heart grow fonder.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Chest In My Attic Iii

At the edge of Fallbrook Forest
so distant from the city, inhabited
by Haves and Have-Nots,
I dwell, a cabin without shutters
and moods created by surprise
and mystery, in rags and free.
Abandoned on an island of
tranquility, envy of those
who must exist, in crowds
alone, amidst the terror of
a frothy sea of deadly poison.
Metropolis of gloom and doom.
Smoke billows from the purple
and age-stained rooftiles,
beneath which sigh
the sounds and stench of
a tea party of Mad Hatters.
Between us lives a placid lake
with wondrous secrets,
and happy pebbles
quick swarms of fish
in blues and yellows
loud orange rainbow brightness,
fine tunes, nuances like
a clustered psychodelia.
Reflecting its own soul
within my eyes,
caressing spectacles
within a world
of soothing beauty
a gift of Nature
for those of vision.
There are no fish
of pleasant colour
in murky waters,
though made by swirls
a whimsy of
bold evolution
with unexpected

yet innate wonder
of loving humour,
once selected
and then bestowed
on those who hear
the whispers
of humanity.
The tranquil waters
of our lake
now stir
in balmy morning breeze,
and,
from the bottom of the sea
appears a humpback,
giant whale
adorned with
countless barnacles.
His vocal blows
are heard in town,
a sign of freedom
forever distant,
a sound that travels
through all valleys
and mountaintops.
Across calm waters
carries proudly
its wings of hope
and black despair.
Yet not one ear
will on this day
receive, a deafness
has surrounded
all living beings
within walls
of stone and mortar,
topped by weeds
that rise from crevices
to heaven.
All time has landed
at the Portal,
to meet the piper
and to pay.

As clouds drift closer
darkness beckons,
from snow-capped peaks
an arctic presence
invades the city,
brings damnation.
And lightning strikes
for one last time.
Yet we are safe
beneath the acorns,
if frightened by
the orange glow
of fires sent
to cleanse the land.
And as we sit
to say our prayers
it starts to snow
from feisty, fluffy clouds
onto the trees
where an Alaska Pine
is home to this year
to a Columbia Owl
now perched
and motionless observes
a frightened chipmunk
on the ground below.
Appearing frozen,
like death itself
it plunges silently
with sudden speed,
sharp talons leading
to start the cycle all anew.
The morning wakes God's little kingdom
our lake a sea of ice and snow,
a blinding glare,
a million crystals,
the city gone
and all its people.
'New Order', now it dawns
reluctantly,
for us it is
the life just as before.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Forum Rebutt Series I

(Note from writers: the following is an extracted 'off the cuff ' writing set undertaken over a couple of hours on Forum) .

EP: Emancipation Planz HN: Herbert Nehrlich

HN:

To all budding and established poets:

I hereby formally resign from being a sought after critic for a string of reasons which....

EP:

H.x Please, I'd like to bob for many a reasons on a string... bit like apple bobbing with your hands tied behind me back and blind folded.... I wonder how many I could feel to come up with... Thank you, aroha Dxx

(PS is that allowed?)

HN:

There is the usual mystery, in fact it is intrigue that shows inside your comments, may I join your league? You say you'd like ME hands all tied behind YOUR back, and then go hunting, feeling for those apples on the rack? I sense a brief dilemma due to closeness (bless those ties!) it matters not that YOU would have those blindfolds on your eyes. I thank you for the thought and I shall ask my Mum's okay and then, I shall come over and the two of us can play! She'll ask (my Mum) of course, if there be doctoring, it's weird that mothers fret the small things, it's BIG... needs to be feared. Let children play with apples and bob round things up and down, once caught they'll stay at recess; will you wear your see through gown?

(I hope this is still allowed on P/H. Words checked not for spelling but for erotic content, appearance and scent.)

EP:

Shoot Hx.! How did I get that so wrong
Twas supposed to say Me hands not yours in that song
Now there are several reasons that I may bobbiDDibitDeeboo
But recession has told me See Through is no good
and Holding back from spending pennies is as sensible as should
I shall boxer on tho' ME hands might be tied
But your Mum would say NO and give a big SIGH
And say "Playing in folds can make you go blind
So, tis not allowed, no, no.. not this time! ! '

HN:

Dear oh dear, there seems to be an ounce of fear!
You must have trust in me, I vouch for my intent,
hands tied is fine, though tied of tongue my dear
would cause us grief as all our spit is duly spent
in bathing words as they depart the tongue inside
but, let me ask you, would you see my way
if I would promise to just look with eyes to guide
my little hands of innocence and... (may really have to pray)
in search of tasty fruit, forget that see through gown,
remember I'd be naked from the waist so what's to fret? !
And if a fruit starts bobbing, it may fall and you bend down
you'd be so much more free to have me help (you glad we met?) .
So I suggest we play today and let our thoughts go free
your flimsy gown, I say, okay, discard it, it is fine
I'll leave my knickers and my socks beneath the lemon tree
and later on, when all this rocks, we'll make us lemon wine.

EP:

I've been away I have to say
Lit candles
and bend I down to pray
of weight and fear and bathing near
your naked tongue and bumps of rear

Ye Gods, Oh dear! They thundered much
"Don't eat that apple it leads to lust
... and trust you must, but do not spit
over eyes or ears or promise of kiss
Your intent must be solid heart of pure
For you'd kill that lemon tree,
and that would suk for sure..

(so I'll Deebobbitybop back down to some toes
my Bluebird will keep me safe without woes)

HN:

I noticed that your siren's song had ceased,
your voice makes little echos drift righ to my ears,
you lighting candles means ye Gods may well be pleased
and with your prayers you will not be in arrears.
But I assure you, eating apples does not lead to lust
just look at me, I eat them, doctor says it keeps you fit,
the shape reminds me of Aunt Hulda's ample bust
but I don't grasp the meaning of your warning not to spit.
My tongue may be inspected if we play you know what game,
it is the duty of the doctor to be wholly sure
that if there were a famine or a pestilence that came
our tongues would need to be all healthy, clean and pure.
Okay, I say, let us forget about the lemon wine,
and leave the bluebird all alone up on the highest spot
let's take a nap, my dear, here on the moss recline
I'll watch you sleep, to keep you safe, and....worry not!

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Forum Rebutt Series Ii

(Note from writers: the following is an extracted 'off the cuff ' writing set undertaken over a couple of hours on Forum) .

EP: Emancipation Planz HN: Herbert Nehrlich

HN:

Had my shower then the dinner
folks said clean must be a winner,
clipped my fingernails and toes
squeezed small pimple on my nose.
Kinky is a word erotic
which is derived from the exotic,
one never wonders of these matters
because one's mind goes into tatters
if rationale be thus applied
let guilt and culture be denied.
You ask, if I may be permitted
the question many hyper-titted
and floozy minds already pondered,
they shook their heads and then they wondered
but answers did elude them still.
Read on, my dear, and, if you will
I shall be ready to rebut
and have you over in my hut.

EP:

You zipped a place upon my name
In butt `n head.. what is your claim
to kink n hold erotica? Heavens in shame!
I wonder over grass hut matters
fans that work, will windows shatter?
I suppose I'd expect blood to be spilt
over mosquito nets, and flowers that wilt

You see, exotic is not these tings

for I have a bell but it does not ring

pimple squeezing, pushed to rot
Best use your hand and get a clothe! !

HN:

Now you're teasing,
PIMPLE squeezing?
I'd say you bring a potent loupe!
And find the fly inside your soup!
I shall not talk about an udder
but rest assured, mine is a rudder,
it navigates the milky way
and if inclined, may surely stay.
You call it dinky
its owner kinky,
how dare you judge by just the cover?
A cloth makes not a happy lover.

EP:

I once had a book that said In Me
But powers of be banned it to history
The cover was cloth of velvet, inscribed
"Come dink with the owner and feel alive"
The Prologue added more by way of recipe broth
"I'll take the kinks out of your chain rubbing special stock"
... and footnotes navigated through Milky Waves to tease the reader to more
in references to udders and rudders..
but rest assured, mostly to the lover I adore.

HN:

I kept that book, a hardback lasts,

up on the shelf
reserved for 'R',
no stranger may peruse its words
the leather clasped, sign of infinity.
It pleases me so much to share
the wisdom of the ages, even though
you may interpret things, perhaps
a wee too hasty or on superficial dust.
Perhaps we could, if you agree
sit down together by the Linden tree
and read a passage or a few, just you and I,
while sipping Slivovic and eating apple pie.

EP:

A hardback lasts, perhaps ...
down to an anterior pubic spine
where infinity latches to spill sweet wines
now sharing interpretations is a matter of signs
"Tree this Way", "Eat Pie", and "Come in, Good Time"
Let's sip, read lines and hang the Reserve Sign up as "All Is Fine"

HN:

You spew, my learned friend wise words indeed,
I had not thought of you as Mademoiselle Fair,
yet eyes that see all beauty and find time to read
are precious eyes, though I should never dare
to look for spills inside those pupils of azure
where evening sunsets see the Papabears recline
inside their homes where they drink bootleg straight, not pure.
May I entice you, lovely poet to sweet wine?

EP:

Now if I drunk your sweet wine I'd probably spew
and wise words would dropp off to less than a few

but I'll keep you dearest, as a friend to watch sunset's blends
a Mademoiselle and a Papabear..! ! we could start a new trend..? ?

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Forum Rebuttal Series 4 On Guard

(Note from writers: the following is an extracted 'off the cuff ' writing played out on Forum on 22/2/09) . EP: Emancipation Planz and HN: Herbert Nehrlich

EP:

Tonight... (I not sit on the fence... I put up a signal.. want to play...? ? ?)
There is a game,
tis called 'On Guard'
as actions make it highly charged
with poke, kissed spoke and steaming smoke ...

HN:

no fighter may be a barrel of lard
yet, what if he barged
and ran into the bloke
would something be broke.....

EP:

Butt yes, crush iced and sorbet that melts
buckets of ice cream and heavy metal pelts
and over the fence all warm movements are sought
by sounds of Olay! Olay! where gloves are caught

HN:

I see down yonder well armed Celts
wearing white crossbones on their belts,
until they arrive let us lie near this drum
and let me make love to your beautiful bum.

EP:

What sort of sport is that called.. de Grope of Foible?
would knights bring archers and jesters swear libel
can jousting weapons be worn over armour so bright
will the queen wave a hanky and cheer her delight?

HN:

The sport is called HOPE
not of libel or grope,
the queen wears a hanky
and loves hanky panky

EP:

Does she wear foils in her hair or just uses foils in duels?
For thrust and cut or hit and rust, all colours every rules
and sometimes within hope there maybe set match love
as I know within fencing there are knickers, mask and glove

HN:

She wears flowers and fern in her hair
tiny braids decorate her true cave
there was talk of a beaver or bear
superseded by one thorough shave.

EP:

Tell me indeed of these medieval times,
are there dungeon rack to punish crimes,
castle moats, and princely toasts over mulberry wines
perhaps a round table, where wizards conjure happy signs?

HN:

I must show you the dungeons, come reach for my hand
grasp my fingers for comfort, come closer to me
there are thumbscrews and hooks and a huge rubber band
let me tie you with chains to the juniper tree.

EP:

but what of the poor people left out in the village
making bread, shoeing horses, and crops need tillage
perhaps, you just take my hand and guide me out the gate
those torture tings in the dungeons, must surely just wait

HN:

Yes, these folks who are truly the salt of the earth
and by chance they were thrust, through a fluke of their birth
into poverty, strife, even pestilence too
come dear girl, I shall show you a way to renew.
We shall stand with our swords to protect and to serve
near the bridge where the road makes that dangerous curve.
Not a single strange villain, not a mental retard
will succeed with their plans as we honour On Guard.

EP:

Well thank you kind sir, I desire that the most
when fencing is sturdy and protection serves host
and all characters that glittered as this fable was spoken
was straight off the cuff, but, alas the fairytale woken
... must now say goodnight and fade like a ghost.

+++++

HN: It has been soo much fun again. Haven't enjoyed m'self this much since
Helmut sat in the stinging nettles, jumped up, tripped and fell into a warm cow
pie.

This is of much higher class of course and I know two people who enjoyed doing
it and smile at the finished product.

Good enough? You betcha.

Thank you EP for your time again, much appreciated. Hxx

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Forum Rebuttal Series 3

□

(Note from writers: the following is an extracted 'off the cuff ' writing set undertaken over a couple of hours on Forum) .

EP: Emancipation Planz HN: Herbert Nehrlich

HN: (Lewd)

Would you mind if I chewed
on your shaven and lewd
circuitbreaker tonight?
Just a tender, small bite?
Chewing raises the cud
but a tongue is a dud
so the beacon may be
the old sentry for thee.

Well?

EP:

Swell, she said
a flare doth sprite
but questions are raised over herbivore's rights?
Whether sentry is lewd and therefore to be eschewed
or if he's like the Q1 lightning rod to be of conductor
... the striking from gods..? ? ?

Well?

HN: (Vice*)

He is all of those things
and descendant of kings,
he would steal lie or cheat
in an effort to meet
all the lust in the flesh
as he rises, so fresh,
in the morning of dreams
bursting modesty's seams.
As to rights he'll accept
either crude or inept
a small wave will suffice

it's all filed under 'VICE'.

EP:

It's all filed under VICE in the
....what? she doth ask

Devices are instruments or so it would seem
to stitch flesh offending from modesty's burst
Descendants of kings all end up lying in hearst
If they desist of adding anything short of rubies

HN:

There are rubies and rubes
there are hollowpoint tubes,
and the little guy's first
as the foam bubbles burst.

EP:

That's sounds as lust to dessert
or peeling of armour away from shirt
but from rubicon's cube
I'd want sapphires blue
Emeralds finest greens
and promises of pearls
for you just gotta know
I'm that kinda girl...

HN:

I had thought you would be
a good spirit, and free
not a sapphire blue
but an opal for you?
I would promise you pearls,
handed down from the Earls
would you like to move in
to my castle of sin?

EP:

If you dived for my pearls, not steal from the Earls
My spirit may consider a move to my like
But tell me dear boy does castle support dike?
And if is really is sin does the devil wear spikes?

HN:

I have dived for them, yes
In the waters off York
Though I freely confess
There was talk of a stork
See, this lass came to snooze
In my boat, right at dusk
Brought an Irishman's booze
And the perfume of musk.
She took most of the pearls
In the dark of my night
An insult to all Earls
And a horrible sight
When she went to the jail
Where she married the chief
There was no one for bail
And this saved me some grief.
Let the past be forgotten
I shall send for you soon
Wear a mini of cotton
As you cross the lagoon.
I shall draw up the bridge
And will welcome you then
There is wine in my fridge
And a bed in my den.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Journal

'Twas the day of the meeting
and the phone shat its soul
little thoughts, some were fleeting
came in fragments, none whole.
He had slept like a gator,
with his eyes on alert
she could come a bit later
she, his exquisite flirt.
In his dreams there was trouble
they had moved part of town
and the station was rubble
all the parkland was brown.
Had she vanished? Decided
it was time to abscond
there were spirits that guided
silly thoughts from beyond.
Waking early, he'd travelled
with an eye out for strife
all his plans had unravelled
when a car took his life.
Such chaotic illusion,
reminiscent of school
with its youthful confusion
and the right to be cool.
Well, he needn't have worried
there she was in her dress
she had secretly hurried
and was braless, God bless.
Kiss me angel, she uses
a smooth tongue every time
no pretense, no excuses
though the thought of a lime,
or a lemon to trigger
the release from the glands
of a juicy and bigger
flow to fill the demands.
He was smitten by all
that she carried with pride
and they shopped in the mall

swinging hips, side by side.
He was proud just to wander
with their fingers well linked,
in his head he would ponder
but would never have blinked.
They bought fabric and towels
and went gambling for sure
she pronounced all her vowels
with an accent so pure
that his ears, used to laughter
had to strain to obtain
all nuances, and after
they went out for Champagne.
The Jacuzzi was steaming
and they rested their bones
sipping grapes is like dreaming
and one enters the zones.
There was much and they basked
in their pheromones' scent
now and then one would ask
what their love really meant.
And their closeness grew tighter
they adored all there is
and their smiles became brighter
as they finished their fizz.
Just good manners prevent me
to reveal to you all
(you might also resent me
with your eyes on your ball) ,
there was bliss and frutition
like two prominent guests
and a lack of condition
in her wonderful breast.
Let me close by reminding
that no words need be said
when the heart starts unwinding
from its ties with the head.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The La Louve Et L'Autour Collection

...and while he was resting his
tired head on her belly,
having his feathers ruffled
ever so gently Hawk was
distinctly aware of three things:
And in the innermost privacy of
his being he said it out loud,
so only he, himself was able to hear it:
'She feels so soft, she tastes heavenly
and her scent is divine'.
Then he looked up and started
pinching himself hard, all the while
continuing the batting of the eyelashes.
And La Louve just smiled softly,
the smile of the She Wolf in love.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The La Louve Et L'Autour Collection II

...and to fill in the flesh over time
you will need my heart. You will have
to reach into my ribcage and just
take it out, but you know the rest
and I will have plenty of skins
to keep you warm while you use
the drum to re-claim your life.
Remember that you will like
fat hands and a few other
unusual things and, from thousands
of years in the underworld you know
that they matter to others but that they
are your essence to me which is the way
it needs to be. And should you,
as some spirits have said, need to
nurture your re-awakened soul
you will always have my heart available
even if you -one day- need to keep it.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Mary Series

Mary had a little lamb but ran out of mint jelly,
the lamb had horns (he was a ram) and nipples on his belly.
So Mary went to Market quick and got herself the jelly
back home the ram got really sick, the house turned truly smelly.

When Mary did return she saw and smelled the sour grasses
that had performed a quick return, fermenting into gases.
She cleaned the mess with sugar soap and sprayed to hide the odour
went to the library, no less and got herself a Fodor.

All thought of eating little lamb had gone out now forever,
she took the sickly little ram to masterbutcher Trevor.
Got 50 big ones and went straight to Heathrow in a hurry
awaiting her was her old mate, from school, his name was Murray.

They went to Spain, lived on the beach and drank the vino blanco
a mutton farmer, within reach, was a good friend of Franco.
Soon they ran out of pesobills and had to do some thinking,
they'd need to refill both their tills just to continue drinking.

The farmer hired them to feed and clean the rams and mutton,
the animals ate straw and weed and Barcelona cotton.
One day they had run out of mint, you know the special jelly
they soon would see old Murray sprint with fire in his belly.

When he returned the ram had died of viral meningitis
both Murray and young Mary cried, and Mary got St. Vitus.
The farmer said you bring bad luck go back to Londonderry,
they had to spent each lousy buck to pay the bloody ferry.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Rebuttal Series: Snub (For My Blueberry)

(Note from writers: the following was originally compiled in 'real time' as seen on

We hope the readers enjoy as much as the writers did (again) , this 'off the cuff ' writing collaboration.)

EP: Emancipation Planz and HN: Herbert Nehrlich

HN:

There once was a man quite content
he was well past his latter day Lent,
he imagined his life
as a single edged knife
when one day he was stopped by a scent.

Inner sensors reported the news
to the brain, which was soaking up booze.
Will you look at this then
it's a definite TEN
and it looked at you silly recluse.

It was sad but he walked to the Pub
thus foregoing a cognizant rub.
She was gone from his view
and it could have been YOU,
would you give your own spirit the snub?

EP:

H.x.. a Rebutt

I sat eating my grub, with yoghurt in tub
along came white spider with web line of love
they tackled with Lent, dismissed penance as spent
drank red wine from the cellar, then laid down content... Dxx

HN:

I must ask, do you eat in a tub?
There are spiders (they do have a club)
they will sip of your wine
will you let me opine
it's the web that is always the rub.

EP:

I eat bubbles the most,
best of liquid of toast
and squashed in sandwich of club
the sweetest of blueberry snub
tis truly the web that catches the worm
how bout it , you got a rebut return?

HN:

I shall call my rebutt a re-bum
it's the words that so suddenly come.
I invite you my sweet
to some potent mincemeat
and a tumbler of Bundaberg Rum

EP:

I much prefer Chianti poured on lace licked panty
butt there was talk way before of waving a hanky
over timing of actions in the sudden on come
you invited so sweetly but tis now midnight.. I run.... Nighx nighx Dxx

HN:

I would serve Beaujolais on pink lace
have a hanky nearby, not in place,
and I'd feed you by straw
'till you waver and thaw
we would watch on the telly a chase.

Tis too late so you say, I dispute
may I play the guitar or the flute?
I shall take your old pen
take you back to my den,
you are lovelier even than cute.

EP:

I see you came back ... but I did run
that midnight madness was poetry fun
and afternoon now brings me back to pH
if I had to balance alkaline or acidic
t'would be on fluid of flute, I would surely take

HN:

I think you contracted two cold as ice feet
which prompted a quick and distinctive retreat.
Yes, midnight was joy
I am back now...Ahoy!
Does your kitchen provide for two players the heat?

EP:

I have four hot plates upon my stove
Crockery, silver within my treasure trove
My glory box is packed, silky lace, satin sheets
and if you be nice, we could play acrobatic feats

HN:

I shall sit on the plate that is smallest in size
and watch as you cook your delectable fries,
you say silk, satin lace
thus you're making a case
for the lunar magician to rise.

EP:

Butt I cook only slow in habits of healthy
Good for the soul and mindful of wealthy
Packing apples into cases I doctor away
with magician from cauldron I pour into tray
the freshest of moonshine and milkiest whey

HN:

Tis okay, my dear maiden, a slow cooker is fine
as you peel, slice and chop I shall open the wine.
We have moonshine of course
and some whey from our horse
but the ham is still soaking in brine.

EP:

I shall busy on then and in the kitchen prepare
Fine soups, then let's mingle in our lace underwear
from my box, can you take out glory in the crystal so tall
then will you pour bubbles, whilst against the table I call
"Tis time now to come, for we must eat the risen we've made
for all is beautifully designed and spectacularly laid"

HN:

I shall watch as you wiggle your sensual hips
I don't care all that much about soup, it's your lips
that have captured my vision but yes I will do
what you ask and bring out the good crystal for you.
After dinner we'll share (as we like) a few sips.

EP:

Yes, I say yes, we shall take sips back in the tub
Where weaving was started by webs and by grub
and the soak under stars will splash pleasant till dawn
when bluebirds will sing whilst the sun keeps us warm

HN:

You remember, we splashed all over the floor
on the deck, with the stars and the Moon as decor,
and we sipped from our lips cold Moet et Chandon
while the touch of your skin turned the magic lights on.

EP:

Butt of course and how could we ever possibly forget
with lights, enchanted magic and the spell that we net
that when love sails eternal drawn by dolphins and whales
nature pathways to heavens in rich ladens by infinity trails

HN:

Shall we now take our leave from the star-lit night
let the Goddess of Heia keep us huddling tight.
As we dream of the fishes, the dolphins and whales
we shall gather the stuff for formidable tales.

EP:

Let us take of that leave and on holiday soak
plain love filled in whispers, wrapped up by kind folk,
in the end we farewell with a promised Adieu
while we touch and refresh and forever renew. Dxx

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Rooftops

Okay, I can no longer keep my tongue in check,
it longs to shout, to climb where chimney sweeps are found,
I sit, a skinny latte with a straw, on my big deck
for a rehearsal of disclosure and assertive sound.
Oh yes, I do proclaim from here, the rooftops of Berlin
that I have linked for sweet infinity on this forsaken day,
we do not care nor worry over gossiping or sin
now that you heard we do invite you all to simply go away.

Herbert Nehrlich

From The Selection 'Confucius Says' *

Passionate kiss will
like spiderweb soon open
fly of man in heat.

Virginity is
like big respected bubble,
one prick, all gone then.

Wife who puts husband
in doghouse soon will get him
out of the cathouse.

Panties are really
not very best thing on earth
but next to best thing.

Man who drive like hell
is probably a German
and soon will get there.

Man who farts in church
will soon find himself alone
and sit in own pew.

Man who fight with wife
all day will most certainly
get no piece at night.

Foolish man give wife
grand piano smart man will
give upright organ

Herbert Nehrlich

Fromage, C'Est Trois

A cow displays to us her udder,
an asset pleasing to the eye.
It is the origin of butter,
how so you ask, I'll tell you why.

Inside the udder is a juice
of colour white and pleasant taste.
the hormones of the cow induce
production of it, without waste.

Had I been God I would have made
arrangements for the bovine queen
to spend her daytime in the shade
until she has a calf to wean.

In order to ensure production
of milk when little one has grown,
and in the absence of strong suction
she'd find herself all on her own.

The time would come for lengthy walks
around the paddocks and the trees.
She'd eat the grasses and the stalks
and swing her udder in the breeze.

The swinging, Isaac Newton says,
creates momentous agitation,
it's when an udder bumps and sways
it culminates in cavitation.

And, at that point, what once was fluid
with creamy texture, also warm,
has turned into, well, yes, you knew it,
a solid mass after the storm

Now. Udders hang below cows' knees
close to the grass and thus the ground,
where dandelions grow, and bees
along with certain germs are found.

Their task is pre-ordained, concerning
essential parts of bovine juice.
They dive into the gently churning
fresh milk the udders still produce.

So, next to that big chunk of butter
activities are underway.
You find, inside the swollen udder
fresh butter, cheese, a bit of whey.

As you can see, I am a God,
filled with exceptional ideas.
And don't you find it rather odd?
I have a voice that no one hears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Frozen General

I felt a little dizzy at the grave.
And there he was, so frozen to the bones.
The snow was barely sweetening the place.
So silly to now have a conversation,
when over decades we had never managed it.
But what am I to do with one way barbs
the ones you cleverly implanted while I slept?
I'm sorry if you're freezing in that hole,
I'm not without compassion, as you know.
Though did not learn this trait from you or mother
but from the books I read, the ones you told me 'no'.
Ran out of words already, isn't that a joke!
Perhaps this comes from you forbidding me to speak.
During your lifetime when you thought you were
commanding general to the troops around you.
Don't kid yourself, you never really were.
I gotta go now, although I do wonder,
would you concern yourself about some frozen bones?
If it were me down in that lonely hole
and you were standing in my place saluting whom?

Herbert Nehrlich

Fuer Cra Von M.

I shall climb the Twin Sisters
I shall swim that wild stream,
neither bruises nor blisters
will discourage my dream.

Would you take this small token
from the one who will be
in your thoughts, perhaps spoken
for the wild and the free.

Should this flower not please you
would you send me a kiss?
I shall answer to tease you
and there's nothing amiss.

And my heart sends a greeting
it's grown happier still,
and for you it is beating
and forever it will.

The Twin Sisters are NOT humans. This poem is to be read while looking at the flower Heartsease

Herbert Nehrlich

Fuer Mara In Thueringen

Sah ich heut ein Osterfeuer,
flog dort auch ein Ungeheuer,
durch die rosarote Glut
machte so dem Feuer Mut.
Feuer nun besteht aus Flammen,
die dort heiss und eng zusammen
Gase brennen lassen und
wer macht wohl die Eier bunt?
Bin ja froh dass niemand dachte
oder sich in's Faeustchen lachte
dass das Osterfest null acht
wiedermal Geschichte macht.
Arme Hasen die da muessen
und mit Hasenpfoten kuessen
Schnee und Eis anstatt gruen' Gras,
Eis sieht aus wie schoenes Glas
doch es friert die kleinen Zehchen,
Haeschen hassen die Wehwehchen,
also hoffen wir dass Klee
naechstes Jahr ersetzt den Schnee,
und wir suchen dann das Blatte
das vier Blaetter wirklich hatte.
Denn das bringt das grosse Glueck
und den Fruehling schnell zurueck.

Herbert Nehrlich

Funus Censorium

I see the powers have come out to view the prey,
they had been sleeping under siege from unclean thought,
were woken roughly then to face the ones who pay
who would insist that only non believers ought.
Hear ye you peasants, well equipped with what is known
as a vocabulary filled with vulgar lust
and which has taken in satanic verse and grown
through lack of principles, and treason over trust.

So split the skull as shown by warriors of a time,
when crimson blood was painting circles in the soil.
Do not believe that killing others is a crime
and be anointed with warm eucalyptus oil.
And take away their dear possessions and their hopes
burn down their huts and rape their womenfolk at noon,
then ask their children and the old ones to make ropes
and burn the lot as sacred offer to the Moon.

Satanic verses, are you saying we are mad?
Do we not speak as our hearts do make us feel?
Let me suggest you take this pencil and my pad,
and re-invent, just for your sanity, the wheel.

Herbert Nehrlich

Galilee

Some time ago he dumped his little flask,
companion for the hours of still nights,
she came from the great mist, to have him bask
in carnal lust and love, they flew like kites
and landed on the sill of Heaven's dome
where cotton candy lined the window panes,
much later she gave birth to a demented gnome
and he blew out their bright but disappointed brains.
God sat and watched, he even nodded now and then,
as if to say that matters were as they should be,
the Devil meanwhile knew that living things like mice and men
would never rate compassion from their God, in Galilee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gallipoli

From the treeless mountains he flew
to the world known as bald majesty
when an eagle comes looking for you
you remember Gallipoli.

You will dream of hot metal in flight
and of blood as it flows to the ground
when your ghosts come to visit at night
you will die with a whimsical sound.

Will the pilgrimage make up for breath
all the comrades who hid in the trench
it was you who invited your death
and you added yourself to the stench.

Herbert Nehrlich

Galveston Remembered

Some forty years have quickly passed
since I, of younger years and mind,
set foot in Galveston at last
from uni pressures to unwind.

Room by the beach just one fifteen,
a bargain surely, it's a deal,
it looked presentable and clean
so I went off to grab a meal.

Those waves, their beauty and the sound
would be my lullaby that night
this was off season, so I'd found
the rooming house with amber light.

Of course, I'd settled in the cover
just as I did back home though not
with my perfect and long-haired lover
the air in Galveston was hot.

Forgot to take a trip to sprinkle
the plants to help them fight the heat,
the ocean sent a moonlit twinkle
as I returned to my retreat.

Relieved of pressures, now reclining,
a searchlight briefly swept my room,
downstairs the noise from late night dining
a distant ship sent out a boom.

However tired, I was tensing,
my eye had spotted on the flooring
a hurried scramble, I was sensing
and jumped. Next door a man was snoring.

Lights on and action, holy fella!
A thousand critters, a huge army,
Germanic, species of Blatella
some crawled and others acted swarmy!

Needless to say, packed and departed
slept on the beach, woke to the frigates,
up on the walkway someone farted
the radio spoke of Southern bigots.

It is with fondness I remember
those days, when time was for the asking,
in Galveston, in late November
I spent my hours, snoozing, basking.

And caught a sunburn, quite expected,
to show the folks in Minnesota
as they were freezing, I detected
three feet of snow, fresh over quota.

I have no clue if I will ever
see Galveston again, who knows?
Perhaps my plan would be too clever
first Galveston and then the snows?

My hope is though for good conditions,
no hurricanes and roachless quarter,
and as this visitor envisions
a suite complete with private porter.

As to the force of Nature's fury
I pray that many many millions
as happened to them in Missouri
(perhaps it really were billions?)

were swept away to change vocation,
amphibious life, among the fishes
would much improve my planned vacation
that's it for now, no further wishes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Games Continued

Waiting? What a thrilling tease,
saying Pretty, Pretty Please,
thank you will be an addendum
passing by a referendum.

I must see before I sleep
you have promises to keep.

Gratitude is in my bones
lust with subtle undertones,
is my nature, all genetic,
visual and kinesthetic.

Herbert Nehrlich

Games People Play

Norton, friend of Links,
did have a history
of favourite media links.
He searched, non stop
for a View Home
where he could edit
all his files, and check his tools.
Back then the address
with the help of Autolink
had been refreshed.
It was called Google,
and this does conclude
this poem.

Herbert Nehrlich

Games With Rhyme

A man who really was a clone
stood near the public telephone.
He could not get a dial tone
nor did the little fellow own
a musiclover's saxophone.
The reason for this is well known
he had a broken knucklebone.
He judged that he would now postpone
the urgent call to Yellowstone.
Instead he used Eau de Cologne
to whip up his testosterone.
Alas, so sad. He was alone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gap

Just prior to the final big exams,
while waiting for the classroom doors to open,
I glanced toward the library and saw
a trim, attractive female, shyly posing.

Our eyes then met and tiny yellow sparks erupted,
downcast, she started staring, clearly, at my crotch.
A hint of interest, mixed in with silent laughter
showed on angelic features. What was I to do.

Not knowing what the book suggests when taunted
with lengthy stares to reproductive regions,
I started fidgeting and feeling brisk hot flashes.
So glad my trousers were brand new, of corduroy.

The bell then rang and fate thus tore asunder
this fifteen meter budding stimulation.
And, once inside, the proctor was a kindly man,
he mentioned casually the gaping split of seam,
and thought it wise to close the door to curious eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Garage

It was so tight, he could not know,
if there was room to get inside.
Might need to have another go,
he didn't want to scrape her hide.
The tip (we Aussies call it hood)
was itching to recuperate
from heat and stress. Inside it would
just stay suspended in a state
of bittersweet and warm surrounds,
enjoying comfort all night long.
He couldn't think of any grounds
to stay outside. That would be wrong.
It was his first time at this cave,
and size DOES matter, he knew that.
If you're too big but bold and brave
you slip right in, Oh Pussycat!

In case you're wondering, my friend,
the pussycat is MY mirage.
This lovely poem, it was penned
right after locking the garage.

Note: It helps if 'garage' is pronounced with a french twist.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gardening

Just below the blue horizon
all the earth is lush and green.
Digging, planting supervising
and busier we've never been.
The fisherman thought 'What a catch',
I'll lead you to the veggie patch.

We grow tomatoes, parsley, lettuce,
and sugar beets, zucchini, beans,
and never notice that she's met us,
we don't know her or what she means.
She's not the one to make this match,
I'll lead you to the veggie patch.

We rest on sorghum bales, my love.
The sun feels warm, your hair is curled,
she sees the drama from above:
Skeleton woman - underworld!
All bones, no flesh, that's all she hath,
come with me down the garden path!

You hold my hand, our elbows touch,
I drink the fragrance of your skin.
This spirit presence, it's too much
but well we know - this thing is kin.
She looks so scary, strange and wild,
come to my garden with me, child.

What does she want, do we not know?
Is there a reason for her presence?
Why has she come from down below
to visit us two little peasants?
While we don't know what all this means
I'll take you now to see my beans.

And, as we wander through the meadow,
we lose our fear and find our love.
And gone is now the deadly shadow,
the sun still warms us from above.

Our souls are happy to be free,
I'll take you to my apple tree.

Now, as we enter through the gate
the garden is in splendid bloom.
A mistletoe ask us to wait,
we've left behind all gloom and doom.
I look now deep into your eyes
and take you in to paradise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gardening Near Molars

It has been mentioned here, though just a hint....
(she filled this lover's ear, with peppermint) .
So to retaliate, a fragrant see
perhaps would fascinate her majesty.

A woman's mouth could serve, as a green park
and every single nerve, then be a spark.
So let us plant within, row after row
above her doublechin, a Mistletoe.

And plant I did inside, green thumb in cheek
followed the garden guide, its doublespeak
Dutch tulips, pink and blue, a single rose
next day a runner grew, out through her nose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gas

A chemical plant,
convoluted and dark,
transforms the fibres,
each twisted stalk
of polysaccharides
into fragrant matter.
Bubbly dioxide and
four-H-carbon,
until, when the night is still
at the height of activity
of molecular generation
it creates its very own proclivity
for rapidly building,
highly explosive pressure,
which then,
by the grace of God
is released,
and felt,
rather than seen,
as a purple cloud
of gas.
Which, once smelled,
has left its confines,
the mammal's ass.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gasping

You can howl
you can wish
you can gasp like a fish,
as most oldsters would show
you how little things grow.
And your ticker?
We snicker
do you get PVC's?
When the ceiling lights flicker
and you're busting to pee
it is you who departs
to a concert of farts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gasses

He had released a bit of gas
and felt a need to scratch his ass.
He was in public and he stank,
considered it a youthful prank.

The English have a thing that states
it's better out than in for mates.
And on a tram, to beat the static
it can be rather aromatic.

So, let us celebrate the bang
it beats the well-known hunger pang.
Foul gasses that cause misery
will fade away once they are free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gatecrashers

So what do you say of the wankers who spit
poisons and venom and foul-smelling shit?
Reason may ask you to leave them behind
find better pastures to think and unwind.

Surely they will, if conditions permit
follow, to lust for the enemy's tit.
Gate-crashing loudly, empty of skull
grinning now proudly. Reasons to cull.

All the king's horses, all the king's men
sit under shade trees, watching Big Ben.
Dodge City Justice. Do not ask why.
'Let's', says Augustus, 'hang the freaks high'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gay Paris

Too much Pernod, way too much booze,
dancing in Gay Paris, Adidas shoes.

Filling our glowing cheeks
with le vin rouge
running and laughing in.....

What a deluge!

Dancing cancan Monsieur
shirts élevé,
powder for two, le deux,
doucement, bébé!

Herbert Nehrlich

Geezer And The Roach (Children)

A roach came from his hiding place
and went straight to the freezer
he opened it, stuck in his face
when suddenly the geezer
who owned the house and had been woken
by frigid freezer draft
he was a gent, and quite soft spoken
he saw the roach and laughed.
'Oh, you again, you must be starved
why don't you come for dinner,
wait 'til you see the roast I carved
I've noticed you got thinner.'
Well, they sat down and had their meal
then finished their dessert
the geezer said 'Please do not steal
I'll give you now my word
no house guest will go hungry here
or sleep in some old crack
I have been lonely since my dear
old wife did not come back.
The doctor said she is long dead
and that is likely true
so you can sleep in our bed
her pillow is for you.'
For eighteen years they lived like that
and then the geezer died
and when they came to bury him
the roach went off to hide.
He had not spoken to his friends
since back at the beginning
so now he quickly made amends
soon all of them were grinning.
And in the end the house was theirs
it said so in the will
they were the sole and rightful heirs
and they all live there, still.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gender Matters

On this festive occasion
it's a question that begs
in the Lord's own equation
there's no mention of eggs.

All the chickens and bunnies
keeping well occupied
hiding eggs behind dunnies
where the spirits reside.

And when dawn wakes the masses
they stand up on their legs.
Yes, they all have their asses,
only some carry eggs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Generation Gap

On a bench in the Mall
sat a man who was old.
When a teen who was tall
sat, without being told
on the bench, flaunting hair
that was green red and blue
in the light there was glare
of a violet hue.
So the grandfather stared
while they sat with a smile
many minutes they shared
in the presence of style.
Said the boy 'have you never
in your life done a deed
that was crazy and clever
and an innermost need? '
Without waiting, the answer
was delivered, ' I drank
in my youth, as a dancer
at the river's steep bank
on a day in December
caught a peacock, had sex
and I clearly remember
coloured feathers, long legs.
For a terror-filled minute
did the thought of that fun
when I really was in it
ask, could you be my son.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Genetics

Longevity is what you get
when worthy genes meet to combine.
What happens in this world instead
is the creation of a line
of imbecilic, useless creatures,
abnormal chromosomes from hell,
resulting in sub-human features,
in misfits that could never tell
what's right or wrong and what is kindness.
It's not a question of I Q
but one of deaf-mute triggered blindness,
you find examples in the Zoo.

One either has been well-endowed
with all that Nature can bestow
or live forever in a cloud
of idiocy. We all must know
that millions fit that bill of dummies,
they are the ones who should be slaves.
And they would best stay with their mummies,
as there is no one else who saves
these slow, lethargic social floaters
who cannot make a contribution,
who are allowed to act as voters
instead of filling institutions.
They find in their pathetic lives
that it is true that stupid is
who cannot eat with fork and knives,
and can't remember when to piss.
He'll catch the ENVY, it's an illness,
it starts out slowly, then spreads wide
throughout the body to the stillness
of empty skulls and smelly hide.

A major symptom is resentment,
they cannot fathom how it works
that real people have contentment,
live in a world far from those jerks.
So, after years of heavy thinking,

(they all combine their mental powers) ,
they start the day by slowly blinking
and then they waste away the hours
with tricks and nasty sabotage.
They can't create with empty skulls
and withered, dullard, pale visage,
unable to spend time with dolls
they go on rampages to wreck
the trappings of the ones with brains,
and wish they could be neck on neck
with those who have received their gains
by work and wit and common sense,
and through superior genes and traits,
but on the bad side of the fence,
where dogshit smells and vermin waits,
the envy has become so hot
that fulmination has appeared,
it worries normal people not,
it is not something to be feared.
Such illness does consume the masses,
that's why they ridicule our age.
In truth they die, these envious asses,
while we survive, laugh at their rage.

Herbert Nehrlich

Genetics Are...

Is it the goddamn awful truth that they
take after Mom and Dad, whom they obey?
Is nothing novel in this world of interest
and progress so elusive that it's best
to just ignore the nouveau riche attire
and keep a bucket on the side, in case of fire.

They will, if you just let them tell you all,
about the way their kind did not play ball.
Complaints about their sisters and their brothers
will cumulate eventually, with their own mothers.

So do not fall for it, my friend, do NOT,
the situation comedy may look so hot,
but as they say the apple falls close to the tree
if you have second thoughts, please come to me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gentleman Jack

'Twas early in the morning when I woke.
An eerie silence had so sneakily descended,
or was it the perception of a loss,
a novel emptiness, unknown to me 'til now?
There was a scribbled greeting in red lipstick
pinned to the outer part of our bathroom door,
explaining briefly she was leaving me for good,
and that a sudden haste allowed no further talk.
I rushed with purpose to my walnut-panelled bar,
where I was greeted by a favourite friend of mine.
'Hi, Brother Jack', I mumbled, got myself a glass.
And I could see that suddenly, and as of now
my world would be not only beautiful but free.
She left, so WHAT, one who was never welcome,
there are so many female fishes in the sea.
But, in comparison, I know a better way:
A gentleman named Jack - It works for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Genuine Justice

I can attest to his sound mind.
He is accused of mercikilling
his aging parents in their home.
They begged and pleaded with their son
and purchased ammunition.
As well, they had assembled knives and guns
on polished mahogany tables,
all neatly stacked, prepared to use.
He'd made short work of it,
a couple muffled screams,
there was no trouble and no going back.
The local cops had talked to him
but briefly at the Greyhound Station,
the driver argued that those cases were too heavy.

Now, my own tests have followed our talk.
So, was he sane to stand his trial, the judge had asked,
there was no question with my findings yet I knew
that I was handing out the penalty of death.

And so it went. The law had set the execution
for late on Sunday, just before the sun goes down.
No next of kin meant that the judge went to his chambers
and spent the night just counting money of the dead.

And so, at last the judge stood up and placed his hand
upon the shoulder, yes the one without the chip.
A lengthy patting was in order for those millions,
he felt so good when genuine justice had been served.

Herbert Nehrlich

George *

He was the figurehead
in the land of plenty,
they nodded when he said
what the hell's G-20.

Herbert Nehrlich

German Beer

On Old Olympic Mountain Tops
two Germans sat and chewed some hops.
They had no barrels and no tools
and didn't know that they were fools.
Their hope was that persistent chewing
makes obsolete the need for brewing.
One day, the skys did open up
the two did not possess a cup
thus both did open wide their mouths
and pointed noses to the South.
The rain filled up the empty space
ballooning out each fellow's face.
In minutes came, out of each ear
the best Olympic German beer.
So, you can see that good intentions
can scrap the need for all conventions.

Herbert Nehrlich

German Version - Die Erstickung Des Herrn Heimlich

Ein Wurm, versteckt in einem Blatte
und dort 'ne schoene Bleibe hatte,
erlitt des Schicksal's boese Hand
als ihn ein Diebesbursche fand.

Der Dieb nahm ihn mitsamt dem Kopf
der gruenen Pflanze bei dem Schopf.
Er trug ihn fort, die Nacht war kalt
zum Haus von seinem Rechtsanwalt.

Denn an dem Abend hatte er
geplant, und nicht von ungefaehr,
das Haus zu rauben wenn der Schoeffe
beim Tanz sich labte mit Gesoeffe.

Und unter schoenem, hellen Licht
raubt er den Safe, der schlimme Wicht.
Er glaubt dass dieser schoene Tag
ihn reich und gluecklich machen mag.

Der Wurm, der spuerte dass das Ende
ihn in die Hoelle noch entsende.
Er war ja auch ein echter Dieb
der seine Tat im Gruenen trieb.

Als aller Schmuck und die Juwelen
die bei 'nem Anwalt niemals fehlen
im Sack gepackt, sie waren schwer
da musste was zu essen her.

Und in die Kueche ging er hin
ein Sandwich stand ihm in dem Sinn.
Er machte es mit Wurst und Kaese
Dijon und weisser Mayonnaise.

Doch als er in das Brot nun biss
da hatte unser Wurm schon Schiss.
Mit aller Macht versucht er dann
mit Blicken nun zu stoer'n den Mann.

Der Dieb war aber ein Franzos'
und ass vergnueglich vor sich los,
er guckte nicht was er da schluckte
noch was ihn traurig da anguckte.

Im Kropf da war es nun sehr enge
ein grosser Bissen, der die Laenge
nicht schaffte weil er doch zu gross
gab ihm den Tipp, er legte los.

Der Wurm kam jetzt zur Magenpforta
die liegt nicht weit von der Aorta.
Er nahm sein Naehzeug raus und hetzte
mit viel Geduld bis er die letzte

Kleinzelle zugemauert hat
dann laueft er weg von seinem Blatt
verschwindet unten in den Daermen
wo er sich langsam kann erwaermen.

Der Dieb erstickt, noch ganz erschrocken
an seinem uebergrossen Brocken.
Drum sage ich guckt lieber rein
bevor Ihr esst, sonst lasst es sein

Herbert Nehrlich

Getting Screwed

We live in times of affluence,
the supermarts sell plenty
I drive a fat Mercedes Benz
require no dementi
the money lies out in the street
and some of us do get it
and even coppers on the beat
they pick it up, don't fret it.

The politicians tell us gladly
that times could not be better
but in the back conspire madly
to make their holdings fatter.
We have convenience foods enough
for microwave and grill
and nowhere is the going rough
we all can get our fill.

Thus, I observe that fellow man
is smiling, never frowning
the paper in our private can
shows patterns before drowning
and fuel prices going up
do not disturb the masses
the managers way at the top
they wipe their hairy asses
with dollar notes and well they should
but only use one side
they know what's right for us and good
so let this be a guide:
We are the sheep of this great nation
all sheep need frequent dipping
in chemicals from potent rations
while those in charge keep sipping.

The hands that cradle common folk
are caring, loving ones
they may look like incredi-hulk
but do stick to their guns.

And guns they have to give to us
when they want to make war
for all the world it is a plus
to teach them evermore
that we ourselves are supermasters
we love democracy
creating new and fresh disasters
we're honey from the bee.

In any case I'll make this short
there is a little matter
please do not fret, the last resort
concerns the silent patter
of innocence from tiny feet
that no one seems to hear
we'd listen to the seventh fleet
those guys do not know fear.
Society is what we know
they do allow us sex
our liberation makes this so
but I detect a hex.

So blind of eye and deaf of ear
and thinking with our crotches
we trust in God and drink our beer
and some of us drink scotches.
Yet it escapes us what this world
has turned into of late
while no one looked and conscience curled
itself right near its mate
which is, of course, you guessed it, yes
the mother of all troubles
and at the root of every mess
it does release green bubbles
which, don't you know, are envy bits
and all these are related,
first cousins who go on the Fritz
when people are sedated.

We are screwed by the doctor,
by the butcher and baker,
by the spinster-like proctor

and the candlestickmaker.
We take shit from insurance
and from traffic police
we don't mind the endurance
stand in line for our cheese
we are screwed by the teachers
and the auto mechanic
even harder by preachers
but allowing no panic
so, it goes without saying
that we love to be screwed
it is never dismaying
we are always subdued.
I will not be specific
I will leave that to you
yes, this world is terrific
and the sky? It is blue.

Herbert Nehrlich

Getting Souls

The Devil had gone down the stack
of the big ironworks in town
and in his haste he hurt his back
and counted souls when he touched down.

A normal chimney would not do
as only few live in a house
he'd usually get all the crew
and, often, even one small mouse.

The factory was well-equipped
with timber and the usual stuff
but many bodies had been shipped
before he got there, it was tough.

So, quite depressed and out of luck
he climbed into a shiny box
soon ran entirely amuck
took off his coat and then his socks.

As up in Hell the great big fire
had died while storms from Heaven blew
he'd changed into a mad vampire
some day he may just come for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ghosts (Children)

Soldiers standing at their posts
often are afraid of ghosts.
Said a soldier to a tree
HALT or I will shoot at thee.
Came a rustle through the leaves,
instant thought, it must be thieves.
But the diggers of Down Under
run away if there is thunder.
One of them was in the loo
when a daddy kangaroo
wandered by in silent mode.
Wishing that he were a toad
he took out his firearm,
bullets sounded the alarm.
But the daddy kangaroo
tinkled on his polished shoe.
Soldiers must guard us civilians,
yankees count three hundred millions,
most of them, from coast to coast
do shudder when they see a ghost.
Now tell me kids, without a lie
have you guys seen a scared GI?

Herbert Nehrlich

Gilded Moments (By Rachel)

I am open my beloved,
wide to you, the coming storm.
Thunder in the center from
lightning strikes from stone.

In the steamy heart of night
sharing, filling, stretching space,
Liquid gold and slippery silver
lighting up the precious trace,
on the way to touch a star.

Life complete and life asserting
Open body, open heart.
Lightning, thunder, flowing waters
what could be more touched by God?

Yin and Yang the true connection
Honest, equal, balanced forms.
Come in my arms and spend there
Time, and tide, are standing still.

Gilded moments are not wasted
Let your heart be overfilled.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gina

The hay was, finally
all on the wagon,
the horses resting
and a storm announced
its imminent arrival.

The boss, a relative,
had gone ahead
steering the other one,
by tractor power.

We were so overheated,
and Gina was my cousin,
but something which,
I am so positive,
had been created in a rare
but clever cooperation
between the devil
and our God,
it was an overwhelming,
a devastatingly
and irresistibly musical
and kinaesthetic hue
that sprang at me,
like spiderwebbed
arabic gum .

It melted me
and when the flash of
lightning came,
with mother thunder
chasing him
across the skies,
I very slowly,
and with a delicious
and exquisite ease,
supported by
small trembles
of a mortal fear

which was
just pure adrenalin,
in concert with
the orchestra
of all my hormones,
I persevered,
and stayed,
put, as they say.

It was too heavenly
to think or blink,
there in the fragrant hay,
of which it is
by knowing oldsters,
said that it will,
slowly but without
much mercy
kill unless you go
back to your world
and leave those
undue dreams
and all licentious thoughts
behind you.

We stayed.
The rain did ruin
the hay, oh damn,
but both new friends
by being flashy
and full of thunder,
did help, not hinder.

Today, I was reminded
when a storm
stopped by
to say 'remember'.

It made me think
all day
of my sweet cousin
Gina.
I must write.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gina (Limerick)

There once was a sheila named Gina
she would chase from this site a hyena.
So she grabs their small balls
hurls them over the falls
then comes back as a ballerina.

She is good, also fair as a critic
and she hates matters hippocritic
since she likes what I write
and gives others a fright
I would call her brain analytic.

Long ago when I lived in Badena
I was married to Wilhelmina.
But the marriage went bust
no, it didn't lack lust
it is just that I was a Berliner.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gina Again

It was ecstatic electricity.
That touch of velvety, delicious skin,
the sun had, reasonably, retreated
and in the forest we felt wild and free.

Though Gina was my cousin - next of kin.

It's rather sad, I do not see her much,
but when I do she smiles a kiss for me,
and soon we're seen, just walking through the trees,
it's so much easier to reminisce.

No electricity - without the touch.

I tell her then about the morning moon.
The day I peeked before the farming chores,
it's good for many moments of sheer bliss,
and then, we talk about the birds and bees.
And end up on the castle's granite bench,
just talking, laughing, being kids again.
'Til Dawn arrives, a chill has found our knees,
it's time to go, we know, I deftly pick
a bunch of purple flowers (trade for smile) .

Downhill it is - I use my walking stick.

It always is my mother who objects
when two first cousins of a certain age
go off into the blackness of the woods.
She says that decency surely reflects
upon the human being who observes
the values of her generation's past.

Her spectacles do judge all blossoms now.

But really, my Gina has the goods.
My mother is a carrier of nerves
that vacillates from peace into wild rage.
And once again, she's either least or last.

Was that the fragrant burping - of an Angus cow?

Herbert Nehrlich

Ginkgo Biloba (Limerick)

The Indians of Manitoba
grew acres of Ginkgo Biloba.
but the squaws had a taste
made it into a paste
it was used to make warriors sober.

In the brain of an active redskin
lives right next to traditional sin
a big bundle of hoses
all the colour of roses
if they get their Biloba you win.

As this herb works by instant dilation
it bestows an euphoric sensation
and a mental perfusion
is no simple illusion
but an intellect titillation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Give, Give, Give

Give to the poor, the victims of tsunamis,
of wars and earthquakes, natural disasters.
Reach deep, my friend, the altruist in you
ensures a place, eternal be your life.
Do meet and shake the hands, so manicured
of slick, well dressed and smiling superbosses,
who run their charities so smoothly, and in silence.
And wear designer clothes to make their best impression.
More money is the catch-cry and some more,
we've waited long enough for God's scorn to descend
into this world where punishment is wanting.
It's time to cash and carry for the poor.

Administration is the key word for Accounting.
It costs a lot to cover tracks and live the life,
of what a certain Mr Reilly would have, surely,
regarded as the latest state of art.
Yes, help is needed, billions are now flowing,
we are the suckers paying twice to people who
then turn around to send us terrorists and plagues,
blow our citizens to bits on foreign shores.

We are the lucky ones, we own tremendous riches,
have obligations to extend two golden hands.
But would you tell me who would ever listen
to OUR cries if in the coming future
the tables of catastrophe were turned.

Would inconvenience be the simple explanation,
all money's earmarked for their own urgent concerns.
I hear it now 'We wish that we could help you ',
Perhaps the next time fate does strike we'll ask again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Global Vision Charity

The little boy looked in my eyes,
with sadness, hint of tears.
I thought it time to realise
that here, in front of Sears,
where one can buy the lot,
that a donation would be good
from those who relish glut.
So, thinking that I really should
be generous on this fine day,
I gave a tenner, got a button
but no one said a loud Hooray,
the button said I was a mutton,
you were assigned by the amount,
the more you gave, the higher up....
Behind the boy a man did count
small change inside a coffee cup.
The lady right behind me said
'why would I be an ugly snail? ',
the boy exclaimed 'you've only paid
one dollar, people who thus fail
should look inside their tortured soul,
then in their purses for more money.
For one buck more, if you can spare it,
I'll make you an angora bunny'.
And then he whispered 'grin and bare it'
and turned the lights on in his eyes.
The sign said Global Vision Aid
it showed a girl, smothered in flies
and sores all over, in the shade
of Global Vision's fourwheeldrive
with Warn Winch, Satellite and Shower,
they towered, while she was alive
the photo was a work of power.
That night the girl took a bad turn,
she died alone, still full of flies
could not attend or even learn
what Global's party, girls and guys
was all about, champagne was flowing,
I felt the boy with dark brown eyes

stare at me hard, it was the knowing
of human frailty and of guilt.
Without a word I gave three twenties
and promptly got a mini-quilt
and one new button named 'Repenties'
the picture showed an elephant.
'Next', said the boy and one old granny
did not give much, she was a runt,
the game continued quite uncanny
so I went shopping for some tools.
Sears has the best and guarantees them
the clerk said 'do you see those fools,
they give their money, no one sees them
how they are crooks and cheat the masses',
it bothered me to see him stare
but he continued, 'those fat asses
inside the Winnebago there
they do not hurt nor are they needy
there are no kids who'll get the money
it's a charade, and they are greedy.'

So I went over to the toys
to find a fitting little item,
that one would give to sad eyed boys
to make their little faces brighten.
Went over to the Global Aid
and said 'you're saving up a storm',
and then I showed him his new grade
it was the button called pinworm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Global Warming

The clown was unexpected, a professor
with chloroxed teeth and thinning hair,
and wearing, on command, a devil's grin.
A Sheldon's 1-1-7 ectomorph he was,
the type that bounces off the padded walls
in institutions of a very distant past.

Though he was all legit and well-credentialed,
book learning dripped, no spurted from thin lips,
with heightened sense of fake alarm, he squirmed
ruled by the sheer abundance of his catecholamines.
'Yes, Global Warming is a consequence for sure
of man's preposterous and undeserved demands.
Why talk about it anymore, the proof is in the bag,
carbon dioxide will bring mankind to its doom.'

There was a moderator, journalist by trade,
my guess is seventh grade and missing many days,
though he had cleverly sweneagled in new ways
that only bias had a voice and would be heard.

Oh what a shame to have a group of boys and girls
sit down in judgment with their fingers in their ears,
have they not learned the basic tenets of the truth,
that it is science that misleads us down the path?

There was a man who spoke with dignity and scorn.
And that the absence of clear evidence was not
a sign that evidence could show inherent fault
through pointing yet at one more black and endless hole,
while infidels blew oxygen into the yellow flames.

It is the very game that paid the many pimps,
purveyors of scaremongers' theories, all dressed
in cleric's cloth and wearing near the heart
the cross of many saviours that have gone before.
It is the lies we find distasteful in a whore.

So, in the end, the smelly scum will always rise

and we may watch the scoundrels with their little nets,
colanders strain and separate the useful dough
there is no shame in altruistic human deeds,
and after all, the friggin' bastards do have needs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Glow Wine For Cold Nights

Quick, fetch a bottle red, like a Merlot
I'll heat the stove to start this fancy cooking show.
Pour in the pot and add 3 cloves and too some honey,
2 sticks of cinnamon, we'll be right on the money.
Slice in to it a lemon, and the rind
heat, do not boil, and to the mixture please be kind.
Turn off the flame five minutes later and let rest
then have a seat and you will taste the very best.

Herbert Nehrlich

Glycogen

The crazy runner runs so much
that all his precious glycogen
is used up and he feels as such
like blimps without the hydrogen.

His muscles use the telephone
they call down to the liver
and ask for nutrients to clone
to forestall any shiver.

The liver has no sugar left
so must steal from Aminos
it really is considered theft
of protein bambinos.

So now the nitrogen gets dumped
and with a bit of trimming
the bold opponent can be thumped
though this results in slimming.

This protein was on its way
to muscles and to tissues
which need rebuilding every day
part of the body's issues.

So if the runner keeps it up
he'll look like Anorexia
so put some honey in your cup
or welcome Miss Cachexia.

Herbert Nehrlich

G-Men

If you would like to finally know
about the military show
the target always is the spot
that by default is duly hot.
It's called G-spot and is a nerve
its raison d'être is to serve
for quite exciting titillation
instead or during fornication.
The men who risk their very lives
with girlfriends, secretaries, wives
are therefore called G-men in brief,
and when they get there, wow, good grief.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gnomes Are Not Dwarves

A gland that fails to outsecrete
its hormones, head to bunioned feet
will interfere with human health
and, also, naturally with wealth.
They say that man must reach for food
up into trees, if in the mood.
For this man needs to have some height
or be exceptionally bright.
That's why we have small men called gnomes
they live in standard issue homes
but are too short to reach and grasp
(and if they jump they fall and gasp) ,
these little guys spend day and night
in dreams of growing to great height
But, unbeknownst and also sad
their chances are quite simply bad,
the gland sits on the Turkish saddle
a gnome is born without a paddle.

Turkish Saddle refers to the sella turcia,
in the skull, seat of the pituitary gland.

Herbert Nehrlich

Go West

My love, I need a bit of rest
they sent me off to find the West,
the folks back home said, if you can
go West young man, go West young man.
For forty weeks I walked the walk
with only birds (the ones who talk) ,
for songs and pretty company
until I came to Galilee.
Thick hair has grown upon my chest,
so may I kiss your naked breast.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goats

A goat, all male, is labelled Billie,
it matters little if a runt,
each Billie has his little Willie,
each Doe (or Nanny) has a c**t.

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Herbert Nehrlich

God

I think it may be rather odd
that no one knows the real God.
Elusive, yes, for centuries
and overseeing miseries,
the image is 'old man with beard',
but then again, that might be weird.
And does he really live on clouds
from where he watches when in shrouds
we rest on our final journey.
I recently lay on a gurney
at Good Samaritan, L.A.
the doctor said I was okay
and not yet subject to the flight
or to the final tunnel light.
I wonder, too, why God would sit
when on his earth they serve up shit,
why would a heavenly creator
who's hovering near the equator
watch children killed and mothers maimed
and illness spread with cures exclaimed
why could we not have peace and love
if God is watching from above?
I will, not now, in any case
come out with theories I base
on years of careful scrutiny
but I will ask you, could it be
that we've been duped about our God?
Please do not give this thought the nod,
as it is surely quite enough
to act and be a little tough
I have sent notice up to Heaven
tonight five minutes after seven.
I'm fully qualified, no doubt
and know what this is all about.
So, the position, it's for me
and I'll be God for you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

God Bless You, Dear Auntie

If you're nearing the big Nine-Oh
and you've got nothing major to show,
but the dentures of old
and two fillings of gold
and a bladder's cantankerous flow,

if your skin looks like freshly plowed earth,
and the shysters consider your worth,
you can sit in your chair
in the afternoon air
and be drifting right back to your birth.

Not a soul seems to pay too much mind
of the elderly, cranky or kind.
If it's hundred you reach
they will want you to teach
if it's not, they will leave you behind.

So dear Auntie, you've made the big splash,
thanks a million for sending me cash,
back when Kennedy died
and my scooter got fried
when my future looked not very flash.

So, in deepest appreciation
after timeless deliberation,
I am sending to you
without further ado,
my idea of reciprocation.

Let me add though, an urgent idea
I shall whisper this into your ear,
don't let anyone get
the old tin soldier set,
as God's punishment might be severe.

Herbert Nehrlich

God Heals And.....

This morning as I woke from deep
and satisfying, lengthy sleep
I thought about us poor physicians,
our constant efforts, noble missions.

And what disturbed me to no end
is Nature's willingness to mend.
The people come to us for pills
to wipe away their frequent ills.

But look around and you will see
the world is full of misery.
So, it is clear that healers' powers
can add, at best, to life some hours.

And even bueraucrats can tell
that many millions are not well.
The number though that would be healthy
cannot be known. It keeps us wealthy.

Herbert Nehrlich

God Says

'Twas early morning at the Holy Vatican,
the Pope was making rounds of his small kingdom
Most of the rooms were lavishly appointed
with oriental rugs on all the floors and walls,
and golden trinkets for few eyes to see.

The smell of freshly roasted coffee from the kitchen,
and many cooks in culinary mode,
they stepped through solid portals now, with fourteen locks,
it said GOD'S TREASURY and had electric doors.

It was astonishing, this image of a volume
that filled the halls and corridors up to the ceiling.
And rubies, amethyst, and opal, also paintings,
and silver coins, fine nuggets and big bars of gold.

Their guide was elderly, a cardinal with giant belly,
he pulled the hand-carved easy chair up for his master
and waited patiently for him to settle back and smile.
'These 60 billion here, my disciples, we are the envy,
but it is fitting that our Lord would be our God.
And as we serve him he takes care of our flock,
God will abandon no one who believes and fears.'

Returning now, the locks in place once more,
the dining room had offerings aplenty.
The hunchback secretary had followed, bearing papers,
and now reminded of the press releases due.

'Just show them God's appeal today, and make it global.
Each woman, man, all children of this Earth
will need to give by reaching deep into their pockets,
there is much poverty in many distant lands.
And God insists all men shall help their brothers,
and we will pray for givers and for takers.
And tell them God is good and man needs to be humble.'

And then they prayed, led by the Pope in silken robe,
to thank the Lord for all his generous bounty.

And praise be mumbled over plates not for the poor.

Herbert Nehrlich

God The Creator (Haiku)

God has created
a masterpiece, the human,
to be cremated.

When asked the value
of Eve in US dollars
he did not answer.

It was I tell you,
an arm, a lovely leg but
a rib was chosen.

No wonder, surely
you get just what you pay for,
perhaps a ribbing.

God said to Noah,
go forth to the high oceans
hoping they'd perish.

Thus we must suffer
from badly planned and crafted
creative blunders.

Herbert Nehrlich

God, Is Charlie With You Now?

Charlie, the cockatoo,
who had lived with our family
for going on eleven years,
was enjoying himself,
talking, practicing a new,
and exotic monologue,
which would, as it always did,
surprise and entertain,
in a most unusual way,
the owners, who consisted
of a whole gaggle of
and that's what we were,
unruly, troublesome,
pestering, over-bored
and irresponsibly stupid,
kids and grown ups.

Well, never you mind,
all others, wild and free,
sitting there on your lofty,
and vinyl-clad telephone wires,
 chests out and pompous smiles
on your silly faces,
beaks just like mine,
not as sharp and pointed,
perhaps,
no,
I am the king, who,
in his enforced and
short-lived incarceration,
wait and see,
has let no minute pass,
no sunset turn its gray
and triste half-light,
without working on it,
The Plan, yes, I, Charlie,
calling it, and will be
remembered by,
for all times,

the Great Escape.

Sturdy wire, yes,
I understand,
making up the so called
structure, the skeleton
of the aviary,
my pathetic house
of galvanised steel,
but the gaps, you get it?
Are filled in
by a small-squared
and flexible,
and almost edible
mesh, courtesy of
the Sears, Roebuck
and Company,
Farm Division.

Yes I have been,
I was able to make time,
working on The Plan,
day in, day out,
talking, believe it
or not, simultaneously,
mouth full
of wire, to be spat
into a neutral spot,
not too obvious,
of course, what do you,
or, in fact what does anyone
think I am? Stupid?

Oh My God! Holy Eucalypt!
Arrrrgh. Eeeeh. Oooooghghh.

Dearly Beloved,
it is my sad duty today,
to announce the passing
of a great friend,
he was an entertainer,

a singer,
an orator,
no one told better,
or more elaborate jokes,
and tales, tales from,
among other regions,
much less important,
the outback, bush,
among the Gum Trees,
if you get my meaning,
he, you all know him by,
and loved him through
the name of Charlie,
had this grandiose plan.

God knows, he liked us all,
even loved us,
but there was something in him
that nothing and no one
can ever erase, or undo.

It's this freedom thing,
a true pre-occupation,
and it is with deep sorrow
that I hereby give unto you,
dear Lord, this bird,
a family member
of the highest standing,
to you, so that he may sit with you
in the Kingdom of Heaven,
to your right or your left,
to entertain you and to
be Charlie, Heavenly Charlie.

And Lord, it is of course,
and don't I know it,
none of my goddam business,
but why did you let Charlie,
our beloved cockatoo,
eat all the small wire,
making a hole,
big enough

to let that son of a
big mother-of-God
carpet snake python
slip in, eat Charlie and,
then, of all the strange things,
choke on his loveliness
and his own excess saliva?

God, you do work
in mysterious ways,
I just hope you two
like each other.

I am only five now,
and I will pray
each night
to you, of course,
and ask you,
Please take good care of
and love my best friend,
the feathered one
who can talk,
and could pray with you,
my best friend,
Charlie.

I know you will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Godliness

You've always had
a certain Godliness
about your lovely body.
But that is not the reason
that I love you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gods - Bored

Love is not me
it is not you
but could it be
if in my shoe
you'd join me soon
to share my life
I'll share the spoon
with my new wife.

You must not fall
for etiquette,
for handsome, tall
and those who bet
on rags to riches
and rings of gold
then be in stitches
when they have sold
you down the river
or the creek
where for your liver
solace you seek.

No, love is just
a sad illusion
a handsome bust
and much confusion.
The pheromones
sent from the sky
you counting stones
the day you die.

A play to entertain the gods
it brings amusement from this earth.
Besides the flashy lightning rods
all they have left is death and birth.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Answer

Oh, what tangled web we weave
when first we practise to deceive...
Though repetition is the mother
of studies, knowledge and no other
great skills are needed to succeed.
Deception works. It works, indeed.

It is a rare exotic bird
who'd always keep his given word,
he owns a rather modest nest,
a loving heart beats in his chest.

The weavers often ridicule
this honest soul, call him a fool.
Afraid of orderly debate,
they cheat while they pontificate.

The web they weave while still alive
will cling to them when they arrive
at checkpoint Heaven, Judgment Day,
where God shall have the final say.

But even then, don't hold your breath
they will attempt to make their death
into a rousing celebration,
where no one fears obliteration.

Though, let me ask you, in conclusion
is goodness then just an illusion?
And, why on earth would our God
give to the evil folks the nod?

One day He talked to me in thunder,
bravely I asked about this blunder.
He said 'As night cannot be day,
all sinners are allowed to pray.'

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Error

And God did know
the time would come
when all the birds were silent
and rivers stopped.
When flowers died
and overnight
the earth went mad
and showered all
with pure abandon.

And man did never know
how he had plundered
and happily exploited
all that had been bestowed
upon his soul to follow him
throughout a modest life.

It was the seventh day,
when God discovered
that he had failed to add
the spark of sheer appreciation
to those who would not be
inside the Paradise called Eden.

Regardless of the heavy blame
He never changed his mind
and locked the gates of Paradise
to all his humans, for all times.

Yet humans still persist, untiringly
to search in desperate hope
for one small key.
In vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Hand

Dillie meets Dallie
at home in the alley.
Kissing and petting
yes, but not letting
things cross the tracks,
'Geee, just relax.'
Mother is sad
noticed by Dad.
Goes to the alley
grabs his girl Dallie
threatens the willie
of little Dillie.

Dillie is frightened
but also enlightened.
Goes to visit the Pub
gets a sensual rub
Says the fellow 'No Dad',
'Let us go and be baaaad.'

So they go to the woods
where they flash all the goods,
and bed down by the oak
have a laugh at a joke.
From above, fourteen gods
see the duo of rods
send the lightning to kill
in the end all is still.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Lightning

My horse had bolted at the flash
of lightning, amplified by thunder.
The saddle bags contained the cash
I'd stolen, welcome to Down Under.

She'd stared at me with eyes so blank
and fingers baring frightened nerves
it was the Oodnadatta Bank
and she had overflowing curves.

I got a couple million quid
enough for Ulahf Isle,
but now it looked as if my bid
for freedom on the Nile

was put on hold by circumstance,
perhaps it was my God,
who'd interfered with my great plans
the deal was rather odd.

It happened that at the Corral
outside the township proper
a posse stood and my friend Mal,
who was the local copper

lassoed the horse and all that gold
and looked inside the bags.
He found the money in the fold
right under the old rags.

The banker smiled from ear to ear
but looked in my direction.
My fleeting hope turned into fear
of imminent detection.

When lightning struck again, so soon.
The posse stopped at once,
then turned and rode toward High Noon
with fully loaded guns.

It must be God who figured that
a balance had returned.
God never liked our tit-for-tat
as far as man's concerned.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Roses

In life there are, you know it, those
who'll pluck the most exquisite rose
in selfish greed and place it in
a vase, and, later, in the bin.

The rose, you also know, was grown
to brighten lives all on its own,
a part of Nature, just like trees
and busybody honeybees.

Now, it is also known to all
that those who truly have the gall
to take what grows there, in the wild
as God's own legacy, his child

are those who never had a dream,
they stand and raise their fists and scream
up to the clouds to rant and rave
and think themselves as rather brave.

They will not touch the common tools,
and think that working is for fools.
They yell at God that He has grown
few roses for them all to own.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Second Coming

This morning on my way to church
I slowed my feet to start a search
inside my pockets for some money
because they'd find it not too funny
if I showed up with empty hands
(it's not that our priest demands
that people give what they can't spare)
but serving God means that we share
what he has given us to use
for things like applepies and shoes
well going back to my own search
the banker passed, with a slight lurch
and to myself I thought right then
the time will come for you, big Ben
when governments hand out inflation
and you sit at the Railway station
between your legs your army hat
your rear rests on a Welcome mat
and there you'll be with your guitar
and beg for money since you are
a former banker who, once rich
and married to a greedy bitch
has fallen into unkind times
due to the way that heinous crimes
are perpetrated by the Yanks
who took control of all the banks
and trillion gallons of crude oil
with which they conquer foreign soil.
Well, back to me now I had found
two silver shillings, on the ground
quick thinking let me pick them up
they would be dropped into the cup.
Right after this convenient find
I turned my intellectual mind
toward the folks who had now reached
God's house, where Father stood with bleached
white collar and the smile of age
he pointed at an open page
of the good book held in his hands

and then explained how God demands
that all his children pray to him
that Jesus went out on a limb
though God did love him as he climbed
he sat in Heaven where he rhymed
a tale of love and tears and pain
(he was a poet, also vain) .
Inside they went to start the show
the preacher wanted them to know
that times were hard and churches need
the full support of all, indeed
he said that Jesus could not wait
and that the service would start late
would all you folks go home and grab
some real money, so the tab
gets paid to get us out of debt
so hurry now, I will be set
when you return with what is due
to God we pray, we shall be true
to him and Jesus we will give
so that our pastor may he live
to teach us children how to praise
and without hesitation raise
donations, taking what was mine
so that the preacher can buy wine
He needs the wine to show his God
(and no this really is not odd)
the status of his sheeps' finance
and when he drinks he does the dance
of worship with the greatest skill
especially when full the till.
To make a longish story short
I've never been a stingy sport
so I went home with hasty stride
and halfway there received a ride
from banker Ben who seemed subdued
perhaps the money changed his mood
he said to me my dear old friend
I am not going 'round the bend
but let me be completely frank
I think I'll open up my bank
and load up all the cash inside

then we return to church with pride
it is what God would want from us
and with these words and without fuss
we did proceed and robbed the place
you should have seen the preacher's face!
And God himself could not resist
he floated down, through heavy mist
and sat with us, we all had wine
and in a while felt really fine
then our preacher, bless his soul
asked God about the devil's role
but God dismissed the devil now
he said I have been thinking how
we could solve all of mankind's woes
enjoy the land and what it grows
if I decided to suspend
all time as such, so in the end
there would be never any change
(he now was tipsy) , I'll arrange
it right this minute for us all
and he stood up (he was quite tall)
took out the cork from a Shiraz
(Ben secretly released some gas)
and pointed it up to his home
then spoke the words 'I bless this dome',
and that was it, time was suspended
and that is how this story ended.

Part II

And when the story had been closed
some people said I was hard-nosed
they do not like an early end
which I appreciate, I tend
to be a softy underneath
so, here I go, gritting my teeth
and tell you more about those folks
as they were sitting, telling jokes
and God was giggling so loud
vibrations reached a cirrus cloud
which, touchy as these clouds can be
began to cry in misery

and sent its water down to earth
where in the gardens it gave birth
to grass and veggies also trees
however, seven honeybees
who hate the clouds and also rain
because the rains, like rains in Spain
make flying hard and sog the wings
(and bees have queens and never kings)
so they decided to complain
to God himself and make it plain
that sunny weather was preferred
one worker bee then asked a bird
to take him up to see his God
the bird, a falcon, gave the nod
and off they went into the sky,
you know how fast those falcons fly!
At the Gate they met St Peter
(meanwhile ticked the falcon's meter)
God is visiting believers
he had mentioned 'busy beavers'
something crucial about money
(at this moment it turned sunny)
and, to be elaborating
God would want me to be stating
that all time had been awarded
to the other side where sordid
shenanigans would always rule
you know, the devil that old fool.
Apparently they could not fly
back down to earth, I'll tell you why
when time at last does self-destruct
you cannot hope to then conduct
time-dependent undertaking
blasphemous and godforsaking
Thus, the falcon and his rider
stayed, until a tiny glider
did there arrive bearing a note
it was a message God had wrote
it stated 'I have now decreed
that Falcon and you shall be freed
come back to earth with gravity
and then report direct to me.'

When falcon and the little bee
(the bee clung to the falcon's knee)
arrived the church was very warm
and on the rafters hung a swarm
of honey bees with their own queen
it was a sight they'd never seen
the people of the town did sit
under the preachers big pulpit
and all were happy in their hearts
(the banker though was passing farts)
then suddenly God rose again
and after saying 'stop that, Ben'
he realised that space was tight
and that he would, to set things right
enlarge the church beyond belief
which would create a great reprieve
and make a home for everyone
he'd cut the roof to let the sun
shine in to warm the place at once
he'd also now ordain some nuns
and one by one the creatures would
come to the church as well they should
no preacher would have to complain
it was the product of God's brain
and from the day of reckoning
when God created this new thing
all of the world's inhabitants
including seven miscreants
lived in this Heaven number two
for them it was something quite new
but what they found which did impress
was that their former earthly mess
was history and left behind,
another thing that they did find
is that the church was run by nuns
they had no need to carry guns
though one of their employees said
that when he was in charge he had
commanded legions of big arms
and that this church needed alarms
to warn of terrorists who would
if it was easy and they could

blow up the church with God inside
but all the people opened wide
and laughed until the cows came home
(they always grazed outside the dome)
and God said 'George this is my house
and every single little mouse
can rest assured that he's with me
this ain't the White House in DC.'

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Weeds

God's garden is called Paradise,
creation came from there.
He watches it with shining eyes
and marks each crevice where

a pesky weed dare raise its head
he sends a lightning strike
and soon the weeds are truly dead
(which none of them do like) .

One day, the Devil, flying by
gave Him a friendly nod,
and, being brave, he asked Him why
those weeds would bother God.

So, God, who never spoke a lie
said he had found that weeds
were rather clever, even sly
but that their daily deeds

were unacceptable as such
due to their sense of freedom.
And since they didn't pray so much
he really did not need 'em.

Herbert Nehrlich

God's Will Brings Little Comfort

I felt you there,
my sweet,
and listened to your heart.
A hurried beat
as if you meant
to speed things up,
arrive in style,
and sooner than the clan suspects.
I loved you long before you could have known.
That little bundle,
still adrift
inside the stoic solitude of what is known
as the Inferior Horn of Gravida,
warm waters of the Amniotic Sea.

And then, that day that all my Gods
ought to accept eternal shame
for letting it proceed,
so cold of heart,
the day arrived,
unbidden in its punctuality,
attired in the crimson rags
of wanton piracy.
Unblinking eye protected under burlap patch
of Stoertebeker's men,
and you just stood
and stared,
as hairy hands reached for your very heart,
their raucous laughter swept their trophy
into the cabin on the bridge,
perched well above
the hostile waters of a lost humanity.

They could not take the love from you,
it is what you have left until the sun's next rise,
when like a tiny fragile flower in its bed by Mother Earth
the wonders of a new and hopeful dream
unfold within the petals of the Amniotic Sea.

Goethe

It was his mother,
wearing petticoat
and powdered Camomille,
at tea, with Frau Charlotte.

'The lad will soon commence,
I'm telling you in confidence,
constructing verse and rhyme,
I've seen the light inside his eyes,
a teacher always knows.'

Inside the cubbyhole he crouched,
a frog in a cigarbox being fed
fresh insects from the garden.
It was applied biology for frog and boy.

He overheard the idle talk
between his mother and the teacher.
And was thus scripted for a life,
that would produce a treasury
of immortal poetry for all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goethe - Anecdote (Translated)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was in illustrious company.

A young man approached and challenged him:

'Sir, you are the Fatherland's greatest poet but I am convinced that you will not be able to construct a rhyming poem out of the following two words: Doorbell and Maidenbosom.'

Goethe retreated to a desk for a few minutes and then returned with a new poem.

The doorbell mounted to the wall
the bosom, neither big nor small
the hand soon feels at a light touch
from deep inside, both things as such,
an inner stirring of the bell
and on the bosom, just as well.
One knows outside there stands in wait
an eager fellow, at the gate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goethe Translated Harfenspieler

Who never ate his bread with tears
and never cried through sleepless nights
he cannot know you, gods and fears.
You place us here, from Heaven's heights
and then entice the poor to sin,
abandoning him in his pain,
all that he carries deep within.
Yet vengeance always comes again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goethe Translated Prometheus

So, cover, Zeus, your sky
with clouds,
and practice,
like the boy,
on thistles,
decapitation,
on oaks and mountain ranges.

My earth is mine,
you cannot take
the hut you did not build
nor yet my kitchen hearth
whose fires
you begrudge.

I know no more pathetic ones
under the sun
than you, the Gods!
You nourish, barely,
through taxes and
donations,
as well as prayer breath
your majesty,
who'd surely starve
if children, beggars,
and hopeful fools
did not exist.

I was a child,
knew not the rules
and turned my erring eye
up to the sun,
as if to find
a higher ear to listen
to my pain.

A heart like mine
with mercy for a troubled soul.

Who helped me fight
against the Titans' arrogance,
who saved from death
or slavery this man?
It was MY holy, glowing heart
betrayed by one above,
who slept and now
expects my thanks.

Why would I honour you, for what?
And, did you soothe my pain
or dry the tears of those
who lived in fear?
It was the might of time
that forged a man,
eternal fate to masters,
yours and mine?

And, did you fathom I should hate
all life and flee to deserts,
while leaving dreams
of budding flowers well behind?

Here I sit, creating humans,
an image after mine,
its gender matters not,
to suffer and to cry
in joy and happiness.
And, just like I,
with no respect for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goethe Translation 3

Let man be noble,
helpful
and good.
That alone
makes him
different
from all creatures
we know

Herbert Nehrlich

Goethe's Poetry (Bilingual)

Ein Gedicht ist nicht
was ein duemmlicher Wicht
schreibt auf's Klopapier
in der Hoffnung dass wir
uns beim Lesen erfreuen
doch wir wuerden's bereuen
denn wie Goethe, der Dichter,
auf'm Friedhof da liecht 'er.

A poem can't be
what a he or a she
jots on toilet paper
with the hope that this caper
will bring joy to us all.
Real poets stand tall,
HE rests quite contrary
in a cemetary.

Herbert Nehrlich

Goldilocks

Quite ill and running a high fever
I found inside my box a beaver.
How did a beaver get inside
perhaps he was in need to hide.

The reason that he did stay put
is that he could not raise his foot.
He'd eaten all my cheese and ham
and most of that big leg of lamb.

But when he was (with eating) finished
the lunchbox contents were diminished.
The fellow though had grown so huge
that neither will nor subterfuge

could get him out again to leave.
But next day it was Christmas eve.
As absentminded I can be
I placed a stick of celery

inside the box and then some sweets
my favourites are those Mince Pie Treats.
The beaver, barely now alive
saw all the Christmas sweets arrive.

He shared my taste for mince of course
and ate them all without remorse.
The mince expanded in his gut
he suffered now, from all this glut.

There came, you guessed it, a big bang
he flew, like an orang-utang.
And landed on my king size bed.
But in the morning he was dead.

I did recover from my fever
but not from visions of the beaver.
I have not used a bed or box
my name is Missy Goldilocks.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gone

My eyes now opened, so reluctantly
and dawn had surely broken, without me.
A bluish green and oscillating cloud
was now descending from the chandelier to me.
Hail Mary, what on earth is happening here now
who is accusing me of things I could not do
there was a brief and rather painful sizzling touch
which in a flash obliterated me and all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gone**

Much water has been flowing down the river of my years,
some murky some so clear it looked like baby tears.
The banks are overgrown with reeds and useless weeds
both dropping in the season ripe and fertile seeds.
I stand here at the banks and wait, will you confide?
There is a space for me, just watch the morning tide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gone?

I had left the door ajar
for just a moment.
Looked up in time
to see a shadow.
Leaving.
Not unlike
some common
thieves
so late at night.

And all that's left
behind for me was
just a sound.
No sound of music
but the busy fiddle
of reality,
which was creating now
the lovely, but so final sounds:
The patter of -just leaving now -,
the patter of so, yes.....
so many
l'il boys' feet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Bye, Sofie

A life fulfilled at last,
adventure in her veins
she left behind a past
a Fatherland's own chains.

And made a life, renewed
well filled with strength and love
a mother, kind and shrewd,
with guidance from above.

A man can hope to be
to all a friend indeed,
a mother makes you tea
to ease your time of need.

And mothers have a gift
to hold the coldest hand
and call you, when adrift
while making no demand.

Forgiveness is a word
that needs no scrutiny
her children's voices heard
be happy and be free.

She's walked a road of changes
yet knew to lift her foot
across dividing ranges
that fate itself had put.

One day her feet grew tired
she thought it would be best
and, one last time inspired,
she chose the final rest.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Day, My Love

Exotic is a word
that rings
inside my ears
like violins.
Sounds of great beauty
rising up with grace
into the evening sky.
The Maestro hesitates
then turns
and climbs the stairs
into the spire
where Martin Luther wrote,
and thought,
where one late night
the Devil knocked
to cast false dice,
exotic was the walk
alone,
Canossa, it was his.
The world is filled
with things,
exquisite hues
and crystals of
fine angel tears.
But YOU, my LOVE,
you are so far beyond
that there can never be
a word for you,
none would suffice
and that is why I write,
I offer you my soul,
it is a simple one
and claims no great noblesse,
perhaps you'd let me
shower you
with ordinary ones,
those kisses
that transfix the time
obscurely

like the flower
by that happy name.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Day, My Love**

For you my LOVE, this flower's heady scent
arises from the depths of Aetna Park,
the berry, filled with DEW until it's spent
likes caves and moist environs of the dark.
I'd be the first and only chef de jour
to taste the texture with an eager tongue
the subtle touch so reminiscent of velour
the sound of harpsichords and songs just sung.
May Nature bless you with her kindness now
pink flesh enriched and swollen with soft pride
I do not mind the posture nor the bow
recalling Doctor's orders, Open Wide.
Lest some consider frankness like incense
it burns and masks reality as such,
go hike my boy and find your diffidence....
meanwhile, the world will change just through her touch.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Morning - Zweeinochtsich

The day had come before the sun had risen much,
its everlasting battle chasing fog and mopping dew
was underway when in the cottage there was sensuous touch
they stirred, limbs still entangled and the silken sheets askew.
Twas yet another special day, a countdown to true bliss
they'd met and fallen hard into a sea of Starbuck's fumes
she straddled him again and planted her most luscious kiss
straight from the innate overflow of her most private rooms.
He reached beneath the bed now with his left and idle hand
these are for you my LOVE, red hyacinths, thirteen
twas quiet now, a silence lovers understand,
then she invited him to where he just had been.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Morning, My Love

My arms will be prepared
and happy for the chance
to hold you, having been
it seems now, made
especially to wrap around you,
touch and love your skin
and pull you close
so we can hear our drum,
the heart we share
and where our precious blood
a neverending stream
holds souls so filled
with hope and lets them float
their tentacles entwined
moist tongues explore
and greedily take in
all that exudes
from deep within,
creating new
where you become
and I be you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good Taste

No spurt or squirt, it is no use
to wish and fabricate the act,
the term employed is, simply, ooze
extracts move slowly, that's a fact.

Though does this mean a lesser show?
Perhaps a quite reluctant flow?
Friend, do not judge these things in haste,
it's all a matter of good taste.

For those who would expect a spill
perhaps a touch of chlorophyll?
I say, get glasses for your eyes
and watch the little monster rise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Good-Bye

There comes a time, my sweet,
passed down through cirrus clouds
to man, by little messengers from God,
whom children know as proper angels;
where true believers do adore their wings
and all of Heaven's precious things,
it's stuck in hieroglyphs, papyrus-white,
and says it as it is, for me, when time has come.

Will you not stand and use your armour now, they ask?
The sword of Attila, honed at the foundry's glow,
you must defy your destiny, beat demons to the ground,
or will you falter at the sight of Hannibal?

I was, and there is ample proof as I am proud,
laying my hand upon the portas to convey
that Caesar's soldiers shall prevail to honour all
when mighty clouds did part and He then spoke to me.

I shall not fret at God's own wishes, nor obey,
the word of man is without meaning, bare of pride.
Perhaps there WILL be time and willingness to pray
as I embark on my most silly, final ride.

Herbert Nehrlich

Googlebee

It had to come to that.
Me, standing at the door,
a giant pie of blueberries,
from Maine, those are the best,
four speckled roses with two thorns
and hoping with false confidence
that she would like the after shave
picked specially for her.
Old Spice, my girl, and do I smell
the fragrance of not you alone
but that of Ambush, God it's good.

And that was the beginning.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gospodeen Putin

There once was a high and fallutin'
Nazi general who loved his disputin'
with the Fuehrer no less
but the game was not chess
and today we face gospodeen Putin!

Mark my words, he is smarter by far
than the wrinkled old Yank superstar.
Russia's honour restored
means the enemy gored
it's the thinking of Ivan the Czar.

KGB was his baby, he learned
how to make all the doubters concerned
into zombies at once
using tricks from the Huns,
you remember when Stalingrad burned?

There is nothing to save you at all,
lest you listen before you play ball.
As the sun comes to rise
in the east, your demise
will be shined on so bright when you fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

Governing

What we have in today's society
is the poor, the frightened and
of course the demoralised.
It is all that is required
to allow the ruling class
complete freedom to govern
a hapless, hopeless mass of folks
who have been told that it is fine
to just sit back, take orders
and hope for the best or,
if that is not in the cards,
perhaps for second best,
or, if need be, less

Herbert Nehrlich

Grand Cherokee 5.7 Hemi V-8

And there he hung, far up the tree,
he had been looking for the eggs
of the Australian Kolibree.
They'd finished both the VB kegs
and he'd commenced his expedition,
by piggy-backing with his mate.
It was a long standing ambition,
though, unbeknownst now tempting fate.
The local experts had suggested
that hatching out those eggs would bring
a princely sum, that, if invested,
would make them richer than a king.

So here they were, replacing fear
inside their country boys' small brains,
with gallons of the local beer,
which sends adrenalin through veins.
And just when Cecil had decided
that he was ready to proceed,
his mate, who swayed a bit one-sided,
remarked, but matey, how indeed
will we be celebrating this,
when, as I noticed right this second:
We're OUT of beer, which truly is
a great disaster, as I'd reckoned
we'd have enough to see us through!
So what you say, I'll drive to town
and get some of that lifeblood brew?
When I get back you'll be back down.
So, see you in a bit, my friend.
And he had started the old Rover
and disappeared around the bend.

As happens in the Aussie Bush,
one situation does get tired,
sick of itself for various reasons,
so it retreats as fate has sired
a small distraction of the season,
with lightning-fast and deafening whooosh,

a flash flood now appeared so quick,
that Dundee felt his bowels calling.
A wall of water came, and sick
he felt, what was appalling,
is that he still had Wombat Hill
in front of him, a steep incline.
And so he floored her for the kill,
the Rover's differential whine
gave him the mental lift he needed.
And up he went at eighty clicks.
He could not wait 'til floods receded
or he'd be buried in these sticks.

At first it looked like he was winning,
the turbodiesel soon protested,
it changed his face from one of grinning
to features that had been arrested
in mental journeys to Canossa.

He yelled now 'Bloody British Sucker'
just hold together a bit longer! ',
just then the truck became a 'fucker',
judged by the language, which got stronger.
Four metres from the summit then
all sound expired and he was,
like others, long before him, men,
whose vehicles also had flaws,
at Nature's mercy here for sure.
He set the brake, engaged first gear
in an attempt to stop a tour
back down by forces of his fear,
as he would likely perish there
in twenty feet of hostile mud.
But, in his fast-erupting rage
he noticed that he'd started sliding,
all he could do now at this stage,
is sit and try to pray while riding
into his doom, so soon ordained.

When his keen ear heard a V-8,
the sound was bag balm for the soul,
he craned his neck in the direction

above the crest, and there she stood:
A silver Jeep, with chrome reflection
of storm clouds. Dundee thought he could
now jump to safety, hitch a ride,
as his just cause was truly over.
And when the driver did alight
and rolled the cable to the Rover
attached it to the left cross member,
got back inside and gave the wave.
It's steaming hot here in December,
the heat just zaps from men so brave
all latent energy so fast,
that optimistic mind-set freezes,
and now you know that least and last
depressed capitulation seizes
your mind and body. It's the end.

But here was hope, this five point seven,
a Chrysler Hemi, as your friend,
orgastic sounds, all dipples revving,
Dundee held on and prayed to God.
But he forgot the heavy brake,
on Rovers they hump the transmission,
it is no easy piece of cake
to move beyond your field of vision,
with brake so locked and truck so mired.
So Dundee's heart sank once again.
Now that the Cherokee had fired
into three thousand RPM,
you'd HAVE to be there, only men
can understand this power gem.

He moved two vehicles with ease,
four thousand kilos altogether,
the engine drowning out the breeze
that had replaced the stormy weather.
And pulled him up the next incline
and into town through sand so deep,
then left the Rover at the sign:
'We Fix Things British - Prices STEEP '.

The Yanks were helpful and they bought

a couple cartons of the best,
while Dundee still appeared distraught,
and he was silent all the rest
of the way back to get his friend.
He thought perhaps the treasure chest,
those eggs would build them, in the end
could buy a vehicle, the best.
And he was watching as they powered
through unbelievable terrain,
the monster truck simply devoured
all obstacles, it seemed insane.

With river crossings, where they swam
well under water, windscreen under.
This sporty ute from Uncle Sam,
it sounded similar to thunder,
when to the surface it returned.
And all the while the stereo blasted
the latest CD they had burned
the night before, this was the fastest,
and wildest, strongest, handsome beast,
twohundredfifty kilowatts
of power, yeah, to say the least,
all others were just little mutts.

But time had gone while they were busy.
They found old Cecil on the ground,
with half his arm attached, and dizzy
from loss of blood, so he was found.
He'd reached into the hollow nest
up on the tree, and then it broke,
the branch whose strength was not the best,
at first he'd thought 'Oh, what a joke! '
It soon became apparent though
that there was nothing he could do,
the only way to get below
was get his arm, it stuck like glue
out of the hole, he'd tried for ages
to get extracted from this mess.
He gladly would have given wages
of twenty years in his distress
to anyone who could have helped.

But all he saw was angry birds
and dingoes that observed and yelped,
when God came, whispered those few words
and gave him courage to proceed.
He'd brought from Zurich a Swiss knife
and always carried it, indeed
inside his pocket, now his life
depended on what those Swiss crafters
had built with stubborn, clever hands,
to get out from this tree's tall rafters
and kiss the lovely desert sands.

He cut, left-handed, through his arm
and clamped two arteries with tweezers,
thus keeping down his mind's alarm,
then sawed the bones and took some breathers.
At last, when free, he shimmied down
and landed hard, but still intact,
with face smeared red, a tragic clown,
he was alive, that was a fact!

And Cecil and his Dundee mate
decided in the desert heat,
that they would never trust their fate
to British vehicles, indeed.....

EPILOG:

The Yanks had meanwhile hooked the winch
with one inch cable to the tree,
just halfway up, and in a cinch
they put the gear in low range-3
accelerated now a trifle,
while snatchblock was attached below
to slow things down, securely stifle
rate of descent. BOY WHAT A SHOW!
The tree came down, all eggs were sound,
they earned much money, tipped the Yanks,
went to the city where they found,
a fivepointseven, many thanks!

Note: There are many hollows in outback trees in Australia and the locals will gladly point out the one where 'it' happened.

This bushlore does have a true origin as it happened not far from Alice Springs, although there was no VB beer involved and the Grand Cherokee 5.7 had not been conceived.

HN

Herbert Nehrlich

Grandma's Accident

What ruckus could it be I said,
like cans and glass in disarray,
the sounds of hooves (it's Mister Ed?)
or ghosts from space that came to play.
Inside the pantry it was still
as if all sounds had ceased to be,
poor grandma, always on a pill
her body lifeless, pale and free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grandpa Was Here

Going down Lindsay Road,
the usual speed, boxer four,
family wagon from the crowd
in Hannover, that's where they build
Vanagons, export with fuel injection.
The oldest of the tribe, he buttons now
his vinyl shirt, as if to hide his skin
there is an atmosphere of need,
and of such happiness and love
as mother has the ancient stove
in slavery, there's cookery in awe,
nightfall has come, the bats have sung
and generations will have clashed
before the rooster's call today.
It is no use, my boy, go back to sleep,
I will have thought of what you see
the same as me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grandpa, The Shrink

My grandpa, an old-fashioned shrink
told all his patients how to think.
He asked them holes into their brains
and catered wisely to their pains.
A thousand words he thus instilled
into psychotic, iron-willed
and other specimens in need,
a measure of cognition's seed.

And then, at session number six
he waved his magic wand to fix
the problems they could not surmount,
he flicked his fingers, not to count
but to command the strict attention
of those who'd feed his growing pension.

And, bit by bit he would extract
each previously unknown fact.
By twisting what he had implanted
he'd pull, then happily recanted
terms of confusion from within.
And then he stood there, with a grin
pronounced them balanced in the skull.
My grandpa's life was never dull.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grapes Of Wrath

The grapes of Wrath fell in the bath
and sank right to the bottom,
he fished one out from under Kath
committing an erratum.

Drawn from a magnet to the patch
where moss grows wild and freely
his hand got drawn into a snatch
and all was touchy-feely.

Who thought that grapes would disappear
inside a tub of bubbles
he let her have a sip of beer
which added to his troubles.

She lectured him, my dear old man
you may not know the reason
I share the bath with Maryanne
and grapes are out of season.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grasshopper

He called her that so long before
they even learned about Kung Fu,
Grasshopper, he would roll the word
around his tongue as if to taste a bit
of her that way. They both were green
and had been victims of a chance, in school,
eyes roaming through infinity of space,
while singing in accented French the Marseillaise.

It was a rare and pleasant honour to belong,
wild-haired musician teachers ran this choir.
Perfection was prerequisite but 'doucement',
so as to not betray le héritage of ancient age.

So, strolling by themselves their eyes had met
and danced above their heads a secret pirouette,
two pairs of eager, moist and patient eyes,
a pact was done by unknown powers of the mind
it made a gruff pubescent boy into a kind
and thoughtful dreamer who would find and read
her books of poetry and stories of the greats.

She knew the masters due to being there,
in class two levels higher and she wore blue jeans.
Today he dreams of them, those lucky denim rags
allowed to cover and caress what he could view
only in summer when the skies were warm and blue.

They'd see each other, now and then, in the Big Smoke;
she'd graduated and soon moved away, so very far away,
last glimpse was in the dark, she, dressed to kill
with fiancé in tow, well.....arm in bloomin' arm!

She spotted him, across the empty street
and called him: 'Grasshopper, how in the world are you? '
Their legs did break their hasty stride for just a bit,
then to resume their separate lives, so far away.
Only the eyes had stopped and dwelled there, full of joy
they've always known the secret dreams of one small boy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gravedigger Johann

He was an old man now.
Still digging graves at
our cemetery.
Pick axe and shovel,
spade and the occasional
black wad of 'chew-it-all' tobacco.

Fifty years of digging.
Where some would die
when Earth was frozen.
And, he had days when
they were queuing for attention.
And there was never any time
for overtime.

His sweet routine:
Two fifteen deep,
one-twenty wide,
the floor be square and even.
Of course Johann
was always wise
to who was coming next.
For some of them
he dug with care,
for few with great affection.
When Martha,
his old High School flame
was on the way
for her last trip,
he carved the finest
they had seen.
'Twas something he could do.
When we last spoke,
three years ago
he stated that he would
retire after digging here.
His last square'd be his best.
He did just that
and three days on

they laid him there to rest.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gravity

Out of the hollow clouds
swaying in endless skies
fall with their desperate cries
raindrops like wayward kids.
Time is so gracious,
soft but so cruel,
gravity loves you,
silly old fool.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gray Cats At Night

I was so friggin' proud of her,
simply because she really was
without a flaw, as if ye Gods
had made her specially for me.
And she had let me take her hand
and home we went to see the folks.

Just one of them was present
on that sunny afternoon, it was
Aunt Hulda and she was so far
from being touched by what she saw
that she just stood there, hands on hips
and shook her hairy, quintuple chin
from ear to ear as if to say

'At night all cats are gray, my son',
words that she had uttered once before,
when I had made intelligent small talk
outside the window of another sheila
in the river district, she looked at both,
the mother and her daughter, one in
one out, and both so eager with their smiles.
' In twenty years that cutsiepie will be
the duplicate of what you see today.'

I aimed another glance at mother
and started to digest those tiny morsels
of the collected wisdom of my dearest friend.
And do I miss them both.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grenouillage À Trois

Deep in the forest, on two logs
were perched two rather handsome frogs.
The logs were pretty close together
and served as shelters for the weather.

Now, on the smaller of the logs
was sitting, still, the bigger frog.
He looked across and had discovered
that on a tree a third frog hovered,

apparently intent to pounce!
He must have weighed a paltry ounce.
They say that from necessity
all frogs, no matter where they be

will act. So this one did pretend
for competition soon to end
that in the tree the frog was meat,
a moth or insect he would eat.

Thus ends the story of the frogs
on trees and on two fallen logs,
while after all they got together
and sheltered in their log from weather.

Herbert Nehrlich

Grosse Lisse

Amongst the Grosse lisse
and the lowly broccoli
I found salvation there.
He'd hidden what he loathed
or so his mind had said,
Wild Turkey, sitting there
behind a transient friend
it was a credit of the highest...
Bill had gone that way last year
to aspartame, made by Monsanto.
It dropped the calories
and perked him up
and filled his inner needs
and it presided at
his wake.

Herbert Nehrlich

Groundhog

The mist was thick and hung
a giant lacy drape across the meadow,
a lonely bee, too young to have yet stung,
resting to see about the famous shadow
that on this day decides the fate of some.

It was still early and the masses could be seen
waltzing through forests and tall grass to come,
daybreak was yet to wake, it, too was keen
to glimpse the future through the purple heather
of the Tolt River near the town North Bend.

It was the day when one small devil tells what weather
would reign from now and also if the cold would end.
And time went by as is its known and inborn habit,
the church bell tolled the number twelve when it was noon.
Down by the groundhog's lair wandered a rabbit,
an icy wind had started up, would it be rather soon
that Mr. Groundhog would step out to greet them,
reveal his shadow as he did here every year?

What was the hold-up on this day and would he meet them?
Well, let me tell you that this hog did not appear
that day at all, and there was talk that calculations
perhaps were faulty and the date was incorrect,
that no amount of expectations and of patience
would get the furry one to come and to reflect
for all to see what now would be in store.
So they went home to check the calendars and clocks.

Inside the home there was much silence and a snore
where Mr. Groundhog and his clan were wearing socks
and knitted beanies, and the embers were aglow.
When the wife brought up the subject she'd been told
'It is the first time I will say I will not go,
simple reason being it's too bloody cold.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Groundhog Breasts

I remember a pair of fine breasts
she was one of my Groundhog Day guests.
Oh to tear it asunder
just to see what was under
the bulges of Miriam's vest.

So I asked her to look for the hog
who would soon be observed in the bog.
When she finally bowed
bothe her cups overflowed
and my eyes got their treat in the fog.

Herbert Nehrlich

Growing Seeds

Those who will not reason
'Perish in the act;
Those who will not act
Perish for that reason.'
This was writ by Auden
not too long ago
you weirdos full of boredom
your intellect won't grow.
No, you will never win
you can't because you're dumb
the shark will give his fin
for substance, not for crumb.
You lost when you were born
the midwife must have fainted
you never were the corn
to sprout because you're tainted.

Herbert Nehrlich

Growing Up

' I'm wearing black', she said.
'From blouse to underwear',
it was the first time that she had
asserted her autonomy
at home. She now was just fifteen.

Her mother tried to give the
girl some guidance.
She didn't like this early fascination.
A barely budding tiny little bosom,
in certain circles would be a sensation.

Her father took one look
at his own girl.
And smiled, benignly,
then -with grin - opined:
'Have fun my dear,
give it a real whirl!
You're black, at night
that makes you hard to find'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Guess Who

Well, this fellow did look like an ape
with a nose like an overgrown grape.
As he wandered about
some brown matter seeped out
he was unaware of the escape.

Diagnosis is simple, a man
who is filled to the ears with AllBran
will eventually poop
something looking like soup
and he drops it wherever he can.

This particular fellow consulted
a proctologist, which then resulted
in a tube up his azz
which dislodged methane gas
and the doctor was truly insulted.

He had said that his job was a writer
though he was just a silly nailbiter.
Said the doc, you must squeeze
both your thighs and both knees,
squeeze them tighter and tighter and tighter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gullible, The Bear

A Dachshund who was long of hair
met in the forest an old bear.
The bear was sitting on a log
and held in his huge paws a frog.

The hound adored all frogs and toads
and always scanned the fields and roads
for something green that blended in,
it gave him a contented grin.

'What did you have in mind, Big Bear? '
Hound asked, his voice now full of flair.
'Frog legs', the bear said, 'are for me,
my snack to have with the green tea.'

'How could you eat the spark of life? !
He may have children and a wife!
Do you not know, you big bad mug
that I could make from you a rug? '

He spoke, as Dachshunds are so prone
as if the subject were a bone,
then showed his teeth, let out a growl
which then alerted Mrs. Owl.

'Oh, yes', said , 'it's true,
a hound can really finish you.
So let the frog go home I say,
that way, your hide will be okay! '

The bear looked at the frog and then
down to the dog and counted ten.
He did not need a bad surprise
and knew that owls are very wise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gus In The Yellow Bus

A lanky humanoid named Gus
was driving a big yellow bus.
The bus was crammed with noisy pupils
of which a handful had no scruples.

They ran around and screamed abuse
and threw against the windows shoes.
The driver whose authority
had wilted like old celery,

stood up and ordered them to sit
but no one listened then, to wit
they now increased their rowdyism
which clashed with Gus' catholicism.

A turn came up, they saw it clearly
the bus fishtailed and very nearly
went off the road right near the drop
the brakes now failed, he could not stop.

One mile they soared, into the stream
wiped out the future and each dream.
So, if you're in a yellow bus
you listen to the driver Gus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gutters And Downpipes

It's always those who,
while in shallow waters
point out to others that they are,
and give advice of how,
and when and why
to extricate yourself.
Yet they are ignorant
of all but downpipe scum,
which, incidentally
accumulates with patience
like foul saliva, near the spout.
And on most days
the pipes are empty,
sound hollow
and exotic until
the rains come down
and race through all,
a fleeting glimpse
of intellect perhaps?
Sadly, it's not to be,
for, in the end
both pipe and gutter
sweat in the sun
and glare with envy
at garden hoses
which are full of water.

Herbert Nehrlich

Gypsies

He had, in his ninety years
opened the cranky door
that let the horses out
and hay and fodder in,
a hundred million times.
And so he did this day,
a beggar had been seen,
he was, by all appearances
a bloody gypsy from the east.

They'd sell you something
they had stolen down the road
and cried with coal-black eyes
in front of you and all who would
still be receptive and a trifle soft.

He saw the odour before he smelled it,
unwashed and sly, with beards of gray
he'd grabbed the pitchfork on his way
and was prepared to stick it to the freaks.

A little girl, of such angelic looks and beauty
had walked the steps up to the stop
and lifted soft and pudgy hands to help
until together with the farmer it gave way
and creaking sounds announced the dawn
and the beginning of a novel New Year's Day.

Herbert Nehrlich

H 2 O

Her name was oxygen, short form O-2
she was just floating there, above the lake
when something thin and wearing just one shoe
by name of hydrogen, a common flake
came rushing up to meet that chubby thing
which had two legs to dance with, he had only one
but when he touched, the water made him dance and sing
while that chubby one was sitting on her bun.
Above the waves that day they did combine their souls
though it was necessary to recruit one more
so that their dance could then proceed on four whole soles
and they made history as chemistry's folklore.

Herbert Nehrlich

H.B.P. The Twenty-Seventh

Some people play the numbers game,
become obsessed with threes and fives
and then consider it a shame
that others live numberless lives.

You leave the womb with one-two-three,
there is a number on your door.
Your feet are measured regularly
and human games all have a score.

Your car may go to two and twenty,
you defecate in only minutes,
your bank account contains a-plenty,
most things in life have certain limits.

So, right you are to look at figures,
at some o' them more than at others.
If you go south you don't say 'niggers'
they're boys and girls and mainly mothers.

The sixty billion supercells
your brain has wisely in reserve,
can handle sight and sound and smells,
they oversee each single nerve.

But, don't forget! There are nine numbers
and not just 2 and seven combined,
it's just as if you pick cucumbers:
You get confused, they're intertwined.

So, twenty seven is the past.
It brought success to you at times,
but also watched you have a blast
with little reason and no rhymes.

Another chapter has begun,
is ushered in by twenty eight,
predicting quality and fun,
we're positive, there's no debate.

And then, before you even know it
another number comes each year.
So, on your birthday you can throw it,
the old one, while you have a beer.

All six of us say Happy Days
and all the best for countless seasons!
And, as you travel through the haze
you see the light, you know the reasons.

The gods had mercy, they smiled on you,
they're planning now for little sprouts.
The question that we put to you:
Willl they be known as Aussiekrauts?

So, rest assured, wer'e NOT behind you,
as you've come back into our middle.
So take the place that was assigned you
and play NEW numbers on your fiddle.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haematology Lesson

The question was what is Rh,
it is a bloody factor
that can destroy an unborn life
in a most painful way.
If father has the factor,
and mother is a minus
the baby may inherit
the father's blood, a plus.
The mother then detects
this foreign factor quickly
and gets her panzers ready
that's how it works my friend.
There is no other option
so learn this simple fact
the mother must be minus
the father needs a plus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku

The signs are subtle,
at times they may be silly.
But man ignores them.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku 1312

Manna-depleted,
the heart soaks up rejection.
Hold the endorphins.

All are off limit,
beaches and mountains to climb,
trees may be weeping.

Got to the station,
in hand passport and ticket,
love was forever.

If surface tension
protects the deeper feelings,
try some detergent.

Wash out the phrases
and let the tongue taste freedom,
care for the heart strings.

All trains have gone now,
no need to man the station.
Township of Sever.

Revive the dream now,
caressed by salty water,
and reminiscing.

They missed his birthday,
haunted by that damned number,
death to the magic.

How many hours,
and who will pay attention,
not that it matters.

Always a dreamer,
nothing must be discarded
sing now, Fat Lady.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku 2005

Nihilism is
apparently like a horse
of the wrong colour.

It is always those
who write the lousy poems
that scream the loudest.

My dear Aunt Hulda
always said that misery
is bottled envy.

She also said to
not go out and play with them
too many bad boys.

So what I did is
put on my Lederhosen
played with Aunt Hulda.

She had the wisdom
that all those boys were missing
but played poor checkers.

One day she looked out
and saw the gang beat one boy
she let them have it.

She stripped them naked
and tied them to the school fence
so all could see them.

Then something happened
the boys got smaller, smaller
until they vanished.

And it was clear then
that little people always
have shrieky voices.

And shrieky voices
go with small appendages
Aunt Hulda sayeth.

This is a Haiku
and should convey the spirit
that it was writ in.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku 22

Love is no candle.
Its flame will burn forever.
I'd always be there.

Being a good man
is not a guarantee for
a perfect lover.

If gods relinquished
their say about man's urges,
cynics would perish.

The brain has no heart,
yet all hearts do have a brain,
and all the wisdom.

There comes a moment
when time will grant a minute,
but not extend it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku 77

And all she left him
was that pink old garter belt.
then went to Flagstaff.

Since they had snow there
she got to wear the longjohns
and raise her finger.

She soon forgot him
and his nightly trumpet farts
that's why she left it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku 99

Winter is coming
the swallows have departed,
they're none the wiser.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku For 1920

So many poems.
And all do smell of mothballs.
I like lavender.

Why would you post them
Could you not find a crater
In which to dump them?

Would you be taking
The Pill Olanzapine then?
That would explain it.

I do love salads.
But not the salads made of
Fallutin' big words.

So get the Sprue Goose
and load your junk now, quickly.
Then spew it yonder.

All will be happy
Even the so-called poets
Who are just Bim-Bims.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku For A Coward

The coward always
hides underneath the bushes
with other vermin.

He changes names then
refusing to acknowledge
the world around him.

He's such a coward
that he will not re-post it
he dislikes prison.

If he were here now
in front of our dunny
I'd push his head in.

But let's rejoice now
the time of reckoning has
almost arrived here.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku For Number 600

The Moon Down Under
Looks at the world Up Over
But then it travels.

The señoritas
drink the tequila sunrise
at desert sunset.

The alligators
do not suspect that some day
they will be handbags.

The pilot fainted
the plane went into nosedive
on autopilot.

A ballerina
twisted her ankle badly
and then fell over.

The salesman highballs
potential auto-buyers
to get their money.

The bear absconded
his cage had been left open
he had smelled freedom.

And Al Capone
was nabbed for tax evasion
'twas his accountant.

And Grandpa Moses
whose rubber duck was yellow
enjoyed his bathtub.

One hundred roses
were handed to Aunt Hattie
she did not count them.

A guy named Tiny
who weighed two hundred kilos
wore big and tall size.

Nogales Tacos
are soaked with hot tabasco
it burns at both ends.

At the Dutch border
they stopped the stolen wagon
it then exploded.

I've got six hundred
a few are pretty lousy
the rest are better.

Thank you for reading
my stuff devoid of talent
we'll see you later.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku For Pre-School

The Dutch are pleasant
too bad that those pretenders
are so pathetic.

All Germans like it.
It's Krauts made from the cabbage.
It smothers weevils.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku On Fluoridation

Fluoridation is
a preposterous attempt
believed by dummies.

Mass medication,
poisoning without consent
purely for profit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku Practice

Has poetryhound
on the Kahoona Playground
been finally found?

He who hides his self
from the rest of the bimbos
he will pay some day.

It's filth that we see
when we look at these bastards
I do have the key.

And you do not know
what the world will consider
but I call the shots.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku Practice 6

The need to confess
is the lot of all shepherds
not all sheep survive.

An uplifting note
has arrived from that bastion
it's brown nicker time.

They will fall down soon
as all liars are losers
and losers are whimps.

Those who cannot build
must destroy good creations
we will crush them all.

As the worm in heat
wiggles slowly and quickly
to get laid tonight.

God is my shepherd
he will guide me through valleys
that are vermin-free.

Camembert is cheese
it is made by some Frenchmen
s'il vous plaît means please.

Au revoir Madame
says Michel to Joelle now
she is the concierge.

The name is Quimper
it's a town in Bretagne
they produce good wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku Variety

King Tut was not killed
by assassins from behind.
May have been poisoned.

Atilla the Hun
would butter his sugar bun
he did own no gun.

Charlemagne was crowned,
not in Aix-En-Chapelle, no
eighthundred in Rome.

Young Siegfried missed it,
one spot had no dragonblood.
They aimed and found it.

Who built the first car?
'Twas the gremlins in Stuttgart.
The three-pointed star.

If you take statins
you kill your ubiquinone,
Co-enzyme Q-10.

A rabbit has four
but a bird only two legs.
But bunnies lay eggs.

Who was the first man
to observe a cow's udder,
and then stole her milk.

Then came the chicken,
you eat the fragile thingies
that fall from bottom.

And Michael Jackson,
he may be child molester.
Him sleep alone now.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku Wisdom **

Each day will grant us
flowing opportunipees,
if eyes are open.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haiku Wit Misspelling

So unhygienic
says mother, carrots and pees
in the same cookpot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus - A Small Collection Part A

Most stupidity
grows not from timid peasants
but hostile servants.

If, on occasion,
the reason is sufficient,
you may enjoy it.

A happy party
requires preparation.
Trouble would never.

Keen eyes that see well
wear out before the sun sets.
All nights have darkness.

Abnormalities:
Appropriate reactions
to normality.

Unable to hug
a man will drift away from
another human.

Men are permitted
to live and dwell in childhood,
but not be childish.

Imagination:
The mother of invention,
not repetition.

Seeking the future-
sure sign for an escape from
the past's betrayals.

Advice for slimmers:
The fat you lose may well be
mostly gray matter.

Be superficial,
your roots will be embedded
beneath the surface.

Avoiding contact,
not sign of condescension,
but simply caution.

The best things in life
so often are forgotten,
because of low cost.

He who keeps busy
is most often told about
forgotten trivia.

Wealth may not find you
but it is wise to ponder
about its merits.

It does not matter
how big the lie we live with
when truth disturbs us.

Objectivity:
Subjective pair of glasses
with various lenses.

Those who will tell you
a friendly half-truth may be
just hostile liars.

A frequent liar
begins by telling untruths
first to his own ears.

Look in the mirror,
do not expect benevolence,
even in darkness.

Competing with time

may see you come out second.
It's stacked against you.

Lies are short-legged
but time itself has long ones.
And they are shapely.

I don't have much time,
but if I do not take some
there will be less yet.

On the wrong foot and
at the wrong side of the bed,
is hardly progress.

He who lazily
observes the grandfather clock
cannot slow the time.

Old clocks that function
nevertheless will tell us
time of the present.

Great thoughts may travel
into the smallest waste bin,
without return fare.

The art of thinking
though precious gift from Nature,
should not be sheltered.

It is not easy
to communicate the fact
that talk is silly.

We love loyalty,
especially on those days
we badly need it.

Silent folks are seen
and, may I say, too often?
As brilliant scholars.

Watch for the detail,
lest you do not really care
about the essence.

A silent forest
makes big demands on people,
to hear its silence.

He who collected
a thousand leaves in summer
enjoys his autumn.

Injustice tends to
excuse its utter failings
by pointing fingers.

To free a killer
means that the victim can be
murdered all over.

Injustice cannot
prevail without a mandate
born in unkindness.

Conmen disturb us,
they speak a better diction
of truth in lending.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus - A Small Collection Part B

Poor advice may be
what can be had for pennies.
A real bargain.

I asked my cousin
to hel me with the whiskey.
He brought the ice cubes.

One should only drink
to celebrate the living.
The dead are sober.

Some folks search to find
their self-confidence through love.
Others the reverse.

A pleasant silence
pre-supposes a rapport
between two people.

Many a pale man
get unwanted attention
through their wives' colours.

Each portrait will fit
precisely into a frame,
though sometimes loosely.

While Trojan horses
don't suffer from bowed tendon,
they get distension.

The man who rescues
the weeds in his garden
may be bi-polar.

Big-breasted women
who wear brassieres from Paris
don't speak the language.

A head that's swollen
will be a bigger target
for sudden showers.

The herpes simplex
can make its nasty blisters
without announcement.

A small clitoris
gives rise to a condition
of frigidosis.

Recurrent fever
recurs and has been labelled
as Relapse fever.

Important people
sometimes refuse to divulge
their real status.

Some people slam shut
all manner of doors and then
fret about closed doors.

Man who like mirror
often see no other man
who stand behind him.

The pain of others,
observed with some compassion
demands no treatment.

Quick aid is given
not to the ones who suffer
but to the yellers.

Luck is similar
to what is called bad fortune.
We need to tame it.

A date with luck is

a matter most important,
we must be early.

A healthy lifestyle
may be a strong foundation
for future illness.

Those who are unwell
regard the terms of freedom
from their perspective.

Only death may be
an absolute in vivo,
all else is simpler.

Today all illness
is unimportant simply
because of money.

Doctors also die
of all the same diseases
as do their patients.

Some healthy people
do have a lifelong craving
for a kind illness.

The local doctor
succumbed to a strange illness
in spite of being.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus - A Small Collection Part C

A sagging scrotum
may cause bowed legs in fellows,
it's for protection.

Why pick the future
the past is so much sweeter.
But not the present.

A little piggie
found pearls among his brothers.
They had been cast there.

She used her finger,
well, yes, it was much smaller,
but more perceptive.

A politician
will never use deception
if no one pays him.

A monastery:
a place where monks can gather
fruits of the season.

A water closet:
A place where little grannies
sit on their fannies.

Valpolicella,
the wine for better people,
not for the lawyers.

The Russian Mafia
are partial to Mercedes,
they pay in rubles.

Albino negroes
are known as oxymorons,
their colours vary.

Hillary Clinton
dishonest beast in waiting,
saved up six million.

A ballerina:
A body anorexic,
no proper footwear.

A chiropractor:
A crack manipulator
of bone and marrow.

A hypodermic:
A lengthy needleholder
with a big plunger.

Those who cannot stop
talking about death itself
will surely meet him.

The health of the heart
will not suffer unduly
through sheer ambition.

Mismatched lovers are
a slot machine which rarely
returns the effort.

Good thoughts and people
need special care and treatment.
They are related.

A horrible thought:
The dreamer of buds in May
wakes in November.

Love may require
timely reciprocity.
Gratitude does not.

Never abandon

a loyal, homely sparrow,
just for a peacock.

All two-faced people
could some day be receiving
a double slapping.

Talking behind backs
excuses very few from,
demanding justice.

All men are heroes
though much heroic action
will take place elsewhere.

A weak opponent
will profit from the weakness
of he who's stronger.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus (German)

In Biologie
liegt die Wurzel des Lebens,
das darf man glauben.

Hass kommt von neidisch,
er nimmt uns das Menschliche
und macht dich zum Tier.

Doch Tiere sind frei
von zerstörenden Launen,
sie haben Logik.

Goldkuestenmaedchen,
es sind immer Korrupte
die siegen muessen.

Ich finde Affen
verstehen Gerechtigkeit.
Und seh'n besser aus.

Was frueher der Jud'
musste schweigend erdulden,
lebt heute weiter.

Doch ist es nur so,
dass ja niemand gelernt hat.
Der Hass geht nie weg.

Ob schuldig ist schnurz.
Man verdammt auch die Engel.
Und boes ist der Mensch.

Und das Rindvieh bloekt
er hat weder Talent noch
normales Gehirn.

Im Stuebchen fehlt was,
keine Schrauben zu sehen.
Und geistig so krank.

Und die fette Sau
mit dem niedrigen Zucker,
sie schlaeft im Forum.

Ein Dreckskerlluegner
aendert staendig den Namen.
Das klingt kriminell.

Ein Feigling ist er
mit dem duennlichsten Schwaenzchen,
und Skoliose.

Sicher auch Akne
und stark stinkende Fuesse.
Genetisch bankrott.

Es gibt auch and're,
das sind haessliche Kinder,
sie sind ohne Wert.

Und es gibt Dichter
wie Chris, Mary und Allan,
den Hut nimmt man ab.

Und der 'Dichterhund'
ist der Bloedste von allen.
Vom Wesen her fies.

Und die Menschheit lebt
mit dem Abschaum der Gosse.
Und Gott laesst es zu.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus About A Spouse

She said I write Kitsch
this love of my High School days
I called her a witch.

She only likes rhymes
the ones by the old masters,
and the old clock chimes.

How can my own spouse
forget to be awed by me?
I'm man of the house!

It's a Haiku now
she has no understanding.
I called her a cow.

In the doghouse - ME!
and she puts on my muzzle,
to chew poetry.

I think women are
so besotten with logic
that men seek the bar.

For her special day
I shall not write a poem
hope that is okay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus For Tai

Would it be pleasing
the use of xeno lingo
to soothe the fire?

A tasty twosome
a switch to make it equal
then second cumming.

A proud reminder,
a dropp that glistens sweetly
so pheromonic.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haikus From The Confucius Series -3

It had been steamy.
His mother asked him later
Do you chew floss, my boy?

The car left skid marks.
Inside his boxer shorts were
some brownish stress marks.

Endoscopy is
when two tubes meet from each end
come out at one end.

The surgeon closed then
but left two safety pins to
keep the bad bugs out.

He asked her shyly
whether she did or did not.
She said be patient.

The Queen now pondered,
which one of her sweet corgies
looked like Camilla.

It was George Doub'ya
who took the photos of him.
Saddam in nickers.

That Russell Crowe is
a troublemaking wanker,
not schizophrenic.

Sit on my lap dear
we'll talk about the first thing
that lifts your fanny.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hail Marys

Inside a church they say Hail Marys,
the normal folks and all pale Harrys.
This old, angelic salutation
has bonds within God's own creation.

Now, Harrys, in their dreams may see
the Lord just as he parts the sea.
And, being boys they do assume
God wants them playing bride and groom.

They bridge the gap and thank their God
for giving blessings and His nod.
But, in the end they're meant to fail
the heavens send down fist-size hail.

The hail fills in the ocean trench
they fucking drown! Forgive my French.
The bible tells such sordid tales
remember those ten-penny nails?

Of course, I know the real reason,
it is the poppy growing season
when fact and fiction get confused
and privileges are abused.

As Jesus hails from Nazareth
where people keep a single pet:
the donkey who will give you clues
because he cannot reproduce.

Testosterone has gone from asses
into the males of all the classes.
That's why they use these Hails to Marys
to make them think of all pale Harrys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hail To The Master (First Line Haiku)

For I'm a sad one,
a lonely, thoughtful figure
for you to treasure.

Who be the tyrant
ignoring all God's wishes,
he will be slaughtered.

John Tiong Chunghoo is
the omnipotent master
of Haiku pleasure.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hal The Crow

Some twenty years ago there was a crow,
who'd fallen into our new compost bin.
He was near death by daybreak from the fumes
and danced quite drunkenly, when rescue came.

So full of tremours was he that we shook,
both he and I were dancing a slow Polka.
And I was talking with a softness in my voice
and said how sorry we all were that he fell in.

He understood at once and nodded wisely twice,
he had decided that he liked the atmosphere.
And so he stayed with us and often entertained.
He was our novelty and did enrich our lives.

We had a medium zoo, those days were back to nature.
Each animal required some attention.
Yet every morning Hal would get his grooming,
plus a few morsels, those were proof of our love.

And time passed by.
All real colours fade some,
through ravages of unknown fate and pre-selection.
And so it was that novelty turned grayish
and interest was diverted now and then.

The morsels also now came few and far between,
as other high priorities were rather urgent.
The grooming had to last now so much longer,
yet words of praise were lavished as before.

Then, one day Hal's friend Bert, the sparrow
flew in to notify him of a big delay.
The cart that carried food had broken down,
but would be fixed soon, so, please he should not worry.

A few days after, Hal had heard the happy laughter
of all the other creatures, colourful to boot,
he'd brushed the feathers of his scrawny frame with ivory leaves,

put on his travelling hat and flew the coop.

They called for him: Oh Hal, where aaaaare youuuuu?

Day one.

Day two.

Then there was silence.

And even Bert, the sparrow joined the other circus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Haloperidol

Haloperidol, I welcome you,
you drive my devils to the brink
of leaving me for good or die.
You shut their voices with great skill,
but most of all I like the thought
how all your buddies hog the chairs,
(they're called receptors) in my head
so that the devils dopamine,
and serotonin and much else,
will have to stand and fight it out
without the powers of the chairs.
I once had thought that no one cares
even those who know about
the pharmacist who hoards and sells
and other experts, proud and keen
thus making money 'til you're dead
then turn to lucrative affairs
it's not what you and I were taught
yet you have shown, that with a will
there is a way to get me by.
It doesn't matter what I think
I'm now dependent upon you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Halt The Salt

She sprinkled sodium chloride
onto cave moss (some got inside) .
Soon skin and passage were ablaze,
came to the rescue Diastase.
Brought to a quick and pleasant halt
all moisture mopping using salt.
A pact was formed (the stinger stung)
to use a soothing, willing tongue.
An altruist at heart I will
be on alert for any spill.
Be it a droplet or a cup
just call me sweet, I'll mop it up.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ham And Eggs

A famine swept throughout the South,
all mothers tried to feed the mouths
of their small children so they'd live
but no one had enough to give.

A pig, quite adequately sized
was of the problems then advised,
it wobbled over to the hen
who's napping in the chicken pen.

'So, have you noticed that the mood
of people all depends on food?
And Farmer Joe is very jumpy
like all the others, also grumpy.'

Said mother hen 'I do suggest
that both of us will do our best,
to feed the members of our clan
I've come up with a clever plan.'

'Oh, bless you', said the porky-pig
'I like it when you think so big,
so what shall we, in times of strife
do for the farmer and his wife? '

'I say', said gentle fluff-o-feather
'there is no end to this dry weather,
we'll have to serve them on the table
something to eat, so they'll be able

to gather once again their strength.'
And she explained, slow and at length
the details of the rescue mission
and asked the pig for his decision.

'To keep the wolfe away from here',
(the hen now whispered in his ear)
we'll make a giant omelette
a farmer's breakfast, I will get

my jumbo eggs and those from Pam
and you provide delicious ham.'
The pig, somehow was still a boy
he danced around, so full of joy

but suddenly stopped in midair
'This sounds so good but is not fair!
If I provide for ham and eggs
the upper portion of my legs

I will not sleep inside my bed
tonight because I shall be dead.
And you, dropp from between your legs
without the danger, down your eggs.'

The hen, with deeply wrinkled brow
explained, with patience why and how
they all should for the common good
make sacrifices and they would

appreciate the selfless act
a monument would be, in fact
erected with his name in gold.
That's how the hen at last had sold

the story of the farmer starving
and when, at breakfast they were carving
the juicy ham they did remember
one slaughters pigs in mid-December.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hamann's Disciple

The house was strangely silent,
flies crawling, copulating
on Federation walls,
the ticking of a Timex, gold
the kitchen model, broke,
though timidly, the death
whose odour had by now,
and since Thanksgiving Day,
expanded from the ancient bed
onto the hallway, to descend
down carpet stairs that creaked,
when living souls had been
the occupants; they were no more.
As luck would have it, heavy tools
were stored down in the cellar,
near the laundry sink, whose tap
performed its lonely ritual,
a dropp a second, so it seemed,
the ground was dirt and had been dug,
presenting now as darkened garden soil,
still moist and full of secret thoughts.
He'd done it once before, where flies
a trifle bigger, copulated just the same
on walls that had seen better days,
and smelled much better air.

He was Canadian, carpenter by trade,
and kept a library of sorts, at home,
all books of Hamann, Fritz, the Kraut,
who chopped them up using a hatchet,
ground the meat and added spices, well,
it was a job and someone had been picked,
by God or devil, as a smallgoods chef,
he never went without, no cutlery was used,
he needed the plaisir of licking all the taste
off stiff arthritic fingers and thin lips.

They locked his sorry self away in Calgary,
and gave him paper and a well-oiled Remington,

it took just weeks before the memoirs were done,
and boxes of those notes arrived in droves,
they'd be alright across the line, no one could know,
that Dad was the great disciple of Fritz, who ate them all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hamburg Germany, Near Aircraft Disaster 2008

Teutonic maiden, twenty-three,
just learning aircraft trickery.
Came windshear on that Hamburg field
all thought their fates were surely sealed.
The wing touched down, and cut the ground
then spun the aircraft clear around.
She, as the co-pilot was faced
not with a simple, frilly laced
but with a scene straight out of hell.
Inside the plane the crash warn bell
screamed at them all, she kept her nerve
and managed soon to skip and swerve,
together with the pilot's hand
they were no longer keen to land,
they fed full power to the system
and lifted off. The devil missed them.
The talent shown here must be rare
this pilot owns the skies, the air.
So did you notice how much speed
this aircraft managed and indeed
they were up in the stratosphere
with racing heartbeat and one tear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hands

Have you ever thought you could,
or did you ever think you would
take her hand or any part of her soft skin?
I am no gambler, laddy, I am here to win.

A prick I am and I will take the buggers out,
be they New Zealanders or sons of a strange Kraut.
The question is, do we take part of any kill,
or hug the curly-haired to get the latest thrill.

Come back, my solitude, I need you with me now,
there is no point in listening in to the miaow,
no living thing can ever state what's right for us,
and there is always that good chance to miss the bus.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hangover Cure

Pickled pig's feet in the morning
Fire mustard makes it nice
yet for those who had no warning
feel they've eaten coral lice

I can highly recommend
for hangovers this recipe
you will soon be on the mend
not pickled in your misery.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hansel

Hansel showed his little finger
but decided still to linger
in the home-made bamboo cage.
Gretel thought she could engage
the old witch in idle talk,
give the boy a chance to walk.
But the flaw in the equation
was that Hansel was an Asian,
thus he had to pay a price
just to find some long-grain rice.

In the black Bavarian Woods
live small men with crimson hoods,
but they eat Black Forest Ham
also sausage made from lamb.
Pudding, black, and Sauerkraut
is the fare for every snout,
only witches offer soy,
Hansel was an Asian boy.

Thus it proves to all and Pete
it comes down to what you eat.
Munch, in little boy's disguise
lightly fried Black Forest mice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happenings (Limerick)

In the winter of discontent
all the people were praying for Lent.
Then came razzamataz
snuffed the one they called Azz
no one saw where the halitus went.

As they say, all those lies have short legs
they break open like Rhode Island eggs.
And the layer's tight azz
will explode from the gazz
you can see how the devil now begs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy 90th - Abram!

It's a day we shall sing and be merry.
take a seat on the afternoon ferry.
Now Victoria bound
through a maritime sound.
There he is, with a small glass of Sherry.

Happy Birthday I say to the chief,
number 90 is just one more leaf
in the book that you wrote;
well you DO have my vote,
that I SHALL keep this limerick brief.

Let me guess, you are NOT eating cake?
In a pinch though you'd take a small flake.
With your nose in a book
and that far-away look,
all the gray cells are wholly awake.

So, from all of us, Happy Returns.
You can watch as the Mafia crowd learns
what you knew to be true....
and I'm sending to you
a bouquet of wildflowers and ferns.

Do I have, at this point, your attention?
If I do let me make special mention
of your open and kind
and most erudite mind,
(which is still not quite set for the pension) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy New Year To All

On poemhunter's busy streets
your average Joe most surely meets
if so inclined, the cream of words
one finds the free spirits and nerds,
it's been a home to visit often
each stay means that inside we soften
and learn so effort-free from others,
then tease our new poetic brothers
and sisters, uncles like Lamont
who teaches us the proper font
and Jefferson, Sir Boxershorts
whose comments can be blunt, of sorts.
There's Jerry, Allan, Ernestine
and Mary, always on the scene,
Mahnaz and Sally, Adrienne
Ulrike, Sonja, countless men.
I cannot mention all today
but do permit me, here to say
that I am glad the wars are won
as recently I sold my gun
it's nice to come here to relax
away from telephone and fax
a cozy cabin in the woods,
no gangster clowns with funny hoods,
let's all sit by our crackling fire
read poetry that we admire
and add our humble, heartfelt lines
while tasting from those ancient wines
from genes that will not ever die
and words that laugh and sometimes cry.

Let us send praises to the man
who built this cabin for our clan
perhaps we shall, two-thousand six
through cunning and some harmless tricks
become acquainted with this kind
and generous and gracious mind.

To him and all who share this site

let us turn up our guiding light
be kind to those who may dropp in
treat all as equals, next of kin.

May all be blessed by perfect health
and those who must, God give you wealth
may happiness, a constant grin
be with you like a second skin.
For those whose names I may have missed
and others, whom in thought I've kissed
to bring this faux to my attention
the proper way that you must mention
is in the forum, your objection.
So, grab a pen and some reflection
write a rebuttal with your views
it may appear as forum news.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy 81st Birthday, Prince Leonard!

Imagine, folks, he's barely up
and sits there with his coffee cup,
while reminiscing of the past
when time just flew, so very fast.

A sip of Java, then a nod,
it surely was the will of God,
this land where wheat has always grown
transformed, a country of his own.

He had the guts, the fortitude
that saw some lawyers come unglued.
They said he had no valid reason
and that he was committing treason.

With musical formality
he built his principality.

It is well known that those who rule
attract corruption, like the fool
who speaks of better times to come.
For you it's water, he drinks rum.

Those 'servants' make for us decisions
while acting like all politicians,
we know that, as they move their lips
they give us tons of clever fibs.

I say those people have a nerve,
they've got it wrong and make US serve!
Well, I, for one, prefer to be
a common man, yet one who's free.

The world, as is, makes little sense
it lacks the word 'benevolence'.
And, if you think they are insane
you're right, they lost the word 'humane'.

Here, in a place called HRP

a Royal couple serves your tea.
So, when you make your travel plans,
the place where no shenanigans
or phony blokes pursue deception,
you'll get a personal reception.

Then stay a while, there, on the land
and shake the Royal couple's hand.
Look at the treasures, take it in,
the atmosphere, the smiles that win.

Today, throughout the world it rings,
the sound of bells for Queens and Kings.
Our voices, can you hear them call?
A Happy Birthday, from us all!

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Bd Rachel, Ruthie, Carol, Anne

Four decades
passed
while countries
warred
and men went to the moon.

Yet love,
grown to
the sound of
Autumn leaves
prevailed.

So many died,
through tide
or time,
while
one red rose
sat,
patiently,
a portrait
bare of hope
that forty years
could not erase.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Barbara S.

In the North where the sun shines each day
lives young Barbara, quite near the Bay.
She keeps busy with birds
cleaning up tiny turds
and with painting the house without pay.

There are cockatiels, silent and singers,
they will nibble on visitors' fingers.
Though I wouldn't put past
that at least and at last
she's acquired a real humdinger.

How's a white one with silver crest?
And a fluffy but well endowed chest,
on her afternoon walks
she would take one that talks
in cold weather he'd hide in her vest.

It is said former neighbours are sad,
in Karana, the ones slightly mad.
They were fond of long hair
and of greetings to share
but our Barbara is really glad,

I remember her once telling me
of the op called a dicktomy
though I'm doubtful they would
or that anyone could
after all, it would change how you pee!

Well today is her birthday, at last.
She might have a great day and a blast,
started counting the years
and the ones in arrears
there were hundreds it seems in her past.

So we wish her a most pleasant time,
have a gin and a slice of fresh lime.
Many happy returns

and some flowers and ferns
and I hope you are pleased with this rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Alison

I know you will reflect
upon your life today.
The happiness can wait
so can the candles
on the cake. They flicker
as if to tell you fibs
of optical illusion
and icing, creamy pink
and sugarsweet.
So, have a piece,
a smaller one should go
onto his China plate
across from you,
where loving eyes observe
aglow, like a contented bull
la vache qui rit, in human form
Eat up, dear Allie, he will do
all dishes of next year for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Charity

A youngish girl named Charity
still unencumbered, bold and free
lives in the State of Michigan
and thinks about her future plan.

At thirteen it is really time
that she consider how to climb
but not to Mount Achievus, no
I think she'll leave that to a pro.

We at P/H do know her mother
and figure that you'll be the other
great soul within your family,
(of course, Bro Chase may not agree) ,

so, with much joy we wish to you
all happiness from all the crew
the number thirteen is a start
next year we'll call you our sweet heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Erika

Ich sitze auf der Couch und gaehe
und denk' an Eri's schoene Zaehne.
Auch sonst hat sie die Qualitaeten
die manche gerne haben taeten.
Da sitzt sie nun in Vollmaringen
und denkt was wohl die Jahre bringen
die langsam immer schneller werden.
Es ist als rede man von Pferden
die erst nur traben doch alsbalde
voll sausen durch die schwarzen Walde.
Ich wuensche dass sie wie die Tante
in Rodenbach, die jeder kannte
auch hundert wird dann wird sie lachen
und bei der Feier kann es krachen.
Bis dann da wird noch viel geschehen
und Winde werden lustig wehen.
Doch hoerst Du in der Luft Gekicher
dann sag ich Dir, ich bin mir sicher
dass Du den Stuermen trotzen musst
wie Goethe sagt, dass in der Brust
zwei Seelen wohnen, das ist wahr
und mancher zahlt die Zeche bar.
So feiert schoen, wir werden denken
dass auch bei fehlenden Geschenken
Gedanken ueber Meere fliegen
und landen auf den Marmorstiegen
wo Euch das Echo bald erfreut
drum sag' ich, Happy Birthday heut'
und alle wollen mit den Gruessen
Dir Deinen Ehrentag versuessen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Gerhard

Schon wieder ist ein Jahr vorbei
der Zahn der Zeit, er nagt.
Im Spiegel spricht sein Konterfei
Ich bin ja sehr betagt.

Geburtstag feiert Gerhard heut'
die Nummer bleibt geheim.
Wir wuenschen ihm, wie alle Leut'
viel Glueck durch diesen Reim

Im Leben wiederholt sich viel
bei Heiden und bei frommen.
Geb' Gott dass Dir in diesem Spiel
noch viele wiederkommen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Gerhard! 70

Noch dreissig Jahr auf dass Dich's wundert
da wirste (haste Glueck) dann hundert.
Wir wuenschen Dir aus allen Herzen
dass man Dir widmet 70 Kerzen.
Du blaest sie aus mit voller Lunge,
probierst den Kuchen mit der Zunge
und stoest auf's naechste Jahr schon an.
Da sag' ich heute schon, bis dann.

Die Goetter moegen Dich beschuetzen
vor Unheil und vor nassen Pfuetzen.
Gehab Dich wohl und bleib' vernuenftig
und feiert schoen und feiert zuenftig.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Mahnaz!

Well today is the day, as they say
not in March or September or May
that you party it up
at your poet fan club
I was going to write you a play.

But the gremlin that lives in my mind
who is tugging my ear from behind
he made sure I would lose
all the help from my muse
thus it follows I am in a bind.

So a limerick will have to do
it is nothing earthshaking or new
all the best to this girl
so, I'll give it a whirl
I'm sending my love to you.

Did the chicken precede the egg,
your careful attention I beg
since no hen was around
to dropp eggs on the ground..?
(and I wouldn't be pulling your leg) .

Where the egg comes from is a big riddle,
so I asked the wise man with the fiddle,
and he said that each rabbit
makes egg-laying a habit
They come out of the hole in the middle.

Now you know that those chickens don't lay.
On the farm they go search in the hay
for the eggs left by hares,
in the end though, who cares
I will have my egg poached if I may.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Prince Leonard!

A limerick dedicated to HRH Prince Leonard, * for his 79th Birthday.
A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR PRINCE LEONARD! ! ! !

There once was a farmer named Leonard,
quite a thinker and very well-mannered.
When they wanted his money
he found this not funny
and quickly became PRINCE Leonard.

And established a sovereign state,
without fuss or a lengthy debate.
as the world held its breath:
'would he fight to the death? '
Or default and accept his fate?

So, it quickly became quite clear
that the Prince did not recognize fear.
Although high were the stakes
he quite had what it takes
and knew that vict'ry was near.

Then they threatened to come out in force,
to destroy this disgrace at its source.
By the end of the season
they would punish his treason
and undo this unlawful divorce.

"You will cease and desist", they declared,
and in parliament tempers flared.
"You must lay down your weapon
lest dreadful things happen,
our country is owned, NEVER shared! "

Yet Prince Leonard had needed no guns,
(a principle taught to his sons) .
'twas abundantly plain
he had used his brain
to stand up to these modern day Huns.

So the stand-off continued unchanged,
with negotiations arranged.
People asked how one could
imitate Robin Hood,
(there was talk that this man was deranged) .

And the tabloids predicted defeat.
Told the man to return to his wheat.
Or this farmer of dirt
would most surely get hurt.
That this power he'd never beat.

Well three decades have passed at HUTT,
and its borders have never been shut.
Diplomatic relations
with many nations
are the future – and treason it's NOT.

Now, the country called HRPP
is alive, independent and free.
Only once did it seem
an impossible dream
of a man who's determined to be.

So what makes this story unique?
Is it showing the strong versus weak?
For, to simply secede
-an astonishing deed-
it belongs to a different league.

Well, I'm nearing the end of this story,
of freedom and courage and glory.
Don't you wish that you had
as much guts as this lad,
he succeeded and never was sorry.

Just some parting words and the conclusion
'bout a place of resplendent seclusion.
Me? -I like what I see!

It's the place to be.
And, most certainly not an illusion.

On a map it is only a sliver.
To the pollies? It makes them shiver!
But wherever you are
it never seems far:
Our beautiful, precious Hutt River.

July,2004

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday Stephanie N.

From distant shores, the Southern Sea
we think of our Stephanie.

Her Birthday is around the bend,
so we decided, quick, to send
a card to make this special day-
but there is nothing much to say
due to the fact that installation
of a covert, eavesdropping station
was not accomplished by my mate
when she attended eight-eight-eight.

Thus, we don't know her likes and hates,
if she is partial to debates,
if colours should be pink or yellow
and if she's smitten with her fellow.
So does she fancy Vegemite
and red Lambrusco late at night?
Swiss chocolates, kumquats, artichokes,
Tyrolean snails and raunchy jokes?
Would switching Porsche straight to (a) * Jeep
be really a humongous leap,
and does she drive through lights when red
due to a dainty foot of lead?

Do boxer shorts fulfill and please
her taste in menswear, does she tease
with clothes or hats, a dimply smile,
now that they've conquered the old aisle?

You see, my friends, we have been kept
in dismal darkness. When we slept
we dreamed about our Gregory
in hopes that he would gladly be
a sly informer from afar...
You know what sticky-beaks folks are!

Yet they were busy with whatever,
it looks like all of us may never
observe her idiosyncrasies

or learn about her Q's and P's.

So, please dear Steph, you must agree
that facts make better poetry.

Perhaps you will forgive old DAD,
he really, truly, would have had
a poem ready for your day.

(I hope the thought will be okay?)

Addendumwise though, may I add:

Much love to you,
from Mom and Dad.

*the (a) not to be used if the reader's pronunciation
of Porsche is authentic

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday To My Favourite Pilot

All birds and bees
and things with wings
drift in the breeze
as Nature sings.

A few brave souls
who must be bright
have lofty goals
and claim the right

to leave safe ground
and seek the sky,
thus heaven-bound
they really fly.

Persistent rumour
says that a boy
with skill and humour
and special toy

can be a flyer
just like a bird.
Flies even higher
'til earth is blurred.

And spreads his wings
peers through dark shades
a king of kings,
an ace of spades.

II

On Friday though
his unknown past
comes as a blow,
an icy blast.

The years are catching

him in the act,
grey claws are snatching -
a secret pact!

Contrived in Hell,
to prove him fragile,
a wrinkled shell
still somewhat agile.

The forces fail,
they cannot ground him,
the sound of..'HAIL',
from those around him.

Your muscles shrink
at the six.....0.....,
you're on the brink
to end the show.

Authorities
may think you're lacking,
but no one sees
when you get cracking.

Through vertebral
manipulation,
your integral
co-ordination

keeps up-to-date,
stays sharp and smart.
A Pilot, mate
is no old Fart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday To The Aviator

The Northern sun now slowly fades
and soon departs the Everglades.
'Look out', so shouts the Aviator,
'I clearly see an alligator! '

He had, through age and poor nutrition
been ill prepared for this bold mission.
They called him Captain, due to rank
but he had filled his fuel tank
with what was left inside the spa.
Though, luckily he skipped the bra
that floated there for some good reason,
it was, I guess, the swimming season.

And even though the man had filled
the hot tub with the best, distilled
and patented and potent grog
(he'd entered FULL into the log) ,
there was a touch of consternation
that brought about contamination.
Hence, even for a Kraut-built plane
there was no altitude to gain.

Thus, when the sun set in the West,
our pilot faced an awesome test,
he'd lost all power and was gliding
while frantic brain cells were deciding
but luck had hitched a ride that day:
He crashed with grace and seemed okay.

Now, anyone who's been to see
the Everglades would surely be
impressed with all exotic features
and even more so by its creatures.

The plane had fallen from a height,
it was a twin-seat ultralight,
and did not have a metal shell
and thus could not protect too well

its pilot or a foolish guest
from Florida's most fearsome pest.

A male of very large proportions
was going through some quick contortions
as it attempted to get in,
(he wore a very toothy grin) .

Now pilot and his female friend
were certain this would be the end.
All modern reptiles like their meat
and here were specimens to eat.

But God, who'd watched this frantic mission,
had charged the pilot's own clinician
with duties far beyond routine!
The pilot recently had seen
the man they call manipulator.
It saved him from the Alligator.

You, rightly, wonder how this could
and doubt a consultation would
have any influence as such.
But don't forget the magic touch,
which does convey to the gray matter
resourcefulness with which the latter
came up to save his sorry hide
and that of his -now frantic- bride.

He took the closest piece of silk
which covered vats designed for milk
but also graces more mature
and ample bosoms when on tour.

He waved the thing above the ripples
of swampy waters, and the nipples,
which had been re-enforced somewhat,
touched Alligator on the butt.
It, being foreign, scared him badly,
he turned, began to swim quite madly
away from his nutritious fare
while spraying water in the air.

This proves beyond the slightest doubt,
those who consult the local Kraut
will be prepared for any foe.
I think the man has told him so.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Abram!

In a snowy little hamlet lived a boy with a short name
he was sent to the one room school in the town.
All the letters and the numbers did at first look much the same
and the boy was often wearing a small frown.
But his mind had been well-nourished and was full of great ideas,
soon the teachers noticed something 'round the lad,
idle thoughts of how things worked and shunning smoke and hazy mirrors
he would often wonder if the world was mad.

Many years have passed and honours fluttered in through troubled skies
but large gaggles of opponents hung around,
thus for decades they were jealous and would tell those factoid lies
and when challenged they would quickly go to ground.
Yet the world does know its master in the field of Human Health
and the families of all as well as 'them'
are aware that he would putter with the science, not the wealth
as he looked at situations from the stem.

I have never in my travels met another noble man
who would fascinate so simply with his mind
and with quiet confidence he would just nod and say 'I can'
with a smile that told the world that he was kind.

Well, last night I had a dream that woke me up at 3 o-five
and the recall was according to B-six
and the gods had told me then that our man would be alive
as the gods had seen his work and how he ticks.
Then a voice came through the clouds, it was God who did the talking
there was lightning and the heavens shook and thundered
I could hear the words so clear, 'yes, this man will still be walking
on this earth when he gets to be one hundred. '

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Andreeeeeeas!

There once was a fellow named Gripp.
He let poems roll over his lip.
With the Kraut in his genes
he has more than the means
to write stanzas at fast-moving clip.

On the day of his long ago birth
when he made his debut on this earth
he was talking in mime
but considering rhyme
for the future, those poems of worth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Barbara!

No wonder she doesn't recall
if the day was in Spring or in Fall.
In her head there are words
and a million wild birds
nothing else can be found there at all.

And I say those were truly the days
when the house that's been bought by the gays
was a home that was near
a most friendly and dear
threesome known as our neighbours anglaise.

Happy Birthday to Barbara, yes!
May Ye Gods not demand you confess
that you're seventy-nine
though like good vintage wine
you have wrinkles, well, nevertheless.

It is true that we miss you at times
as we also miss lemons and limes.
It would please us the most
if we could be your host
for your visit. I'll write you more rhymes.

You tell Phil that his bench is still here.
Not to fret or to worry or fear
he can place his thin ass
on the end and the mass
will propel him to land on his ear.

From the land of the jolly old Yanks
where she reigns in the top of the ranks.
We shall strongly insist
to have HER on the list
when you land on old Bribie's sandbanks.

So the deal is we must make a date.
Even though there may BE a long wait.
As with family friends

you can never dispense
with the bonds that the Aussies call Mate.

So to end the prescription for you,
you must follow and finally do
what I tell you just once
(and you know us mean Huns)
eat the cake and the whipping cream too!

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Berit

Happy Birthday von uns da im Sueden
und wir hoffen Du findest die Blue(d) en
Annemonen und Rosen
die die Nase liebkosen
in den grossen australischen Tue(d) en.

Wir haben sie angebunden
an die grossen und eifoermig runden,
die Ballons voll mit Gas
und im tropischen Gras
applaudiert von uns Menschen und Hunden,

losgelassen so dass sie schnell fliegen
(obwohl sie doch zwei Kilo wiegen)
so gen Norden dann links,
bei der Bude von Rinks
und dem Hof mit den jammernden Ziegen.

Na wir wissen ja dass Du Dich freust,
und auch nie den Ausrutscher bereust
uns das Datum zu nennen,
so dass wir es kennen
und die Blumen, sie halten, Du streust

sie im Jahr wenn die Mara erklart
dass sie nunmehr den Fussboden kehrt
fuer den eigenen Mann
und da siehste halt dann
dass ne Blume ein Brautpaar noch ehrt,

auch wenn etliche Jahre vergingen
wenn im Fruehjahr die Rotkehlchen singen
dann stehst Du (glaub' es ja)
wie ein Streuengel da
und Andreas der kommt mit den Ringen.

Also, hebe sie auf in der Kammer,
neben Schraubzieher, Zange und Hammer.
die Gedanken sind frei

damit sind wir dabei,
alles and're waer' wirklich ein Jammer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Chelsea! ! !

Just once I turned my cluttered head
'twas late here in Down Under
so off I went to find my bed
outside was storm and thunder.
I dreamed that Chelsea turned seventeen
I should have baked a cake,
an applestrudel topped with cream
and then I'd be awake
to join her with a second spoon
and give her mother none
just wait, young girl, so very soon
your teenage years of fun
will be a distant memory
your parents will be old
there is, in you, it seems to me
another heart of gold.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Danny R.

Though the timing is rather uncanny,
Happy Birthday, I say, poet Danny.
On another year's crest
it may BE for the best
if you sat on that day on your fanny.

Turning old is a product of fate.
It's a mental/emotional state.
And just think of the kicks
when you're seventy six.
Your'e still growing at age forty-eight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Denis!

As a critic of note
all the words that he wrote
were of help and of use
if you were in those shoes
that would flatter your skills
like amphetamine pills,
if you listen to some
you may well guzzle rum
but he says it as is
with a flair of showbiz.
I have missed his great day
yet I hope that this may
still bring joy to his life
and prevent any strife
for this year and oh-seven
may the angels in Heaven
bless his life and his mind
as a poet who's kind.
Happy Birthday my boy
as your work is a joy
will you rest tender feet
you are always a treat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Doktor Fredy!

Oh no, it isn't Mister Ed
or some unknown old clown
today we celebrate with Fred
we should use cap and gown.

Of all the friends we have on Earth
he's one that stands alone
and on that dark day of his birth
they didn't make a clone.

That's why we need to keep him young
and healthy for some years
today his smart, discerning tongue
may taste a couple beers.

From far away we send to you
best wishes for your day
from all the kids and our zoo
a Hip-Hip-Hip-Hoorah.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Dr. Fph.

All enfolded in leather is Fredy
though his poodles would like to go beddie.
He had gulped Häagen-Dazs
which put lead in his ass.
Hence our Fredy ain't ready for beddie.

May this day shine on YOU like a sun.
May you find some free time for some fun.
May you drink steins of beer
still for many a year.
Says the clan of your Herbie the Hun.

When you reach, in a while the nine-ohhhh
I shall take the most meaningful bow.
We remember the times
when we counted the dimes
but from now we may go with the flow.

Let me raise my good crystal to you
and proceed with no further ado
here is mud in your eye
to a genuine guy
I am proud to be one of your crew.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, James Rex White!

Dark clouds rolled in,
the sound of thunder.
And with a cradle captive grin
a birth had happened in Down Under.

The product of a night of sex,
so long ago, who would remember
they named the boy Inspector Rex,
and then came Christmas in December.

He has been, on the odd occasion,
mistaken for old Santa Claus.
I think it's due to this Caucasian
approaching early menopause.

This year he must have riled the Gods,
they poured on him the biggest bucket
of excrement with lousy odds,
he answered them by mumbling 'F**k it'.

And, even though he gobbles praise
when it appears in modest measure
his head swells markedly these days,
he thinks himself a real treasure.

I say one needs to give a mention
of qualities a man possesses,
lest friends and folks pay no attention
to what the gentleman expresses.

Just look at him, forget the rumour;
his muscles, with their definition,
a mother earth and Kraut-type humour
we must admit, a prime edition.

He does not use the common weed,
no cigs will pass his hairy lips
foul language if there is a need
and certainly on foreign trips.

A bible is kept in the dunny
to lift his spirits during stress,
he serves his wife and calls her honey
and cleans the chookhouse, did you guess?

At six AM, you see him slaving
one hand stirs soup the other bakes,
just to fulfill his sweetheart's craving
she likes her bedside wake-up cakes.

And while he cooks and bakes and sings
to entertain and set the mood,
he tidies up and places things
then types a menu for the food.

Clamped tightly, like the soldier Custer
between the buttocks is a stick,
it's part of his large featherduster
he moves and sweeps, it does the trick.

At night, when darling watches telly
he scrubs all windows squeaky clean
and bathes mongrels (they were smelly)
in concentrated Mister Sheen.

You get my drift, here is a man
who's earned the rights to celebrate
a birthday cake with lots of bran
and buttermilk as stablemate.

The Gods, meanwhile have changed their minds
they've watched his altruistic deeds.
And as the timing clock unwinds
they've added on a bunch of beads.

How do we count the many ways
to get together in ten years,
we wish you many happy days
so, Happy Birthday, Jim. And Cheers!

Happy Birthday, Jerry H.

A prickly and wise Huckleberry
likes his Scotch so much better than Sherry.
He is still full of tricks
at a young seventy-six
Happy Birthday, my ancient friend Jerry.

As your poems show all of us clearly
you can stray into nomansland nearly,
and the wisdom of age
is on every page.
All your friends (and some foes) love you dearly.

You could well be a mover and shaker,
but not ever a phoney or faker.
So please blow out the flames
to please all of the dames
and the overworked candlestickmaker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Linda (R-Rated)

The threat of some hail kept her home,
where she stood, in a trance, with her comb.
When the hail didn't come
she sat down on her bum,
had a dream about flying to Rome.

But the tank on his ultralight plane
held, if counted along with the main
fifteen cupfuls or less,
that would last, let me guess,
barely down to the township of Cane.

Not to worry, though. Home at the HUB
they can lounge in their bubble-filled tub.
Then, while sipping champagne
fly their own aeroplane.
And there's always that Rub-A-Dub-Dub.

Happy birthday and thirty-eight more.
At that age, though you might be a bore.
Have a bottle or nine
while your liver's still fine
so the fumes come through every pore.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Lynn Z.!

To my long ago former right hand
I send sounds from the Down Under Band.
Sixty-five? My-oh-my,
all those years flying by.
It ain't easy to understand....

....how your colourful hair has turned gray,
you've grown wrinkles all over, they say.
And you often forget
that you DO own a pet,
he's a cynic but that's quite okay.

Do not worry, dear Lynn, rest assured,
all the decades that you have endured
have just aged you like wine
and I hereby opine
that old age cannot ever be cured.

Happy Birthday and many returns!
As our planet so gracefully turns
just hang on for the ride
with the Lord by your side,
we shall send you some roses and ferns.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Mary

The birds are silent now,
all called to order by the owl.
It is a memorable time
and honour goes to those
who would bestow it.

And handed down
through generations
by feathered friends
are special sounds
for few occasions.

The tones that rang
and echoed sweetly
this day, back then
have come with you
to keep you well
and be good company.

And tiny hearts
will beat and be aware
of human souls
who do embrace
all life and limb
who love their sheer
autonomy
and live in goodness
as perpetuity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Michael Sh.

On the day of your birth
all the Gods were agreed
that to send you to earth
as a miniature seed
would be folly to some
and poetic to those
who expected a bum
and were stunned by a rose.

Solid substance abounds
though the numbers are few
if you run with the hounds
you are part of the crew.
You have chosen, my friend
the old potholed chaussée
which will mean, in the end
for your soul, liberté.

Happy Birthday I shout,
many happy returns
from a silly old Kraut
with an armful of ferns.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Reinhard

Unn schon wieder macht Reinhard 'ne Fete
als ob es ihm wirklich gut taete.
Ein Geburtstag ist fein
mit 'nem lieblichen Wein
sagt schon damals der Kruses' Kaethe.

Die Chirurgen die schaerften die Messer.
Und sie schnippelten, wussten es besser.
Dann bekam er Arznei
und der Schmerz war vorbei
und er wurde bald wieder zum Esser.

Mein Pardon wenn ich kurz noch erwaehne
dass das Alter zeigt jetzt seine Zaehne.
Denn je mehr man noch hat
das bestimmt den Rabatt
und die Goetter die schmieden die Plaene.

Einen recht schoenen Tag von der Insel.
Bin sehr froh dass es gab kein Gerinnsel.
Bald gibt's heimische Duefte
und Du malst auf die Huefte
Made In Germany mit Deinem Pinsel.

Happy Birthday, das rufen wir alle,
dass es ueber die Weltmeere schalle.
Und wir wuenschen Dir nur
dass die jetzige Kur
auf das richtige Sternzeichen falle.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Rolfie! ! !

Another year and no wiser
he has made it to sixty-five
the birthday boy's name is Rolf Kaiser
and he keeps the tradition alive.

Now he's aiming for twenty more years,
there is plenty of God-given reason
as his mission is one million beers
all year long will be beer-drinking season.

If he ever gets tired of tin
or the glass of those stubbies in brown,
he will likely switch over to gin
and Maria will call him a clown.

I suggest that we wish him the best
for his health and his money tree
I for one, as a willing guest
know he'll save a few spirits for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Stranger!

Were you simply too dumb
to grow up and become
not a butcher or baker
nor a candlestick maker?

As they say here, at home
do not travel to Rome
stay and serve fellow man
be as kind as you can
put new soles on our shoes
make good wine, beer or booze,
be a preacher of sort
or a pro in a sport.

Like to fix people's ailments
or prevent those derailments
be a banker downtown
or a surgeon cum gown?

No you ripened like Neville
even look like the devil
had to drift with the breezes
taste the French and their cheeses
and the Krauts with their beer
you were foolish, you hear?

And today, like a missile
you come home and you whistle
while expecting applause
you get ohs, boohs and aawes.

It's your birthday you say now
well it's silly, you know how
all the people forget
as if never we met.

So you might as well run,
for our prodigal son
didn't go off to fiddle

from the earth's peaceful middle
to the poles and then back
leaving prints on the track.

Life is what you can make it
I suggest that you bake it,
that elusive of cakes
which will soothe all your aches.

Have a seat by the manger,
as you see it still stands,
Happy Birthday, lone stranger
and go back to your lands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Tara! ! ! ! 2008

You are not, what folks would ever call a weed,
you blossomed well inside the attic of my mind,
have been there, seemingly and large as life, indeed,
a spark of beauty and of goodness, what a find!

I was, just to be different, really set to send to you
a weed of many colours and of fragrant hues,
but then, a little birdie whispered, giving me a clue
one cannot pick a stinging nettle, hence I choose

a red and purple scrumptious rose, picked in the night,
I kissed its petals just to send my love along,
and in the morning, when the sun sends out its timid light
there is a troubadour outside who sings for you his song.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Todd! ! !

Yes, He gave the nod,
to the two of you then
and he found it not odd
he'd created these men
and he christened him Todd
and assigned him to Mary,
what was scripted by God
cannot end up contrary.

From the Down Under Land
we do send our wishes
but you must understand
that you'll still do the dishes
on this day of your birth
'cause you do have great skill
and for what it is worth
keep your house very still.

Be it known that the reason
for a man's volunteering
cannot be seen as treason
just some smart engineering.

You can see she is busy
writing great poetry
so don't be in a tizzy,
let her spirit be free.

May the day give you pleasure
and the cake a success
you do have a great treasure
and a poet no less.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Birthday, Wendy!

I dreamed Sunday night I was loony
and my grandfather was Mickey Rooney.
But wouldn't you know it
there's a wonderful poet
and her name could be Gwendolyn Mooney.

She's a poet, by gift and design
and her work is of deep sapphirine.
Happy Birthday, dear girl
from the Lim-erick Earl
may I toast you with Liebfraumilch Wine?

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Father's Day

And soon
we'll meet again,
old man.
Me, bearing flowers,
chaperoned by
one sweet niece,
'to show the ropes'
to me, the stranger.
And water things.
You, in the ground
since that cold day
in March,
with snow
still in the hills.

Your hills
where you meandered,
chased after that
psychopathic dog,
while reminiscing
over notable
advantages,
most imagined,
of long-gone days.
And of this,
the new world,
made entirely
for others.

Yet, you took pride
in always doing
your best
in any circumstance.
'Some day,
you said,
I'll be six feet under',
yeah,
and watching,
also judging,

maybe praising
surely condemning,
only the role
of executioner
to be denied.

That day did come.
You were prepared
of course.
The moment that
you closed
the final book,
and the last journal
where you had searched
with urgency
and all your brilliance,
for one more cure.
The one that would,
though hard to find,
be carrying your name.

When you were beaten
you would nod,
as if to say
'the subject's closed',
that's what you did.
As to the rest of us,
those left,
we were perplexed
and short of words,
of clever thoughts.
And were expected
(and observed)
to show appropriate
behaviour,
like grief
and talent
of an organising spirit.

Which, being in a
niche of status
in a society,

stitched and
held together
by musty remnants
of our everlasting
bourgeoisie.
We did.

This time, old man
I want to warn you
in advance
with unaccustomed
and antipodean-like
courtesy,
there will be little
if any
conversation.
What, with the kid,
she'd be so
ill-prepared
and might get
traumatised.
In any case,
we said our piece
last visit,
surely you remember,
it's when I asked
if you were comfy
in that hole,
hopefully not cold.
Not much to add this time,
though here is one,
a thought
to cheer you up,
I know it will,
you've had one
Father's Day already,
and I, respectful son,
who lives in
a Down Under
that's still above
the ground
(what a pun, sorry) ,

brings you another one,
a different date
from different worlds.
Thus you get two
just for the price of one.

So, I must close now.
My plane is leaving,
soon, too soon perhaps,
just wanted you to know
that I'll be there
to say Hello and
Happy Father's Day.

'Til then,
from man to man,
I send respect
to you, while going
back in time
to very early
memories.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Father's Day, Mon Général!

On this day I shall honour my Dad
who made me and my siblings quite mad,
though this happened back then
and today we are men
who can only be thoughtful and sad.

He has gone to his place in the sky,
where he, doubtless, still wears that silk tie.
We shall toast you this noon
and I'll eat with A SPOON
two large pieces of blueberrypie.

Perhaps you are tempted to spank
but today is the day to be frank.
Well, we took a deep breath
when you left. And in death
even generals give up their rank.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Grandma

The day has come,
the baby needs to be
examined thoroughly
she takes the boy
who has his well worn thumb
firmly in place, a toy
to chase away the ghosts.

'Well, well young man' says Doc,
begins to check him now.
The skin is warm as toast
some spillage in a sock
up goes his bushy brow,
'is he partaking of the breast? '

'Oh yes, he is, since breast is best, '
she says it and is asked to strip
the doc proceeds to check
manipulates the nipple and
with gentle moves and knowing hand
feels all of it down to the hip.
' I knew it, really smelled it, heck
the boy is truly underweight,
that is because you have no milk! '

The lady answers, 'listen mate',
her voice a mix of sex and silk,
' I know, I am the grandma, dear
but very happy I was here.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Marriage

For fifty-seven years
she had believed,
with all her heart,
a zillion fibres of
her wholesome being,
that it was love.

She never doubted once
that it was genuine
and utterly eternal.

But when she did return
('twas meant to be a little token) ,
that Friday on the early train,
and tip-toed up the stairs,
avoiding creaks on four and seven,

the word 'Surprise' stuck in her throat,
when in spread-eagled missionary style
her love of life was at it with a vengeance,
and grunts of wild élan and satisfaction.

She went, still dazed out to the kitchen
and quickly brewed a scalding cup of java,
deciding there and then that it had been,
nothing but common pity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Ninety-First, Abram!

Happy Birthday, Abram!

As the years gain in passing much speed
we get wrinkles, our hair fades to white,
more and more we resemble a weed
and we lose precious inches in height.

Ninety-one is a wonderful age,
only nine to a century's crown,
take each year as another new page,
read the contents with care and a frown.

I have yet to encounter a man
who was favoured by heavenly eyes,
and whose motto would be YES I CAN,
he is brilliant and caring and wise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Happy Thirty-First, Jamie!

There once was a pretty smart shrink
who loved lollies and licorice pink.
She was sure that all foods
would create cranky moods
so she gave them a nudge and a wink.

I was going to take her some flowers
But I'm working such crazy long hours
and she sleeps until noon
like a Disney cartoon.
Wishing fathers had many more powers.

So I wish you a wonderful day
and some fragrant ones in a bouquet.
Have a moderate nip
and steer straight with your ship
ask a Wombat if lost on the way.

Herbert Nehrlich

Harlequinade

Did you have for this morning new Planz?
Like a roll in the hay or a dance?
Would you kindly call out
if you want the old trout
I'll prepare him for you in advance.

Take the Wilkinson double-edged blade,
not the Braun, it's too dull. I'm afraid.
You may use just one side
I the other, we'll glide
and we'll call it a harlequinade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Harley

Only in the gray
twilight of a dream
was I allowed
to run
my eager hand
up from your fibula
alongside the
iliotibial ligament
into the
symphysis.

Surprised
to find
a clearing
without forest.

At that precise
and crucial time
in history
the Harley started up
down memory lane.
Like every morning
that belligerent machine
it woke me,
bringing to
untimely end
a perfect dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

Harvest

Born in the snow-capped Cascade Ranges
a timid junior river sings its song.
A voice of loneliness, a sad and tearful longing,
cool waters burble through the valley, the Snoqualmie.

And, as it's welcomed near the town of sleepy settlers,
it passes fields of berries, flashing purple baubles.
Today the harvest may begin as sunrise beckons,
a windswept scene brings tones of shade onto the green.

From rocky gorges a bright river has descended,
from grandeur of beyondness it has plunged,
a death-defying act, past silent boulders
to slow its journey to meander while it dreams.

Ramshackle huts now stir amidst the morning dew,
a hundred baskets carried out to frosty bushes.
Lethargic voices bark commands to buzzing children,
but soon the silence of the valley will return.
So that the river can resume its joyful song.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hate - Mate

There once was a little swine
he was partial to blueberry wine
and he had a fat mother
who had smothered his father
someone said you are out of line.

And the mother was really huge
and she dreamed of an oily deluge
where she would lose it all
and become a sweet doll
but the God of all fat was a scrooge.

So she went on a rampage to stab
all those thin ones who did not have flab
but she was so inept
that she finally wept
and she hoped for the gift of the gab.

But the weather had turned rather sour
it was raining from shower to shower
so she called to the crowd
that today is allowed
real fighting in mud, woman power.

But the people who'd smelled her objected
she was fat, had completely neglected
her old body at that
and she was rather fat
so she found that they all had defected.

When the stars came out shining in gold
and this fatso had done what she's told
she just jumped from the castle
to avoid further hassle
she had always seen others as old.

What this proves is the subject of hate
is so futile to use on a mate
if you hate you are dumb

they should flog your old bum
but I think that we may be too late.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hate **

A View Of Passing Over

I spoke with him last night,
my favourite uncle, bless
his soul, his heart and
all the riches he bestowed
upon the only one who would
on frosty nights go out to fetch
another piece for the old fireplace.
It took so little and I pleased
the man who built the church,
the bridge across the Rhine
and just before he died he spoke,
my boy, please note that in this life
all anger is just weeds but, in the end
pure hate can be admired as a tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hate?

So what's this thing the world calls hate,
are humans capable to fabricate the stuff?
Does it occur when men debate,
when words can trigger something known as huff?
I think that hate is natural and innocent
far worse is something that can well arise
inside a human being just to circumvent
an honest thought for others, it is stained with lies.
Let's talk to those who sit there on the garden fence,
and do not know which way to go to play it cool,
once eyes look through the clouds of a distorted lens
you've got the monster called indifference, you fool.
Hate is aversion from a subject or from man
only if hate meets hate will denigration reign,
indifference shows clearly that it truly can
not care and all the efforts of pure reason are in vain.
Those who would point their index fingers, full of scorn
may harbour embers from the darkness of a past
and men with eyesight will see clearly a small horn
spring from the forehead where the devil's dye is cast.

Herbert Nehrlich

Have You Seen Ann?

Have you seen Ann, he asked,
or Rachel, Carol but not Ruth,
as I am Ruth, best known as Ruthie
the one who has it all and more,
the boobs to stop all men
in their own tracks, the legs
that made them pull up both,
like floppy eggs, and brains
yes she was well endowed
with cognitive malfeasance,
and hid her carnal leanings well,
who am I talking of you ask,
not of myself, of course, oh no,
it's one of us and we excel
in many disciplines, I knew you did,
and so did I, I wallowed in
the sea of androgens and scents
the one that comes to me from lovely gents.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hawk Visits

One wing under the edge of your pillow.
Quiet is the order of the night.
Your breath is a gentle breeze,
ruffling my feathers.
You don't snore and you smack a bit:
It's an intriguing sound.

Stirring now, stretching a calf muscle,
your face is flushed, your nose pale.
Eyelashes arranged like angelfingers, neatly,
and the mere hint of a dimple lives on your chin.

Your breasts rise as you inhale;
how I would love to be with them,
to love them. I curse the Gods
who gave us forbidden things.

And who gave us time,
an entity of cruel deeds.
Excuses have a knife-like quality;
it cannot be what must not be.

The rules are not for happiness
as misery they always bring.
And freedom is a penalty:
By being free I hurt another.

Contented cows, you must be happy,
no conflicts to disturb the peace.
I quietly now leave your bed
and dream about the dimple on your chin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hay Season

The farmer wiped, flick of the hand
the perspiration off his weathered face.
The day was done and thanks to God
there'd be the itchy task of throwing fragrant hay
into the loft, to ripen and to rest for winter.
The wagon rolled through dusty streets
right through the center of his town,
a friendly wave, and now and then a nod,
a bit of cloud in from the East, perhaps it was
luck of the servant of the land, well-earned.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hazel Eyes

'Twas never tenderness
nor something in myself
that prompted me to do
what you found so adorable.

You said I was unlike
the others who had ogled
and tried their little tricks
like crafty spiders just to lure
another prize into their nets
until all blood was sucked
from lusty veins of chance.

There is not anything
spectacular about the likes of me
but I shall now reveal to you
just what it was that caused
the supercalifragilistic joy
when you, of all the ones who count
directed lovely hazel eyes
at no one but myself.
I have a simple explanation,
it was the purest of all loves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hdl As The Cure

A doc while bored found that he could
abort disaster (as he should) ,
in cardiac and other crises
(I'm not discussing thrombolysis) ,
he simply found, while eating blubber
(preferring it to trans fat rubber) ,
that HDL, well known to all
could keep catastrophies quite small,
in fact he used it to prevent
not only open heart and stent
but natural progression (yes!)
of illness set to make a mess
inside a body's work arena,
perhaps a socialist hyena?

Well, I digress, he figured that,
since LDL is one big rat,
he'd ask the liver to refrain
from sending it, by sub or train,
through vessels as demands required
and even though, the work's inspired,
he ascertained that the big crew
that mops cholesterol for you
and me and all the human souls,
while cognizant of all its roles,
would be in line for extra pay
if they would cart the stuff away.

He was related to a doc
who owned in CR-P his stock,
thus it is really no surprise
that he established close-knit ties
with fast food shops, and Starbuck's too
they'd market HDL, a brew
that looked like fatty soup of sorts
but sold like donuts (say reports)
and healed the bodies so they'd be
not only healthy but quite free
to be consumers of fast food

and really cultivate the mood
to listen to the moneychangers
(but not to democrats and strangers) .
They'd happily sip HDL
and eat their Crestor pills as well.

The future, let it now be said
is known to none but Mister Ed,
so trust not man to be your source,
just watch the muzzle of a horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

He Asked

He told her on day four
about his pressing need to know,
and did she love him just a tad
or was he really going mad.
She did not say, remaining mute
and let her hair fall in to hide her eyes,
he saw her sway a bit, God was she cute,
and then she placed his hand upon her thighs.

Herbert Nehrlich

He Flew

He did not have the time to even whisper
the reasons for that crime against his kin,
there was no room inside my damaged heart
for any mercy or a whiff of past humanity.
I did not use the polished Turkish dagger
on him, that would have been revenge,
that one is still in place, conveying pain.
I've longed for years to climb the highest mountain,
but never dreamed to watch a human fly
there was no sound until the impact far below.
Was it a fitting end, it's not for me to know.

Herbert Nehrlich

He Would

It was so very long ago,
youthful cognition hung below,
he liked the very thought of her
and loved the tiny taste she'd shared.

A clever note it was, or so he thought.
Today he cringes, almost cries
it said for her to slip a little note
beneath the door into his room,
and gave the number of his boarding house.

P.S., it read, in place of paper it would do
if she, herself slid underneath the heavy door.
He'd even widen it to suit, of course. Of course.

Today, he would not hesitate
to build
a whole new house
for her,
forget the door,
the notes
and all
that youth entails,
and how it fails,
he'd carry her,
with measured steps
up fifty thousand stairs.

And leave behind
all other earthly cares.

Herbert Nehrlich

Headless

Headless she liked it yet she could not bring herself
to say well done or something similar, of course.
Up on the wall above her bed, there is a shelf
it holds the box where she keeps one small charleyhorse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Headlight Washers

She stepped into the sun
and blinked, because of tears
that had, politely, waited,
as not to draw attention
or embarrass her inside
where all live eyes had stared,
awaiting her reaction, so predictable.

They thought her strange,
and normal conversation
resumed behind her back
until the triple-glazed, translucent door
had shut with an unpleasant whoosh.

She would not, EVER, in a million years
accept this verdict, dreamed up in the lab.
She had been born into the world bearing defiance
and she would, without a question then, survive.

The doc had said they needed to confirm
the accuracy and rule out a mistake,
his eyes however did not lie at all,
and she had left, not even paid the bill,
as there would be, another day, without a doubt.

To reach the car, it had been just a week
that she had bought that beauty, 'it will see me out'
her motto, something she had heard somewhere,
and now it looked with gleaming headlight eyes
from just across the road, so near, this sanctuary.

And with the spring of new denial in her stride
she stepped onto the street, in to the sun
where city bus one-sixty-eight then claimed
all right of way, in pre-programmed inertia.

And when the nurse came running from inside,
bearing the paper with the news of utter splendour,
that laboratory error was confirmed against the odds,

she saw the headlight eyes in tears across the road.
Though some cars do possess those fancy washers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Healthcare

Only true stealth
trades someone's wealth
for shaky health.

Herbert Nehrlich

Healthy Advice

If cellulite adorns your butt
go get yourself a coconut.
If swollen is your thyroid gland
have oil of coconut on hand.
And overall, make a decision
(don't trust your medical physician)
to take your health back from the thieves
(it's modern 'health care' that deceives) .
I'll proudly recommend to you,
while what you know is quite untrue
you've listened to the moneychangers
and given years to total strangers.
So, now you are advised by me
to drop your chains and struggle free.
If you will make just one addition
your boldest hopes will show fruition.
Eat just a bit of coconut
(it isn't solely for your butt)
each day consume a tablespoon
of oil, you will feel better soon.
More saturated than the rest
let me assure you, it is best.
Concluding, dear, I kid you not
please get yourself a coconut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heart Of Hearts

Throughout it I have been,
for reasons quite unknown
drawn to the good ones,
meaning those who prayed,
and stayed at home, at night,
and for the dances, and fetes,
how many times I missed the chance
to get the flashy ones, oh yeah,
the extroverted boobs and,
of course the fashion dresses,
and jeans, lasciviously correct,
I almost cried at times because,
and thought that once this life,
and all the chances in it, were over
I would regret my own timidity,
for all eternity, no matter, flesh
and other structures, they may
be weak and totally inept.

For heretofore unknown and
undue reasons, I always did
drift into ordinary clearings,
where simple beauties did,
with homely features dwell,
but I have found that over time
things do not change for me.
Perhaps my home is where
the heart of hearts resides.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heart Of Stone

'Salut', he yelled from his high horse,
as they descended on the path of
narrowminded, eclectic avenues.
With ginger steps and chestnut hide
a pleasant sound surpassed itself
among the cobblestones of time.

There was no end to perpetuity,
a lonely metronome was vacillating,
attempting to break into ventriloquy
quite simply out of boredom, and
half-timbered houses echoed
the patter of those devilish hooves.

There never was the music of a voice
that should have welcomed him,
regardless of how late it was for all,
only the smell of death had been aware
of its own throes of hurt and speechlessness,
as if it were a giant secret to be kept
from man and beast alike, subdued
beneath the loam that once had nourished,
and sustained the promise of mankind.

Who was the bearer of the word Salut,
who chose the narrow path on chestnut horse?
Had time itself created, an apparition,
and was the smell of death the sound of sad
but illusory images, the lifeline to extinction?

A sound that shattered bones and last illusions,
a slip caused by the cracks between hard lines,
no softness waited for the weary warrior now,
and when the silence had returned as haze
dead eyes observed and feasted lovingly
on what had fallen, it was a heart of stone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heart Of Stone**

I take my satchel now,
my leather bag,
with all its pills
and potions,
needles
and the odds
and ends
that would instill
the needed confidence
when those occasions come,
and block my way,
please help,
they plead,
you must,
I see your leather bag,
your monocle
a suit of proper tweed,
and even dust
would never quite
conceal
just who you are.

Yet, I went on,
pushed hard
to make my way
into a future just for me.

It may have been
a touch of morbid fear,
or arrogance.
But I can tell you now,
it was the coldness
of a heart of stone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heat

As I rest in the shadows of the valley of lust
there's a sound and a trickle of fruit of the loom,
having wandered all day and all night, I now must
drink my fill of her nectar as a passionate groom,
neither senses nor reason can say Halt to my tongue
there is need and a sudden deluge
if they come to arrest, I will surely be hung
left behind me my sweet centrifuge.
Oh ye Gods let me feast on the brook near the well
I shall give of my own all the same
as I aim for the fruit, listen up, Wilhelm Tell
can you hear as I call her sweet name?

Herbert Nehrlich

Heaven

May the Lord be my shepherd
you can guide me to heaven
I would never be saved
if it were not for you.

But I ask you my Saviour
will you please ascertain
that the one they call Shepherd
stay asunder from you.

I don't know how in heaven
we will all get along
once we meet all the gangsters
and the ones with no schlong.

I'll apply for the work as
the cleaner of rubbish
thus the chance will apply
they will tumble from heaven
let the bygones go by.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heffernan Barter

Heffernan Barter walked through the woods,
listened to birds and the beetles with hoods.
Sunshine was with him and showed him the way
yet a mean shadow did cause him dismay.
Stood there dishevelled and filthy to boot
hand with syringes, ready to shoot.
Barter, annoyed now, sweep of his hand
wiped him away then, he'd understand.
Continued his journey, nodding to trees
free now from evil, loving the breeze.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heidelberg Revisited

And in my dream I was
just halfway up the Holy Mountain
of homesickness called Heidelberg.
I had just crossed the Neckar river
and, dripping wet was climbing what
the travel agents without culture
keep calling the most lovely promenade.

A Schinkenbrot right near the fork,
I've missed the Philosophenweg
as well as what is called the Schlangenweg.
I munched and chased the food
with generosity straight out of Baden,
a potent Kirschwasser, Schladerer,
and watched, while nodding joyfully,
the river and the Altstadt, as well as
in the shadows, the town of Mannheim.

Now, freshly strengthened it was off
to try the Drachenschlucht, precarious
it is and not for the faint of heart.

Then, lovelier it cannot get, the Garden,
the one made for exclusive use of the Philosophers.
A beam of light, some quick reflection
now beckoned from the distant shore,
it was the Koenigsstuhl, the restaurant,
I smelled the Sauerbraten now. And in the blink
of philosopher's keen vision, I flew, a bird
whose real nature comes to life in Heidelberg.
Who needs a cable car to taste the wine
in ancient barrels, made of sacred wood.

I woke with the sweet taste of Neckar wine
still on my lips and to the voice of one Professor,
who's been up in Valhalla for some forty years.
It has been good to pay a visit to refresh
my memory from student days, so long ago.
I will be in demand once I get up above the town

where all are happy, just looking down upon
the scenery, while drinking wine outside all seasons.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heineken And The Gorilla

On the beach stood a small villa
owned by Mister Heineken.
Christmas Day a huge gorilla
broke the window to the den.

Woken by the grunting, groaning
down below the couple worried
wife said 'Hans, we should be phoning',
but he went downstairs (he hurried) .

In the chair sat the Gorilla
with a mug in his left hand,
told him 'Howdy, name's Attila
I come from Sengaziland.'

And they had a conversation,
talking monkeys drinking brew,
then agreed that in all nations
all Gorillas in a zoo

needed Heineken or Beck's
as a daily extra fare,
beer facilitates good sex
and they ought to get their share.

Sure enough, when Dawn came calling
Hans went up to see Louise,
for a spot of Kaaskopp* balling,
partner went back to the trees.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heisenberg

Even Einstein couldn't handle the idea of
quantum mechanics, it was too radical,
after all, there was the comfort of that Newton,
a fine scholar who believed in predictability.
Now, this Heisenberg fellow, brash, quick,
devoid of a modicum of respect for tradition,
giving birth to the Uncertainty Principle.
Thus, space and time lose their historic distinction,
we can no longer predict the outcome of events.
So, right you are Heisenberg, atoms do, indeed
exist everywhere at once, but how could they,
focus your eyes upon particle matter and wonder,
dropp it and observe only a portion to reach the ground,
you must weep at the loss of this certainty, no?
So, we look toward the collective universe,
desire to understand the wisdom of an innate spirit,
the reasoning of a universal intelligence,
and all this must be possible without the acceptance,
without a sliver of an acknowledgment of God,
who would, if he existed at all, take from us
and from all living beings, from the lifeless pebbles
and the imaginary laws of physics and mathematics
once and for all, the principle of uncertainty.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heist

I held your hand
and felt your fingertips,
they pressed into my flesh
as if to urge me on,
and for a moment then,
I saw your fingerprints
as they had left their scent
at Barclay's Bank.

Herbert Nehrlich

Heist On Oahu

He saw her, at the tidal pools,
on Pupukea Beach.
Her name was Kamalelehua
and she wore flowers in her hair.

He had not realised that tidal pools
attracted nudity, here on Oahu.
And when her hubby came late in the day,
he wore the emperor's great foolishness.

He talked about his job in small investments,
those stocks and bonds and profitable shares.
That's when they hatched the plan for the big heist,
only a rich man could afford a girl like her.

He was the driver in the battered Audi Fox,
just waiting at the curb, outside the bank.
Hubby was caught and placed inside Oahu Jail,
the car was later found at Northern Beach.

His precious Kamelelehua may not wait.
And they agreed that fifteen years ain't within reason.
Today they wear some clothes at Pupukea,
it's better for the kids and for the world.

He's getting out next week, so says the local rag.
They'll miss this place but Fairbanks does sound great.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hello, Travesty...

Those who can they say
do, but those who can't my friend
they sit back and teach.

And they think they should
look at poems and critique
this would need talent.

I know a famous
and also infamous one
who took his own life.

His book did sell well
and it was not self-published
publishers vary.

I think that poems
ought to be well considered
on their own merit.

So stay away now
you are not ever welcome
you have no talent.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hemi

'It's got to be the five-point-seven,
and nothing less will ever do for me,
you get the taste of honey as they say
and wonder how the bees could fly away.'

'And what about the others', housewife says,
'you'd save a bundle and they use less fuel',
to which I did, with confidence, reply
'you wouldn't have a clue, it's in the genes.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Hemorrhoid

In Minnesota, town of Boyd
the Devil made the hemorrhoid.
You see he didn't like the way
that God rewarded those who pray.
One night when everyone was sleeping
the angels saw the Devil, creeping
up to the bed of Fearless Floyd
he was the cowboy, here in Boyd.
And had been recently employed
where Jesus Christ had left a void.
Well, devils are, by Nature, crass
and this one soon crawled to the ass
of Floyd to plant a little bubble
which was designed to cause much trouble.
The bubble grew into a pile,
although this took a little while,
and rested there where it had started
moving aside if someone farted.
The logic of the Devil's plan
was to replace himself the man
and thus become the righteous hand
in Heaven, ruling every land.
So, sure enough young Floyd from Boyd
became increasingly annoyed
with what those itchy bits created
and when the time came he debated
with God that he was not content
with his employment, and he meant
to look around for greener grass
and as he left he scratched his ass.

So, now you know, the town of Boyd
is birthplace of the hemorrhoid.
And if you can, please do avoid
the genes that come from Fearless Floyd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Henner's Wake

A wake can be a happy feast,
it honours lastly the deceased.
What he did not achieve in life
through constant work and frequent strife,
is heaped upon him now in praise
with drippings of straight mayonnaise.

They have assembled in full force
and food is plentiful, of course,
all those tuxedos are expanding
like mallard ducks, all set for landing.
Some land, indeed on their protrusions
the clear result of large transfusions;
he would have liked it, what's his name(?)
to be among us, play a game
and stuff that caviar inside
a wake is, somehow... bona fide,
such happy faces, thoughts go deeper,
another victim of the Reaper
has taken one among their midst
one must be glad to say 'thou didst',
this time the knife took your close neighbour,
a man who always voted Labor,
some say he was a communist
a secret member on a list.
But, never mind, all the survivors,
are now united as connivers,
their eyes must wander through the room
to guess a target for the doom
that will befall, do mark my words,
the one or other of the nerds.
Meanwhile, the party's truly swinging
the priest is snookered, loudly singing,
the local doc who found it boring
stretched on the couch and slightly snoring...
At dawn, an icy wind sweeps through
a whisper urges, 'it is you',
It won't be long now, time does fly,
before you say your last good-bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Henry

There's a hole in the bucket,
the bucket, the bucket,
and the man says to see
what the people can do,
and the people can mock it
can mock it, can mock it
until someone says Gee,
there is naught we can do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Breast

Each break including summer holidays
I'd slave for heavy industry to make some dough.
Fell into bed at eight and had no time
for R & R nor any other girl.

When school resumed I feared
that the acquired calluses would be
at best gazed at with some disdain.
And that they were, to my chagrin.

I metamorphed into a chaste and sober guy,
afraid of being dumped by lips that kissed.
Hence it was logical that we took walks
along the Mississippi banks, and in the snow,
submersed in silent mode, mile after frosty mile.

A week had passed when she woke up
to ask about the clouds on our horizon.
I mumbled of the sacredness of her soft skin,
in need of being kept, free of the blemishes
of blue collar worker's hands, I held them high
to amplify my rationale. It made her smile.

That wistful smile which had attracted me that day
under fluorescent lights, when Gods had been too kind.
She took my heavy hand and placed it, lovingly
upon her breast. And then she kissed me once.
It was the grace of love I never did forget.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Dad

She had, reluctantly
gone on to Neverland,
where no one lived
and one could neither feel
nor hear the pain.
And where the scalpel rules
to do its dirty deed
in peace and secrecy.

The gods allowed
and she came back
her sight unveiled
the smiling thanks
of that one soul
worth seeing then.

He grinned,
a sheepish grin
which metamorphed
into a broad,
and so familiar smile.

The voice of incongruity
pronounced the words
that stayed with her,
'twas something about booze,
he loved her slurring, though.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Death

They'd built a wall around him while he slept,
he'd wake and take what they were free to give,
one of the maids, the scrubbing girl, she wept
and questioned loudly whether he should live.

He'd broken pledges and the rules of silly fools.
Took fancy to a girl of meager means
he had attended all the proper, fancy schools
stuck into cracks of female cousins pinto beans.

And when he grew to where they let him run his life
he seemed adjusted and beholdin' to his peers,
he took a floozy for his first and final wife
and drowned his sorrows in a steady flow of beers.

They had a gaggle of genetic imbeciles
and he was proud of only one, the little tyke,
who'd ride his two-wheeled rusted horse for many miles,
until he came upon the man who owned the dyke.

Take out your finger, so he yelled, there is no need,
the man named Hans was very doubtful and he balked
but then he did and there was mayhem time indeed
so they sat down and watched the end while no one talked.

Up on his horse there was a figure clad in fur,
she was his treasure and the reason he had gone.
There would be penalty just on account of her
the question was who would it be to play the pawn.

He laid her down in what he saw was softest moss
and held her close, she was asleep and had no breath,
he would not ever see his failure and his loss
until the gods came down to give to him is death.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Last Cruise

The ancient window, looking to the Bay
had been her final stop, she simply had
collapsed into the rosewood rocking chair,
a cry of pain escaped when pelvic bones
collided with no subcutaneous cushion.

Eleven months of feverish malignant growth
had eaten all her outer shell, her beauty,
embarrassed doctors had touched and pinched
and mumbled skin and bone, some said cachexia,
so, when the funds dried up her treatment did,
as if now, seemingly, no more could be achieved.

To have a clear and unobstructed view,
to sweep with dying eyes the foreign ships
that spilled their sailors onto the Esplanade
she'd given all the panes a spot of chemotherapy,
just the inside, of course, the way they'd done to her.
It did the job of plain clarification,
decided things, obliterated wants and silly needs
for her, it made her feel as if she had, by some mistake,
obtained admission to a movie, not her choice.

And folding seats, guarded by evil-tempered men
had trapped her body while the ushers merely smiled.
A flock of frigate birds yelled out as if to wake
a failing spirit that was wanted at the Pier.

Her eyes were heavy now, projecting memories,
accompanied by happy laughter in the street,
a melody that only ice cream trucks can play.
Her smile was lovely, without the missing flesh,
a bearded officer who took her waiting arm so gently,
the handsome pair were greeted by the Captain,
a lavish dinner, had been prepared for all.

Indeed, it was the time they both had chosen,
to tell a thousand people, all ready for the cruise
of many thousand happy miles to reach the shore

of liberty, where a new chapter was commencing on page one.

Oh yes, the sound! It came with sudden force,
only the Dutch would hog those boastful decibels.
It briefly woke her now and placed a frightened frown
onto the lines above two sunken eyes, and, for
a fleeting moment, she was back, awaiting death,
here, in her loneliness, inside a rosewood rocking chair.

But, there she was, Her Majesty, once christened Statendam,
and things were really true again, no cruel dream
would be allowed by her creator, in his kindness.
The horn again, it drowned all sounds across the bay,
and then she went, leaving behind her most angelic smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Nectar

His innate nature being stoic and astute
he kept his nose inside gigantic books most days,
but when she tempted him with her forbidden fruit
he first averted with finesse her loving gaze.
He wore a badge beneath his shorts that stated chaste
it was a pledge of sorts but mostly lethargy,
and when he nodded and went down to have a taste
it was the nectar of the Gods and he was free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Her Only Love

All night she'd waited
for the sound of hooves,
medieval cobblestone,
the smell of horses,
and those welcome squeaks.
He was her only love.

When morning woke
there was a solitary rider,
whipping his tired horse
and bleeding onto reins
his face was chalk and stern.

Draped right behind him,
tied to the saddle, there
in all his youthful beauty
he had come home, at last.
She took his hand to lead

him to the quarters, where,
with skill and urgency
the stablemaster cleaned
and bandaged all his wounds.
And when he woke again
he was the master, ruler of
the castle, she had asked him.

The horse had taken, overnight
a rapid turn toward demise,
all tender loving care did not
restore his strength, he died.
Was buried with his master
well past the moat that day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hermaphrodite

It was a small and very fragile little thing,
of curious pink with shades of purple yet,
had left the underground to see the light of day
so full of thirst for water and the wisdom of new life.
The weeds had looked at first and then resumed disdain,
which does come natural to them and suits them well,
they whispered with sharp tongues that cut right through the shade,
and all agreed that this small loser would soon waste away.

The sun shone harshly through the fuzzy clouds,
all birds had sought quick refuge under sturdy leaves,
the little guy just stood and swayed in the new Hell,
it knew enough to hope for and to dream of rain.
Here in the desert it would always be a struggle so they said,
the tough would live while others had no chance at all,
as Nature in her wisdom, void of justice weaves
a net of huge dimensions where the meek may fret
and God leans back and draws new creatures, wearing shrouds
and wonders if each plant should have a wife.

As forty days approached, some desperation spread,
the little one had leaned against a rose,
by morning though the desert woke to count their dead
and God just sat there knowing nothing grows
without the kindness of his angels' tears,
the flowers could not wait until the Fall.

The little guy had seen a few, about a hundred drops,
had since just stood and waited for the hand of Nature's grace,
he dreamed a bit of lakes and rivers and of thund'ring weirs
and knew within his heart that life itself, it never stops.
He raised his head to show the Gods his small and shrivelled face,
and heard the words come drifting down from a Manuka tree.

It was an owl, a wise old bird, all things are known to owls:
'you're made of love and love will grow, for you it is to be
ordained and sealed, and as it turns, your destiny is free.
And so it flourished, grew so tall that it looked down on weeds
hermaphrodite, as it was known, a plant not made to plan

and for all time it dropped its seeds, for woman and for man.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hermit

There was, yes, once upon a time
a hermit, who, with cause unknown,
had left society to climb
down from the ladder on his own.

He had decided that he could
not tolerate their dusty rules,
and that he, therefore, rather would
live separate from those fools.

He built his cabin in the centre
of thickest brush and nasty thistles.
Remained the only one to enter,
it was his home of bells and whistles.

A stove, a bed, a chair and table.
Two pots, a cup, a small bookshelf.
That's what he wanted, to be able
to live and talk just with himself.

Herbert Nehrlich

Herr Direktor Sieper

His name was Sieper.
Direktor, top enchilada.
He had control of dough
and other matters.
You did get more
if, during an audience
you kept your cranium
near the aequator.

One day we found
Direktor Sieper
who'd lost his way
apparently,
was led inside
the Haus Der Huren
that day in May.
I learned that day.

Oh, student lust
we wished we could
take any breast
to share our dreams.

We smelled it then
as we do now,
and in hindsight,
Sieper was right.

Herbert Nehrlich

Herrmann B. Reminiscing

The ship was huge,
a feast for youthful eyes.
As penniless he walked
and talked, and danced,
until the day that fate did smile.

The word was BINGO, yes
and, amateurs do win,
from time to time.

He now had moved into a class
where wine was near the dinner plate,
two tens and one green five,
not wisely spent though, 't must be said.

He met, though briefly, a young man,
of earnest face and faintblue beard,
a budding scientist well on his way
to freedom far away, the USA.

They landed soon, admiring her,
the statue of all liberty, so tall.
And took their paths into the wild
and wooley world, intent to stay.

Things soured soon in Michigan,
the money gone, he stole the stamps
to send short letters off to distant towns,
in hopes that one would say Hello,
perhaps they'd send a Greyhound voucher
which would be an answer to it all.

The budding scientist, named Herrmann did,
a package soon arrived the day before
and Christmas was a trifle better then.
The snows of January saw him leave,
into yet deeper layers and a tundra freeze,
and when the bus drove into Station Two, St Paul
he'd made it, after all and still inspite.

He clutched a trinket and a tiny little book,
four decades later he would take another look.
'Bujard' said the inscription and to hold my bony chin
up to the world, it would all be alright.
I put it down just now with a delighted grin,
those days you were my hero, Sir, my shining knight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hi You Nice People!

All of my poems have been marked down by multiples of 'one'.
If everyone here wants to stay in an environment like this so be it.

Are you guys real or just strange imitations?

H

Herbert Nehrlich

Hidden Weapons

I heard about the cheers,
onlookers chosen by
the kindly executioners,
who took great pleasure
in ripping off the head
of that big monster,
fed and raised by Uncle Sam.
He'd suffered from a plague,
a brief attack that changed
his endocrine endowment fund,
testosterone ran wild, its foam
engulfing all gray matter and
defiance reared its bearded head
to wander off into the world of dunes
where kingdoms can be built of sand.
With terror only visible inside
his cruel eyes, there was an air
of simple bravery, the shackles held
and fear was smelled by all,
the fear of predator and prey.
The family went mad, the uncle said
we must now bleed the bastards dry,
take on the valiant task of altruism,
to keep the people safe and well,
so all the rellies gathered with their charts,
long lists of weapons to be used,
at last, it was the stuff that builds
and nurtures an economy, a must
for a regime that sees itself as having been
appointed by the Gods to lead,
and to impose its generosity upon the world,
its goodness and a system fit for those
who would be welcomed in the fold,
whose contributions would be seen by all
to be the currency's democracy and peace,
it would be known henceforth to peasants and
to kings and Gods and devils all the same,
the great essence, also known as the Good Oil.

Hiders

Three utterly pathetic
drops of a foul emetic
lounge on the P/H site
they are not very bright
while hiding in the dark
they practice their dull bark.

They cannot write at all
but somehow have the gall
to place their numbers near
new poems, for they fear
that somehow others will
admire poets' skill,
it's envy at its worst
and I am not the first
who did uncover this.

Those who are full of piss
or something called cacatum
accept no ultimatum
because they have to hide
their ultra-rotten side.

There is, it may be said
a reason that has led
them only to use ones:
a dullard always shuns
the complicated things
and even if (s) he sings
they cannot count to three
therefore their misery
restricts what they can use
and thus a 'one' they choose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hiders Are?

Then what are hiders?
Could they be spiders
or backstabbing riders
who cling to the coattails
of history's tux?

From where they could see
those who still remain free
in their effort to flee
many arrows do miss
their target of hearts.

But the time will come
where initially some
will beat their own drum
and the arrows fly back
oh, revenge is so sweet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hiders Under The Pillow

I know people, not many,
who do seem to
for reasons
known to them,
dear to them,
like to hide.
They have
unlisted numbers
with the phone company,
they wear scarves,
sunglasses,
they walk in the shadow of
buildings and trees,
they talk softly,
they answer their calls
by saying HELLO, hesitatingly,
they drive neutral coloured cars,
and they like to be UNSEEN
at poemhunter. And elsewhere.

But then, when the opportunity,
once in a lifetime perhaps,
arises where they could stand,
sit,
crouch,
dance
on the stage, any stage
anywhere,
they shed like dogs
who are afflicted
with acrodermatitis egotistica.

Beware!

Limelight, please!
I have nothing,
really nothing
to hide.
It's just

that the bogeymen
and their cousins
are always
after me. Just me.
Why?

I hear voices,
lots of,
and mean ones,
vicious ones,
on that balcony
and in that pool,
from across the street,
from the spires of the basilika,
from the chimneys of
all of the hot and ugly
crematoria.

They talk, they whisper and
they sing about me,
not to me,
not at me,
not with me,
but about me.

Mean songs they are,
songs of oppression,
of malice and such,
and they never ever
not in this lifetime,
or in the past,
such historic proof,
stop, tone down or,
if they could, fly away.

I hide because
I have something,
a little bit of
sunshine perhaps,
or sugar plums,
or the Queen's secrets,
or Oppenheimer's papers.

To hide and to preserve.

Believe you me,
it is as I say, there are,
without a doubt,
and inevitably so,
ghosts, who will,
if you do let them
and their tentacles,
and all of their
razzamatazz,
come into
yours and mine,
it will surely be our undoing,
and for all it matters,
in the end,
by our hands,
hesitating, yes
but it must be
will be
as God will bless,
your beginning.

Thank us not now.
But hide as we do.
Be invisible
or they will,
in the end of ends,
get you.
Too.

Herbert Nehrlich

High School Report Card

Schlappi said
let's make a braid.
To run away
from every day.
Life is not meant
to be so bent.
Let's bury books
and hide in nooks
report cards too
so they accrue
the dust of age
not parents' rage.
So let us run,
there won't be fun.
We did not ask
to be the mask
of your demise
or clear blue eyes.
Would we be nuts
to have the guts?
I do not think
that on the brink
we could let go.
And that you know.

Herbert Nehrlich

Highballs

They sat there,
deep in thought and sipping rye.
The street had seen
much better days,
heard finer sounds,
though, endlessly,
the sun had worked
its magic on their faces
and set each night,
reminding all
that curfew did apply.

Well, this was Tennessee,
the land that Jack had made
into a paradise for men,
who whiled away the time
avoiding splinters through due care
on rough-hewn benches
that had borne the best,
the flabby cheeks of blacks
and other hues;
all lovers of the drink they still,
in strange defiance, did call Rye.

The day Jack Daniels died
the streets were bare,
and not a whisp of air,
nor could one see
the usual flimmer rising
from the asphalt's heat.

A sudden change had come,
descended like a foreign god
and conquered for a moment
of their warp of time
a snippet that would be,
forever missed
there, in their silent afternoons.

Today, the day he died
there would be words,
thrown at them by the man
who'd join them on the streets
on Thursday afternoons,
if he had managed to prepare
the sermon for the Sunday, come.

He'd earned his dues
and they moved over gladly
to accomodate his ample hips
for, as a learned man he would
at times give overproof advice,
his tongue a bit too slow
and not without a flaw
as he would tumble back
into his North Dakota drawl.

Jack is long gone, of course.
He sat with them just once,
and that was when they put the man
into the dusty ground. The man
who had been crowned by those
whose bosoms he'd carressed
Gentleman Jack. He had a heart
they said as big as his first vat
next to selfsame he'd stood
through many sleepless nights
to guard the sour mash
and keep the rodents and the flies
away from what would be the best
in spirits from the hills of Tennessee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hillary

There once was a girl with ambition
who embarked on a difficult mission,
she was crooked and dumb
and as strange as they come
which makes up a politician.

She ran hard and she cried there, on stage,
and at home she'd fly into a rage,
though she couldn't care less
after Bill did confess
and she knew it would falter with age.

And I ask you how this sour fruit
who is neither too bright nor too cute,
as commander-in-chief
but covertly a thief
take possession of all of the loot.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Bony Foot

Again she rose at dawn,
she always was the one
who had the fortitude
to rise and shine, at six
as if it were required, by
unwritten rules of married life.

A mass of white gray hair
confronted her as a reflection
of age and life's shenanigans,
there would be double doses of
rejuvenating Henna, soon.

She heard his plaintiff snore,
and glanced but briefly
into the room where he would stay
until enticed by odours of Moccona.

She turned and covered now
his bony foot, it must be cold
not ready for the day's routine.
Some fifty years had come and gone,
each morning it had been,
by order of some universal force
the same damn foot that peeked.

She'd never failed to mother it,
regardless of the season
and of his depth of sleep.
But always with a tiny, wicked smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Final Pvc's

His distant friend,
so well respected
by all, had written
that there was nothing
that would, in the end
reverse the weakening
of the histology,
(he put it nicely) ,
and that the DNA
would not take
kindly to all the stress,
would certainly
and with a vengeance
recall the whipping.

Disturbing news,
he found,
are dealt with best
by metamorphosis,
and so, against
the truth itself
he dithered,
and procrastinated,
and in defiance
created endorphins
and did persist
by telling this,
his tired horse
that whipping
had to be endured,
in fact it would improve
and make immortal
those very cells that,
in the nick of time,
in days forgotten,
had pulled themselves
out of the grip of...
the one they call
the reaper of cardiology.

'Myocarditis', he'd said
will never leave
the heart unscathed,
one cannot now,
or in the future
ignore this fact
and then persist
with playing to
an audience
of youngish, braless
women and the like,
and run the marathon
as if the tide had turned
and youth been resurrected.

But, there is always,
on this cruel earth
a choice, speak up
and come to me,
it is essential now
that words to the effect
of myocardial balm
be offered by the voice
of great authority.
It is subjective,
after all and one must,
to rest assured,
decide which truth
would be authentic,
and thus, convenient.

A brilliant man,
lives in the land
where Longhorns roam
came to the party
armed with smiles
and reassurance.
It sometimes helps
to ask the question
in a way that pleases
both ear and mind

as if it had suspended
accountability.

And so it was
that, like Jim Fixx,
he ran and ran
until the day arrived
where only cirrus clouds
were witness to the tragedy.
A painful fistful of PVC's,
those squeezes that,
in any circumstance
no heart would want.
They are the ones
that choke you heartily,
with excess kindness,
with which they kill you.
When they dropped in
to visit him just once
he knew the truth
and reaped its punishment
though only for a minute.
Then he was gone.

And rumours have it,
that on the other side
of cirrus clouds,
there is a runner,
a stubborn man,
who still defies
all odds,
and utters only
those words of wisdom
that suit.
But, on the other hand
the laws of cardiology
do not apply up there.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Green Thumb

He disturbed her well earned and deep slumber,
on the telephone, calling her number.

He said, please darling come
I have grown a green thumb
and it's yielded a giant cucumber!

Herbert Nehrlich

His Job

It squeaked each time it rocked,
as if it needed a small squirt of WD,
the church had given him this chair
to sit within embroidered cushions
and contemplate, that was the key.

These days it seemed that all the weight
of human misery had somehow dropped
onto his shoulders, to be dealt deciding blows,
and he had drawn from inner strengths
the wherewithall, to be His adjutant on earth.

Yet this was different now, the message came
out of the blue from distant shores, a cry it was,
was there no man who would and could be there
to spell it out, the word of God, for those who sin?

There was a soccer game to go and cheer the lads,
the sermon for next Sunday, in anticipation,
the dinner to make peace with family,
and this would be a test, that much he knew,
of who he was, and what he wished to be for all.

He took the can of lubricant and sprayed the chair,
the opportunity belied a silence of the mind,
there was no conflict of the soul, nor would his God
expect convention and convenience, dear to man
make its appearance now to sift through what was true.

A human being, though not known to be a friend
or one who'd drop his silver coins and would confess
in foreign lands, perhaps a stranger to his God,
enduring overwhelmingly, the bitter pains of grief,
there was no wavering, no sudden consultation,
he stood in awe and felt the feeble hand's relief.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Little Secret

And there it was again.
Eight months without
and hope abundant,
his faith, which was
needless to say, things,
real things hoped for,
such as dreams
also necessities,
the foul essentials
of a life he had not wanted.

The bloody pain.
The hospital had seemed,
those years ago
indifferent, yes
because he did not have
a proper policy
nor dog-eared cash
to pay for tests
and 'management'.

No one could tell him
about the nature of
the menace that would come
a couple times a year
with a ferocity
that rivalled death itself.

So, in the end he did consult
the latest books on medicine,
for diagnosis and the lot,
it could be, so they said
diverticulitis, or polyps,
or some type of colitis,
such as Crohn's or IBS,
he also found that, in the end
it was too likely to deteriorate
and turn itself into malignancy,
as if you needed that,

Oh Modern Medicine, he chanted
give me your pills, and potions.
I'll swallow them for peace
and for a cure that does defy
the books and all the learnings,
I do not give a stuff at all.
Just take that friggin' pain away,
and I will pay you with my soul,
when all my money has run out
and crazy devils still persist
in sending missiles straight to me.

He hid the blood as it appeared,
and left no trace for her to find
inside the tub or anywhere,
it was his little secret only now,
the first and so essential
perhaps the gods would show
a bit of mercy.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Operation

A shiny toy it could well be,
in other times and better health.
This bed in Hospital, electric,
with places for restraints,
and cables running parallel
to tubes which carry drainage,
one is so yellow, that's the urine,
originating as usual but conveyed
right through the private member,
stinging when he moves or coughs.

He squeezes the dispenser, demerol,
to kill the pain he has not felt since noon,
great help it is, it lets you go away,
and even doctors will not wake you
on their rounds. They are afraid as well,
like you, to tell you all, and you, unable
to hear or comprehend today, perhaps
including all of 'if tomorrow ever comes'.

They cut you brutally, my friend in need,
to clean it out, the lesion that obstructed
the upper sigmoid so defiantly, on Monday.
No smiles were seen on faces, and no pupils
were showing you their usual connectiveness,
but all would know results tomorrow or today,
a verdict looking hopelessly for listeners.

So, come, my dear companion, Sandman,
you saw me through so many crises, how
could dilemmas get me down and out?
And let me sleep the sleep of innocents,
no lightning strike will kill you in your dreams.

God willing, I am game, oh yes, if needed
you may decide to let me pass into beyonds,
where not a single scathing word is spoken
and only patience is required as a virtue.

His Rose

Her hand was pale
and held a single rose,
picked from his garden
and happy to oblige.
A change of scenery
the promise of a home
among so many flowers,
and lovely melodies
of birds in residence.
She could not bring herself,
within the silence of her heart
to drop the rose into the grave.
A stubborn thought had come
on frizzly wings, it stayed.
She could not take him home,
was free to take his rose
to care for as his loving hands
had done to his last day.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Travels

Cool breezes herald the arrival
of neutral sanity among the folks
who pitter patter through the streets
relieved yet ever saddled with
life's promissary notes, in gold.

Then there is me, a stranger now
a drifter with unknown intentions,
a jaw so tight that people hear
the grinding of the trusty molar guard.

A monkey, stuffed, hangs on a string
and sways above the rosewood dash
as if to show appreciation for the tune
of melancholy and bipolar happiness
content, agreeing with his master
both demons of insane velocity.

He nods his head and grins with teeth
so white that silent lightning flashes
accompany the alabaster dance
of straight Teutonic lines, dividing
as they do, so orderly, within the law
the cubic inches of the ones who have
from common citizens, still filled with hope.

As clouds appear to hurry home
to some unknown and worthy paradise,
he bites his nails in bitter privacy
only the monkey senses the uncertainty
so unaware of it, oblivious to destiny.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Tsantsas

Placing his feet upon the desk
his eyes swept over all his treasures,
two rather large bookcases of Tasmanian oak,
a disorderly parade of volumes and journals,
some stacked precariously, threatening
to slide should the mood strike them,
two old friends from the days of war,
hump pilots they were known as and some,
the ones who did make it back in one piece,
had smuggled one or two, they did not occupy
much luggage space, he'd wondered how they had,
with jungle tools, been able to reduce
the skull itself to something of a miniature,
skin did not hang, in fact was taut, of acorn brown,
small eyes that seemed alive beneath closed lids
and would observe the world, of that he was quite sure.
On Christmas Day he felt the force, today would be
the time to say his quick and indignant good byes,
he nodded to the heads expecting nothing in return,
and as he passed the pair just stared with open eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

His Weed

It was a balmy night,
the soldiers had come home,
the war fought for the geezers
by the young, the beautiful,
was would be strife,
and famine, endless queues
where bloodshot eyes would beg
for just a chunk of bread,
or fatback from the front,
last minute rations pried from farms
to give an extra boost to troops
whose age could be determined
on the fingers of two hands.
He'd thought about it ever since
he carried home the shame,
of cowardice while facing death,
four bullets had been saved
inside his Walther, they would do.
He'd find a lonely spot deep
in the forest where he'd played
while young and it felt right
to end it all among sweet memories.

He checked his weapon then
and felt the changed terrain,
his foot had stepped on moss,
it felt like home, he stopped to see.

There were a hundred flowers,
they occupied a meadows fringe,
well shielded from the winds by weeds.
He feasted tired eyes and bent to touch.
They were just flowers, they would be
and stay after he'd done the ugly deed.

He caught a sudden move, it was a weed,
strange, out of place amidst the crowned,
but it was full of life, of quiet class
though nothing special could be seen

by human eyes, it was a weed.

He sat, for reasons other than are known,
until the morning sun demanded that he sneeze.
He could not leave the pretty weed, where it had grown
and there were sparkles from the dew drops in the breeze.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hiv

Outside, the sky was
a mixture of
sun
and fluffy clouds.
A thin mist was coiled
around
skyscrapers
and,
as she looked out
she smiled at
aunt-like pedestrians
as they scurried
along the
busy street.

Clickety-clack,
the bright yellow tram
running on the
old tracks.
Traffic stopped,
letting the monster pass,
then an entire herd
of Cadillacs, Chevy's
and lower class vehicles
eased forward,
slowly,
pedestrians clung
to the shade
and at precisely
twelve, noon
a bomb she had named
Priscilla Mae,
after the one who had
with such precision
given her that damned HIV
during a wild lesbian night.

She had planted
the contraption herself,

inside the shaft
that connected
the eighty-eighth
with the lower floors.

Her little world,
worked for and deserved,
had stood idly by
and done zilch.

Now they would know
and nothing less
would do,
than
the ultimate,
the punishment that fit
this crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hogg

I wonder if this resident wears pink,
a pig he is, not made by God to think.
His writing is below what they call plain
it causes little pleasure but some pain.
Perhaps some lipstick would increase his status,
though nothing much will emanate but flatus.
A hog of any other name is still a hogg,
the brains of porkers and the presence of a log.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hog's Breath Café

Shallow she was,
make up by the pound,
eye shadow, crimping tool.
So many rings
all over.

But nothing much
in way of soul
or heart,
which does
if you consider
the world today,
assist in adaptation
and survival.

So when the gang of thirty,
all Harley guys, in leather,
came to the town that day,
they brought their filth
into the Hog's Breath Café,
where late that night,
they had their grinning way,
yes, all of them
some sober,
and used their calloused hands.

Though no one had anticipated
that she would smile throughout.
And be an active
and quite helpful
if not to say aggressive,
yet enthusiastic
participant.

And when the sun peeked in
at dawn,
she said
' Well guys, it has been fun,
but nothing lasts these days,

so, do you mind?
I am most ready,
right this second, truly.
My name is Shallow
and I own this
happy joint.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hollow Laughter

Yes, her laughter rang hollow
but they stayed right behind,
one good reason to follow
was that some were quite blind.

Ah, we hate the assertive
in a woman at that,
throwing glances so furtive
at her dress and her hat.

If we look past our noses
we may see a bit more;
even tulips and roses
may appeal to a boar.

It's a boomerang's giggle
as it homes in on you
will you dance, will you wiggle
or go hide in the loo?

Herbert Nehrlich

Holy

He drank the wine
behind the altar
in solitude, for God.
A roach had fallen in
though unbeknownst
perhaps God-given
in its holy wisdom.
And when the words
about the flesh and blood
were heard as echoes,
he knew with certainty
that there was righteousness
inside the Beaujolais.

Herbert Nehrlich

Home After The Battles

He'd walked a thousand miles,
shot in the back near Petersburg,
and brought the Russian bullet home.
His path led by the doctor's home
he would not stop as finer things
awaited at her castle, near the church.

With borrowed strength fell in the door
and 'home at last' rolled of his lips,
frostbitten ears took in the sound
and all the meaning of it, before he did,
another warrior had arrived before
and Welcome was reserved for only one.

He did not worry that the bullet caused,
in just three days a poisoned blood
and gangrenous disintegration.
The stash of hidden bottles had remained,
unfound and unappreciated until today.

Surrounded by a dozen empty ones
they found him with the happy smile
he had reserved and carried through
the steppes on his journey, for her.

The preacher said that stress of war
and what the soldiers saw out in
the battlefield, was often way too much.
But he remained quite still and kept his smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Home Alone

When I woke up this morning, sweet,
I looked at empty space.
Your covers still were straight and neat,
your nightie flashed its lace.

Remembered then, you're overseas
to straighten out a mess.
(Oh could you hurry, pretty please!)
I'll starve without - no less.

I clean the floors and all the doors,
I polish glass, refill the gas,
scrub sparkling tubs
and miss your rubs,
I do the dishes
and feed the fishes.

'What does he eat', goes through your mind,
I might as well reveal it,
at Woolies I made this great find:
It's thirty seconds-meal-it.

And for desert, the old cheesecake,
a bit of chocolate ice,
you want to know what feeds me now
I have no further vice.

The nights are bad and really sad,
I toss and turn, might even snore.
My dream shows I am going mad:
I mumble 'Darling, MORE! '

So, here is counting that you will
come back soon, could you run?
A new suggestion, further still
is ask the pilot, Hon:
If you explain your aching heart
I'm sure he'll understand.
He'll crank her up to do his part

to reach our sweet homeland.

Until that time, I must confess
I'm wrapped around your pillow.
I kiss it often, drool no less,
sigh like a weeping willow.

When you arrive I'll pluck you from
our airport Immigration
and spin you like a CD-Rom
to show you my elation.

And take you home where you belong,
my love, I kiss you sweetly,
and then we listen to our song
by Jacques, he fits in neatly.

You'll never know how sweet it is
to wake up next to you.
Impatiently wait for your kiss
it's true that I love YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Home Handyman Meets Skunk

A dripping tap can drive you mad,
all day and night it goes.
My youngster is a clever lad,
attached a lengthy hose.
And, by the time the hose filled up
a new problem arose,
the cistern spills out from the top,
a faulty valve won't close.

The baby's nappy went into
the toilet's wide-mouthed drain,
was followed by a tiny shoe
and if this sounds insane,
you should have been at our house
last week when lights went dim,
the wire chewed by one lone mouse
who looked extremely grim.
And when I had reset the switch
the dog outside went crazy,
she was a pretty noisy bitch
but normally quite lazy.

A rotten stench had now appeared,
I stepped outside to see.
There found what I'd surmised and feared,
the dog was running free.
Around the house she carried on,
that horrid smell got stronger,
so from my truck I got the gun,
this could not wait much longer.

A father skunk, all black and white,
had found his way inside,
a single bulb, not too much light
was here my only guide.
The shotgun made by Remington,
12 gauge and buckshot shells,
I aimed and fired quickly then,
which did increase the smells.

The sound was dull, somewhat subdued,
six bullets brought him down.
It was a day when trouble brewed
and I was now the clown.

All lights went out, I will be frank,
I'd shot the furnace feed
that carried oil from the big tank
to heat the house in need
of winter warmth when nasty blizzards
and arctic cold snaps threaten,
one does not have to be a wizard
to know there will be frettin'
at minus twenty with no heat
and no electric power.
I was now staring at defeat
and very late the hour.

Five children huddled in one bed,
the Misses lit the cooker,
propane tanks standing in the shed,
installed by Cecil Booker.

The flash of name was just what I
required in this drama,
so in a while Cecil stopped by,
he hailed from Alabama.
We fixed the line and where it had
sprayed into the connection,
on frozen bellies worked like mad
but from that main direction
the gagging odour was too much,
the lad now took the lead,
threw up his dinner, and as such
we had an equal need.

The day was saved and we got drunk,
old Cecil stayed the night.
If you have never smelled a skunk
some lucky day you might.

Home It Was

I hear the silence in the sounds my footsteps make
and feel the birds above, they briefly hold their tongues,
the path is endless, it may lead me to the lake
where fishes play in waters without lungs.

The master walked these frosty, mossy tracks
the Kickelhahn a refuge in the cold,
while tardy ants bore grasses on their backs
the majesty of trees was never told.

The sun, a distant power of the heights
seeks timidly a sign of life to grow,
there was a holiness to Goethe about lights,
and he would wander on to leave his thoughts below.

I felt the greatness of a love instilled at birth,
no force would tame my new-found hunger to belong,
this is my patch, my treasured parcel of the earth
where pompous nightingales still sing to me their song.

Yes, I have failed to hold the hand that is for me,
today the breath of mossy pines is but a thought.
I sought the stars and foreign beaches to be free
while playing chicken in a battle never fought.

Herbert Nehrlich

Homer

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa ran late
he had been rather busy with too much on his plate.
As they rounded the corner at the Post Office Square
they encountered a rather formidable bear.

As the bear was a grizzly and bigger than Nick
he was driving the reindeer to the side with his stick.
But the snow had been heavy and they lost it right then
heading straight for the grizzly with their vehicle, when,
from a sky came an angel with the words 'may God bless'
and now Santa could manage, he'd received ABS!

And the bear, who was happy that his life had been spared
he went over and told them how he utterly cared,
and he petted the reindeer with his scruffy big paw
when the littlest one fainted at the feet of his Ma.

Yelled the mother 'you monster, you have killed my own child
I will hunt you and chase you, all the way to the wild! '
And the bear who had wanted to be kind, to belong
was bewildered and saddened as he hadn't done wrong.
It was over in minutes and the snow turned to crimson
thus today it's not Santa but that strange Homer Simpson.

Herbert Nehrlich

Homocysteine

The substance is called methionine
it's part of any protein.

It keeps the system working fine,
though by itself is seldom seen.

It breaks down into something that
attacks, like Drano, all the cells.
It travels through the body's fat
and triggers there the warning bells.

The name is Homocysteine,
discovered forty years ago.
McCully saw it in a teen
who died from it. It was a blow.

We humans do have great defenses
against the harshness of our foes,
though many don't come to their senses
they cannot look much past their nose.

That Homocystein is seen
by enzymes that launch their grenades
to stop the stuff that is so keen
to earn its bad guy accolades.

The skirmishes are very short.
The body wins on one condition,
that nutrients, the proper sort
are well-supplied through smart nutrition.

Yes, pyridoxine, folic acid
cobalamine and TMG,
protect you from becoming flaccid,
and keep you well as you should be.

Remember now, don't listen to
the modern hucksters, those who bleat
what's poison and what's good for you,
and if you wonder what to eat

make fats your first priority.
It ought to be a good two-thirds,
for protein, believe you me
eat fatty steaks and scrumptious birds.

Use butter on your veggies, lots
three eggs a day, that would be great.
Keep lard and tallow in big pots,
have crabs and lobster on your plate.

But shun that imitation butter,
it's only one small step away
from plastic and it will cause utter
destruction of votre santé.

Commercial milk, fast food and coke
are not what humans ought to eat.
It's such a pity that a bloke
is programmed for the big defeat.

Drink coffee, yes, with lots of cream.
No sugar though, no aspartame.
Life is a bitch and it may seem
that all is just a deadly game.

The number two main cause of death
is Medicine, a toxic toad.
Before you take your final breath
do walk the much less travelled road.

You ask what would be number one?
Do leave the bible on the shelf.
Of all the things beneath the sun
it's being born, it's life itself.

Herbert Nehrlich

Honeymoon

My sister married, once again.
They said it was a joke,
of all the Fatherland's keen men
who would not mind the yoke
she picked a cousin, hers and mine
whose wife had bought the farm
this cousin is quite fond of wine,
the family viewed with alarm
the budding love unfold so fast,
nothing could slow this train
who knows how long this trip can last.
In the compartment all are happy
some dance, some sing and some are drunk
some hours later he is crappy
retires early to his bunk.
The morning sees him still in bed
his bride is drinking stale champagne
not knowing yet that he is dead
and that the journey was in vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Honeymoon Sonnet

In silken sheets of her Italian bed
we consummated after we were wed
the union that each soul is lusting for
woke in the morn to a most fright'ning roar
it was the lion who had left his cage,
again he roamed the streets in fiery rage.
This had to stop, we could expend no lives
of servant husbands and their faithful wives.
The cages at the zoo had been unlocked
all beasts escaped, this moment someone knocked
upon my door, it was the Maitre D.
who whispered 'you must follow to be free'.
A sudden flash of movement caught my eye
gigantic paws swiped at the man, went by
stood in the room in front of her and me
my newlywed cried 'I must go and pee.'
There was no way that we could here survive
oh what a turn, we want to stay alive!
I mumbled loudly, folded hands to pray
while the new spouse yelled 'please just go away.'
And at the sound of irate woman's scorn
that moment at the honeymoon's own morn
the lion shook his mane and arched his back
it soon appeared that he might not attack.
He slammed the door so splinters flew around
went in the lift and pressed the button 'Ground'.

And us? We hopped right into the big bed
to celebrate the fact we were not dead.
And you? In case you think I'd tell a fib
it is the same truth as in Adam's rib.
My friend, about these things one makes no jokes,
and I would never kid you decent folks.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hook, Line And Sinker

I have always wondered what it means
when someone using oral means
says something so colloquial
that it is understood by all
except us foreigners of course
yes language, it is such a force!

A lady fishing from the bridge
her husband though had climbed a ridge
they were in heated competition
and liked the thought of going fishing.

A tug was felt along her line
at first she felt she should recline
and pull until the fish came out
it probably would be a trout.

It did not work and hubby yelled
about the way his sweetheart held
the fishing pole, she called him 'stinker'
then she fell in, hook, line and sinker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hoolie

She actually isn't mine at all.
Jack Russell Terrier called Hoolie.
Replacement for the one who did
with canine curiosity, while daring fate
attack the snake we call King Brown
here in these parts of our Down Under.
Don't get me wrong, my friends,
she is a schmaltzy, pretty, lovely girl.
A little chubby but agile enough
to clean the table just in case we have
a party where the alcohol made sure
that bits and pieces lay around in boredom.
We do have winter here, although it is a joke,
it is the tropics after all, there is no cold
or freezing weather that would keep you,
or make you sorry you set foot here after all.
But little Hoolie, as I enter home from work,
looks up with eyes that do remind me of well what?
A Chinese warrior of Kung Fu, no not at all,
but of a grandma, though Chinese, with squinty eyes.
I rush right over to put back her gray-blue blanky
it states Lufthansa on it, oh the memories,
and in the night she snuggles next to my best pillow,
she only snores on Easter Sunday and some nights.
My wife is all entranced with both her mongrel dogs,
she thinks that feeding them and taking care is it,
but little Hoolie knows that love from this old goat
is all of what you see and do imagine, and for real.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hoon's Cat

A magpie, on the prowl since noon
had spotted a well-pimpled hoon.
The hoon burned rubber on the street
no cop was seen to walk his beat.
The magpie worried, since the noise
would probably disturb his boys.
The boys were resting in the nest
this year with twins he had been blessed.
The wife, she had eloped last week
with that disgusting Peckerfreak.
So Magpie swooped until the sun
made sitting in the car no fun.
The hoon had rolled his window down
quickly the magpie went to town.
As you might know these birds can maim
and once attacked you ain't the same.
This hoon lost nose and half an ear
he didn't care, due to the beer
a cop came suddenly and pounced
he tested him and then announced
Four times above, you're off to jail
the hoon now turned a shade of pale.
Up in the tree the magpie sat
revenge was sweet for Hoon's fat cat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hoover Go Home

There's a new guy named Henry Hoover
he is not what you call a smart groover
they have dumped him downtown
for attacking a clown
his delusions were inside the Louvre.

He was put up by dummies onsite
to belittle, to stir and to fight
but the brain he was missing
was an empty can hissing
so we told him to fly a kite.

His name may be Hooverstein
which would make him no friend of mine
would he like to see Harry
and the two could be merry
they could also jump into the Rhine.

On this poem discussion site
it is certainly never quite right
that the weirdos do flash
'cause we do pay no cash
may Emilie bid them a good night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hopes

She saw, there on her bed a sock,
and wondered where the sock was made,
a bigger fool, the laughing stock
could not exist. In second grade
the teacher did suggest she be
sent to the special school, because
the lunch her mother packed for her
contained just gristle, skin and claws.
When asked, would this food nourish you,
small Sarah said well, sure, of course,
it's bits and cuts of caribou
and nostril flares cut from a horse.
The teachers worried, her cognition
did not appear to thrive and grow,
she much preferred her huntin'/fishin'
and wear huge trotters in the snow.
Well, let me tell you, folks, this filly
was real blond and had no brains,
her laugh was petulant and silly
and caused the other children pains.
There are some morons who now ponder
how Sarah can be groomed to reach
the White House, as the latest wonder
of man's her speech.
I ask you, folks how could a donkey
lead horses, even goats in war
to me, a dull, retarded monkey
needs to be sent to Ecuador.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hopflower Tea

He calls it tea, hopflower tea to be exact.
He's neither British nor acquainted with Earl Grey.
He drinks so many gallons, could it be a fact
that a medicinal effect is, if I may
peruse the term, me, clumsy ignoramus,
a tonic then of culinary treasures,
which, since the ancient times of Mr. Nostradamus
has been so popular as one of life's great pleasures,
that many thousands have enriched their local brewers
to feast on golden brown and aromatic juices,
which, after duly being discharged into sewers,
provide nutritious party times, constructive uses
for rats and mice and other vermin roaming there,
then, circulated once again through their small systems
it then ends up in soils whose produce we will share,
the benefits of hop tea are too numerous to list them.

So, who am I to look with undisguised disgust
upon the drinker of much beer, day in and out?
I say, my friends, you drink as drink you must
and only stop if God does send to you the gout.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hops

On old Olympus mountain tops
two crazy Germans shared some hops.
The hops were of the liquid kind
they always let a man unwind.
They drank out of big pewter cups
and soon rolled off the mountain tops.

Herbert Nehrlich

Horizons

Said the featherless bird
he's a nerd, he's a nerd.
But the world never heard
a more lyrical word.

Let him fly to the sky
keep the eagle's own eye
on the whisky and rye
and the kangaroo pie.

At Gantamano Bay
only chaplains may pray.
Justice sick and astray
at the dawn of his day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hormonal

It was a whisper, really.
Perhaps a bit metallic.
A voice suppressed from freely
expressing something phallic.

Okay, so, call it hoarse,
gravels of adrenalin,
which infiltrates, of course
tissues behind the chin.

The masseter, a muscle, which
just moves the jaw around,
and when you reach into the fridge,
at last a tasty morsel found
it helps you chew as well as speak.

Yet when testosterone gets going,
you're up the 'only-human' creek,
with hair and skin supremely glowing,
but what affects boys and their toys

makes salivary glands unstable,
at first they drool, (that soon annoys) ,
right after they become unstable
can't squeeze a lousy, single drop.

This state, when there is liquid missing,
while other structures stand right up,
is not conducive to much kissing.
Though time makes honey for the bees
and is a rather patient tutor,
some mice are caught with cheddar cheese,
a special one runs my computer.

I hope you get my latent drift.
Speak up. Forever hold your peace.
The gab can never be a gift
that epinephrine lets you seize.

Hormones

He always raced, galloping up the stairs,
four flights it was, and at the top was SHE.
They had succumbed to what they knew was love,
and practiced making it, the end of every day.
And in the night, until the sun peeked in,
and as each time vulgarity had filled her to the hilt,
she laughed, inside of course, not openly at all,
a sense of peace took hold of her, it trickled from
her fiery loins and seeped from swollen lips,
through feathered downs, evaporating soon
through touch of heat and friction, gushing then
a mix of two philosophies, shy meeting of two stars.

One day it took, the fastest one had found a mate,
and they began the ritual inside the velvet cave,
until they grew and grew, expanding their horizons too,
but soon, there was a short inside the secret playing field.
She took it hard, this changing time and found a strength
made up of cold and brutal eyes and booming voice,
there was a diagnostic test of course, it showed a flaw,
so many androgens and free testosterone, a thought of boys?

She never caught herself, the spirit had destroyed
the last and pleasant remnants of a happy girl, at speed.
Each day she cursed her fate, it seemed that
Gods had been annoyed, and there was death for them indeed.
It was the end because it had been so ordained,
he packed his bags and cried a little in his socks,
and then he left, confused and terrified of sorts,
there was a stirring near his dufflebags, a dime
it had been waiting in his flowered boxershorts.
He took the stairs when going down, one at a time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Horny Roaches

In the middle of the night
Robert woke due to a fright.
Something hairy had appeared
in his dream and Robert feared
that the dream was very real
so from his lips emerged a squeal.

When one squeals one's mouth is wide
open thus from side to side.
In the case of Robert then
he had grown to six foot ten
pearly teeth were on display
showing, frontward slight decay.

Something now, from Robert's dream
brown and ugly, slick as cream
crawled with criminal intent
through the lips that were not meant
to allow those creatures in.

At this moment, on his chin
sat a stately specimen
Robert (who was six foot ten)
had returned to pleasant dreams
and, because of this, it seems
Robert spent his night in bed
in the morning he was dead.
Roach had fallen, maybe jumped
into darkness, was then humped
by another, of those creatures
both were into porno features.
Wildly thrashing to orgasm
caused an upper tracheal spasm
needed was the H-manoeuve
Heimlich though was in Vancouver.
Forty most disgusting seconds
which, the Coroner now reckons
must have been his Hell on earth
though the lower roach gave birth

nineteen days post copulation
thus it shows that fornication
in the pipe that carries air
those that body fluids share
can be roaches from your dreams
even little insect teams
Keep your mouth at night well sealed
it is not a playing field
Robert, after he had died
kept his mouth still open wide
that is how the two got out
one was small the other stout.
Had they stayed inside the pipe
which if you can trust the hype
they would have been suffocated
in the end eliminated
would have gone onto the slab
afterward into pre-fab
coffins while inside their victim
knowing that he really tricked them.

Herbert Nehrlich

Horse Sense Under The Oak Tree

It was the greenest green
that she had ever seen.
A tiny, sad-eyed frog,
daydreaming on a log.

'She' was, of course, a horse,
who used, as a good source
of minerals the log
upon which sat the frog.

It was a cloudless, balmy day
and many children were at play.
They did not bother either critter
due to their spinster babysitter.

Thus undisturbed, they did commence
a conversation near the fence.
The mare inquired why the green
was something she had never seen.

The frog, though young, said 'At my age
I'm somewhat of a macrophage,
my diet has its own routine
most bugs I eat contain some green.

Derived from noble chlorophyll,
the stuff keeps you from getting ill.'
'I see', the horse said, 'what about
a horse like me? I'm rather stout,

a fancy Palomino mare
with chestnut colour, which is rare.
Mind you, I like the way I look
in the reflection of the brook

up at the quarry, near the tip,
though I don't like my lower lip.'
'I know', the frog huffed, 'you were born
with chestnut colour on that morn,

what keeps you chestnut is your habit
to get up late, unlike the rabbit,
you eat the grass when it turns brown! '
The mare had placed a thoughtful frown

upon her fat-lipped oblong face,
'now understand that our race
is quite superior to small fry
like frogs and insects, who all die

without a funeral or wake.
You just get eaten, for the sake
of fighting excess population.
Which, a result of fornication

takes food away from upper classes!
I'm sure you've heard of 'horses' asses',
that shows how popular we are.
A horse is, everywhere, a star.....'

'But Sire', interjects the frog,
I am just like a vital cog,
without me, bugs would take control,
that's why all creatures play a role.'

The mare regarded him with pity,
' You do not grasp the nitty-gritty,
I do not mind your bulging eyes,
but in this life, what counts is size! '

They talked some more, but in a while
the frog was tasting bitter bile
inside his gallic apparatus.
But when the mare let out a flatus

it was too much of condescension.
And, rapidly, now grew the tension.
An oak tree who had lived nearby
since Julius Ceasar said good-bye

had overheard this harsh exchange,

suggested that he could arrange
a resolution to enable
both animals within this fable

to make their peace without delay,
as oak trees always find a way.
So, in the shadow of the tree
they let their bygones bygone be.

The oak had told them that 'with age
one gradually discards their rage.
And green turns brown, and brown turns gray
and all of that is quite okay.

But that the wisdom of the ages
occurs reluctantly, in stages,
and that no creature can be free
until they reach old age like me.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Horseflesh

Was it the devil resting on
my rubber booted foot?
He drank for an eternity,
his mane reminding me
that flies abound in sulphur air
the weight was overwhelming now,
a hoof so sharp, of Clydesdale size,
a gentle, crushing giant.
The memory of that event
has lingered now for years,
the more I live the more I fear
it was the foot of Satan.
Perhaps the horse, for just one day,
a kindred spirit unbeknownst,
to both of us, but devils scorned,
sees wooden stakes aimed at the heart
of evil aimed at beast and man.
There was a scent that made me stand
in warming touch, unspoken words,
so close that it attracted him
a grimacing mad face.
Yet in the face of balmy heat
and feral understanding
two souls so distant, under par
unite in harmony.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hospital Patient

Jim had been operated on,
and was what they, with optimism,
call in recovery, back on the ward,
had telephone and operas of soap,
suspended from the snored,
most of the day and slurred his speech
all other times. I called him yesterday,
they would, it seemed release him,
end of week for sure, weather permitting,
another specialist would see him in four weeks.
To do what this one was too chicken to reveal.

Tonight I called him, to say hello and howdydoo,
an ancient voice devoid of substance said Hello,
so could old Jim have made the trip down to the,
what-you-ma-call-it place with its own chill,
or was he home, sent there by God's good grace?

I wished him well, the fellow with the whisper voice,
and heard him clearly, very lucidly express,
the inner wish that my welcome intrusion
would have an answer for him, one
he could not do without, but it was not to be.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hot And Present

She stepped into his suite,
as per request, in miniskirt,
a chiffon blouse
and nothing down below.
He made her wait,
the scribbling went on
and he could see she did,
(all women do get bored) ,
her hand now strayed
into her lap, two digits raised
in languid expectation.
He asked about it then
and she replied, oh nothing Sir,
but went ahead and looked
into dilated eyes,
legs well apart,
there was no skirt
nor would a skirt be missed,
a flash of shaven pink,
reflecting in its dew
a miniature of Robin Hood,
who nodded as he gazed
into the valley called Beyond,
a spring seems to have sprung,
its flow a careless ease
until a rhythm from within
takes on a cadence of a life
whose only purpose is to die
repeated little deaths, each day
a throbbing presence, light and gay
his mouth attracted now to be
within the essence of all sin.
Hands busy, fleshy towers raising high
two buttons soon competing, quick to swell,
inside expansion, losing grip, a liquid tide
without cognition's condescending sober ride.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hotrod

He was a petrol sniffing man
he always carried one big can
to drive the hot rod at high speed
he had this everlasting need
to burn the rubber of his tyres
and light those Goodrich tyre fires
one day the coppers laid some spikes
he tried to stop but then yelled Yikes
as a result he went to jail
another hotrod paid his bail
his wife then asked for a divorce
and he went back to his old horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

How Do I Look?

She said something exquisite here today:

'It's like you're standing -warts and all- no mercy, naked.
Exposed to hungry eyes of your new handsome lover.
You know your image, yet you want to quickly take it
with trusted assets, dear to you, back under cover.
It makes the world of difference if one day you learn
that love and lust may yet be amply represented
in eyes that gaze with palpable concern.
A lovely sight you are he says because he meant it. '

The words confirm for you that he is here to stay.

Herbert Nehrlich

How It All Began

A star fell onto virgin earth
and triggered there a holy birth.
Forgive me, but it has been said
that until then the world was dead
and God who was the man in charge
was dreaming of a giant barge.

When plans were ripe for its construction
and formulas and smart deduction
had been laid out on God's own table
he mixed some dough, made Kain and Able
and told them 'go and fornicate',
which they sure did. At any rate
he soon had plenty human souls
to fill the shoes and take the roles
of changing into something clever
the deserts of the world forever.

But, in his haste and short of staff
he did take time to have a laugh,
had left his office for a minute
with all his lab equipment in it.

And as he looked upon the map
he had forgotten that the tap
was running in his office still
it was to be the biggest spill
of water that could ever be.

I think it scared him, but to flee
was not what Gods were meant to do
so he ordained quicksmart a crew
led by the first who stood nearby
his name was Noah, quite a guy.

So in the end all things went well
the arc itself went through the swell
of all the waters with great ease
was followed by a healthy breeze.

You see that's how the whole thing started,
and not because the Devil farted.

Herbert Nehrlich

How Many Sleeps

When I was small I liked to keep
a calendar to count the days,
and, too, the nights, that's when I sleep,
but there are many different ways
to keep good track of what's in store
especially the pleasant stuff
so I devised the rules for more
of what we figure as enough.
Each dawn I open a small pane,
a paper window, look inside
and it allows to ascertain
how far away would be the tide.
How many sleeps, so asks the child
until we hug to mark the date,
and in my cabinet is filed:
tis is the day and not too late.

Herbert Nehrlich

How Odd

The two were really no match,
she called him names like Duh and Snitch,
he answered her, you silly snatch
and mother is a crazy witch.
Their conversations, filled with stunts
ad hominem attacks galore
both were, what you could call the runts
the children of a common oar.
Wood is the origin of man
the carver chops off little bits,
but all behaviour in the can
must be restricted, so no Brits,
they are their best when milk is used
and sweetness from the honeypot,
rough treatment gets you mad and bruised
inject it like a polio shot!
Well I can see that I digress,
all nudity as made by God,
leaves man to value woman's dress
which, like this poem, may be odd

Herbert Nehrlich

How Sad It Is

I just knew I would get her small goat
hence I purchased a five meter boat.
I shall send all my stuff
wrapped in tinsel and fluff
and I'll wear my new re-enforced coat.

It is strange and a bit of a pain
to see brethren tied down by a chain.
But there's nothing amiss
in my own private bliss,
it will never include Courtney Kane.

Herbert Nehrlich

How The Canetoad Came To Australia

It was near Cairns, out on the road.
A rather homely looking toad
was of a mind to find his mate.
'Twas raining heavily, and late.

He dodged, with luck and clumsy feet
the cars that occupied the street.
He'd jump a bit and then duck down
and was the picture of a clown.

He smelled her lovely pheromones
and ached inside his cane toad bones.
But had not touched her, eye to eye
because he was a trifle shy.

She'd taken off, late afternoon,
had left them all at the lagoon,
as if she were to, somewhere else
find HIM, with whistles and with bells.

Her skin was, you could say light blue
and changed in hue like Uluru.
Thus she stood out from all the crowd
which ought to never be allowed

because a toad who won't fit in
due to, let's say, a double chin,
will quickly get a bloated brain
which in itself will make him vain..

Miss Toad, as you can visualise,
had glacier blue and bulging eyes,
though not exceptional in height
wore a colossal underbite.

What to her suitors was not clear
is, whether all her other gear,
well hidden under warts and abs
was feminine and not just scabs.

II

Toads shed their skin each time they shrug,
you could crochet a blue-green rug
from one large creature in no time;
just wash it to remove the slime.

This male who called himself a teen
did trust his instincts and was keen
to spend some time inside a ditch
(yet, he had not yet found the bitch!) .

So he kept dodging through the night,
just hoping for the pretty sight
that played inside his ugly head,
and then! He thought she might be dead.

You know how our better halves
run willy-nilly, like young calves,
in circles down those freeway lanes,
and on the track, avoiding trains.

He started worrying at once.
His dream of daughters and of sons
seemed to have gone into a void;
he raised his feet now and said 'Floyd! '

It was his name, in case you think
that he was closer to the brink
that separates from sanity
all those embracing misery.

He spoke the words that could be heard
and understood by every nerd,
that he had come to save the cane.
Those near considered him insane.

All farmers closed their ears and eyes
to canetoad's ramblings and his cries.
They thought he was another pest

and to ignore him would be best.

But, at the junction of the road
our hero Floyd who was a toad,
was spotted by a scientist
who grabbed him with a flabby fist.

Just then young Floyd had, with his tongue
caught a young beetle who had hung
inside a sugarplant at that,
he'd eaten lots and gotten fat.

It was a plague and they all knew
that every sugarcane they grew
would be attacked and eaten bare,
the beetles got a hefty share.

The learn-ed man now saw his chance
to grow in stature and advance,
by saving all the sugar fields
and drastic'ly increase their yields.

What Floyd had not accomplished yet
until he and the fellow met,
was simple for the learn-ed man,
he caught the female in a can

by using pheromones from Floyd,
'twas something females can't avoid.
And soon they were inside a shed
then, minutes later they were wed.

The scientist turned off the light
and used the balance of the night
to write a thesis, well, an ode
about the future of the toad.

Floyd did produce a lot of sperm
(each did resemble a small worm) ,
and in the end Maureen gave birth
to thousands that enriched the earth.

The scientist, a scrawny chappy,
was overwhelmed and very happy.
He gave a speech then on T V
and told them how they would be free
of beetles, courtesy of brains
he mentioned great financial gains.

You see, he said, the toads will eat
their very favourite, tasty meat
and thus eliminate the cause,
his voice was drowned by much applause.

The years went by and, yes indeed
Floyd and his clan did breed and breed.
Some thirty thousand thrice a year
of warty toads that have no fear.

The problem though was that the toads
ran circles on those country roads.
Although they tried and tried to teach
the toads to climb, so they could reach

the canetoadbeetles in the stalks.
A toad just sits there and he gawks,
while drooling on his underbite
and making noises in the night.

Well, now and then a beetle will
fall to the ground, remaining still.
His camouflage his only chance,
but then, you'll see the killers dance

They'll rip him into tiny bits
and feed the pieces to the kids.
Meanwhile, on Highway number seven
the scientist just went to Heaven.

Irate they were, those farmer blokes,
not in the mood for further jokes.
No matter how he dodged and hopped
that mob of farmers had him stopped.

Note:

Bufus Marinus, the cane toad, was imported by Australian Agriculture authorities when it was observed that they would eat (with gusto) , the beetle destroying Australian canefields. Once the toads had multiplied (each female can lay 30,000 eggs three times each year) it was discovered that the toads could kill small animals like dogs with their toxic venom. What they were unable to do was to climb. So, the beetles and the toads sort of grew up together. Many friendships were formed and only a few beetles were actually eaten. Tasty though they might be. Today, the beetles continue to look down on the toads from their lofty heights, while munching sugar cane.

Herbert Nehrlich

How You Lose Them

Down by the raging river stood
a handsome Daffodil,
his head protected by a hood
and his demeanour still.
A raven, passing in the night
had dropped a single seed
onto the soil from awesome height
near to a tumbleweed.
The wind near rivers often sways
in its determination,
its harshness on occasion slays
new budding vegetation,
the tumbleweed was blown downstream
by icy waters' grace
the daffodil had been a dream
and such a pretty face.
The years went by and none are wise
that by the river's edges
at times two pairs of lonely eyes
are longing to make pledges.
The daffodil remained at home
and wondered in his bosom
if he could write a little poem
subtitled: 'How You Lose Them.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Huffing

They huffed and they puffed and they brought the house down
then they rested with cig's in their bed,
on the Telly appeared the most pitiful clown
it was mostly her face and her head.
As was usual a rise was the hope of the day
but the one on the screen did distract,
would you kindly he said make that bitch go away
for the sake of another lewd act?
So she kicked with her boot at the plasma TV
to make Democrat demons depart
is that him dear or only the top of your knee..
as she said it they both heard a fart.
It was Sarah who'd come to play comedy games
she was dressed in the skin of a moose,
the horizon showed Putin's log cabin in flames
in the air a Canadian goose.
Said the man let us wait for the weekend my dear
I shall get me some oysters and shrimp,
but the thought of those two.....will you get me a beer
it's those women that make a man limp.

Herbert Nehrlich

Huge Lips

We'd gone there to share,
at La Ville des Lumières
many proper French kisses.
But the first ones were misses,
and because I was young,
had an innocent tongue
we did stand by the Seine
like two tourists from Spain.

When an African lad
with gigantic but sad
looking lips broke his stride,
gently brushed me aside
'Voyez-vous mon Chérie
pay attention to me,
I can teach you the French
so let's sit on this bench.'

And with flair de Paris
and a black man's esprit
he then showed how it's done
while I wished for a gun.
In a minute or two
without further ado
he delivered her back
after one final smack.

'Twas a shock to the system
just to see how she kissed him,
and before we went home
we went down to see Rome.
On all further trips
we avoided big lips..

Herbert Nehrlich

Hugs Of Sweetness

The little boy
that I revert to,
on all my birthdays
looked out
in vain
for one small sign
from her who would
not ever
let me go.
The boy had learned,
of course
from life
and souls alike
that talk is not
just cheap
but can be used
as ready currency
to catch a fly.
Or on occasion
a little boy.
All boys,
when young
are wholly owned
romantics,
who need
not only milk
but, often,
a dose of
sweet Manuka Honey.
I praise the Gods
who in their wise
and fair-play grace
created many
bees,
and gave them
faculties
to make
those hugs
of sweetness

last.

Herbert Nehrlich

Humane

It's the heart that beats
its incessant tune
will it ever give in
at the change of the moon?

As our limbs succumb
to a leaden fatigue
and our minds obey
an empowering league,

it's the have-more plan
that was laid in our cots,
and humane is the word
of forget-me nots.

Herbert Nehrlich

Humblepie

My uncle had an Angus bull
who liked to have his belly full.
Inside his gut there was a rumble
he was polite, we called him Humble.
One Sunday when I wore a tie
I slipped, fell into Humble's pie.
Not only Humble was surprised
he grimaced and apologised.
All brown and slippery was my shirt
thus fully covered with dessert.
You readers out there, full of wit
please tell, why don't they call it shit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Humility

Oh God, it is hard to be humble,
I am Aryan and have all it takes
and if most of your subjects just stumble
that would make them abominous fakes.

Yes, you put that small flap on it matters
and the weirdos would cut it with knives
and their circumstance now is in tatters
they will never do right by their wives.

So, dear God would you give me a gun
I would take out the vermin with pleasure
I'd sit outside and under your sun
and I'd polish my weapon, my pleasure.

Oh thank you, dear Lord for your work
you got rid of the devil's own swine
and especially that crazy jerk
who was never a friend of mine.

I have seen how you want to conduct
with a true and an honest Jawohl
all the workings that have not been sucked
into underground paths of some mole.

Herbert Nehrlich

Humming

My mother was a hummingbird
my father a black crow
he wouldn't let her speak a word
that's why I'm humming so.
When father died in early Spring
we buried him in dirt
since hummingbirds don't ever sing
she hummed, which he preferred.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hunger

Black as the darkest night,
surrounded by a thousand dollar suit,
and golden clasp on purple tie
he stopped his ship of fools
along the road outside the shantytown.

'Say, little boy, go home you filthy rat,
you bastards have no manners and no pride,
polluting the environment of our great land
and breeding like the rabbits of Zimbabwe.'

He told the chauffeur to avoid the piles of poo,
that decorated all the roadsides everywhere,
it is a custom and avoids the straying lions.
There was a group of children, thin and sunken eyes,
the limousine came to another halt.

'Do you now shit in the savannah, little boy? '
'Why do ask, your excellency, why do you ask? '
'I see no pretzels here and something is amiss',
he says in answer, with a puzzle on his face.
'Oh that is nothing Sir, we have not changed at all,
it's just that pretzels do not come out at the end
unless you put the base ingredients in the top.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Hun's Time

A pedestal was home
to a small bar
of soap.

The Codicil
in Rome
had to fall far
from hope.

It washed
all other sins,
at dawn's first sun.
And,
as the mother wins,
there goes,
with God,
the Hun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hy Men

A tag of velvet, hidden well,
awaits the day when
trepidation rumbles
and shakes
the budding tree.

Explorers always smile
the smile of
reassurance.
As if to say
all will be well.

The fruit soon drops,
spills from its little heart
a precious liquid
soon to greet
a creature wild,
with looks no less banal
than a thin-skinned
and puffed-up caterpillar
from
the horny wilderness
of Kurdistan.

Herbert Nehrlich

Hydrogen Bomb

On the fiery red horizon,
closing down this wretched day,
Captain Cedric now surmising
who should be the one to stay
when the missiles started flying.
World War Three had just begun.

Soon there would be no one crying,
not one mother for her son.
And no preacher full of frust
utter words like 'dust to dust'.
All the living would be ending
for the godforsaken reason,
that a thunder of heart-rending
mass destruction follow treason.

Limp old men were sitting pretty
in their bunkers and debated
how they could improve their shitty
life on earth, which, as they stated
'd been corrupted by their foes.
And swift punishment would follow,
killing blacks and whites and those
who were hiding in the hollow.

First lieutenant peeked his head in,
'I'll take over on the bridge',
'Aye, Aye' sounded, he was getting
one last beer out of the fridge.
At that moment something louder,
unfamiliar to his ears,
from the ceiling fell like powder
chunks of gyp-rock, several beers
now exploded on the rug.

Captain Cedric now was worried
and he scratched and with a shrug
pushed a button as he hurried
to the cabinet of liquor.

'Yes, my Captain', said a voice,
through the porthole came a flicker,
mushroom clouds, 'I want the boys
come up here, NOW, on the double,
all the rations of our Bundy *
break it open, 'cause this trouble
is the final. It is Sunday
and the last day of our lives.'

All the crew had now assembled,
some with photos of their wives,
held in hands that shook and trembled
as they sat down on the floor.
And the party now got gowing,
they all guzzled, then some more,
awesome fears were surely growing
and the missiles getting close.
lucky only would be those
who succeeded on this mission
which would beat the bloody Reaper.
That meant drinking, a decision
now permitted by their keeper.

When the Flash of Hiroshima
was repeated for their ship,
they were anchored close to Lima,
at the leg of their last trip.
When the heat of fifty thou'
had engulfed them no one cared.
Not a single one would now
after they had truly shared
precious minutes with their mates,
fret or worry, no, indeed
there would be no new debates,
for this crew had no more need.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Am

...and when I give I give with wild abandon,
no holds are barred, no watchers are considered.
I lay my head down on the tracks for you my love,
and if you want me all you need to do is take me.
I pray as never ever I have prayed my love,
that I may BE what you have dreamed to have and hold.
I cannot jump my silly god-forsaken shadow,
but if I could I would as I have told
you once before to let you see,
that this is love, for you alone, from me.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Am Not An Alcoholic

But mother, I am always fine
and yes, I did receive the wine
your package came on Monday night
the gift was wonderful, just right.

You asked re spirits and my health
and whether I am gaining wealth.
The latter has been quite elusive
the former always is inclusive.

You see those spirits keep me well
as any doctor sure could tell
he is a loser who assumes
that man should live without the fumes

of what those little tiny beasts
called ethanol-producing yeasts
with diligence in many hours
create, to make me smell the flowers.

I know that you and Dad are crazy
retired, ignorant and lazy.
You disapprove of me, your girl
your once adored and pretty pearl.

My boss is from the same old block
a stuffy, stoic, dimwit cock.
He could not see the worth of me
called me a constant absentée.

The cops who took my car away
just wanted me to pay and pay
their fines and even for the towing
the judge himself was so all-knowing.

My landlord cannot wait a week
for rent, the future there looks bleak.
It's not my fault though, mother dear
and don't believe what you may hear.

I'm ill and drinking is my lot
my mind directs and I am not
at leisure to curtail the booze,
it isn't something that I choose.

The gods have given me the genes
that had me drinking in my teens.
And now, at thirty it is you
who sends me purple vineyard brew? !

How can I get my life in order
when brain cells call, like a recorder
to feed them quickly firewater?
I'm asking you! Your loving daughter.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Am Your Piper

I can hear the children now,
competing with the songs
and lullabies of happiness,
of friendly frigate birds
while I, the one with fiery eyes,
wait for the darkness of the night
when inborn principles
and the kindness of humanity
shall be torn up like the old shirt
that priests do wear in private life.
Mind you, this is no case of obsolescence,
as, for a hoarder I do seldom part
with well-worn clothes and useless things,
yet this is a new age, new rules apply.
I shall look back for my approval,
will surely find it in medieval times,
you've taken out my heart with frigid hands
but while it manages its final beats
you will have found a simple piper
who only takes all of his pay in blood.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Answer You

You have,
since I first read
your facial lines
your hands,
of liking birds
and more,
made an impression
on my heart,
you dented it
with gentle hands,
perhaps you nuzzled
even brushed your lips
for one small moment
yet concavities may stay.
My heart went on
to beat
with regularity,
quite unaware
and it was fine
within itself,
a hermit's life,
but then,
it was a day
that time forgot,
birds flew due South
and dew fell from the sky
to cool all spiders' feet,
and to remind of you,
it spoke,
wet as it was
through haze,
and great disguises
to a pair of hearts,
and pointed to the dent,
and touched
as with each beat
the spot would change,
expanding first
and then retreat

as if to hold a talk
inside.
And then,
with gentleness
the hearts combined
two flowers,
petals free
limbs intertwined,
becoming one,
there was a truth
that oversaw
metamorphosis
binding She and He,
to a great symbol
of a fiery gold,
it was the fire of
infinity.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Ban

So, what do you want my man?
You're not my closest fan.
To you, I'm an also ran
let me now reveal my plan:
I ban, I ban and I ban,
quite simply because I can.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Call On You

I will, of course, be one
who listens to you, God.
Let not my past be proof
all to the contrary; it is
a selfish wish, you knew,
but I am human, God, I wish
you gave me just a bit of time,
a bit of love and your compassion.

I want her safe again, and full
of health and much vitality.
So could you do this or perhaps
your son, by name of Jesus,
so familiar to us, would he be near?
He'd heal her lungs and fix those valves,
inside her beating heart, he'd do it all
without man's pills and potions,
without the constant drip, and I would be
a model human for you, as you can surmise.
I know, when I was small I'd do the same,
call upon you to bail me out, to swoop
and to protect as well as change
things as they were, to suit my current plans.
If I forgot to honour any pledges, Sir,
I shall be good for double, you can bet on that.
And if you missed me on those Sundays,
churches aren't my thing, your house of God is
what they say but it is you I need the most,
and I do need your intervention more than life.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Do Remember

Solitary I play.
A trickle of saliva
caught inside
those stubbles.
Who was it
that rang loud
and clear, just once
the doorbell
of my house?
The one whose deed
I was cajoled into
placing my name beneath,
they said it was
a facilitation of
the way things are.
And were
and will be now
forever and a day.
Only, the fools
do not quite grasp
that I remember
the way things were,
and that I wish they could,
in some belated way
come back to stay,
no, not to haunt us
but to supercede
the bullshit that has settled
upon my world
and that of you
and of your love
that will not end
in its beginning
or the waning
cheyne stokes
and fleeting light,
a glimmer of
one ray of sun
but not enough

to warm your heart.
So now you die,
don't be afraid
so many others
do it as we speak.
And as your soul,
a flying serpent
now rises gracefully,
it is a matter
of the known
and godforesaken
scheme of things.
Good bye my friend
as we shall meet
your smile will be
for me again.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Don'T Believe (By Rachel)

Oh yes, I once believed in God,
Benevolence and oversight.
And in his son Jesus the Christ;
And found redemption there.
The Bible told me all the truths
And what was missed explained
By men of God who wore the cloth,
My doubts were nil and few.
With learning, thinking, life went on
Questions began to nibble.
As, why so many poor, my Lord?
And why so many pained?
You watch o'er all the Earth my Lord
And favor just a few?
As children die from dawn to dusk
For just a crust of bread,
Or from the things mosquitoes brew
You stop to gather heads
And ponder your creations here;
Something to paint with pride?
Maybe I'm blind and cannot see
Your vast and detailed plan.
I'm told it's all because of Eve
And her first mate, the Man.
In mocking you they learned some truths
And stirred your wrath eternal.
From these first two, mankind must stand
And pay, it seems, forever.
Reward will come, so you have said,
as we succumb to death.
So create Life? Why did you, Lord?
To make us crave the end?
From that time on, I've faith in Man
At times a feeble stand
For man can think and do and plan,
inspired he is noble
He can create for year on year
Can selflessly help others,
Can love, can build, can paint, can write,

And most of all can reason.
Oh man is base and man is crass
And man has Evil too;
Man must deceive and man contends
Makes war and more but yet;
A part of me, a part of you,
Invested in each other,
The web of life ensnares us all
Without the goal to heaven.

So now I don't believe in Him
would tell this to his face,
Death do us part, the end is grim
and none will leave with grace.

As nature takes my life away
my spirit shall return
perhaps His angels stop and pray
and gather 'round my urn.

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Herbert Nehrlich

I Have Booked My Flight Mother

If God has given you
the precious chance
to thank your mother now,
it's in advance
of that dark day when she
will close her eyes.
And then you wipe your brow
and scratch your knee,
when you first realise
that she is gone.

In desperation then
you start to fiddle mildly,
and fret like do all men
perhaps you wildly
imbibe the spirits, much of
also try cigars, a touch of,
you watch TV and DVD
onto James Bond,
perhaps you're fond
of chocolates
and ginger bits,
or licorice
an ice cream dish,
buy a new car,
read of the Czar,
jump from a plane,
hang from a crane,
try deep-sea diving
and race car driving,
have two short flings
with pretty things,
hunt grizzly bears
dabble in shares,
fly into space
then lift your face
sell rubic cubes
augment your boobs....

It won't be long
and you will find
that mothers are
not only kind,
but man's best friend
and woman's too.
She manages
your life for you.
She does this not
as you'd expect
for you the child,
you will detect
an lifelong interest
that won't wane
if you don't know,
I'll make it plain:
There is in human life
no other,
or greater force
than she who had
your siblings and
you and your brother,
and all the stress
would drive one mad,
yet she prevailed
and now she's old
makes sure that when
you need be told
how to manoeuver
cars and blenders
to stay away from
fender-benders
and how to talk
on your own phone
how to avoid
(if you are prone)
the blasted flue
in this year's season
in short, if you
for any reason
just blink an eyelash
move a toe,

just ask your mom
she is the pro.

And when she rests
in that cold coffin
and you just stand there,
helpless boffin,
you talk to her
and say the things
that memory and
sadness brings.

So go right now,
when she's still home
give her a hug
and tell her that
you bought her a new
garden gnome
and that you loved
that pretty hat.
That you can't wait
to have her cook
and would she
autograph her book.
And do not wait
for her to ask
what kind of childhood
you kids had,
and even if you
need a mask
to do what's right
for her, for you
exaggerate, exaggerate,
believe you me
what you recall
is never all,
is never all.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Know You'Re Listening

How does it feel
to sit up there
within the clouds
of your Valhalla
and have to listen
to my ranting?

If you feel helpless
then you know
that tables have been turned.

And what is worse
you never liked
to have an audience
unless you were on top.
How times have changed!

Herbert Nehrlich

I Know, I Know

Yes, I do care. Respecting what you say
has become like second nature.
Not that I would really need one.
You are the expert in these matters
and I am not, yet it occurs to me
that he who has a stake in anything
is given all of any benefit
that doubt could muster.
So, I am asking the mechanic
about the inner workings of the engine,
which I already know and understand.
I have decided now to all but totally dismiss
your unbecoming stipulations,
designed, I'm sure to make my matters worse.
Perhaps unfixeable, but due to your insertion
of old, pathetic and empirical shock drivel.
Have I not proven to you and the world of science
that rules are there for fuddy duddies only?
That I defy those rules and call you to my carpet,
not to discuss but to discredit what you say,
because I need to do it, not because of you.
So, just this once, I urge you to forget
your pompous clinical experience et al,
it's not like Fixx, he didn't have the ears
and that proved nothing other than bad luck.
Respecting science is my life's blue blood,
rejecting what is not for me is what I am.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Miss You All

I came to sort a couple things
expecting comfort as of right.
There's family, my sacred blood
surely they'll stand alongside me,
together we shall fight this foe
and victory will call for all
to celebrate the fall of travesty.

It puzzles me, it surely does
that I can sit in Grandpa's rocking chair,
with tired eyes half closed,
and reminisce to distant shores,
where smiling faces, full of love
wait at the pier, all pupils wide.

I travelled, yes to foreign lands
my home, that always longs for me.
Yet ruby lips and silk-soft cheeks
poetic voices, so formidable,
like sirens never met, identity unknown
magnetic forces pull, relentlessly,
they are my kindred spirits,
and they always wait for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Must Go Now

Sleep does not come in silent nights
while thoughts of my dear Fatherland
buzz through my mind like moth-kissed lights
as if my tears could understand
how precious years have come and gone
and how I've missed her wrinkled face.
The squeeze of time lets me go on,
a spring wakes up my heartfelt pace.

Old woman, mother, do not fear,
from Southern Seas I call your name,
it will be soon that you shall hear,
your photo smiles in that small frame.
I have the letters that you sent,
each line penned by your shaky fingers
this picture postcard here is meant
to cheer you, as the image lingers.

The times for me have been quite tough,
one must collect material treasure,
but soon I may have just enough
to visit you, oh what a pleasure!
The land itself, that of my birth
will last forever, it has health,
and only one thing on this earth
pulls me away from foreign wealth.
I saw how names have all been listed
in columns of the local news
and no one figures out how twisted
cold destiny fills someone's shoes.

I hear the churchbell at the harbour
and feel your raindrops on my skin
your smile surprises at the barber,
but, now and then, the Devil's grin
appears, it floats and hops around,
it stares at me, your son, so brave
and makes me scan the fertile ground
where they would dig, for you, a grave.

I ask you, captain, steer this ship
full steam and more, just straight ahead,
a prayer rests upon my lip
dear God, my mother may be dead.

Soaked from the storm and frightened by
much angry lightning at the Rhine,
we make our way past grapes of wine
and stop beneath the Lorelei.

Oh, yes, she sits up on the tip
of granite stone, with golden hair,
with grace she smiles down to our ship,
a maiden, proud, beyond compare.

And as we hurry on she waves,
a sign for fishermen to drown.
How foolish is the man who braves
in moonlit streams the Devil's frown.

The anchor drops, the house in sight.
Up on the balcony she stands.
The stars are here to lend their light,
I have come home, from foreign lands.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Must Tell You

Im Rhein, da schwimmt ein kleiner Fisch,
der schwimmt so her und hin,
am Morgen ist das Wasser frisch
drum bleibt er laenger drin.
Fast niemand ahnt dass Fische nicht
nur Wassertiere seien,
oh, nein, ein Fisch der hat die Pflicht,
zu tummeln sich im Freien.
Am Nachmittag da fliegt er dann
durch Taeler, Wald und Auen,
und dass ein Fisch nun fliegen kann
das glauben nur die Frauen.
Wir Maenner wissen dass, was fliegt
das schwimmt nicht in Gewaessern
und dass ein Fisch der Fluegel kriegt
der kann sich nur verbessern.
Doch was ich noch erwaehnen will
ist das die Fische gehen
auf Strassen und im Walde, still
dort wo die Winde wehen.
Nicht alles was die Welt bewegt
kann jedermann begreifen,
doch wenn im Rhein sich etwas regt
dann sind's die Wasserpfeifen.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Needed To

Sober, no worries...safe..as much as anyone
could hope, perhaps control it..but insane...that is
a most delightful ;
no buttons, stop or start though, which is, all at once
unfortunate and very valuable learning.
Thus far, my coping mechanism does consist
of 'laughter is sometimes your better medicine'..
(cheap too) , I think that mine will (hopefully too)
be a much 'milder' and less visible one,
and overall exhibit or reveal to all
itself quite differently - yes there IS that little shit again..

And, yes I know you 'knew' that friend, but it intrigues
as much as scares me to the distant end
though actually, the 'fear' is minimal and I can see
it as my timely 'lesson' in mastering or letting go
of my disturbing need to have control..
which may yet prove to be a precious gift.

May I delight you with a spot of creativity?
No, don't you worry, but, as Zato says, like fishing,
take 'just the right amount' because they will,
come morning, tell the others
(hence the 'lull of true replenishment') ,
restraint, me boy, take not too many..
It is rabbit-like, a balanced yin and yang,
homeostasis, if you wish it or prefer
a new translation which will then defy description.

A wise young kid as you guys know
tough by degrees and silly increments
he gets his chance for me to sit and listen finally..
Not unlike a teacher metamorphed to older brother,
shunning the sliver of an argument I have to have..

The knowledge of experience here, who wants to
needs to argue that, let's put him in the book
give generously so he may have a chapter at each end
to round it up or down, I volunteer to tidy any strays

and translate nebulosities with sleight of hand and stroke.
Finances, as they grow will nurture wisdom,
an innate wisdom of the heart to share some happy day
presenting with fanfare and much ado the grand finale.
The preface would be, did you guess my friend?
Tom's Story as it lives and breathes from its soul,
while leaving out and in its wretched misery the one
who cleans for those who ramble idly but in style,
which has a ring of Tut and Genius of its very own,
peeking through widened lens from Zeiss into the past,
to smile with pity at perspective lost, at last.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Needed You

When night fell on that day I went away
I thought of you, you'd be at home and cook,
and later do the dishes and take in a tray
of tea and snacks, perhaps you'd read a favourite book.
So little wisdom, ignorant of what was true,
Today I know how much I needed you.

The years were kind to us, we did the usual things,
and often worried over pettiness and crime.
And now and then we'd wonder what the future brings
if one is marching with the crowd to kill the time.
The day I watched those children playing peekaboo
I felt it deeply in my heart, I needed you.

The gods had plans, it keeps them highly entertained,
they place us humans like the figures in a game,
we only fake the sense of freedom, to be unrestrained
but few would run with wolves that are not tame.
Combining H with C in chemistry to make a potent brew
reminded me again, how much I've always needed you.

At sunset little thoughts of great importance sometimes fly,
like birds they have a perfect instinct, slowly they home in
where softly, violins still play their never-ending 'Why',
where thoughtful fingers stroke in love their velvet skin
as if to give their promise: what shall be shall be,
where lips may whisper softly, that you needed me.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Rob A Bank

' Just the facts', the gruff detective yelled,
they'd stopped the Greyhound two miles out of town,
two hundred big ones in a paper bag, contents withheld
from preying eyes, but I had surely been the clown
that day when courage struck and slyly urged...
I must explain though, I was poor,
and just that week it had emerged
that all those bills, piled on my table
were overdue and, yes for sure,
did bother me, though, quite unable
to pay, I needed to contrive
a quick appropriate solution,
that's how I did at last arrive
on holding up that institution.

No hesitation in my step, I marched inside.
' This is a hold-up, boys and girls, I need the money',
most of the tellers' pupils instantly went wide,
the manager looked very pale, he did not find me funny.
I tipped the driver of the yellow cab a brand new fifty,
he dropped me at the station (where I used to sleep) ,
two former buddies, both of them a trifle shifty
were crouching on the heating duct to keep
the frost away from ethanol-soaked bones.
The ticket said SEATTLE and my bus would leave,
as the PA speaker announced in scratchy tones,
very shortly. I concluded that this very eve
had been my lucky one and I had dough,
enough for a new life with no more bills to pay.

And dozing off, snug and convinced I was a real Pro,
the level of adrenalin decreasing slowly, what a day!
' Mount Vernon Washington', a stop I won't forget.
' End of the line', that fat detective said with pride,
and, if you ask me, I just wish we'd never ever met,
I was taken, now in handcuffs, for a ride.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Shall Not Leave

Exhausted now I lay,
spent to the marrow of my bones.
I rest with you.
Then, when our robin sings
we taste of Eden's fruit
and,
once again
we spread defiant wings.
I talk of depth
while you encircle me
you drool,
and satisfy my greed,
I shall not go
until
the reaper comes for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Shall Not Weep

You meant to say
'don't cry for me',
but stuffy, stoic you,
you had no words
and looked at me
that day when we both knew
about the end
another life
was being snuffed by God
the King of Nerds
around the bend,
received the final nod.

You never cried,
of that I'm sure
all smiles were hidden well,
you did abide
(there was no cure) ,
stayed deep within your shell.

I shall not weep
here at your grave,
a chip off the old block,
no tears will seep
from sons so brave
but you may hear a knock
as heels I click
just in the nick
of the allotted span.

You taught me well
when I was small,
but now I am a man.
Some day, I too
shall lounge like you
and catch the morning sun
in restless dreams
wherein it seems
that life is never done.

And, now and then,
no telling when,
a visitor will stay
or just walk by
but will he cry?
It's very hard to say.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Smile, My Love

Remember when we met,
we were a bit perplexed.
We searched the bay
and all its parks, some green
and others occupied
by Sunday crowds and dogs,
until we chose a spot
out of the sun, beneath a Eucalypt
where conversation would be free
and flow from mouth to ear.

I sensed a huge connect,
dismissed it though at once,
smalltalk was what we had
and liverwurst on rye.

You did not fancy the Dijon,
raised on pure butter
kept the spices low,
soon we would go
to join the crowds
so we could be
a bit more free -
you looked at me.

I caught your scent,
eyes focused now
and fingers got to touch,
your laugh contagious and
there was a need
to spend the time
we both were sure.

The afternoon could be
(if one were mean)
called awkward in a way,
was it the crowds, the sun
or just the newness
of a petal born to grow?

Remember, sure you do,
the time when dusk arrived,
when we just rested in that place,
and fully clothed talked silly stuff
until the Camelot in spirit intervened.

We spent those hours,
oh so precious
in the nude.
A million minutes
just a maiden and her dude,
we touched each molecule
caressed a willing skin
and kissed like teens
with sacred juices on our chin.

If that beginning in that summer did not tell
I do not know, I like your presence
and your hands,
I love the way you look at me
and how you smell,
inside my mind there is a man who understands.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Thank You, God

He had an inkling,
but could not put a finger
or even just a thumbnail onto it.
And how, it did occur,
would all this take its place,
in history, the one he called his own.
How much he had,
of course it was unknown,
a choice of unknown Gods
but not unwelcome,
so, fleetingly and with a thump
dark thoughts would visit
holding jolly hostage
there were so many ends
that would be loose
for quite some time, dear God
why is this now, not when I'm ready
and why pick me, I am essential?
I shudder when reality exposes
itself like one of Geisha's little sisters,
there is an education, within my head,
my muscles have been trained to near extinction.
Those bridges, caps and bleaching cream,
for dazzling smiles and noble spectacles,
my wardrobe, just completed, all up-market
the kilowatt Benz with four-wheel-drive
and don't forget the family at home,
they would not have a clue nor will I give them one.
And how, goddammit, will it happen if it does,
will there be Cheyne-Stokes or will I fail to wake?
Just, God, consider, if you will, that it will stop
it is impossible to even think of this in earnest,
what would you do if someone, like a bigger God
did have YOU in his sights for dissolution,
oh, no I am aware that all of us must leave
what I don't like is being picked at petty random
as you can see, I'm just advising you of errors
that can be made within the heavens, I can see
that this is one and no one will be all that angry,

least I myself who only seeks correction.
We shall speak later from the wooden bench in church.
I will then thank you for your kind consideration
as I believe with all my heart that must keep beating
that I need years to start untangling my affairs
and I adore you for your courtesy of listening.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Wake Each Morning

I wake each morning now, regretful of the loss
that daylight brings when it destroys a man's own dreams,
I do not fiddle with my toes nor do I toss
since she has come into my life, or so it seems.
You see, the waking hours are not quite enough
I need each night when I can breathe her pheromones
perhaps most do not ever think or give a stuff
a quick release and take your cue from common zones.
She likes me huddling right behind the sweetest bum
hands resting lightly but with meaning on the Twins,
sometimes she takes into her mouth my happy thumb
and he comes out, so full of wetness as he grins.
You say whatever would I want or need to grab
with her in sleep and waking up to roses red,
I say the gift of major science or the gab
can never substitute the time in our bed.
You see, I AM the one who's smitten to the core,
I'd love her toes if they had stepped in cow manure,
and when it comes to wanting more, I DO want more
and of the choice I am delighted and so sure.
If you, my friend, had ever laid your beady eyes
upon my LOVE you'd never ever sleep again,
tis like the sun that from the yoghurt may arise
though cream is dairy and they rarely rate a ten.
I will not share with you the day nor any night,
and close this snippet of a peeper as I turn
Let us be happy so the gremlins see the light
but my own lantern will be silent, and will burn
for her and me, there are voyeurs but we ignore
and when we touch her fingers feel like midnight fern
so can you see I want it all, and ask for more?

Herbert Nehrlich

I Was Going To

I was writing a poem when five little men
came over to see me at quarter to ten.
A cute little bird, irresistible bait,
tagged along and was tired, well you see it was late.

So I draped her in covers and I sent the men home
and she smiled and said, darling bring the Barbasol foam.
And the night turned to labour as I shaved her quite close
with my straight-razor saber, in her home-birthing pose.

I have always been steady with my hands and my mind
but the fragrance turned heady and I dared not unwind.
Then she asked me, a stranger, would the eating of eggs
through cholesterol's danger, ruin the skin on her legs.

I must say undertaking this procedure in bed
who could look at the stompers, in politeness, instead? !
And I soon had a vision, where Mount Pubis was shaved
but I ran out of foam then and her jungle was saved.

So you see what can come when intentions are good
I was sipping dark rum and I thought that I could
make a poem to please you, but the time just ran out,
and today I can't write, as my thumb has the gout.

Herbert Nehrlich

I Watch You

I watch you
as you sleep,
each nare
expands
and then,
it falls
having reached
a climax of
inspired breath,
your cheeks,
flushed like this rose,
subdued,
a shimmer
of a silver tear
trapped
due to gravity
content to be
at home
upon your lovely face.

I'd kiss it now
but you would wake
and hold my hands
then kiss me,
sweetly
as you do.
I let you rest,
and watch
the twins, they rise,
each silent breath
flows near your heart
you stir,
was there
a wicked grin?
It's gone inside
again,
I must be here,
awake
ohhhh....ZZZZZZ

I drifted
into slumberland
you were not there,
my heart had ceased,
I could not feel its beat
inside my chest,
an icy wind
spread from my loins
a Hemlock drink,
for nerds,
great courtesy
of ancient Greece,
would suffocate
and take me far
so far from you.

You mumbled
in your sleep,
your hand,
the softest skin
and warmed
where heat knows best
your fingers clasp
each cell
now finds its mate
on mine.

Yes! We are one,
again we hold
the I and then the You,
until we sync
without a pacer
or a lead.

We are.

And we will be,
and grow,
ferment the way
of heavy summerwine.

And, like a unicorn
we are one soul.

Love is devine.

I Will Always Wait For You

It was the morning when she turned,
to have a look, such simple curiosity.
It spelled the end, she entered endless time,
I would, if asked by fate (Oh how I yearned!)
stand, like Lot's wife to wait until eternity
for you to come (I'd welcome you in rhyme)
and take my hopeful hand to walk with me
it matters little where, I want to say,
there cannot, will not must not ever be
an end to genuine love, I greet you...YAY!
I've felt the dagger cold as ice inside
it twisted by volition of its own
no longer was there time to kiss the bride
the Devil leaves you breathless and to moan.
Today, the angels cried for love, my sweet
I have a mind to hold and cry with you,
we shan't accept, not willingly, defeat
and fight for US because our love is true.
And like the warrior, we will both stand tall
arms wrapped defiantly to demonstrate
that neither Gods nor devils see US fall
and that no time will be too long to wait.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ice Gel

She thought of a surprise
for him, and for herself.
The shop was advertising,
half price today, just for today,
the cream called ICE, a gel,
containing top grade menthol,
all imported stuff, from Paris.
You would apply it, gently now,
much like a prophylactic thingy,
and watch the world explode
and magic bring the pink and rosy
clouds of new pleasures to you.
She wondered briefly about cubes,
straight from the freezer in the den,
but then decided to believe in modern,
and scientific chemistry, life science.

Turned out it felt like liquid rubber,
of the cheapest kind, it smelled
like Nikes from last week, after the run.
It acted like an anti-slip material
which wasn't what the moment called for.

She does have guts, that woman,
confronted Mr Manager next day,
told him about the wasted dough
and that the label said it guaranteed
your satisfaction. Told him to try it,
at home. And got her money back.

While hubby hid behind the rhubarb leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ice Flowers

His mother had been right.
The glass on all the windows
transformed itself to shapes
of the most beautiful of flowers,
the roses of Old Man Winter.

He touched his nose to feel
and saw the flowers fade
only returning with his patience.
There was a true abundance
of glowing heat, dressed up
as frost to redden little cheeks
and curious noses in a flash.

He quickly turned himself
into a locomotive, blowing steam
across the valleys of his mouth
where promises of tiny teeth
rose up to add assistance.

As all good thoughts reward
the snowflakes tumbled down
only behind the circle of warm air
that one small boy had shared
first with himself and then,
because of love, his mother.

Herbert Nehrlich

Iceberg

It is as if a mother
who gives birth
at night, upon an iceberg
and then drowns.

And then expects the newborn
to survive,
which all depends on
whether ice can nourish
human life.

And so it is with some of us
who love,
who want to own the object -
for their pleasure.

Who do not show a hand
but wear a glove,
and never ever will they
truly know:
One first must learn
what's written in the sand.

Say YES to love,
that's how you make it grow.

Those words are written in the sand forever

Herbert Nehrlich

Ich Weiss

Er war nie einer der das Bitten pflegte,
geheim gehalten wurde auch sein Name, General.
Der Tag als er den Loeffel dann hinlegte
war von Bedeutung, ihm jedoch egal.

Ein Mann dem kein Befehl Behagen schenkte,
er musste fuehren, oft mit Ungeduld.
Als er das Schiff der Seinen sicher lenkte
war jede Klippe tief in seiner Schuld.

Er lebte zwischen Pflicht und Recht fuer alle,
von beiden war er immer angetan.
Kein Kompromiss darf sein und Ordnung walle,
er grenzte bei Gelegenheit sehr nah' am Wahn.

War er ein harter Mensch, ein Mann ganz ohne Seele?
Umarmte weder Mensch noch dummes Tier?
Gab es denn niemals einen Globus in der Kehle?
Ich glaube schon, doch sagte Papa niemals HIER.

Er starb wie er auch lebte, stellte keine
Ansprueche an die Welt fuer sich privat.
Doch trug er in der Brust die klitzekleine,
die Hoffnung die er leise sich erbat.

Es schmerzt mich heute, denk' ich an die Flammen,
nur Asche blieb an diesem tristen Tage,
er wuerde uns im Nachhinein verdammen,
drum stell' ich heute lautstark diese Frage:

Was kann ein Mensch von seinen Lieben noch erwarten,
erloest der Sensenmann sie alle von der Pflicht.
Er liebte seinen, und so manchen fremden Garten,
nur, ein Versprechen, nein, das brach der Vater nicht.

So, schaemt Euch alle die vergassen ihn zu ehren,
ein letzter Wille is wie Gottes Wort, so heilig.
Die Stunde schlaegt und niemand wird Euch dann belehren.
Es koennte sein dass jemand sagt 'ich hab' es eilig.'

Betruibt ist er, und braucht die helle Sonne.
Holt seine Asche und verstreut sie auf dem Rasen.
Hoert auf Diogenes, der lebt zwar in der Tonne,
doch weiss er, Menschen stopft man nicht in kleine Vasen.

Herbert Nehrlich

I'D Let You Pull On My Strings.....

You are
my little pacemaker.
So lovely to look at.

Some time ago
you took up residence
in my heart.

I wanted you
to have
the best chamber,
with less turbulence
and little flooding.
So you would be comfortable
in my Drum.

As it turns out -
you have become
a most precious
guest and treasure
inside me.
Lovely to look at.

So, I was thinking
of asking you about it:
Would you like to stay on
as the
Queen of My Heart?

Herbert Nehrlich

Identity Is Everything

From the alpine windswept quartz
rose the beautiful Frau Schwarz.
Wrote a comment erudite
(every member has that right)
but the toes of fruity cakes
cannot carry what it takes
'be a man' Frau Schwarz did ask
but it was a hopeless task.

He could neither cause delete
to her words, so in defeat
he turned all his dull attention
to another, just to mention
that he knew that Mrs. Schwarz
in her inner heart of hearts
would not criticise or knock
any Arizona cock.

So the answer simply must
be that someone full of frust
took on her identity
just to comment and to pee
on his eye-brow-raising work.

Boy he must be such a jerk.
Now the story makes more sense
people like his poems, hence
he can go back to the school
doesn't look like such a fool.

Yet, there is a little flaw
once you go into the draw
with the world of those who can
you come out a tiny man.

Herbert Nehrlich

Idiosyncrasies

They killed the first prez by constant bleeding.
Cary Grant had dentures and halitosis
Adolf Hitler showed little if any breeding
he farted like no one, I'll tell you what gross is.
Who was it that said, 'bang, thank you Ma'm',
to the queen who would utter 'come see me sometime'
and frankly my dear, I don't give a damn
oh, those Beverly Units, which one had to climb.
We all have our idiosyncrasies
some smell, some swear and some do fart,
so let us promise to de cease
critiquing. We are works of art.

Herbert Nehrlich

Idiosyncrasy

It was a sorghum field,
the drought had done its thing,
until the final vital drop
had gone into the atmosphere
abandoning the emus and the 'roos.
A spot of shade, it had been saved
due to a trickle from the water tank,
so green it looked a bit obscene
a bed of sorghum straw had been arranged,
where all of us, the ones who count,
were resting weary bones tonight,
a Southern moon reflected off the tin
so dry it had not seen a dropp of rain in years.
But not a care was present in our camp,
as limbs were intertwined and simply nude,
it was the ambience of a different world
where idiosyncrasy had taken on a meaning.

Herbert Nehrlich

If

If I ever get my money
so I've told my aging honey
I will drink until unable
and end up beneath the table.

Herbert Nehrlich

If I Were A Baby

If I were a baby
I would want to
be held to
your breasts
to drink
one hundred times
each happy day.

When nighttime comes
just leave me be,
I'll keep my lips
attached
until we wake again.

Herbert Nehrlich

If I Were A Bird

I dreamed I was a fancy feathered bird,
you lived, for unknown reasons, overseas.
No letters and no genuine spoken word
would fly from swaying palms to Linden trees.

I needed you and wished each hopeful day
that I could fly to bridge the raging sea
take flowers from the shores of Byron Bay
to you my love, a wedding gift from me.

I learned this morning that I cannot fly
the distance as my body is not made
yet I shall go and if I am to die
perhaps you will receive my serenade.

I sat, composing sounds to show you how
a love that never ends has been our prize,
if you could, Darling, listen to me now!
Meet midway we could, surely improvise?

Herbert Nehrlich

If Wine Is Fine....What About Blueberry Pie

Yes, my scrumptious one,
though I have never, yet
laid eyes or hands upon
your blushing cheeks,
there would be 16 candles,
soft music from 8 tiny speakers
and I could feed you
if you like, by silver spoon
those lusty little portions
of berries resting within crumbs
of smothering cream
all freshly whipped,
and yes it would
be very safe
to trust your eyes
and other senses
when we are close
in gourmand fashion
and wondering whether,
there will be kisses,
and caresses
and other joys.
And later then
when night has come
and time has dwindled
while we were
entranced in
fragrant extrospection
we may be thinking.
Perhaps with hope
in our happy, timid hearts,
that 16 candles
have arrived
at their lives' ending
and will die.
In darkness
we will find our truth.

I'M Back, Jack!

Steroids and melatonin, you're fighting my fatigue,
don't fret and stop your moaning, I've left behind intrigue.
It's nice to set fat feet onto this precious soil
in wisdom I retreat, clean blood now on the boil.
The customs man he sniffed, for sausages and cheese
His supervisor miffed, this way my mate, and 'please'.
My pilot friend whose brother checks passengers with skill
he'd charge his aging mother, present her with a bill!
He laughed at my expression, you had some things to hide
perhaps a special session to see just why you lied?
I have no hidden treasures, and do obey the rules
know all about your measures and stay away from fools.
He smiled and said we reckoned that you would be quite clean
and when temptation beckoned you never were too keen
so welcome back, be happy, and take your cases out
I hurried, made it snappy because I knew about
the bacons and the mixtures, the wurst and Munich ham
I stared at all the fixtures and walked just like a lamb
into the balmy weather, taste freedom once again
when officer named Heather said are you 14-ten?
She handed me my ticket and passport, baggage tags
and didn't think me wicked, so now I grabbed my bags
went to the members, waiting of my dear family
told them about the rating of smuggling victory.
Tomorrow I shall wallow at breakfast in my goods
and think about how hollow the futile life of hoods.

Herbert Nehrlich

Im Jardin Des Plantes, Paris (Rilke Translation)

His eyes, from looking at the passing iron bars
have tired and no images will hold
he feels as if there were a thousand bars
albeit behind them no reality at all.

The supple grace of lightly treading steps
endless gyrations of the smallest kind
a dance of strength encircling a core
which holds, subdued and numb a mighty will.

Brief moments when the pupil's curtains slide
an image passes, silently, inside
goes through the quiet of the body's lissome limbs
and finds its final rest inside the creature's heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Im Turm Der Wartburg

Da sitzt er, auf dem hohen Ross
und schaut hinauf zum Licht.
Hier wohnt, gefangen in dem Schloss
der Mann mit heil'ger Pflicht.

Bei schwachem, gelben Schimmer
der Lampe schreibt er hin,
was anderen doch nimmer
gekommen in den Sinn.

Doch gibt es keinen Zweifel
im Hauch der lauen Nacht
kommt fliegend von der Eifel
der Belzebub und lacht.

Es soll nicht dazu kommen,
dass Menschen hier auf Erden
zu Glaebigen und Frommen
und guten Seelen werden.

Man gab ihm keine Flinte
doch liess man ihn froh schreiben,
er warf das Fass voll Tinte
den Teufel wegzutreiben.

Verletzt er sich am Fenster,
hing lange mit dem Fusse,
es lachten die Gespenster
doch Luther machte Busse.

Das Buch ist uns erhalten,
die Weisheit uns're Lehre.
Es ist fuer uns, die Alten
das grosse Wort der Ehre.

Herbert Nehrlich

Immigrants

They were sleeping at their desks and passed the weirdo to come in
and they carried little bombs and hand grenades,
asked a question seeking answers to the presence of great sin
and the lies did flow in buckets and in spades.

It is clear now that the bastards who came crawling to us then
have now morphed to call the shots or so they say,
we will stand up to your shadows, we the rightful, honest men
and you'd better take your rags and go away.

You have never been accepted, face the truth once in your life
in the territory that you'd like to own,
you betrayed the noble spirit when you carried the big knife
and a heart so freshly carved of yellow stone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Imminent Cure?

From Pauling down to Marc Levine
it took a while but now we've seen
that lines of cancer cells will die
inside a vitamin, oh my!
Do you not see that cause for joy
or are you one it will annoy.
The implications are so great
that all the world should now debate
what steps be taken toward health
and re-arrangement of great wealth.

I promise you, we shall not walk
away from this, for idle talk.
But battles will soon rage for all
until the bastards trip and fall.
For what we have is half the answer
but no one wants a cure for cancer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Immortality

My name is Carcinos, I am immortal.
Come from a proud tradition
of noble blood.
It was an ancestor of mine
who, being so clever
that he tore down
one of the pillars of all life.

A Mr. Hayflick,
some would call him Doctor,
declared toward the end
of studied days,
which were his life,
that every cell
in our universe
that laid a claim
to be a living entity,
would have to yield
to his new law.

He called it, arrogantly,
the Hayflick Limit.
And what it means
is simply that,
just like the number
of good beats
that will be given
to each new human,
before he's born,
all cell divisions
will come to end
right when they get
to the so-called
and oh, so final
end of life.

But, not so hasty,
Hayflick, though you have
come to YOUR limit

and we've seen your grave.
What would you say
to find we have,
all courtesy of my own uncle,
the great Malignus,
completely overcome
all those restrictions?
We are decoders of
the best that Nature can produce.

Yes, we do need food,
mostly it's sugar,
but - hey - we melt
and tear down walls
between the cells,
from room to room we wander.
And eat all the supplies,
we squat where things are pleasant,
it's not, I say,
with due respect,
a life that has
too many worries.
And, after all,
when we wake up
well into morning,
look at each other,
there never is,
not even once,
a single one
of our folks in true absentia.

No one dies,
so you can see
that clever thinking
has its rewards.
How would you like
to be in our eternal shoes?
But, not a chance,
we do not share,
and really we
don't even care.
We kill you

where and when we can.
Not suddenly,
for we are mean,
as our uncle named Malignus
has stated
many times before:
First we attack,
then we make symptoms,
and when the smallest worry comes,
we pounce and pummel
them we glee
and scare the living
and the dead,
the utter daylights
out of them.

We are immortal,
we neither share,
nor shake the hand
of living matter.
We never die,
need only food,
so we must eat.
And in due course
we'll get to YOU,
when your time comes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Impudence

And God so loved his only son
that, as the minister was saying,
a young lad stood up, unafraid
and shouted, 'if God had really, truly loved
his only son, just like you say,
he would have not allowed them to
subject him to a shameful death.
It's what I think, he would, no way'

He had turned rather pale by now,
what with the stuffy congregation
staring at daring impudence.
While silence had descended from
the source of life from God himself.

Clearing his throat, the preacher raised
his half-closed fist toward his God
and said my son, now listen well,
it's 'AS you say, not LIKE you say'!

And all the people in the church
did nod with earnesty and silence.
Much awed by so much wisdom.

Herbert Nehrlich

In

I tried so much harder
to get into your larder,
there were fragrances in
and a devillish grin
just awaiting my visit
so I asked you 'what is it'.
But you thought I should know
and come in with the flow
thus the chance petered out
for this innocent Kraut.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Iceland, We Cry Together

The snow capped mountains were
the first we saw, ears popped a bit
and the big bird descended now,
you stirred there, in your window seat,
and grabbed my hand (you holding on?)
soon we were whisked with moderate speed
through GREEN and nothing to declare,
you looked at me (do love your precious eyes)
as if to ask what needed to be known,
are we, that's you and I and one delicious band
that ties together all our needs and wants
a pair of loonies, totally bereft of déjà vu?
Nice beds, a view of glacierville, tenth floor.
Like you, I am partial to dark satin sheets,
we need a rest you say, and slip into the mode
that gets our heartbeat into canter's perfect sync.
We asked to have no phone, no wake-up call,
no brochures of museums, tours and sights,
if God has other plans for us at all
we'll hug and then we douse the silly lights.
In limbo, (you said more, but who could know) ,
we're in this featherbed, it suits us, it's the best,
you are delicious and we both do need a rest.
Should all things fail we'll blame the miserable weather
and if we cry a million tears, we cry together.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Love? (Bilingual)

Verliebt. Ich bin's doch klage ich
mein Koerper hat den Seitenstich.
Es ist, so sagt man mir vor Jahren
als Wahrheiten noch wirklich waren,
die Liebe nichts als Illusion,
sie existiert im Grammophon
eventuell auch in der Geige
doch muss man sagen dass ich schweige.

Die Reflektion, Du siehst's im Spiegel,
gibt Dir den allerletzten Siegel.
Ich habe in den vierzig Jahren
nie g'wusst dass man mit grauen Haaren
noch faehig ist, den Pfad zu sehen
und welchen Weg ich sollte gehen.

Ich weiss es heute, keine Frage,
und wenn ich alles, ALLES wage,
sie lebt fuer mich und ich fuer sie,
ein Woertchen gibt es nicht, das NIE.

In love, I am, I do accuse
my body suffers; a recluse,
It is, they said, some years ago
when truth was real, not a show,
that love was only an illusion
perhaps, at times a strange intrusion,
it lives inside a grammophone
makes German violins intone
the best, but I must say I'll close
my mouth to poetry and prose.

Well, the reflection, you can see,
inside the mirror, look at me.
In forty years I never knew
that one could rationally view

which path was proper to peruse
for this, the one they call recluse.

Today I know, there is no fretting
I risk it all, oh no, no betting,
she lives for me and I for her,
the word j'aimais does not occur.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Memoriam To A Stranger

I know I would have liked the man,
his facial features show him as he was,
a man of genuine humanity,
it's one who always can
be the charisma that we need,
would you permit me to imagine
that he is just as sad as I
about the squandered opportunity
we could have had, just to shake hands.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Praise Of Woman

I am, let it be known, a man who sleeps at night,
never had cause to take a pill or count those sheep.
Yet just one moon ago I woke and switched the light,
it would be hours for my morning clock to beep.

It had to be, I needed to discern
which creature I could nominate to be the best of all.
I figured living things would stand in line to earn
their place in life and where the winners would stand tall.

I searched the deserts, Kalahari end to end.
I searched the oceans, to the bottom of the sea.
I flew the skies in a small plane (it was the trend) ,
I sat and contemplated all in a tall tree.

There was the rhino and the elephant, the ass,
the pompous hippo and the lion as the king.
So many beautiful creations, some were crass,
I met a bird and fixed its badly broken wing.

I travelled far and wide and searched for the big star.
Met critters silly and extremely, looking strange,
and started thinking who they'd be and who we are,
I fell asleep there near my tent, out on the range.

I had a dream that told me more than I had known,
there was no creature in the universe that would
on close inspection (and I did perform my own)
be even near the goal that might and hoped it could.

I woke bewildered, sat up straight and did feel faint
She came with coffee and a tray for us to share.
A look at her told me that nothing is or ain't
more than a woman it is futile to compare.

Ten hours later, after much deliberation,
I am the wiser, once again and I do know.
You cannot beat the depth of human titillation,
I am reduced to utter nothing more than 'Oh'.

So I have searched the world and found the number one.
It's not an animal, it's really a surprise.
Please take it now and rest assured that I, The Hun
was never mesmerised by two hypnotic eyes.

Of all the critters that live on this holy earth.
None would be anywhere near what I call the 'it',
From neutral molecules in line to go through birth
it's woman only who has soul and real grit.

I do adore the female form and its plaisir,
there is no structure in this world that could exceed
luck may be mine to always hold a woman dear,
I'd be a nothing without woman, yes indeed..

Herbert Nehrlich

In Response To A Fay Slimm Poem

May I tell you my dear
that the love of veneer,
imitation and opal from glass
is the cause of much grief
and its loveless relief
I would urge you to polish the brass.

If you know what I mean
just imagine the scene
where the lover straps on a balloon,
serves Madeira in bulk
dresses up like the Hulk
and suspends from the ceiling a moon.

Start the new Dee-Vee-Dee
add some rum to the tea
get your signals from brain to the crotch,
I myself like the scent
of a woman, it's meant
to make felon rise up by a notch.

Why go out of your way
when at home you could stay
you have genuine flesh AND a heart
if you look for new land
then you don't understand
that true love is your state of the art.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Schlaraffenland

In the land so aptly named Schlaraffenland,
he slaved all day and searched each moonlit night
deep in the forest for the treasures of the Gods.
His name was Hickelfloggendorp, a Nordic specimen,
he'd dig with callused hands the forest floor
for truffles, under bushes and the roots of pine.
He could not see inside the silence of the mound,
he felt a gap, a horizontal port of call,
half hidden in the curls of moss, it beckoned still
until he entered into darkness, it was brave,
the great unknown surrounding, rivulets of dew
fell on his skin and drops of rain slipped from above
off convolutions at the crown of this dark cave,
exotic fragrances like London Mist adrift
he felt pure velvet and his ears took in the cries
of urges dissonant and baritone to shrill,
a desert wind without the sand but bearing heat
blew onto loins and dried pudendal skin at will.
There was a softness of pure velvet, a small teat
now swelling quickly and he realised that eyes
were now as futile as his hands beneath this bridge
he left him standing there, a warrior and a fool
there would be time to use his services and size
but until then he would be left there just to drool.
He spoke in tongues now and was watched with envious eyes
by a chameleon and owls in handsome trees,
this was new territory, whispers in its throat
he'd entered stone-hinged walls and smelled the breath of bees,
and found a silence and the promise of a moat.
He felt it rising now, the sap from secret tubes
released by aches and tiny spasms from the ground
and only instinct led him, welcome Rubik's Cubes,
a froth of liquid oozes, all without a sound
before he catches it, spills slowly onto hips
and there is movement now, the sails of floating ships

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Beginning - The Questions And Lies

.....and why, my sweet do I not miss you,
why do I feel no pain sensation?
There is no mad urge to possess you,
I do not need you for salvation.

And, can I live, my sweet, without you?
My life before you - was it hell?
Am I obsessed, bewitched about you
and do I need you, to be well?

I'd always thought that it takes two
to be in love, be with each other,
that one must give, as lovers do
to get one's share, like 'love your mother'.

I also knew that love makes blind,
another principle that's wrong.
I am full of love, the simple kind,
my heart is singing my lovesong.

How can this be, it sounds so crazy:
To love someone, an absentéé?
Perhaps I am a trifle lazy,
it matters not if she loves me? ? ?

Or is this self-love, like Narcissus,
pre-occupation with the ego?
My friends say that one needs a 'missus'
on this path, then, you won't see me go.

Then tell me, do I have no passion?
No hormones fuelling desire,
my feelings, are they out of fashion,
is there no burning and no fire?

And to be honest: I don't know
what any of this means, my sweet.
Confusion reigns, yet you're aglow
deliciously from head to feet.

A boy I have not been for ages,
some wisdom has come from above,
young lovers should be kept in cages
to keep the passion from the love.

How do I love thee, let me show you please,
I welcome you, if this is what can be;
the opportunity that one of us must seize
may seal our pact forever -you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Bordello

She stuck a Winston 'tween her lips
and flicked her nicotine stained fingers
amply endowed with giant hips
and wore perfume that somehow lingers
then they went up the stairs to bed
to do some urgent fornication
and in the morning they were dead
it was a sober revelation
for in a brothel no one dies
because a brothel ain't a clinic
for you who frequents there and buys
you are a slimeball, I'm a cynic.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Cave

I looked inside the stony cave.
There was a tiny spec of light,
and there was movement at a depth.
So, urgent eyes lead curious minds,
I climbed inside to get acquainted.

Of all experiences to date
the sight was pepper for sore eyes.
It was the man I least expected,
they'd stoned him many years ago.
And, here he stood, in stony cave
and proudly says: 'I am Bojangle'.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Forest

An acorn, which is just a seed
jumped off the tree to meet a weed.
The weed was wearing an attire
that set the acorn's heart on fire.

A cousin of the acorn wandered
onto the scene, his name was oak.
He, being chaste, never philandered
he was a rather boring bloke.

The oak was suddenly just seized
by a black bird of purple feather,
you understand the oak was cheesed
he had been waiting for wet weather

to find a spot on forest ground
to settle in miniature sprouts.
But now he was, damn, downward bound
and none would hear his desperate shouts.

Turns out the bird had indigestion
and lost the oakseed in midflight,
he landed, asked himself the question
what he would do and if he might

consider hiding his oak nose
until his feet had taken hold
from predators and all of those
who needed seeds to ward off cold.

So as he glanced around he saw
a pretty rose of red and yellow
impressed, he whispered oh and ah,
the rose looked over, said 'Hey, fellow,

what brings you to this neck o' woods
you normally belong inside
the forest but you have the goods
to stay right here where you can hide.'

The rose had petals and big leaves
and Oakseed liked the looks of her,
so they decided on the eve
of Autumn that a bit of fur

from passing hairy rats and mice,
that had been caught by rose's thorn
would be the thing to do and nice,
thus Oakseed felt like a re-born

and well regarded little seed.
Meanwhile the acorn, had progressed
in this, his time of carnal need,
to helping her build one fine nest

where they could snuggle in the snow
and be protected from the rain.
Meanwhile they both would thrive and grow
and later giant heights attain.

So, once again the forest had
looked after its inhabitants.
There is a logic, sound but sad
that favours the recalcitrants.

So, winter came, its bitter cold
severely tested all their powers,
they shivered some, but with their bold
and wondrous voices, in snow showers

they sang the kindred spirit song,
and all the creatures, all the trees
felt how the bond had grown so strong
the melody melted the freeze.

The words were clear and had been sung
throughout the ages by all lovers,
as Oakseed and the Acorn clung
to weed and roseleaves, as their covers.

'Over the rainbow', now was heard

and don't you doubt this tale of caring
and if you sing word after word
you'll thank this poet, yet, for sharing.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Forum? ? ? ?

There once was a poet named Turner.
He was kind and a rather quick learner.
Then he tempted his fate
when he stayed for debate
Someone quipped 'use the afterburner'.

If you aim to remain and match wits
you will find that this place is the pits.
Where the poets throw rhymes
to the gallows like crimes
while creating fourliners 'bout tits.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Markets

She was leaning, you do get my drift?
And the meaning, it gave me a lift.
All she wore down there, nether
was a single blond feather
when she left it was me who was miffed.

I was shopping for camembert cheese.
When I spotted the thighs and the knees.
She was reaching for dip
when I noticed her hip
and the mini that flopped in the breeze.

So I offered to help her retrieve
it was onion and mint I believe.
I shall never forget
that small moment I met
her dear hubby who asked me to leave.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Morgue

First cut is from the top
slice down the sternum
add side excursions
just above the breasts
to meet the pectorals.
Flip open and inspect,
the gross anatomy,
then search for fluids
in the cavities, and grab
the ladle and the jar
mark all containers
with the patient's name.
Observe and scrutinize
each nook and cranny,
all secret places, just as well
take sample slivers
from the liver and the spleen,
the lungs and all the rest.
Dissect the coronaries
inspect the valves,
and note all scarring
and lost patency for sure.
Then take from waiting hands
the saw for bony parts,
all stainless steel and shiny
then slowly, and with care
but sheer indifference
cut off the top so it will look
like soldiers' helmets do.
A delicate procedure
to separate the brain
from its so crowded home
and do present it, well intact
onto a plate, where it will sit,
to be first photographed
then weighed with all the rest
then probe the convolutions,
note vessels that may leak
and peel the great pituitary

with surgeon's fingers
from the bony seat,
the sella turcica.

It's all, as you might say
the work I do each day,
and nothing special,
just routine engulfed in formalin,
we make our jokes,
our laugh can chase the silence
and the ghosts away.

And now and then, I do
reflect, and really wonder
about the soul beyond the flesh
and whether life was good
and long enough for them.

It's when I stuff the rags
and paper towels,
and the local paper,
hospital notes and news
and rubber gloves
back into what had been
and not too long ago
a real human, just like me.
I sew him up and know
that all the dead would understand
the sense of humour
that I need to do it all.

Herbert Nehrlich

In The Wheatfield

The golden glow
of just ripe wheat
was background,
music with a beat
from garlands gleaned
and sun for warmth
they lay there, silent
tangled arms, and hands
small weevils, other bugs
and spiders, crawled
slowly, leisurely on nude
and scarcely breathing,
wildly spent, soft limbs.

Though the idyll came to
a rather tragic, early end
when tractor sounds
approached at speed
and mammoth tyres
flattened him, the one
who, for a spider, was
the most enamoured
with the show he'd watched
from the beginning.

Herbert Nehrlich

In Your Heart

May I request a room
inside your heart, perhaps out back,
A closet with a broom
would be just fine, you see, the lack
of fancy things
like fixtures, special light
or furniture or angel wings
and linen oh so bright
does not disturb at all,
a cot will do quite well
small bathroom down the hall.
A pillow would be great
a lamp perhaps to read
those nights I stay up late
so, I would like to plead
one room, a jug of gin
your heart, so do I dare?
Your boarder, deep within
a bed, for you to share.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inaugural - Top Up Your Lips?

Two tiny pimples,
imperceptible they were,
had just appeared,
and overnight.
The little shits.
Just what I needed
on that fateful day.
I'd just arrived at camp
and not unpacked.
To chat her up and down and sideways.

I could be clever in my conversations,
and witty; 'charming' was the term someone had blown
like Mozart strings into my ear.
I had succeeded
rather quickly with this bird.
Had wrapped her 'round my little fingers tightly.

Their class was leaving in the morning,
what disaster!
New tactics meant to emphasise impending doom.
If opportunities were lost in our lifetime...
so, yes, the promise was first asked then given.
The farewell be a kiss of large dimension.
It was agreed that nothing else would do.

The evening passed like heavy snails in mud.
My night was watching four or five alarmclocks.
And morning saw a much inflated ego
look in the mirror at two newly sprouted pimples.

The quickly commandeered locus delicti
was slightly shady storage for spare bedding.
The door was locked, we wasted not a second.
I think the reason was for her not any pimples,
but shyness to her young age's highest level.
And, as for me, courageous instigator:
'Twas pimples and excitement, maybe both.

Yes, I do know you're anxious to hear more.
The kiss had started with a clanging,
and clinking of our youthful teeth.
So urgent was the happy meeting.
But quickly settled into sweetness,
that could not have been properly described.
Then graduated on to
silent activation
of all the salivary glands
that were accountable,
and present,
and so readily available,
that lips and tongues and mouths
so lovingly,
yet childishly,
and amateurish intertwined,
were willing wetlands
drinking their own juices.

It was the wettest, softest
and most sloppy kiss
that all the world could have imagined.
But it was real
and it lasted.
It was so sweet
that one could feel
the tears were watching.

I'm sorry girl, I did forget your name.
But is it possible
that you remember?

Herbert Nehrlich

Incoming.....

I'm good at vibes.
Always have been.
Sometimes, when
you pick one up
you buckle
a bit.
But you wait
for more
anyway.

Herbert Nehrlich

Incompetence

Now let me see.
I can imagine
how this philister
of philosophy
is set to make
a final effort
to write a poem
or some such thing.
He would not know
the difference
between a work
of art or science,
he is so dumb
that all the people
keep wondering
how he did finish
the course of study,
although they cheat
down in the desert
-it's the heat-
he is not fit
to teach the role
of toilet paper
in the bowl.

So what to do
with such a failure
and such a hateful one,
at best
I think the door of
his own college
would be the logic
of the day.

Let him go north
perhaps he'll learn
from real people
as he finds them,
perhaps the desert

heat has burned
the shreds of sanity
at last.

The chancellor
is of a mind
that guys like him
are no good credit.
So they do find
that this cheap kind
ain't fit to breathe
the same cool air.

Well, I predict that
that poor pisser
is fired from his job
at last,
and if the angels
give him mercy
I'll do my damndest
yes, I will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Indianapolis News

Well it makes so much sense to this bloke,
nightly snoring is far from a joke,
if it's two at a time
we shall call it a crime
and the perps, may they sputter and choke.

Do you blame the young man (well who would) ,
he was using a felt covered hood
to be shielded from sound
as he slowly unwound
and he knew that the vibes were no good.

As the night of the moon did unfold
he had fastened her hands to the mould
of her bed which had been
the location for sin
and the nights in New Castle get cold.

When he heard her to snivel and stammer,
(she was using inferior grammar) ,
he jumped out of his bed
and he bashed in her head
with a carpenter's ten kilo hammer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inertia And The Tornado

He was humongous at that.
Using the words morbidly obese,
quite appropriate, if perhaps unkind.
Yellow Cab had to, orders from up high,
dumped him, reluctantly, friendly fellow,
popular with colleagues, accommodating.
Customers would ask, wait in a queue,
stash own luggage, infirmity rules.

The Tuesday, when the mongrel was re-elected
he was 'VIPping' down the Santa Ana,
precious cargo on board, 'scarecrow',
name bestowed upon, now passenger.
Big Chevy Caprice, five pimply Latinos,
crowding and screeching on a short off-ramp.

It's always hairy when evasion is a failed manoeuvre,
investigators calculating the 429 pounds (and a half) ,
and their velocity -all going by Newton-
came down to inertia, laziness really,
but the damage was done and scarecrow had lost.

'Four More Years', on the Republican tow truck sticker,
so, filled to the brim with mountain-grown rage
he drawled something about 'making sure...'
And that's how it all ended, in the short term.
Ileo-jejunal shunt, fancy words for cutting a chunk
of gut from the morbid fatsos, slim them down.

Dubya celebrating, singing the campaign song
in the oval shower, 'Four More Years',
when ex-driver Franklin D. discharged,
using considerable force and creating undue noise,
the remains of his post-op meal, blimey.
Not one to read while in the process,
grabbing entire sandwiches, boiled eggs,
and replenishing energies desperately needed, and wanted.
Tray on knees, overflowing with culinary generosity.

Franklin dropped about half of the blubber,
re-hired under the caveat of weight-watching,
lest another inertia incident be in the cards.
Transferred to the hustle and bustle city of St. Paul,
always, the midwest had been attractive to him,
and the people, already there, conservative heartland.

On a Tuesday in November, Four More Years was,
once again, on all the stations and channels,
and seemingly, on the lips of all and sundry,
Senator and Aide, going to Duluth, upstate.
Snow predicted, Minnesota winter weather,
heartland snow, cold hands but warm of heart.
High speed, with special permission, governor's friend...

A funnel approaches, no tornados in November,
strange, though, the similarity, what the blazes....
The LTD now scooped from the turnpike and,
what the locals described as having gone, well
Up, Up And Away, accelerating. Awesome sight that.

Just makes you wonder, if morbidly obese
would have kept the damn thing on the ground.
Even tornados can't carry a lot of weight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inevitable

The joint chiefs had
in their undoubted wisdom
declared that war was
well...imminent, and now.

Soon after the announcement
the birds went silent
and all the flowers drooped
and sun and moon were seen
eloping, beyond the last horizon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inflammation?

Those who would buy that to inflame
is what the devil has in mind,
inside the silliness of shame
are those who want to stay behind.

If inflammation turns you on,
you may be ignorant for sure,
when all the evidence has gone
even the dummies won't endure.

And if you do prescribe the shit,
to fill you bank account with dough,
the time will cover up the pit.
When someone says, I told you so.

Herbert Nehrlich

Influenza

For those of you without a clue
about the dangers of the flu
I say before you get your shot
you'd better say 'I'd rather not',
no studies have shown proof to date
that shots would influence the state
and through some magic kill the bugs.
Purveyors often are plain thugs,
they add huge toxins to the mix
like mercury, it is a fix
and by itself may cause disease
so go to Google, study, please,
or Doc Mercola who explains
how mercury affects young brains,
and listen not to the statistics
they're twisted, using linguistics.
Few people die from influenza,
go ask the smart fellows at Mensa,
the death attributed to flu
are deaths of course, that much is true.
Yet it's pneumonia that will kill
some folks, who happen to be ill,
pneumonia though is not assisted
nor in the therapeutics listed
it will not yield and, au contraire,
flu shots contribute their fair share
to the demise at any age
so think before you reach the stage
when doctors urge you, 'while you're here,
you would prefer the arm or rear? '
Say NO unless you find the studies
with proof, don't listen to your buddies
or vested interests from Big Pharm,
you might receive a dose of harm.

Note: The contents of this poem are not intended to provide medical advice.
Proper medical advice on all health matters ought to be obtained from
your personal health care provider

Infracaninophile

I would feed you, sweet
our homebaked bread
and make you coffee
the way you like it.
No sugar, skinny, flat.

We would sit by
the bay window
and enjoy
watching
the butterflies,
looking in on us,
with their curious eyes.

The robins
at the south fence
are singing and
the little green frog
still lives under the rhubarb stalks,

Life, in all its beauty,
and with its sunshine
reflected in the puddles
left by last night's rain,
life does go on
and it returns to us
what we are willing to give,
give to each other,
our love for ourselves,
being as deep as
the love for
what we are now calling
our significant other.

Yes, it is, indeed,
the significance of
your soul that has
tied our hearts together,
between your breasts

and my hairy chest,
with strings willingly
and lovingly applied.

And may I express
that I can match
what is visible
in the still waters of
your eyes, my gaze
immerses into yours
and drinks of
the sweet nectar that is you.

There is silence surrounding
yet we hear the music of
well-crafted violins
inside our drum,
its rhythmic beat
a symbol of
an orchestra made for
enduring feats,
and,
when you speak
the steam above our mugs subsides,
it briefly changes course
yet leaves your beauty unobscured
and just for me.

I rise
to place
a log of cherrywood
into the fireplace,
it can be chilly
in these early Autumn days,
the flame excites itself
and rises high,
the moment of a phoenix dream,
and it now settles,
burning low
and lighting up
the portrait of the day
when we relived the miracle

of the thirteenth,
the day when kindly gods
let two such kindred souls
cross on a path
of laughter by the sea,
a mirror of impatient waves
that will return again
until the other takes its place.

Yes I remember now,
we smile just as my thought is born
and flies to you,
it lands with gentleness
and now you look at me,
mischievous dimple on your cheek,
the left is open now like petals
of a flower picked in Rome,

you take my hand and
place it on your cheek,
your tongue erases lines
and soothes memories of toil,
of distant pain and hatred
hurled with sudden force
by those who could not feel
or comprehend that there can be
a drummer who will play for only two,
and that his sounds are heard by all....
I do, I do.

We wake
from early morning,
prepared to dance,
and talk about today,
what it may bring,
the garden has its
greenery and plans,
a breeze arrives
in leisure from the Bay.

The paper boy, too quick,
he races by,

I hear you, LOVE,
I'm taking out the pie.
Your puzzle will not wait,
Tuesday's is new,
and I will help you if you
give me a small clue.

(I see her still,
as we meandered down the aisle)
what dear, is an..... INFRACANINOPHILE?

Herbert Nehrlich

Initiation

The deftness of her fingers
did pale inside the shade
of testosterone initiation.
There were no additives
and no preservatives
no monosodium glutamate
and the Glycaemic Index
was nowhere to be seen.
The heart, needless to say
was pitting, in confusion,
the left against the right
and, in the fading light
came understanding from above.
It was the moon that saw
what humans say when
not the chips but britches are
down in the dew-kissed grass.
And then, the giant Cloud of Decency
rose quickly in the sky
it oversaw, as is its faithful job
the learning of deft fingers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inner Thighs

I told you the truth.
And, in answer
to your question,
it is the inside
of your thighs,
that turns me on,
much more than
anything in life.
I do quite like
your eyes
your breasts
your hair,
your collagen.
And, read my lips:
I do love you,
YES, I can say it
LOUDER.
OKAY, I WILL,
yes, now.

Don't call me that,
I do have feelings,
I did say thighs,
not you-know-what,
WHAT?
Dammit, not true
I do like it
a LOT,
it is so...
well, give me
a tiny second,
I am no expert
in this, but yes,
you are correct,
you're not the first.
A past?
Are you implying
it was sordid,
no, surely not,

and just because
I am no expert
on those, well
you do -know-whats.
Why are you now
getting upset,
I'm being honest,
truthful you know
and realistic.
We had agreed to
tell the truth.
No, please don't cry,
I'll tell you what,
I really, truly, and no joke,
I do love every teensie,
and weensie bit and
every nook and cranny,
or better crevice
and there is nothing
I don't adore about you,
do you hear me?

Now that is better,
a little smile, well I just
love it when you're happy.
So can I now, that this is solved
kiss both your inner thighs?
What is it now? I did not use
those words like teensie, weensie,
at all, at all, well not like this.
Yes, they are plenty big,
and, no, they neither hang nor droop.
I never said that, they are scrumptious,
listen sweetheart, listen please,
love of my life, I need to tell you,
no longer can I keep this to myself,
It must be said, you are so perfect,
and there is no one reaching up to you.

Well, thanks I had considered saying this
in the beginning of our little talk.
So, let me take your lovely, perfect pantyhose

and any other useless garments off your perfect body.

Herbert Nehrlich

Insatiable

His erotic life in tatters,
begging her on wounded knee.
Cruelly she said it matters,
'size is everything to me'.

He was terribly offended,
blamed his parents, even God.
By next day he had suspended
heavy metal from his rod.

Weighing just on fifteen pounds
in a harness made of felt,
measured daily the amounts
it had grown below the belt.

Never told her of the traction,
wanted it as a surprise.
He would add not just a fraction
but surpass all other guys.

Spring had sprung and sap was rising,
with his patience wearing thin,
using donuts daily, sizing
length and whether thick or thin.

When he thought he was succeeding
although time was running out
he went from the weight preceding
to a ton which is quite stout.

Schlongs can handle much abuse,
though to fool with your own genes
may result in early blues
yet no stretching for your jeans.

Well, as I myself predicted
weeks went by and stresses grew,
soon he truly had inflicted
traction so it reached his shoe.

Then one morning in the shower,
(she was brushing her long hair) ,
called her 'darling my sweet flower,
have a look, I'd like to share

this humongous and gigantic
wonder weapon, see the size?
Let's take time to be romantic
it will give you such a rise.'

While he spoke she had been seeing
through the shaded shower glass
something that no human being
would have carried near his ass.

So, she wondered, thinking fast
whether it would be so smart
to receive this handsome mast
well, why not? It was a start.

Dedicated, with no tongue in cheek
to Sherrie because she knows
the subject and will understand
the matter.

H

Herbert Nehrlich

Insomnia

It was still dark.
I stepped
around the stones
until the fragrance of
petunias called
and rose
caressing,
to seduce
the one who found
no peace or beauty,
shrugging off the sound
of strange, exotic birds,
it must be me,
his inner voice had said,
who frowns
and listens to the dead,
and not the bumblebee.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

Inspirations

Like the poet who wrote
that he ran out
of inspiration,
of words.

And he asked the Gods,
would they, perhaps
give it back to him,
this thing
that allowed him
to talk to people.
And be heard.

The Gods had mercy.
He's back,
undiminished
and forgetting his humbleness.

I knew he would
be twice okay.
And that his cry was more
a song of empty feelings.

So, he won't miss me
or my words,
because
I may have
defied the Gods.

So said the devil
when he
burned my paper
and poured
all my ink
into the fire.

'You done' he said.

Perhaps I am.

Inspired By The Proctology Conference

And when you finish with your piece of genuine art
go grab your trumpet, blow until they truly hear.
A trumpet may produce a lengthy trumpet fart
pay no attention, both are welcomed by the ear.

You will admit, some words are ours to keep.
Due to the nature of their structural position.
So, too when some small ball of methane starts to creep.
It is the source that states the truth of each emission.

Please do not state that I compare an urgent clatter
to your creative and poetic titillations.
No poem ever saved the state in any matter,
but sonic booms deserve sincere appreciation.

So I suggest you write within your modest means.
Then blow the trumpet to disseminate the news.
Next day imbibe a dozen cups of pinto beans
and start the music that may well blow off your shoes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Insurrection

Anti-everything needs to be tough
must have clout in the smooth and the rough.
So for every man
use deodorant BAN
it will knock out their huff and their puff.

Is it power you want and you seek?
Without might does your future look bleak?
Just remember Benito
and that gnawer named Tito
And I know of whatever I speak.

It's my dog who taught lessons to me,
(it was whispered to him by a flea) .
The most scary big stick
can be given the flick
by the time taken out just to pee.

Well, I hope that you get the connection,
that you also, on closer inspection,
see how jealousy finds
inside innocent minds
growing signs of an insurrection.

Herbert Nehrlich

Intermediate On Jerry H.- Ostbf

It came, of course, why would it not
down to the wire as the pundits say,
behind the break a bit of fleshy rot
which must be flushed and spirited away.
The leg is coming good, I see it from afar,
and energy is just around the closest bend
some day, my trusted friend you'll see the bar
from the inside, and there will be a precious blend.
I know you cannot stand the patience devil, no
we are not made to hand our dignity to those
who do their best but at a cost for every silly pro
fret not, my mate, you'll look soon down your nose
at all the doubters and the weak ones, mark my word,
as time goes by you count the days until it comes
you see the feathers of a cute familiar bird
your march begins, you're going home. You hear the drums?

Behave yourself and rest to gain new strength
partake of morsels that your better half brings in
you might forget and never really feel the length
of all those weeks until you wear again your grin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Into A Moth

It must be Jesus (pious nerd)
who sent the message, (something stirred) .
What more can man request of God
but what the meek consider odd?
Immerse I would inside your froth
and gladly turn into a moth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Intuition

The happiness of both my ears,
was so contagious that day,
that this great news then quickly spread
through nose and eyes into my mind.
Straight to the pleasure gene at that!
I had misjudged the situation!
I would have thought, I should have been
not such a doubter of your love.

You'd made a scene, so full of scorn,
and scolded me, the infidel.
And intimated that I was
not really worthy, but your Gods
had just consented to relent
to blend some charity with love.
With so much luck I should be told
to search my soul and bow my head.
There were those issues, while unspoken
they smoldered by your pile of kindling,
they were your treasures for the future,
like trump cards up your well-starched sleeve.
I smelled a rat although I was
at a great loss to recognise
peculiar traits of any vermin.
I had not spent much time with them.
And was too young to know the dark.
And yet the feeling would not wither,
inspite of smiling re-assurance,
the air was laden with the hue
of colours unknown to the rainbow.
These soon were overpowered, yes
by sounds of serenading music,
it was as if a troubadesse
had suddenly become quite homeless.
And, ach, those loveliest of sounds,
the heartache flowing in D flat,
sweet little words, ich liebe dich,
and honeysuckle tears like rain,
that couldn't ooze their path down cheeks,

yet glistened so convincingly.
And what was I to make of this?
Wipe all the doubts with one sweet kiss?
That was expected, so it seems
as luck would have it, things unravelled
inside in stages of sad logic.
Was this a battle of the wits
or something one would not encounter
if he would feed convention's wolves?
The answer now originated
from happy ears who had suspected,
from eyes and nose who stuck a rider
onto the message for the mind.
Poor pleasure gene, your time will come,
we are you guardians, yours for life.

And so it was, when all the senses
could work together, unencumbered,
the stench was obvious and persistent,
allowing unobstructed vision.

And there you were, on centre stage
your colours dull, your hair so listless,
your lips were circles of defiance,
there was no sound, and thus, no lies.

Note: The personification of ears, eyes and nose is intentional.

Herbert Nehrlich

Invisible Suits Me

It was fun going to the concert.
She was dressed in her Chiffon fluff,
hat from Rodeo Drive
and my discount necklace from Tiffany's.
I did, however, suddenly have, and I was sorry,
an attack of Limelight Phobia, the usher did,
with knowing eyes give his precise assessment.
The diagnosis, so said he, is not so very rare,
it is the fear that they will see one's iffy underwear.

So, understanding as he was, he said to tip-toe-follow
behind the curtain I feel safe, but questions do remain,
what if they smell me from afar, was all of this in vain?

Herbert Nehrlich

Ip

I knew the captain of that ship,
his face was hardened and his lip
the lower one had quite a dip
he liked to smoke and take a nip
chopped his cigars with one quick snip
and with his thumb and fingertip
he'd grab the end and let it flip
which landed on a girl who'd skip
most of the day, she wore a bib
a miniskirt and silken slip
and may I give you just one tip
be careful going on a trip
I think this poem is quite hip.

Herbert Nehrlich

Iron Key

Ahhhh, there it is, that iron bridge
long missed and standing still
aglow above the rushing waters,
a golden moon suspended high,
a muslim bag turned lone balloon
the plaintiff calling of a Shepherd's mutt
cut off by the majestic sounds
of City Hall's old Bismarck clock.

I do imagine that it really tolls for me.
A subtle welcome in the bitter cold,
brought with some urgency to ears
by icy winds that taste so much the same
as I remember from a long gone youth.

Oh, it is late and citizens asleep
let us not wake the spirits here tonight.
Though nothing you or anyone can say
will keep me from the creaking oaken door.
You see, I still do have that precious iron key.

Herbert Nehrlich

Is It A Shame?

Veni vidi vici,
so, was it Heyerdahl
snug on the great Kontiki
who then denied it all?
They spotted in their travels
imperfect specimens
when DNA unravels
incrimination wins.
Yet those of us who slither
unnoticed into grief
we are condemned to dither
suspend our own belief.
The climber was ignored
and left in snow to die
while human beings scored
so close to God's own sky
much glory for their name
as few have what it takes
to overcome the shame
prioritizing stakes
Humanity has lost
its heart up in the ice
one sees not what the cost
and plays this game of dice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Isar Encounter

There sat on Munich's river bank
upon a travel rug a Yank.
Composing stories of the South
and putting Pretzels in her mouth.

Came riding from the border, Dutch
bespectacled and strange as such,
got off his horse from way up high
apologised for dropping by.

And when he left he sang a song
about the brave, the young and strong
because he needed now to purge
with overwhelming sudden urge

what he had read in purple ink
'but am I harsh? ', it made him think
that he was not a proper critic
and that his mind was analytic

and not equipped to judge those words
although he thought that some were turds
so off he went over the hill
and kept his mouth forever still.

Herbert Nehrlich

It Is Really You

Tear out the stuffing of your soul
it needs not healing but more pain.
Who says forgive the devil's deeds
has never felt self-pity's needs.
They flash the book at you, my friend
and urge you turn the other cheek.
It will be more in tune with peace
if you will go and join the meek.
Pink faces, warm with gentle smiles
will nod, encouragingly so,
while sweeping guilty dust aside
it leaves you just one choice. To go.

Herbert Nehrlich

It Matters Not

He knew, deep down
that reason was suspended.
He would come back
inside a box, or not at all.
The mongrel will, of course
be done away with, Hallelujah.
It is a matter for Justitia.

Man's law will not suffice
I am the Devil's disciple.
It matters not, of course
no, bro', it matters not.

Herbert Nehrlich

It Never Rains In Death Valley

Waking to the blessed melody of rain,
distant thunder, golden flashes near the school.
Resting tired eyes now staring at the stain,
left by the welcome deluge that filled the pool,
reminiscing of a past life in Death Valley,
where Mother Nature's furnace dries out your insides,
got the better of a maiden named Ann-Sally,
used to go into the heat for long joy rides.

Day came when Sally, who had not returned,
appeared to Mother Florence in a dream.
When she was found next to her vehicle, all burned,
it was sheer luck that one brief passing of the beam
of an Explorer flashlight's candlepower found her.
And she looked bad there in that cheddar lunar light,
scorched metal pieces, strewn at random all around her.
It was a sobering and mood-depressing sight.

A broken vertebra, a twisted knee, one missing finger,
she made it back, it took six months then to recover.
The moonlit memories will likely always linger,
how she was lying there, with hostile sun to hover.
All broken into small sarcastic dreams.
And fourteen rattlers, very near and seeking heat.

So when it rains like this today it surely seems,
that, intermittently, God's grace is hard to beat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Its And It's - An Iq Test? (By Rachel, My Kindred Spirit)

It's often difficult to see
The much abused apostrophe.
Its key is way off to the side
Sometimes it's NOT there for its ride.

Possessive? Plural? Get it right!
Contraction's simple day or night.
It is is it's and its belongs
To someone, somewhere for a song.

A careless writer must do more
To improve her language score.
There's no excuse for such a twist
It's simple to see where it fits.

Blame the keyboard for its speed
Quill and ink made slower reads.
'No excuse! ' again, I said.....
One more time my face is red.

Herbert Nehrlich

It's Malcolm, Not Malcomb

There once was a fellow from Britain
who had recently thought of and written
with a grain of defiance
a great book of true science
Many readers were thoroughly smitten.

So I figured I needed the book.
Just to have a most painstaking look.
But I got no reply
only God must know why,
What I said, was it gobbledygook?

If you want a considered review
then you'd send without further ado
wrapped and signed with some flair
per priority air,
I shall study it all in the loo.

Note: This is all about a very good book
written by a friend from Britain who has
procrastinated in sending me an
autographed copy.
The bribe is working as we speak.

Herbert Nehrlich

It's Not Much - But I'M Yours

Yes, I will keep you warm
in my cosy lap
and I will muss up your hair.

And no riches are yours
nor mine in this life.
Only the one jewel
which is dressed in
old shirts
and fills musty old sweaters.
They add to your beauty
and cling to your skin.

In the wee hours then
I will be in the kitchen,
baking bread in the morn
as you like it - from corn.

May I feed you in bed
like we stuff the wild ducks?
You shall have the best morsels.

While you slept, the bread baked.
I was thanking my God
for loving me so
that he gave me YOU.

For L

Herbert Nehrlich

It's Saturday *

I am of a strange mindset,
a haze of unhatched thought, ,
dragging the bedcovers again
they fall at last, into the usual heap
while I splash tepid water, briefly
watching those familiar age spots
lipofuchsin in relentless mockery,
a bit of post-alcoholic tremor,
the duo of acrylic teeth bathing
in the glass Grandma brought
from overseas, a Dresden gift,
you'll get homesick she said,
as she placed a complete set
of Dresden China, an oxymoron
I said casually, hating it when she,
rare visitor, takes over the place,
ignoring the little woman, who was
after all my choice, and not the grandest,
kids like her though and gain one kilo
easily, chocolate named Sarotti,
cooking with huge scoops of cream,
funny how the General seems just
to wander, inspecting gardens,
nearby forests and the woodshed,
roles reversed, methinks, perhaps
in time he will resume command,
with booming voice, further enhanced
due to a real loss of hearing normal sound,
no hearing aid, of course, way too newfangled,
and reading lips with budding cataracts
life has been kind to both, though God forbid,
bad omens kill the bold, it is well known,
oh, yes, just four more sleeps until,
cab-over camper is in place, supreme in tank,
two months will be a real test for all,
as the old culture settles in like morning mist
that stays all day and through each night.

No mother, Fritz will stay outside, his house

withstands the wildest storms, three inches
of the Weyerhauser foam with silver foil,
this is the country, Dad, we need protection
from all predators, and skunks, opossums
and the mountain lions, older ones come down
from snowy hills to get some food, perhaps a hen
or wiener pigs unguarded in the barn.

No going out to pee, mon General, a real risk
we'd have to soak your sorry ass for two whole days
in plain tomato juice, it works, but takes its time,
last year, Thanksgiving night we had one down below,
beneath the laundry floor, the fumes welled up
and universal nausea took hold, long past
the sound of 12 gauge Remington, a double blast
the place plain reeked for endless weeks.

The gadget says 2 minutes, then recharge,
seems logical and whitens aging teeth,
should trim the whiskers, maybe not, more gray
than pigment, curling too, wife hates it so,
don't like her wrinkles much nor rolls of lard
that seem to have erupted from a growing arse,
expanding, as she says, through estrogen and change,
well I'll be damned my friend, it's Saturday.
Back, dragging covers back to bed, a tangled mess
another hour would be wonderful, it seems.

Herbert Nehrlich

It's The Sickly Season

Young lady, may I be so bold
to steal a kiss to heal my cold?
You see, the germs I caught have screwed
inside my throat, which is quite rude.

Now millions see the light of day
and I'm the one who has to pay.
They first stick to laryngeal tissue
where dark and moisture is an issue,

appealing, also mandatory
they then create a purgatory
of mayhem with their little pricks.
Each germ makes clones, two billion six.

Secreting sweet and tasty stuff
until it bathes, just enough
the area for this invasion
an opportunist's sweet occasion.

I beg your pardon for the text
that is presented here and next;
the buggers masturbate (it's true)
thus getting partners to renew

their life-essential fascination:
Through pheromones to fornication.
The host, asleep and unaware,
they mark each cell by Croix de Guerre

and mix on an atomic level
the slime, a product of the Devil.
At first it's yellow but quite soon
resembles snod from a spittoon,

which means viscosity increases
and one can see some solid pieces
all coloured green for an effect
on other microbes I suspect.

So now they've really taken charge
with billions busy and at large
they eat small bits of YOU, oh yes,
and make inside your mouth a mess.

Their troupes have individual skills;
where one erodes, the other kills
some are dispatched up to the nose
where doctors later diagnose

rhinitis purulent, infective
and give the usual directive
of symptomatic intervention,
to put an end to this convention

of tiny tots who pitter-patter,
inside your gizzard where they splatter
their streptocousins everywhere,
with mean intent and easy flair.

Of course, I'm kidding, just a bit,
while colds will make you feel like shit,
your body overcomes them quickly
and you will shed the pale and sickly

appearance within days at most.
No longer must you play the host,
to mention I shall not forget
your doctor, only if you let

him write a script for magic pills
you'd be advised to seek the hills
because, there is no real cure
for those conditions, that's for sure.

That is because the germs I mentioned
above as being ill-intentioned,
are mostly of the viral kind
and, if you look you soon will find

that man has never learned to beat

most viruses because they cheat
and hide themselves from antibodies
thus make them look like Fuddy-Duddies

and pounce in darkness and at night
victorious and out of sight.

So, here is my own remedy:

When colds and flu are eyeing thee,

instill two drops of my own magic
a liquid which is virophagic
into each ear, three times a day.
It keeps the germs and docs away.

You ask what might this potion be
that can prevent your misery?

It is peroxide, three percent
I thought that was self-evident.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jack And Jill

Jack and Jill went into town
to get some good tobacco
in town they met the town's own clown
who called old Jack a Wacko.
Jack said what the f**k are you
a clown with little breeding
they sent the clown to Timbuktu
where they required weeding.
So Jack and Jill bought a small house
inside the township proper,
where Jack shot with his gun a grouse
and had to see the copper.
They locked old jack inside a cell
the cell was full of faeces,
he stayed and later went to hell,
sprouse are endangered species.
Jill went to live with an old goat
he reeked of gorgonzola
all day and night he'd fill his throat
with diet coca cola.
One day the stimulation got
the better of his liver,
she put him in a flower pot
and dumped him in the river.
Alone again, Jill took up Gin
and drank to drown her sorrows,
when, with a huge satanic grin
the beast of all tomorrows
came to her bed one lonely night
and promised her the heavens,
the Lotto slip showed in the light
a battery of sevens.
Rich now beyond her wildest dreams
she drove a five point seven
and joined one of the racing teams,
that's where she found young Bevan.
She taught him cooking, golf and sex
he was an eager student,
he found a photo of her ex

and found it less than prudent.
Well, being young and innocent
he'd be in troubled waters,
one night they camped out in a tent
and later had two daughters.
They called one daughter Jill, of course
the other was named Jackie,
Jack was the name for the new horse
which some of us find tacky.
Well every story has an end
a sausage does have two,
Jill junior's got herself a friend
he hailed from Timbuktu.

Herbert Nehrlich

James Rex Speaking.....

He's a teacher and a preacher
and a good-looking creature.
I refer (did you gather?)
to the man who shuns lather
and who won't use a blade,
though he'll call you a spade
if he catches you, man!
(Which the old geezer can) !

I've observed as man ages,
when he stops getting wages,
he will talk and carouse
like the quiet bloke's spouse.

So, it's normal they would
(though it's doubtful they should)
tell a digger 'get dressed',
in a suit, tie and vest,
bring his medals and beard,
have his frontal lobes geared
and spread wisdom to folks
and a few hefty jokes.

Well, you see he's been there
and he's done his fair share
so that bludgers and hoons
do not live in old ruins,
that our land remains free
so if someone asks me,
I would say 'take a minute,
then salute. He was in it! '

Herbert Nehrlich

January Limericks

A surgeon called Stanislav Slaughter
took his blond anorexic young daughter
to a pigs' knuckle feast
(yes, the pig was deceased)
just one taste of the knuckle meat taught her.

A catholic preacher named Ed
who in some things was easily led
took a walk in the park
where he met in the dark
a young lady who took him to bed.

There is always our God-given hope
said the wise and well-salaried pope.
God will feed all the poor
and provide a quick cure
If it fails there is always the rope.

An old dentist named Doc Halitosis
had loose bowels and hyperhidrosis
all his fumes thus did serve
to subdue every nerve
he retired with psychoneurosis.

An urologist named Doctor Biddle
had a patient presenting a riddle.
When his dentures were in
he could pee with a grin.
With them out he could not even piddle.

She had taken her horse for a ride.
On the day she became a young bride.
In the honeymoon suite
she said Darling, I'm beat
thus she lied just to save her own hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jeesez

It must be Jesus (pious nerd)
who sent the message, (something stirred) .
What more can man request of God
but what the meek consider odd?
Immerse I would inside your froth
and gladly turn into a moth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jeesus *

He coughed, there was a fear,
spasmodic waves at random times,
the threat of death?

Then he relaxed,
there would be time
so many things to still arrange,
they're called affairs.

So he was safe until the day
he let her win,
give in to nagging and
all troubles float your way.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jekyl And Hyde

Doctor Jekyl knew Mrs. Hyde.
They went on the very same ride.
Only Jekyl returned
'cause his colleague was burned
by the flame of belligerent pride.

So Doc Jekyl went back to the fire,
saw the man who is known as town crier.
He was told all the news
and was given her shoes
and he called the town crier a liar.

How can fire get out of control
and consume a most beautiful soul?
So Doc Jekyl was sad
and turned totally mad
He had failed in his life's crucial role.

When they buried the Doc on Boot Hill
all his neighbours were awfully still.
On his stone they had written:
'if he had not been smitten,
that he would be with all of us still'.

Resurrected two miles down the valley
was Miss Hyde and her new name was Sally.
She had shrugged off all dirt
from her sorrow and hurt
and now travelled down life's superalley.

And the story of Jekyl and Hyde
takes so many of us for a ride.
though between ourselves
and recalcitrant elves
peace could enter and war cast aside.

Screw conventions and meaningless rules,
if your heart is on fire and drools
you must bond with her soul

to melt down and be whole,
All advice is the wisdom of fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jerry - In A Dream

He's dancing the Blues
in the Southern sun
he has paid all his dues
but is still on the run.

She is holding him tight
with her pectoral tips
under colourful lights
he can make out her lips.

But the kiss never comes
as the Gods interfere
and the lady takes Tums
while poor Jerry drinks beer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jerry Is Almost Back

So, I predict that he'll be back
he's currently still on the track
it's steep and features sticks and stones,
a challenge for his aching bones.
But here we stand, we line the road
(some females writing him an ode)
ready to welcome him, to clap
It's great to see you, Jerr' old chap!

Herbert Nehrlich

Jerry Stumbles

There once lived a fortunate dude
y'all know to which dude I allude,
should he stumble he would
give his all so he could
be discovered entirely nude.

It's those drinkers of upmarket Scotch
who will rise on occasion a notch
always thinking of sex
(or of shaving her legs)
it's the second whole brain in their crotch.

Now he brought up some hairy logistics
and according to modern statistics
if a man hits the ground
he can only be found
fully clothed or exhibitionistic.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jerry The Limerick

He has grown, in the clinic, a beard
but the stubbles are rough and much feared
by the soft, peachy skin
of both cheeks and her chin,
she considers his hairyness weird.

So she sharpened that Wilkinson blade
pulled the love of her life to the shade,
and proceeded to shave
from the face of this brave
man the hair, but she left him his beard.

He had grown, near each ear in just days
a small bushel of hair, like some gays,
and he blamed the selection
of the drugs for injection
it was Medicine's modern day ways.

After resting the night at his home
she had run out of white shaving foam,
which she meant to employ
to cut braids off this boy
but instead he had asked for a comb.

Well, I promised to keep up to date
all you poets about Jerry's fate.
If you saw his new looks
you would close your e-books
and this forum would start a debate.

I should also be honest and mention
that the nurse who kept Jerr' in detention,
put two rings in his nose
and a ruby-red rose
in his navel, with evil intention!

Do not shoot me, the messenger, please!
It is Jerry, who's also obese
as he stole all the pies

from the trays of the guys
who were bedridden due to bad knees.

All in all they were happy to see
that his kidneys again let him pee.
And they showed him the door
to the street level floor
thus at last our Jerry is free.

Discussions are well underway,
as sweet Alison showed some dismay.
Now the plan is to post
for the upcoming roast
on this forum his current portrait.

And as soon as the photo is taken
we shall tie up this silly old bacon
like a proper Martini
or Italian linguini
he'll be stirred with a vengeance, not shaken.

In the end he will be once again
just a poet who deserves a cool ten
and to some as a teacher
or a Scotch drinking creature
and a member of clean-shaven men.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jesus

The son of God,
his only one.
They nailed him
to the cross.
He died for us,
for all our sins,
his father sacrificed
his son,
to whitewash man.
Yes, it is hard
to fathom this.
And, do you know
of any man
who would,
with true conviction,
do noble deeds
like Jesus did,
just for his fellow man?

Herbert Nehrlich

Jesus Snubbed

It had to happen, let me tell you all
God's only son was coming, Monday night.
Two bucks admission to the city's Mall,
fast foods to still the human appetite.

The place was quite deserted, silence ruled.
The few attendees ordered supersize.
I must admit the ambience had me fooled,
all you could hear was smacking of the guys.

Next day they had a man to make you rich.
You learned to cheat your friends so they would share.
The place was overflowing, busy like a bitch.
They turned away a single pubic hair.

Thus you can see that humans entertain
a great delight in really being had.
I'm not suggesting we are all insane,
no, not at all, only a trifle mad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jet Suction

A fly, the runt of his small litter
had suffered much and was quite bitter.
His wings substandard and his legs
were stiff and scrawny like clothes pegs.

He flew, to practise this great art,
was known to let a roaring fart
out over town, to entertain
the humans in their own domain.

He'd learned, of course, about the spiders
and those six-legged blue-green gliders.
Thus, all in all, he was quite clever
a trait he would cling to forever,

no net would catch him, no one could
make headway into what they would
name lack of talent unbecoming
an insect known to stoop to humming.

Yet, when the jet approached at speed
with its own supersonic need
there was a suction which supplied
the oxygen for their fast ride.
This suction pulled the little fly
into the kerosene. GoodBye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jodilee's Shoe

You, Jodilee, you
if you lived in a shoe
and I lived in the other
I'd be your big brother.
And at night all your lace
I would tie just in case
it should rain from the sky
you would want to keep dry.
In the morning I'd wake you
get you out and then take you
to the trees and the flowers
we would wander for hours
and I might, before lunch
pick a colourful bunch
of those berries in blue
they would be just for you.
And for afternoon tea
we would sit by the tree
you would say 'What a guy,
you made blueberry pie! '
Now I wonder if you
really live in that shoe
'cause I live in mine
making blackberry wine
is it what it may seem
or was it only a dream?

Herbert Nehrlich

Jodkali

Der Mensch ist eigentlich recht dumm,
wir Dichter kommen nicht drum rum
denn weiss er nicht wieso, warum
nimmt er Jodatum Kalium.

Doch heute hat man bess're Sachen
die Arbeit und viel Kohle machen.
Wo Goetter Krankheiten entfachen
da kann der gute Arzt nur lachen.

Mensch iss was schmeckt und trinke Dir
den roten Wein, das gold'ne Bier.
Doch zeig bei keinem eine Gier
dann bleibste sicher lange hier.

Herbert Nehrlich

Joe The Plumber

A plumber without plumbing tools,
no license from no plumbing schools.
Much taxes owed and free of hair
but seeking treatment that is fair.
McCain you picked another bummer,
no boost will come from Joe the Plumber.

Your faucet, John, has sprung a leak,
we know it's riches that you seek.
To crown a life of grabbing gold
go out as president when old...?
Believe you me, Joe is no plumber
and you no president, oh bummer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jogger's Peril

The very early hour is the best
for jogging, keeping up condition
as I was going, sleepily, just trotting west
as if I had been chosen for a crucial mission.

No one around to see how fast or slow I'm going,
or if I'm sweating, even stumbling, looking pale
the morning air condenses breath that I am blowing,
I am an athlete, full of power, proudly male.

Downhill it goes now, giving more vibration
and something slowly loosens in my inner gut,
and I can feel it, this developing sensation
as it meanders with a tickle, to my butt.

It is a thunderous explosion, with an echo,
a window opens and a lady peeks outside,
right in front of me, a stunned and frozen gecko
I briefly feel that it would be prudent to hide.

Yet, it's too late, as from the house a voice
comes, very loudly, with a smile wrapped all around
' If you think you will go faster, silly boys
through such an afterburn, it's only a loud sound.'

Herbert Nehrlich

John Howard (Haiku)

Howard will lose this,
he is truly dishonest.
People are stupid.

A couple dollars
wrapped up in lofty pledges,
to feed the ego.

A civic duty
to nod and then bend over,
for rigor mortis.

Herbert Nehrlich

John Howard Must Go

There once was a fellow named Rudd.
He was not what you'd call a great stud.
But he threw out John Howard
who was proven a coward
then the people installed Elmer Fudd.

Thus the Nationals and all the Libs
donned original monarchy bibs.
Then went naked on stage
in a crocodile cage
and continued to tell nasty fibs.

Oh, dear God can you give us new leaders?
Devoid of industrial feeders?
Send these convicts to Hell
with a Nubian bell
and use robots from now on as breeders.

Herbert Nehrlich

John Mclost

John McLame you will have to concede indeed
all your hopes have been thrown in the blender,
as the country is badly and highly in need
you must tender your total surrender.

You have not been accepted, no hero you are
as you made propaganda in Nam,
go and visit a typical Veterans' Bar
where the people still love Uncle Sam,

they will tell you, get lost you were not one of us
as you sat with your enemy bosses,
when they freed us we travelled by prison camp bus
while the army was counting its losses.

As an admiral's son you were handled with gloves
special foods were the pay for your work,
did they force you McVain, were you one of the doves
is it true when they call you a jerk?

You're no hero, 'my friend', neither then nor today,
opportunists with money don't care,
it's the ego that lights for you villains the way
you are never quite willing to share.

Screw the plumbers and those with no money to burn
let them starve or perhaps eat cheap cake,
they must slave and in time they'll be happy to learn
that the wealth of a few is at stake.

We will never share dough with the starving, oh no,
it's a socialist trick, so watch out,
let me speak as I watch my portfolio grow
it is caviar for me, never trout.

Herbert Nehrlich

José's Brassieres

Colchita who had married young
lost hubby (though he was not hung) .
He had, defying all the laws
absconded with a thousand bras
from JC Penney, in the city
which for the owners was a pity.

This Penney's was the first they'd built
well-decorated and then filled
with gadgets from the greedy Yanks
the thing was financed by the banks.

Colchita's hubby, named José
had bought a bra but could not pay.
He did not have those mucho pesos
to top it off, he smelled like quesos.

They did attempt to throw him out,
the manager began to shout;
José, instead of giving in
took out his box marked Mickey Finn.

Each person in the store was given
three pills (José by now was driven) ,
and soon they rested on the floor
while our hero searched the store.

He ended up not liking things,
discarded even golden rings
and in the end he grabbed all bras.
It must have been simply because
he liked the thought of what one found
inside the cups, so big and round.

He took his ageless Chevy truck
right through the border, with some luck.
They asked about the pile of cloth,
he said it was to chase the moths
from all the curtains in L A

the borderguard said, A-Okay.

Back home the women were united
and wanted José extradited.
All señoritas and señoras
were now considered little whoras.

No one had access to support,
be it a nursing bra or sport.
So when José, well dressed and healthy
came back to Mexico, now wealthy
they took him to the ancient jail
and tied him to a donkey's tail.

The donkey then was stimulated
by heavy voltage, highly rated
in megaamps, and DC current,
it was not meant as a deterrent.

The donkey ran into the scrub
tripped over a cast iron tub,
which had been placed to water stock
inside the shade of a big rock.

The donkey, thinking of a chase
which was, you know it, not the case,
had tangled his hind legs (the dope)
in a quite sturdy handmade rope.

This rope kept tub and rock in place
but now it triggered a wild race.
The donkey, looking briefly back
saw tub and rock on the attack!

They, tied by rope, were pulled behind
which seemed at least to be unkind.
The more they raced the faster ran
the tub as if it were a man,
the rock stayed with it just the same
it was a terrifying game.

As you can guess, they did not stop

until they reached the very top
of Montezuma's mountain range
where something genuinely strange
descended on the fleeing trio:
it was the song of Sole Mio
sung by the angels up above,
a song of true, eternal love.

Our God, whose wisdom sure surpasses
the intellect of any asses,
(be they from Mexico or not)
had, with some kindness, killed the lot.

He had been napping on the mountain
in a deckchair by the fountain,
an angel had played the guitar
when the commotion from afar
disturbed his afternoon siesta,
no need to mention the fiesta.

José, now dead and at the Gate,
to be assessed for mental state
saw angel after angel wear
no stockings and no underwear,
just see-through gowns of pink chiffon
and brand new bras that slip right on.
So now you know when YOU do pass,
thanks to José and one mad ass,
you might as well take Rubik's cubes
because you won't see any boobs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Journey

Silent whispers float on by,
wait, and let me hear!
Fragrance of warm apple pie,
humming bees so near.

Spring, your lovely virgin breath
sets my heart on fire,
eyes will see no sign of Death,
currents take me higher.

Birds and planes soon left behind,
anxious moments teasing,
clouds beguile the drifting mind,
angel teardrops freezing.

Yes, my friend, you fly ahead
go and find your God.
Those who ache to join the dead
strike me rather odd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Journey Of A Cheese Sandwich

His name was Bread
he carried with him
Butter and Swiss cheese.
Bread went and led
simsalabim
the way into the squeeze

of masticators, tuff and strong
moved on and sideways now
drenched by the fellow ptyalin
air movements sing a song
and then facilitate, oh wow,
the slip-slide down into the bin.

A portal, Cardia, opens quick
to let them pass to get their bath
in acid of some potency.
They churn and turn, though looking sick
and if you should recall your math
the ph was what set them free.

On to the place where Enzyme lingers
for further treatment to condition
and break their will now and deflate
inside the town that's named Twelfefingers
they are a novel, fresh addition
but got here just a trifle late.

So with a burble and a hiss
into the upper Gut they fly
then slowly make their way at night
by instinct and much hit and miss
not being timid, dumb or shy
and somehow it all ends alright.

But if you're here to study art
at the far end of a long tract
just keep your ears inside the grass
I tell you now that each small fart

that reaches you, still quite intact
is a digestive from an ass.

Herbert Nehrlich

Journey To Appenzell

A Dandelion stood alone
near iron railway tracks,
he leaned against a granite stone
to rest, and to relax.

He stood up straight for every train
and watched the many faces,
who travelled, seemingly in vain
to mystic foreign places.

He never knew that there was life
beyond the smoke and dirt,
one day a gentleman with knife
bent down and cut. It hurt.

The man now rode to Appenzell
and back each afternoon.
He wore the plant on his lapel
but tired of it soon.

Five journeys Dandelion made,
then, on a Sunday morn,
just as his shine began to fade
he felt that he was torn

and thrown without a single tone
onto the pitch-black tracks.
He landed near the granite stone
and leaned back to relax.

Herbert Nehrlich

Joy - In Memoriam

She gave to all,
with caring hands
and warmth of heart.
They called her,
with a hint of praise
'our volunteer'.

Her man of fifty years
thought of himself
as flabbergast,
the very thought
of clubs and charities,
their numbers endless
like the grains of sand,
on beaches reeking strangely
of the musk of sweet infinity.
She had not needed much
in culinary goods
or in the way of sleep.

Her smile was tainted,
yes, a mixture of concern
and reassuring nods,
framed by a mischievous
and maiden born enthusiasm.

When she laid eyes on me
that busy day, when all of us
had come to get acquainted,
there in the yard, a cask or two
and green VB on bags of ice,
we clicked just for the heck of it,
it seemed. And if she judged
it did not show, for which I was
as always glad, she took you
as you were or as you sought to be.

A shadow flashed across her cheeks
that helter-skelter afternoon

when life demanded all her skills
and selflessly she had complied,
again. And then again.

There was a pain, a real pain
down in the very pit of things,
and instantly she had become
a woman of unusual perception.
She'd been, by way of cyberwaves
become aware. So sad for little folks.
What would they do, let down as such
by what the gods had now decreed,
it would be such a pain to tell,
especially the little ones, she would
be so bereft of words, the granny
who had met the match,
the one who took her speech away
by cutting deep within that heart of gold
and twisting once or twice,
just to make sure she understood.

And then, when she awoke again,
to wrap the Christmas gifts for all,
she had to steady trembling hands
and sit in the recliner from last year,
a present of her grown up son,
attorney to the world, respected
and the father of those little darlings
who would be, with smiles of happiness
and reddened cheeks rush to the tree
and rip the living daylights out of wraps
and bows and cartons made by boys
in sweatshops of new opportunity,
down old Kolkata Way.

She would be resting then,
inside a box of cypress or mahogany
and think about them all, with Joy,
her little ears alert to all the sounds
that were her life and warmed her heart
so long ago. It was a life lived by a flower,
who never lost the fragrance of a rose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Joy Flight

I have a friend who is a cowboy,
he flies fast jets for Uncle Sam,
persuaded me to come along
'twas a Sunday in September.

Smart uniform, exotic helmet,
strapped in behind a crazy guy.
He handed me a largish bag
that had blue string around the neck.

'Hold on to this, you may not need it',
he said on take-off, up we went,
we reached five g when your whole bod
gets heavy and you cannot wave.

Or speak, or lift your hand or grab
the pilot by the shoulder grimly,
the bag was used then, held by hands
that did belong to other sprits.

I told him how the flight was fun
but others did deserve a chance
so I'd stand back for two, three years
remembering that string-choked bag.

Herbert Nehrlich

Judging The Apple

The dreadful scourge of leprosy
no introduction necessary,
blows clouds of poison gas
a warning to us all, do keep away.
A penalty of scars and foul decay,
soon sends its tentacles into the mind,
there is no cure, just hopeless melancholy.
Of those who do associate, to help
be it the nurses or the breakfast cooks,
not one will ever be without the gas,
they have been soiled beyond repair,
associates of epidemiology.
It is as if the brother or the spouse
had murdered even raped, all in cold blood,
and thus infected, like the germ of leprosy
all those of common origin with pus
that knows no barricades and no humanity.
Be warned, my friend, do pick them wisely,
lest you be judged just like the apple from the tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Judgment Day

I do not care about the dough,
it costs whatever they decide.
But will I finish cretins, yes
they will not eat for quite some time.
I do have plenty and have now pledged
what it will take to knock them cold
we have your names and all details
so, worry not, but worry more.
It is enough, you understand
that only heavy-handed scorn
will do you justice in the end
I promise you that's what you'll get.
And watch this space, it will be told
the sordid details of your fall
I am not sorry, you decided
that you could play with me for all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Juicy Corn (Children)

To Les and Annie at Cape Horn,
(they lived in a small hut) ,
was born a little ear of corn,
Annie went out and cut

with her machete through the stalk
(one blow had done the trick) ,
those ears may listen but don't walk,
with or without a stick.

The people at Cape Horn do know
that corn is rather juicy.
That is the reason they do grow
them for their daughter Lucy.

Each year, in mid-September
the patch is full of life,
today I still remember
that Les and Annie (that's his wife)

would always say 'you kids must eat
your veggies every meal',
we had no choice and could not cheat
today that's how I feel.

Fresh golden corn, so plump and juicy
is still my favourite of all,
I am the one that folks call Lucy,
I wait for harvest in the Fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

Junge Blumen

Sag mir wo die Blumen sind,
wo sind sie geblieben,
liebte Blumen schon als Kind
heute bin ich alt.

Blumen lieben mich nicht mehr,
doch bin ich getrieben,
Spieglein, sage mir nur wer.
Wachsen sie im Wald?

Nein, ich fand sie, sie fand mich
erst hat sie geschrieben,
Echo sprach Ich liebe dich
es ist nie mehr kalt.

Blumen, ja, sie duften fein,
ihren Busen lieben,
Und fuer immer ist sie mein
nur der Tod sagt Halt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jungle Hypnosis

Under a green canopy
my two buddies asking me
why we ever came to Asia,
to the jungles of Malaisia.

Broken was that bloody Rover
and the engine shipped from Dover
would arrive when the Monsoon
hit the region all too soon.

Since we had some time to kill
we decided that the thrill
of the local big Casino
where they play Blackjack and Keno
would be just the thing to do.

I was well-informed and knew
that the locals still would eat
animal and human meat.
So it came, that with a grin
we were told about the win.

We had hit the pot called Jack
and they pointed to the stack
of those yankee greenish notes.
Then two men in fancy coats
came to greet 'Congratulations'.

As with all those corporations
papers needed to be signed,
as we did, right from behind
twenty soldiers had assembled
two of us now feared and trembled,
we could see that they meant harm,
off went white man's loud alarm.

They took us and all the dough
to the Palace where the pro
stood before the giant portal

like a man who is immortal.

'Come', he said, 'it's time for dinner
and we welcome any winner
to the Palace when we dine
we will serve Malaysian wine.'

Far from blind we wined and dined,
quite a contrast from the grind
of the jungle without wheels,
those who know just how that feels
understand the jungle soul
and the young explorers' role.

Came dessert and a cigar,
Chief then said 'you won't get far
with the loot that you have taken
from the poor, you Godforsaken
thieving white men this is it! '

We knew that we were in the shit
and from the corner of my eye
I now observed a toothless guy
who sharpen his machete knife
on a wet stone held by his wife.
From the kitchen came new sounds,
as for us, we did have grounds
to be a little bit concerned
just then the biggest honcho turned
to face his people, then he preached
'These funny fellows, tall and bleached
from the Continent of Whites
will be given their last rites,
and by then the pots be boiling
and the women will be oiling
white man's skin in preparation...'
What a wonderful vacation!

We were panick-stricken now
tried to quickly figure how
to escape these cannibals
and to save me and my pals.

So, my buddy Fred said 'Chief,
may I speak, I shall be brief,
I and my two comrades here
are resigned and have no fear,
as the women start to baste
to improve, for later, taste
may we join, yes, all of us
in a prayer without fuss,
it will please the white man's God
and he'll give you then the nod.

Just a short time to invest
it will help you to digest.
Since the blessing comes from Heaven
we will need the time of seven
minutes, do I have permission? '

And the Chief made his decision
'sure we grant you this request,
although, after you've been blessed
we must go on with the meal
and there will be no appeal.'

Fred who is a hypnotist
and by Mesmer had been kissed
stood and said in somber tone:
'Anyone who owns a bone
will soon experience a feeling
of innermost and soothing healing,
your eyes will close when I say NUMBER
and you will drift into deep slumber.
Relax my people and go deep
into a long relaxing sleep,
no sound, no movement will affect
no eyes will open to detect
or otherwise be wise to things
You shall awake when morning brings
the sun back from the Coral Sea,
and only then will you be free
to move again and think of eating,
sleep well now, I adjourn this meeting.'

Hot tears welled up in all six eyes,
Fred had put UNDER all those guys.
We quickly checked to see if maybe
a truck existed, when -Oh BABY -
we found a Hemi five-point-seven,
I was in first and started rev vin'
we loaded up the Cherokee
with all our winnings, laughingly,
then floored the pedal, let those horses
unleash their Daimler-Chrysler forces,
criss-crossed the jungles of Malaysia
and vowed not to return to Asia.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jungle Still

In the shadow of the moon
reminisced an old raccoon.
Oh, those days when his own dad
went ballistic, later mad.

All because his wife had tired
of her husband's much admired
prowess in their birchwood bed.
News soon came that she was dead
causing junior to become
rather partial to good rum.

Yes, I know, your brows just lifted
as your thinking brain has drifted
to this inconsistency.
Rum for coons? How could this be.

Let me tell you doubting reader
did you know each horny breeder
and their habits day and night?
If you don't, go fly a kite!

How would you, a simple wanker,
small town janitor or banker
be aware of what they do
truly, you don't have a clue.

I have met (though it was risky)
elephants so fond of whiskey
that they owned their jungle still!
They would mix and then distill
eau de vie from fresh ingredients,
getting absolute obedience
from the clan and other critters.

Zebras like their booze with bitters,
all giraffes prefer long straws
and the lions rub their paws
as each Friday, after supper

they shut off the vat of copper
which has heated all the stuff.

Rabbits, birds and mice would puff
on their weeds, anticipating
not their pastime (which is mating)
but the fest where they could sample
jungle juice (supply was ample) .

And their God had long decreed
that there was a real need
to be friendly to each other,
foes be treated like your brother
once a week, when He suspended
killing 'til the orgy ended.

This has been routine for ages
only animals in cages
don't have access to the stuff,
that's why zoo life is so tough.

The raccoon, marked by cirrhosis,
smoke-related silicosis
and the ravages of time,
sat there, sipping gin with lime
then stood up and toppled over
into green and luscious clover.

In the shadow of the moon
killing would start up, too soon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Jungle Tears

She ran across the plaza, nearly flying.
He was alive, though barely, badly swaying.
Presumed deceased, their group of just fifteen
had made their way out of the steaming jungle.
Her nurse's cap had fallen into muck,
and regulation army blouse spit down the centre.
His eyes were swollen badly, though this was a sight
to heal and comfort them and warm a frozen heart.
It was the end of fighting in this violent film.
Good guys had won with heavy casualties.
And here I sit in Lazyboy's recliner
and try to hide the tear no one should see.

Herbert Nehrlich

Junk Food (Children)

Spinach, carrots, artichokes,
will not grow the bones of blokes.
Ketchup, chocolate bars and chips
Coca Cola, frequent nips,
always listen to your mates
food's best served on paperplates.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just A Couple Of Limericks

Annabelle, a cantankerous prude
was convinced that all fellows are rude.
When one Saturday night,
while as high as a kite
she was tucked into bed and then screwed.

There was a young lady named Claire,
she made braids from her pubic hair.
Quite an ignorant lass
she would keep her small ass
on the bed, but her legs in the hair.

A schoolteacher consumed by sarcasm
was in bed when she felt a strange spasm,
all alone in her bed
she was shocked and she said:
Now is THIS what they call an orgasm?

Master Ben was the boy in the middle,
he played harpsichord, trumpet and fiddle.
But his bladder was weak
and his future looked bleak.
He would play but incessantly piddle.

A flea and a tick and a fly,
were enjoying a piece of plum pie,
said the flea to the tick
'see this fly, he's a prick, '
and that's why the flea had to die.

A professor named Gulliver Babbit
had been playing around with a rabbit.
He was trying to show
that a rabbit will grow
not from rabbity genes but from habit.

When the grandson of actor Jane Fonda
found a snake in her little green Honda,
she said: 'This shows, indeed

that she ain't up to speed
with a passenger Anaconda.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Just A Flower Ii

I was, of course so very sad,
my flower had been taken.
And thought of what I might have had,
by now was badly shaken.

I left, what would you have me do?
Went home and went to bed.
And, as I drifted off I thought
'You haven't got a clue'.

And water goes once past the weir
it won't return for man.
This justifies my painful fear
that nothing, that you can
do, think or dream
that would undo
the fact that she is gone.

I tell myself 'Chin up, my friend,
your life will just go on.'

The years went by,
I bought a cane
at our local store,
to help me get into the plane.
I had to fly some more.

Up to the ramp I took my stride,
when something tapped my shoulder.
So, down I looked,
my eyes went wide:
I saw a giant boulder.
That in itself was not enough
to get me all excited,
I had been well trained to be tough
my lips now said 'United'.

How strange this world, how sweet indeed
I thought, now see'ng the reason.

My flower peeked at me so sweet,
it was the rainy season.

I dropped into the mud right then
and reached out with both hands.
And touched my sweet thing
kissed her then.
My tears rolled in the sand.

I took her home, she told me that,
(while leaning on my shoulder) ,
they'd sheltered her from cold and wet
behind the giant boulder.

And I had seen the obvious stone,
but not my little flower.
She waited for me all alone.
Her love gave her that power.

She lives with me now in a pot
and I am in there with her.
We talk of all these years a lot
and then.....
I always kiss her.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just A Flower?

A most unusual flower,
of colours, oh so bright.
A tropical rainshower,
an early morning flight.

A bird of clammy feathers,
a nest up in a tree.
I wondered if this weather's
intended just for me.

A jumbo jet was starting,
a Cessna flying low.
The luggage men were carting
essentials to and fro.

And check-in was proceeding,
I started up the ramp.
Technicians started bleeding
some air into the damp.

When suddenly a flower,
of colours, oh so bright,
so scrumptious at this hour,
I wondered if I might
just have a further look see
at this exotic beauty.
And this is what then took me
so far away from duty.

You see, she was so pretty,
how could a man resist.
If I'd never leave the city
they'd strike me off the list.

And, at this point I knew
no birds, no planes, no rain
Which was the short end of the stick?
So, stay for love or take the plane?

And kneeling on the muddy ground,
my British pants had style.
I felt as if at last I'd found
the Jewel of the Nile.

So I remained a little while
to ascertain what had transpired.
Was it her most exquisite smile?
I miss my plane - I will get fired.

When all the petals winked at me,
the core then opened for my eyes,
and glistened and invited me,
I thought about it long and deep.
Temptation was my very breath.
If I could pick her now to keep
I would have life - she would have death.

So, very gently I reached out
and touched her once,
caressed her even.
Not knowing what this was about
but feeling that I'd soon be leaving.

Confided, talked to her, it's true.
Called her a 'scrumptious little dish'.
It's not the usual thing I do,
but looking at her...oh I wish!

She's all I ever want for me,
but I can't have her now,
I know.
'Cause if I picked her,
broke her free:
We'd have no life.
only a show.

And ten years later,
to the hour,
I happened to be near,

I went to see that pretty flower.
Perhaps she would be there.

The planes, the birds -
it even rained!
Yes everything was just the same.
The landscape had been well-maintained
and I now warmed up to this game.

A few more steps. Would she re-call?
And would she flash a smile as well?
Would on my knees I go (or fall) ?
One can't be sure, one cannot tell.

So, quickly I put on my glasses.
I need them to see little Belles.
There were a million plants and grasses,
but....
She had gone with someone else.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Another Limerick

There once was a copper named Drake,
he was searching the board for a snake
but the snake stuck around
and was thus never found.
Could it be that this Drake is a fake?

He is hiding and may just be snoozing.
No one finds this inaction amusing.
If he doesn't proceed
with a head choppin' deed
we will soon be just silently boozing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Answering

I am a bit embarrassed here my dear and learned friend,
as writing comes from deep inside and wants, no needs to see
bright daylight and an audience I would to you commend
dare you, a poet of renown sit down and look at me
at what I write to ascertain that valid thoughts emerge
and stay a little while to talk and brush against my hand
your tactile need erase my pain, replace it with new urge,
and walk the walk throughout the fenced, bleak ghetto of our land?

A poet must be versatile, a master of the trade
possess the skills and talent too, as Allan says the gift
one cannot walk a lonely mile and drink cheap lemonade
in expectation of a true and everlasting lift.

I will not be a soldier, no, the Forum Wars have gone
but comments born of silly drool show nothing but sheer lack
of common sense owned by a fool who simply soldiers on
and waves to bums and dressed up whores, goes flaccid in the sack.
Please do not ask about the ones who do not know their worth
I cannot help, I will not say what I think of their wares,
God loves the nuns and all those monks he placed upon this Earth
but, on the brink we need to see the bulls among the bears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Fun

The goose that laid the golden egg
had bent to let it drop, each leg.
The egg was golden and so huge
that people thought it subterfuge.
She told the gander, next they mated
since their first egg was 4X rated
to make the next one pretty small
the size of a small tennisball.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Saying Hi Back

When your life seems an endless Sahara
do not reach for the trusted mascara
If it's tears to replace
in your lovely old face
go and hug her, the mother of Tara.

I've been called worse than thinly sliced bread
I don't hear any voices in bed.
But for every malaise
there is tincture of praise
I remember what THIS lady said.

Do I wonder if love can make war
seems I've seen it all bothered before.
What a woman rejects
doubles back and reflects
a cantankerous scruffy old boar.

As a man I perceive many vibes
from my spirits in thousands of tribes.
it's a smile they are sharing
with all those who are caring,
I'm not one though who oversubscribes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Talk

I shall be up at dawn
prepared for nought,
relying not on brawn
or what was taught.
However I may stay
without some sleep
and greet the coming day
with words to keep.
A man can walk away
at times he must,
and in the Edes of May
he'll cull his lust.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Timelessthoughts

I am an atheist, thank God.
Oh no, my friend, this is not odd
as, after all, He knows me still
as one who would ignore His will.

Yet, here on earth, I make my rules
for butchers, bakers and for fools.
Thus, hear me boy, as I explain
lest you end up another Cain,
just climbing Promise Mountain is
in my view (and perhaps in His)
no license to stake out a claim
in Carnal Valley's hidden shame.
So tame your odd and eager shrew
be happy with the current view.

As later on, just having been
down near the river (though no sin)
confers few rights and does not mean
that waves await your diving in.

Sure, go ahead and reminisce
enjoy the inner pictures too,
and taste again that lustful kiss
near where that big bald eagle flew;

Dwell in your thoughts up on that mountain,
descend to where coarse bracken grows.
And rest awhile there, at the fountain
where man's eternal river flows.

Unpack the checkered picnic rug
set up the table on the ground
uncork your bottle, with a shrug
and listen to her forest's sound.

Then feast your eyes on Cleaver's Ridge
just look, don't touch the memories
thank God now for the privilege

and for the thoughtful bumblebees.

Some things don't follow any trend,
eternal life is all around,
so, let this little poem end
I'll treasure all that I have found.

Herbert Nehrlich

Just Two Limericks

There was a young lady from Perth
who was born on the day of her birth.
She grew older with grace
and wore Persian lace.
She died lonely and soon left this earth.

A spinster of St. Maxime, France
on a Friday went out to a dance,
in the hope that she might
find a young shining knight,
she was homely at first and last glance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Justice

An eighteen-legged female spider
had fallen in a vat of cider.
She struggled with her puny legs
and lost, due to the fear, her eggs.

The spiderwife began to panic
and feared she would, like the Titanic,
end at the bottom, thus deep down,
(non-swimming spiders often drown) .

She pledged to be a brave example,
to struggle while she still had ample
tenacity and strong reserves.
She would ignore her fraying nerves.

The spider's movements now were slowing
as all her glycogen was going.
But, just before the final minute
she yelled: 'The cider, aren't I in it? '

And, within seconds she had found
that she now stood on solid ground.

That moment, when the farmer's mother
checked on the cider and said 'BROTHER! '
It had become a solid mess,
the why was anybody's guess.

The eggs had dropped into the cider,
been agitated by the spider,
eventually it had become
eggnog without a hint of rum.

Relieved, the spiderwoman rested
outside the vat, when (hairy-chested) ,
a frog hopped over, just to see.
He asked 'To Be Or Not To Be? '

Of course he ate the little spider,

then stuck his tongue into the cider
and drank through lingual osmosis.
He died of terminal cirrhosis.

Herbert Nehrlich

Justice, California Style

Another day, another quake,
and fancy eating on the menue.
TV-Detective, name is Blake,
en route to an accustomed venue.

Fantastic pasta, and good soup,
with dumplings floating near the top,
they usually went as a group,
today, however, a quick stop

to get a proper bite to eat,
he parked the car, while in a rush
a block away, but on the street.
Two inches from the curb, near flush.

A joke passed with the dinner drinks
about the meal that could turn out
to be her last, there was a jinx,
an eerie ghost floating about.

The check was paid and Bob escorted
his homely looking bride of years,
(it's here the story gets distorted) ,
it is alleged she had no fears.

He had forgotten (at his age) ,
his treasured pistol at the place.
Went back to get it and engage
the Maître d', to show his face.

And, after they exchanged some news
he said good-bye, went to the car,
a bit unsteady (from the booze?) ,
but head held high - a movie star.

Slumped over in the seat and still
was his companion, what a shock.
This is LA, where people kill,
where druggies run the streets, amuck.

He did not touch her even once.
Deep sorrow had to stay contained.
A death like this, it surely stuns...
he noticed that the seat was stained.

But, as the famous cop Baretta
he knew that he ought not to touch
the body, and that a vendetta
was common in these parts as such.

Whoever hated him enough
to kill his wife here, in cold blood,
would make it difficult and tough
to backtrack from that silent thud.

So, he just stood there, watched the scene
until the Boys in Blue came flying,
but even then was not too keen
to show his grief or think of crying.

The Chief Detective asked at once
'why did you park here on the street,
and do you always carry guns
when you just have a bite to eat? '

Baretta always used valets
to park his car, it was expected.
To leave the California Haze
of smog and noise, go undetected

by fans and others then inside.
Yet, on that day, with a small frown,
he did things different and his bride,
aware of things now upside down

perhaps was sensing premonition,
as women do when highly stressed.
It seems that Bob was on a mission
but it is doubtful she'd have guessed

that this would be her final day.

And if she did there was no reason
to be afraid or for dismay.
She ordered rack of lamb, in season.

That lamb stayed partially digested,
they searched him at the scene of crime,
and took his gun from, double-breasted,
Italian suit, a shade of lime.

And locked him up, prime suspect now,
took her away to the crime lab,
where they would ascertain just how
she died and who would pay the tab.

The rest is, as they say, a blur.
So many weeks inside the clink.
But in the end they branded her
a victim of a glaring chink

in Southern California life.
Baretta left, a man now free
of accusations (and a wife) .
And after all, he was to be

and join the circus of OJ
and Monkey Weirdo Pop or Bust,
I am the skeptic, here to stay.
The word at home is pure disgust.

Herbert Nehrlich

Justitia Angustiflora

My Aunt Hulda, God did bless her soul
in more ways than one, even before her passing,
was fond of saying 'Boy, you must be visible',
I, the boy, deemed to be smart, though grave doubts within me,
nodded and nodded, between grimaces,
until the first test came down the cobblestoned street.
'Stand up and be counted', she yelled,
and that, I remember clearly, and with some disdain,
was the beginning of a small plant's life, deep inside me,
a plant called Justitia, which thrives in the conditions of youth,
and often withers and eventually dies, through neglect.
'It is, my boy, none of your business', others yelled,
'stay out of it, you may get your fingers burned
and lose some skin of your nosy nose',
but I knew, because Aunt Hulda had never, (and would not
ever) lied to me, there was not a shred of falsehood,
or even fibres of a split soul in her warm and ample bosom.

It has, in all these decades, served well, me and others,
vacillation and cowardice have stayed away,
justice has been made to prevail, where gawkers hid,
and the philosophy, known and embraced by,
cherished and treasured like a child, any child,
a simple woman from the dirt farm,
one with a small habit and a heart of diamond-studded gold
survives, with pride but sadly, adopted by few.

'Let's roll', were his last words and he was no coward,
he did not hide in the lavatory, face covered with towels,
yes, it was his battle, too, but he stood, regardless, alone.
Injustice, a beating at the fast food place, step back,
quickly, 'it is not my fight', the cops will handle it,
'Yes', said Rodney King, 'they sure will', but did they?
Envy always comes to the rescue in procrastination,
it feeds the joy of indignation, it is the perfect excuse,
the key to being nothing more than a spectator,
a nobody, a do-nothing-be-nothing, or a person
whose life can only be one of non-significance,
not to others, but to oneself, yet it is, sadly,

the way of the world, a world that yells 'Jump'
to the man on the 99th floor window sill,
a people whose only intelligible mumble,
the one meant for their own conscience, if any
is 'well it ain't me', the word 'yet' not being
for some time to come, in the vocabulary.
Yes Bill, I wrote to you, warning about the operation,
being planned for the reasons of greed and glory,
not for a medical necessity, you chose, unwisely,
to listen to the money-changers, I had YOU in mind,
wanted to save your fornicator's skin for another Monica,
now you must, God help you, live less and die sooner,
it is not in your stars, but in your scars, invisible they might be.

I shake your hand, poet of Poemhunter, for you are,
a member of a rare species, for having it, being all
I want to stand for but fall short at times,
for standing up, then sitting down and putting pen,
to patient paper, just to accuse, like Monsieur Dreyfus,
you saw the turbulence and all the lethargy,
you did not wait for foolish others to take the lead,
because you know the ways of fragile souls who never will.
I know you did not stand up to be counted, no
you did what needed to be done as it was right.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kane's Wife

He wore his arrogance as if it were a coat,
with pockets hiding confidence within,
I could not tell if all of it was just veneer,
Potomkin's vain façade, lit from behind.

She told me though, as she would be
the one to see through shades of gray,
a wife's prerogative, a cause to take her charms
and fragrances of freedom to my lonely bed.

Soon it behooved the two of us to reach
for arrogance, embrace with open arms
the freedom of a kindness from the gods,
who'd sent him off into the world, the fellow Kane.
We'll leave the gawkers pressing noses to the pane.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kangaroos

A Kangaroo has much to do
it eats the grass with some pizzaz,
it often hops and seldom stops.
And all the males have crooked tails,
in morning's haze can't see the Grays,
much more well-fed, those are the Red.

As you will see, there's Wallaby,
an energetic, aptly genetic
blue blood relation, a revelation
to Yanks and Franks from foreign flanks.

So, tourists, all, come in the Fall
when the 'roo skin is not so thin.
You might say 'ouch' when in the pouch
you see the tyke, but you will like
his little head, there, in his bed.

A Kangaroo is just like you,
except that males have crooked tails.

Herbert Nehrlich

Keep Writing Poetry

I thought it quite exciting
that you would say you're not
a poet; words are biting,
the kettle calls the pot.....
You see my friend, they're amateurs
who hate when you succeed,
they'd use a pair of secateurs
so when one goes to read
the work will look so fragment-like
it is their mean intention,
just tell those fools to take a hike...
and I forgot to mention
that what you posted here is good
it is not dreck at all,
and those who'd criticise, they would
observe you standing tall.
Their little minds can't hope to reach
in life a status quo,
just write, it is a way to teach
and let the fools eat crow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Keeping An Eye On Piles

Bent forward in classic kyphosis
as his double chin clearly showed ptosis.
He was suffering from
a bad vein in his bum
it had burst into phagocytosis.

So the doc checked him over with care.
Under halogen light's amber glare.
Found an excess of bile
and a fourteen inch pile
and a fungus all over his hair.

So the fellow left after he paid.
Still bent over, creating some shade.
Asked his spouse then, pray tell
are you not very well
and she gave him some lemonade.

But he never quite straightened his spine,
hung his head in the steepest incline,
nearly touching the tiles
he was watching his piles
ears and eyes being nearly supine.

In the end she found out it was Doc,
head physician in Little Rock,
who had said keep a watch
on the back of your crotch
day and night and around the clock.

Forty weeks went and things had grown
he was still bending over and prone.
But the size of his pile
had acquired in style
the appearance of rugged brimstone.

As it grew it was pulling and dragging
as if flaunting its beauty and bragging
and it did in the end

help the fellow unbend
and the wife stopped her whining and nagging.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kernig's Sign Positive

It was her uvula that bothered me the most.
Framed by two ugly ducklings labelled tonsils,
and keeping company of adenoidal crap
the whole menagerie was covered by a skin
a see-through membrane which was yellow
and dotted by some specks of vivid green,
toward the front an aphthous stomatitis
had been residing for some months already
a tongue so geographic that a travel agent
would dream of distant mountains and of rivers.
She was a mess, that girl, though violently attractive
and burning up beyond the number forty-five.
No more conventional the registrar had said
and all were searching for that final, magic bullet,
when it was found in thoughts from nineteen-thirty-five
it was ascorbic acid, plain and simple, saved the day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kerosene

Good-bye my love,
you may not ever know,
that there was not
since Attila the Hun
a lover, worthy of
or longing for
the pheromones
of you. Just you.

It is the end for me,
the re-enactment of
infamous flight 8-eleven.
I shall be number one
who, unbeknownst,
to all the gigolos
shall dive, headfirst into
my final ball of fire.

So, will you think
of just one word,
to keep me by
your pillow,
at night.
It is spelled KEROSENE.

It's done by now
and I've been counted
as one of those
insurance cases,
unfortunate, of course,
and 'how could anyone...'

At least I said Good-Bye.
I never asked you, never would
the simple question 'WHY'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kiddo

She has a son.
Who married, wow,
what has emerged
as one of those
who do relax
in hempen hammocks
and let the world
go by, go by.

The little one
is who does count.
She's being fed
the enfamil,
with iron, too
and Gerber jars,
Grandma does care
but what to do.

I did advise,
do subterfuge
let crap be crap
and take the child
to have her safe
and give her food,
perhaps a goat
and Lendon Smith.

I like the old
and caring one,
though she will not,
this day and time,
be there for her.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kill

A balmy breeze
had hitched a ride
with early dusk
and whispered to
the sleepy trees
encircling
the meadow.

A pair of hairy ears
played in the current,
sensing solitude
as night had come,
imposing silence
onto the valley.

A moose will rarely
eat by itself,
as it prefers
like-minded company.

He had been isolated,
shunned, and stood
alone.
Only a yellow,
worried moon
for company.

When morning broke
an urgent buzzing
at first light
had woken birds
and squirrels.

The sky was black
with flies,
attracted by
the blood.

The wolves,

in deadly frenzy
of restraint,
had brought him down,
with all finesse
and skill
that only wolves
possess.

Yet they had killed
with kindness.
It is the way
of animals.
And something
humans never, ever
will understand.

Herbert Nehrlich

Killed By Fluoride

Floyd grew up in dark Detroit.
Father drunkard and annoyed,
mother worked for dental clinic
what she saw made her a cynic.

Floyd was turning four that day,
to his uttermost dismay
mother took him to be seen
placed him near the Xray screen.

Dentist came and brought a brush,
Floyd objected, Doc said 'hush',
smeared the fluoride on his teeth
Floyd cried 'stop it pretty pleeth'.

Rinsed when finished and then spit
only Doc now had a fit,
Floyd had, unbeknownst to him
on a quite subconscious whim

wet his pants and those of Doc
(he could pee around the clock) ,
Doc exploded, yelled and hollered
Floyd got quite upset and swollered

all the stuff he was to spit
mother swore that 'this is it ',
meaning punishment was due
soaked was also her new shoe.

Lady Luck had been attending
this procedure which was ending
on a note so detrimental
what had been a simple, dental

health improving small procedure
now had turned into a feature
that required major action.
Floyd had fainted, in a fraction

of a second Doc was wise
he would not again arise
without drastic intervention
so they took him to detention

in the place called I C U
where he first turned white then blue.
'iodine, IV and bloods
plain films of the upper guts

clear for shock, both paddles, hope',
Doc is young, and bright, can cope.
All the tricks that they employed
couldn't save our Fluoride Floyd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Killing With Kindness

And on that day before Easter,
the angel came down from Heaven,
looked at the people of the small town
and decided that only one strategy
could possibly be successful.

The angel was a she-angel, of course,
she was more familiar with in-fighting
and the various game of intrigue, played
not only on earth but also up above,
which means where the rain don't fall...

After a brief but mandatory check with
God himself, it was decided that,
'killing with kindness' would be employed.
And, lo and behold, in the name of the father,
it worked as predicted and hoped for.

In the end, there was one dead angel,
a crowd of recently deceased citizens,
and the gigantic mess left by an early demise
of The Dead Poets' Society. Struth.

And God, in his infinite wisdom,
decided to strike the word 'kindness',
as he had done once before, in the war
of thirty years, which had seen the end
of said war, and he told all the angels
that kindness was an impractical tool,
not to be used again, ever and ever.

After all, God had made man after
his own image and, presumably,
after his own heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kindly Hands

I ask you Zeus, can man demand
a life away from what must be his own?
To dwell with joy inside a parallel
to his reality, how could this be
and what, if any benefit could he thus gain?

The drunkard flees into the fog of sweet oblivion,
to blind his eyes from utter chaos as it stands,
the soul that rides the current to the sea
may tire and grab on to kindly hands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kindness

What do we have
once kindness leaves?
Slips out the door
to find new shelter
and be replaced by
burning hate
which does permit
no other gods
and, like a cancer
grows and thrives.
And like the cell
that is immortal
and able to consume
with greed
its host, who thinks
with little wisdom
and quotes his bible
and his friends
to show the world
his clean-scrubbed soul.

Will you, Physician
take the plug
the tubes and other,
vital gadgets
away from even one,
a human
what will you tell your God,
and why have you
forsaken kindness,
do you not prize
all life or is it that
you price it?
Someone has to pay!
It won't be you
if you can help it,
perhaps the payout
of poor Terri
will leave a bit for you

as well, and now
I don't have time
he says to me,
discussions are
for futile moments,
must rush to fly
to Rome just now
a human of significance
has been recalled
to God himself.

It is so strange
that they forget
what that great Pope
had whispered when
his God had given
him one hand
they both do value
all that lives.

The little boys
who came with water
to sneak a drink
to well-parched lips
were taken in
their handcuffs gleaming
where were you, Doctor
did you eat?
Did you have water
or was it wine
that flowed
while Terri Schiavo died
and was the gist
of your discussion
the future of the
public pension?

Yes, you are private
like the Pope,
and all the oldsters
are a burden
to families

to teenage mothers,
we need to find
a way to end
their suffering, right
and that's a deal
they have no quality of life.

Yes, it comes down to
simple kindness
you either have it
or it's missing
I pray to God
that I encounter
no one like you
in my last hour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kindness (Children)

A stork built on the roof a nest,
he had just recently been blessed
with what he called his feathered dream:
Long legs, a beak of crimson cream
and eyes to melt a stony heart.

His nest turned out a piece of art,
he anchored it to sturdy bricks
with leaves and boysenberry sticks.
Soon, junior saw the light of day
he happily began to play.

Since even little storks have legs
that, once they've left their crowded eggs,
can make light work of scary heights
and thus provide some awesome sights,
so junior took a step due East,
he wasn't frightened in the least.

His foot now reached the chimney's hole
where smoke arose from burning coal.
His eyes went teary, also blind
a gusty wind came from behind
and then he went, heels over head
into the chimney, nearly dead.
He landed with a bang and yell
in glowing ashes, thinking hell
had welcomed him and he assumed
that in this place he sure was doomed.

The man who was just eating lunch
looked over and he had a hunch,
that something living had descended
and that his peaceful meal had ended.
He grabbed the stork and ran outside
while yelling to his sleepy bride,
together they sprayed from the hose
much water from the pressure rose
until the stork took one deep breath

as now he knew he'd cheated death.

Right then, a worried, huge white bird
flew off the roof without a word.
He had assessed the situation
and did not want a confrontation.
He thanked the couple, then he turned,
trailed by the moderately burned
and nervous junior when the man
said, 'Stork, I wonder if you can
repay our helpfulness in kind
I'll tell you what I have in mind.
My wife has been on I V F
yet all the gods must well be deaf,
we've tried for years to have a boy
with hormones and extract of soy.

The stork conferred with his own wife
and since they'd saved their junior's life
they did their magic in their nest,
and when the wind blew from the West
they dropped into the bed at night
a little boy to their delight.

Each year thereafter one new bird
was born up on that roof, my word.
And always in the nursery
soon after there again would be
a brand new child, as to remind
that it is godly to be kind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kin-Keeeee

Tinkle, tinkle, on my skin
let it flow, keep nothing in.
Tasting all that flows from you
kinky, yes, I know, I do.
Mind creates what heretofore
hidden past a solid door,
rules no more, we float above
snowflakes warm the heart we love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kissing Lesson

And don't you move even an inch!
We're getting ready - this is serious.
Don't blink, don't breathe, don't think, don't flinch.
Just stand there Darling, look imperious.

As I'm about to pull you close,
my arms around you, sturdy grip.
The closest thing to a red rose
is your sweet mouth, your blood-red lips.

This lesson, once it's fully learned,
it must be practiced every day.
Until your stripes are fully earned,
but let's continue, if I may.

Please slightly open now a fraction,
if things are dry it matters little.
To get a certain satisfaction
you'll need saliva, so-called spittle.

And thus, we slobbered, wet and sweet,
both warming with the task.
Such pleasure - it is hard to beat.
'When can we go again' you ask.

I quickly learn that to ensure
this lovely pastime many times a day,
one simply uses this, well....cheeky lure:
I say that her technique - it isn't quite okay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Klabautermann

Unter Wogen tief im Wasser
lebt ein Wesen und er schwimmt
unermuedlich, als ein nasser
der das Leben tragisch nimmt.

Kommt ein Fischer nachts auf's Decke
sieht den Kobold einmal nur
bleibt sein Leben auf der Strecke,
bleibt sie stehen, seine Uhr.

Kommt ein Sturm, ist Not am Manne
und die Mannschaft sieht ihn nun,
stehen schweigend in dem Banne
doch er kann es, wird es tun.

Fischt sie alle aus dem Meere
traegt sie fort auf's trock'ne Land,
sinkt das Schiff in's Tiefe, Leere
kommt zur Ruh' auf weichem Sand.

Ehre sei Dir, Herr der Wogen
die Legende macht uns an,
haben Goetter uns betrogen,
Lebe hoch, Klabautermann!

Herbert Nehrlich

Kneel? Whose Idea?

I will kneel if you want on the edge of the bed
and reach out to your beautiful twins,
we'd have silence for minutes when nothing is said
though eventually, truth always wins.

I would whisper sweet somethings and hope they will please
you had asked for a language switch, right?

I will use it, my tongue first to speak then to tease
we may practice today and all night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Komm Lieber Mai....

Komm lieber Mai und mache
die Wiesen wieder gruen.
Dass jede Kuh doch lache
sie muss sich doch so muehn.

Komm liebe Kuh und bringe
uns Milch ganz morgens frueh,
ich komme und ich singe
fuer alle guten Kueh.

Komm liebe Milch und lass mich
der Separator sein,
ich schaffe viel, so dass ich
trink Milch und roten Wein.

Komm lieber Wein und roete
die Wangen mir nur gut,
ist es soweit dann toete
mich in des Bacchus Mut.

Komm lieber Bacchus, singe
ein Lied zu meinem Schmaus,
ich sprang schon auf die Klinge
Tod macht mir den Garaus.

Komm lieber Tod und zeige
dein Heldentum vor mir.
Ich glaube du bist feige
und gehe nie mit dir.

Komm liebes Feigenblatte
bedecke meinen Stolz,
er ist wie eine Latte
doch nicht geschnitzt aus Holz.

Komm liebes Holz und wachse
im Baum fuer hundert Jahr,
bin Thueringer, kein Sachse
die Wahrheit, die ist wahr.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kooka-Burra Happy Valentine's Day

I sit on my verandah sipping wine,
I am saddened that I have no Valentine.
You see I love a Kookaburra (true)
cannot recall whereto the Kookaburra flew.
I know this Kookaburra bird did change her name
well, just to raise the bar in this exotic game game.
She chopped the Kooka off and left alone the rest
and then she cloned the other half right near her breast.
So it is Burra who I miss, but I'm not sure
are they two souls or just pretending to endure
without attention from admirers and from fans,
it seems to be that they have real silly plans.
In case there ARE two pretty birds for me to love
I'd be so happy that it ain't a boring dove.
You see those doves go kuroo oo and oroo koo,
that is the gist of what their talent lets them do.
My chosen friends have pretty feathers and they roar
with raucous laughter and then roar a little more.
I say that laughing is a cousin to a smile
so let me sit a bit and wait for just awhile.

For My Special Kooka From Burra with LIEBE

Herbert Nehrlich

Kookaburra Dreaming

I had a dream last night,
it was of bothersome dimensions.
To dwell on dreams
it always has
created undue tensions.
I can't explain the contents now,
perhaps I never will.
But I remember very clearly how,
that all was very, very still.
And Hannibal was ante portas.
The dream then ended
quite befitting,
it was when in my veggie garden
the Kookaburras started s(h) itting.
And then they started laughing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Koolaid Balloons

She liked the very idea
and I the taste
of KoolAid, grape,
in her innie,
which is a bellybutton
that likes to stay warm,
enveloped by folds of
bellyfat skin,
we did play away much of
every summer day
back in the innocence
of nineteen sixty five,
yet, I was shy as much as she
and glances to the prize
though frequent and of heat
did not progress,
but did remain balloons
of somewhat lustful thoughts
that floated up
up and away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Koolaid In Your Inny

A small pack of KoolAid,
a measure of my spit,
it fizzes better if you have
an INNY (God they do look nice) ,
and wait for things to blow.

They will, but in a minor way,
small bubbles make small troubles.
I lick it up, it curls my tongue,
and carry it to where it's warm.
The warmest place, of all,
did you not know?

To let it mix and match,
much later to dispatch
the liquid love that says I told you so.
The question is: 'Do you? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Kraut Stereotypes

Cabbage is Kraut
fermented then
makes what it's all about
the jury's out
if full-grown men
do like their Sauerkraut.

Their cars are good
so is the food
most certainly raw pork
they really should
be in the mood
to make peace with the storck.

The border fence
a big eyesore
came down in eighty-nine
it made no sense
then to ignore
the demarcation line.

They shot good guys
who wanted out
and mines blew off their limbs
so many lies
out of the snout
of politickin' crims.

And when I go
to visit there
I dream of amber fluid
to let it flow
and sit and share
Pròsit, let us do it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kriek Beer

Wow, the Belgians brew beer using cherries,
sour cherries and never plain berries.

On the label of one
is Attila the Hun
riding high on a dromedary.

If you buy this, just ask for some Kriek.
It first cools her then gets her to peak.
In the right proper place
if you use your whole face
it is likely the kitty will squeak.

Herbert Nehrlich

Krill Oil

Fish oil is not the proper oil
to get omega-3 my friend,
today, the air, the sea, the soil
have somewhat gone around the bend.
While it is true we get too little
and of the other one too much,
however, reaching an acquittal
is quite impossible as such.

The oceans have been prostituted
by lack of foresight and of greed,
most of the water, now polluted
is barely capable indeed
to feed the fishes big and small,
none take too kindly to the fact
that poisons now have, overall,
performed their death defying act
and occupied the normal chain
that feeds the plankton to the shrimp
and lets the raging sea sustain
all life. Today that life is limp.

As little fish is swallowed whole
it brings its toxic baggage too,
and further up, this innate role
goes up the ladder, thitherto,
but it gets worse, each passing year
more garbage finds its sneaky way,
though only few express their fear
that soon, all living creatures may
just simply dropp and slowly sink
to die and fertilise the ground,
the mighty sea is on the brink
of closing the old battleground.

So, wait no more and join the club,
stand up for Nature, do it soon,
and when at last you reach that hub
look up and smile to the old Moon,

who knows what man will do, who knows....

Time is related to the tide,
and as the last green cabbage grows
you wander to the waterside
and cry from hunger and from shame,
into the sea your tears will fall.
And man, whose arrogance did tame
the earth, the skies and nearly all....
The force of all, combined in peace
which he could possibly apply....
I told this story to my niece
she said: 'We all would have to cry.'

Note:

As to the subject matter, if you feel
the need for omega-3 essential fatty acids,
use Krill oil. It comes from unpolluted
waters near the poles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Kunigunde - The King's Sister

My name is Olaf Dangelmaier
I am accused to be a liar,
a traitor to the King at that
a coward, ugly like a rat.

The Royal Court has now decreed
that I shall pay for excess greed
by hanging from the castle's rafter
until I reach the life hereafter.

The King allowed me still to choose
a meal before I meet the noose,
but I requested my last wish
to be a different kind of dish.

I had in days before seen class
in what is called a horse's ass.
The sister of the mentioned King
was sooo obese, but she could sing.

In charge of entertainment, she
had, early on, laid eyes on me.
All servants to the Royals knew
that Kunigunde was a true

and loyal woman, only that
she found no man due to her fat.
The King felt sorry for his sis'
and sensed the need for her to kiss,

before the ravages of age
would end her work up on the stage.
But gold and silver had not found
a husband for this very round

and somewhat bald and homely girl.
Just last July, a British Earl
had turned away in true disgust,
'a detriment to British lust! '

She came with riches and a castle
but he declined, it was a hassle.

I saw my last and final chance
and asked for a slow Polka dance,
my wish was granted by the sister
and notarised by the Philister.

The sun had set behind the trees,
I slowly rose with wobbly knees,
and then proceeded with my plan,
the brainchild of a desperate man.

The music filled the dancing hall
we moved with grace, from wall to wall.
Her garlic breath surrounded us
she pirouetted like a bus.

And then, she sang a Polka Rap
as through a huge incisor gap
came, soothingly, some lovely tones
accompanied by..... pheromones.

Soon found myself drawn to her breasts
which overflowed, up at the crest
of her pink gown of bright chiffon,
the time had come, she turned me on.

We danced and let the evening linger
the King was shown her middle finger,
her hand had grabbed me by the butt
and, all in all, the scene was hot.

The Minnesanger had arrived,
my plan, which could be called contrived,
was going well, as i had hoped.
She whispered 'what if we eloped? '

And, with the blessing of the King
I did install a five-inch ring
on my new bride and royal saviour.

The pardon was for good behaviour.

And if you ever face your death
you must get used to garlic breath.
As well as each unusual trait
what matters is your mental state.

Dedicated to Au Canada.

Herbert Nehrlich

L.O. And Behold

No matter how you try, my friend
you will not manage to offend.
I separate wheat from the chaff
and with the chaff I do not laugh.
Go, have a look at durum wheat
just right, I say. Just semisweet.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Louve *

La Louve

The scent has come inside,
through rough-hewn logs
and settled on the skin
of last year's black,
a bear of grizzly size.
It was La Louve herself,
now free of pups again
out in the wild and free
to roam, to stalk, to kill.
The hunter hears the call,
and stays alert and still.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Louve Et L'Autour

La Louve et L'Autour

'Twas night in the forest, with hardly a sound,
when a she-wolf was traveling at speed.
She was racing 'cross meadows and covered much ground
and her eyes were alert and her body in need.

Then she heard on the path, just a few feet away
unmistakable sounds of a rabbit.
Only briefly the words in her mind did replay:
"Now we mustn't make this thing a habit".

And dismissing those thoughts she lunged with precision
at the dinnertime morsel of food,
when a monstrous WHOOSH came and then a collision.
And the ev'ning had revised its mood.

An autour had descended at terrible speed,
with his hawk eyes locked in on the fur.
His intent was as usual: Deadly cut and then bleed
but he had not expected, nor seen her.

There they lay on the ground like two fallen heaps
and the she-wolf was keeping quite still.
And a crow who was passing thought "this is for keeps",
so La Louve's chance appeared to be nil.

And Monsieur L'Autour, pas sur un arbre perché
saw the dent that his beak had caused.
And the blood on her head also wasn't okay,
so he fluffed up his chest feathers – paused.

Then he wiped off the blood and brushed back her hair
and worried and fretted and worried.
And he sat still and pondered and stayed right there,
And wondered whether she'd be buried.

Now, the eyes of the wolf quite suddenly open

And then look deep inside his mind.
L'Autour sits quite still and is quietly hoping
That the Gods and the spirits be kind.

As the scent of La Louve overtakes him quickly,
It comes from the core of her being,
She's still loving his pupils, no longer feels sickly
And their eyes - understanding and seeing.

And a pact was created from instincts inside,
A spiritual, soul-mate collusion.
They for many a year hunted country-wide
But this story does lack a conclusion.

As the wisened old owl quite clearly recalls
From a century of much wisdom:
"they lived in the high country, near the Falls,
And sometimes - I saw it - she kissed him."

But each had their own home,
One a lair, one a nest,
One would fly, one would roam.
They did what they did best.

"Now and then", though the owl says
"they would travel together,
and on sunny and foul days
he would fluff up each feather".

"She would stretch and stand proud
And off they would wander,
Disappear in a cloud
To the bluest blue yonder".

Says the owl: "They were funny,
Just imagine the sight,
And the hawk called her honey,
Showed off like a kite! "

And this tale of two soulmates
Is still told these days.
If you look close you'll see them

Holding hands in the haze.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Louve Et L'Autour - A Love Story

It was a very dark night. Stillness in the air,
cool damp caressing the skin, faint sounds
plaintiff-like, touching the ears.

La Louve was moving quietly, effortlessly
through the forest. An urge in her step
and her posture was one of being in control.

She was breathing normally, eyes glistening
and ears alert. A picture of power, like a
compressed spring, ready to uncoil on demand.
And this night La Louve covered
a lot of territory, from the edge of
one forest across barren highlands
to another forest. Here, the undergrowth
dominated, the trees appeared stunted
but stocky and the going was tough.

A sudden faint noise, a few paces ahead
and La Louve lunges forward, propelled by
sinewy haunches, made of powerful muscles.
She can see the rabbit, long ears, hopping madly,
scared out of its wits, trying to outrun its destiny.

WHOOOOSH --a sudden strange sound
descends and La Louve smashes headlong
into a seemingly moving obstacle.

Momentary chaos, confusion, ruffled feathers.
Other animals in the forest later were fond of
telling the story again and again to their children
and to each other.

It seems that La Louve was, technically,
already in possession of the rabbit, say
a rabbit's foot away but that, from the sky above,
Monsieur L'Autour, the hawk, who looked
quite different, lived at lofty heights
in a foreign territory but had many
of the same tastes as did La Louve,

L'Autour had been in lightning-like descent at over 300 km/hour. Target destination: Rabbit. Estimated time of impact: Seconds.

The sudden tête-à-tête was traumatic due to the excess speed of l'Autour as well as to the rather soft spot that La Louve possessed on top of the bony cave that contained her three essences of life: Mind, spirit and soul.

They were not bound by conventional laws and, together, they represented a formidable power, a force accountable only to creation itself.

L'Autour who would ordinarily dismiss an incident such as this as a nuisance caused by scheming spirits, saw that he had made a dent in the soft spot of La Louve in the used the down feathers from under his chest to wipe up the blood and soon found himself worrying about this forest creature's welfare. In a flash he realised that he had taken an instant liking to this furry thing and that he, much to his surprise, was actually enjoying his role and the things it made him do. Not knowing what to do next and still worried about the subdued status of La Louve he just sat there, one foot on a twig, the other leg carefully resting against the back of the she-wolf for balance.

And he caught himself inhaling her scent.
And he breathed deeply and calmly.
And her scent was so pleasant that he found it difficult to think about anything else.
So he sat and he sat until the stunned La Louve stirred.
She opened her eyes and looked intensely at L'Autour. It was a long, friendly look and went deep into his soul. And L'Autour just sat there.

And the night gave way to the cool freshness
of the morning. The two victims of the collision
had still not moved much and, to all the
other animals of this part of the forest, it appeared
that something magical was in their midst.
They sensed the creation of a natural bond
of the three essences of life of two living beings.
So they showed respect by toning down
their busy-body forest noises and
by leaving the two alone.

Later, for many moons, La Louve and L'Autour
were sometimes seen meeting in the forest.
Either they were hunting or they were just enjoying each other's company.
You could say holding hands.

And after thousands of years, it is said
that they remained friends although each
remained in their own territory,
as the Gods had ordained.

Today, one can check out this story by
going to that part of the universe and by
asking the wise old owl.
This bird is not a bird in reality,
she is a composite of the four essences of life:
Body, Mind, Spirit and Soul.
And that makes the wise owl immortal and
thus ideally placed to know almost everything.

And, when you ask the wise old owl about
La Louve and L'Autour she will say:
'Oh those two, a peculiar pair they are,
that's for sure.
But they truly seem to like each other's company.'

Herbert Nehrlich

La Louve, I Love You!

It was Country Western yesterday,
and Classical Music on Monday,
the Beatles of the sixties
are a distant memory.

Then you talked
with your velvety sweet voice.
And with humourous seriousness.
To me.

Your arms around my neck,
I could hear your heartbeat,
feel your eyelashes caressing my cheek.

And you said 'I love you'.
And then, you said it again and again.
My ears took it all in
and I could tell they were happy for me.
As they waited for more.

So, with a hoarse voice,
I told YOU.

And saying the words
was like creating an atmosphere of calm
and freshness after a Spring rain.

And it was a confession.
And right then I knew
that the wisdom of our hearts,
which is the mother of our love,
could heal the sick and move any mountain.

But I cannot remember
my words -
only the thoughts preceding them.
So I do want you to know
that every fibre in me
and every atom,

call out in unison:

No greater truth is possible
than my love for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Reine D'Alcool

Well, I do admit
I did imbibe
perhaps a fluid ounce too much
the night before last night.
Though nothing can,
not even ethanol
stop me from brushing
those remaining teeth
with special drops
of noble oils,
it is for their salvation.

Regarding in the mirror
those finely chiselled,
and extra handsome features,
I brushed a minute longer,
just to admire what I saw.

But sabotage occurred
there in the depth of night.
Because I woke to find
that someone must have come
to change the landscape,
that which had been civilised
the night before, I swear
and what I see this morning
is a puszta full of tracks
and byways off the highways
as well as potholes and worn spots.
It will be vital to discover very soon
just who the culprit was, I'll let you know.

Ooops, never mind my friends,
it's late and I am just about to go to bed.
The search is off because I looked,
and found, while brushing choppers,
that all has been restored to normal,
somehow, in the daytime, wow, I'm thrilled,
so once again I can admire chiselled features

of such a handsome man, and one who does
appear to not have aged in twenty years.
Life can be good I say to her, La Reine d'Alcool.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Seine

There once was a fellow named Harris,
a comedian whose wife was called Clarice.
They performed on a stage
with old Rolf in a cage
and she took him (so clever) to Paris.

On the top of the Eiffel Tower
when the clock struck the twenty-third hour,
he was left in the rain
looking down on the Seine
but he really had needed the shower.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Tour Eiffel

So, I look down from liberating heights
into the boulevard of a French morning.
And for those doubting Thomases, not gallic:
Yes, it does sway, enough to squeeze your sphincter.
'How would it be', the question comes unbidden
to take the leap, would one float so serenely
that scenery appreciation busies all my senses.
Would there be fear or joy or rank indifference,
perhaps regret and flagellation of the self?
And would I, while descending, passing gawkers now
be saying to myself 'so far we're fine'?

By now, the sway has graduated past the usual,
perhaps it will, as its proud builder once predicted,
soon topple over, wiping out La Place, Des Rues,
and saving me the trouble of that dash of courage.

The sun is setting on historic Place de Gaulle,
a gentle breeze brings les odeurs from les croissants.
La nuit is urging all the faithful to complete
the day's activities, and think of Beaujolais.
A happy family indeed that I look down on,
though no one knows or pays, but scant, attention.
The wind has lied to kiss an early night,
I need to jump to stop embarrassing my soul,
and thus raise leading leg to mount the ochre rail,
when, from the rafters comes a scary shadow, colour noir,
a manysplendoured crow descends, lands on my thigh.
And then the words come out of weathered, yellow beak:
'Mon bon Monsieur', it was enough for me to turn.

Herbert Nehrlich

La Vie

Nine days have passed, flew by like snails
held back by indignation's tails.
Or is it simply a foul mood
that let her smile become unglued ?
I am no better than the rest
against all reason see the best
in fellow man and politicians
while all of whom make false decisions.
A single fly found in the ointment
will make a tub of disappointment.
As silence is a trait of lambs
a porker gives you two nice hams.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lack Of

I wonder if my calculator
could figure out your soul.
It seems to be, filled to the top
with symbols of strange science
and lateral philosophy,
instead of tepid sap
that warms its molecules
when something just like me,
a radical with electrons
to spare and itching to get square.

Though never in defiance,
not following convention's rules.
Free radical, forever free
and scripted to run marathons.

Abundant energy on tap,
inside its mind a single goal.
And all you say to me is STOP?

If you would share in this affair,
be present at the time and space.
Daydreaming can be practiced later,
though I have etched your olive face
inside my head as a possession.

So, would you kindly let it be.
Switch off your evening expression.
Stop staring at that bloody waiter!

Herbert Nehrlich

Laconic

Laconic
the expression
on his face,
it there
remained
until the day he died.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lady Hildegard And Humps

A camel has exactly two
a dromedary one,
if dromedaries really flew
they'd fly toward the sun.
But camels never leave the ground
as gravity pulls hard
two humps therefore are also found
on Lady Hildegard.
She was the one who really did
up in that place called Eden
where Adam the great sinner hid
(he later moved to Sweden) .
She picked two apples from a tree
and God told her not to
he issued a harsh penalty
though Hilde said I've got to.
She meant that something deep inside
had stirred her female hormones
and with that fellow by her side
she'd felt her vermiform bones.
Red-handed, nude and somewhat wet
she stood and the creator
said you will carry this duet
from now until much later.
And so, she passed it on to all
two humps would be forever,
and Adam, well he had one ball
which made him somewhat clever
due to the fact that man's own brain
resides since God conceived it
down in his crotch where, in the main
all men later received it,
so in the spirit to be fair
God added one more quickly
so men would with the women share
two regions that were prickly.
Next time you see a camel Sir,
think way back to creation
the blame of course all rests with her

and too, with fornication.

Herbert Nehrlich

Language

Do not, dear friends, use words like FUK
as they are now considered YUK,
be not the litter of the runt.
Who fell, headfirst and with a grunt,
got toenails caught in hubic pair?
Aw, anker extraordinaire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Language Barrier (Bilingual)

The sister of the Holland Queen
let it be known that she could speak
to all the trees in South Holstein
though some considered her a freak.

To demonstrate her useful skills
they went, by Equine Royal coach
into the lower Friesland Hills
where she got ready to approach

an oak of majesty and size,
the shade of same she quickly sought.
She felt a thousand greedy eyes
then nodded briefly, deep in thought.

But, to the Royal's utter shame
no answer came from the big tree.
She baptised him, gave him a name
but dialogue was not to be.

It later was revealed as such
why this big oak had not replied:
The sister of the Queen spoke Dutch,
the tree was on the German side.

German Version:

Die Schwester von der Koenigin
lebt so in Holland vor sich hin.
Sie sagt sie redet mit den Baeumen,
doch and're denken sie muss traehmen.

Um allen Menschen zu beweisen
ging sie, mit Tausenden auf Reisen.
Und fand alsbald im Friesenland
'ne Eiche dort am Waldesrand.

Sie ging und sprach, Du liebe Eiche,

auf dass ich Dein Gehirn erreiche,
hoer zu und sage ein paar Wort'
zu allen Menschen hier am Ort.

Die Eiche aber musste schweigen
und konnte dadurch auch nicht zeigen,
dass Baeume ab und zu mal sprechen,
vor allem wenn die Aeste brechen.

Die Menschen waren recht verbittert,
das Eichenlaub hat leicht gezittert.
Doch war der Grund fuer diese Pleite:
Der Baum stand auf der deutschen Seite.

Herbert Nehrlich

Last Days Of A War

They stood in knee deep waters of the river
and madly brushed the shredded skin off bodies.
Two phosphorus grenades had caused a shiver
of panicstricken fliers in their bloody
and barely functioning old Fockers and the Schmitts.
Their own dear cousins also brothers, even sisters,
were fearing Amis and the homeland-loving Brits,
so ammunition was released, some flew like twisters
but only phosphorus was feared like death and hell.
Strong-bristled brushes needed to be scraped with skill
if one were willing to see rawness as they fell,
those large skin pieces that would mean impending kill,
it was their war, the people thought in desperation.
What right did Adolph take that brought such rampant doom,
they were too tired to defend their glorious nation,
they had been told that Germans needed much more room.
They called it Lebensraum, a space to breathe their air,
which was enriched with Aryan oxygen for masters,
they would condemn the ones who foolishly would dare
to spread their ugliness about, create disasters.
It all had been they knew that day, a bag of lies
itself a valued and expensive undertaking,
and no one worried over anxious plaintiff cries
it was the end of war, another in the making.

Herbert Nehrlich

Late Visit

It was midnight then and she came to the door
and was wearing her crimson old dress.
Flashed her cleavage at me and tap-danced on the floor
to the rhythm of Porgy and Bess.
Then she tumbled inside, holding on to my ear
and we both fell hard on the bed
fell asleep under me and was dead from the beer
that she'd guzzled before, so she said.
And when morning was breaking she stirred and she said
did we do any humping last night?
So I turned her around put her back into bed
to explain to her just how we might
make up for lost time of her hangover mode
and enjoy now this morning's old sheets
but she answered that one who told ladies he rode
about conquests but never defeats,
is a mongrel at heart who is probably short
and prefers over women his sweets.
So I told her how nice she was looking today
and that both of us had to make up
and she answered, well come let us now hit the hay
but I will have to be always on top.
That was 40 years back and she lives in the East
and she probably still does the same
if you know such a girl or a similar beast
send her over as long as she's tame.

Herbert Nehrlich

Laugenpretzel

I went to Heinz the other day.
he runs the German Deli Shop,
which draws, just like a magnet,
the Krauts and others, magically.

And usually, for the drive home
I take a Laugenpretzel, salty,
and chew to keep me occupied
until the moment comes where I

alone at home, unpack, like presents
the bloodpudding and Harzer cheese,
and have a feast of reminiscence.
This time I drove the open Jeep,

a sudden shower came as a surprise,
it watered me inside and out,
and, like Poseidon, I prevailed,
arrived at home with limp and soggy pretzel.

Herbert Nehrlich

Laughing Gas

At eight p.m. that foggy night
he had experienced a fright.
The dentist sat inside his clinic,
the fright would shock the biggest cynic.

Two months it took to fix the teeth
of the stockbroker, man named Keith.
And when it crashed his small Beretta
was utilised for this vendetta.

He placed the nozzle in his mouth
stood by the window facing south
and blew to lots of smithereens
his teeth by such explosive means.

A dental clinic often has
a cylinder with laughing gas.
So, grab he did the see-through mask
it was designed for just this task.

He sucked as if it were the end
and soon the air and funny blend
pulled their own switches in his head
and he forgot that Keith was dead.

But there they showed it on TV
for all to hear and feel and see,
but laughing gas will change behaviour
and thus become a dentist's saviour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Laughter As Medicine

The light turned red
and there I sat
and watched a cuddle
inside a puddle.

A bird was dead
had cracked his head
against a truck,
what rotten luck!

His wife now tried
to be the guide
and make him fly
up in the sky.

She glanced at me
for company
but then she saw
the brain, so raw
and bright red blood
all mixed with mud.

Yet she remained,
her feathers stained
all drained of life -
a shattered wife.

Now came the law,
he looked and saw
that some dumb bird
sat undeterred
and full of grief,
'so', said the chief,
'you must disperse,
I cannot be for him the nurse.'

She would not budge
a final nudge
did not revive
her mate named Clive.

The copper took
his ticked book
and threw it high
to make her fly.

Now she was sad
but also mad
and could indeed
get up to speed.

She now attacked
the cop and whacked
with her strong beak
this cruel freak.

And then she rose
above his nose
and let it fly
into his eye.

Her spouse had just
as we all must
freed from his bod
the soul for God.

He now observed
how his unnerved
and angry mate
could vent her hate.

He laughed so hard,
God dropped his guard
the soul returned
and he had earned
a great reprieve,
no need to leave.

And if you aim to fight and win
Just laugh, it's super medicine.

Law Avoiding Folks

His father was a criminal
his mother ran the farm
their union was subliminal
and had a certain charm.

But junior liked his fingernails
once weekly manicured
that habit kept him out of jails
the ones that Dad endured.

One day though, junior did get caught
he sold to an investor
the farm and gave his parents naught
but took his girlfriend Ester

to Tiffany's in plush New York
to shower her with pearls
they talked about how Father Storck
would visit lonely girls.

They counted then the bag of loot
decided it was meager
when Ester who was very cute
said 'I would be quite eager,

to help you with your project 'Bank'
so we could get some dough
forget the world, and let's be frank
just say the word, I'll go.'

They did not waste their precious time
with hesitant debate
he did agree that any crime
be done before too late.

That night they lowered their brave selves
into the banks steel vault
and landed on the diamond shelves
when someone yelled a 'Halt'.

The dream had puffed into thin air
the both got twenty plus
another junior got to share
her cell where he learned thus

the tricks of how the world is run
and why the future sucks
she told him of the hidden gun
with which they'd get their bucks.

His mother, being penniless
had robbed the local store
she wore the brandnew chiffon dress
as she walked through the door

of the old jail to do her time
where hubby was still serving
thus all of them were fond of crime
which is a bit unnerving.

The man who bought the farm that day
became the richest local
he ran the town and had his say
because he was so vocal.

When things were slow with revenue
he bought the goddamned jail
installed his own and handpicked crew
and let them out on bail.

They were united on their farm
lived there in harmony
their union had a certain charm
more so since they were free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lawrence And Herbert At The Dealer

That blasted dream again.
I was in the neighbourhood
where gangsters of big business
and small sandwich shops compete.
Six big ones in my pocket,
hot and ready, still conversing
with a well-used and colourful
French handkerchief, combed cotton,
the salesman wears his altruistic smile
above the golden buttons over navy blue.

'You're in the market for a car? '
he rolls it of his agile fork-ed tongue,
my absent nod directs itself not far
where, in the showroom, right among
other hopefuls stands a friendly figure
sounds and looks familiar, pinstriped suit
overhear him saying he wants something bigger
with a cavernous (for bootleggers?) boot.

Voice is cultured, teeth a shade of white
then it dawns on me, it's poemhunter's star
yes I'm sure I do remember, yes, I'm right
it's Lawrence of P/H, called Pertillar.

We start to reminisce at once and well,
the dealership has never previously assembled
in one big hall among the cars but not to sell
no, to hear poetry from us, one salesman even trembled
when the romantic stuff was next presented.
And as time flew a crowd had gathered shyly,
it was as if the enterprise had re-invented
itself and all its minions for this highly
and utterly fantastic new recitals
so this went on for hours as they raved
at last the Manager requested that all titles
be written down and all the poems saved.

The boss was youngish looking due to nips and tucks

gray temples and blue eyes each arm a Rolex,
he veritably smelled of greenbacks, meaning many bucks
a dead fish handshake underlined his name, 'I'm Tex',
and he invited us into the sanctum full of plush.
Pulled out a couple forms and started writing
while asking us 'you guys in any rush? '
He then proceeded, was in fact, surprisingly, inviting
the two outstanding poets to accept and take
a luxury, spitpolished motorcar, completely free of cost
one each of course, Mercedes was the make.

He chuckled when he saw that poets can be lost
and have no words in store for some occasion.
'My father was the greatest poet in this land,
he wrote a thousand poems like others write equations,
and French chansons that none could understand,
I've waited for this day like Jesus for his resurrection,
and talent must be thoroughly appreciated.
Today you've tickled me, the word is predilection
and look at all the people here, so titillated.....'.

We left that night, our asses pressing leather
still wondering and humming 'you are mine',
the cars would be a shock to Jan and Heather
then the alarm went off, a voice said 'rise and shine'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lazyboy

All night I sat, enjoying my new Easyboy,
a man my age must have a favourite toy.
Before me stood a paper-laden desk
I'd say it fit the plain description Kafkaesque.
The say a mountain of unfinished, urgent tasks
can be endured, by some, while others must wear masks,
for me, I find a place to rest my aching feet
among the mess they make the disarray look neat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Le Canari Dans La Mine De Charbon

As I came to the bend somewhat anxious and late
I could make out the glow of the great Pearly Gate.
It was God who was checking the records and books
to make certain that swine and cantankerate crooks
would be sent to the lift and then taken below
there to watch and to sweat in the hellfire show.
I had moved to the front and it now was my turn,
reminiscing I wondered would they send me to burn.

Then he spoke in a gentle, somewhat harpsichord voice
it is you, please be welcome, I remember the choice
that you pondered for ages only then to decide
who would serve as your father and spiritual guide.
Then he switched, like a teacher, to the great gallic tongue
made me sit back in school with my comrades, all young.
And I watched as his thumb pointed up and away
and I knew that it meant I was chosen to stay.
Came an angel of charm in a see through chiffon
J'étais le canari dans la mine de charbon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Le Monde

Roses from thy neighbour's garden
smell so sweet, well, just like roses.
Florists spray a whiff of Arden
a perfume to deceive our noses.

Today, we've gone those extra miles
to hide from our origins.
Infatuated with new styles
we've thrown traditions in the bin.

The catch-cries 'conquer' and 'exploit'
have taken hold inside our minds,
from Fresno fields up to Detroit
we're wearing thick but flimsy blinds.

Take a tomato, get a taste
and don't forget to take your pills.
Your water's full of toxic waste
and, daily, we create new ills.

America, you've got it all,
and rightfully you take the lead
until the day comes when you fall,
one cannot build a house on greed.

The aim today is decimation,
reduce our numbers to a trickle.
Disease and War sustain this nation,
in the beginning was the Nickel.

Our luxury can't be sustained.
It's not a lack of food, but Gold.
So much to lose, so little gained,
Compassion? It has long been sold.

And those who sit there and deceive
while willing slaves do stab and kill,
are there no Gods to care and grieve?
To see a precious world, so ill.

Herbert Nehrlich

Learnings

And who will remember
the day in September,
when the terrorists struck
and New York went amuck?

Will the people forget,
with naiveté bet
that the world is now safe
for the meek and the brave?

I remember the places
and the hate-laden faces,
those who took a last breath
and then jumped to their death.

But the world will not learn,
as its heartfelt concern
is replaced like worn dentures
with exciting adventures.

We are busy destroying
(which to me is annoying) ,
what has served us so well.
And we're looking to Hell

for the answer to cancer,
like a talentless dancer
who comes, hat in his hand
to deceive and demand.

We create new diseases,
a scenario that pleases
all the powers to be.
But not you and not me.

We establish committees
in the towns and the cities,
in an effort to make
a most wonderful cake.

We, the doc's are enticing
to finance the sweet icing
for the privileged few
I am sorry, not you) .

And the way all this works
is when arrogant jerks
make dependent the masses
while they sit on their asses

and invent all new tricks
while the worker Joe licks
all his flesh wounds at once.
He's abandoned his guns

for the good of the nation.
As his own operation
is performed in a clinic
by a greedy old cynic.

So, we point our fingers
to the terrorist threat,
while the acrid smoke lingers
and the newspapers fret.

Thus, we see the smoke's traces
far away, in the distance.
And we turn our black faces
toward thoughts of existence.

Our little red engines
race to save a strange home.
Fight the fire with vengeance
on the outskirts of Rome.

Herbert Nehrlich

Leaves

I called them teardrops, knowing well
that they would dropp without a thought
on tablecloths and counters and on me.
Boys do not cry she'd say, one must be strong,
remember he stood still, our Wilhelm Tell,
he shed no tear nor did he blink as well he ought,
it was an apple that remained, though not for me.

It ain't the radio when it plays a schmaltzy song,
nor will the scenes of any film affect my soul,
but when the lyrics from red lips oozed Demerol
I knew that tears had been the downfall of it all.

I watched those movies where the lacrimals are strained,
and did allow a few to fall onto my chest,
for better views the lights had been somewhat restrained,
no one would know Commiseration was a guest.

I heard from her, which is akin to God's okay,
it made me cry a bit, please do not tell a soul.
Perhaps I cry when it's convenient and okay,
it's up to you, my love, to really make me whole.

Herbert Nehrlich

Leaves By Rachel

All the leaves have fallen down
Fallen feathers fill the ground.
All the grass is bent and crushed
From the lovers rolling 'round.
Rolling through the ice and snow
Never knowing where to go.
Rolling in the evening dusk
'Til the only smell is musk.

Fulfillment lies around the bend
When missives through the ether end
When words will finally find their mark
And all the pilgrims can embark.
The journey's yet another life
For yet another husband's wife.
To meet, to mesh, to always love
To roll in feathers, leaves and snow
And always knowing where to go.

Herbert Nehrlich

Leaving (Limerick)

To the people who visit this place
you ain't part of the same human race
my apologies to
the few normal ones who
have no reason to hide their own face.

As you talk of your greatness and verve
while you hide, since you don't have the nerve
when your punishment hits
you'll come down with the shits
may the Gods give you what you deserve.

I shall NOT single out for attention
certain scumbags, there's no need to mention
as you all know the Devil
will soon stoop to your level
and will take you away for detention.

You are welcome to find some more stuff
and make up some if IT ain't enough
as you eagerly search
for new things to besmirch
human beings, you huff and you puff.

As all cowards and backstabbers do
you will only feel safe in a crew
at the end of your bickers
you will poop in your knickers
like orang-outangs down at the Zoo.

So, in saying my final good bye,
I shall never be asking you why
as you cows belch your gasses
what comes out of cows' asses
will most certainly flavour your pie.

Herbert Nehrlich

Left-Wing

A lad who hated birds that sing
chopped off a cockatoo's left wing.
The cockatoo was thusly grounded
and soon by hungry cats surrounded.

He anxiously looked left and right
still hoping that he somehow might
escape on foot the threat of death.
An orange cat with feline breath

was grinning now, from ear to ear,
which obviously increased his fear.
Well, in the end he did admit
that time was up and this was it.

He opened then his sharpened beak
and did what he loved most: To speak.
As luck would have it, he was smart,
had studied chemistry and art,

he talked to kill remaining time,
his sermon was, of course in rhyme.
The orange cat was full of class
but suffered from a bit of gas.

She told the others 'with them birds
we wait until they're out of words.'
You guessed it, cats with halitosis
will quickly fall into hypnosis,
so within minutes there was trance,
the monotone had changed all plans.

The cockatoo began to sing
about his missing leftist wing,
and later it became his mission
to be a right-wing politician.

Herbert Nehrlich

Legal Notice

They sat there in their leather chairs,
adorned with robes of proud tradition
and nodded gravely, now and then.
Dishevelled stacks of paper here
and there and threatening to fall
onto the plush and royal Persian floor.
Charged with their citizens' affairs,
from murder down to common petty theft
black dress and faces talcum white,
the mood was somber in these halls but for
the days of Carnival late in November.
They'd banked his entry fee some time ago,
a hefty sum allowing caviar to be procured
for lazy lunches in the holy cellars.

A year had passed in ordinary fashion,
frayed nerves ignored and envelopes despatched,
submissions from the left and then, the right,
and sealed with oval rubber stamps and script.

There was an air of expectation in the early Spring,
a hearing would be held to ascertain
that justice would be seen as it appeared
and pax vobiscum gave the common man his due.

A beige manilla flyer, marked couvert, it left
these silent halls to find the bitter man
who had been wronged by his own blood
and who was waiting for a signal from his God.

The style impeccable, the words rang loud and clear,
his eyes went blurry as he sat there in his chair.
' Informal notice to you Sir, not a conviction,
this matter is, of course, outside our jurisdiction.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Legging It

'Twas bedtime, very late the hour,
I shuffled slowly past the bath
when through the door I heard the shower,
so I reversed my sleepy path.

And peeked inside. So that I might
thus ascertain the reason for
the sound that cometh through the door.

And what a sight now greeted me!
There was my lovely getting wet-
in preparation for the bed?
And upwards and below the knee
she was applying shaving gel
with woman's hands, so lovingly.

The water off. The razor stroking
her scrumptious legs now, up and down.
I stood like Mesmer, almost choking,
so grabbed a footstool and sat down.

She didn't mind me watching her
and glanced at me, and smiled a bit
her kimono, it seemed to me
was flashing at me through the slits.

I've always liked that kimono.
It's not judgmental, nor severe.
It covers her.....well...just so-so-so,
although, believe me, I don't leer.

As she cut the smallest hairs,
avoiding hasty nicks and tears
I marvelled at the time it took
to bring about the baby look.

Was just about to recommend
to let it grow to its desire,
when I remembered, trusted friend

that shaved legs set my heart on fire.

I rinsed them off and tested both
for smoothness and for imperfections.
And told her 'you shave very close',
the razor's name was 'New Directions'.

The cream was waiting by the bed.
She settled back, but naked now.
I like it when she's game to let
me rub it in -and I know how.

I spent considerable time,
ensuring that this application
be welcomed like a nursery rhyme.
It was a wonderful sensation.

And very gently then I kissed
some spots that she had skipped or missed:
Her heels, her feet and pointed knees
and nether parts that no one sees-
ten precious tootsies, one by one,
they had to, wanted to be done.

I had not used the cream on those,
that would be just like wearing gloves.
Her toes now lightly tapped my nose,
you're listening to a man who loves.

He loves every cranny, each nook and each hair,
he treasures her shyness, her smile and her flair.
He changed from a heathen to a true believer.
A creation like this - could you ever leave her?

And all you people -are you peeping?
No need for that - no need to roam.
A dozen nights of happy sleeping:
She shaves again, and I'll be home!

Herbert Nehrlich

Leper's Shame

A leopard strolled to look for food
when, near some trees, in happy mood
a leper stood and watched gazelles
he loved the sounds and sights and smells
here in the Serengeti Desert proper.
Just then, a scared and noisy hopper
ran off with tail between his legs,
he would be scared about his eggs,
but then, a sound of desert thunder
came to his ears, he saw his blunder
of having wandered here today,
in terror he began to pray.
The leopard who had wandered close
said 'Howdy, pal, do you suppose
that you would be a leper then? '
'Oh, majesty, please spare my life
I have at home a pretty wife,
so let me go, I shall send her
a dish she is, a big one, Sir.'
The leopard, bachelor as such
stuck out his paw to feel and touch
the leper's skin, so full of knots
he said oh my, you too have spots.'
And left him standing in his shame
they had in common just a name.

Herbert Nehrlich

Leprechaun In The River

In the raging river of babylon
swam an utterly pregnant leprechaun.
Came a crocodile, with good appetite
took a painful and a generous bite.

Since the leprechaun was Irish, thus green
in the river she was easily seen.
As another big croc came a-swimming
in the city all lights were now dimming.

The leprechaun had, the luck of her clan
left word of her plans with leprechaun man.
And with Irish quick wit and great skill
he had aimed from his Inn's window sill

with a stout bottle's thick and green bottom
sent the sun's rays and finally got 'em.
Then he waited with well-tempered patience
as the Irish are used to sensations
for the wife to get out of the river
and the Publican suffered a shiver.

Herbert Nehrlich

Leprosy

She had been diagnosed
and sent away,
the colony they said
would be a home,
all those who caught
and did not have the genes
to fight the bugs,
they'd be recorded
in the ledger of the State,
as Hansenites.

Forever gone,
outcast,
with sores
and swollen joints,
and dying nerves
that made you drop
the cigarettes
and pens with which
to write your tale,
recording all events
and those you felt
would come
to claim your soul
and take you off
into the bowels of
the place we know
as Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lessons

A little boy, so full of greed
for knowledge thus to nourish
his mind where every tiny seed
would enter, there to flourish.

His eyes were big, his ears alert,
his face a questionmark.
And so he spent, this little squirt
his hours dawn to dark.

He never dreamed that he would meet her
so many years after he'd learned,
made in the European Theatre
he had been broken, growth adjourned.

He had it all, from Math to Chem,
his man-made destiny:
It was to be a learned man
or rot in misery.

A thousand books were on his shelves,
Herbarium, Laboratory,
and both his parents saw themselves
ordainers of this story.

There's Discipline with cap'tal D,
there's duties, chores and obligation,
and there's 'work will set you free',
you, too can be an imitation.

Then SHE was there, so suddenly.
I looked at her - she looked at me.
And when we spent some time together
we found us birds of the same feather.

She had a key that fit a lock
inside my inner maze.
The lock was rusted, so she knocked
to see if she could raise

the boy inside who sat and read
another science book,
his papers piled up on his bed
and in the corner nook.

The lock then opened through sheer force,
she had extensive skills.
He was surprised and shocked, of course,
but sat there, pale and still.

She took his hand to feel his pulse
because she was attracted.
And soon they danced the Vienna Waltz
as now they interacted.

That room was home for seven days,
they never left it once.
Genetic Bond, to coin a phrase,
day seven saw them dance.

They left together shabby quarters
and rusted locks behind,
and understood now life's own rorters
and read each other's mind.

Today they live in Paradise,
that is each other's special heart,
he learned that 'love' differs from 'wise',
the lesson learned did smart.

They do not use analysis
of Chemistry or Mathematics,
when they stop now and then to kiss
or do some acrobatics.

They kiss to taste each other - yes!
They hug to love each other -Bless!
They know what you would rather.....- Guess!

Herbert Nehrlich

Lessons For Lessies

It would be really very funny
said our poet to his honey
if suddenly the numbers changed
as if the world were now deranged.
That sow size forty would just flip
and run around, then take a trip
to places that are primitive
where they would try to reason if
some grounds for leniency exist
but after tests they do insist
that lessies with their shoulder pads
who play their games, then look at stats
can never be accepted ever
it is because they're not too clever.

Herbert Nehrlich

Let It All Hang Out

Do let the sow out.
Perhaps a bit much.
Or be a stirrer.
Helpful as such.
Learn histrionics.
It's about gush.
Kill introversion
Kiss me and hush.

I am not asking
that you go on stage.
Where you could be singing
to drown out my rage.

So let us be naked,
bare all to each other.
Let's be ourselves,
not father or mother.
If we can be children,
whose joy has no brakes,
and prevent us from growing
that shell, as it takes
away our freedom
to be who we are
so let me show mine
from up close and not far.
You must drop that brown suitcase
it is filled to the hilt
with the venom of others
and with old woman's guilt.

I will soon come to visit
not to see who you're not.
But to ask: Darling is it
only tepid or hot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Letter To Lily

Magnetically Adorable Gladiola,
Deliciously Drooling,
Amiably Lingerling,
Electrifyingly Non-naughty,
Appetisingly.....
Lovely Lily:
Just a few
descriptive terms
that may apply,
mood permitting.

Going to talk about
your toes since you
have not provided
a photo of those
-no doubt adorable-
little creatures,
but may have to
postpone eliciting
the truth about
whether you do
own a Morton Foot.

Lest you think of me
as a foot fetishist (NOT)
or a drool fetishist
(strictly gene-specific
with unique DNA pattern selection) ...
I know so little about you,
and, being by nature
somewhat of an
insatiable 'PLUM'
(incidentally you have
not picked the plum yet) ,
thus the recommended
procedure is to provide
the info - obviously.

Don't know if you think

I took too much space
with my cora mia
(as drawn with obvious talent):
you could always look at it
as a cabin whose fire never goes out.

Must remind myself to trim down
my out messages as to not
overload your inbox or exceed
your available time to respond.
As you undoubtedly know,
each unanswered question
automatically undergoes the
metamorphosis to a pink,
good-size X after 24 hours of 'neglect'.

Not to worry. But I promise you
one thing....no, well...actually I am
way too much of a chicken to say that
'one day, if the Gods do like me even
the tiniest bit (also I do not rule out sacrifices and bribes) ,
I will be in the most enviable position
(the thought of which is sooooo electrifying even today) ,
in a position to unfold my tally sheet.....
and probably stand there like an idiot'.

If I had actually talked about this vague
promise of a distant time I would also
have mentioned that an electronic device
will then have to be available.
AND implanted in the region of my
corpus callosum to ensure that
every one of them stays chaste.

So, as you can clearly see,
things are under control, as usual.
Just needed to add that I celebrate
the very day I met you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Letter To Lily 2

You know, my sweet heartbreaker,
you sometimes outdo yourself
when I would have thought that
further sweetness wouldn't be possible.
Lovely is not doing you justice.
And I feel like a fool at times for
seemingly saying the same things,
words, expressions again and again.

Wish my native language were English.
Words will never do you justice in my book,
as you said, in any language, incidentally,
does Uri exist as yet in real life? Does Julianna?
I love the senario, of course, predictably.
You KNOW you can let the big X's
out of the bag any old time,
how about leaning against a nice friendly tree,
a softbarked one and then
let the world go by for a while.

That's when the macro sizes would be
appropriate and the only other time
for them is at all other times. But
I must have you there,
can't kiss myself very well.
So, if you are convinced that the children
can be left safely in the play house
(without having one of us there to babysit)
I will take your hand(s) and
inwardly whisper to my heart:
'See I told you you would get
lucky and happy yet! ' Although,
I wasn't really all that optimistic
at times.
What kind of berries
would suit your taste and
how far would we travel?

Letter To Lily 3

You will never be
on the outside to me,
although I am not
misunderstanding
what you say.
Perhaps -really-
an entirely new dimension
will have to be
found for 'us',
do you not think
this possible?

Your words are so full of
your sweet spirit,
of your love and of your
capacity to love,
that it
hurts and feels good
at the same time,
it touches my
innermost something, and,
I want to take your sweet face
into my hands and just kiss you gently.

I know that talk like this isn't really
all that helpful to either of us but,
please think of what I am saying.
I am sometimes thinking in terms of
what you mentioned, adopting you
and/or
me in to the families, I just want you
to be with me, around me, near me.

I would probably settle for you as an
adopted sister. Do you think that
we can
go in the direction of becoming
-eventually,

'closest family friends'?

Do we
want this?

Will there be objections?

Insurmountable hurdles?

How ever you

want to look on our love,
why could it not 'conquer all'?

I would have NEVER

believed what has happened,
is happening but we can do it,

CAN WE NOT? ? ? ? ?

For the sake of love can one

forsake its reality?

I am not trying to be
unrealistic.

I wish you weren't sleeping yet,
so far away, in your cold country,
I would have loved to 'talk' about this
with you NOW, but c'est la vie I know.

If I had one wish from the genie

I would say I wish that we can discuss
this, without avoiding it, postponing it

and see if our two heads (beauty
and the beast) can come up with

one answer (you noticed that

I am putting a

bit of humour into this,

after reading the paper you sent
about laughter) .

My pastor at confirmation

(at the risk of having told you this already)

assigned the wisdom of

the following words to my future:

All things are

possible for those who believe.

Slightly adapted I say that if we want
something we will get it.

Solving a problem is on
our agenda, our combined
efforts shall be enough.

No?

Herbert Nehrlich

Lettuce

Lattich is the name of little heads
that do grow round inside the garden beds.
Making headway in the growing stage
waiting for the time when it and sage
have reached a size that will suffice
place them inside, perhaps on ice.

So many kinds of lettuce grow
in gardens, they put on a show.
They all make salads in the end
enjoyed by me and one dear friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lewd

Would you mind if I chewed
on your shaven and lewd
circuitbreaker tonight?
Just a tender, small bite?
Chewing raises the cud
but a tongue is a dud
so the beacon may be
the old sentry for thee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Liberation

They left her there, at the junction,
bleeding from torn rags that once
had placed her in the company of
the city's bourgeoisie, as one of them,
she should have known and listened
when the siren screamed its warning,
the ridge just to the South fully alive
with soldiers, small as olive beetles,
Kalashnikovs reflecting, dully, their souls,
they'd smelled like rancid beaver hide
and led the girls and all their mothers,
into the barns and to the school's gymnasium.
The men that had been left, fragile and old
were taken with their feeble voices to the wall,
where words inscribed read Rest In Peace,
they shot them all while grinning broadly,
and spread their rancid souls throughout,
like outcast animals in mean pursuit
of what the Devil wanted to have done.
A captain caught her eye, she beckoned,
and with a quick and desperate hand she took
the fully loaded weapon from his arm,
the sound was strangely dull inside her mouth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Libido

In the cozy chicken den
lived a rooster and his hen.
Other chickens had been banned
rooster found them somewhat bland.

He had named her 'Horny Heather',
as she was, in wind and weather
always in a certain mood,
others had been more subdued.

In the day they loved their walking,
hand in hand and he was talking.
(Did I tell you she was lewd?
always in a certain mood?)

Walks would take them to the brook,
where she asked him 'Wanna Fook? '
But the rooster, being shy
after straightening his tie

told her language was a culture
that she talked just like a vulture,
that the word would not be Fook,
he could prove it with his book..

Said the hen 'You lazy rooster,
I am your libido booster,
coming from the North Atlantic
where the chickens are romantic

and where faulty pronunciation
never hinders fornication.
You can run like Forrest Gooomp
I'm inviting you to hooomp.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Lieb Vaterland

Lieb Vaterland. mag'st ruhig sein,
Obama haelt die Wacht am Rhein.
Der Arsch mit Ohren zweiundsiebzig
ein grosses Maul, jedoch das gibt sich.
Ein schwarzer Mann ist jetzt am Ruder
nicht Sarah, nicht das Cindyluder,
die Zukunft bringt uns reinen Wein
lieb Vaterland, mag'st ruhig sein.

Herbert Nehrlich

Liebfraumilch From Ruedesheim

I was, Scout's honour, gonna tell ya, Mother,
though coming from the block, as a small chip
I am not free to speak my mind, as others do
but you would know just how it is, now Dad is gone.

There are a thousand questions that went up
into the attic of my childlike mind, well stashed,
and gathering dust beneath the spiders' glistening castles.
'Where to begin', you always said those afternoons
when living room and den turned into silent space
conducive to deep thinking and the sound of ink
scraped eagerly across the sheets by Pelican,
which made the very best in post-war fountain pens.

Oh, yes, indeed, we start with number one, but not today.
Where would it end, this newly bold interrogation?
You're getting older, as you put it, 'on in years',
which could create a certain scarcity of time.
And as the Old one used to preach, 'you do not start
what cannot be brought to an optimal conclusion.'

So, let us skip it, Mother, let me only say
that I could never understand how you and Dad
kept such a tight and often cruel feudal reign,
while all the same neglecting true equality.

He was the baby with a quick angelic smile,
you never saw the traits that had come in the dark,
thus there was lavish, never-ending golden sun
that you would bask your biased souls in, all those years.

There was that hose, the large diameter, blood red,
and competition 'twixt anxiety and truth,
one does not ever shed the memory of youth
nor of betrayal, and of justice, underfed.

Well, when I think of it, there is so much to tell,
of how you could have and you should, just to be fair
but it is late tonight, perhaps that train has gone,

there is another day, for you and for us all,
so many matters to discuss and reminisce.

You know, my dear, I feel this deep inside,
that this, our score, has never been on even keel,
but, I concede that it may never quite congeal
and if it does, where would the judge of all reside?

Yes, thanks, I am, as you have noticed it as well,
extremely partial to this wine, I'll have some more.

Did I confide in you, I cannot quite recall
that I can clearly and precisely now declare
that you two oldsters knew your stuff, you surely did,
wish I could ever have been truly in the know,
to be a parent to my children just like you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Liebling

I see you in my coffee cup,
I taste you on my tongue,
reluctantly I must get up
OUR day is still so young.
If only one small wish remained
of all the world can give
I'd take your hands, my eyes tear-stained,
and ask you, will you live
with me, our hearts made into one
our spirits in embrace,
you are my golden, fiery sun
you warm my hopeful face.
There is no word that could portrait
mein Liebling, how I feel,
were I religious, I would pray
or even make a deal
with Devils, gnomes or witches yet
to have you always close
I praise the thirteenth when we met
You stood there, in a pose
that touched my heart, a sudden squeeze
a gentle hand that grips,
I still get wobbly in the knees
come, let me kiss your lips.
There is no chance that in a dream
a man could live a tale
so filled with joy to an extreme
that words can only fail,
I write this, Liebling, just to say
how much you mean to me,
please do not ever fly away,
my lovely honeybee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lies

When Nathan asked 'why can't I lie',
his mother, who was baking pie
explained that following her lead
would get to Heaven him indeed.

'So does this mean, then, mother dear
that those small ears did never hear
a fib come out of you, not ever?
I reckon that this is just clever
and compromise diplomacy.

I ask myself, how can it be
that you would never need to lie',
he said, and nibbled from the pie.
'As surely as the horse thieves hung
you'll grow a pimple on your tongue,

so let us make this matter simple
and open wide, search for the pimple..'
But mother who would never lie
now concentrated on her pie.
She kept her ruby-purple lips
closed tightly to keep in those fibs.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lies, Damn Lies

What would we be, he asked
without this tool of tools?
The freedom to be masked
it does extend to fools.

I like your hair that way,
this soup is simply great.
What do you mean, I'm gay?
I say 'No Worries, Mate'.

A lie is like a child,
a sheer necessity.
Preposterous or mild,
I'll tell you honestly.

What would we do without
the power of deceit?
It's never just about
the challenges we meet.

Society would end
without those ready lies,
but, if you are my friend
a different rule applies.

Are you the one to trust,
to keep my back from harm?
I'm certain that you must
have more than just plain charm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Life Snuffed

That damned depression
caused by confession
in lengthy session.
The priest's obsession
to douse aggression
the bag was Hessian.

Inside the bag
wrapped in a rag,
a German flag
bearer in drag
brown hair in shag
nothing to brag,
de-facto fag.

First the extortion
payback abortion,
story distortion
the smallest portion
conscious contortion.

A felon's frame
excuses lame,
would need no name
such lethal game
some claim to fame
eternal shame.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lifestyle Ramblings

Saltpeter was in olden times
the chemical so much in use
it only cost a pound two dimes
and should be kept in dried up shoes.
As leather keeps the molecules
together in configuration
so that the butchers, all old fools
preserve the meat in celebration
of human needs like eating well
and that was what the Germans see
as number one, and I can tell
that you are learning this from me.

Like the Chinese with MSG
the Europeans do preserve
all beef, pork from the piggery
it feeds the heart and steels your nerve,
it's raised your ancestors just fine
and kept them healthy without quacks.
And I myself come from a line
that in genetics lives and stacks
up very well indeed,
and thus, the theory is sound
to all of you, who may now read
only to find that you have found
that foods from animals is bad.
Well kindly reconsider all
that you have heard, it makes me mad
that still today they have the gall
to spread their garbage to achieve
those certain aims that make them wealthy
I'm asking you now to believe
that their suggestions are unhealthy.
Saltpeter may not be the cleanest
in what the industry presents
but if you go and buy the leanest
you will soon end just wearing stents.

So eat your fat, your lard and tallow

and butter, never margarine,
official thinking is quite shallow
don't rock the boat and make a scene
just do your thing and live your life
the way our ancestors have shown
and if you have at home a wife
ask her about the veggies grown
and talk her into garden chores
so all of you can eat what's good
avoid the fragilistic stores
and be the human that you should.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lightgreen

Wolstencroft they called the guard,
big he was, a tub of lard.
Stood before the Pearly Gate
guarding heavenly estate.

Came St. Peter, checked ID,
said it simply cannot be
that a man who is not white
could come in, it was not right.

God was asked about his view,
he replied 'The sky is blue,
it is not your bloomin' race
or your black and ugly face.

It's the name, you could be green,
brownish like a Pinto Bean,
you would see that at this gate
we do not discriminate.'

Adds St. Peter 'We ain't mean,
but if someone who looks green
wants to gain up here admission
it's a simpleton's decision.

Green, the colour, comes in shades,
dark would be the Everglades,
no one here adores the night,
we prefer the green be light.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Like Snow

Yes you are right, pure love is so like winter's early snow
its flakes descend in joyful dances from the cloudy sky.
Two figures huddle tightly on the meadow far below
and do not care if life itself and time just passes by.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lily, Will You Call Me?

Lily will you call me?

I'm happy now that you are back
I missed you very much
my brain does NOT know how to track
when we are out of touch.
I love you so, I love you more
I love you to extremes,
this greeting from a distant shore
is bursting at its seams.
I hold your hand if you agree
and walk with you, we smile
our spirits for each other be
forever plus one mile.

And to explain some needful things
I might add this as seas'ning,
some thoughts don't travel well on wings
and some are bare of reas'ning.

My love has grown and now matured
to fledgling levels barely.
I am sorry if you have endured
ineptness so unfairly.
A model student I am not
as you, no doubt discovered.
Acquiring what I haven't got:
it helps us to recover.
I pledge to you that I will do
my very best and more
so that we can be friends for life,
and after that for more.
I ask you, would you talk to me
my sweetest precious treasure,
so if you have a minute free
may I please have the pleasure?

NB:

The phone is rigged to stay connected,

the world is kept at bay.
From prying ears we are protected,
let's hug, let's kiss and say
those little words that mean so much
that settle deep inside
that hold the power of the touch.
My arms are open wide.

For: Lily

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For A Friday Night

I once dated an overweight girl.
She was cute and her first name was Shirl.
When we tried to make love
after push and much shove
she kept saying let's give it a whirl.

But the distance from me to her core
was extensive, and things did get sore.
So we had to abort
'cause he WAS way too short
yet she asked me try a bit more.

So I went out with someone so skinny
who was braless and only wore mini.
When we started our battle
there was pubic bone rattle
and her navel was truly an innie.

Well I went back to Shirl in a flash.
And discovered that Shirl had a rash.
So she went to the quack
and she never came back.
Monday morning she'd turned into ash.

So I told myself now to abstain.
From all sexual 'ta-ta' I'd refrain.
I'd ignore all new co-ed's
and join some good poets
and would hide my best friend in my brain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For A Monday

There once was a sheila named Tara
on the day that she said 'Sayonara',
she was off on a trip
on a paddlesteam ship,
it was better than last year's Sahara.

And her ship was named 'African Queen',
with the captain a proud Mr. Bean.
During evening dance
he was making bold plans
but smart Tara, she wasn't too keen.

Then the Purser came, name was Brad Pitt
for a moment she thought he was it.
When a copter flew in
he stepped out with a grin
she had always admired his wit.

They got hitched on the rusty old boat.
By the captain who looked like a goat.
Then the Mister and Missis
were exchanging hot kisses
and the chance of divorce was remote.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For A Poet

There once lived in sunny Tweed Heads
a great poet who had many pets
from a crow who could talk
to a wombat who'd walk
over all of the poet's made beds.

And on weekends he welcomed a man
who brought with him a stainless steel can
it was full of the stuff
that is made for the tough
in the morning he didn't need bran.

Mr Fittock comes every week
and without him it would be so bleak
and on special free Mondays
he can dwell on his fun days
says the bible, hooray to the meek.

And when MY friend called Gentleman Jack
pays a visit to counterattack
it is Scotch or that Bourbon
which is slightly disturbing
I am sure we will throw a few back.

So this shorty was writ for AS
who has seen the pathetic big mess
on the site for true poets
but he wouldn't quite show it
like the monster of Scotland's Lochness.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Ash Wednesday

Wicked weather had hit this small town,
and the mood of the people went down,
Then Stolichnaya flowed
pinkish cheek (y) bones glowed
I see ash es is out on the town.

She's a sight for the sorest of eyes,
and I'd ask her to share my French fries,
and for one of the pros
with such beautiful toes
and what rhymes well with wit must be wise.

I have lost for tonight my direction,
and the gnomes have commenced an erection
of huge obstacles here
it is true that I fear
unavoidable human defection.

I see Ian has staked out a space,
with a brief little slap to the face
please allow me to fly
to a different sky
and I promise to pick up my pace.

Looked around though while hanging my hat
for a minute I dreamed as I sat
and the gist was of course
that a pinch of remorse
would eventually skin the fat cat.

Pleasant greetings to those spelled above,
to all birds and that well-endowed dove
I must ask A J S
(failing that I must guess)
can infatuation be love?

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Beginners

A recalcitrant poetry critic
who was harsh and a bit analytic
was the colour of custard
but the hot taste of mustard
I prefer either Jack or Glenfiddich.

He produced a great poem or two
which gave all the poets a clue
and they figured him smart
but he was an old fart
I'll go back to my digeridoo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Raynette

I was resting my bones and my mind
as my e-mails did get far behind,
when a message came through
and did come from you
it was something worthwhile to find.

I did have no reason to fret
as they said that it was from Raynette.
It could always be seen
on the slow motion screen
and I'm glad that we met, Raynette.

And I thank you for taking the time
to construct that old limerick rhyme
just for me, no one else
it brought whistles and bells
to the time of the 'you got a dime'?

If you know what I mean I'll be glad
as some others will, doubtless, be mad
and the work you produce
is the reading I choose
you have saved me from being sad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Sherrie

While the masses, like auburn-eyed cattle
were engrossed in their meaningless prattle.
An opponent stood tall
with much spunk, all in all
and her spark then ignited the battle.

It was soon about matching our wits.
There were insults and other mean bits.
But when peace came at dawn
she would no longer yawn
but describe her formidable tits.

I am sorry to mention that word.
Just pretend you had really not heard
he who says that our chests
are the equal to breasts
is a very much ignorant nerd.

So I thank my opponent of old
who resides just like me in the fold.
Ah, how history's duels
have been fought over jewels
of the flesh though and not of the gold.

In addition there is a good brain.
It is quick and a little bit vain.
And not one other gift
gives me such a great lift
the attraction is, well rather plain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Sherrie - With Special Meaning

Fifty cows grazing on the green grass,
when a young one, a Polled Herford lass
tried to let out a burp,
it was more of a slurp.
Said the others 'you burp like an ass'.

Now, they knew that a donkey will chew
'til the grass turns to porridge, then pooh.
And an ass neither slurps
and an ass never burps.
It is cows without manners that do.

But the moral, please listen now, Norm.
Cows in school and inside the cows' dorm
call you unorthodox
with the traits of an ox.
You see, cows want all cows to conform

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick For Theo

There once was a man from Angora
who had eyes on our sweet Theodora,
she said foreigners will
never fight to the kill.
He went back to the box of Pandora.

I have missed this peculiar soul,
she had left and abandoned her role.
When she stopped in for tea
it was easy to see
she was real and never a troll.

She has mentioned that what she prefers
is the limerick of his and of hers.
So I dedicate this
with a frontal bone kiss
which we can, if desired, rehearse.

Dedicated to Theodora Onken

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Fun **

There lived in the Oregon Hills
an old hermit by name of Will Mills.
When Saint Helen blew high
old Will Mills was nearby
and the county paid all of his bills.

There stands in the town of Seattle
a big tower, folks tittle tattle
on the lift as it climbs
and at all other times,
and they sound like a posse of cattle.

Well this morning I fell out of bed.
There was ethanol still in my head.
All four walls and the door
and the whole bloody floor
moved around, so perhaps I am dead.

Tis the weekend, it just has occurred,
I'm outside watching Cedric the bird.
He's a crow and he's kind
but I watch his behind,
he is prone to dropp many a turd.

Off I am to the bath, can you guess?
For this sequence: S S and S S
Shit and Shave, and Shampoo
and a big Shower too
so we bless of all letters the S.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Fun Again

There once was Washington Porker,
where the climate is often a corker.
When he grilled his pork chops
someone called for the cops,
seems that chops would offend a New Yorker.

It is strange how we measure each other
with a tape for the one, not his brother
and his sister again
on a scale up to ten
has more rights than her father and mother.

I remember Napoleon well,
he would sleep while attached to a bell,
at a pissy four feet
he would ring in defeat
for his foes, and then sent them to hell.

It is called an abuse of position,
often based on extreme superstition.
But, I blame not the man
who will kill when he can
as it MAY change his disposition

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Games

I have yet to lay eyes on a bum
without thoughts that include the word yum.
Though I hasten to add
it's a gender-linked fad
bony boyscouts will render me numb.

We Down Under say bum and not butt,
you drink rum, that is open and shut.
We don't ask you for much
but we do like to touch
woman's butt beats the tastiest nut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Lesson One

A poet named Paul Apicella
while as prickly as Nelson Mandela
has politely declared
that his skill is impaired
though he may be a jolly good fella.

He likes limericks, well so he states
has presented a taste to his mates.
It insulted the ear
and I worry and fear
it's a dinner without any plates.

I shall be your new lim-e-rick teacher
let me warn you, I'm really a preacher.
If you do earn a FAIL
I shall send you an ale;
to the Irish a limerick's a creature.

As you see you have had your first lesson.
Look at poems as delicatessen.
If you force them at all
your own star soon will fall;
You shall meet my dear friends Smith and Wesson.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Practice

In the jungle the lion is king.
To placate him the birds all do sing.
But watch out for the leopard
and his guardian, the shepherd.
They do form a familiar ring.

When the hunger starts bugging the leopard,
he could eat his old friend Mr. Shepherd.
But his honour runs deep
so they go after sheep
all the meat goes to leopard and shepherd.

Then the lion awakes from his nap.
Tells his females that all this is crap.
He runs after the leopard
but gets killed by the shepherd
and the little hyenas, they clap.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Practice 88

They played with the goddamn Lego
in the Park outside San Diego
'til the cows all came home
then they flew off to Rome
and the first two lines do rhyme with Prego.

A poet named Andrew K.
who had recently been away
came and posted new work
when that dim-witted jerk
had his usual incongruous way.

He will find him to be rather brash
spouting comments of crap in a flash
and attacking the man
though a flash in a pan
will be asked soon to take a dash.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Practice 77

On the Vancouver Nainaimo Ferry
lounged in deck chairs Lamont and Sherrie.
It was late and the hour
for their afternoon shower
had arrived and they both were quite merry.

When the ferry arrived at the pier
they were planning to sample the beer
when they spotted JC
who was up here to ski
down the Fraser and stop at the weir.

Well they did try to talk some good sense
into JC who looked a bit tense
in the end they went diving
it is true, I'm not jiving
but the three of them suffered the Bends.

They went back to the Grizzlybear Tower
all restored in their breathing power
but the shower was small
so they couldn't fit all
out they went to each pick her a flower.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick Practice 89

He pushed and he strained and he struggled
and she wiggled and giggled and juggled
but they did not succeed
to take care of their need
all four of their hemispheres boggled.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerick To Grace The Forum

There once was a vermin named Herrmann,
his uncle was General Sherman.
Said the general 'well,
send these poets to hell
'twas considered a militant sermon.

So the tongues freshly sharpened were stuck
out at others but not for good luck.
But poor spelling prevailed
and with glee was detailed
but the villain was only a duck.

As all poets and others may know
you can easily spoil your own show.
If you suffer from gas
it will blow from your ass
and the critics will make you eat crow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericking For Jerry H.

There once was a poet named Hughes,
he was singing the Wednesday night blues,
he received a new scar
but his budgerigar
stayed at home and he drank all his booze.

So when Jerry returned from the docs
he unravelled a pair of great socks.
Then he stuffed him inside
and he quickly applied
a blue label which read: To Fort Knox.

Mrs. H. who had put up her feet
and was sipping his Penderyn neat.
heard the telephone ring:
'Here speaks Jerry the King,
would you please bring me something to eat? '

So she rushed to the place at high speed,
then he wanted some papers to read,
and the puter at once
so he could show the 'sons'
who should be in the forum to lead.

Then the bandage fell off of his chest,
which exposed a symmetrical breast,
and the 25 stitches
the descendants of bitches
had installed there at Jerry's behest.

Where's my Vegemite, said he with scorn?
Don't you think that a jar should adorn
this big tray which is meant
for the staff to repent
on their spongebath for him in the morn.

Well, he asked for the sister to be
at his bedside at five fifty-three,
she would use Mister Sheen

to scrub Jerry H. clean
a bit risqué, that's if you ask me.

All the rest you must wait for a bit
as he'll write a new poem, a hit.
And his very first post
guarantees him a toast
maybe not at the words that are writ.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerickoid

Humpty Dumpty went to the Forum
singing the praise of his schola cantorum.
All the small poets talking away
throwing their undies into the fray.
Crossing at last on the pons asinorum.

Come out come out of your small shell
join the fracas here in Hell
is there something that you lack?
Yes, be cheeky, show your crack.
Don't tell Scarlett Pimpernell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limerickoids

A poet nicknamed Hazelbutt
was sick inside his hazelgut.
It seems he swallowed too much pride,
it seeped as sewage through his hide.
A poet though he sure was not.

Some men will suffer from neurosis
in others this will be psychosis.
Though in their brains are purple beans
they interfere with dopamines.
But they can wish for apoptosis.

A portion of sheer jealousy
will always cause some misery.
When envy makes the soul commit
what decent folks would know as shit,
you must look at his pedigree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks - A Few More

A cadet named Hieronymous Sears
went to town but found nothing but queers.
At a weight-watch café
he could not even say
if they wiggled their fronts or their rears.

When his wife said that sex was still great
and a peaceful and wonderful state,
he felt really flattered
that his little thing mattered.
He was lucky, at seventy-eight.

A German mechanic named Fritz,
had checked in for a week at the Ritz.
Called the desk for a maid
though 'twas not to get laid,
but to squeeze all the pus from his zits.

He had just been installed as the Pope.
But next morning was caught smoking dope.
Since the Vatican Rules
state that dope is for fools,
he was soon hanging high from a rope.

There once was a chancellor named Kohl.
He was fat and had only one goal.
He ate ever'thing fried
and the day that he died
he was buried and filled up the hole.

At an open air concert in Greece,
a big flock of Canadian geese
in the style of wild birds
dropped a volley of turds.
The conductor got hit by a piece.

In the tree near the church was a nest
it was comfy and faced to the west.
Said the mischievous bird

a formidable turd
it will hit him and maybe get blessed.

A young callgirl who'd travelled from France
was attending the Hutterite Dance.

When she drank far too much,
she said 'nobody touch,
'you must pay for your goods in advance.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks *****

In their winter of discontent,
he would sleep on the lawn in a tent
while the lady received
a most rubbery sleeved
little plug, and it wasn't a stent.

From New Jersey she hailed, the au-pair,
trained and good at the proper childcare.
As she slept in the nude
her new boss would conclude
that both nostrils and labia can flare.

She was young and exceedingly chaste,
and Lord Jim had thought, 'what a big waste.'
She: 'Go kiss my sweet hatch
it's all pink near the thatch, '
He: 'Screw grammar, I'll go for the taste.'

In the back of the church, during mass,
were the janitor and a young lass.
They used rubbing and spittle
and perspired a little.
In the end they had polished all brass.

Mister Sheen was a man who was shiny,
since he lived in a tube he was tiny.
Even smaller as such
which means not very much,
was his shiny, but too tiny Heini.

Said the elephant 'If you can climb,
I will give you a bit of my time.
You won't likely get stuck
and a mouse pin brings luck,
interracial is no more a crime.'

'Twas the night when the stork took a turn,
he'd been scheduled to visit Young Vern.
With his SAT on the blink

he drove into the drink
and they covered the kid with some fern.

Presidential is not what he is,
and in matters of state not a wiz,
if you add in his age
you can tear out the page,
watch the weary old soldierboy fizz.

I don't see how the Yanks will elect
a new Prez with a pigment defect.
Though it's often been said
that all racists are dead,
it's intolerance that I detect.

As a salesman of telephones
he would throw in some clever ringtones,
When a blonde rang his bell
he perceived a strange smell,
but it wasn't her pheromones.

Said Tusnelda this life isn't fair.
I had hoped for a bum like a pear.
And to make matters worse
I am writing this verse
while I'm flossing with red pubic hair.

Sir Sylvester said to his new bride,
'Let us have an erotic-type ride, '
though each ride was quite wild,
when she came down with child
the LIVE shell had been shot from the side.

Said Diogenes 'What a cute bum!
You can see that I live in a drum,
would you please crawl inside,
we will go for a ride...'
she said 'No Sir, I really can't cum.'

In the settlement of the divorce,
she got nothing and he got the horse.
She became a great nun,

kindly pardon the pun:
He continued to ride her, of course.

In the summer of forty-four,
Mamma Mia had purchased the store.
She had slaved there for years
with most bills in arrears,
until she could do it no more.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks 23-07-08

A priest who was truly asexual,
widely known as an intellectual,
had the smarts and the looks
and a house full of books.
But he turned out a homosexual.

A mosquito complained to the judge
that his brain had been turned into sludge.
When the spray hit his hide
he fell onto his side
but he never did carry a grudge.

When they buried the preacher from Butte
in his gold-plated cowboy suit,
all the people said WOW,
will ya look at him NOW,
he is handsome and utterly mute.

A black beaver, quite fond of his brother,
was having a drink with his mother.
If the boys shared a drink
they would have a big stink
since they hated the drinks, not each other.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks For 2008

There once was a Festival Hall,
they would dance there and have a great ball.
Came a pitiful jerk
had been fired as clerk
he was pimply and not very tall.

Did his stirring and troubled the gang,
shot the dog with a gun and a bang.
Came the owner (a Kraut)
and he threw the guy out
and the folks thought he needed to hang.

So they gathered and grabbed the filou,
took him down to the Lancaster Zoo.
He objected to be
left to hang from the tree
to the sounds of the didgeridoo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks For Ted S.

In her winter of discontent
she could sense where her destiny went.
She tatoored on her skin
a mad Kraut with a grin
and inside they installed a big stent.

Come inside, said the maiden, yes, YOU,
You are mine for this rendez-vous.
So his down under head
pinned her clear to the bed
but her entrance was just a tatoo.

He inspected the part with his glasses,
then made Mesmer-like ritual passes.
And the flesh quickly parted
(I am sorry she farted)
and his trance was all caused by the gases.

When he woke she was working his member,
it had grown from the status of ember.
Then she went to the loo
with her feline tatoo
all this happened in early December.

Since you asked, a tatoos can be fake,
can suggest the idea of a cake.
But most men want to cheat
as to keep and to eat
it's the woman who's baking the cake.

Should you be, by this story confused,
should your ego be (men only) bruised,
Let me say, a tatoos
stops the wankers like you
and the ladies will NOT be abused.

Just some fun for the poet named Ted.
Who reminds me of Kelly's own Ned*
And a caution to add

you must surely be mad
double-dip in the ink - you are dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks June '07

I once met a pompous ass
he was Wehrmacht and one of the brass.
And I gladly confess
in the Waffen SS
all the brass liked to pass lots of gas.

Led by Adolf they did like to fart
by relaxing and spreading apart
their two cheeks which hold in
each malodorous grin
and present thus a true work of art.

Back in school we would ride on the bus.
That was me and my best buddy Gus.
After eating some beans
we had surely the means
to make people hold noses and cuss.

When my son caught a Moreton Bay crab
he transported him down to the Lab.
While the Lab could confirm
that all crabs pince and squirm
they said none had the gift of the gab.

There once lived a portly old Vicar.
He was partial to bootlegger's liquor.
And on top of the pulpit
he would gulp it and gulp it
and in time he got sicker and sicker.

I remember my chemistry teacher.
He was more of a preacher than teacher.
Once he talked about dust
and that everyone must
when he dies become one final feature.

In the hay I was resting with Joan.
She was spreadeagled, I rested prone.
When a movement occurred

she first giggled then purred
Is that really your family bone?

On our farm we had one yellow duck.
He was down on his knees and his luck.
He would thoroughly tease
female ducks with his knees
then the females yelled Jesus, you're stuck..

As you know each baboon has a wick.
It could also be called a small prick.
All the monkeys do know
that the height of the show
is to make the wee shishkebab stick.

Yes I know that no real baboon
has an ass like a cheddar-cheese moon.
Monkey see monkey do
that is certainly true
neither looks like a furry raccoon.

Let me tell you about a strange pig.
He would sit in a tree on a twig.
All the animals saw
he was wearing a bra
and on top he was wearing a wig.

Said the bull to the beautiful cow:
I would like to but do not know how.
She said look at my udder
use your thing as a rudder
holy land-o-lake do it right now.

All my uncles like Limburger Cheese.
All my aunts have those dry-socket knees.
Said my grandma girls need
a good Limburger feed
and the drysocket problems will ease.

Said the doctor to schoolteacher Ned.
You must stay for three weeks in your bed.
It was more than malaise

and in twenty-one days
he called in and found Ned truly dead.

It was midnight in Tijuana
and the callgirl kept saying manyana.
But the cowboy insisted
that he wouldn't have kissed it
if she hadn't been from Louisiana.

A tall and quite skinny Canadian
had a grasp of all matters circadian.
When he went to Barbados
he was tricked by muchados
and he married a female Barbadian.

There once was a six foot ten German
he was blond and blue-eyed and named Herrmann.
He once ate a whole apple
in the catholic chapel
and he also slept right through the sermon.

You can find in Bordeaux many French.
They sit out in the streets on a bench.
When one day Monsieur Roche
was called vous êtes un boche
he said, Schwein you are only a Mensch.

I was bursting with nowhere to pee.
And my bladder hung down to the knee.
Then my hanglider crashed
and was utterly smashed
and I swam and then peed in the sea.

Now here is a story I heard.
And I give to you freely my word.
A man went for a swim
for crustaceans to skim
but he only could catch a big turd.

Said the butcher himself to the baker.
you will soon meet the undertaker.
But the baker baked bread

had no time to be dead
and the butcher himself met his maker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Limericks Today**

A Leopard is really a cat,
and a cat is not usually fat
even elephant shots
will not alter his spots.
Though no spots can be found on his hat.

An old donkey is really an ass,
he will NOT make a pass on a lass,
quite content to abstain
he will use his small brain
to just stand there and eat the green grass.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lines I Traced

You liked it when I traced the lines
first those that spread away,
from luscious lips to molar territory,
then goose bumps rose at once
along the sternomastoid range
alerting, as it did, the pectorals.

And on I went, you know us men,
who still were boys at heart
and in our growing brains,
hand leading while the going was,
still good, as they would say,
next day. Though there was hell to pay
if lips were loose, not sealed as asked,
and boys told boys about their feats
in class where nerds taught all about cow's teats.

I do recall the time, the day and then the taste.
Nothing could have prepared me, no
and those who talked and bragged,
about those tits that sagged,
did not have proof, nor a small clue
soon it was *US* and you were mine,
a peaches/cream dessert, a scrumptious you.

I did, in youthful rage of ample androgens,
testosterone was tingling in my crotch,
side with my little guy, who thinks he always wins,
and thought your head was cute but bare of any thought.

They say too soon we turn as old
as some Methusalem of ancient times,
I wish that God would give the fearless and the bold
some smarts when they are needed, I heard chimes
but shrugged them off as I was busy, into things.
Today I would have given all to share with you,
the symbolism plus the meaning of those golden rings.

There have been just a dozen of les grands visages,

I cannot be where angels fear to tread;
please do not spit upon the skin of my plumage,
but have a heart, come back now, come to bed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lingering Fire (Haiku)

And the nectar flowed
mixing with his mayonnaise
spicy polonaise.

Sticking to fingers
for eager tongues to savour
the fire lingers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lingual Salad

Schon morgens hab' ich grosse Lust
auf eine schoene, weiche Brust.
Als ich vor Jahren Deine Brueste
mit Inbrunst, doch im Dunkeln kuesste,
verlor ich die Examenfrust,
durch langes Kuessen Deiner Brust.
Doch heute leb ich an der Kueste
im fernen Land. Nur wenn ich wuesste
if you would still allow (don't jest)
for me to reach beneath your vest (?)
which is, of course, simply a must
and no, the term shall not be bust,
well what I meant to ask, I'd best
present to you with all the rest
of unimportant, full of frust,
ideas including, simply, lust
in hopes that I can be your guest
and thus will be supremely blessed.
The Krauts say real love won't rust,
no rain, nor sleet, tornado gust
would keep my lips from being pressed
forever to your lovely breast.
Ich steige auf Mt. Everest
und baue dort ein kleines Nest.
Did someone say the word non-plussed?
I answer you, it's all in trust.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lip Enhancement

I saw you read those magazines,
the story on the lips that could be made
into something better, as they said
forever kissable, through man made means.

Enhanced,
advanced,
fix wrinkles,
and folds
in short, it's augmentation women need.
Botox is just a minor tool,
to look so cool,
plain woman is a silly weed.

I hasten now to let you know
it's poppycock they're telling you.
I'd hate to see you tamper with
perfection; nothing is amiss
the way you are, my love, is bliss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lipitor

When he puts you on Lipitor
your days will be not numbered,
regardless what you take it for
your heart will be encumbered.
Your joints will ache and fall apart
the memory soon fades,
it does affect the smallest fart
and like those greenish blades
you sway and topple to the ground
in summer morning breeze,
inside your head there is a sound
not coming from disease.
It's Lipitor at work, it kills
cholesterol en masse,
the industry does send you bills
you pay, you stupid ass.
Cholesterol is one of those
ingredients that the gods
placed inside you and me, they chose
the right stuff for our bods.
But man decides that he knows best
and tinkers with the works,
morticians lay the ones to rest
who listened to the jerks.
So if your doctor even hints
that you should go and take it
go buy yourself a bag of mints
but not the pills and fake it.
You want to live to an old age
don't listen to those quacks,
and if you must, fly into rage
repel their cheap attacks.
Cholesterol is what we are
and what we must preserve
without it no one goes too far
he would not have the nerve.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lips

'Your lips are huge',
he said, and salivated,
'I wonder if I could....',
it wasn't until later
when I had substituted
a more descriptive word
that they both smiled.
It still amazes me
how such huge lips
can kiss so sweetly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lips, Ships

If I could taste your lips
I would not have to fret
and dream about strange ships
that passed at night the minute that we met.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lipstick

A member claiming smarts and skill
while locked in battle, will 'gainst will,
reveals himself a dilettante
misspelling (really!) sycophant.

Don't you just love the ones who use
big words just like a mitrailleuse?
It is like sitting on a twig
with lipstick on one's inner pig.

Herbert Nehrlich

Listen, Boy

Those who smoke weeds
inhale from seeds
omega-6
and get their fix
plus pave the way
to their dismay
(unless they cease)
for new disease.

And some will try Marihuana
I'd rather munch on a banana.
Though do not take
for Bacchus' sake
away from me
blackberry tea
as well as wine
fatback in brine
Vodka from spuds
and Dove soapsuds.

Take care, you human
ignore the lumen
in aeries
and, listen, please
there is a meaning
in all the screening,
an invitation
to operation
or many pills
for phony ills.

Far be it though
and I should know
that my advice
may not entice
to take good care
so that you dare
be one of those
who'll smell a rose

and share your trees
with honeybees.

And do not trust
unless you must
just find a mutt
outside your hut,
a scrawny cat
an ugly bat.

It seems that man
will, if he can
cheat his own daughter
with holy water.

And Hemlock's Law
is all she saw.

Herbert Nehrlich

Listening To You

It was the first day
of so many
that I got to touch
and keep my hand
on the sweet softness
of your skin.

As hours rushed
into the great unknown
you said you would
not be opposed
to have my ear
just close enough
to listen
to your heart.

There was a moment
when the thought occurred
that you may not
enjoy a hairy chest.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lists For Dummies

Accountants have their lists of course.
They flash them everywhere they go,
put names that pay or want to know
what all these figures mean for them.
I've borrowed his long list for now,
erased his names and added mine
all those will soon approach the bench
and own up what they did, those swine.
If you would like to be thus added
it is no trouble, none at all,
just make a comment and sit back
we will relieve you of excess
or even basics, don't you worry,
meanwhile relax and watch this space.

Herbert Nehrlich

Little Boy

And see the boy,
how big he's grown
once like a toy
of flesh and bone.

Remains a lad
at ninety nine
a little sad
but he's all mine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Little Fibs?

Like a dog with no tail
and a house with no doors
and a ship with no sail
like a pimp with no whores.
Is the man with no heart
and a skull without mind
see the horse without cart
and the watcher who's blind.
As each novel surprise
is a miniscule shock
and the reason for lies
is a world without clock.

Herbert Nehrlich

Little Heini

A dipstick likes to rest in oil,
air does reside in tyres.
All plants are anchored in the soil
and flames make up all fires.

I ask you, though, why man's small pin
is not a simple thing.
At night he sometimes wanders in
and leaves a pleasant sting.

But, in the day he hangs between
two duffle bags with wrinkles.
And there he sleeps. Is only seen
occasionally, for sprinkles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Little Joe

I had not come to shake the hand
of one of those disgusting bums.
Sleeping in gutters with their paper bags
of cheap Vermouth to lift the spirits.

They smell, these people, badly, too
I'd come because of my own daughter
that altruistic little girl of twenty-nine.

The first I saw and heard was a Jack Russell Terrier,
he barked and growled at me, while guarding
the wine and two or three small treasures,
tied to the wrist of Joe, the wanderer.

We ended up by clearing out the shed
and Joe moved in with little Joe that day.
They stayed four weeks, we did our best
but, in the end, they had to go into the world,
Sometimes it's freedom over all the riches.

I missed that little Joe the very very most.

Herbert Nehrlich

Little Mutt

Little dog went down the street
to the corner where dogs meet
said Hello to Saint Bernard
spotting him was not too hard
he was super-duper size
but had runny, bloodshot eyes.
Said Bernard I work in snow
in the avalanche. I know
where to look for folks in trouble
under snow and other rubble.
Little dog said I stay home
master says I should not roam
cannot play with real shoes
so my task is get the news.
When the birds sing in the morn
I get up and feel new-born.
Run outside through doggie-door
sliding on the concrete floor
grab the paper and head back
get the glasses from the rack
and the coffee from the pot
think I'm finished? I am not
for the misses I make toast
put a slice of possum roast
on the toast then sprinkle cheese
you can see I aim to please.
St. Bernard was quite impressed
said I get my victims dressed
after rubbing them with snow
see, I am a real pro.
Not outdone the little mutt
slowly scratches his small butt
says I have the real hunch
that you do not make their lunch.
I, for one cook meals with style
put the dishes in a pile
start the washer with a load
keep my eyes upon the road
when the master wanders in

I have ready fizz and gin
get his slippers on his feet
click the thermostat on Heat
read his friggin' mastermind
ascertain what he will find
on the satellite TV
well, I must, as you can see
duty calls, adieu my friend
I'm afraid this is the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lloyd Likes Poetry -Haiku

Good neighbour Lloyd did
suggest to write a poem
'bout defaecation.

I told him No, No
some things are best kept private
he defaecated.

Good taste is precious
I told my vulgar neighbour
he grinned, 'I know that'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lobotomy

To treat the people who are free
and make them better yet, indeed
a chemical lobotomy
is just the tool that we all need.

So give them fluoride, tell 'em lies
discredit those that speak out loud
ignore the protests and the cries
it soon will calm the stupid crowd.

You take a normal western nation
and turn them into docile sheep
prevent descendants by castration
while you have promises to keep.

There is no point in instant death,
you want the dummies for a while
they'll pay until their final breath
while we go back to say 'Sieg Heil'.

I say to you who will not grasp
the facts behind, please try to see
they'll fleece you 'til at last you gasp
'Please give me a lobotomy'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Locusts Burn

He diagnosed a fulminating type
of halitosis, *allium cepa* was the term
he used, one must describe the signs
and symptoms so that colleagues will
at once and with aplomb discern
the nature of the beast, man's scourge,
though in the very end of ends it seems
that only noisy flatulence was ever found.
Re-routed, rising through a thermal cloud,
it entered through the glottis, late at night,
and bathed onlookers in its putrid stench,
the morning would be lost, as locusts burned.

Herbert Nehrlich

Logic

He called me early on that fateful day,
his dentist had been rushed and in a mood,
perio will wreck you, heart and all, so you can pray
don't eat omega threes, in fact forego all food!

They'd found a link between the heart and common plaque,
it seemed that bugs would travel gum to arteries,
they'd told my friend and buddy, dear old cousin Jack
that they'd extract all of his teeth and then say CHEESE!

He left the clinic in a cloud of sheer despair,
picked up a jug of liquid spirits from the South,
at home he poured it and assembled with due care
a strange concoction, it was destined for his mouth.

He then consulted his old mirror to confirm
that age had truly overtaken him, then some,
it was high time to end, with honour his last term
but pills..? He shot his thirty-eight right through the gum.

Herbert Nehrlich

Logistics

They had it all arranged, or so they thought.
Booked a motel, left word of where it was
this conference of minds, so overwrought.

They had ideas and their own private laws
'twould be a night to talk and maybe touch.
Two bags, the gentleman would pay in cash?
Or, if it's all the same, it would not matter much
to use a card, may I first see your licence, great!
I'll make a copy, if you leave some things behind
we post it off to you, it may arrive there late,
here, take the key and go upstairs, and DO unwind.

They had a time of it, I say no more today,
spilled blueberries on sheets and little fish
and in the early hours they were seen to play
with soap and scrubbing hands and one essential wish.

What if the management would think that blue
and somewhat purple sheets would rate a fee
they'd send the bill for cleaning (something that I knew)
and start the war that would end all, if you ask me.

We took our training there and did, of course, succeed,
white sheets were left and two blue shirts forgotten though,
I kiss your toes my LOVE, and all you say indeed
for going back into the closet, I say OHHHHHHHHH!

We learned them well these lessons, don't you fret me boy,
went back and booked for two big nights, the same motel,
when we arrived we dropped all clothes, said ship ahoy
and life went on that day particularly well.

Herbert Nehrlich

London

It rang again just now,
you think it's her,
or just a fluke at 3 a.m.?
Maybe we should,
and quickly now
try that toll free one
again, but then
our line will be...
busy, and if she rings!
Go next door dear,
ask if we can borrow
their mobile.
And I will wait
right here, and pray.

Herbert Nehrlich

Long, Long Ago

A male tyrannosaurus rex
had finished shaving his long legs.
The monster was quite well equipped
until the his concentration slipped.
It spelled the end to saurus sex.

So now you too know why they died
this monster's hairy partner cried,
refused all offers due to grief
and glued a big acacia leaf
between her legs, so as to hide

a target for the youngster males
who'd stand around and tell their tales
then tried to con each saurus maid
into the jungle to get laid.
All males had huge anterior tails.

Now, monsters, as you well might know,
are famous in how big they grow.
Their offspring though is mostly males,
with whom all reproduction fails
their fate must be fellatio.

And thus extinction did proceed,
because for animals to breed
it ain't enough to wear a prick
or what my Jewish friends call shtick,
there has to be a real need.

Herbert Nehrlich

Looking For A Cure

And people paused to listen.
So serious were the words.
'Breast Cancer claims so many lives,
we're looking for a cure,
so help us find one, all we need
is money, to be sure.'

Yet, all the breasts and all the money,
combined in efforts to defeat
this cruel cancer will not yield.
But funds keep flowing in its name.

The lady of this new appeal,
herself a victim in remission,
does roll her tongue around the word,
in avid fascination.
She smiles to whisper
that if we give
she will not have
to say
those deadly words again.

She then returns to
printing more brochures,
and doorknock pamphlets,
even daffodils,
on patient paper
of appealing colour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Loose Limerick

On the days that she wore a blond wig
she permitted herself just one cig.
Soon both dropped to the floor
and she shouted 'no more',
neither wig nor the cig were too big.

She was tight-lipped all over, and young.
And preferred when a man used his tongue.
Walking soft like a hick
he did carry a shtick*
liked to use it because he was hung.

They were matched like a pair made in Heaven.
And they lived in the rich part of Devon.
But an entry too small
may still take one that's tall
but in thickness he measured at seven.

Note: Walking softly doesn't always mean that he carries a BIG stick.

*shtick is Yiddish for the German Stock (bâton in French)

Herbert Nehrlich

Lord, You May Have Sinned

Dear Lord, I speak to you tonight
on infrastructure matters,
it seems you did not get it right,
creation is in tatters.
Just viewing from the outside in
it's obvious you fumbled
take me, a nip of Gordon's Gin
my system becomes humbled.
The list I have is very long
it shows the worst conditions,
preventable, don't get me wrong
through erudite decisions.
I know, Lord and invite you to
peruse the words I've written
your prejudice (yes it is true)
extends from here to Britain.
Don't want to use the racist word
though evidence is real
you seem to hit the usual nerd
so what, Lord, is the deal?
Why could you not, I mean way back
apply yourself with patience,
you would have seen what some did lack
you know, through revelations.
But let me touch on just a few
and may I be emphatic,
was there a need for Hong Kong flu
and none for things hepatic?
Specifically, I speak of course
of HMG and cousins,
you seem to show no true remorse
for infarcts by the dozen,
how could you overlook the fact
that lipids plug the river
of blood (that was a clever act)
through failings of the liver? !
Is it your plan for common man
to gradually discover
such things as vitamins and bran

through science-bound palaver?
Well, I accept this, as it does
keep man above the critters,
lets quacks dispense with much pizzazz
their potions and their bitters.
But tell me Lord, you did invent
those terrible cisplatins,
while overlooking (with intent)
the family of statins,
it is, you may not know this yet
the key to live forever,
as long as certain needs are met,
you see, we are quite clever!
We thank thee, God, at least you gave
mankind the means to cover
for errors, negligent and grave
that you, up where you hover
did not think through, a bad faux-pas
you let the couple leave,
the place they called their Shangri-la
yes, Adam and his Eve.
So, all in all, it must be said
man now has found the answers
to keep his mates from dropping dead
from heart attacks and cancers.
As an addendum, may I add
we've recently converted
all farmers (farming is a fad)
so they mount a concerted
and universal effort to
produce the life extender
until at age one-forty-two
folks are returned to sender.

Herbert Nehrlich

Loser-Limerick

I do Not for a moment think
that this site called p/h would now shrink.
It's the garbage man's role
to remove every soul
of the league of the losers who stink.

Herbert Nehrlich

Losers (Haiku)

Some men are failures
Born with such hate and envy,
Spit would be wasted.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lost Love

There was no love,
not even lust.
Indifference had,
so cunningly,
come through
the door,
the one in back,
with screens all torn.
They did not know
how in those years
those feelings could
get atrophy
and shrivel up
one early Spring
to die.
To make his point,
she would take notice,
he loaded buckshot
in each chamber.
And within seconds,
the moon a sliver,
they had become
what most they feared.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lot's Wife

A sentry stood
right by the door
he said he would
just like before
deny to me
admission to
the place to be
the things to do.

And since
the sentry
looked like God
I froze and waited
for the nod.
And when it came
I saw Lot's wife
she walked again
and took my life.

Herbert Nehrlich

Louie

I have a thing about all smells,
always have had, I should say odours though,
so many memories will come,
from decades past, the trigger is a scent.

Next to a Black, I'd hold my breath,
they seemed to have a peculiarity,
no pleasant parts at all, even at dawn,
worn pheromones perhaps or simply genes?

Once in an aeroplane I got to sit
next to a momma of Kolkata's rich,
she smelled of spices, wrapped in a bouquet,
and there was body odour mixed and gaining fast.

Then there was the occasion that I treasure most:
He sang a song with scratchy vocal chords,
he smelled, a heavy scent to which tobacco fumes
were added from the crowd and there was pot.

I sat and listened to that wondrous voice, OH, YES,
he sang about how wonderful he found the world.
The odour turned into a balmy summer's night,
I could have sat there, quite forever, and God bless!

Herbert Nehrlich

Louise Visits The Doctor

'I need to have this strange condition
that's bugged me now for fourteen blasted days,
my man is in a hurry (goin' fishin') ,
fixed still this morning, better right aways.
It is the dizzigo, the book says vertical I think,
comes on me sudden like, though I don't touch the stuff.
And when it hits me I sit down and have to stink,
must be a connection there but it is really rough
when at the baker's veritable thunder shocks the man,
and gettin' home I find fresh traces in my nickers
it seems that if I hold it in as best I can
the dizzigo comes back and Athol snickers.
See here, Doc that's the traces I just mentioned
it seems I have a choice, it's either stumbling
or from the other end, with no intention
a load of air and stuff, I hear it rumbling
this very moment, would you take your blessed scope
and listen, maybe find the real reason
because, I tell you Doc, I'll get myself the rope
if this is permanent, oh, also when I'm sneezin'
it really has a noticeable effect
so here I am, I trust you'll fix this mad disease
there is some evidence, I just now checked...
a tiny trickle has run down to both my knees.'

The doctor checked Louise (straight from the farm) ,
the consultation was cut short, to 'very brief',
she had cooperated with her country charm
and in the end she said, 'Good Heavens', and 'Good Grief',
when doc had found the cause of her estranged condition.
Right through the whole exam she played her tunes
with the occasional malodorous emission.
He made his diagnosis when two chunks of prunes
flew out and landed on the doctor's snow white coat,
she told him that she had, for many weeks
munched thirty prunes for brekkie, they worked by remote,
though she had never noticed more than tiny leaks.
So he explained about her blood's electrolytes
that had been bugged by the prunes and made her sick,

enough to cause piquant and frequent passage rites
and the prescription that he wrote would do the trick.
It said 'Ol. ricini, repeat a dozen times'.
Louise went home and never once did leave the farm.
She'd sit and read inside the outhouse, nursery rhymes
but even there Louise retained a certain charm.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love - Definition # 6,997,412

And so, for decades I had looked
to find true love.
A mile long string of beauties on my hit parade.
When, on a Sunday, all the clouds were ill-assembled.
I found it deep within myself, this thing called LOVE.

'So, it is true', I said, 'we only love ourselves'.
'All else is foam of rather cheap champagne at best.'
And when I looked again inside myself for love,
I found it wrapped around
a lovely thing called YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love - A Cuckoo?

Ah, LOVE, a cuckoo bird persistent on the prowl
the Quisling of the forest I would say,
It ridicules the wisdom of the owl,
a Nomad who will visit but not stay.

Permit me all ye Gods to disassemble
the organs and the parts and lay them bare,
with fingers that would hesitate and tremble
and pupils in their unrelenting stare.

I'd ask you then, do come, help me to shatter,
the things piled on the slab to smithereens,
there is of course that somewhat urgent matter
of doing things beyond your wildest dreams.

I'm speaking of the need to smash to bits
the semblance of a love as it must be,
then get together quickly all your wits
and do it for the sake of liberty.

Then sweep the whole caboodle off the floor,
spread thinly on a sterile pane of glass,
now shape it into one new metaphor,
then dress it in a petticoat of brass.

Grab hold of it, two pairs of hands will do,
allow no force on earth to come and pry,
such things would never need a touch of glue
but now and then the silence of a sigh.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love He Said

He whispered that he loved me
into a hot, receptive ear.
Though neither he, the boy from school
nor I, were wise enough to know
that there is something grand
about so many things in life,
but not about the unicum called love.
All things are fragments of the universe,
supreme intelligence reigns since the dawn of life,
love is not part of this, it roams,
free of the shackles of convention's rules
and looks into our souls, then leaves
until it finds a cloud of stars,
devoid of order and of common symmetry,
a lookalike, perhaps a milky way
where particles do gather in the heat of blood
and wrap their tentacles inside
a beating heart, to gather and to hold
where thoughts turn into vapours lost
without significance or further use,
Love stays to oversee the bonding of
totality, subservient are the molecules
as they unite, leaving all compromise behind
becoming one, an absolute of light,
of sound and seen by those who know
inside the eyes. It's always in the eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love **

What I found, deep in her glacier eyes
was the answer to an ageless question,
Love is, the words were writ on snips
of freshly detached retina, it is
a need we have to cleanse our souls
then start anew by flaunting them
to a restricted audience, ourselves,
in hopes that we can cling to it, eyes closed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love And Death

So what, the learned scholar asked of me
would be the opposite of love, it is the key
to ascertain what turns the clock of humankind
and leaves the pitiful and gullible behind.
I said that LOVE must be the essence of her breath,
and that the absence be inferior to one's death.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love In Malibu

When you stepped in front of me
to get your silly stamps and mail
that all important letter to who knows
I thought you brash and rude,
and when you took the right of way
on thirtysecond street, can you not see?
When, in the parking lot at Trader Joe's
you wiped my taillight and the fender too,
then kept the pen I loaned you (yes a CROSS)
as if it were your own, you gave your address
as the beach of Malibu and said so casually
Why don't you stop on Tuesday for a drink?
And then you left me, with my broken car
and quite bewildered though this changed
when Tuesday changed the world.

Today, I live in Malibu, right on the beach,
we woke to a most pleasant southern sun,
and then you asked me, let me now repeat:
When you, my cityslicker hubby come to me
and say I Love You into either of my ears,
would you come out with it and tell me now,
are you, be honest now, BULLSHITTING ME?

Herbert Nehrlich

Love Is Reflection

Alas, it follows that
true love is
just an animal
that always must
be a reflection
of its own self,
seen in the depth
of your blue eyes.

It is not
a separate
entity
for reasons
unknown
but not
unknowable.

So then, you ask
about
this thing
called love,
does it not
exist for
the sole purpose
of completing
a union of two souls,
perhaps eternally?

Well, let it rest,
my love,
just ponder
when you can
about
the meaning,
and you may find
that nothing
can ever live
without
its own reflection.

But when you look
at us, my love
you see
us basking in
our own
mirage.
No harsh reality
can live
up to its promise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Love Me

Our Robin came today
to tell me you are sad.
That you had tears
but did not want for me to know,
I sent him back to you
with a small scribbled note:
I'll kiss your tears my sweet
and turn them into stars,
they then will light our way
straight through the darkest nights.
And when the night has gone
the stars are golden rays
that warm the earth
and keep us snuggled in one heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Loveable Limericks

It was five o'clock in the morning
when I saw her, and, sweetly, adorning
her pearly white flesh
was a fisherman's mesh
it was black and the colour of mourning.

And the voice of the Father boomed
'For my temple you need to be groomed,
it is one thing to pray
but incur my dismay
and your future is certainly doomed.'

He was reading the ads on the throne
through a window the morning sun shone.
But no tissue at all
on the bum-paper roll
so he ordered some on his phone.

I was dreaming about old age
and was drifting into a small rage
but deliberation
brought realisation
if I'm old I must be a sage.

The old man said there's always a drop
that will fall out right after I stop.
So what is the riddle,
whenever I piddle
my undies do act like a mop?

On Thursday I'll get my new wheels
and today I am head over heels
into revving the Hemi
since the Hemi says 'lemme'
and Mahnaz surely knows how it feels.

Herbert Nehrlich

Loveable Limericks # 3

He lived through the intubation
and the five hour operation.
Then went back to his bed
where he slept and fell dead
from protacted emaciation.

A prominent Seattle teacher
had a very unusual feature.
She had buns like a horse
(they had led to divorce) .
Though a horse is a handsome creature.

In the free-thinking city of Leeds
they were smoking the Godfather's weeds,
'til they pulled up the rugs
and found heftier drugs
and experienced much greater needs.

In the city of Tokyo proper
lived a druggie by name of Hopper.
He would sell you some snow
and collect all your dough,
but one day he was shot by a copper.

Once a bum with his whiskey flagon,
looked like Oskar the bearded dragon.,
He drank all of the booze
and he soon made the news.
He was found in a honey wagon.

When a man who was married to Shirl
at a party did give it a whirl,
in the morning he woke
and, half sleeping he spoke
but he called her, mistakenly, Pearl.

When a boxer by name of Keith
got knocked down and was trapped underneath,
when the countdown commenced

he became quite incensed
and attacked by the use of his teeth.

It was Sunday on Malibu Beach
when I noticed a blonde (full of bleach)
so I asked her 'Please Dear
could you possibly smear
on this sunscreen where I cannot reach.'

When I took her to Harrison Spa
it was custom to take off your bra.
I'm a bit of a saint
and was ready to faint,
to this day I'm still much in awe.

If you smoke you will suffer bronchitis
eating junk foods brings full-blown colitis.
Only drinking preserves
all your organs and nerves
and may help prevent tonsillitis.

I'm partial to Limburger Cheese,
and will eat great big pieces with ease.
Though it smells like old socks
that have been in a box
I prefer it to carrots and peas.

The young father had made his decision,
he was truly a man of great vision,
so they cut without numbing
while the mother was humming
but the BOY had the circumcision.

On the lawn sat the Easterbunny
they were hiding behind the old Dunny,
she was spreading her legs
to let roll out the eggs
'Do stop laying', he said to his honey.

In advance of Ceasarian Section
you must give her the proper injection.
There is seldom a need

for this horrible deed,
it's an iatrogenic selection.

An Idaho-bound covered wagon
rolled over a gray bearded dragon
then the Indians attacked
to obtain what they lacked.
It was whiskey they found in the flagon.

Into town came a ragged lone rider
with his horse on a fibreglass glider.
Went to the saloon
where he ordered a spoon
and a soupbowl of crabapple cider.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lovers Talk

T (sleepyhead) :

My head beneath your chin
My mouth upon your heart
I am at home at last
At rest
At peace.
Legs entwined,
Limbs entangled....

M (just being there)) :

I cannot speak, nor think
So heavy is my heart,
Though you are here
To breathe and soothe
Your hair carresses me
Speaks to its coarsest kin
Toes curled and held in trance
A honeysuckled mind
Oh yes, at rest and richly blessed
A thousand years my lips are pressed
To you, your warmth invades my space,
Asleep, our happy digits dance
A tiny tear rolls down your face
Reflecting liquid stars to me
And now we blink
As night unwinds
All colours fade but pink.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lovetalk

I wonder if all lovers would consider
to search their souls down to their greatest depth.
The tastes of sweet and sour, salty, bitter
are with us always, in our hearts they're kept.
The universal language of desire
can self-express and act to give us that
which doesn't smolder, no it burns a real fire.

There is a river, it is wide and very deep.
To cross it is no simple undertaking.
Yet, if the banks are high and slippery and steep,
one may not like the risk one would be taking.
But, unknown fields of promise and of love
unfold themselves on distant shores, so near.
So, ask yourselves and all the gods above:
What will it take to drive away your fear?

The answer seems to be embedded deep inside.
You cross a river - never mind conditions.
There are no rivers deep enough or wide
that could deter us if we only have the vision.
So, once your search has truly ascertained
that you're not fooled by image and convention
your loving powers happily become unchained
to build your love into a new dimension.

How many people go through life without
the happiness that bonding brings.
Poor devils who will never know about
just what it means when suddenly your heart sings.
Love is not possession of another,
love means crossing any river, any ocean.
Love is having feelings like a mother
for your sweet, the ultimate emotion.

Would I die for love, you ask with trepidation,
sacrifice yourself - pay with your life and limb?
Choose unconditionally your own disintegration
leave her behind. Does this sound sad or grim?

We must ask Shakespeare for clari-fi-cation
he was the expert and he knew the facts.
Described all kinds of love, all kinds of sweet
sensations,
and stuffed it all inside his -so romantic- acts.

What true love means, so many have described,
I need not further clutter up the scene.
Suffice it now to say if you have bribed
the lovegood, he will suddenly turn mean.
For true love only is like fresh and driven snow
you recognise it when it is your guest.
Your heart will tell you, when it happens that it's
so
mine did, and I will cherish her and be my best.

To love and cherish with no compromise,
her mind and body and her precious soul
to find myself live in her loving eyes,
to last with her forever is my goal.

For: Left hemispherics

Herbert Nehrlich

Lowlifes

By chance they'd been awarded the top flat.
The view was quite stupendous, they agreed,
the drawback was the orange Persian cat
which climbed the balcony and always peed.

A feud erupted soon, insults exchanged,
veiled threats of shotgun blasts and even worse,
the upper class was labeled as deranged
but 'Lowlifes' was the mother of a curse.

The judge, who'd lived upstairs himself for years,
found nothing nasty bordering on libel.
In fact the very term did please his ears,
dismissed the case, one hand upon the bible.

It seems that we can call all those below
inferior due to geographic facts.
Streetlevel living ain't the way to go
high level living rightfully attracts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Loyalty

There once was a man from La Jolla
he could preach so it sure would annoy ya
'on the 4th', he would brag
'I shall burn your damn flag',
he'd forgotten about paranoia.

So he went to the city's own square
all the folks said that he wouldn't dare.
And they all stood in awe
when he first burned the bra
of a fine looking woman, now bare.

And he called her the Mom of the Nation
born and bred here, and no imitation.
So the people surrounded
the two boobs that had founded
and they all gave a standing ovation.

Now the man saw his God-given chance
all the citizens were in a trance.
With a match made in China
there, in North Carolina
he performed a most treacherous dance.

But the people still stood there, adoring
what democracy stands for, ignoring
the most obvious clues
that all rams and all ewes
would forever find royally boring.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lp

LP is suffering MP,
it is quite obvious to me.
Attacking like a desert fox
and thinking well inside the box.
Not seeing far past his own nose
he wishes for some brilliant prose.

Note:

For those who wonder and who seek
today or for the coming week,
the moments when the clouds, so bleak
float by, I wrote this, tongue-in-cheek.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lub Yew

Strawberry nose,
viral tears
Ascorbate dose
now in arrears.

Your face amiss
your mood at minus
and after this
that nasty sinus.

Six billion germs
now guard your lips
what are the terms
who's got some tips?

But, never mind
I know those bugs
they may be blind
they may be thugs.

They're not above
communication
or interpersonal sensation
I'll have to kiss each one to reach
your lovely mouth
sweet as a peach.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lucifer

The Fourth is the day
when his soul will go away.
Do not ask, do not fret,
it is Lucifer he's met.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lukewarm

The PEARLY GATE.

And I was next.

St. Peter needs to ask
some simple questions.

As if they didn't know,
up there,

with perfect views,

and looking down,

to get their kicks,

I'd say.

'Why, then, my child,

you had a rather

hopeful start,

so promising,

why did you change? '

I well remember

watching you,

you were in,

speaking thermally,

near scalding water,

events were moving,

like molecules

(our tiny children) ,

in agitation,

move faster.

It's what we see,

omnipotent,

all- knowing, yes,

confirm for me

why did you though

transform into

a lukewarm man,

a human of

such miserly

significance?

So bland, so dull

and boring,

that even Hell

would send you back,

due to a lack of interest.

So, WHY, pray tell? '

'Well', I now stammered,

'your Majesty,

it is like this:

We went from

morning mist,

to dawn's first light,

with dew drops,

galdly given

and received.

We then progressed

to Steam,

nocturnal

and diurnal.

To weekly

duty blandness.

Then SHE turned off the tap,

lukewarm it's been

since that event,

a fateful day.

I'm sorry. '

'Welcome St Peter said

our Father's Kingdom

greet's you warmly,

and may I add for you to know,

my title in those years on Earth

was never quite enough.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Lullaby For Techtel

Dusk has come and settled there,
where my feet now long to tread,
skin carressed through frosty air
as you lay your sleepy head

on a pillow, made of foam.
Tossing for a minute though,
unbeknownst and free to roam,
watching dull and amber glow

of your lantern made of pewter,
shining through the icy flowers,
fast asleep the old computer
waiting for the new day's hours.

Wishing, praying, dreaming thus,
pleas all gods have left unheard,
as the city's late night bus
startles a forgotten bird.

Leaves rise up and do their dance
over lamps of Dinkytown,
frolic in their elegance
T-shirt or a nighty gown?

And she dreams and rises too
flying over fields and valleys,
buoyed by currents passe partout
leave behind all cats and alleys.

Thoughts like moths along the gutter
peeking, at the twilight's bed,
would two hearts be well aflutter
if I held your sleepy head.

Herbert Nehrlich

Lunchbox

I used to work down by the docks
we dug and graded sand and rocks,
One day I found inside my box
no sandwich but a pair of socks.
And from that day attached two locks
and called my lunchbox lunchbox Knox.

Herbert Nehrlich

M & S And..... T

M and S she wrote, and T
the trigger just identified,
a finger points at little me
no one has cried, no one has cried.

The signs are in the big green book
and also known to those who do,
I'll have a look (not at the book)
if all of this is really true.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mademoiselle In The Blitz

She wore her pink dress 'cause it fits.
then the sirens announced the big Blitz.
On the way to the cellar
she ran into a feller
He then helped her because of her tits.

Took her arm and he felt her left tit
as a first-born and well-brought up Brit
he had never felt such
velvet warmth to the touch
then he stumbled, fell into the shit.

When the sirens at last screamed all clear
and like smoke rings those small puffs of fear
drifted into the streets
to the cops on their beats
it was only her voice he could hear.

She yelled 'Hey, there you handsome young man,
I've come up with a promising plan.
A good bath in my tub
then you gobble me up',
and he shouted ' I can, yes I can.'

Once at home he did wash and she cleaned
and he looked like a bum and a fiend
then he kissed her poitrine
and got stuck on the scene
you can see he had never been weaned.

Herbert Nehrlich

Maedchen An Der Schwalm - English Version

Just like your beautiful long hair,
my thoughts have now become entangled,
inside my mind, so many years
have passed and they will never leave.
It is their home, and I do need
that you shall know that no sweet maiden
could ever touch my heart of hearts.
What must not be is what Ye Gods
do not allow, no greater love
has sought its home inside my soul.
Like on the ridge, the Lorelei
down here I stand, in my distress
with all my truth, not of myself,
no Gods may understand it now.
For me there was no other love
in this, my life. 'Twas only you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Maggot Suicide

A maggot, high up in a tree,
lived there with family of ten,
in roomy hollows of decay
and she remembered back to when
her husband had, while sound asleep,
rolled out of bed and fell to ground.
He broke his neck, the fall was steep
and lay there, still, without a sound
until a bird had picked him up
to take him back to sparrow's nest.
Announced 'You kids, I have some grub'.
Meanwhile our maggotmum got dressed
and told her kids to stay indoor,
while she would go to Rabbit' Heaven,
where cabbage could be had, and more.
She would be back around eleven
with food to feed their hungry mouths.
So, off she went and down the tree,
in early morn' she ventured south.
At the horizon she could see
the greenest fields and garden plots.
So, being careful, mark my words,
she watched for giant juggernauts,
but most of all she feared the birds.
The cabbage patch looked appetising,
she stuffed her pockets to the hilt,
and in the East the sun was rising,
she'd hurry or the food would wilt.
And, once again, she stayed alert,
got to the bottom of her tree,
worn out and swollen feet that hurt,
yet up she climbed the same as he
-her husband- always had ascended:
One foot, of many, up a notch,
then roll your body sideways, splendid.
It guarantees you speed as such.

And, when she rested at the door,
there was no sound from the inside.

She called her kids, then called some more,
fear dilated her pupils wide.
And then, the biggest, foulest mess
of bird poo that she'd ever see
was right in front of her distress.
And so she turned - jumped off the tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mail

The Scentbox had sprung a leak,
he sniffed the air and looked
to the outbox, swollen all week,
a breeze deleted the fur, he was hooked
and his cummint filled up the Inbox,
a forbidden word fell of his lips
they were going to sue off his socks
so he stooped just to take a few sips.

Herbert Nehrlich

Making Dumplings

A dumpling usually is round
it ordinarily is found
in homes south of the Baltic Sea
and North of Alpine scenery.
One takes a few good looking spuds
then washes hands and pots in suds.
Peeling is followed by the grater
while water's boiling until later
when all the little dumplings dive
into the pot as if alive.
Once grated all the pulp is placed
inside a heavy bag in haste.
Two men (if they are of a mind)
and strong as well as so inclined,
take up positions vis-à-vis
just touching at each well-flexed knee.
And then they squeeze the spuds with force
both to the right, of course, of course.
That way the juice is separated
from all the freshly peeled and grated
the pulp, and after many tries
the housewife comes and says: 'You guys,
we have admired at great length
your biceps, triceps, well, your strength.
But now it's time to cook the lot
as you can see the stove is hot.'
For twenty minutes they will swim
each dumpling round and very trim,
then, as by magic they will rise
one at a time, as a surprise.
That is the way of old tradition
and over time, each repetition
confirms that Grandma did know best
each Sunday dumpling meal was blessed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Malpractice

He was the first to graduate,
top of his class at that.
Male nurse he was,
an oxymoron for the crowd,
but he had stuck with all,
had soon excelled and stunned
the staff and the examiners.

He woke each morning, before five,
slipped in the starched and white
then crowned it all by slinging one
his graduation gift, a bell type, too
across his rigid shoulders, pride
as well as practicality and need,
it was the seal of their approval, yes indeed.

On Christmas Eve, he'd volunteered,
they brought a toddler with a temp of 43,
he called the Registrar to get the go
and drew the morphine into glass, precisely so.

The child soon died, it had been calculated wrong,
the dose had been the proper one for one full grown,
perhaps the doc had figured this one way too strong
but here he was, the one in charge and on his own.

He took a 10, it was the largest he could find,
and filled it carefully, then shot it in his vein,
and within seconds he was screaming, going blind
and then he died because the morphine wrecked his brain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mammography

My conviction that,
for the first 10 years,
breast cancer deaths are
increased in women
age 40–49 years
who receive
mammography screening
is evidence-based.

Which means, in plain
and crucial language
that a group has now,
after much investigation
been identified as more,
much more vulnerable,
mammography does cause
more cancers than it detects.
Be careful, my beauties.

Herbert Nehrlich

Man's Best

A dog, they say is man's best friend
but do not ask me to defend
a mutt who's gone around the bend.
Would it not spell the very end
and prompt the scholars to amend,
or otherwise quickly append
the rule book, which you then must send.
A dog though still remains a trend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Man's Dufflebags

Most men possess a dufflebag
it hangs between their legs.
Its skin reminds me of a rag
the contents look like eggs.
All dufflebags are property
of men who carry arms,
and, subject to their pedigree,
they flaunt their precious charms.
When action happens, bags and men
are caught right in the middle,
and on a scale of one to ten
HE plays the premier fiddle.
He leaves the bag outside, at rest
while carrying out inspection
inside a suspect warriors' nest
and calls the code ERECTION.
His work is thorough and he dives
inside and out at will
until, at last, the squall arrives
and liberates the Mill.
There is much more I could present
about those bags of course,
a dangling little ornament,
they're bigger on a horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Manus Mana Lavat

When my favourite Aunt,
you know the name,
had settled back in bed
to rest and contemplate,
how she would, knowing
that the time had come,
depart in dignity and peace,
as an example of the class,
the pride of all our family,
tradition and genetics,
and reputation, most of all,
in our small town, it was the least
that one could do,
she called me over,
near the lamp of oil,
that smelly stuff,
amply supplied
by Trader Hans
on Tuesday mornings.

'Listen m'boy', she said,
a whisper only,
'you must make sure that
when the bearers,
the men of strength
are chosen
for the task
of carrying me,
your favourite Aunt
out to God's Acres,
come this Friday,
you see to it
that a fair balance,
is struck at once,
avoid the trouble
of swaying,
bobbing coffin journey,
it is in life
as must in death

a certain fairness
of importance.
You see,
so many do believe,
that see-saw living
dilly-dally
and vacillating,
indecision
is what is human,
therefore true.'
My Aunt,
the favourite one,
at that,
was little sister
to the other,
who was, of course,
and as you know,
no smaller than
a Southern Rhino,
so rest assured
that this one knew
that when she worried
she only did
what did make sense.
She never had
spent any time
on any street
as inventory.
So we made sure
that laissez-faire
was banned,
replaced by
just Fair Play,
what one side gives
the other taketh
and no one gets
the stick's short end.

Thus, I remember
that we share,
this world,
the oxygen,

the water.
And when I wash
your dirty hand
I do expect
your kind return
you would not want
to sway and bob
and if you do
please go away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Marathon Incident

She was within three miles of her salvation,
the Marathon in Boston in July,
and representing the Andorra Nation
she floated on a patriotic high.

Drink Stations with electrolyte deluxe,
she didn't like the flimsy paper cups,
and concentrated fluid filled her socks
but dehydration killed the frequent Ups

that every runner needs to reach the end.
This time she gulped the content in one hit,
it was a mostly sugar-syrup blend
and within minutes knew this would be it.

Osmotic diarrhoea, a condition
that strikes at very inconvenient times.
It's when the inner man is on a mission
and suddenly like lightning striking, primes

the system for direct evacuation.
As this came out with unaccustomed force,
the first she noticed was the clear sensation
of tepid liquids run onto the course

all in slow motion for the spectators to see.
She started limping as if a ligament
was acting up above the stressed-out knee
and grabbed some cups for her predicament.

There is no happy end for this, no bloody way.
She'd finished second with a time just fine,
but when they pressed the VCR to play
she was soaking in the tub and drinking wine.

Note: True story of an incident
in a Marathon. The country was
changed and she beat me by about
twenty minutes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Margot

Margot was her name,
she drove if you could call it that
a blue Isetta, made by
Bavarian Motor Works.
For those of you who don't
it's a velociped of sorts,
the door in front, just one,
and just enough of useful space
to have a High School student,
a skinny one at that, who did
without a sliver of a doubt
adore the sight of you, Jeezus.

You were a trifle more advanced,
ten years ahead of dodobird,
that's what you called me
after reading Kontiki, by Heyerdahl.
You'd drive your sky-blue box
down main street in our town
and I would be the one right there,
you'd stop and let me lean
through the large window, crouching
as I did, to get a better look at you.

I always prayed that Mr. Colgate had,
with his unlimited concern for us
done quite enough for me, I did not want,
nor should she be the victim of
the common halitosis. Well, it was,
as I remember, an affair of simple love.

She said I had to wait for that first kiss
until the New Year showed its ugly face.
No one could know what was in store,
there was the Russians with their guns,
the Bay of Pigs and now they'd shot
the only hope this world had left, the one
who will be known to generations yet to come
as a Berliner, which he was, like no one else,

perhaps Marlene Dietrich would have loved
and stroked his locks which hung about,
but never mind she said, and she would ask,
(a hidden promise in her voice) for silence,
just sitting there in that small box of Thyssen steel,
it was a victory of sorts but not enough,
just cheek to cheek and holding hands as such.

I used my best, the knowledge of debating,
learned in a school that was not privy of
nor would it ever understand this burning love,
what if, I said, the Russkies launch the bomb,
and then the Yanks retaliate, it will be all
that God can do to count the bodies of his sheep!
And it could well be that we are dead and never kissed.

Let's take, I argued on for hours and for days,
that opportunity as it presents itself, that's NOW.
What a recalcitrant, I had to pick a girl with brains,
with silly principles and that Teutonic discipline.
I was, you bet your bottom boxershorts, right there,
and when that beauty of a clock did strike at last
she scooped me up, that is what I recall my friends,
and it was heaven here on earth, it surely was.

You know, it is a strange and even weird, though normal mind,
this is the year that she has turned another leaf,
to reach the big seven-oh, like aging grandmas do.
But there will be a simple entry, all in red,
in my itinerary, next I go, to stop and say hello.
I figure that the end of the old year would do,
I'd give her a small hint about arrivals there at Tegel,
what do you think, it might be wise to start my prayers,
it's really all I want, a small repeat of sixty-three.

Herbert Nehrlich

Maria's Big Operation

She was so brave and went along
when Rolfie sang the morning song
'get up, get up, Maria dear
you have no reason now to fear,
Doc Shaky Fingers is respected
he learned way back when he dissected
those who were taken down the lift
cut by clean hands without the gift.

Not every patient can survive
but you will see, when we arrive
down at the hospital at six
they'll be prepared to do their tricks.
Your surgeon is....was that the phone?
down in the tool annex to hone
the blades that will cut in your flesh
the scalpel's edge must be quite fresh
he showed me too his little saw
you'd be, believe you me, in awe
some twentythousand revolutions
and only five electrocutions.

Once, so he said, the blade flew off
the patient still does have a cough,
this twenty years after the fact
most of his neck did stay intact
but it took out his ear which landed
inside the clean and freshly sanded
small cubicle where they keep stones
and bits and pieces and some bones.

And, dear, I'm curious, did you
read the small print on superglue
it's what they use these days to save
synthetic thread. Well, you are brave
and I, as you can surely tell
am calming you, you shall be well
within four days of the procedure
unless, of course there is a feature

that they had not anticipated
which then would mean as they have stated
in their pre-op pink document
which talks about a costly stent
and how the gang of those who cut
are innocent, it is YOUR butt
that will, if anyone should die
wave from the morgue its last good bye.

But, not to worry, they are skilled
and only few are truly killed
I, Rolfie slipped the man some cash
invited him to the Big Bash
which we shall have IF you come through
oops, what's the matter, you look blue
I'd best crank up the heat in here,
and, did you buy some midstrength beer
for me so that I can relax
while thinking how to beat the tax
I do appreciate of course
that you have cooked and stored the horse
that I will eat while you are ill
and thanks for numbering each pill
of all my vitamins, that's great
I'll wash each cup and every plate
and vacuum the house each day
while you, my darling are away.

What's that, me speeding, do not fret
I'd like to meet the cop who'd set
his mind to get some extra dough
from this emergency, oh NO
his lights are flashing, what a fruit
I'll tell him off, step on his boot.

Yes officer, we have indeed
a clear and overwhelming need
to get down to the surgeon's room
the other option is sheer doom.

See, honey, Rolfie says, he's kind
and not, as you had reckoned, blind,

so are you glad of this V-eight
we'd be in strife and also late,
and wouldn't stand a chance to keep
up with this escort, though the Jeep
of Doctor H. could do as well
my God this cop DOES drive like Hell.

So, Rolfie did deliver her
to Good Hands surgeon, le docteur
though he was Aussie, they're the best
then Rolfie pounded his bare chest
and said, well, gentlemen I see
that it is now and has to be,
so I am off, have fun Maria
dream in the land of Fantasia.

But be doubly assured that the risk is quite small
and the surgeon will keep both his eyes on the ball,
I can see that my efforts have settled your nerves
so be good and don't flirt with no hospital pervs!

Herbert Nehrlich

Mark Kingmountainfry

There once was a fellow named Mark
he did harbour a streak that was dark.
In his strawberry pie
he discovered a fly
but was glad that it wasn't a shark.

The above is all fine, also dandy
and one day when this fellow drank brandy
he got grease in his eye
from the pan used to fry
and he quickly called Handy Andy.

And this poet wrote many a poem,
takes a Shepherd-type expert to know 'em.
He got sick of his name
and commenced a new game,
as to names, he then started to grow 'em.

But he did have a sense of good humour
he had grown it with care, like a tumour.
When his fame reached a peak
he doled out his critique
but the bluntness is only a rumour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Marketing

Last minute rush,
all must go,
never be cheaper
or better quality.
Move 'em out, guys
bonus for early sell out,
pub squash and gin,
it's all in the marketing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Marlene

Berlin, they say, is worth a trip
you come, go through the famous gate,
in La Taverna take a nip
where the Blue Angel had her date
with destiny and smoky song
and where the drink called Berlin White
ascended new, and strange positions
and from those lofty, thin-air height
inept Berliners made decisions.
Marlene, we still believe in you,
our love can never die or shrink
and when we visit our Zoo
we are reminded in a blink
that no one ever really mattered
until you sang Lily Marlene,
around us everything was battered
I looked at you, with dumb and plain
but lusty eyes and sweaty hands
you did not mind my obvious drools
today, as memory still stands
you speak to me, one of the fools.
I love you, sweetheart kiss your fingers
worship the ground you graced just once
the scent of you, it's fresh, it lingers
I keep your photo from my sons.

Herbert Nehrlich

Martin L.

Zwei Flaeschchen Wein das muss mal sein
doch gibt es Saft dem Ueberbein.
Er bleibt im Zimmer dann allein
so muss es sein, so muss es sein.

Er warf das Tintenfass mit Wut
war stets dem Teufel auf der Hut.
Gott gibt den Menschen ihren Mut,
laesst sie allein mit ihrem Blut.

Darf uns das Reden denn genuegen?
Grossworte, sprich, in vollen Zuegen.
Die Wahrheit findet man in Kruegen
voll Rebensaft und ohne Luegen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary

And do you think
that, quite contrary,
I'm on the brink
to show you, Mary,
I could have been
well, somehow wrong?
There is an inkling
in my mind
it drifts around
just like a song
and in the morning
after tinkling
when all my teeth
want to be seen
nobody left
truly behind?
I've heard that
sometimes,
stone meets stone,
and calcitonin
makes the bone
and that, belatedly
and strangely,
the blueberry
and thistle vines
are friends without
the recognition.
And was it really
the great Cronin
who sent me on
this final mission?
I am so sorry
if this fits
and will go out
to turn a wheelie
so could you bear
with me some more?

Mary And Harry - An Outhouse Tale

Mary had a man who sat
all day on the shitter,
Harry sat but hardly shat,
because his wife was bitter.

She had a sour face all day
and nights she turned the tables,
when Harry had big hopes to play
she sent him to the stables.

One day when Harry was alone
he went out to the Dunny,
hung up a sign, said Harry's Throne
and giggled, it was funny.

When Mary came to see her man
chained to the bloomin' shitter,
she handed him a garbage can
and that's when Harry hit her.

You see she wanted to convey
that he was really loaded,
with crap, but be that as it may
all trust had now eroded.

So Harry stayed upon his throne
that's where he met his Devil,
the Devil used his mobile phone
to call his brother Neville.

Hey Neville, I've got one for you
he's in a lavatory
the place just reeks of pee and pooh
wait til I tell the story.

So Neville came, took him away
they'd put him in the fryer,
but Mary, who was quite okay
she aimed for something higher.

She'd fallen in the smelly pit
and hidden deep down under,
by putting up with all that shit
she stole the devils' thunder.

And if you think this tale is weird
(perhaps it IS a riot) ,
just think that Mary never feared
and in the shit kept quiet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary And The Ram

Mary went to have a child
sprinted to the clinic,
doctor saw her went so wild
he became a cynic.

Mary spread her hairy legs
doctor took a peak,
didn't see no little eggs
she had sprung a leak.

Midwife came and then took charge,
colleagues, dears, I knew it,
babies leak, if somewhat large,
Amniotic fluid!

Forceps now were fetched at once
Mary: 'Here comes Sam, '
out came something, but not buns
Mary had a lamb!

Doctor fainted on the floor,
Mary on the covers,
Midwife, eager to know more,
asked 'Who were your lovers? '

Mary woke and whispered then,
'what a pretty lamb!
I got tired of my man,
got myself a ram.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary Had A Little Pig

Mary had a little pig,
she knew that pigs did grunt
the pig was dressed in leaf of fig
it covered her whole c**t.

Mary had a little dog
the dog would bark and bark.
she moved the dog in with her hog,
she did it in the dark.

The pig awoke first light of dawn,
the dog a little later
one had a craving for pork brawn
so he stood up and ate her.

Now Mary, left with just a mutt,
she missed the little porker,
the dog would always scratch his butt
he was a true New Yorker.

One day when Mary took a bath
the dog climbed in to join,
and then the little psychopath
he groped her in the groin.

So Mary drowned the little beast
and went down to the Farmer,
they'd eaten at their weekend feast
all wieners, but ONE charmer.

So home she went, put on the cap
to take her evening shower,
meanwhile the wiener took a nap
for just about an hour.

At ten, when Mary went to bed
the pig sat near and rested
and one of them, or so it's said
was udderly big-breasted.

So, for the term of Mary's lease
the two got on together,
but then the pig demanded geese
you know, birds made of feather.

Well, that's enough said Mary, NO
this is no farm in Texas,
but said the pig, for me to grow
I must mix with the sexes.

Well, Mary looked and ascertained
the porker was a male,
and needed to be entertained
on an erotic scale.

They compromised, he joined her then
each night inside the tub,
and baptised him and called him Ben,
each night he got a rub.

Please don't assume that Mary would
do what you won't put past her,
she'd been to private school and could
avoid such a disaster.

What helped of course was bubble bath
it covered all temptation,
she'd had a chemist do the math
had asked for an equation

where pheromones would simply drown
in seconds in the bubbles
this all occurred in Germantown,
they never had no troubles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary's Gators

Mary had a little horse
the horse was just a pony,
the horse had hooves and balls of course
but ate no macaroni.

She led the horse back to her flat
they took the elevator,
at night the horse slept on a mat
next to an alligator.

As you can tell, this lady had
a screw loose in her bonnet,
she wasn't altogether bad
that's why I write no sonnet.

A sonnet would be all too clear
and show hat she was mental,
but she was really such a dear,
we'll call it accidental.

The horse grew slowly, as they do
the gator did much faster,
one day, it did, out of the blue
it happened. A disaster.

The gator ate the horse at lunch
and had a pudding later.
Don't know for sure but have a hunch,
she bought another gator.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary's Poem - Continued

Then I went home to sit and rest
down on my rocking chair,
the sun was setting in the West
and as I combed my hair
I looked out through the window screen
and saw to my surprise
two creatures that are seldom seen
at home..... two butterflies.

They danced and sang and smiled at me
until the darkness came
out on my porch they acted free
and played their lovely game.
And in the morning when I rose
the two were sleeping there
It is not known, but I suppose
they liked my rocking chair.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary's Predicament

Mary at an early age
cried each night and loudly
father put her in a cage
showed the cage off proudly.

Well the cage did not fulfill
what they had intended,
mother thus gave her a pill
and the trouble ended.

But, you guessed it, Mary slept
through her basic urges,
when before she had just wept
now she had the purges.

Purges, just in case you ask
are what folks attend to
picky ones might wear a mask
those from Sacramento.

Thus, when Mary's parents woke
fumes hung near the ceiling
father fainted, had a stroke
mother showed less feeling.

Ambulance took Dad away
Mother cleaned the cacca,
she was in no mood to stay
moved to Port-O-Laca.

Little Mary grew inspite
up to be a looker,
now a lady of the night,
some would call her hooker.

Twenty seven years she slept
with a huge selection,
men felt sorry if she wept
over their erection.

Mary had a lengthy life
never saw a doctor,
took a floozy as a wife,
though the gender knocked her.

Balance is what Mary sought
contrast to the many suitors,
men were dumb, had to be taught
how to use their hooters.

Mary did retire then,
age four scores and twenty
had a party with two men
and they hooted plenty.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mary-The Warrior

The Forum War was raging hot
and missiles made of words
flew back and forth as some were shot
in vain the peaceful birds
came fearlessly to sing their songs
of peace and love, respect
though few would join the sing-alongs
they relished the effect
their filthy mouths had on us all
and management stayed quiet
as if awaiting the great fall
that follows any riot.

Reluctant warrior in the field
her name? Yes, it was Mary
assaulting her, what would it yield
I did, but she could carry
her shoulder pack and water gun
she stood with straight, proud shoulders
up to the man they called the Hun
among the silent boulders.

She pulled the trigger there and then
'twas something to admire
the squirts hit home, among the men
and soon put out the fire.
Yes, Mary is a 'cyberfriend'
which is a modern role
this poem is a silly blend
in awe of her kind soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mass Murder

The masses do take Lipitor,
that pill is simply hot.
I ask you what they ship it for
a saviour it's not.

It makes the Pharma Gangsters rich
and drives the body into crisis
until one day, a nagging itch
rings in the Rhabdomyolysis.

Yet here we sit on our fat asses
and wear our stethoscope,
committing murder of the masses
as mankind's greatest hope.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mature Student Days

For those of you
who did by chance
read my last poem
Student Days,
I wonder, would you
throw a glance
at what this says,
it does depict
a time of more
maturity.
The tram, it was
identical,
Krupp Steel,
closed windows,
overcrowded,
at five, late in
cloudy day,
when alpine winds
blow through
most any
garments
and every crotch.
Standing room only,
I had the fortune
to be, like a sardine
squeezed in between
the folding door
and one stout blonde,
she smelled of soap,
and Ambush perfume,
and if I had before that day,
seen anything at all,
it would have been
a skimpy substitute.
She was, what
one could call
endowed,
(I'm working on
inventing a term

more fitting) ,
and I was there to
doubtless,
cushion her,
protect her
from sharp edges
and perverts,
who hang about
in trams,
my peers had told me.
I loved that driver,
or perhaps it was
a combination
of track design,
and driving skills,
even voltage
fluctuations,
I understand the
commutator is
the key to smoothness.
Never you mind
I told myself,
taking my role
and wearing
an expression
of pure duty
and responsibility,
a public service
by a clean cut
and mature
young man.
So many turns,
and bumps,
and stops,
and slowing now,
accelerating then,
I wasn't much
of a believer
in those days,
churches cost money,
but thankful thoughts
were sent that day.

The journey ended,
luckily, she had endured
and stayed the trip,
this was no
innercity lady,
she liked the sticks,
the country air
near Starnberg Lake.

We did have,
it is now apparent,
our separate ways
to take.
A final Bim Bim Bim,
and there she went.
It must have been
the streetcar of desire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Maturity *

A man of years would be expected
to have acquired, a selected
portfolio of maturity.
What else would ever make him free?
This task requires he discard
the blinders worn from childhood days.
Shed baby fat (a bit of lard)
adopt the wise and worldly ways.
However, living with one's mother
is not conducive to success
unless you are your little brother,
let go at once of Mother's dress.

Herbert Nehrlich

Matz

Komm flieg mit mir, mein kleiner Spatz
halt dich an meinem Ruder fest,
die Lava fließt, du kleiner Matz
repetitio humanum est.

Fuehlst du im Inner'n den Erguss
des Samens dreiste Feuchtigkeit,
die Tiefe er erreichen muss
die Tuer mach auf, das Tor mach weit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Maupassant Dit

Imagine, if you will, a stage.
And standing there, a wrinkled sage.
His name is Guy de Maupassant
long dead of course, yet - nonobstant -
He says black words on a white page
will always have the heart engage
its soul, which has an innate flair
and, through the letters, is laid bare.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mccain Will Lose (He Must)

He is darker than most I admit,
fighting hard to crawl out of the shit,
what America sees
is the Moon made of cheese
and a caribou killer to wit.

I do pray that my wishes come true,
you'll be chosen to fix and renew
let the smelly fish die
and catch Sarah's big lie
guess who's now got the wood on you

Herbert Nehrlich

Mccain's Plans For America

.....
????????????????

Herbert Nehrlich

Mcshifty

Let us bail out the crooks, let the taxpayers pay
yes we need to protect those who stole,
he is one of the cream and will secretly pray
and take over the current chief's role.

Did you think that a bloke who has riches to burn
would be seen with the folks from low class?

All he wants is the job, please don't give him a turn
he's a shifty, deceitful old azz.

Herbert Nehrlich

Me Gremlin

I look at you and cringe,
you sit and whine and winge.
You type your pompous hype,
word salad mixed with tripe.
To please the loony fringe.

(This is what my computer gremlin left for me on the screen) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Me Mentor - Sounds Good

How well I know I wanted us to grow!
I figured if you used the tools
we both could never look like fools,
you balked and squinted then my way
but in the end it was okay.
We wandered down that path, first you
when all the bracken still had dew
reciting to the forest's trees
such wondrous poems, and the breeze
embraced our sentiments and words
presenting them to waiting birds
who turned the poems into songs
the forest soon was bare of wrongs!
And left behind was rancid flesh
which spawned new life, to start afresh
And when the two of us great masters
got back to man's abject disasters
we did remember then the day
when summertime was green and gay
and when both Lawrence and his buddy
stopped in to see that fuddy-duddy,
and tested out the motorcar
that wears the triple silver star.
Soon civilised and sinful life
had trapped us well, we took a wife
and settled down to homely chores,
Lawrence and Herbert, two old bores.

This was written in response to Lawrence's poem 'Mentor'.
Lawrence exaggerates because he wants to drive the Mercedes again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Medical Advice

The Doc had said to 'flush'.
He was in no big rush,
but toxins had been stored
lab tests had now explored
what needed to be done.

'Go out into the sun
and get yourself some beer
the next time you are here
you will have no complains.
So use your tiny brains
it is not pills you need
but amber brew indeed.

You dump into the sewer
(the doctor was a brewer)
the poisons from inside
they all do hitch a ride
and when you get too pissed
I'll cross you off my list,
I think the world must use
for health, a lot more booze.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Medical Intervention

When the pious man in the dark mission
had to make a most awkward decision
would he cut with his saw
that embarrassing flaw
it was known as the circumcision.

So the little boy started to scream
when he noticed the white-coated team
they were after his Schlong
but the logic was wrong
'cause it never is what it may seem.

To this day there are doctors who feel
that some boys are unable to peel
that small flap in all boys
that which never annoys
it's a most ill-considered old Spiel.

Leave what God has put on with his hands
do not worry about your cut friends
it is one warming cover
and the joy of your lover
so resist those pathetic demands.

When the winter cold blows at your jeans
and you are in your puberty teens
you will praise your restraint
and would have no complaint
keep it on there by all honest means.

If you leave it you will need no healing
don't accuse any doctor of stealing
they will use it for dishes
and to feed their gold fishes
but you boost all your sexual feeling.

Many nerves are in that part of skin
so the first time you make your way in
you will hear heavy guns

as you come all at once
the sensation is better than sin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Medical Malpractice

He was utterly shocked and aghast
when his eyes looked down on his cast
he had thought it would be
from the groin to the knee
but the doctor had worked very fast.

So the spindly thing there in the middle
(it is used for some tasks and to piddle)
was wrapped tight by the doc
(well it was of slight stock)
so it really was never a riddle.

But the malpractice guys got enraged
and their lawyers were quickly engaged
all the legal action
was a giant distraction
in the courtroom defense lawyers staged

a display of his previous skill.
But the fellow could not even fill
a small finger protector
with his little erector
it lay there so quiet and still.

Thus the verdict was simple and clear
(and the judge shed a crocodile tear) ,
Fifty million in gold
and a platinum mold
it was totally useless I fear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Medicine For The People

He went, at nine o'clock to bed
and in the morning was stone dead.
The doctor came to look and see
if they had thought of his big fee.

He saw the bottle of green pills
(he had prescribed them for all ills) ,
and quickly took them from the sink
he did not need the wife to think

that something in the pills was phony,
and that the treatment was baloney.
For, in the end it was our God
who did decide and gave the nod.

Meanwhile the dead one, on his flight
up to the gates where well he might
gain entrance to the Paradise
had now begun to realise

that all the doctors in the world
should into raging seas be hurled,
unknown the fate of all disease
the doctor, though collects the fees.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mediocrity?

Mediocrity

Is something quite elusive
For little low-lives.

Critiquing poems

No matter their great number
Requires talent.

A mind so vicious

And full of blinding hatred
Will always crumble.

It is who cannot

Build anything of value
He knocks all others.

Two thousand poems

Dumped in this place. A pleasure?
Perhaps to Nikhil.

Mediocrity

Perhaps describes these poems.
Then what describes you?

Herbert Nehrlich

Meet Me?

A pleasant echo from the past
strayed through the valleys and the hills,
I live here, in a world so vast
and full of cheaters and small shills.

The sound sat on my collarbone
and raised its wonderful blue eyes
up to my inbuilt microphone,
to whisper 'Sweetie, a surprise'.

I knew not what to say in turn,
instead I puckered up my lips,
She kissed me back, my razorburn,
I dreamed of tall and sailing ships.

And, in the end, I let her hug
the lot of me, like in the past.
Now, near the fire, on the rug
I prayed to God to make it last.

He did, are you surprised my friend?
Time was suspended and we stayed
a bundle of strange joys to mend
old memories, alive and frayed.

She called me Sweetie, I am hers
her hand in mine, hike the Cascades.
So will you, sweetie, take these furs
and meet me in the Everglades?

Herbert Nehrlich

Meet My Guest, Gentleman Jack

Tonight the conversation is
let's say productive,
and somewhat lively,
all words are spoken
with fleeting smiles,
that do recur
and are
true testimony
to pleasant company.
What would we be,
in this triste world
without our friends
and their kind words,
their deeds
and songs
and patient ears.
I now must tell
about my friend
who visits me
on lonely days,
I do not know
how he decides
when I would like
his company.
Our faces light
as if a ray
of sun had come
to open doors.
We meet again
in gentle pleasure.
His name is Jack,
he has been called
a gentleman
and that he is.
He comes from stock
that forged the state
of southern lands,
called Tennessee.
He likes his ice,

from waters pure
and we will have to
leave it there.
We must get back
to ourselves.
It is what counts
in this gray world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meeting At The Bridge

I met out by the bridge across the Rhine
a man who introduced himself as Rilke.
He carried with him a substantial flagon of red wine
and offered, with a melancholy smile as well
as earnest eyes and shaking hands, from cold.

We sat and drank, in darkness to the sounds
of carefree frogs and the occasional Uhu,
he talked at length about night birds and what it means
if one can hear its call in darkness, it is death.

Uhu, Uhu, it beckons, frightens children madly,
and no one doubts its awesome powers, its intent.
I drifted off and woke at dawn to cannon thunder
and then I knew it must be Wellington with troops.

My friend had left, but why, he stole himself away
just like a thief will quickly fade inside the shadows
for many months I cried about the time we spent
just drinking wine and letting God be in command.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mein Valentine

I tell you mate, I've heard it all again.
The buy their cards and all the crap
like chocolates from the Swiss
and truffles from Liège
to say that they are still,
without a doubt, their Valentines.

To celebrate the day,
to show the world
that LOVE is still alive
and that you gladly put
your money on the bar.

I will not stand to now presume
that I could ever be the final judge
who passes on the world,
its citizens, so full of warts
as were the members of
the great Judiciary.

But I can tell you this, dear John,
I am, without a maxillary blush
so deep within the cave
of one whose LOVE
makes just a mockery
of Gods and men alike.

My Valentine, she smiles.
Her wave follows for many miles.
And, when I catch her eyes
she tells no lies.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meinem Alten Freund Zum Geburtstag (Ein Limerick)

Der Vater der hatte oft Zorn,
und trug seine Nase stets vorn.
Doch den Blick in die Welt
tat in Beuernfeld
der noch junge, heut' alte Bernd Horn.

Und ich sehe uns heute noch sitzen,
im Abteil bei Gelaechter und Witzen.
Uns're Kleidung adrett
doch sie schrie SBZ,
zwischen Kaviar so, und Lakritzen.

Viele Jahre sind uns nun entkommen
und wir haben vom Leben genommen.
Ach, wir beten um Zeit
denn bald IST es soweit,
somit sind wir dann unter den Frommen.

Also wuenschen wir Dir eine Fete,
auf der Bank und im Safe noch viel Knete.
Lasst uns tanzen und singen
und die Sektglaeser klingen.
Happy Birthday, so spielt die Trompete.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meiner Lieben Mama Zum Muttertag

Ein Roeslein spriesst aus jungem Blatt,
begossen von zwei Traenen.
Der Gott der Blumen laechelt matt
mit strahlend gruenen Zaehnen.

Die stolze Blume waechst heran
und findet viel Gefallen
an einem strammen Rosenmann,
sie waehlt ihn sich, von allen.

Die Jahre fliegen, gnadenlos,
viel kleine Roeslein kommen.
Sie scharen sich um Mutter Ros
wie Heiden unter Frommen.

Der Stramme geht alsbald gebeugt,
verliert auch seine Hauer.
Die Kraft die einst so oft gezeugt
steht nun vor einer Mauer.

Geniesst er wohl die Bluetenpracht,
die Dornen an den Stengeln.
Bald kommt der Nebel in der Nacht,
der Tag gehoert den Bengeln.

Er sieht es klar im Abendrot
und blinzelt halb verwundert.
Dann schlaeft er, ist am Morgen tot.
So nahe war die Hundert.

Der Ruhm der Welt so schnell vergeht,
das Antlitz wird erbleichen.
Der Wind den Staub vom Grabe weht,
stumm nicken alte Eichen.

Da steh'n sie nun, im Unkrautfeld
mit ihren eig'nen Sorgen.
Gesundheit, Frohsinn und das Geld.....
man kann fast alles borgen.

Sie ragt heraus im Waldesgruen
trotzt jedem Sturm des Lebens;
noch immer kann sie fuer uns blueh'n
und nichts ist ihr vergebens.

Die Goetter wussten lange schon,
die Hundert die verpasster
als Patriarch fiel er vom Thron
und sie wurde zur Aster.

Ein weises Laecheln im Gesicht,
im Knochenmark noch Schmerzen.
Tiefgruendig sei nun mein Gedicht,
fuer Dich, von ganzem Herzen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meiner Mutter Zum Muttertag 2006

Was schreibt man denn zum Muttertag,
wie schoen die Jugend einst gewesen?
Schick das Gedicht dann zum Verlag,
die Mutter kann es spaeter lesen.

'Wenn man noch eine Mutter hat',
beginnt man, spaeter kommen Rosen,
ein bunter Kaefer auf dem Blatt
und uebergrosse Lederhosen?

Erinnerungen werden wach,
verblassen nie in ihren Farben.
Und ploetzlich kommt der Seufzer 'Ach',
da gab es Streicheln und auch Narben.

Ein Rosenbusch, im kuehlen Garten
die Dornen sind nur zum Behueten,
das Leben laeuft und laesst uns warten,
aus Knospen spriessen rote Blueten.

Sie steht am Abend ihres Lebens,
noch immer gibt sie ihre Hand.
Und war die Muehe oft vergebens,
es wuchs nur staerker, dieses Band.

Und, wie ein kleiner roter Faden,
aus bestem Hanf, begleitet er
das Kind, bewahrt vor allem Schaden.
Nie sagte sie: 'Es geht nicht mehr.'

Das Robbenkind hat eine Mutter,
doch schlaegt die Gier es grausam tot,
ein Fell mit schoenem Baumwollfutter!
Vergiss die Mutter, ihre Not.

Ein Kind, noch jung, im Leben kaum
die Augen an der Pracht geweidet,
es stirbt, die Mutter sieht's im Traum,
zerrissen ist das Band, sie leidet.

Wenn Du noch eine Mutter hast,
sie ist ein Schatz von Diamanten,
denn Muetter tragen jede Last,
die anderen, das sind nur Tanten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meiner Schwester

Die Gisela, sie laeuft im Wald,
auf der Chaussee war ihr's zu kalt.
Dort trifft sie Beeren und auch Pilze
doch Muskeltraining, ja das willse,
ich muss doch sagen, ab den Hut,
denn die die solches oefters tut
bleibt jung und schoen, erfreut die Tier'
kommt sie nach Haus, vielleicht ein Bier?
Ich glaub im Sommer wird sie's wagen
giesst Staropramen in den Magen,
damit die Seele sich erhole
und Bier ist immer uns zum Wohle,
so, was ich sagen wollte ist
das man so oft, so leicht vergisst
ein Dankeschoen, ein kleines Woertchen,
es passt doch stets, an jedem Oertchen.
Drum sag ich's hier, herzlichsten Dank,
und naechstes Jahr, wenn auf der Bank
die Knete, die dort hingehoert
und auch nicht weiter (niemals) stoert,
dann feiern wir und Du stehst vorn
und haeltst ne Rede, voller Zorn,
dann kommt die Kroenung nur fuer Dich,
und niemand spielt den Metternich.

Herbert Nehrlich

Meiner Tante Aenne Zum 100. Geburtstag

Achja, die Zeit sie laueft so schnell,
morgens wird es grade hell
schon geht dann die Sonne schlafen
und die Buerger (nur die Braven)
traeumen dass sie lange leben
und nach reichen Schaetzen streben.

Viele merken gar nicht gleich
ob man arm ist oder reich,
jeder sammelt seine Jahre
wie die silbergrauen Haare,
doch hab ich mich schon gewundert
Tante Aenne wird jetzt hundert!

Eine Ehre von den Goettern,
und ein Greuel allen Spoettern,
soviel ist seitdem geschehen
und was hast Du doch gesehen.

Von der kleinen Tropeninsel
male ich Dir mit meinem Pinsel
ein Gedicht, wir gratulieren,
soll man Dir den Tag verzieren.

Feiert schoen, wir denken gerne
mit Vergnuegen aus der Ferne,
und wir stossen auf Dich an!
Bis zum naechsten Feste dann.

Herbert Nehrlich

Melancholy

I have had a melancholy day.
And please don't ask me why.
I do not know myself
why gremlins come in to the
lounge room of my mind.

It ought to be forbidden,
I would say.
That bad vibrations,
'couraged by bad spirits,
can settle in and ruin my life today.

All things went wrong today
except the morning pee,
it came out by itself, without
privation.
And I despaired-
I'd told her I would not,
but what the hell was,
bloody, going on?

Some hours passed,
the darkness out
is waiting.
I'll run my legs off,
maybe that will help.

I'm out the door,
the phone rings
and I hear her:

Don't worry,
things will never
be the same.

And, be it known:
My Goddess is
my friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Melancholy Song

I watched him as he sat, high in the tree,
attending to his feathers and a polished beak.
It seemed he glanced, occasionally, at me,
as if he thought my future to be bleak.

Without an introduction he descended then,
and perched on a green stump, close to my bench.
We eyed each other to the count of nine (or ten) ,
he, feathered friend, and I, a dressed-up Mensch.

He spoke before he sang and said 'my human friend,
it is the heart that will decide, it must be strong,
so would you listen to my music to the end,
it's all for you and called The Melancholy Song.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Melbourne Cup

I love that hat, it gives some shade
to mammaries on this cute maid.
The Melbourne Cup is once a year,
most visitors drink wine and beer.

And all the ladies form parades
with ponytails and fancy braids,
but soon they do recall the reason
they've come here, it is racing season.

So, quickly, make a risky bet
adjust your hat, the mozzie net.
Sit down and watch the race unfold
and dream about that pot of gold.

Herbert Nehrlich

Melinda's Cancer

The day that follows Christmas,
they took Melinda to the Phillipines.
Healers were known to heal and cure
without regard to medical convention.
That was, if you would have asked them,
the point of healing, and they truly had embraced
spiritual essence of all beings superhuman,
it was a blessing that the gods had only sent
to this small monastery in the Southern Sea,
the sick would pave an alley to the word of God.

Four midsize tumours were removed without ado,
a tiny effort if you look at the tall fee,
she was sent home at once, perhaps to be ahead
of the Grim Reaper, should he want to claim her now.

The thing recurred within a week of their return.
They went to Hulda who had promised them a cure.
And fourteen thousand heavy steps and dollars later,
she was as sick as she had ever been before.

So she was sick of being sick and sick to death,
of all those quacks who had the world at cruddy feet,
she vowed to follow what the doctor of her choice
suggested after he had spoken on the phone
to the oncologist who was both feared and loathed.

She spent her money as expected by the bucket,
and there was praise and talk of plaques in her own name,
and two administrative nurses came to chat
about a giant sign atop the cancer ward.

It seemed the name Melinda was, as such, okay,
and if one added a sweet sum to make it whole
there would be promise for the future, very close
a hundred grand would make her name immortal, too.

Herbert Nehrlich

Memories **

She'd always come in silently,
to see if I was still asleep,
twas quite essential at this age
to take a nap each afternoon.

I'd hear her when she touched my cot,
and saw her face, framed by dark hair
and bringing, just for me, her little one,
a smile that brightened all, and warmed
all those who'd witness it, but there was me
and it was all reserved and never shared.

She'd take me on her shoulder then
to see if burping could be coaxed,
then we would snuggle in her chair
and watch for aircraft from the enemy.

The worst was bombs of phosphorus,
folks jumped into the river, well alight,
Aides scrubbed with laundry brushes, coarse
the skin to save the hapless devils there.

We'd be prepared to hide of course,
a secret passage had been cut
into the study wall, it led into a space
behind the upper loo, pitch dark it stayed
and I held on to Mother's hair, it was so thick
and gave me comfort in my darkest times,
outside, the soldiers banged their riflebutts
against the kitchen door, Dowoy, Dowoy,
I do remember Gospodeen, and Twoye mutch,
they raided all and stole, as victors filled with glee...

We huddled in the dark and talked inside our heads
'we are not home, please go away, we have no girls,
no vodka and we left some time ago, so go away.'

Bombs kept on falling, there were Yankees in the sky
and mother prayed though she had traded the good book

for a small loaf of winter rye and one whole fatty eel.

They never found us in our hiding place, next door
the family was taken out of town, not to return,
and I, I was prepared to flash my own and special smile
to match my Mother's soonest as they lights came on.

She mentioned, later, years had fluttered past,
how I was so enthused about her hair, today, of course,
this hair has lost a bit of luster and some body
and its colour is a wavy, peppered glacier's gray.
I think I'll douse the lights and ring her quickly on the phone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Memories On The Eve

At first it was a louse named Gysi,
he thrived in Stasi Germany
and made a comeback so much later,
relying on the stupid people.
The SED turned PDS, both communist
and antisocial, yet organised with slyness.
It took some time and then they found
corruptness, not his commy past
to nail him to the Church of Victory.
He had not hung more than one day
when Wowereit, with Brylcreem hair
and manicured pink nails so dirty
that pathogens did shy away in terror.
He liked the boys, and danced his steps
up one steep ladder to the attic
where no one saw his machinations.
Berlin, again the capital of Fatherland
oh how we praise you, has never been
a German town, always a renegade indeed.
So no surprise that blatant greed
and rank corruption and perversion
of laws and human decency there would reside.
I will not mention Helmut Kohl,
whose conscience yielded to pure blubber,
he was a connoisseur of ladies
yet fell into the septic pool of gold.
One could imagine how, in silent earth
von Doenitz turns and groans aloud
the world has gone in 60 years
down slimy tubes into decay, a final time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Men (Grown-Up)

Grown men appear to be....well, grown.
They stand and talk all on their own.
though without help of grown up girls
not Kings or Emperors or Earls
would be much more than skin and bone.

That covers body parts and such
look at the mind though, it is much
too primitive and reptile-like,
man either fights or takes a hike.
He's like a boy, so out of touch.

When God invented hackles he
did not foresee the misery
that this would cause among all males
from rams to billygoats and wales.
That's why he made himself a SHE.

Herbert Nehrlich

Merle

I saw, inside a small café a pretty girl,
she served her patrons with efficiency and smiles,
The bouncer told me later that her name was Sally-Merle
and that she suffered since the Fall from bleeding piles.

So I, with logic, urged a visit to the quack,
to be checked out, perhaps an operation soon,
he took me by the ear and said, now listen mac
no quack ain't have a look see at her pretty moon

so keep it civil, fellow, wipe the friggin' lust
she's mine now and the owner calls the bloody shots,
if you as much as take a glance on her there bust
I will assume you have the illness called the hots.

Merle died that year, they buried her in New Orleans,
that's where her home had been, she'd left in ninety-eight,
I still can picture her, white blouse and Wrangler's Jeans
I was too weak for Mister Bounce and way too late.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mermaid?

I know that things were getting out of hand,
that men with guns were following your trail,
and that you had to leave your occupied homeland.
The day you left your card came in the morning mail.
They chased you slowly, so your brother said,
to make the most of their impending catch.
I wish that, in the summer camp then, that we had
spent much more time together. We, the perfect match.
So now I'm left to grieve behind my Iron Curtain.
You are so far, I only have your shirt.
Although you say that you are (almost) pretty certain
that it will fall, when will I stop to hurt?
I know you could not risk to take me.
You didn't want to have me caught and shot.
If you had come that day to me to make me
come with you on your journey ...you did not.
I thought you could not be without me, H!
Now I will try to cry so many tears,
that rivers will start flowing from my cage,
they'll take me down the valley of your fears.
And if you're waiting there to hold me,
I'll come out like a mermaid without tail.
I wish that you, on that day would have told me
your secret plans of actually setting sail.
But if you've found another little darling
to warm your stubbly cheeks on autumn nights.
I'll understand, you will not hear me snarling,
I'll slip back in and you'll have your delights.

And, when you, someday see a lake of tears,
so out of place in regions of your home,
you'll know that it contains our deepest fears.
And be assured it's where my soul does roam.
Forget you? No, you left me your tattoo,
inside my veins your blood is freely flowing.
And when I dream, deep in my tear lake about you,
I only see your blue eyes - always glowing.

So farewell now, my youthful, handsome man,

though I must tell you of a tiny change of fate:
To cry so many tears to make a river, no one can,
I have been told this by my new and handsome mate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mermaids

Enlighten me? You may.
I'll gladly see you Tuesday
and a raincheck for today.
It's just that I on Tuesday
go swimming in the bay,
and look there for a mermaid
the one that got away.
It's said that all the mermaids
are just like tide and time,
they'll run off in the morning
but before I end this rhyme
I need to sound a warning
to all you mermaid fans
when smiling in the morning,
a mermaid never stands.
You ask how do they run then
it's easy if you know,
they like to tease and trick men
because they love them so.
They slip under your pillow,
and while you check the mail
they arch back like a willow
and hide behind their tail.
The most important feature
that mermaids hold so dear
is that these lovely creatures
are, when you need them, here.

Herbert Nehrlich

Merry Christmas, Tara

The postie looked as if to say
another batch has found its way.
So many cards to just one place
it really is, I think a case
of working nights and then all day,
today though comes a special card,
a lass from Britain, (writing's smart)
dispatched a rather pretty one,
well Merry Christmas, gotta run.

The card was, as the postie had
with nosy eyes (they're going bad)
discovered, of good quality
and handsome writing I could see.

I opened it just when the spouse
came out, in aprons, from the house.
So, who is Tara, an old flame,
it seems I have not heard this name? !

To complicate and heat up matters
(the day was almost then in tatters)
sweet Tara had placed xxx
behind the name, so spouse smelled sex
and sniffed the air for perfumed scents
thank God the envelope had vents!

Most of some sweet, erotic fragrance
had dissipated like sly vagrants
through slots where Tara had not kissed
the glue and thus cold winds had hissed
so freely in and out in flight
so it smelled neutral which was right.

And then, my eagle eyes saw scribbles
that looked like peanut butter nibbles,
I pointed duly to the spot
and thus defused the heated plot.

Dear Tara, what a lovely touch
to make my day so bright, as such,
next time though, please include some more
I liked that fragrance, is it Dior?
And Merry Christmas to you, dear
a toast and lots of Season's Cheer.

The opinions expressed above are not necessarily representative of
the actual events. Sentiments, however, apply.

Hugs and Kisses are freely available.

Only the best for the best.

HHN

Herbert Nehrlich

Messages

You send from
the outbox to
the inbox
so that
the outbox can
send you
a reply
to your
inbox.

You can verify
in the sent box
whether the
outbox did
send to
the inbox,
but you
cannot confirm
whether
the outbox
actually
had anything
to do with it
at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Methane Gas

Their teacher loved his chemistry.
He knew that atoms had to be
prepared to join and thus create
new molecules with unknown fate.

He taught his charges about gas
which is elusive while it has
no truly solid properties,
and that it loved the world of cheese.

Well, Johnny, who had great ambition,
had read about atomic fission
and was, on could describe the lad,
a bit too nerdy, maybe mad.

He always stood and volunteered
and mixed some stuff the teacher feared.
But on the day of the disaster
he built from scratch a methane blaster.

He sat, in front of his own class
to prove the powers of a gas.
Had eaten beans and Sauerkraut,
two items that will want back out.

He had aligned three Bunsen burners
to demonstrate to all the learners
what gaseous explosions do
he yelled 'now watch the flame turn blue! '

And with a roar and then a rattle
a cloud inside prepared for battle.
Now, within seconds, on command
it blew to smithereens his hand.

Was followed by more heavy shells
and absolutely sordid smells.
And, as they say the yawn is catching
all pupils tried, and soon were matching

the foul eruptions near the flames.
Their teacher knew that learning games
can be successful in this life,
he'd proven it with his own wife.

Well, I am very very sorry,
there is an ending to this story
which won't become part of a thesis.
The gas blew all of them to pieces.

Herbert Nehrlich

Methylated

He was a methyl donour, she the receiver,
nothing beats chemistry, it's got a clever twist,
they found a double-bond that plunged them into fever
then came convulsions much too quickly to resist.
Affinity, a xenophobe's illusion
glued molecule to molecule to make
a proper and quite practical infusion,
all for the waves and silent sounds that stayed awake.
Yet God himself did put his hex onto the dishes
and they stayed barren as of right and in their prime,
They swam with vigour, full of hope, those little fishes,
to reach the end of their own destiny in time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mexican Border Song

Silent Clyde
on his ride
through the wide
countryside
snoozing ontop of his horse
thinking about his divorce.

Silent bride
will not glide
in the night
way too tight
The answer is called Kay Wye
so get it and do not be shy.

Silent ride
tourist guide
racial pride
April's Ide
crossing the Mexican line
drink the Tequila wine.

The tune of Silent Night fits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Midterm Elections - The Missing Element

'Mistakes were made',
yells junior George,
'behead this aide!
I want to forge

democracy for terrorists,
Iraq, Iran and North Korea
those godforsaken communists
by god they give me diarrhea! '

'Who was the one in Public Health
charged with the welfare of the masses?
Give them illusions of great wealth
but dumb them down, those silly asses! '

'We've never learned from history
as even Dad made that mistake.
A president needs to be free
his peace of mind, it is at stake.'

'So let's repeat this mid term poll
but keep in mind what Hitler knew,
and Vive la France, Monsieur de Gaulle
dumb down the masses, blame the Jew! '

'I shall rename and re-appoint
to oversee the social order.
My Condylia, she will run the joint
our land expands, will need no border.'

'Our citizens, blood of this nation
must be relied upon to be
soaked to the bone in fluoridation
as only then can we be free.'

'Each child and woman, every man
requires changes to the brain
let's implement our Master Plan
the Democrats are such a pain.'

'This ship of fools will soon be sinking
if common folks are free to vote.
A daily dose keeps them from thinking
I am the captain of this boat.'

'So, go to work and trust your leaders
your doctors and your politicians.
We shall allow you to be breeders
and set the time for your morticians.'

'Back in the past, they could not know
how 'civilized' means for a nation
that untold wealth and riches grow
if people take their medication.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Miele Vacuum Cleaner, Turbo Model

Madonna who was short and fat
lived in a unit with her cat.
They did enjoy the fifteenth floor,
could see La Jolla's ocean shore.

The cat, who had been raised out West
was white and tan and black of chest.
Quite fond of birds, needless to say,
(but not to hear them sing or play) .

She spent her days where she could see
the birds, from their high balcony.
And dreamed that she could fly as well
but when she tried she merely fell.

Up there, of course, as folks would know
also resides the Vertigo.
And so it was not unexpected
that she ignored when she detected

a fat and juicy feathered bird.
She moaned, 'that's it, oh yes, my word! '
And hurled herself into the air
an action that no cat should dare.

Of course, she dropped just like a stone
and now felt mortal and alone.
But when she passed the seventh floor
Miss Lillie stood there, by the door.

And holding in her calloused hand
a vacuum cleaner, Miele brand.
Her husband who had now departed
had always used it when he farted.

It had tremendous suction power
would clean a snake pit in an hour.
He had retired and was given
a golden watch and turbo-driven

top model, nothing else compares.
Miss Lillie also held some shares.
She pointed now, with perfect aim
toward the cat, who, such a shame,

was still descending at top speed.
And, listen, now, just like a weed
the Law of Newton's gravity
was nothing but depravity!

The cat's quick fall was here arrested
and she flew sideways, (still black-chested) ,
and landed in Miss Lillie's lap
where she deposited some crap.

You understand, it was the fear
this cat was, otherwise, a dear.
Miss Lillie took her up the stairs
while on the back her feline hairs

stood all to uniform attention.
I also wanted yet to mention
that from that day, until much later
she always used the elevator.

Herbert Nehrlich

Miffed

I spent the morning
trying to remove
the heavy frame
of an old friend.

He'd stepped upon
my tootsie toes
by accident,
or by design.

At last, when cyanosis,
the lack of blood
was setting in
I grabbed him by
the dangling bits.

He screamed
which made me think.
And change my tac.

I gently tickled
the soles
of both his feet.
Not once
but many times.

Voilà, fait accompli
My toes complained
for many weeks,
I told them to be still.

Our friendship stands
in any storm
as friendship always will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Migrants Of Sophistication

Well they do come in droves
from the coldness of Britain
they abandon their stoves
with Down Under they're smitten.

And with visa in hand
they start looking around
they expect from this land
a nice house and some ground.

They are settled so soon
and start eyeing the locals
and they look from Yeppoon
to the South with bifocals.

Now the Natives are clever
and a bit 'sticky-beak'
in the land of the Never
there is nobody meek.

Conversations soon flourish
and ideas are exchanged
but if thoughts are to nourish
then the Brits are deranged!

Looking down on us Aussies
and critiquing our lives
that's reserved for our Mozzies
and, at times for our wives.

A gregarious lot
with the humour to please
but the fool we are not
it's the mate we do tease.

As a sovereign nation
standing proud by ourselves
your sophistication
is as dull as your elves.

As the billy is steaming
and you step off your plane
you can finish your dreaming
we don't fancy them vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mikhail Militz

Au Canada,
they found him,
the name is, truly,
Militz, he was caught
in machinations
of sordid kind.
But no one knows
is it the one
who bragged
and dragged
some others
through private shit?
And was he then,
dipped into yuck
himself, oh my!

They locked him up
and dumped the key
but one of those
deceptive friends
let him escape
across the line,
back in the fold.

But hold your horses,
he was so ugly
that someone felt
he needed care
inside the cage
for being him.

That's how it ended,
and no one heard
his filthy words
or smelled his lies
ever again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Milestones For Courtney

Young Courtney was much into feeling,
she liked men, even boys to be kneeling.
When a Westpoint cadet
heard her shout 'no, not yet',
he came quickly and messed up the ceiling.

From that day she has changed her demeanour,
she got prickly and also much meaner.
Then she hatched a cute plan
which declared every man
a pathetic, inedible wiener.

Then a wise man told Courtney one day
that the seat of man's brain in some way
hangs between his two legs
framed by flaccid-skin eggs
and that girls were created to play.

So she travelled in search of some action,
though herself not a real attraction,
they played poker instead,
let her go to her bed
in the hope of some self-satisfaction.

Thus you see how that honed her life skills,
she saw others who tilted at Mills.
But she only could watch
never felt a true crotch,
though the pheromones got in her gills.

In the forum and out on the street
she is scathing and lusting to beat
those who seem to be men
but again and again
she falls down and ends up at their feet.

Let me close lest it turns to obsession
I shall honour and practice discretion.
It is always quite clear

that a human's own fear
masquerades as a bold self-possession.

Herbert Nehrlich

Milking Aunt Hulda's Cows

Aunt Hulda, she slept in the nude
I stayed over, she called me a dude
Uncle Fritz told me 'NO'
in the closet you go
we two found this attitude rude.

I was five when I watched Uncle Fritz,
he was squeezing Aunt Hulda's big tits
I was wondering how
he could think her a cow
and I asked all the other kids.

And they laughed at my naivité
some suggested I go out to play
and that milking the cows
in Aunt Hulda's pink blouse
was the reason that milking hands pray.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mind Games

.....and thinking about it
when the time comes,
that all learnings
will converge
and you will have
the experience
of delight
and comfort.

Not at a later time
but now.
And you may wonder
about the
impossible actuality
which precedes all
foreboding
of knowledge
and clarity
and brings about
change
to the phenomena
of life.

....and soon
I will want to
tell you
all about
your awareness.
Of that feeling
of acceptance
and of warmth
and
befuddlement.

...and of profound
curiosity through the
changing focus
of your eyes.
Knowing what you can
experience
and what you want
for now

and what you need
for other times
is allowing the
progression of
welcome satisfaction
into the totality of
awareness.

So surprising
to you
and at last
you will wonder
how soon
you can forget
to remember
to forget.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mind Your Language

Are you, please pardon my audacity, I ask
a serviceman who keeps the nation safe from foes?
I offer you a nip or two, come closer, from my flask,
so tell me how it is where war's tornado blows.
I hear there were a thousand servicemen who fell,
performing simple chores perhaps when tripping just by chance,
it's not like we civilians who must pass on into hell
exhausted from the labours and the constant song and dance.
They say you sacrifice, though falling would seem mild,
performing service is a noble thing for man to do,
as you can tell, I'm really still a youngster, well, a child
but when I'm grown I want to be a serviceman like you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mine Is The Honour (Haiku)

The consequences
will not be felt by others.
The spark is dying.

Faith was the substance
of a house of playing cards,
mine is the honour.

Life was your target.
A breath, once snuffed, is nothing
without a heartbeat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Miros

It was the garlic breath
that got me from the start.
I'd smelled it from a mile away,
'my name is Kotic, Miros',
he said and flies dropped,
one by one, onto the marble.

He had been highly recommended
by all the boys from near the Boulevard,
he'd worked for Mickey and for Johnnie,
Frank was the one who laughed so loud,
I couldn't help but hum the song
'I did it my way', so Miros stayed.

He was my guard, and during times
when bills piled up and cash was scarce
he kept the wolves away from the front door.
He'd breathe Hellooooooh, how arrr yoooooh,
and we had gained some breathing space,
again, and then again. Oh, Miros, those were....
those were the days, my friends, when down
from near the markets that queen of smoke
sent word 'you must come up and see me,
you simply must, sometime', of course I did.
And Miros did his thing, with dignity and loyalty,
he drove the Cadillac the Yugoslavian way
which meant it was his second weapon,
he never used the air-condition, rolled down
all windows and enjoyed the smog and freedom.

He'd been locked up and hated Marshall Tito
and had arrived in Boston wearing nun's attire,
when Immigration mentioned California
he knew his destination and his destiny.

He died of melanoma, poor devil, on the arm,
and left a wife and little boy, down in the valley.
Today the time has come for celebration,
it is the start of Miros junior at the place.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mis En Scène

Now, side by side
I am within, we glide
immersed in heat
an endless beat
a heart to share
son et lumière,
oh how it grips
a squeeze of lips
bless and possess
and coalesce
tropical mush
be still, please hush
sweet girl of lust
we surely must
not move again
put all into our mise en scène.

Herbert Nehrlich

Misbehaving

'You will stay back today, in detention,
and I shall be the teacher to mention
your behaviour today
that you do not obey
and tomorrow I'll go on the pension.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Misjudged

A rhino weighing just a ton,
a baby still, in many ways,
was thinking of a Marathon
and planning a four-minute pace.

But all the fat, so it would seem
prevented any decent speed,
that's why it swam, instead, downstream.
It was more logical, indeed.

And the gazelle, a jealous critter,
quite capable to run full force
was clearly skinny and much fitter,
outpaced with ease the quickest horse.

Gazelle saw rhino going fast
and jumped into the raging stream.
With spindly legs it powered past,
but later learned it was a dream.

A fatso weighing just a ton
will win against a thin gazelle.
The river was near Babylon,
the tale is true. How could you tell?

Herbert Nehrlich

Misjudging And Wishfulness

When a man feels the need to be gushy
and his judgment turns misty and mushy,
he is wishing it were
somewhat wise to infer
that the other not be truly slushy.

As the world and its people live on
and that rooster is just a capon,
like a slippery fish
a delusional wish
and the birth of self-serving con.

Now and then one meets people who smile,
and one fails to perceive that it's style.
When one's cravings are strong
it's the need to belong
but the end brings a bitter denial.

Is this then, friends, the human condition?
just a mindgame of plain supposition?
Can a human stay sane
if his search is in vain
I say Welcome to Intuition.

Herbert Nehrlich

Miss You

I went swimming today, my love.
And, thinking about you,
lost my strength and
had to trust
a wave to keep
me safe.

This morning you had
sent birds to me,
who were to sing
only for me.

At noon,
your ninja bees
delivered Manuka,
honey with love.

And the seawater
buoyed me.
And its salty taste
was so reminiscent
of your tears.

And, in the end
I had a few of my own.

Herbert Nehrlich

Missed You

I missed you,
you were gone too bloody long.
In all the minutes
that my mind was occupied
with being idle
it hit home
that you were gone.
It's then I knew
that absence is
a crock of old cacatum
thus I proposed
to my smart inner man
a strategy of wits,
whereby all cells
inside the idle mind
would be,
by stealth
and other means,
sent peptides
to ensure
a period of
activity
unmatched
in previous times.
Success was,
needless to report,
a given,
gray matter may,
in times of stress,
through cortisol
and cousins rise
to all occasions
and produce
the mother of all heats.
Tis wonderful
how man can conquer all,
and soothe his soul
in times of absence
and of loneliness

of nights.
Each second was,
there cannot be
a smidgen of a doubt,
preoccupied
with depth
of thought,
of feeling
and things sought.
And it was all,
I am prepared to say,
about the one,
the greatest love
it was,
and here I smile,
about
the one
I know as YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Missing

I see you still,
dressed indigo,
your colour,
scarf wrapped
casually,
and tucked
into that place,
where twins,
not quite identical
reside, in expectation
and denial,
all the same.

There was
a pallor in your face,
an ambush
from within,
dark circles came
and went,
reflecting lashes
like lazy plankton
above the tinge of
rouge, a pattern of
a butterfly, so still,
a leaf of frost,
hoping to become
an icicle of fate.

I loved your hands,
gestures of youth
and laughter, joy,
dismissing doom
while painting the horizon
a hopeful green,
though something knew,
inside your dimpled mind
that vultures lay in wait,
for all of us,
but prematurely so
for you.

Missing*

All the members, you hear me hissing?
There's a poet who's surely gone missing.
Mum said go boy, and play
but she's wandered away,
could be scared of me thoughts about kissing.

Well, I'll wait by the paperbark tree
with my liverwurst sandwich and tea.
Hold the mustard, she hates
the Dijon on our dates,
she's crazy as crazy can be.

Cut the mustard, it's got to be done,
without mustard no sandwich is fun.
But I'll give you a riddle
will you be in the middle
as the filling, and pardon my pun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mississippi Limerick

On the raft down the Mississippi
were the wife and her husband Hippie.
When they brought back the melons
from the striped, shackled felons
they soon sank and the water was nippy.

But they had, for the voyage, prepared
and that is why both of them fared
rather well in the end
and this limerick was penned
so the story could truly be shared.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mistake

A boy, whose mother liked to whip
his hide whenever he gave lip,
hid in the box designed for bread
and in the morning he was dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mister Makatoni

The name's Makatoni and How Do You Do?
I'm a big wig at Sony. the chief chimp in the zoo.
Do you purchase your blouses in the city of Rome?
We do pamper our spouses but we keep them at home.

Call me Mak, I am yellow, and I live in Japan,
you're a feminine fellow out of Saskatchewan?
I shall sell you those shiny and high-tech machines
though my profits are tiny, buying rice but no beans.

Saskatoon breeds them happy but they don't learn in school
that a clever old chappy would deceive any fool.
Much too late did she know and it burst her balloon
so she said let me go, I thee love, Saskatoon.

Mr. Mak took her money, and he did it with glee.
Be she said show them, sonny, what you wish them to see.
You may sit in pyjamas while devouring fresh whale
still ignoring the dramas of the upcoming sale.

But the lady you took could not fathom to see
such a double-faced crook, with a wish not to be.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mixed Clean Limericks

I was asked by a nurse if I would
have a fling on the eve (that I COULD) ,
she was hitched the next day
and a wonderful lay
and I never asked whether I should.

Forty years have now passed and I did
find the girl (would she make one more bid?) ,
I was chicken of course
but not filled with remorse,
but I wonder if God would forbid?

From a safe point I eyed her that day,
she was walking her dog at the Bay.
She was utterly fat
(I can picture her 'cat')
about ME I don't know what she'd say.

Struth! I hasten to say to my flock
that it takes a size 24 sock
to conceal what's my own
it is now fully grown
and it crows like a Rhode Island cock.

Have you played underwater with soap?
Maybe Dove or Camay on a rope?
If the company pleases
it's a good sport who teases
and she starts with a grope as you hope.

We were eight and I bathed with young Gina.
Both our folks often called her REgina.
We made fun of her name
played the old Pre-fix game,
her vageena and my little Weena.

Mixing Races

A Northern Minnesota Hippy
went on a trip to Mississippi.
He didn't like the heat and flies
but fell in love with Southern pies.
When he got used to all the heat
and all the pies that he could eat
it was because a Southern Belle
with agile legs (like a gazelle)
had taken fancy to this Viking
he was exactly to her liking.

And so it happened, black and white
in Mississippi, what a sight!
got hitched and reproduced with glee
some nineteen kids, cute as can be.
As this took off, cohabitation
between the races of the nation
the shades of colour did get blurred
until the last and final nerd
could see that colour was pretext
what will the devil think of next?

Herbert Nehrlich

Mocassins

Don't ever judge a man until you've walked a hundred moons
in moccasins he made and wore with pride,
you've eaten porridge from his simple wooden spoons
and stood beside him while you listen to the tide.
You cannot hope to be the bearer of great hope
you cannot know if he regards you as a fool,
and should you judge a saddened soul hung from a rope
you were not standing there, his help came from a stool.
So will you look inside your soul before you speak,
and take his hands as if to say, good day my friend,
if it is wisdom and enlightenment you seek
you'll wear his mocassins to find it in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Modern Justice

A jury sat around a tree
to judge a man for treason.
The foreman said 'how can it be
this fellow had no reason.

A patriot who, for his land
stood deep in Flanders' trenches,
today is forced to take a stand
and face Justitia's benches.

Then tea was served and little snacks,
one of the jurors fainted,
she found it hard to just relax
when evidence was tainted.

They shot the fellow near the tree,
'twas sanctioned by the nation.
They had no proof that one could see,
did no investigation.

It often happens in this world
where imbeciles now rule,
and when their ugly lies are hurled
it's you who plays the fool.

They put you down, just like a dog
and laugh when you expire.
Then toast each other with their grog,
it's JUSTICE they admire.

The little word INTEGRITY
has fallen out of favour.
The tea served underneath the tree
does have a modern flavour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Modern Medicine

He would, for sheer financial gain
use me, my body, as it lives
when told, he labelled me insane
and that the pills he freely gives
are made available to me
by caring chemists to improve
the functions that were meant to be
homeostasis in the groove.

'Life', so he explained 'is one big risk
and in the end it surely will
within its fateful obelisk
demand assistance from a pill.'

He mentioned that the FDA
was now a giant people's lab
new medicines, (the ones that pay)
were marketed by gift of gab
there really was no need to hide
from God's ineptness in his work
we're all in this, enjoy the ride
the one who doubts is just a jerk.

'A human body can endure
a lot of pain and endless stress,
that's why we do not want to cure,
we love chronicity, no less.

Give fluoride, make the teeth and bones
more brittle and pretend we do
prevent those cavities and stones
in glands with highly toxic brew.

And statins, boy they're selling well,
we use them now for all conditions
when cancer gets you, we will sell
you chemo with its foul renditions.

We want to help each human being

no man shall go without protection,
it is our aim to help in freeing
his mind to see that a selection

of what we have in selfless toil,
in decades of much slavery
discovered and then made of oil
turned down awards of bravery.

As we are all true altruists
with feelings of compassion's best
just think of us, there in the mists
of life's own challenges that test
our fitness to withstand it all.

It is with pride we keep you whole
until the time comes that you fall,
and when you do, it is our role
to battle to your final breath
while mixing fluids that will keep
you looking good beyond your death.
Right by your side, we never sleep.

Herbert Nehrlich

Modern Phrenology

It measured just below an inch
the member of the bird called finch.
A hippopotamus can bridge
the width of any average fridge.
A one day fly barely can glimpse
the same holds true of Northern shrimps.
Thus every species boasts or hides
their stencils, they are used as guides
to shuttle swimming things into
a reservoir like an igloo.
It's only man who worries that
his member may be thin, not fat
and that its length, by rule of thumb,
is calculated by the sum
of nose divided by a lock
of pubic hair (may be a shock) ,
thus most will have no grounds to brag
if someone does apply the tag
of miniature, suspended toy,
this would not bother a small boy
but for an otherwise adjusted
the secret could be quickly busted
in open view of a latrine!
Such laughter usually is mean
In any case, one can get aid
for a few dollars, slyly paid,
an apparatus can be bought
that took much skill and lustful thought
to build, it's made of stainless steel
and does attach to either heel.
A series of small pulleys guide
a cable, running down the side.
A counterweight attaches to
the little fellow (which you knew)
a hook is sunk into the neck
anteriorly, well, what the heck,
it works by loading to the hilt
the fellow nearly prone to wilt.
And when it pulls the pin gets longer

and (it is hoped) a trifle stronger.
Repeated punctually, of course
there will be talk about a horse.
In ninety days it grows an inch
and later, it may need a winch.

Herbert Nehrlich

Modern War

They say the desert dog will learn
from his arch enemy the mighty lion.
It seems to me that where those cities burn
there must be mothers left in sadness, crying.

Once on a time they were the hunted, it is true
they died on fields and at the hands of cruel men,
today the pilot says, we're doing this for you
do not compare my friend, you did not live back then.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mohammed Ali

When he was young he was a fighter
said 'I'm the greatest of them all',
post Vietnam things did look brighter
the goons had planned to see him fall.

Four decades later he's retired,
a gentleman turned rather mellow,
conservative and much admired
the boxing league's most quoted fellow.

And when he wandered in the woods
he used to chant 'the jungle rumbles'.
Mohammed Ali had the goods,
the end? That's how the cookie crumbles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mona Lisa-First Love

We'd been inside that place,
La Louvre, wow we said,
again and yet again, and there
she was, like in the story book,
bosom and all and looking,
really staring straight at me.

An instant bond had thus been formed,
and I was chosen, (it had to happen) ,
my first five years had just been finished
and all the learnings that lay the foundation
of one's whole life had filtered in,
through lacey drapes, in midday naps.

And no one saw how I allowed my pupils
to feast not on her eyes but on the décolleté,
which put my mother's Munich dirndl ruffles to shame.
Her piercing eyes, in love with only me,
now that they'd found the one from destiny,
warmed all my blood and I held on to
my sturdy Lederhosen, for steady thoughts
and guidance, which was badly needed.

I really loved my father, on that day at least,
he had remarked that I had chosen wisely,
it seemed that he was certain that a boy
whose eyes were glued to only Mona Lisa
would go so far in life and he was thrilled.

It matters little, what others feel or think,
in trance I floated through the Arc de Triomphe,
took in the Moulin Rouge, and then the Tower,
such poppycock, just local petty treasures,
my heart was heavy with a boy's first love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Money And Truth

So you asked what is wrong with the world that we see
ask an Aussie he'll tell you, he may utter STRUTH.
And he knows that we sing a benign rhapsody,
all the music says money is stronger than truth

Herbert Nehrlich

Money For Heaven

My belly aches for precious food
my androgens are in the mood,
one foot already in the grave
the other one acts rather brave.

Each calendar does lie a bit
and one has placed me in the shit.
A silver lining in my hair
and shaped I am just like a pear.

So many early warning wrinkles
and endless, unproductive tinkles,
some clerks now dare to call me dear
a wonder that I still can hear.

I see my cute optometrist
with glassy eyes, inside the mist
and when I pay for groceries
I reach and take the first green peace

out of the wallet, giving gladly,
my sight has sunk to 'rather badly',
it is my cottonpickin head
that wants to keep from being dead.

I pay the charlatan and quack
to feed me pills and fix my back.
While longing for longevity
I do forget that one small key

has been created for my soul
when God designed it to a role.
But, never one to listen much
I aim to commandeer a touch
of real immortality
all for a lousy service fee.

And when I'm down to my last coin
and angels beckon me to join

I'll have no choice and will not care
and, like a blinded forest hare
I do remain in place and freeze
then give the world a final sneeze.

I think the words above might say
it matters not what we can pay
and that we would be well advised
not to be cut or analysed.

There comes a time when your own number
unlocks the door to endless slumber.
So I shall keep my hard-earned cash
by now it is a hefty stash.

And take it to the Never-Never
a move that labels me as clever.
So, having been on earth a scrooge
the benefits shall be quite huge.
Make-over for the mind and bod
and pay the man, in this case, God.

Herbert Nehrlich

Money Tree

Ten years ago, in Tennessee
I grew myself a money tree.
The money came in all-green leaves
my shepherd kept away the thieves.
My dog supplied his droppings, too
I added, also, chicken poo.
The tree grew big and even bigger
it was a huge imposing figure.
And from the top you could make out
Jack Daniel's place, on Hilltop Route.
I cared for, watered my big tree
it did allow me to be free.
And in the year thereafter it
had little ones, I said 'oh shit'.
Today I have a whole plantation
by far the largest in the nation.
I am the richest in the land
my life is great and never bland.
This shows what honest work can do
I wouldn't think it is for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Money, Honey

I know, my dear, I told you that I love you,
you hold my hand now, lucky me, as I lay dying,
the other one is in the grip of those who would lay claim
to having known my most elusive little secret.
I did conform, my dear, to all expected standards
your dad was adamant that money was the cure
of all the evils and the undecided matters
he threw it nilly-willy to the silly locusts.

And here I was, my dear, you looked like that great face
whose photo had been plastered on banknotes,
how can you blame me now in hindsight for the loss
I knew but nothing of investments and finances.
All I have left is what I see here on my pillow
a flabby body with no tits, but bushy hair,
I checked this morning with the banker and am sorry,
there has not been a resurrection there today.

So, if I told you that I loved you, I was drunk.
I cannot be the one that you desire now.
And if you weep to get your way with me I say
it's only money that will get adrenals going.
Can you imagine me, the wizard of the odds
make love to you if they have sent a note to you
that says dear customer, don't bother to come back?

So please forgive me if i take my mammoth asset
to other pastures where rewards are worth their time,
I wish you luck, however, and a Latin lover
one who has never known the platitudes of time.

Epilogue:

He did not die my friends, he went to his close neighbour
who held his hand and then decided all was safe.
They're still together after many moons of loving
she had no money but the balance was from heaven.

Monsieur Filou

I shiver when I think of you
the awe I feel, the dill I am.
So, from afar I watch,
take in each move
each fleshy groove
the lanolin of lamb,
crank up the dial by just one notch
it spells filou, Monsieur Filou.

What can I do, who can I be
to wrap myself, with pointed knee
around your Majesty's plumage?
I'd pay, and play, I'd pray and say
whatever the montage,
forget the crew, there's only you
who'd offer me a way.

So, let me tell
I wish you well,
but I am always near.
Send thoughts to me
and know I shall
find one discerning ear.
It now is WE,
Monsieur Filou,
a matter not for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Monsieur Gustave Cazin

He looked upon the finished tower,
at dusk, as in this sacred hour
the city lights reflect so loudly
and silent bats are flying proudly,
the structure was a masterpiece.

Gustave went down on his French knees
to thank le Dieu for inspiration,
allowing him infatuation
to build this wonder of the world.
When in his head a gremlin curled
itself and wrapped its closest neighbour
inside its claws, then stuck its saber
into the heart of all sane thinking.

He smelled the fear of slowly sinking,
his vision blurred and sparks ignited
those structures, previously delighted,
and within seconds, battlecries
hurled echoes out through both his eyes.

He staggered slowly to the lift
to now ascend what his mind's gift
had built and happily presented,
(and no one knew he was demented) .

The view from there, like any height
inspires awe and sometimes fright.
A step too far, its brash demands
to bring what now he understands
a closure to his undertaking.
The time is now, he is awaking.

To not run out of what man needs,
the catalyst for all his deeds,
he takes a last gigantic breath,
lets go of it to meet his death.

Monster (Asocial Children)

A coward was asleep in bed
his eyelids heavy just like lead.
A monster came into his room
and promised loudly doom and gloom.
He dared not look, this fellow Howard
and so the monster killed the coward.

Herbert Nehrlich

Moon And Sun (Children)

The Moon with finely chiselled face
awoke to see his ancient foe
dress up with gold-embroidered lace
to execute her morning show.

Quickly he looked to earth, straight down
into the calmest, clearest lake.
It mirrored back his lunar frown
and made him look like patty cake.

He wondered then what folks preferred,
the choice was Moon, or else the Sun,
his vision was a little blurred,
as always when his shift was done,

when suddenly the Sun said 'Luna,
I think you're handsome and a tease,
go cover up under your doona,
it's daytime now, my little cheese.'

And Moon went to the land of dreams,
not very happy to be labelled
a dairy product, but it seems
that he became badly disabled

in his next dream and that the Sun
had helped to warm his ailing soul.
And when it all was said and done,
the Moon was healthy, happy, whole,

and since that day they joke and tease
each dawn and dusk, foggy or hazy.
The Sun still says 'my little cheese',
but in return he calls her 'Daisy'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Moongames

I'm as cute as a hairy baboon
and my God is the Cheddar Cheese Moon.
When I eat too much cheese
my intestines soon freeze
so I fix it by eating a prune.

It's the cheddar inside that damn cheese
that wreaks havoc inside me with ease.
So I think that the Moon
is a grumpy buffoon
and the cause of a human disease.

Herbert Nehrlich

More For Jerry H.

Good old Jerry held on to the nurse,
she had come when she heard Jerry curse,
when she said she was hitched
Jerry's pectorals itched,
but those pectorals really were hers.

Then the surgeon, a J. Seinfeld double,
said dear Jerry you'll get us in trouble.
We will open your chest
do an imaging test
with the telescope from Doctor Hubble.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Haiku From The Confucius Collection

Man who ran in front
of car got really tired.
And they were Dunlops.

Man who ran in rear
of car was so exhausted
he went to heaven.

Hand in pocket makes
man feel cocky all day long,
it also warms him.

Man who scratches ass
is well advised to not chew
fingernails too soon.

War does not show us
who may be right in this world
but who will be left.

Man who eats many
prunes will soon get run for money
with noisy exit.

He lives in glasshouse
and always changes clothes in
the basement laundry.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Haiku Practice

A sniffer doggie
went to the outback outhouse
the door was bolted.

A man named Booman
was asked to write a poem
he is still trying.

We have a photo
a close-up of Bonsales
she is Miss Piggy.

The Pope is German
but does he eat spaghetti
or Leberknoedel?

My best Mercedes
does hardly wear its tyres
if flies and hovers.

What is a billy
it is a goat so smelly
that he can't stand it.

She blinked her lashes
at both the traffic coppers
they took no notice.

On Poemhunter
there are some troublemakers
they have no talent.

Mycinda Creston
from England's Happy Valley
writes brilliant poems.

There was a Zooman
who ran the monkey shelter
became a monkey.

He dreamed of peeing
he had to go so badly
so pee he did then.

And God was angry
he raised his index finger
and sent me thunder.

In West Australia
there lives a talentsheila
boy does she know it.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Limericks - Thomas Muentzer

There once was a land of great folks
who forever were telling good jokes.
When for breakfast they had
scrambled eggs (it's no fad) ,
they got whites, someone else got the yolks.

So they got all the people together
and they stood there in inclement weather.
Then they swore they would fight
and they wanted their right
to be free and without any tether.

But the tyrants came out of their hiding
they were up on high horses and riding,
they looked down from their nose
and said, do not oppose
all the folks must be law abiding.

They had swords and a cannon as well,
they wore lead and hard steel as a shell,
but the people prevailed
and the Royal bluff failed
and the King and his troupes went to hell.

There was dancing in all of the streets,
but some fellows, dressed up in a sheet,
came with torches to burn
those who hated to learn
thus the kingdom resisted defeat.

Said the leader, the power is here,
we have shed and discarded all fear,
once the masses do rise
you will have a surprise
and be quickly tossed out on your ear.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Loveable Limericks

A boy who was waiting for Santa
was engaging in innocent banter
with his sister Louise
who was such a big tease.
All this happend in ancient Atlanta.

Five AM and the male Easter Bunny
hides the eggs though it is a bit funny.
If he drops five or six
in the blackberry sticks,
over easy they are a bit runny.

On the bridge of his boat stood the Skipper
with a stainless steel wide open zipper.
He was eyeing a wave
when an elderly slave
yelled 'I think I am seeing a ripper'.

There was an LT ten-eleven
which flew with its wing touching Heaven,
thus it didn't seem odd
when the pilot saw God
but he did keep the engines revvin'.

When I drove my Mercedes Benz
due to snow through a picket fence,
in the town of Detroit
but no airbag deployed.
I haven't seen winter snow since.

Far be it that I should now brag
or place on my body a tag.
But on closer inspection
and considered reflection....
It's a humdinger duffle bag.

In the mirror I saw myself nude,
and I do not intend to be rude.
But my wide open eyes
could not take in the size,
so I mumbled 'By God, what a dude'.

A big vessel is called a ship
designed for an oversea trip.
So, don't call it a boat
or it won't stay afloat.
Pay heed to this pertinent tip.

In the turbulent town of Chicago
lived the brother of Dr. Shivago.
He was taking a break
sailing Michigan Lake.
But he called it 'Chicago Lago'.

In the hilly town of San Francisco
many juveniles frequent the disco.
And near Alcatraz Jail
you spot many a sail.
Many householders cook with white Crisco.

Herbert Nehrlich

More On Gina

It was in nineteenfiftyfive,
For twelve long years I'd been alive.
I see as well the CAVEAT,
have donned my wise poetic hat
and all be told, from shore to shore,
a woman glows at forty-four.
And pretty Gina, sixty one
is still a tease and lots of fun.
She read my English poem 'She',
and cocked her dimples: 'Oh, I see'.

Herbert Nehrlich

More On The Belsen Boy

It would have been,
then, or even now
a real privilege
to know the Belsen boy.
Or, would it be
within the possibilities
to have a peek
at that old photograph.
The similarity between
the man who does resemble
a stick and nothing more
and one brave soul
who has been found
and whipped
by Cancer
show clearly in
the bathroom mirror.

Each morning
he looks and acts
the same.
Because he's always there,
reminding me
of ethnic cleansing.
He loves my soapy hands
and giggles at the foam
which is a make-believe
it shows the man before,
like an old photograph
from times long gone.

There's colour in his face
and lips, so ruby red
they speak.

A tiny bubble blows
to me as if to say
I'm just a bit of soap,
a thought for you.

We take our time,
the two of us,
and call each other names,
like Belsen boy
it is a slippery game
watched over by
the ancient mirror.

And as the bounty of
our soap just clings
and slowly fades
we get a glimpse
into the depth of
two brave souls.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Rhymes

Well, in a convoluted sense
I'm always here, in residence.
It's true I thought you were asleep
but I had promises to keep.
Good friends dropped in for a small sample
of vinto tinto (I have ample)
then came the witchety (a grub)
cured after a good garlic rub
and bunya pine on open fire
the spouse was wearing Biedermeier.
We like exotic things to eat
and drink Potato Vodka neat

Herbert Nehrlich

More To Michigan

There were photos that came
from Mt Morris today,
it is clear that the fame
of her birthday just may
spread throughout the lands
and to touch some hearts
at the Coral Beach sands
where the gallery starts
and where cockatoos wait
for the white skinned smile
from some northernmost state
in inquisitive style.

And the smile without peer
and with braces to boot
it is you that I hear
even though you are mute
at this moment in time
you will walk with the best
and you may even rhyme
if you think that I jest
I assure you today
I have some ESP
which from day into day
que sera, what will be.

Herbert Nehrlich

More Wombat News

There once was a Wombat so hairy
his hair matched the Magical Fairy,
so they took him away
in the light of the day
and placed his loghouse in the prairie.

The Canadian winds were of change
and at first little Hairy felt strange,
but it happened he caught
(and this made him distraught)
the Ontario Fulminant Mange.

So they called in the local Vet,
who took Hairy right home as a pet.
And each morning at three
this new pet had to pee
and he also did...yes, mate, you bet!

So the Vet read his books all again.
He could see how all critters and men
used a regular spot
to lay wursts and would not
mess their homes like a Rhode Island hen.

Ah, he found the solution at last,
they discovered this, back in the past,
every wombat and frog
does require a log
for the ritual called defecast.

So a log was procured and nailed down
and the wombat was given a gown,
so he could, when in need
and right after he peed
lay his pretzels on top. They were brown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Morgue

She took the lift
to speed things up
down to the morgue
she had been sent.
Pick up a tag
which could be found
attached to his big toe.

No soul in sight
(though they were felt)
she opened number nine.
A moan did greet
a student nurse
she ran in record time
up to floor ten
where she then hugged
the janitor's own broom,
she quit and works
even today
with parsley and with dill.

Herbert Nehrlich

Morning Solitude

Yes, and BASTA, I do walk in the fields,
they are all mine as well as yours,
no God that I would ever know
would give you rights of exclusivity,
to dewdrops, grass and sticky clay.

I'm one with all the things I see,
the rabbit hiding, thinking he can fool
a teacher's eyes and keen perception?
I step around the living things and splash
inside the puddles from the recent rain,
no one can see me now, I am that child
that you, my precious parents snatched away!

Away from the joys
and the hand-me-down toys,
from the worms in all pockets
and the spiders in shoes,
and the trips to the pantry
to the desk in the den
for cigars and Sarotti
and the booklet of nudes
all the photos of Jan
with her Austrian dudes.
I do talk to the hoppers
in the greenest of grass
and no critter avoids me
not one ever has.
I have leapt into manhood
with the kick of your boots
and I think that the devil
was with you in cahoots.

Herbert Nehrlich

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken
down by the pier
and you have spoken
don't want me near.

Morning is freezing
here by the bay,
nevermore teasing
you cannot stay.

Morning is fading
welcomes the sun
slowly I'm wading
evil has won.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mortgage Broker

There was never a good joker
just a cheating mortgage broker,
it was business as usual in L.A.
Make your money just by cheating
but some day you'll get your beating
it's the piper that you certainly must pay.
And the people that you've plundered
when the devil's kingdom thundered
will at last have their own wicked, sordid way.
They will rip your inner felon from your chest
take you up to where the sun sets on the crest.
Then they dropp you fifteen miles. It's end of play.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother

The pilot was a friend of mine.
He rushed to visit mother on her day.
And mother had just chilled his favourite wine
when all the doorbells rang at once to show dismay.
The plane had crashed this morning at the Herbert River
not one survivor had escaped the crocodiles
his lovely mother just ignored that sudden shiver
and started cleaning with the steamer her floor tiles.
'Yes he will be here, he would never miss this day,
in all these years he's always brought a little gift,
and after lunch we'll sit us down and act so gay..'
(while on the crashsite the inspectors start to sift) .
She had the place in an immaculate condition
and waited up until the clock announced the hour
which would ring in another day like a petition
and then the doorbell chimed, there was a single flower
brought by the constable, his face was black and teary
and then the truth was handed over with the rose
and mother thanked him for his kindness, called him 'dearie',
just for a moment you could see that mother froze.

Herbert Nehrlich

Moth-Er (For Grown Children)

A mousegray, speckled, hungry moth
had found the vicar's holy cloth.
When darkness drifted from the spire
she started chewing the attire.
Slid from the pulpit at great speed
a moth whose body was in need.
Unerring was his navigation
though churches practice obfuscation.
God knows that moths eat just like swine
they smack and grunt as they recline
their favourite food is cotton plain
which they can usually obtain
where people wear old fashioned frocks
like vicar's robes and cotton socks.
He did approach her from behind
not knowing whether she would mind.
And in the folds of holy cloth
he perpetrated on the moth
a carnal act (one to another)
soon after, moth became a moth-er.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother Carp

First was the violin,
its plaintive melody
arousing drummerboy
bass cello, and the harp,
they'd play a symphony
to drummerboy's sly grin.
All little fishies sang the 'fish ahoy'
and dove into the mouth of Mother Carp.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother Goose

The pillow cradled her gray locks,
she dreamed about a goose,
the night was cold and she wore socks
of pleasant baby blue.

When in the morning she awoke,
her dream was still so vivid,
she realised this was no joke,
sat up, became quite livid.

They'd tied (inside her dream) a noose
around the lovely neck
of that benign Canadian goose,
out on the Boathouse deck.

As through the window peeked the willow
she quickly donned her shoes,
picked up and hugged her fluffy pillow..
it was her Mother Goose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother Of Mine

She's still around
as the indifferent are
so fond of saying.
It took decades for me
to realise that
I may have reason to be,
in more ways than one,
seeing myself as a chosen,
what would prompt the gods
to bless me in such manner?

Yes, she is getting old,
fractured femur was part
and is still parcel,
as the indifferent say,
wouldn't leave the bed
or give up that blasted
fetal position, she assumed
I would take it in stride,
which is, needless to say
an idea of great exotic value,
I mean, a mother, in bed
being pampered and pitied,
give me a break, it was I
who needed the stroking.

Well, she is doing more than,
much more than doctors and those
cranky nurses had thought she was
capable and willing of,
and Amen to that. I knew it,
always have known these things,
all along so to speak.
Can't say I'm pleased now,
fronting the high care room,
and that little bundle of pallor,
whose only ambition is the lift,
which, God willing, will take her,
one day before the winds of change

or the presence of that grim one
could say number three, up again
into her own place, two balconies,
a home of beauty, her very own,
and here I stand, keeping my nose
and the other senses oblivious
to the malodorous ambience,
loaded with a basket of Lindt's best,
even found some of that blackberry,
complete with rhubarb jam she so likes,
Mars bars, something she took home
in eighty two from the Yanks,
a nice visit it was, general was with her,
back to the Fatherland where they knew
and stock countless shelves with it.

You thought of everything, what a nice
I knew she would say that, a nice boy,
well, I replied, in the usual tradition,
you raised the boy now, didn't you.

Sergeant of a nurse had to butt in,
yes we, Mother and I know, we do, of course,
she can't have all this right at the moment,
it's an advance for the move upstairs,
must be prepared, whole family always,
and still, subscribe to that, be prepared.

She dosed off again, even a slight snore,
feeble but with its own pesky presence, it did
add a new dimension to all this silence,
strange though, you could have assumed
that they were all dead down here, oldies,
in the case of the mother of mine, though,
undoubtedly a goodie. Can you say greatie?

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother-In-Law

A WOMAN'S POEM

He didn't like the casserole
And he didn't like my cake.
He said my biscuits were too hard...
Not like his mother used to make.
I didn't perk the coffee right
He didn't like the stew,
I didn't mend his socks
The way his mother used to do.
I pondered for an answer
I was looking for a clue.
Then I turned around and smacked the **it out of him...
Like his mother used to do.

My answer:

Then his mother came to visit
she was used to have her way,
she yelled 'my boy what is it? '
He was silent and wouldn't say.
So I said you are HIS mother
but you are Jack Schitt to me,
one thing led to another
she soon went off her tree.
I cook, she said, those dishes
that make the big chefs cry,
fulfill my darling's wishes
to the day that I shall die.
And I know you are quite basic
didn't learn a bloody thing
but I am multiphasic
and a queen to the old king.
My boy deserved much better
than a lazy socialite
and an overly clumsy fretter
wearing kilos of cellulite.

I had finished a blueberry pie,

it was hot from the oven and big.
So I aimed for that mean evil eye
and descended upon her blond wig.
And she hollered and screamed until late
while the pie was all over her face.
From the piece that she tasted and ate
she could tell that she'd lost her own case.
Then my hubby came home from the bar
always hungry for crusties and sweets
and he spotted his mum from afar
(it was likely her spherical teats) .
And that day was the day we divorced
there was nothing that could have been done
and his mother, much later, endorsed
an accountant from Frankfurt, a Hun.
As for me, I went over to Greece
to an island and stayed at the beach.
Then I chose the most obvious piece
it was ready and quite within reach.
We got married that day, in a fever
and he spoke only guttural stuff,
but he liked my down under hot beaver
and for me that was really enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mothers

A mother is not
what could pass for creation.
It supersedes it.

There can be no bond
as strong and everlasting
even imagined.

All things will prosper
through praise and retroaction.
No rules for mothers.

What drives our mothers?
The absolute, inherent,
relative at that.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother's Birthday

What is a house without a spouse,
you may well ask and wonder
who'd clean the place and catch the mouse
that came inside to ponder

how quickly he would get into
the place that strikes his fancy
he'd try his clever tricks on you,
perhaps some sycophancy?

The cook, the cleaner, the alarm
a jackie of all trades
she is expected to wear charm
in multicoloured shades.

Get up, you kids, it's time for school
the bacon's almost ready,
there is a strict and simple rule
that goes for you, too, Eddie.

You'll catch the bus when it first calls
and don't forget your books,
and if you kids go to the malls
watch out for all those crooks.

And child molesters, cons and gays
they all like pretty faces
and do return your fast food trays
and tie your sneaker laces.

I worry all the hours till
the bus returns you guys,
I'm sure your mother never will
just stand there baking pies.

She holds the clan together, yes
a mother does it all,
and every god would always bless
the bond that grows so tall.

A husband brings the bacon home
and makes a stoic face,
yet in the scheme he is a gnome
runt of the human race.

A house is nothing, trust me now
without a pair of boobs,
while she alone can show you how.
He plays with Rubik's Cubes.

So Happy Birthday from the gang,
may you have many more.
From now we promise, we shall hang
our jackets by the door.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother's Day

At eighty-four
she is not old.
Though she denies
some salient facts,
I had just called her
to say Hi,
and also Happy Mother's Day,
when, with an edge
within her voice
did want to know
about her life
with us,
her children.
'Was it acceptable,
and did I do
what could be called
a loving job
for all of you,
what do you think? '
I could not run
so quickly said
'Most of the time
most certainly.'
It was an answer
she had needed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother's Funeral

It has been fun,
she says at last.
Pure shock spreads
quickly 'cross her face,
from ear to ear.

Yes, fifty years it's been
and time enough
for shreds of hatred
to mature
into indifference.

And now she finds herself
at the well-rusted iron portal
of her familiar God's Green Acres
to say one last farewell,
with just one whisper
of a fleeting thought
'bygone it be.'

When unknown arms
of roughness
turn her away.

And from the depth of
one new grave
a melody is heard.
It is the taunting sound of
scornful laughter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother's Smile

How vivid her quick smile,
full years could not erase
the memory.

The smile she woke me with,
from midday naps.

Today they soothe
and come when clouds
and squalls of strife pass through.

An anchor has been forged
between the bed, so small back then
and any time I rest my aging head,
never alone, she seems to hover
unobtrusively, nearby, for me
upon my signal, in a heartbeat
her ready smile will come
like genie from the bottle
and sit right on my pillow,
with not a single word.

The miles have now outdone
even the years, and I do wonder
if there is sadness on her face,
perhaps some unshed tears.

So very soon I will just stand there
like the boy inside his cot
there at your grave, in awe
and, just like him, be
waiting for your smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mother's Trip To California

We packed with care her special dress
her just washed face showed heavy stress,
she is, you know how mothers are,
now in the air, her aim is far.
Her son is getting truly hitched,
a union ready to be stitched
by thread of silk, so it will last
forever gone a single's past!

Two kittens, Hamilton and Conner
will take their place and do the honour,
to sprinkle things (let's hope it's flowers)
throughout the house, at certain hours.

From here, Down Under, it's a pity
WE HAVE TO WORK, which is quite shitty,
there's many dishes in the kitchen,
the neighbours hear young Kevin bitchin'
the water needs to be made hot
inside that bloody coffeepot!

Hair from the dogs drifts through the air
and laundry items do want care,
dogs do their thing not on command,
(they act as if their food is bland) ,
and there are doors and windows too
to keep the birds from turning blue.
They shiver in their metal cages,
instructions cover several pages,
on how the washer operates
and Kevin longs to see his mates.

The moment work piles up he leaves
which sees me ironing shirt sleeves.
There may be something on TV
but no one home to serve us tea
or bring, to warm our bones and skin,
some beer and even Gordon's Gin.

If I remember, there's enough.....
which fridge? This question may be tough.
Too bad the dogs aren't trained to get
our liquid spirits. Any pet
ought not be left to egotism,
it clashes with our narcissism.

It's cold at night if we neglect
to close all windows. We respect
that Mother Nature can be frigid,
her sheer determination rigid,
so we are on a learning curve
10 days she's gone and who will SERVE
two nearly starving men at home?

They say that many roads reach Rome
but when it comes to household chores
when men must labour on all fours,
to keep the germs from taking charge
we need to hire us a Sarge
and one industrious foreign maid
who'd do the laundry, mop the slate
and keep us spoiled, well-fed and pampered
I ask you now, the one who tampered
with what I'd call our status quo,
he placed his boot on my big toe!

I think we'll go to bed at eight
that tactic may well cut the wait.
Ten days is really something else
by then a house with dogs and smells
will certainly require more
to reach the status from before.

You said the fourteenth, is that right?
It will be afternoon or night
perhaps the place will look attractive
we'll see about our interactive
and well-considered short cut plan.

We'll scrub the crusted frying pan
splash vinegar on all the tiles

while she is counting fly-by miles.
But one important fact emerges:
Next time she gets those travel urges
we may just jeopardize the deal
and introduce a different spiel.

There is, and we admit it freely,
a brilliant logic in this, really.
Domestic chores are NOT for man,
there ought to simply be a ban.

A woman's place, it is ingrained,
the Gods themselves would have ordained,
that it is near the kitchen sink.
Man's fingers do not fancy pink,
and blisters on our hairy shins?
Let's get our girls on VITAMINS!

Herbert Nehrlich

Moths

Flutter, flutter
on the window,
letters will arrive so soon,
Bringing news
of loved Berliners
this is war,
we love the moon.

Morning spat
into the mist,
wings long gone
windows kissed.

Smudges attract
moths just like light,
eat of our thoughts,
spawn a new blight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Motives

I fobbed you off at first,
'excellent question',
I needed just a bit
of time to find an answer
that would approach the truth.
I love to help those folks,
pull all the stops and then some,
to heal, improve, prolong,
perhaps save lives, God willing.
But in the end I have, (I do)
the sneakiest suspicion
that looks deceive (they do) .
And motives may be honeybees
that hum just when I please myself.
It's what we do, of course
or could it be just me?

Herbert Nehrlich

Moulin Rouge

Just looking,
from the window
at puddles
on La Rue
Toulouse-Lautrec,
chiffon in pink
and satin skirts
accentuate
face cream en matte,
a hurried patter
so subdued
by drizzle
and those shades
of nights
belonging to
the Moulin Rouge.

And as it turns,
untiringly,
it nods
as if to say
il faut
qu' je parte,
and it is late,
yet, once inside
all time suspends
itself
to serve the soul
of all the faithful.

I say adieu,
to rooms of gloom,
and squeeze
behind the
rather fat concierge
to prove
that destiny
can never lie.
It nods as well,

just watching me
as feet with wings
do carry me inside
a world of
Beaujolais,
and Gaultoise
and finally,
Pernod.

I fall asleep
and dream
of you,
while silky folds
of pettycoat and powder
caress me
inside the
Moulin Rouge.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mr Michigan

I had this silly dream the other night
musta been due to local surplus casket wine,
I sat inside the luxury caboose,
left Central Station for the journey to the firs.
I was a strapping and still blushing skinny teen,
had all my bearings and co-ordinates quite right.

Still fed the man dressed up in herringbone gray twine
a puffed up story which turned Nobel Prizes loose.
My eyes were open to the sights of any scene
I told the gentleman whatever now occurs
I am in limbo in the World of No Return
he said the Africans can burn and burn and burn.

I was appalled but in reality was stomped
what did he mean this man so fragrant of Old Spice?
But he just smiled and said your uncle is my friend
and it was true, he never cheated, to the end.
Don't you, dear reader ever wish that those who touch
your very being like the dog is sought by lice,
would pay a visit in your dreams, to let you know
that you were noticed, even though it wasn't much?

Herbert Nehrlich

Mr. Tweed

Gift of the gab now drives a cab.
Ladies with nets and boys with bets.
Stiff upper lip will pay no tip.
Starts writing near the end of shift,
pure poetry, it's just a gift.

But unbeknownst and unsuspected
and by his colleagues long detected:
a lot of sitting when employed
will grow at least one haemorrhoid.

And munching salted wrinkle chips
puts much condition on the hips.
So all the good that has transpired
will fade unless we get you fired.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mr. Vicious

Each time I hear from Mister Vicious
I call the name of Miss Delicious.
She cheers me up and calms me down
removes my wrinkles and my frown.
Next time that Mister Vicious calls
I'll dream of boobs. Forget the balls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mrs. Hodmenivascarhelicutashepuszta

She was old. Going on 97.

Said she couldn't, for reasons unknown
sleep the night through. Been like that
for yonks, but worse now since the democrats
those money spenders and antisocials,
elements of the devil incarnate
have taken over the country, lock stock and barrel.
Psyllium to be regular, visine for clear eyes,
nose drops and vaginal hormone cream
as well as good old Lipitor, which was, after all,
the catch all and cure all, would it not, really
it does, reduce that Bogeyman, Cholesterol,
killer of arteries, sex and brain power, so to speak
yes, the doctor knows, and ain't I the lucky one.

Born in a Hungary that was still the Austrian Empire,
not any of this Hodmenivasar and Bud-pescht crowd,
she was a proud one, looked years younger, too
but she was beautiful, really, in so many ways,
what was she, me wondering, like in those days,
and now she needed that dam Psyllium seed,
or the husks to be happy after brekkie, yeah,
it was part of life, this regularity and it was,
Doc made a big deal of it, a big deal.

Things needed to come out, in solid form,
not as auditory enjoyment or disturbances,
no, one had to ingest, digest and divest oneself
of these remnants of a modern day diet,
never mind what they did in Linz or Vienna,
they did, after all eat all those Gugelhupfen and,
often enough, the cream cakes and tortes,
gee, the memory of one trip does it, no doubt,
but this is the West, immaculate Medicine,
high tech for you failures and weak in character,
just please remember, bring your money and be silent.

Then she said, out of the blue, to me, her doctor of,
yes it is true and hurtful, thirty-three years and more,

that she felt like being in a room, filled of the very people,
who are of no interest or consequence for her,
it was a room so crowded with folks that, logically,
there was pushing and shoving and heavy breathing,
also a lot of this thing called diaphoresis, happening.
And she felt, no knew, no was utterly certain that
she needed to, wanted to, had to and loved to
push back harder and with at least twice the force,
incoming and modern though it was and would remain.

Perhaps the Psyllium was to blame, she ventured,
it has stopped these red-faced public mini-concerts,
but what if it did prolong her life, pray tell, could it be?
Would God be ready for her, want her now, at this point, '
this blink in time or was prematurity the mother of what?
Re-assurance was the one thing that was required here,
long dead Professor had taught, no person does exist,
but a number, tell them what it is that overcomes
and soothes ears that have been challenged by much time
you must take pills to show superior, long-lived outcome
and if it is just one remedial agent now, that will fulfil
and guarantee a long survival,
you take your Psyllium for the one and only reason.
Your God insists that you, when all your days have passed
you do appear at Pearly Gates in shoulder season
and have your luggage and your BMI in check
there are no fatsos inside Heaven, none at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mrs. President

Once upon a time
there was a land
that consisted of only
ice and snow.
No plants would grow
and no footprints
were left by anyone.

People lived
in snow huts
similar to the igloos
that we know from
the picture books
about the Eskimos.
Inuits for the more
educated among us.

The Inuits were hunters,
not really gatherers
since there was so
damn little to gather,
they had round faces
and wore moustaches,
both genders, they
were widely known
for their great hospitality
which extended
a very warm if not hot
welcome to visitors,
allowing all males
to partake of
the soft skin and the fruits
that grew on the warm trees
of native wives.

Females who stayed
overnight were asked to
help with chores,
like cleaning fish and

cooking heads and tails
as well as innards of
all creatures hunting had,
for generations quite unchanged,
procured. No sex for women
from the white man's land.

One day, it was a bitter wind
that signaled to the men
that it would be quite prudent
to return, get off the ice,
they saw the polarbears,
a dozen, in retreat, due North,
unfinished seals left strewn
and for the hounds to get.

A snowmobile arrived,
alighting was a thick fur coat
and sunnies, the expensive type.
'My name is Sarah', she was heard
to say, 'I am the guv and I am here
to bring new rules from Anchorage,
I do have a small fault, a plug
I think, made not in USA,
with this here snowmobile
and need to stay until the morn'
perhaps you'd show me where
the caribous do hide. A hockey MOM
I am but YOU cannot be bright enough
to play the game, we need to change
the way you folks get educated
and the way you think. Trust me, we will.'

Night came upon them as it does
north of the Hudson, with the cloak of stealth,
they settled down for supper
and the stories now began.
The fire roared and it was hot
inside the common home.

When morning came, it saw
the Guv stand by the sink,

outside, dressed in her furs
and scrubbing fish and slicing
gobs of blubber to be buried
in the ice, there to ferment.

Word came from USA
it had been bombed,
the land and all its folks
into oblivion, Russkies, sure.

Thus Sarah stayed to live
among the Inuits, she cleaned
all fish and made strong soup
from heads and innards
of the local fish. She did it well
and now and then she thought
of what they used to do at home,
with Todd, when he was sober
and the servants were asleep.

However, due to rules in place
for centuries, draconian rules,
no visitor without a dufflebag
or one of what you'd call
expandable appendage
of the fleshy kind, would ever
be allowed to taste the fruits.

For that, the climate is too harsh
and all the seeds need to be saved
to tend the gardens of their own.
But, in the end, they called her,
just to make her feel the LOVE,
'Our Mrs. President'. Oh well.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mrs. Smith

Yes, Mrs. Smith I surely would
hold hands with you if I just could
and with my innermost good feelings
I'd try to talk to you of healings
and how we must accept what God
has sent to us, however odd .
I'd stroke your neck, massage your feet
and talk about the summer heat
of life itself and how it's short
and how he was a lovely sport,
about his childhood and his cars
his dreams of travelling to Mars.
Then we would plan to see a show
perhaps on Broadway, sit front row
and ask why John went overseas
perhaps your tears at last would cease.

But no, you could not bear this life.
Disharmony and all this strife.
You could not hesitate or wait
I would have been your constant mate.
While I dreamed of his happy laughter
you hanged yourself on your own rafter.

Herbert Nehrlich

M's Travels

Three hours until the first stop,
it is called the Great Trans Tasman Hop,
now the wait till past eight.
Do not sleep, don't board late,
soon your ears will feel funny and pop.

That's when smog greets your curious eyes,
and your plane touches down as it flies,
you are back in LA
in the old USA.
And there's Greg, right on time, I surmise.

Off you go at a very good clip.
Take a breath and a bite and a nip.
Soon you'll get to the place
and you swear that, in case
of a RE-peat..... you'll travel by ship.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mubashir

The name's Mubashir, he was only five.
They said he'd grow up like the rest of Allah's men.
To keep our western human culture well alive,
we'd have to wipe them out no later than
the first night after Ramadan begins.
Remember Jesus died for OUR sins.

A plan was hatched that in Baghdad
all people would be wired for big sound.
Too bad - they'll wish they'd never ever had
with modern rifles fired the decisive round.

So, all the wires were in constant touch by air
with a device called 'OurWayToHell'.
The president himself had found it just and fair
to use this one, this giant mother of a shell.

Unknown to all and sundry was the potent trivia
that our hero was the colonel's son.
Who had not made it general because Olivia,
his wife, was dark from the oriental sun.

'So, screw the Arabs! ', all the soldiers screamed.
'And burn the turbans and their checkered rags! '
It's quite unclear, and no one knew why all this seemed
to be unchristian. It would fill more bodybags.

Disgust welled up at dark and covered faces,
at bodies wrapped in giant Hessian bags.
Though many soldiers didn't hesitate to untie laces
to really screw the females and the fags.

I notice that they don't much talk of glory
in modern warfare, out on the battlefield.
Is it because they've turned extremely gory
and that the final outcome is no human yield?

On the morning of the day before,
Mubashir was out in his big back yard.

Playing, with his brother, AMMOSTORE.
In front was stationed -chewing gum - his guard.

When the bird of paradise let out a cry
as to announce, while flying ever faster
into the slowly dark'ning Muslim sky,
to get away from mankind's last disaster.

They energised the wires by remote,
and every single limb and eye and hand,
to Allah went the people, even all their goats.
The bigger parts were buried in the sand.

Outside the city, at the colonel's den
some fall-out had occurred and hit the boy.
The guard was on a high speed chase right then
to hospital, Mubashir clutching toys.

The Yankee Building stood in all its beauty.
And ambulances were seen flying in.
They got there, pushed aside the guard on duty.
The waiting mother was the next of kin.

The ER doors flew open and they stormed inside,
and the soldier dropped Mubashir on the bed.
When they looked his pupils had gone very wide.
And on the trolley lay Mubashir,
he was dead.

Now it so happened that the big Kahuna,
he and the other Gods had been quite fond
of this delightful boy who so much sooner
than he should have, went to his beyond.

So, they had the shortest, quickest meeting.
All agreed this bucket had been filled.
They ignited a device - a final greeting
and then they had the whole of mankind killed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mud In Your Eye

I had a dream again last night
two dames were wrestling in the mud
one was named Vonnya, the other Gulp,
they were discussing poetry
and whether wrestling was the word
or wrassling was what they were doing.
I didn't have my glasses on
but, arrgh, the sight was not too pretty.

Herbert Nehrlich

Muesli For Brekkie

Take a bowl of stainless steel,
a mahogani paddle,
then pour two pints of heavy cream
a bit of citrus peel,
soaked oats, once rolled complete the team
the cook is in the saddle.

This Muesli is a Swiss invention
the Krauts add nuts and seeds.
I give it honourable mention
it meets some human needs.

The French and Spaniards use bananas
some shrivelled up dried fruit,
a handful of sun-blest sultanas,
it all adds up and lets you toot.

And there you have it, healthy food,
restores the missing lead,
and get your pencil in the mood
when it comes time for bed.

Written for Jodilee

Herbert Nehrlich

Mugabe's Philosophy

Down among Mugabe's niggers,
paid in money made from blood,
pulling, with great pleasure, triggers
waiting for the giant flood.

Help yourself, we cannot feed them,
kill as many as you can,
Africa will never need them,
Africa is not for man.

I'm not Jesus, breaking bread,
stretch one lousy fish to feed,
those who ought to be long dead,
white man go for black man's need.

God will never punish me,
you, my people may not live.
I am God, my eyes do see
seas of blood, for you to give.

Herbert Nehrlich

Musings

Came the Rabbi to the Abbey, met the Abt,
said Abdubai you disturbed me so I snapped.
Though the Rabbi wore a habit he was not
spending time inside the Abbey on the pot.
Often monks smoked funny grasses and they brewed
making life so much more pleasant, less subdued.
It's a funny and exotic life indeed,
even holy men are partial to the weed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Musings*

I shall be
your weather eye,
watch over you,
wage war
against all storms,
and hold you tight
when rains
and icy winds
fall from a heartless sky.
I'll take your hand
and lead you to
the Cantadora's cave,
where secrets hide,
beneath gray webs
handcrafted by
ebony-skinned
arachnoids
from the silent past.
My hollow hand
be filled from springs
inside hard granite stone,
to offer you a drink
and you to me
from salty brooks
still tepid,
bearing specks,
and miniature balloons,
the air is still,
though musk now hangs
from bony stalagtites,
the scent of heavy cream
like lava, nectar flows
our sacred bond,
none may be spilled,
we stay,
becoming statues
at the fountain
of our love.

Muttertag 2008

Mein Wunsch ist etwas anspruchsvoll
und eigentlich bist Du es ja,
man sollte Dir in Dur und Moll
ein Staendchen singen, Tra-La-La.

Ich wuensche Dir zum Muttertag
dass alles schneller aufwaerts geht.
Wenn Ach und Weh auch kommen mag
die Erde sich doch weiter dreht.

Genesen sollst Du und zurueck
in's eig'ne Heim, das ist doch klar.
Es ist fuer uns ein gutes Glueck
wenn alles kommt wie's frueher war.

Und mir? Da bin ich nicht allein,
auf meiner Liste findest Du
fuer Dich ein wieder starkes Bein
auch wenig Aerger und viel Ruh.

Auch aus der Ferne tut es gut
zu wissen dass die Energie
(ein Haeschen aus dem Zauberhut)
alltaeglich waechst, wie sonst noch nie.

Dein Lebensabend jetzt beginnt,
der Abendroete warmer Schein
bringt einen Wunsch von jedem Kind:
Dein Leben soll ein langes sein.

Und jeder Tag der Freude bringt
sei Dir gegoennt, so nimm ihn schon
wenn erst der Specht am Bahnhof singt
sprech ich mit Dir am Telefon.

II

Du meinst ein Specht der redet dumm,
man hoert ihn schon aus weiter Fern'.

Er macht ja stets den Buckel krumm
er hat das Haeusliche so gern.

Der Specht, ein buntgefiedert Tier
hat einen Trieb, Hausbau hoch vier.
Man findet diesen Trieb fast nie
sei's bei 'nem 'er' sei's bei 'ner 'sie'.

Er sorgt sich sehr um seine Schar
um Freunde, fremde Leute gar.
Der Specht hat lange Zeit geuebt
ist oft sehr happy auch betruebt

Es kommt auf seine Stimmung an
und was die Welt ihm bieten kann.
Gefuehle praegen bei dem Specht
den Paragraphen und das Recht.

Ganz kleine Dinge reichen schon,
ein boeser Blick, ein lauter Ton
schon schluepft der Specht in sich hinein
und laesst die Menschen ganz allein.

Sowie der Herr und auch die Frau
sie tragen bei dass in dem Bau
den sie errichten voller Stolz
dass er gebaut auf starkem Holz.

Auf Spechte kann man sich verlassen
es gibt sie auch in allen Rassen,
sie schaffen wenn's die Logik zwingt
solange es nach Wahrheit klingt.

Spechtfrauen sind stets engagiert
ganz selten dass sich eine ziert.
Drum sind sie auch nicht lange krank
und kriegen Lob und vielen Dank.

Und hackt ein Specht auf gutes Holz
dann sieht man gleich den grossen Stolz,
sie tun's aus Liebe und zu Recht.
So bist auch Du ein bisschen Specht.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mutts And Butts

It's the wife who is partial to mutts,
I must say I consider it nuts
one is black aone is white
neither racially right
but they vary in size of their butts.

Thus the white one is fat 'round the belly,
reminiscent of gooseberry jelly,
but her butt is not round
and it shades not the ground,
and the black is called Machiavelli.

I prefer that the gluteals be hams,
and in toto weigh thousands of grams,
like the mammaries, soft
and perhaps Nabokoffed,
now you know why I don't fancy lambs.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Abs

Asleep with innate innocence
the jowls stretched out, no hair is tense.
You took advantage of me then
a wife can do this to her men.

You peeked by lifting silken covers
as if the time had come for lovers,
and early in the morning yet
a sign of ageing etiquette?

I did acquire as of late
a more relaxed but steady state,
a lack of juice to sting to action
abdominals and their contraction.

I never meant to show a soul,
that I had grown a fleshy roll
of dormant muscles infiltrated
with fats that one finds illustrated
in nudist camps and magazines.

In future I shall eat my beans
each night before the lights go dim
until my pot reverts to trim.
Until that day please do refrain.
A man like me is always vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Angels Have You Now

You've made your peace, my friend
before you jumped.

You had compelling reasons
so you say.

There was no road
you could have taken
past
those black conclusions.

It was, perhaps, not altogether wise
to lay your plans in front of us,
who -left behind-
with sagging shoulders,
and teary eyes,
were well prepared.
Yet knew the deed was wrong.

I understand you could have
waited for the signal,
from well above.
But in your stubborn mind
you dared not let the sceptre
for a second
out of your much
determined ones.
Those hands that took your life.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Best Friend Willie

The papers said it has been found
you would be welcome, all of you,
with rationale and reasons sound
two parents and a happy crew
of five will get their visas soon
you may start packing all your things,
and when the sun reflects the moon
and Qantas polishes its wings
there will be smiles on every face
ADVENTURE spells the future here.

A foreign and exotic place
no time to even shed a tear,
to say good bye to the old farm
to friends and family, to folks
the promise of the Aussie charm
where gum trees would replace the oaks.

Six months to gather all our strength,
sell little things and settle bills,
then walk the width and too the length
of thirty acres, luscious hills,
it will be fine, you say and grin
though nagging is the inner voice,
the papers said that we are 'in',
we danced and hugged our girls and boys.

There were so many odds and ends
the knick-knacks of a hoarder's life,
we left some very happy friends,
(I have a foolish, gen'rous wife) .

Two dogs, one, Schultz, a dachshund, small
and faithful Willie, German Shep,
we could not take them, not at all,
so, faced with yet another step,
Brent Hoekema, he'd take the one
that would be guarding all his flock,
he also knew a certain Hun

a teacher just around the block.

So, Schultz fit in like God in Heaven,
and Willie sniffed and marked each spot,
then, on the Sunday, about seven
he'd wandered back, stood near his cot
and acted like he owned the place
which was, of course, the truth and more,
however, we, without much grace
took Willie back, stopped at the store
and bought a bottle, it was Jack,
to drown small doubts inside our minds.
We never ever did look back
and never opened our blinds.

The flight was great, the kids had fun
Australia, what did we expect?
Another country, full of sun
a home to love we did elect.

It's been some twenty years, then some,
we've settled long ago and own
two dogs, we drink our Bundy rum
and all our kids are fully grown.

But now and then, I reminisce
back to the day when Willie went,
such sadness, something was amiss
a child who'd lived with us and spent
ten years in total loyalty,
he knew me well, I would depart
his eyes searched mine, it had to be
I left him there, a broken heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Birthday Comes Twice

I have decided due to need
that I shall celebrate indeed
each coming birthday for two days
this strategy, in case it pays
will grant to me a frank reversal
and, in a way a sly rehearsal,
by adding then subtracting -YES-
and neutralizing, can you guess,
the gain in years and to forestall
the ultimate and final fall!
So, let it be my secret plan
to be the first, an ageless man.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Black Beetle

A hand reached out
something inside prevented
the kindly act intended.
The beetle, he continued though,
with frantic, futile moves
yet it was not to be.
Flat on his chitin back,
shiny and smooth, too smooth,
forever rolling, and sometimes sliding,
now making tiny noises, of incongruity.
I wished him then, quite fervently,
an obstacle which would permit
by inborn true stability of character,
the rescue so essential for survival.
The minutes passed, the sun
now having lost all interest
in watching fruitless struggle,
soon took the evening's leave,
a frigid wind with promises of rain
swept leaves and dust
in endless circles to and fro,
I thought of Anton Mesmer
and his silly passes, both arms
he used them with such earnestness,
first drops fell from a neutral sky
where masters of the universe reside,
yet one black beetle still remained,
left to his own incompetent devices.
You'll drown, an inner voice began to chant,
to him as well, he knew about his fate
life-giving drops would fill his belly soon
and like a bomb he would explode
leaving a mess of jellied black
and not a single memory behind.
Decision made, I reached
into this low-life's mad inferno,
when, with a vulgar shriek
a gust, with leisure on its wings,
raced through as on a mission,

upright, exhausted legs alive
he stood and looked me in the eye,
with tears of gratitude as if to say
perhaps I will, one day repay the deed,
it must have been the blindness
of capitulation, a pinhead brain
committing all resources to the end.
If Gods are willing, may there be
a helpful hand, if not a friendly breeze
for all the beetles in their time of need.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Butterfly

Some time ago,
while on my run
I came to the old weir.
And, as I passed
a butterfly
flew up to greet me here.

She went around in circles then
and looked me over well,
I thought perhaps she just liked men,
that's when I almost fell.

I'd kept my eyes on her too much
and didn't see the rock of ages.
And so my bare foot's painful touch
now caused the mother of all rages.

But she stayed with me for a mile,
then daintily said her goodbye.
And I enjoyed her all the while:
She was a pretty butterfly.

One hundred days I met her daily,
each morning she seemed more delicious.
She'd always look a bit capricious
but fluttered happily and gaily.

One day she didn't keep our date,
at first I didn't worry.
Quite simply she just could be late
or p'haps had met a lorry.

I never found out what occurred
and still am sadly bent.
I wonder whether you had heard
what happened to my friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Butterfly Again

My butterfly has disappeared,
this man admits to snatching her.
What else would he have commandeered
before or after catching her?

Some years ago, while on a train,
I saw an angel face,
I tried to get to her in vain,
'twas not to be the case.

I wonder now, could it not be
that she was called IRENE,
and that she and my butterfly
live happy and serene
in Tweed Heads on the Aussie coast
and with another poet.
I might just make it uppermost
to check this out - you know it.

And if I find them, let's be clear:
They both can stay right there.
The girl will be a grandma, dear,
the butterfly could care.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Cob

She took my cob,
an ear she called it,
the kernels stood,
in solidarity
to their own roots,
a-maize of thoughts
dripped to the cloth
and stuck to wings
of pushy flies,
oh, what a way
they sang in unison,
what ride, we are to die!
Wet lubricates the uvula,
Hyaluronidase,
and agile liposomes,
fresh from the crater's mouth
cling to the adenoids
before the dreaded fall
into unknown abyss,
(esophagus relax)
no new experience,
globus hystericus
but soothing are
those hands, caressing
pigment spots,
where tiny towers rise
to say their prayers
and give thanks to Gods
whose frank benevolence
was only lust and
the philosophy of the voyeur.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Computer Mouse

I sat in front of my computer
and read the new Computer Tutor.
Inside my quiet little house
my cat was searching for a mouse.
I keep, it must be said, the house
extremely clean, so any mouse
whose reputation is intact
and who in hunting skill not lacked
would leave these premises of course
to look for a more likely source
of walking culinary treasures
with which to satisfy one's pleasure.
However, kitten was a Manx
born near the Ganges riverbanks,
they breed them there and feed them well
and hang around their necks a bell
which is designed to scare the prey
and teach the kittens repartee
in dealing with the hunger pangs
when empty stay the hunter's fangs.
Well, while I read the latest stuff
(one never really gets enough)
of internet and Google mind you,
the cat, who likes to sit behind you,
had noticed now my drooping eyes
which happens to some tired guys.
I nodddeed off and caught some winks
while dreaming of those special links
when CAT inside my silent house,
devoured my computer mouse.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Computer Wizard

A hairy, freckled, frilly lizard
was, underneath it all, a wizard.
He lived inside my monitor
don't ask me what he lived there for.

It seems that once this frilly lizard
because he is a hairy wizard
would with the devil make a pact
and in the end my patience cracked.

For years I had to thus endure
the wizard and there was no cure.
It often made my outlook fail
so I decided I would mail

an e-mail to the world's own end
where not one wizard has a friend
One night when I could hear him snore
I opened up the little door

and snatched the wizard with my nails
(you gotta watch those pointed tails) .
Attached him, hit the button SEND
my troubles all came to an end.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Dog

'You seem to have, '
I said to her, sincerely,
'Chinese-like eyes
when you are fretting,
like in pursuit of food,
in hopes of being scratched
or just to be allowed to watch
your favourite show on the TV'.

It was a combination of
a hesitation issue twinkle
and pupillary sanpaku.

She knows all that, of course
and, it is likely that I've been
quite tightly wrapped around
her paws by Mesmer's eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Dog **

I covered her, against the cold,
a towel bearing the insignia of
The Radisson Hotel, all lily white,
I had been right that day in 98,
to question what they charge,
to stay a night on cotton sheets.
All night I'd take the cubes
in bucketloads from the machine,
ice comes in handy in those nights,
and samples of Camay, a special soap,
and dove, this time it was shampoo,
a shower cap, a glass, a Louffa sponge,
no, leave the bible, I won't need it
and Mister Gideon would be a man in pain.
Two towels would be fine and even out
the signature on Visa, pay your frickin' way.
My dog, she looks at me with eyes that do defy
what poets, sculptors, painters have observed,
I'd gladly fetch the golden fleece itself,
to cover her, to pat her wild and scruffy hair
just for the look of love, unmatched, and not to share.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Dream And Carl

I had another dream,
one of so many, lately.
Interpretation is a laugh,
the book has yellowed
through the ages, was born
in Switzerland, in Snowy Valley,
not far from the old hut.

Out on the ridge and overlooking
the Loetschental, and its small brook.
Carl had spent many summers here,
to locals he was a well worn recluse
who smoked a pipe to help the flow
of thoughts and brilliant poppycock,
which he would turn into new theories,
while tolerating not a whisper,
even the wind did have his orders,
the Master was in thought, it was enough.

What would he say, in Jungian Depth,
that Tiefenpsychologie, it had conceived
itself under his watchful brows.
Would he screw up his weathered face
and nod, while earnest eyes regarded
first me then new dimensions deep inside,
and would he pull the corners of his mouth
down in a gesture of a modicum of pity?

'I have discovered in my dream, dear Sir,
the meaning of the word we all call LOVE,
it was a simple answer to an ageless riddle,
and left to me as a decipherer of note.

The trifling act of gently placing, softly
the covers on a child, as if a lullaby
could take the time to stay and be a part
of little dreams and rosy cheeks until the morn.
I know with certainty that even teddy bears

do always welcome this companion, it's called love.'

And Jung took out his pipe and stabbed at me,
'Young man, you may be right, you surely
and unexplainably, do have me baffled,
just a trifle, you understand, it will take time
to carry out an examination of this hair-brained
and layman's theory, call it hypothesis.'

Re-lighting his companion he espoused,
eyes dark, downcast at first then bright as glacial ice,
'it will be necessary now to find if proof exists
so let us wander to the village to procure
a child with rosy cheeks, all ready to retire.'

Herbert Nehrlich

My Drinking Cousin

The doorway shrank beneath the pompous man,
who was director of the Rehab Clinic Giesen.
My cousin Gerhard stepped out of our van
to say Hello, to which the man said 'What's the reason
you've come to honour this esteemed establishment?
You want the cure? Or just a small vacation?
Step right inside, don't mind my Swiss accent,
we specialise in alcoholics and thorough rehabilitation.'

That was the plan, my cousin Gerhard had a tiny weakness:
He couldn't keep his hands away from booze.
And, even sober he could see the looming, coming bleakness
of years to come, the years he'd surely lose.

His breakfast saw the interesting habit
of one big glass of Bollinger All Red.
His appetite was similar to rabbits,
and then he'd drink until he tumbled into bed.

They kept him in the clinic for 8 weeks,
and taught him new behaviour, and false hope.
He left with the expression of a man who seeks
to show all mankind that he's off the dope.

In 1990 Fatty Liver came to visit.
And Dr. Hoffmann treated him with diet.
My cousin Gerhard never asked himself then:
Is it, because I drink too much from noon to midnight twelve?

And at a party given in the spouse's honour,
I sat with Hoffmann and we celebrated.
My hope to influence him in regard to drinking
only briefly flared, then it evaporated.

The friendly doctor was quite simply skilled
in ancient arts of guzzling great big steins.
He said to me that one only gets killed
sooner or later, friend, come have some wine.

In '91 the doctor, in his garden
in the black forest village,
on the edge of town,
he fell headfirst into the well of 90 metres.
Once he reached bottom he began to slowly drown.

Catty tongues then spread the nasty rumour,
that Doc Hoffmann had been full of rum.
If one has sufficient and good humour,
he'd believe that for some years to come
all the well would yield would be high spirit.
Gerhard tasted some and, smiling, said 'Just stir it'.

When Hoffmann's records were revealed to me
by his successor, over drinks,
it said cirrhosis, 'well advanced, grade 14 D',
my colleague said -now gulping- 'If one thinks
that drinking is essential to survival,
to keep the bubbles in the champagne glass,
make sure that no one ever, even slightly, clinks,
so that, upon the champagne's late arrival
in our stomachs, it would still have gas.
It's not the ethanol that causes the destruction',
he slurred a bit now, 'it's the way we slurp,
and down the stuff as if it were pure suction.
You must remember, the salvation is the burp.'

Last year, when Gerhard did his best
to overcome a hip replacement, right,
they laid the second doctor there to rest.
And at the funeral I looked and thought he might
now get the hint and cut down on the stuff.
But then, it is the same as seen with Bonny-Lee and Clyde:
Seems once they start
they never ever really get enough.

Last year my drinking cousin, as we named him,
poured many litres of good wine into a pot,
then lit the fire -and it did not greatly shame him-
he stuck his head into the fumes,
I kid you not.

It was a phase he said, we all have these,
and as he opens gently bottle number nine, :
'I do not have to drink, you know,
for me to cease,
all I would do is say one word and that is
NEIN.'

Herbert Nehrlich

My Drive

Today they would label
a pupil like me,
not willing and able
but ADHD.

I would shout at the teacher
in my urge to be heard,
what a resolute creature,
like his father, a nerd.

I absorbed education
like a warty green toad,
for that meagre ovation,
all so rarely bestowed.

Always dreamed of how pleasant
it would be on the land.
Live one's life as a peasant
Could he not understand?

When we buried the Geezer
it was all in the news,
seems by pleasing this Caesar
I might fit in his shoes.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Edelweiss For You

And visit you when it is dark,
in the olde land.
Birds do not sing at night,
but they are happy in the tropics.

No midnight sun to greet,
dogs bark a warning.
I have not prayed
in decades, perhaps never.
And the words are rough and ready.
It is the anchors that hold tight
as only they would please
our destiny, how will I know?

I'm torn inside to be here,
to tear apart.
My motto is my shame,
'must have her' are my words.

It's my intent to rip
the covers off her body,
to take her with me
as my prize.

As now the door is opened,
gently from inside.
And there she stands,
with eyes of sadness,
holds out her hand
and says with calm
and softness to my face:
'I know you've come for me'.

And then I know
what kind of man I am.
I shake my head and
tell her that I can't.

She smiles because

she knows.
She hugs me with her body,
she might as well
hug Lucifer himself.

And then I leave her, hurry off.
It draws me to the Alps,
up to the cliffs
it is no effort.

I climb until
I only see the sky
and search with every fibre
of my senses.

I'll stay until I find it
and if I die there
she will know
that I would take to her
the Edelweiss she is.

And she could show it
on occasion to,
her husband who
I did not pick it for.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Father Was A Unicorn

My father was a unicorn
my mother a red rose,
then I (the little one) was born
with an exquisite nose.

I love the scent of anemones
though orchids leave me cold,
my skin was soaked with pheromones
but now I'm simply old.

Remembering the unicorn
who loved his little rose,
they cultivated one small thorn
in poetry and prose.

As mother finally fell ill
I was a tiny tot,
she called me 'little Daffodil',
though Daffodil I'm not.

The fever turned her petals black
and, dying, she called out:
'if there is one thing that you lack
it is your father's clout.'

The moment mother passed away
I groomed my dainty nose,
to make a bigger passageway
and please my mother Rose.

The genes however had me pinned
so I ignored her scorn
my looks had changed but when I grinned
I was no unicorn.

Herbert Nehrlich

My First Teacher

They say the years from one to five,
when tiny tots become alive,
li'l professors they are, really
as they take in and store so freely

an overload of information,
as if by heaven-sent dictation.
Those years of active acquisition
are followed by the earnest mission

of teachers in the local school
who teach even the dumbest fool.
And, if you want to know the reason
why some of us learn out of season,

continue to obtain the goods
about the why's and what's and should's,
in playgrounds and on dusty streets.
It's when your hungry, blue eye meets

that of the teacher to connect.
In a split second a direct
and lasting bond is herewith born.
And from that moment you are torn

between the world and your first love
when she regards you from above.
But if no spark arises there
the two of you will never share

a common path through those first years,
and when your graduation nears,
you'll say good bye with no regret,
as cool as on the day you met.

For those who do feel adoration,
in early years a fair sensation,
you will increase your own IQ
because you understand the true

sweet essence of your little mind.
You learn to count, to write and find
that teacher's eyes are your reward.
When other pupils do act bored

you whip your mental faculties
for one good reason, it's to please
the one who does appreciate
your intellect in a debate.

You learn a trillion silly facts
about strange wars and secret pacts.
And, in the end, when you're all grown
it is as if you'd always known.

Your parents spend with you their days,
but seldom shower you with praise.
You learn for life, say those who know,
not for the school system, oh no.
But mine was such a lovely creature,
I did my thing just for the teacher.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Friend Amygdala

Oh yes, the bloomin' birds,
while sitting, sorting fancy words
from alleycats and moths
inside a haze of gray, I say
it was inevitable in a way.
The piece flew off the stick
and reached with force fifteen
the eye I really want to keep.
Confusion landed close nearby
bystanders asked (in earnest) WHY,
what saved the day, the mood the eye
from objects never meant to fly?
You think about your God Allah,
it was my friend Amygdala.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Grandpa Was A Slave

The men of means were short of slaves,
they went to Africa to snatch the young
some lived in jungle huts, some lived in caves
all ate the native weeds and cooked with dung.

Cheer up America, for here we come,
new masters give us work and chitterlings,
no need for schools and such, we must stay dumb
and break our backs for you, our pale-faced kings.

And now the time has come, we take the reign,
we hand you shackles now, the tables turned
hush, any struggles now will be in vain,
remember when the crosses burned?

We are your masters now, benevolent,
we'll feed you watermelons, and tepid grits,
don't blame the gods for your.... predicament
we get equality, and you the shits.

Herbert Nehrlich

My High School Choir

It was expected to belong.
A boy who has his sights
aimed high,
who aims to make
his parents proud,
will show respectability
and rise above the common folks.

It was the driving force
that made me join the choir,
a voice of mediocre quality
would not disgrace the school
as it was mixed into the crowd
of screaming baritones,
of pubescent basses and the lone
and rather spindly looking pallor
who, as a rarity, was an essential tenor.

When teenage vocal cords perform,
there is an awe that settles in the hall,
or auditorium, it clings to dusty walls
and rests among the cobwebs of the past.
And hearts pick up their happy beat
as if to shout about their sheer invincibility,
each ear, as it partakes the sum of all,
of loud, angelic voices oh, so pure,
claims ownership of the collage of tones
impressed and stirred to greater deeds,
while restless eyes now roam, subdued
search rows of colleagues in the amber light
until they find that pair of mellow molecules,
look back into the innocence of all,
and tiny promises now sing a melody.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Island

The shriek awakens me,
suspended as I hang
between two cocos palms.
The hammock having carved
imprints like wounds
in sunburned skin,
and I am swaying
in the breeze from Torres Strait.

White, flashing teeth
of small black devils
with coarse brown hair
and fat pink lips
are playing their new game,
it's known as speer-the-fish
and does have all the trimmings
of practicality and island life.

I soon drift off again
to melancholy distant lands,
where snow-capped weather vanes
and handsome kiss-me-nots
have done their decorations
on all the window panes.
The river frozen, but a fisherman
all dressed in dark green Loden
waits motionless in winter's silence
for that exclusive nibble
which will be supper for two days,
as all his cupboards have been bare
since they brought home in late September
the final wagon of their fragrant hay.

I smell the fish at once, can almost feel
the slippery wetness and its wiggle,
and as I wake again the boys are there,
mischievous grins and teeth of ivory,
and soon the village does descend
upon my territory, with knives

and happy but determined smiles.

It's almost dinner time, my friends
and I am more than willing to oblige,
they take from me the giant brim
part of the ritual of loving life
in its simplicity, and to recover
I must have a minute, going for a swim.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Kindred Spirits

I dream about my travels,
through times long gone
and space now allocated
to those young bulls with horns.
A melancholy road ahead
is lined on either side
by fragrant leaves and stems,
with purple petals, moist of dew.
Those are my kindred spirits,
they neither wilt nor ever die,
a comfort should I need to cry.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Lederhose

I loved the touch of you,
cool in the summer and so...
..shall we say, of warmth
in Continental winterstorms.
You always clung to me,
hugged both my nether cheeks
and kept the little fellow safe
as well as hidden from
the prying eyes of predators.
You had a flap, I call it tongue
and all your dignity was kept
above the vulgar sphere
that can be found above
as well as in the ground.
You waited patiently all night
perhaps you hoped and wished
for just a brief nocturnal touch.
Which never came at all,
but in the early morn you stared
while I came steaming from
the noisy shower, ready now
for your sweet company
where we would share the day
and blatant intimacy.
Yes, you were tough as well
withstood the torture of the life
of a rambunctious boy who,
by reason of the raw insanity
of fresh and generous recalcitrance
would not have thought of peace
or the sweet kindness of a courtesy
toward himself or an expectant soul.

We were together, all those days
except for what they called Jehova's Day.
That's when the Sunday suit was it,
the mandatory and for all formality.
And you, my tough and loyal hide,
you sat, with saddened eyes,

wrapped up in Edelweiss suspenders
on the Persian runner near the bed
and waited for the day and night to end.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Leotard

I bought myself a leotard
to wear each night in bed.
My wife says it looks avant-garde
a bit like Mister Ed.
Her nightie is the see-through kind
a dark fluorescent yellow,
it covers all and her behind,
and stirs the little fellow.

Expanding this is are socks of rouge
two pairs of different size
beneath, in case of a deluge
or other strange surprise,
a bilroth sheet to grace the floor
and keep the cold from rising
and just in case, there's more and more
(the thought is tantalising) ,
a Chinaman sleeps on that sheet
he is a trusted lad,
he generates some human heat
but can be real bad.

So, if you think you are confused
we may just say the same,
since egos easily are bruised
we all must play the game.
A small expandable black mitt
once made of mink from Russia,
two patches of it for each tit
that's how we sleep in Prussia.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Mother's Zoo

My mother has a cuckatoo,
in fact her house looks like a zoo.
It smells, it must be said, dear Scout
like billy goat and sauerkraut.
At times while visiting this zoo
the cat will leak upon my shoe,
the cuckatoo would call me freak,
I visit mother once each week.

Herbert Nehrlich

My New Computer (Limerick)

Just got finished (some help from a tutor)
hooking up to the net the computer,
somewhat clumsy of hand
though I did understand
this thing beats the old roto-rooter.

Now the screen is a 24 size
the small letters as big as blowflies.
And no gremlins in sight
so I bid you good night
may the gods bless my overworked eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Old Schoolmate

A friend from overseas,
one who was half forgotten,
came for a visit just today,
to reminisce and see koalas.
I had occasion to observe
him freshening and take a shave
in front of our steamed up mirror,
and he remarked that olden times
remember when we used to, well.
He started yapping as he used to
just over 50 years ago at home.
Yes I remembered well our pranks,
the turds we laid in school loudspeaker,
the powdered Glauber Salt for tea
that made the teachers run at last.
The hazy, though acute reflection
had given me some food for thought
but when we sat with our friend Jack
and sipped the memories back down
it did occur to me that he, in truth,
had aged so much that it was doubtful
he was the friend I'd left behind.
So, c'est la vie I mumbled loudly,
creation knows no decency.
Next morning when he shaved again
I peeked in quickly, did confirm
and my elation made me glow
how lucky can a person get?
Then I was beeped and had to go
he said 'you put on some condition',
patting my belly, then he added
'well face it, we're old geezers now'.
I have a beard and never shave
and therefore have no need to look
into a steamed up lying mirror
and, well I do recall the days,
when that old geezer was still young,
he always did exaggerate.

My Parasite

Hallo, ja? Dort die Anwaltskammer? ? ?
Brauche Auskunft, der Name ist Hammer.
Ach Sie meinen den Mann
der fast alles schon kann
er bereitet uns gar nichts als Jammer!

Luegt der Hammer bei seinen Mandanten?
Oder nur bei uns Onkeln und Tanten?
Ja das kommt darauf an
was er rausholen kann,
doch das Volk kennt schon lang' den Genannten.

Ja die Nagolder nennen ihn 'Muesste',
er tut immer als wenn er schon wuesste
was man tun sollte doch
kommt dann Arbeit und noch
eine Karte von Portugal's Kueste.

Er sagt, mache ich, 's wird wieder werden
predigt Recht und Justiz hier auf Erden.
Aber nichts macht ihm Marsch
denn sehr faul ist der Arsch,
hat gemein nur den Arsch mit den Pferden.

Doch er kann mit den sehr langen Fingern
schnell den Reichtum der Kunden verringern.
Schlaegt der Hammer das Schwein
ja das Sparschweinchen ein,
sucht er Geld in den rosigen Dingern.

Und wer Hammer die Gage bezahlt
ist ein Depp der mit Dummheit noch prahlt.
Denn ein Mann der erlaubt
dass ein Dieb ihn beraubt
wird auf Leinwand in Tinte gemalt.

Ist doch traurig dass solche Halunken
(dem Verbrecher noch heimlich gewunken)
laufen rum um zu finde

alle Taube und Blinde
und mich auch. Und das hat mir gestunken.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Poems (Haiku)

I do consider
my poems as my children
I shall not share them.

Those of poor manners
just stay away you wankers
you are not welcome.

It's strictly envy
you know that you're inferior,
consumed by hatred.

To me you're nothing
a windbag full of flatus
and diarrhoea.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Poetry Book

I changed my mind about a book
it's way too much in work.
And who'd appreciate the look
that others give a jerk.

I've mentioned in my testament
that all my writings ought
to go with me, so what I penned
would never count for nought.

I hope my relatives fulfill
this fervent wish for me.
But just in case, I think I still
will pack my own CD.

St. Peter, so they say, adores
my brand of poetry.
He's faced with murderers and whores,
such human misery.

Here is my plan to get inside
right through the Pearly Portal,
My argument: A poet's hide
would have to be immortal..

Herbert Nehrlich

My Resident Grub

Last time the world did smack my gob
I'd just imbibed a witchety grub.
The grub's intention was to slide
from uvula to my inside.
Now, normally, when bugs dropp in
a human's stomach they don't grin
because the belly has its fire
digesting foods within its mire.

The acid's name is hydrochloric
a distant cousin to phosphoric.
Now, as we age we get less sour
as gradually we lose the power
to make this acid H C L,
which can destroy a turtle's shell.

My acid thus is ineffective
and to the grub, to be reflective,
it's heaven's kitchen full of food.
Hence he dove in, of splendid mood
and has, since that historic day
been resident in Gastric Bay.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Shadow

Today I tried.
Again and again.
To jump over my own shadow.
Each time I jumped
it moved first.

So, I tried leaping.
But my shadow only
leaped ahead of me.
And now we were
doing long jumps.

But it was the headway
that remained
completely
out of reach.
Bugger.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Slave

She was still under age,
though what a precious find,
inside a bamboo cage
she looked refined
unwashed and petulant,
dressed in a cotton rag
eyes cried predicament,
a wild girl's silver tag
worn 'round the Roman neck
hands folded, God is dead-
a smudged and crimson fleck,
defiance holds her head.

I pay, it matters not,
all what is mine is hers.
Her skin is red and hot,
she will have real furs
and live to serve just me,
I shall be master now
and teach this little bee
the why, the when, the how.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Sunshine

A little ray of sunshine
is what we all need.
For some this means fun time,
for others a feed.

So the great constellation
of moon, stars and sun
would create an equation
that makes the world run.

'It's PHOTOSYNTHESIS'
says the teacher.
'It warms our pool'
say envied achievers.
It balances climate
for all the creatures.
And she shines on the dams
that are built by beavers.

'How much is enough? ' asks
the peasant in Finland.
And the German
who travels to Darwin.
The decision is tough,
(should I get my share inland?) .
My white skin is pale
'cause it's been solarly starving.

I don't care 'bout these crazy
and dull calculations.
Myself - I am lazy
in sun-siderations.

So, my secret is this,
as I sit here and doodle:
I have not a ray
but the entire caboodle.

My Train

I'm riding on a choo-choo train
through valleys and through mountains
through fields of golden sugarcane,
conductor does the countin's.

The choo-choo whistles in the night
and blows its steam to Heaven,
up on the roof I fly my kite
I'm just about eleven.

Our voyage is to Italy
my folks below are sleeping,
the train enjoys the scenery
its headlights, though are weeping.

It ran, near Stuttgart on a rise
into a Saint Bernard.
The dog was sturdy but not wise
the weeping train hit hard.

A shower from the Milky Way
or thereabouts was dropping,
the tears of angels I should say
it keeps us humans hopping.

And on the throne in the caboose
a passenger was sitting,
his bowels had been rather loose
ergo he now was shitting.

Vulgarity, be chased away!
He was a friend of Burkitt
and ate his fibre foods all day,
ensuring he could work it.

But what I never shall forget
that ev'ning on the journey:
he busted on that toilet
his (holy shit!) McBurney.

Commotions come, commotions go,
I'd had enough excitement
and not a single soul below
knew what -to me- a kite meant.

I, when the train attacked a hill
near Alpine snow-capped boulders,
sucked oxygen into my gill
and raised my bony shoulders.

Lift-off complete, I had to peek
down to the locomotion,
the engine room looked very bleak
filled with such raw emotion.

I never saw another train
that wept in total sadness,
but then, I think I was not sane
as flying is a madness.

Note:

This is an inspired poem and gratitude is due.

Herbert Nehrlich

My Upmarket Dunny

At dawn one day I told my honey
'I'm in a hurry for the Dunny.'
Which meant, of course, I am confessing
that matters were, inside me, pressing

Each day, and always right at dawn
I stretch, get out of bed and yawn
when Nature calls from down below
which means I surely have to go.

Our Dunny is a doubledecker
the holes are huge so that my pecker
fits comfortably when at rest
(humilitas humanum est) .

The catalogue from Ward and Sears
as well as bills, now in arrears,
weigh down the local papers well
and from the rafters hangs a bell.

Aunt Hulda visiting from town
did bring a Salvos bible down
and, Jimmy, he's the hired hand
he works the tractors on the land,

and keeps a stash of magazines
that do depict those porno scenes.
I, for myself, do have a mind
because I sit there and unwind,

to place a plasma type TV
onto the shelf for me to see
those early morning news and more
from Salvador and Singapore.

So, can you tell, I like it nice
oh yes, there is that Edelweiss
suspended from the ceiling vent
releasing a most precious scent.

Enough for now, but let me say
should you have business my way
stop in and join me in the Dunny
we welcome all, if hard or runny,
it all goes down into the pit
an avalanche or bit by bit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Mysterious Ways

Her name was Mele,
large cell malignancy.
She went to Doc Bruzynski
had therapy, not chemo.
Her kidneys died a sudden death
before she did, they could not take
ascorbates that could save her life
because of previous management.
Two lovely girls, one crew-cut boy
were left behind, what, may I ask
was the intent, the logic of this bungle?
She had to die so that those left
could touch their feelings, is that it?
You make it hard, my precious Lord
to understand, are you my shepherd?

Herbert Nehrlich

Nachtraben

Early morning on the farm.
You are still asleep.
I have been watching you
while making brekkie,
using re-cycled
paper dishes and
plastic forks.
As not to cut your dream.
Rooster wants to be heard,
our cows are restlessly talking.
Fog was made
for the mind.
Coffee's hot.
You open your eyes:
MY sun has just risen!
And - you'll be wearing
a nightie of eternity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nachtreiter

Wer reitet so spaet duch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Pfarrer und der Pfarrer ist blind.
Er traut seinem Pferd das nach Hause ihn bringt
und der Klang von vier Hufen ins Ohre ihm dringt.

Es ist schoen wenn ein Mensch einem Tier so vertraut
und auf Leben und Tod seine Zukunft aufbaut.
Denn nicht immer hat jeder die noetige Kraft
dass allein er das taegliche Lebensspiel schafft.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nana's Bad Arm

The Doctor did examine,
(he was the last one on the list) ,
both arm and wrist of Nana,
so thoroughly that she was pleased.
Perhaps it was a first, and also signal
that this great pilgrimage was
nearing its own end, (don't hold your breath) .
'So much incompetence', she said
'I have been suffering, in my old age
for many months, and ask myself
why God has chosen, in his wisdom
to throw this pie of cruel pain
into the face that has, for ninety years
shown only worship and obedience,
what can it be, perhaps a rare disease
not yet discovered by the greats of Medicine? '

The consultation was now over, what remained
would be instructions and eventual prognosis,
the verdict came out of a learned mouth,
and not a single facial muscles nor a wrinkle
were out of place to undermine the presentation.
'It would be wise to take the bandage and the splint
and place it, gently, for the days that still remain
to the full moon next month, onto the other arm,
so that the bad one has a chance at last to heal.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Naomi Bird

She raised nine children
in that house at Laurel.
An eyesore to the drivers
passing, on their way to Canada,
so baby-powder blue.

But looking back,
it suited all of you.

Ralph was a linesman
for the company,
communication is
the future, so he said,
and often gone,
but always home
for Christmas.

He died last year,
I was not at the grave.

Your heart of gold
was always happy
to behold
the inner beauty
of all people.
You took the time
that had not even
been created
and loved the world,
with not a mean word
in your repertoire.

It stopped that night
as gently as you lived
as if to not disturb
your last night's sleep.
And you have gone now
to the other, better side.

I have not seen your grave
but rest in peace
and confidence.
I will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Natalie Green

A lady named Natalie Green
slipped and fell on a Mexican bean.
Since her shirt was too short
she let out a brief snort
and then quickly departed the scene.

But the bean had been left on the ground,
where she stayed without making a sound.
Only Natalie Green
who departed the scene
had absconded and never was found.

You can see that it pays us to stay,
not give worry the time of the day.
Whether Natalie Green
or the Mexican bean
did get lucky, I really can't say.

Herbert Nehrlich

Natural Order

A most peculiar BANG was heard one silent night:
Snap - Crackle - Pop, the echo sounded much the same.
The people in the Loetschenthaler Valley
sat up in featherbeds to see what might
have interrupted so the much-earned rest
of all the peasants.
And there surely was an ordinance against it.

Snap-Crackle_Pop...
and here it was again.
The Burgermeister sent the boy to ring
the churchbell, which,
for these occasions would alert
their sleeping fellow men.
Something was amiss,
so they assembled.

Thorough, is the nature of the Swiss.
Stubborn and inflexible does follow.
Black and white are colours not to miss.
All the others would be mixed, or rather scrambled.

Patience is a virtue with clear limits.
If the dog is teased 100 times,
it's the next one, just one more then,
that will truly overflow the bucket.
And the sounds that waken people can be heard.

Thus it was decided that Johanna
had that night advanced her foot an inch too far.
Women, although duly fit to vote and talk in public
would at times forget their nat'ral order.

The laws that govern these old-fashioned cultures
are hewn in place. And well respected.
The patriarch thus represents the total fairness
of not objecting when the others all agree.

So, Snap and Crackle, Pop will get attention.

It simply shows the index finger, raised.
Allow me, Dutch and Germans should be mentioned.
Their fuses are the same. Don't be amazed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Natural Remedy

There once was a lady of breeding
she was out in the castlegrounds, weeding.
When she fell on her knee
she bent sideways to pee
and her pee stopped in seconds the bleeding.

Thus a cure for such sudden affliction
was presented with sudden conviction.
She was named MissiPee
and would frequently pee
and it later became an addiction.

Once her lover came over for tea,
and she asked would the lad watch her pee.
So they went to the loo
where his felon soon grew
well, those felons are partial to pee

Herbert Nehrlich

Naturally Right

I see you everywhere,
a reflection that haunts
dereliction that taunts,
in the glass of red wine
at the end of the line
where the tram simply stops
you are there, in the shops
and in church, at the stadium
always glowing like radium,
and you're looking at me
I look back, I can see
that your spirits are high
and a lone butterfly
shall pursue you at speed
and catch up when indeed
there is silence to hear
and sweet words for your ear.

May all whispers return
as an echo's own yearn.
As I see you at night
with both eyes closed so tight
I can hear you as well
please come closer and tell
what I've heard countless times
like those nursery rhymes.

I can hear, I can see
and I know you are there,
we can never be free
you and I are the heir
of a cloverleaf gene
and we follow the script
of this rather pristine
aberration that's tipped
to defy destiny.

And in pleasure it dwells
as it struggles to free

from its hard coral shells
both their souls so they share
touch and hearing, and sight
and the pleasure to dare
what is naturally right.

Herbert Nehrlich

'Ne Grippe

Der Virus in die Nase schleicht
und in die Nebenhöhlen seicht.
Die Seiche tropft dann in den Rachen
woselbst die Gegenkörper wachen.
Und oben macht er sich sein Heim
baut ein Gebäude ganz aus Schleim.
Dann wird gevoegelt, ja die Viren
die tun es gern auf allen Vieren,
und ein paar Tausend sind geboren
mit Schnueffelmaul und kleinen Ohren.
Sie machen sich bald auf die Reise,
erst vorsichtig und ziemlich leise,
und rutschen von der roten Zunge
ganz runter in die rechte Lunge.
Dort wachsen dann durch Rotz und Flocken
gelbgrüne Pickel, wie bei Pocken.
Man weiss, wenn böse Viren seichen
dann ist das nie ein gutes Zeichen.
Denn kommt die Seiche an die Mündung
von Herz und Lunge gibt's Entzündung.
Noch schlimmer wird's wenn Pathogene
nicht Mandeln, Ohren oder Zähne
besiedeln sondern ohne Schmerz
gelangen tief hinein in's Herz.
Technisch ist es Endokarditis
viel schlimmer als 'ne Tonsillitis.
Doch will ich diese Sage enden
und Optimismus an Dich senden.
Jetzt weisst Du aber was passiert
wenn Viren (denk an alle Viere) ,
sich tief im Hals bei Dir vergnügen
und Dich um Deinen Schlaf betrogen.
Die Schmerzen sagen Dir Du bleibst
im Bette, und 's kann sein Du reibst
Vic Vaporub auf Deine Brust
es könnte helfen, doch ich wüsste
eine viel bess're Arznei:
Erst schluckst Du, roh, ein Hühnerrei,
dann greifst zur Flasch', Asbach Uralt,

den trinkst Du heiss, und niemals kalt!
Zuerst ein Loeffelchen Heisswasser,
und Zucker (macht das Wasser nasser) ,
Zitrone, drei, vier Tropfen nur,
der Rest der altbewaehrten Kur
ist Kognac von der besten Sorte,
(beim Trinken fehlen Dir die Worte) ,
das Glas bis and den Rand fuellst und
am naechsten Tag bist schon gesund.

Herbert Nehrlich

Near The Twin Cities, Then

The howling wind was driving rain across the land,
she sat there, in her car, not fit to understand,
why tears kept rolling off her cheeks, tears from the past.
She saw him standing there and then he left, at last,
words had been tumbling through the winter-frigid air
and there was nothing left for them to hold and share.

He would be, THAT he knew, just in her simple way,
she nodded, sadly, no he could not really stay.
The music melted something in her memories,
bright images of leaves and walking under trees,
of holding hands across a culture's hostile pass,
unable still to bridge across the last crevasse.

It had to be, it seemed the proper road to take,
he looked back once just as he reached the little lake,
but, vision blurred, he saw a tiny timid wave
and then he joined the real world, that of the Brave.

Tears streamed and others passed her, had to go
no great curiosity, none saw a need to know,
she was, of course in minutes fine again
the clock showed about nine, as it was then.

That voice, of Whitney and the words, dear Lord,
it struck her heart, so deep inside, and took a chord
that had been sleeping in her soul for many years
and, with a vengeance now invaded her shy ears.

There was an urgency now, showing in her voice,
no matter what and it was not a human's choice.
She knew the truth and how it mattered to her heart
and not a minute would be wasted, for a start.

A Happy End was reached and harmony took both
and brought them to the ancient tree to take their oath.
No words were spoken though, the air smelled of l'amour
across the meadow drifted Lara's song, so pure.

For Lara, Susanna, Ruthy and for the one who
walks with me on a bed of elm leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Near-Miss

A mouse, all gray with tiny ears
was crying salty rodent tears.
A cat had cornered him and planned
to eat him as he ate his aunt.

Just when the cat had opened wide
a voice was heard from the outside.
Dog Brutus, who resided near
had just decided to appear.

He barged, as he was fond of doing
inside and saw the trouble brewing.
And since he liked all little mice
he told the cat 'now you be nice'.

The cat, however, was not used
to be directed and abused.
And with the swipe of its big paw
the mouse went down into the craw.

By now, the dog was mad as hell
and things looked for the cat not well.
He gulped the cat (and thus the mouse)
and wandered off to his own house.

And as he settled down to snooze
he saw a pair of Rockford shoes
approaching from across the street
he knew it was the butcher, Pete.

The butcher was a nasty man
and always fought with brother Stan.
He carried in his hand a knife,
the dog now feared for his own life.

Now let me tell you how it ended,
the butcher, who had been offended
by the mere presence of the mutt
just stood there scratching his big gut.

That was the signal for the cat,
which in the dog's own stomach sat.
The cat responded to her master
who, instantly, sensed a disaster.

She bounced and jumped, the mouse did follow
the air was sparse inside the hollow.
And through the movement Brutus shivered
when on command his brain delivered

a burp of monumental size
and this now triggered a surprise.
The cat, (and thus the mouse as well)
exploded outward with a yell.

Thus now you know that dogs that belch
throw up (but only if they're Welsh) .
You didn't think that cat survived
inside? Of oxygen deprived?

You're right of course, but let me say
the mouse and cat inside DID pray.
And, in the end, I told my spouse,
it all came down to Mouse to mouth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nectar

It seemed to soothe the wound,
old though it was, but as you know
the devil known as phantom pains
strikes hard and with impunity.
So, he decided, being one of the
remaining altruists on earth,
to stick with it, or better stick to,
as that brought sighs and great relief.
He figured, with just a tiny dash of hope,
that she might, later on, much later, turn
toward his face, so, just in case
he never ever moved.
Of course he dreams.
Of birds and bees,
and nectar,
so it seems.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nectar Of A Flower

When I think of those petals (ignoring the moss)
and the first dropp of DEW trickles out
she moves limbs and her flower is covered by gloss
and the lips open slightly and pout.

May I have what is yours, I have waited for years
and my tastebuds are trembling with joy
could it be that through this I would be in arrears
having been such an innocent boy?

So I nibble on her and she hums (I confess)
and she dribbles her heart into mine,
I remain in her patch and the music plays YES
and the angels just watch and drink wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Need, Not Love

I can see her still,
sitting, wrapped in green,
Loden made her look so,
well substantial if you know
what I intend to say,
so many decades now
have gone like locusts,
chasing hungry thoughts,
there was so much of it,
the thing we both assumed
was real love, it had,
due to the will of God,
been slow in coming, very,
but joy was there, a bench
of weathered Northern pine,
gawked at by the majestic eyes
of two white swans, in love
a strange duality of fate,
we did, as you might guess,
the usual things, with hands,
and buttons, awkward clasps
until the tower struck the time,
she had a curfew to obey,
a tyrant would enforce his law.
Yes, it was wild and innocent,
we learned so quickly on the fly,
and guarded a great treasure then
with the tenacity of romanticism,
an era made for secrecy of youth.

When Colonel Sander swept the land,
first whiff reminded me of you,
fried chicken at the Frankfurt Zoo,
eaten without the cutlery and licked,
it's where the term of fingerlicking
could, and maybe did originate,
you later told me, in a moment of
serenity, while commandeering beds
belonging to your folks, how you had smiled

deep down, especially when cleaning up
my thumb, you'd picture what you had not seen,
and kept it to yourself until the very day.

How might she be, the thought appeared
to leave again but it returned, to bug
and tug, it would relieve the stresses of
an academic queen, a life of smoke and caffeine.

It was so easy then to re-connect, how quaint
to travel back in time and pick a rose
that had now grown above the weeds of life
and then been trampled by a pair of careless feet,
it was like having found a treasure from the past,
enriching every day and sometimes nights.

And then it happened, spending precious time
has always been your thing, you made your choice
in milliseconds, I was there and took a photograph
of you, all cap 'n gown at the cathedral in Cologne.
You changed your life my sweet, they'd done the big lavage,
no thought of mine had been left in that pretty brain,
we took that cruise, if you recall, just up the Rhine,
and you explained and cut my heart to smithereens.
Heck you were right my girl of wonderful old times,
it was not love that had survived these many years,
for only need can ever hope to make that grade,
and love for others must be doomed and sure to fade.

I raised my glass to her: 'I'll send you some new rhymes.'
And I will always do my best (though she is kind) ,
and twice a year she finds an envelope of size
inside the fruits of an old fool he calls his art,
but I am happy to have seen inside her eyes
that I can keep this girl forever in my heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Needful Things

And I agree, which makes a we
who stand with heads held high,
to those who'd make the poets flee
because of choice in words, do try
to see yourself in silly socks
with clown-red nose and paint,
your face is happy, life just rocks
not for the timid or the faint.
Dyslexic? No, it's failing grip
on life's most simple treasures,
keep, if you can your upper lip
stiff, all inspite of pleasures.
The censor is his own worst foe
there is no place for him,
perhaps a stronger wind must blow
the future does look grim.
H

Herbert Nehrlich

Needs Of The Jungle

The missionary had strayed
from his God-given path,
the straight and narrow
into the wilderness of Kruger Park.

It was his God he feared.
No man or beast would ever
frighten this simple servant of the Lord.
Thus he admired the agility

of the gazelle, and even wildebeests,
was very fond of leopards and hyenas,
they were God's creatures, after all
and lived in harmony.

Killing of prey was done after a plan
that made no mention of a pious man.
Now Nature called him to obtain a sample
of solid fertiliser for the barren ground.

And so, he squatted in the swaying grass.
The king did grant him one last wish,
due to respect for fearlessness itself.
In answer to his question he remarked

'It is a matter of just balance, you and me,
your needs can wait, but not
the needs of any jungle.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Neglect

Neglect is what you feel
when you're not cat's pyjamas.
When others do -without you- have a ball.
It is a selfish ego-panorama.
It will not change for you,
unless you are a fool.

Herbert Nehrlich

Netherworld Fling

I sell only pans and big pots
to little old ladies and tots.
It disturbs me to see
that across the big sea
one can have, without cause, the great hots.

So you ask what did trigger this thing
I don't know, it's a voice that will sing.
And at night, in my dreams
I get smothered in creams,
well, it's surely a netherworld fling.

Herbert Nehrlich

Neurology Lesson

The doctor sat in front of Joe
and asked him first to smile.
Joe did not have a thing today
to smile about, thus he did not.
Now clench your teeth was next,
and then a Q-tip touched his eye,
a dash of sugar on the tongue,
now wink and blink and frown,
a wooden spoon got stuck into
the mouth, back to the throat.
Joe called the nurse and said
that Doc had lost it here for good.
But little did he know, how much
and with such little effort,
the cranial nerves inside his head
had easily revealed their secrets.
When he was told at last, he knew
that one good answer would be fair.
He smiled the smile of number five,
also called trigeminal. Now you know.

Herbert Nehrlich

Neuschwanstein Castle

Fifteen hundred steps of stone
to the nearest telephone.
Up on top inside the tower
waking at ungodly hour,
with a crazy appetite.
So she says, 'perhaps we might
order pizza and a kettle,
garnished with a stinging nettle
and a handful of dead flies.
Also, I would like some pies,
those with Sauerkraut and jam
and the pizza must have ham.'

Well, we stayed in Ludwig's castle
which itself was quite a hassle,
she was pregnant, gravely so,
and, as some of you may know,
ladies bearing growing seeds
have their own, peculiar needs.
I detest to climb at night
just to serve my spouse a bite,
fifteenhundred steps of stone,
TWICE, but wait, she has a phone!
With a barely stifled curse
I retrieved it from her purse.
'Who to call', I asked my sweet,
she replied 'Call Pizza Pete',
so I did and felt a shiver,
Pete said 'Pizza, we deliver'.
It was four, the boy showed up,
out of breath with our grub.
She, the lady of my dreams,
then remarked 'Oh, my, it seems
that this pizza is ice-cold,
previously I have been told
that a meal from Pizza Pete
will, no matter, always meet
standards of discerning guests,
and that the decision rests

with the customer, of course.
(Briefly I thought of divorce) ,
when SHE picked up the telephone,
said 'Pete, this food is cold as stone',
and Pete said 'Have the boy return
if temperature is your concern.
We will replace it, worry not,
Pete's Pizza is delivered hot.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Never (Bilingual)

Ein Traum, so suess doch unerreicht
schwebt mir im Hirn, er saueselt leicht
so kuess mich, Liebste, noch einmal,
'haett' ich im Leben eine Wahl
ich wuerde Deine Seele lieben
auf uns'rem Grabstein staend geschrieben
es gab kein schoener Lebensbund
drum komm und liebe meinen Mund.

Lass mich auf Deinem Busen rasten
wir reden von des Leben's Lasten,
doch ist das Leben noch so schwer,
ich gebe Dich nie wieder her.

A dream, so sweet but blown away
still floats and makes a fellow's day..
It sings of kisses, one last time
of lips and agile tongues that rhyme.

A choice in life, what would I do
I'd ask commitment, just from you.
So please come here, my lips would share
philosophy with you, I dare
they'll write the syllables on stone,
they'll stick together, all alone.

But I, as all of you would know,
would never ever let you go.
Should you, my darling, change your mind,
I'll play Segestes, from behind.

Herbert Nehrlich

New Limericks (6)

There once was a lady named Pru
she was smitten with what we call sprue.
On the day she ate corn
all her polyps got torn
and she covered the doctor's shoe.

Miss Sawatsky came in for her piles.
She had travelled for hundreds of miles.
When the nurse crossed a wire
Miss Sawatsky caught fire
and the piles all dropped down on the tiles.

When the Vicar of Alcatraz sneezed
his abdominal reflexes squeezed
like an oat eating horse
there was plenty of force
only very few people were pleased.

When the president asked his dear wife
whether she was aware of the strife
that Saddam was behind
that they'd certainly find
of the weapons at least a big knife.

A patient, age ninety, named Flo
had a pimple right on her popo
when she saw my sharp blade
she turned lighter, a shade
but she did stay awake through the show.

When a gallon of chemo had dripped
through the cubital vein Robert quipped
if the cancer cells scat
I shall be a dead cat
but the doctor was very tight-lipped.

Herbert Nehrlich

New World Order

Out of a cloud appeared a hand
it showed the middlefinger raised
below, the people on the land
were simply stunned and quite amazed.

Was this a sign that God had found
far better things to do than rule
the common sinners on the ground,
each little woman and her fool?

Did it explain that wanton greed
had now replaced the human touch
scare tactics were creating need
slipped in in secrecy as such?

And, did he say 'I've had enough,
I should have never done creation,
and now I do not give a stuff',
the angels giving him ovation?

'Take Nature', God said, 'an extreme
examples of the lack of trust
they even re-invented steam
it is enough to end in frust.

And human physiology,
designed myself, perfected too
where every single malady
can fix itself, they have no clue

about their role, protect and serve
live with each other, keep the peace
instead they had the bloomin' nerve
to cultivate the golden fleece.'

Well, Nostradamus must have known
perhaps he's giving this advice
a new world order must be grown
which springs from dead and sterile ice.

Most patient of all living creatures
he's thrown the towel to the dogs,
let's do away with all the features -
too bad about the precious frogs.

Herbert Nehrlich

New Year's Cheers

There once was a grumpy old Kraut.
He would taste of the sauce and then shout.
After seventy years
and a million cold beers
he took ill with a bad case of gout.

Herbert Nehrlich

New Year's Concert

It wasn't Lorin Mazel, of course,
how lucky can one get, I ask.
Some wanker from the provinces
he stepped up to the plate.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra!
You cannot go beyond, above.
And here I am, so far from home
a couple tears roll down my cheeks,

it's Johann Strauss and company.
It cuts too deep, and hurts no more
than music ever was designed
to do, and after all, I am just me.

Herbert Nehrlich

New Year's Shopping On An Island

The local market, New Year's Eve
employees' eyes on early leave,
a customer with Trojan smile
stood in the corner for a while.
At last he said 'you buy white bread
soon in the New Year you'll be dead.'

He had a point, of course, at that
white bread will make your liver fat
and is devoid of real food
what man does need is rather crude,
and unrefined and without tamper.

I like the great Australian Damper.
I told him, as I turned to go
'I am aware and really know,
but mother said to bring home bread
it's all, they had, and looks quite dead.'

Herbert Nehrlich

News From The Pantry

In the pantry of grandmother's house
lived in peace with a cat an old mouse.
Seems they both liked popcorn
since the baby was born
and the cat had acquired a spouse.

Miss Felicia told hubby that mice
as a food would be classified vice.
In addition they had
as a rule, real bad
infestation with ten-legged lice.

So when both became vegetarians
they could shed their old name of Barbarians
thus they lived a long time
and would write a new rhyme
each new day as two octogenarians.

Well, I must take that statement right back,
they experienced a moderate lack
of their nourishing meat
and when facing defeat
they had fillet of mouse for a snack.

So, there isn't a mouse in that house.
Just a couple of cats and a louse.
Since the louse is too small
they don't see it at all
but it's wearing a see-right-through blouse.

For Tara. Of course.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nice Girls Do?

First time she sputtered then she spat
(the load would fill a shepherd's hat) ,
so unexpected was the taste
a mix of bleach and toxic waste.
She loved the fellow, that is why
she gave the novelty a try.
Wow, she had never seen how well
a flaccid little worm can swell!
Brought up in a religious clan
she'd never seen a naked man
much less had focused curious eyes
on what can be a huge surprise.
It was for her a step too far
here in this crowded Beetle car
front seats encroaching on her rump
he pushing legs like Forrest Gump.
But then he had suggested she
look at his sapling, thus to free
inherent pressures causing pain
that no young fellow could sustain.
'But would my teeth not injure it,
perhaps we ought to wait a bit
and study up on theory
let's let the little fellow be.'
'Who said', he asked that he was small,
compare him to the nearest ball
and you will see that he exceeds
zucchini, carrots and tall weeds! '
'I did not mean here to suggest
that even at a total rest
his presence would be missed by some
what do I do then if you come? '
'Good girls', he answered with a grin,
'keep all of him secure and in,
you never need to swallow pride
but need to simply override
false teachings and embrace the new
it tastes much better than plain glue
and slides like cream of Hagen-Dasz

into your soul with much pizzazz.'
So, she was game (her name was Doris)
used her orbicularis oris
and let his eager thing advance
into a state of active trance.
However, when the tide came in
much substance dribbled down her chin,
the rest she found was pleasant stuff
the feel reminded her of fluff.
He was in awe as no one had
before consumed even a tad,
they'd all exclaimed a clear distaste
which then resulted in the waste
of precious liquids, of noblesse
and, in addition, made a mess.
Thus, friends, she passed the test at last,
first time she was appaled, aghast,
he traded in the Beetle though
and bought with freshly printed dough
a limousine with lots of room
and a V-12 with plenty zoom.
She was a rarity, it's true
her motto: Some of us sure do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nigger Malcolm *

His name was Malcolm,
he hustled next to me
behind the counter of
beloved Martindale's.
Books, New and Used,
including Paperbacks and Maps,
and Texts for Medicine,
yes, Jurisprudence and The Arts.
Open 'til nine, on seventh street.
Downtown, one block from Rubens,
Jewish sandwich shop,
and, if too busy, Pershing's Square.

Oh, yes, LA, the early seventies,
the smog so thick that eyes were custom red,
poor Malcolm had a history of trouble
with the old pump, it wasn't sealing right.
My favourite hours were right after six,
when Stumpf, the German Dragon had gone home.
We'd have a proper sandwich sent,
also some Heineken, green label,
though burping only when the store was quiet.

Malcolm had not a single hair but jungle eyebrows,
as tall as me, the skinny kid from the old country.
But, unlike me, he suffered from a constant hiccup,
he was convinced it was a signal from his heart.
' Releasing bubbles now', he'd mumble between bites,
and we would sit and study books of diagnosis,
and cardiology as well as Nature Cure.
I was a student then, pretending to be teacher,
we were determined to extract from inch-thick volumes
if not a cure, at least prevention for the guy.

His doc had warned him to have all affairs in order,
thus to avoid embarrassment in that rare case
he did keel over in an unexpected failure,
though Malcolm stated many times that he could care,
' once you are history you don't much worry, right my friend? '

And, thinking back it still gives me the 'willies',
we had some serious talks about the world in general,
even the subject of skin colours did come up,
and I made immature remarks about 'them Niggers'.

There was no prejudice at all, I was just dumb,
back in the Fatherland the folks were lily-white,
but in the circumstance I felt the need to take
an educated and well-seasoned stance.

I worked with Malcolm for a year and a few days,
and never knew (he did not tell me) he was black,
it was amazing, come to think of it, but true.
I would be shattered Malcolm, if you did come back.

And so the world in Southern Cal simply kept turning,
until the day of lush pastrami dinners ended,
it was his birthday, come next Sunday and he left
his post to personally fetch some culinary treasures

and celebrate, he'd carried back eight bottles,
two triple-deckers, lots of onions, Polish dills,
potato salad and cheesecake dessert.

I do recall that something like a premonition
hung in the air for me, one does not celebrate
one's birthday prematurely, wait until it hatches
inside the calendar, but, quite needless to say,
I did not warn my friend about this evil omen.

But he was right to have a preemie on that night.
When Sunday came and his black mistress went to wake him
with 'Happy Birthday', not one word did leave her lips:
Malcolm had passed on to the other side.

I used to scold myself for never finding a solution.
Three decades later though that lifeboat looks the same.
I've seen the books, yes, all of them since then.
Too many questions and a scarcity of answers.
But I can tell you, don't postpone a single pleasure,
the only certainty -though you may never know-
is that the day will come when you will have to go.

Note: When at last I had realised that Malcolm actually WAS black, I confided and it became our private 'joke'. He always insisted I refer to him as NIGGER.
(No disrespect meant to other Blacks) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Night Games

He did and it was heavenly,
but then she said she had to pee,
retreat he yelled, the felon heard,
and to the dunny went the bird.
Quite eager when she hurried back
he found with ease her slippery track,
and sliding slowly was pure bliss,
if you don't know it, yes it IS!
They vacillated, first everting
then the reverse and, due to spurting
he rested some, though in the den
while she would slowly count to ten.
Awake, to arms, a soldier's battle,
and soon there'll be a tale to tattle,
this time he reached right to the end
and pressed the button that said SEND.
For fun and since it feels like heaven
they turned, configured to eleven,
much tighter and in slower motion,
but with identical devotion.
The night was young and in the morn
they were all smiles, with nothing torn.

Herbert Nehrlich

Night Moths

A solitary dropp of chlorophyll
ran down, in one small rivulet her leg,
the sun had worked its magic in an overkill
and photosynthesis had warmed the oval egg.
It was the colour that confused at first,
all fungus and spermatozoa are
quite lilywhite and do possess a thirst,
and moth come to the light show from afar.
All moths obey the simple Rule of Seven,
they fly into the great inferno just to lick
if they get fried they may remain in seventh Heaven
and if they don't they'll sample nectar that will stick.

Herbert Nehrlich

Night Soil

When I am lonely
for human company
I pull myself up by the bootstraps,
- sometimes the suspenders -
and start to prowl. And, spotting one,
or two or more, depending on
how many, just like me,
need analgesic re-assurance.
It's drugs or flesh then, is it.
But flesh must not be foreign.
A look, a wink, a salivating gesture,
quite akin to tardive dyskinesia.
Oh, would that I could see the world
for what it is!
And send my left brain out the back
to count the money.
While basic instincts
start their feast without delay.

Some great philosophers have stated
that nothing is accomplished by delay.
An opportunity that's missed
becomes ill-fated,
why would you climb the hills
for gold that's on the streets.
So, let the flashers lead you
to their inner rooms,
you'll find them empty but of bare essentials,
there's money, yes but nothing else of value.
Say yes to homebrand soap
and bristle scrubber.

'It's money NOW, my man,
you pay before you come,
and time is money so
start looking over here.
I'm only making sure
he's squeaky clean.
So, let's stick him in

with rubber on his head.
And like the lady in the pay phone
says while waiting:
An extra fee is due
for any extra minutes,
though this is business,
not some High School dating.
So - signal when there's
something liquid in it.
If you need extras I have things available.
I don't do violence and cannot guarantee
to be as free of HIV as you would like.
This ain't the movies, now I've got to pee.

I see you did your duty, fellow
in the 'nick of time'.
That's what I call my box
that boxed you in.
Discard it there,
right next to the syringe.
'Twas good to see you,
always liked BIG men. '

What I've described is part of life.
Although I cannot, for the hell of me
see any man to choose a seat that,
in the down position
has been pissed and shat on.
They say it's old and honoured, a profession
that's stood the cruel and perpetual tests of time.
As long as men are willing to partake of fermentation
and soothing slime, with green and yellow flecks,
there will be ladies of the night who will supply.

So I decline in past, in present and in future.
If I have needs they won't be drained from me
by what a wise man once described as scum:
Scum of the earth, he said and yes this scum is human.

But still, I'm prowling now and
wandering through the night.
Remembering nothing of the past

except its future,
and wondering if there'll be a time
that I say Heck and Yes to compromise.

Perhaps a tiny island
in a giant ocean,
with me all by
my lonesome.
Long-term stranded.
It might take years
to finally yield to
temptation on
this island
to myself.

Herbert Nehrlich

Night Stalkers

'Twas past the twilight hour.
A timid knock woke me from sleep.
Before my faculties had re-ignited,
the door pushed open and the hinges squeaked.

And there she was, a golden angel with black hair,
gown of chiffon, laced with some specs of pink.
Sat on my bed to cover me with fragrance
of heavenly perfume and scent of time.

She took my hand and held it to her throat.
I felt the pulse of destiny, so steady yet so weak.
I pinched my nipple just to see if I was dreaming,
when she began to whisper to my sleepy face.

'I came to promise you eternal life with me,
to live on clouds of fluff and all are lined with promise,
and you can ravish me with all the wild abandon
that's marked your earthling life, with such distinction.'

She'd slipped her gown off now, revealing breasts,
that were the appetising size of medium pears.
Her pelvis was so finely chiseled I was dizzy,
and not a whisp of hair to spoil her iv'ry beauty.

I prayed for light right then, too shy to flick the switch,
when old man moon approached my window with a vengeance.
My head was light, I felt like floating on the cloud,
that she had mentioned while my head still paid attention.

She gave my hand back now and breathed a last prediction:
'You cannot touch me now as I am not
with you as flesh and bone, it's just my image,
but you may hold me briefly to confirm
that on your death you'll meet me on cloud nine,
where we will do perpetual fornication
and never stop this heavenly pastime.

Then she was gone, leaving behind

the imprint of her breasts upon my chest.
The moon had left, my night returned,
and then another dream of destiny began.

Part II

'Twas half past three, the night was filled with mist.
A pleasant drizzle tapped its rhythm on tin roofs.
A knock is heard, is this my angel once again?
The door flew open and the Devil came inside.

He stank of sulphur and the rotten stench of vultures,
sat on my bed and took my clammy hand.
Placed on his throat, it caused a transformation:
His mustard-coloured gown had dropped away,
revealing the attractiveness of alabaster skin
and breasts the size of monster grapefruits, proud and firm.

Awed, as I was, he whispered to my face:
'Yes, what you see here is my promise to you now! '
He'd lost his hoof, acquired shapely legs.
And in his crotch there grew a veritable jungle;
he saw my eyes and wiped all feathers now away,
said 'call me Diva, let me tell you what you may...
upon your death you meet me at the portals,
where Hannibal had Elephants assembled.
I'll whisk you up to your new shiny brimstone fortress,
you'll float on air that's heated by the burning flesh of sinners.

And there you have the choice of constant fornication,
I'll send you devils of most scrumptious look and taste.
They'll smell of sulphur and do harbour sour grapes
within their burning cores, away from prying eyes.'

She gave my hand back now, and yes it was a she,
stood up and backed away toward the squeaky door.
And picking up the mustard-yellow heathen's gown,
I saw a newly sprouted thatch curl in the moonlight.

Then IT was gone, leaving behind
the hoofprint, upon my sheet, a trace of Devil's Dust.
The moon had left, the night returned.

And then another dream of destiny began.

Part III

At half past three the morning next to follow,
a knock upon my door awoke me quickly.
It opened then and sweeping in was God,
he wore a golden fleece and strangely knitted beard.

He sat upon my bed and placed his hand
onto my heart so I could feel the beat.
Then whispered at my face this simple question:
'How will you choose', he said, 'between the two temptations,
it must be you who's master of his destiny? '

I did not hesitate confessing condemnation
of all things lacking truth and honesty per se.
I said that although grapefruits were delicious,
and pears had tiny stems and less attractive shape.
It was the fact that where the sour grapes are hidden,
behind a jungle of fast-growing, dark deceit,
my destiny would be of little value
to those who hold up mirrors half past three.

Then he was gone, leaving behind his smile.
The moon had left, my night at last returned,
and now another dream of destiny was just beginning.
My wearing of his smile was something new.

Herbert Nehrlich

Night Terrors Of Little Vincent

'Night, Mama, love you, ' 'I do too.'
I wake, some noise has just disturbed
my slumber, even Teddy
my bear and faithful friend at night
has noticed an intrusion
on our thoughts and restful dreams
where elves are in collusion
and dwarves and witches, wolves and bears
lead daily lives just like we do
it is what fills the hours
until our morning showers.

But this is strange, and maybe scary,
a scratching sound so loud
comes from the window near my bed
my voice is frozen in my throat
and I am at his mercy.
But then it stops, I take a breath
and feel the threat is over,
when from the door a tapping round
has reached my frightened ears.
I look that way and, HOLY GOOSE!
the door knob slowly turning
is what I see with blurry eyes
I hug my teddy tightly.
He gives me comfort and I him
perhaps they've come to get him
and I remain unscathed and free
through noble sacrifice.

The door bursts open, ghosts appear
with claws to get my teddy,
but to my senses I have come
I shout 'he is not ready.'
And if you want to take my friend
you've picked the wrong opponent,
we stay together, if you kill
it won't be on your terms.
I shall lay down my life for him

as he would do for me.'

At this much love the ghosts were stunned
and left the room so quickly
that screeching sounds could well be heard
from ghost feet and from hooves,
they didn't understand this child
nor did the boy know why
just little Teddy smiled his smile
and nodded very wisely.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nightstalker

That night the sky was still and black,
when I slipped on my shorts
to run my 10 miles out and back.
A constitutional of sorts.

I could not see my own two feet
but knew the road by heart.
I had no previous best to beat
thus slow could be my start.

The mood in the community
was tense since Monday night,
when freedom's opportunity
had changed to shock and fright.

The half-way mark is near the Mill,
a dusty, lonely road.
A killer had performed his kill,
his capture seemed remote.

He'd raped and stabbed the grocer's wife,
there, on a bed of thistles.
Her screams were heard, she was alive
when cops came with their whistles.

From loss of blood and fractured spine
she couldn't quite recover.
When finally they caught the swine
he swore he was her lover.

That night, while thinking of the case
I came upon that mill.
Increased my speed as in a race.
The air was deadly still.

And then, I saw him, stand up straight,
a form- i- dable gray shape.
'Twas getting darker and quite late,
I thought of death and rape.

To break some ice and calm frayed nerves,
I shouted 'Hi there, Sir! ',
he stood quite still - if memory serves.
I only thought of her.

I made another comment now,
although suspicion rose.
There's nothing but a cat's meow,
I shivered and I froze.

While still my energy was up
I planned a quick de-TOUR,
across the ditch into the scrub,
I'd seen the killer - sure!

When suddenly, a movement, slight,
was noticeable - should I jump?
I quickly turned, raced to my right..
that's when I heard the thump.

'My God', I prayed, 'what would it do
if I got killed out here?
I ask just strength and speed of you! '
Now I could smell my fear.

With lightning-like acceleration
I flew off for the trees,
with muscles in fasciculation
and piston-pumping knees.

I then decided to outwit
the mongrel by quick turning
to left, then straight, then double-back.
By now my lungs were burning.

Came very close to where we had
been standing still just now,
when in the darkness - was I mad?
He's there again, but HOW?

In total blackness our vision

is marginal, no doubt.
And my spontaneous decision
was really all about
survival of a runner who
was out for lazy running.....

....he was a Daddy Kangaroo,
no killer, cruel and cunning.

I think his view of humans has
now sank to lower ratings.
He likely tells his Roo Mamas
about me during mating.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nightstalker On A Mission

A fat and lazy pussycat
was eying, up a tree, a rat.
The pussycat had been neglected
since nasty flaws had been detected
in her behaviour as such,
though in a way it was not much
to those who love their pussycats,
prefer them over rats and bats.

It seems that, in the dark of night
right after she would have a bite
of what they sell in shops as kibbles,
apparently these crunchy nibbles
do stimulate motility,
which means they work the pebbles free
inside the cat's long feline gut,
soon after, they then leave her butt.

And she had long been in the habit
to dropp those pellets like a rabbit
wherever there was room to spare.
But many owners do not care
to wake to early morning fragrance
of what reminds of smelly vagrants.

In any case the cat had seen
the rat up in the tree, so green.
And contemplated climbing up
into the tree, up to the top.
As you might know, most any cat
will not turn down a meal of rat.

So, cat got ready to ascend
the giant tree, and there to end
the life of one of nature's pests,
who's prowling through the hidden nests.
And, with a sudden burst of speed
the cat was on her way, indeed.
She climbed and climbed with skill and stealth,

up in the tree. The future health
of one scared rat seemed on the block,
as midnight struck on the church clock
the cat was almost within reach
of its next meal when, with a screech,
the rat jumped up to spread his wings
(the cat had not expected things
to go so wrong at this late stage) ,
what followed was a noisy rage,
and, first the rat and then the cat
flew off the tree, one landed at
a smaller tree called Northern Pear,
had almost missed it, by a hair.

But pussycat, after her flight
had ended up not feeling right.
She'd landed in some warm cow pies
sank down up to her windswept eyes.
And as she looked up in the tree
to ascertain, also to see,
the cause for failure became known!
The rat had certainly not grown
those wings to fly with, that was that,
because the rat....it was a bat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nihilism

I have just read a thousand works
of the new poet on this site.
And must admit that it now irks
me to report with what I might
describe in private as point blunt,
in public though as honesty.
This place is where a man can hunt
for various kinds of poetry.

I think this calls for moderation
in criticising what is posted,
not all of us will feel elation
that's why this man is being roasted.
And one loud critic has the gall
to tell an Indian fellow here
to keep his culture, background, all
away from us, well listen dear,
it is a fact that a man's culture
impacts him like his mothers milk,
which does not mean that any vulture
who finds the work not smooth as silk
can shoot his cannon off at will
as if he were the critic's critic.
We'd all look smarter keeping still
instead of waxing analytic.

I have a precious Indian friend
retired chancellor, no less,
we keep in touch and often send
each other stories from the press,
and tidbits of the latest science
and life as it unfolds at home,
we even form a small alliance
against the Codex now, in Rome,
which sweeps the world, creating stress.
In short it is fruitful exchange
and, lest I babble and digress,
I have observed that Indians range
from stoic to the histrionic,

they use a language full of flowers
which, to myself can be a tonic,
at times when tasks wipe out the hours
their speech is pleasant, often soothing,
and full of adjectives at that
as if they want to bring a smoothing
and healing influence to flat
and bland communication.
So what we read here signed Nikhil
is xeno-floral re-creation,
perhaps we need to think and feel
how to appreciate his lines,
or if we really are so narrow
to stick with only certain wines,
at least we could keep that mean arrow
inside the quiver and unfired.
And as for me, this Nikhilism
which is, by some, truly admired
it beats the ghost of dadaism.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nineeleven

Can we erase the memory
of desperation falling
from highrise windows,
so many seconds it took to die.
And it will stay with us
as if flash-frozen
until that day in Spring.
But who will pay?

Herbert Nehrlich

No Asylum

It is his mother,
holding a sweaty hand,
and trying to, again
look into his blue eyes,
those eyes that she has known
since that fat midwife,
the one who smelled of licorice,
stopped yelling 'push'.

Only today, since yesterday,
a world has shattered,
into a trillion little shards
of timeless quartz,
the faceless crowd of orderlies,
and arrogant white starchy nurses,
has taken him away,
to medicate,
pontificate,
obliterate,
incinerate
perhaps the last of his,
and thus of their true bond.

They yell from down the hall,
and walk unreal rhythms
while whistling to the song
which has not been composed,
as yet, perhaps it never will.

He smokes incessantly,
and she is happy,
about the humanness of it,
a weakness of great promise,
he will return,
and soon,
God praise the competence
and its compassion
of Modern Medicine.

No more asylums,
sanitariums of gloom,
locked into kind despair
and catatonic smiles,
it is just Haloperidol
and bugger all Olanzapine,
no greater luck could come
to those who have been dropped
into the hole of no return,
and all of them will gain
the notoriety of
fulminating obesity.

It makes them cuddly, though,
and easier to take,
for those who care for them
without a care inside their hearts.

There used to be a stigma,
it was condemned
and universally subdued
through simple changes
in appearances,
today the stigma is,
for all of them,
the God who let it be.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Doubt

There is not now,
nor will there ever be
a greater love.
You make me smile,
you stir
and comfort him,
and soothe my mind
my inner man
who's found himself
to be
in greater strife,
as there can be
not ever and not now,
a greater love
for him,
he thinks alike
with me.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Escape

The gap they noticed, it was manned
by spacecraft of a fitting shape.
In with it went a grain of sand
And from within there's no escape.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Flaws

Have you ever Sir, found one who had it all?
From boobs to legs and overall, the golden fleece?
It may be Nature's 'save the species' urgent call
but I decline because perfection is my niece.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Greater Love

I love the early morning so,
a time when dawn arrives
on velvet feet,
when owls retire
dreaming of blue nightingales,
and feather thin first rays
peek through the spiderweb
into our room.

You sleep and I am here,
enthralled,
I watch your twins
beneath the nighty,
as they rise
you breathe
and I attempt to synchronise
my own with you,
because we are
a one,
a single heart,
the shape
of a huge drum
lives deep inside us
I do succeed
more often
and it is because
my love cannot be seen,
or measured
with convention's tools,
you talked about
your warts,
when first we met,
and now, you trust
my eyes, which we do share
as well,
and know that there are none.

I love these early morning dreams,
though these are dreams

that have no link
to fantasy,
to make believe.

Psst, sometimes
it happens just
before you wake,
you turn to me,
eyes firmly closed
and sigh.

It's when I hurry
just to wipe away
my happy tears.
There cannot be
a greater love.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Greater Love?

As you know,
my Love,
I see you
in my coffee cup,
in the reflection
of a window pane,
and in the sky
where floaters
of the human eye
buzz to and fro
like busy bugs.
I smell you
when I pass
the flowershop,
and in the meadow
where I go
to meditate
and think of you
without a crowd.
I taste you
in each morsel
of
the apple pie,
and in
my Beaujolais,
the one I used to have
well chilled,
and,
now and then,
on ice,
I listened
when you said
that taste
can be perceived
in warmth.
I feel you
in my fitful nights
when you are gone,
you are my pillow

and my satin sheet,
you cuddle,
holding me
so we are close
and fit into each other
as we need to be,
I drink of you
and cannot get
enough.

You know me well,
a man
is slow to see
but once he feels
he generates
deep in his heart
the spark
that lights the fire,
eternal flames,
protected from
the winds
of hate
and envy
from the
bitter cold
of man's indifference.

We now are one,
our heart is shared,
red rivers curse
through veins
of common space,
we dwell
in territory
of a new eclipse,
where golden rays
caress our skin
where breezes
touch,
like feathers
of a lover's bird
embrace
the two of us
as we take in

the other's breath,
the pheromones
which are so closely matched
that only Gods
not human minds
could have conceived.

And,
through it all,
above the thought
of blue horizons
we can smile,
and as the sun recedes
we blink
just to remind
the minutes of each day
when thoughts stopped by
unbidden,
welcome though,
that made us glow inside.
There cannot be,
there surely must not be
a greater love.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Lemonade

Well, no, my dear, no lemonade
I'd keep your body in the shade.
And feed you through a yellow straw
eggnog (in which the eggs are raw) ,
fruit juices are inferior saps
the real stuff contains white caps,
logistics though can't be debated
due to an often overrated
effect on youngsters hanging out
just trust me, girl, (one trusts a kraut)
I'd find a method which would buoy...
which would be easy to employ
to satisfy all appetites
and let them go, those eager kites,
allowing them to touch the sky
then dive into and occupy.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Limerick

There was a boy from Baltimore
no peers did like his style
perhaps a haemorrhoidal sore
(they also call it pile)
is causing him a lot of pain
and also it may leak
foul excrements that smell and stain
his future looks so bleak.

He goes around and leaves his turds
on neatly cut front lawns
not realising even birds
are tempted just to yawn
when he spits out from either end
his emetocathartic
he will have lost his final friend
just at the point of 'artic' *

Herbert Nehrlich

No Limerick?

A poem presenting with rhyme
and which follows a rhythm in time
need not be what we call
a true Limerick at all
like a lemon, the cousin of lime.

Yet a limerick a lemon can be,
you could use a small slice for your tea.
Do not use it in fudge
and respect that the judge
is the man with no writing degree.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Need To Fret

In the twilight of the morning
before the razor woke itself,
I dreamed that all of us,
with no exception, were searching
only for the heart of heart,
that was still growing in our chests.
I'll call her Mary, and she possesses it,
this heart of heart. I only wonder now
if knowing one will be sufficient
to save and nurture fully what is known
only to me as my most valuable,
also sacred of possessions.
But does this entity protect itself
by placing armour skilfully around
its sphere of sheer humanity,
and godliness. No need to fret.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Oil (Limerick)

As the Yanks conquer foreign soil
all the tension rise up to a boil.
Let democracy reign
in Andorra and Spain,
and the Arabs can drink all their oil.

We are now on the brink, mark my words,
to fly airplanes and cars just like birds.
An old Kraut has unveiled
that the oilmen have failed,
we can run all our engines on turds.

Herbert Nehrlich

No One Comes Back

I am a drifter, I am insane
came back from Heaven,
here to complain.

Had to clean hallways
polish the sky,
came back to bake you
an onion pie.

No one has ever
come back to yell
there is a clever
Devil in Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Room For Tears

After ordering the stone,
gold letters on granite,
she would sit by the window
and watch the sun roll
along the fields of
golden canola and
newly cut hay.

The fragrance of
lush pastures
and those hopeful
shades of green,
forever changing,
never satisfied
and unaware of their
superiority
to the Big Smoke.

She would never,
even under different circumstances,
return to the streetlights.

She wondered
how long she had,
weeks or only days,
to admire this
almost terrifying beauty.
And would she
see another rain shower,
and breathe, afterward
the freshly laundered air
and the cold steam
rising off the foothills.

They had hinted at about six.
Weeks to put to good use.
And the young intern had,
to her great embarrassment,
handed her

a megapack
of highest potency
and expensive looking
food supplements.
As if it mattered
in what condition she would
meet HIM,
her maker,
who didn't think enough of her
to let her stick around
past the age of forty-two.

She reached
for another Camel,
no filter,
lit it with her
gold-plated Zippo,
and poured a big slug
of Jack.
No ice.

'Jack would like it here',
she said.
Mud in your eyes.
No room for tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Rose

And I suppose
a rose that's on the nose
could be
an unwashed pantyhose.
Let us compose
a bit of prose
for those
whose water froze
a story of the gardenhose.
And there it goes,
his friends and foes
yelled ah's and oh's
when stepped upon their toes.
And if you're close
to her who chose
her private woes
you must expose
the wrath that grows.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Sign Of Lobotomy

Why then, do you persist?
Why can you not see
that shutting your trap
at the very moment
that a pistol is pressed
against your temple
might be a wise move?

Don't answer that.

Your little birdie,
with its dishevelled plumage
is with me now.
And the secret is out,
stirrers are born,
most of them, you see.

Some, however,
are conceived in
the twilight
of
loneliness.

Herbert Nehrlich

No Words, Really

Be still, my love,
I still am shy,
hard hands, I know
that pumicestone could not
erase the rough,
I shall be gentle though,
your skin speaks softly
of peaches
and of heavy cream.

I breathe as if it were
the very first occasion,
your tiny aromatic glands
a trillion, maybe more
have come to peek at me,
to tease erotic breath
into my inner self.

How silly, Pierre Cardin
and company,
reality does beg to differ,
I have been invited to,
allowed to stay awhile,
the feast of woman's own
I kiss your lids, so paperthin,
and think of Sandman who,
each night enjoys the sight
the glitter in those eyes,
round, sleepy pupils stroking me
half-closed with genuine love.
I drool a bit, knowing you like
just as I do, to share it all,
to taste each other's dreams

Lie still, my love, I have arrived
at the raised junction of your jaw,
the Roman cheek, born in the snow,
a glow of nearly Fuchsia mixed with rouge,
and yes, I am as eager, let me kiss

that mouth of yours, now silently alert,
I feel a PVC beneath your breast
a stumble of your heart, for us
yet not to worry, dear, we're chosen by the gods.

You stir (I thought it would be me) ,
as if to ask what we already know,
so let us dream my love, the night is ours to keep
not even spirits will disturb eternal sleep.

Herbert Nehrlich

No! ! ! ! !

Mum had a hysterectomy,
the poof a strap-a-dicktomy,
so few for tonsillectomy
and I forever remain free
will never say vasectomy.

Herbert Nehrlich

No, Not Carlsbad Beer!

Well, I never would recommend
if it were for all mankind the end,
amber beer from the bath
it's been near Carl's own ass
and most likely a terrible blend.

Would you kindly try brew from Hanover
it's preferred by the outback's own drover,
made from Hops, barley and
mixed in slowly by hand
mountain water and one sprig of clover.

Herbert Nehrlich

Noah's Arc Number Two

The devil wears a single sock
the other foot is nude
he lives beneath a mossy rock
and thinks he is a dude.

I know you folks still do believe
that devils live in Hell
but no, from moss all devils weave
a web that they can sell.

They fool the masses with their tricks
and promise them great riches
their harvest is a happy mix
of clerics and bald witches.

So do not look toward the sky
for Heaven or for Hell
just mind those rocks as you walk by
step carefully, stay well.

Some day a giant flood will come
all devils under rocks
will stick like purple bubblegum
attached to single socks.

And Noah's Arc, now number two
will cruise a placid sea
all devils have been drowned for you
which leaves just you and me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Noblesse

She did show me,
the little ones, green,
luscious thin velvet,
the lot of them
had three, not four.

But now and then,
if you had cleaned
your plate at dinner,
your ears at bathtime,
your room more often
and your language
during recess,
there would be,
waiting, somewhere,
often in the shade
of stinging nettles,
your just reward.

A four-leaf clover,
so symmetrical,
times two, at that
and looking so...
well unpretentious,
as if quite unaware
of its own beauty.

You were allowed
to touch it briefly,
but not to pick
and carry it away.

Lest on the days
to follow this, the lucky
although earned one,
you would be there,
and make a face
of disappointment,
because rewards

are catching,
like colds and sniffles.

And so it is
with friendship,
there is only one,
not many kinds,
or variations,
to have a friend
who knows he is
must be akin
to finding that
elusive clover.

It is a distant cousin
to the Alpine Edelweiss.
And both of them
do know their friends
and live in kinship,
a true noblesse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nomansland

The boy had eyes
of rarefound beauty
and a face
whose softness
tugged on strings
of early years
gladly recalled.
There was a fence
of razorwire
'round the villas
to keep them in
and others out
he wondered WHY.
He had no friends
on his own side
no mates to play with
he was the colour
of the devil's evil tribe.
His eyes now squinted
changed their shape
from cannon roundness
to slits of terror
and of pain anticipated.

Herbert Nehrlich

Non Sequitur ***

It never ceases to amaze
that some who crave their neighbours' praise
will, in a gesture to impress,
use fancy words but make a mess
of meaning, often too of spelling.
My learned friends there is no telling
how they would wipe without a guide
their seat of knowledge, called backside.
I have some molars left of course
don't judge me, as you would a horse,
but when the reader must endure
the Latin term 'non sequitur'
he would, like me, get a strong ache,
one likely to keep all awake,
inside his teeth, due to the flaw
that even many dumb ones saw,
there is no 'o' in this for sure,
it's spelled, of course, non sequitur.
The writer, so it seems to me
is stuck inside a fallacy.
Conclusions not supported by
are like the tasty apple pie
that, eaten, cannot be for sale.
Which gives the writer a clear FAIL.

Herbert Nehrlich

Noodles In 1945

I told you once before,
I don't do noodles,
the wormy things that you
and High Society call pasta,
Well no, it's not the starch
the wiggly shape or even
the hollowness so full of air.
We only had a pile of spuds
and starch from which my Aunt,
helped by her sisters, made
by rolling out on the big table,
the dough, manhandling it
with the old rolling pin,
until it lent itself to being cut,
straight lines resembling those
that marked a skilful farmers field,
it always seemed to me that plowing
was a special art, it heaped prestige
upon the steady ones for months to come.
No one would know about the straightness
of the women's noodles though, why bother
was the question on my lips, so why indeed?
Once boiled huge piles descended on each plate,
a quarter ladle of thin whey enriched with spice
and parsley for its luscious green.
On Sundays there would be, God willing
a small herring or a pair of eels.
No sir, I don't do noodles,
give me spuds and some substantial fare.

Herbert Nehrlich

Norris

There once was a fellow named Norris.
And his lady was often called Doris.
In the dark of the night
he did give her a fright,
to her orbicularis oris.

Herbert Nehrlich

Noses

A ballerina, on her toes
was dancing with a snotty nose.
She could not pause and could not stop
but noticed that dropp after drop
fell onto polished wooden floor
when suddenly, came through the door
a Mister Kleenex with his hankies,
he said 'it's always these damn Yankees,
who watch the show when New York burns
without experiencing concerns,
they wait until the play has ended
and say those words like, 'simply splendid',
But if you give those guys a tissue
they'll ask about the central issue
and then suggest that a committee
look into all the nitty-gritty.
Meanwhile the noses overflow
no time though, in the haste, to blow.'
And the moral is that some noses
eventually behave like roses,
their colour turns a crimson red
which makes the owner go to bed.
But if you look a fraction deeper
you'll find the Yankee Doodle Sleeper
the subject of the snotty nose
is something that, just now, arose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not A Haiku

A rabbit,
says Cabot,
needs sperm to cohabit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Bastards

Every man may appear
to the untrained eye
a true harquebusier
wearing jacket and tie.
And all women could be
like the old battle-ax
in their own fantasy
made of honeybee's wax.
Hence the harquebusier
takes his weapon to bed
as a true musketeer
with his bullets of lead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Bugging

There are thugs, Persian rugs and small bugs,
river tugs, china mugs, drugs and plugs.

You can play with those words
it's for free-thinking nerds
as for me, I prefer cyberhugs.

Though I say, if I may, it may pay
if I slay all the gray, in some way.
Buy a ticket and fly
and while high in the sky
wonder how I will bid you good day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Looking For A Cure

I have, for you, a theory,
at least a partial answer.
to devastating misery,
the ravages of cancer.

The year was seventeen-fifty-three
James Lind watched seamen die
of a disease in agony
and no one figured why.

This SCURVY eats the body's flesh
and breaks down walls of cells
where collagen serves to enmesh
a trillion different shells.

HYALURONIDASE is made
by most malignant tumours,
it works relentless in the shade
and laughs at all the rumours

spread by the quacks of little brains
who recommend it often.
But, in the end, the only gain
is body cells that soften.

So what, you ask, will strengthen it,
prevent scorbutic change,
when uncontrolled and bit by bit
the healthy tissue range

just crumbles into useless swill,
it is quite unexpected,
the patient is extremely ill,
that's what James Lind detected.

Two hundred years, and to the day
a Scotsman and a Yank
they theorized ascorbate may
be money in the bank.

The battlefield of scurvy's void,
so similar to cancers,
it looks as if it's been destroyed
by drunken Cossack dancers.

And soon they found, ascorbate would
inhibit cancer spread.
Now Cameron and Pauling could
perhaps not raise the dead,

but stop the greatest single scourge
of practising its chilling
and uncontrolled satanic urge
to decimate by killing

the people, often in their prime,
with cruelty and greed.
Could one plain substance stop this crime
and turn this desperate need?

Now almost forty years have passed
and many millions died.
Yet I can feel the icy blast,
they will not save your hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Love

When daisies smile and robins sing
one hears the music of new Spring.
Where are you, apple of my eye
without your velvet touch I cry.
It's love, so true it harbours pain
competing now with time's own cane.
Like windblown, badly balanced darts
no love comes from our longing hearts.
Some day there will be done a thesis
love only works outside the species.
When daisies smile and robins sing
it's music but not love that's king.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Misogynics

I will, she uttered, read indeed
and sort the cabbage from the weed.
Don't you just love the little fibs?
I think it must be Adam's ribs
that men are better when it comes
to add, subtract and do their sums.

And even more, we tend to do
what we have promised, that is true.
However, if you don't subscribe
to what is now a secret tribe.....
we are not known as misogynics,
no, not at all, we're genuine cynics.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not My Valentine

Please can I be your Valentine
I'm just a little nut.
I'll spoil you with Italian wine
I'll sing outside your hut.
You say you have your Valentine
and that you love me, but
the other one brought better wine:
Your Valentine I'm not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Peter Pan

Talking is copper
silence is gold.
Tell me a whopper,
do as you're told.

Poets ain't people,
we are insane.
Hands in a steeple
nothing is plain.

Think of a mother
caring and soft.
Kind to each other.
Swing in the loft.

Rabid in temper
dropp of the hat.
Fidelis semper
skins the gray cat.

Do not ask Noah
who built the arc.
Spermatozoa
swim through the dark.

What is the measure
of a good man?
immortal treasure,
not Peter Pan.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not Stood Up

At last she had arrived, hips swinging.
Boobs leading,
heels clicking,
unhurried, rather strolling.
Two hours late,
I, like a girl,
a whimpy one at that,
I had stood there,
pretending very well
to like the neighbourhood.
But not quite blending in.

'Well, piss off, inner man,
your lonely finger of
such righteous indignation,
it just fell off, things happen!
Buses break down,
parents mingle,
handbags lost,
stolen carkeys,
bridges flooded,
blizzards roaming,
stalkers, male,
and those much softer,
obnoxious cops,
what counts is only
she is here.'

'So, tell her so! '.

'It is alright,
I have all day,
no problem, no,
I'll cancel classes,
the funeral of grandpa, too,
the graduation.'

She was not paying good attention,
could be a listener she was not,

but then who is, today, tonight?
Things more important
in this world were dear to her.
She glanced across the busy street,
well, looking, even maybe longing,
some interest of peculiar kind
was occupying her sweet mind.
Her pink-framed mouth then opened briefly,
exposing pearly whites and moist
strawberry tongue, God so delicious.
'Sorry', she said, 'truly I am,
and please believe me, it's not YOU,
something is wrong within myself,
not you, at all, but many fishes
can be retrieved from many seas.
But I'm already very late,
so here's Good-bye, I guess, for now,
but will be seeing you, okay? '

And turned, to leave, then stopped and said
over that lovely shoulder, left,
half-draped by shiny, auburn hair,
those dimples, rosy cheeks and ears,
a dipple, lone but prominent
protruding, straining looking hostile,
'still friends we are, that's understood? '
and crossed to waiting beau, brisk steps.

As far as I remember this,
I never ever liked those pads,
on shoulders, not on girls at all.
Then, whistling. Exit. Pub. Next left.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not To Be Pitied

Life offers us some misery
in words and deeds like travesty,
born of a common piece of crap
some keep supplies of pus on tap.
They dwell in shrill disharmony
while oozing with dishonesty.
You may well ask why this is so,
no need now to consult a pro.
It's envy's noble curse on earth
hatched as an accident of birth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Not To Worry

I must, to stay within the zone
keep down the electronics
Conduction through my funny bone
sets off those histrionics.

A piece of cake to overstay
one's welcome, gained anew,
what if she smiles as if to say
I need you like the flu?

A million gallons smoothed those stones
a journey's murky green,
exotic fish, their muffled tones,
blue algae in between.

My hope is that the noisy geese
that swim above and chatter,
stay clear of the great golden fleece
and take their pitter-patter

off to the banks to make their nests
while life goes with the flow,
hold secrets close to feathered chests
as time now fades below.

So, let me be just like a fish,
talk only now and then.
Present to you a single wish
the wish of mice and men.

You know, of course, the old adage
that folks will come to join,
some dress in stealth and camouflage
while others toss a coin.

To walk with people for a while
there comes a time to turn,
some may be waiting with a smile
and a bouquet of fern.

As I observed (and you can see)
my soul is histrionic,
perhaps there is some hope for me
through Gordon's Gin and tonic..

Herbert Nehrlich

Nothingness

The planes had hit.
And, half asleep
I waited for King Kong
to manifest himself
up on that tower.

Surely, it is a movie,
at such ungodly hour.

I never will forget
those souls who jumped
because there is
no comprehension
in this head of mine.

I cannot write a poem
about the tragedy,
I'm just not man enough
to jump into the nothingness.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nouveau Riche

You say where there is smoke there must be fire
while pointing at the mansion I now own,
no man will stand here calling me a liar
a blackmailer, and crook, who's rotten to the bone.

I earned this money working in the ditches
and pumping poo from septic tanks each day,
a life of toil and forty years to riches
I'm seventy and old enough to play.

Not one dull dollar has been dropped into my lap
I've paid my taxes on the interest in the bank,
no lousy copper comes in here to pin the rap
onto my hide, and who am I to thank?

You say my Rolls and all the other motorcars
are not legit and that I do not have good papers,
and that my passport photo does not show those scars
inflicted years ago in the Mauritius Capers.

I can see clearly that you are a great detective,
and if the file you have in front of you is me
you'd surely think that I, yours truly am defective,
you want my papers to make certain I won't flee.

I do admit to it, but do me one small favour:
Stand very still right where you are and close your eyes,
I want to give a smallish taste, of proper flavour,
it is a Glock, and you may say all your good-byes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nudist Camp

' Come', said Gitta (that's my niece) ,
' let's go down to the nudist camp',
as I was looking at the crease
that I had ironed into damp

and quite expensive, dark-blue trousers.
'just leave those civil clothes behind, '
I thought that nudists are arousers,
with sex and mayhem on their mind.

I tried to find a thrifty reason,
but she insisted she knew why,
I said it was late in the season
and that I really was not shy.

But in the end I tagged along,
right at the entrance stood a giant,
with what I'd call an equine schlong.
I tried once more to be defiant.

And then we stripped, went off to mingle
with others of the same persuasion,
most here were couples, but a single,
midlifish fellow, who looked Asian,

came up and introduced his body,
which was astonishingly stout.
He offered us a Saki Toddy
and said he was an Astronaut.

Strapped in the capsule, as they are
for many hours, he would miss
the comforts of the ground (so far) ,
it bugged him when he had to piss.

Inside the spacecraft it was hell,
that's why he was truly inclined
to free himself, out of his shell
(and show to others his behind) .

We made the rounds and I was staring
at parts I did not often see,
thereby forgetting I was baring
my own equipment (not with glee) ,

and when we left the Nudist Haven,
the morning man had been replaced
by the most stunning, black as Raven
voluptuous beauty, who was based

right on the premises, residing
in a small hut of cedar planks.
I saw no further grounds in hiding
my gratitude, so I said 'thanks'

to Gitta, and 'wait just a minute',
and Raven signed me 'til September,
and I was happy to be in it,
a full-fledged Nudist Haven member.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nun At The Antique Bookstore

I had been looking for that ancient book
for quite some time.
And found it, paid the lady with the soulful eyes,
that could, if looked into when vulnerable,
ignite the meltdown of a man's own soul.

There was a book mark of inherent beauty,
its usefulness due to its very size,
and scribbled there in purple, stylish letters,
it gave a number, followed by the words 'call Me'.

So, it was true what I had noticed in the shop.
She'd felt it, too and acted when I stared.
I wonder what her hours are at work
and what to say to her now that we know.

She breathed Hello, a smokefilled rhaspy voice,
then she played hard to get, I thought at first.
I re-confirmed the loveliness of her brown eyes
and that we had made contact with our souls.

'You left a note', I said 'I'm calling you to see
if you would want to have a bite to eat with me',
(and almost said to her 'a bite of me') ,
and then I told her that the book I bought was precious.

Well, she confessed that she was just a simple nun,
with private phone, her studies near complete.
She'd sold the book there early in the year
to buy another science work that was too dear.

What does one say? A nun inside a convent,
so non-descript in looks and other factors.
I was so rattled that I mentioned with conviction,
that eyes THAT lovely were so very hard to find.

Her smile was audible, her wit measured perfection.
She said 'Oh yes, my eyes are beautiful as jewels,
I have reserved them and the rest of me

for Jesus, it was very nice to talk to you today.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Nuns' Buns

In the bath I saw two nuns
who had four delicious buns.
I was perched up on a ledge
listened as they talked of pledge
when they washed with liquid soap
I decided there was hope
crawled inside in total silence
out of inner lust for violence.
Screams were heard and I was caught
all the trouble was for naught
in the jail I learned to pray
had received a lengthy stay.
And on Sundays, they would pass
first the preachers and the brass
then the nuns buns under cover
well observed by me, who'd hover
on the jail cell's narrow ledge
making now a private pledge.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nur Fuer Dich

Eine blaue Blume sass
frueh am Morgen, dort, im Gras.
Lieblich war sie anzuseh'n
laechelnd bis dreiviertel zehn.
Kommt ein Kaefer, rot in Tracht
sieht die Blume, hat gelacht,
oeffnet seinen kleinen Schlund
knabbert schon mit seinem Mund.
Schlaegt ein Blitz vom Himmel runter
faellt ein kleiner Kaefer, bunter
wird die Blume nie mehr blicken
denn sein Herz hoert auf zu ticken.

Du mein Liebling, bist die Blume
stehst dort, fuer uns stets zum Ruhme.
Liebe, blau und zart besaitet
immer auf dem Glueckspferd reitet.

English Version
(For My Favourite Flower)

A small azure blue flower sat
at Dawn in its grass habitat.
A lovely sight who wore a smile
it framed her face for a long while.
A crawler comes, in red attire
not to adore or to admire
but to ingest the pretty flower
this early in the morning hour.
Now lightning strikes, sent from the sky
the creepy crawly goes bye-bye.
He'll never see her face again
and it is morning ten past ten.
His heart, intent to harm and kill
will now remain forever still.

You, Sweetheart are my flower
I love you scent at any hour.
You sit, endowed with love's own force,

your spirit rides my lucky horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Nutcase

And not a single blueberry
was left among the leaves,
the more he searched the place
the louder was the sound of
the crickets and the toads,
he wondered if they could have,
would have taken them to eat
nobody knew what toads live on,
and crickets are a species all too,
....well, crazy and exotic and so dumb.
When night fell he discovered
that it was he who was, no due respect
the real nut among the berries.

Herbert Nehrlich

Obama?

Yes Obama's the talk of the town,
he took over from Dubbya the clown.
though the name rings no bell
I'd prefer sweet Michelle
in her 'jamas or even a gown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Obesity

For those of you who are obese,
who never know just when to cease
obsessive and incessant stuffing,
who walk upstairs with lots of huffing,
you may be wondering just why
the doctors and the books all lie.

You've tried the Atkins and the Eades,
have eaten rabbit food and weeds.
Have starved yourself for many days
and jogged and exercised in ways
that should have made you pencil-thin
and planted on your face a grin.
Instead, you ate ten diet cakes
and drank four artificial shakes.

And when you next stepped on the scale
you stared and turned from pink to pale.
You pulled yourself together soon.
(And purchased a much smaller spoon) .
You did consult a dietician
to help you with your fat-loss mission.
She told you that you were a glutton
while staring at your belly button.
Advised to cut the calories
watch your potatoes, even peas.

Drink water and diluted tea
to help the body fat to flee.
But nothing worked and you got fatter,
and soon it had become a matter
of life and death due to the weight,
you were in a precarious state.

One day you floated in a stream
at dusk, bathed in the sun's last beam.
Displacing so much water (thanks
to all your fat) , above the banks.
A gentleman, about to cross

the bridge had stopped, was at a loss
to understand the flooding waters.
He held the hands of his two daughters.

And soon, he spotted down below
the instigator of the show.
He asked her, would she be so kind
to leave the waterway behind.
She did, and in her suit of rubber
he now observed her ample blubber.

'I am a scientist, my girl,
be glad to give your plight a whirl! '
She told him of her years of pain,
that in the end she'd always gain,
that all the experts were no use,
they charged a lot but had no clues.

The learned man explained the science:
'Your body's running in defiance,
you are not feeding what it needs
and lack of nutrients soon leads
to faulty cell metabolism,
it's an internal nihilism.

Your body needs foods of tradition,
it's programmed for the days of fishing
and hunting, daily, true wild game,
today the world is not the same.
But all the cells must be well-fed
if not they sicken, soon be dead.

So throw your diet foods away
and start your healthy life today.

Fresh cream and butter, pastured eggs,
fat meat and liver, emu legs.
What God has made, it is for you,
so skip the cola chemist's brew.
Eat foods as close to its true source
and always eat a second course.

It's only man-made, processed fare,
those items wrapped in glitt'ring flair
that steal the nutrients from you
(they feed them better at the zoo) .
Obesity', the man did add,
'is nothing but a silly fad.'
He stood and smiled and then they crossed.
She sat in awe, no longer lost.

Herbert Nehrlich

Objects

Weighty words of trusted bible notwithstanding,
the objects in some eyes cannot be seen
by bold observers peeking, beyond closed lids
nor from the inside of those bible-bashing friends.
Yet they are present and fulfil a noble purpose,
fully respected by a man's seedy companions,
it makes a mockery of all the earnest words,
as fear of God can punish not all moneychangers,
and pleasant words will never soothe our wounds.
And only the reflection has diminished.

Herbert Nehrlich

Observed

He'd been thinking about a good line
as the evening began to decline.
But she smiled with a nod
and it doesn't seem odd
that today they are tasting good wine.

On the weekend there was a convention
it was fine and deserves a good mention.
He was eager to dine
and they did, drank some wine
then he asked for their date an extension.

When the moon went to bed it was late
they were standing, too close, near the gate.
Though he was pretty shy
with his polka dot tie
when they parted he whispered, 'please wait.'

For Barbara H. - California Beaujolais

Herbert Nehrlich

Observed - Part II

He had booked them the hot air balloon,
as the blossoms of love sang a tune.
But they missed it, though just
and his love turned to frust,
she had slept in her bed until noon.

So he went to inspect now her house,
and through magic turned into a mouse.
As he crouched near the door
on her bedroom's cold floor
she was just slipping into her blouse.

And his heart did the giggle and skip
when the skirt was pulled up to her hip.
Well, her smooth and soft thigh
made him let out a cry
drowned out when she fastened the clip.

He was loaded with testosterone
and could feel it in every bone.
So, a quickly hatched plan
turned him back to a man
but it failed and he now was a clone.

She was ready to go when she saw
two grey mice, and she yelled for the law.
Then the pair grew four wings
and those small wiggly things
and they landed, headfirst in her bra.

It was logical that she would faint.
And much later when he had explained
that she should understand
and he asked for her hand.
But she knew that he wasn't a saint.

Herbert Nehrlich

Observed - Part Iii

Well, the fellow was known as O'Hara.
And the beauty was loved as Sweet Tara.
Once he barged in the room
like a grouch of a groom
and he helped her apply her Mascara.

Though you people would want to know all
was he handsome and dark, even tall?
Well, I MUST be discreet
so, whenever they meet
I have strawberry shakes at the Mall.

I suggest that imagination
would confirm your consideration.
You can see in your head
what those two do in bed.
So just stand there and give an ovation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Obsolescence?

You talk about those stoic stuffed auld goats
of times that boasted only lower classes,
in modern times, a free verse poet gloats
to me, they tend to talk straight from their asses.
I see, in modern poetry much huffing
so casual and shrill beyond compare
it is as if they'd beaten out the stuffing
of pigeon-chested crows while eagles dare.

Herbert Nehrlich

Obstetrics

And there it was that stupid little thing.
Training to be an obstetrician in this place
world's greatest took me under his left wing
but let me loose too early, 'just in case'.

A bush of hair is something pretty plain
in actuality I think all should be shaved
it would not matter one iota to her brain
today is sample taking day, samples are saved
for us to test them for rogue cells and other signs
of inflammation or discharge of foreign matter
back in the lab where, set among the pines
next to the shop that calls itself The Crazy Hatter.

We part the lips as they are called, to have a peek
put in the speculum and turn it very gently
the great professor stands behind me, what a freak
he looks like Dracula and drives a British Bentley.

It is plain modesty that tells me now to stop
but let me tell you that the purpose is for science
and to detect aberrant buggers and a crop
of those immortal ones that wallow in defiance.

It was a man with a humonguous Grecian name
it has been shortened to the more accepted Pap
he persevered with a hypothesis so tame
that even students saw the open, empty gap.

Today the test which is a rather simple smear
saves countless lives in many lands without much cost
it does prevent much needless suffering and the fear
that female cancer will make certain you are lost.

And so it is with some great heros of all time
they were soft spoken often nerdy, with bow ties
but they always thought inaction was a crime
if a single woman doesn't know and dies.

Occult

They tested him,
of course they would,
had IBS, it bothered him,
then reflux which was worse,
three days he caught the stuff
in a small salad bowl,
occult it said,
and what it looked for
was the sap that makes you live.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ode To You - Love Of My Life

I had a dream last night, my flower,
you sat with me, out by the pool.
We talked and laughed 'til late the hour,
held hands that felt the night air cool.

You asked me then what I would do
if suddenly the world did blow.
I sat up straight and looked at you
and asked: 'You really want to know? '

But then, it seemed that you had grounds
to bring the subject up with me.
We were alone with our sounds
and told each other we were free.

Your angel face was, oh, so sweet
and tilted slightly was your head;
with shy eyes looking at your feet
as you were listening, I said:

'If radioactive clouds arose
and all the living creatures died-
if life on earth came to a close
we won't have anywhere to hide.'

'I'll take you in my arms right then
to hug you, cov'ring every inch,
and there we'd have our own last stand
'til death would come, we wouldn't flinch.'

Don't look so sad now, listen up!
This doomsday image won't come true.
Let's drink some wine from our cup-
our blood it is, I'll share with you.

And on I go now, to explain,
of all scenarios one could see,
of things disastrous and insane.
What I would do for you and me.

'I'd climb any mountain.
I'd swim every stream.
I'd fight any croc'
and my eyes would be mean.

I would travel to India
to seek out the tiger,
and also the Ninja,
battle rebels in Riga.

And polar bears, big ones,
also grizzlies and snakes,
and mirages and Mig-guns,
I now have what it takes.

So, I want you to know
that if buried you were,
under boulders and snow,
under forests of fir.

I would dig with my fingers
and would make them hold out.
Though the painfulness lingers
you won't hear me shout.

My reserves will be taken
as I give it my all.
My resolve is not shaken
though it is my last call.

I shall reach you, I need to
as I'd never forgive.
I will get you and lead you
out to freedom to live..

On and on I kept talking
as you swam in my eyes.
Precious time went a- walking
and the sun came to rise.

Well, you looked rather frozen,

yet your face was a-flush,
then you whispered 'I've chosen'
and you told me to hush.

And my heavy heart skipped:
One for me, one for you.
As you rose your chair tipped
and you breathed 'I love you'.

Then you sat on my knees
with your arms all around me,
and in olde Angelese
said 'Sweet Hawk, I have found thee! '

And we kissed without thought,
without time or restraint.
Soon I thought that one ought
to come close to a faint.

Although private this is
I can tell it all, here:
It's whenever we kiss
I am in your heart, dear.

Oh, I love your sweet nectar
as we both like to drool,
you're my little Perfecta,
and we dream by the pool.

Now your sweetness engulfs me,
I will taste all your skin.
As your heart now involves me
and it draws me right in.

I will take what you give
and will cherish the gift.
Though as long as I live
this conviction won't shift.

As you hug me so tight
that no air is between us,
we ignore the dawn's light

and the sun who has seen us.

Do I wonder about
a disaster occurring?
In the milk is the trout
and my thoughts must be slurring.

Let the Gods please forgive me,
it's just that I meant
that forever I'd keep thee
to the end of the end.

From the dream I awaken
and I'm all alone.
Meeting eggs, tea and bacon
while I stare at the phone.

Was it all just a spiel?
Does she actually exist?
Yes I knew it's for real
the first time we kissed.

For the love of my life:
La Louve

Herbert Nehrlich

Odysseus

Drip drip, the cream falls on my lip.
Grunt grunt, it's dark inside the brunt.
Push, push, wild shadows near the tush.
Squeeze, squeeze, alveoli now wheeze.
Flood, flood, it feels like pleasant mud.
Numb gum, it's Sirens when we come.
Sink, sink, we'll end up in the drink.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Course I Will

He woke one day,
at dawn
and felt an emptiness
perhaps a pawn
had been demanded and,
the gods had come
and taken,
with great impunity
as if to say
it matters not,
you've had your fun
with limbs and such
now it is time
to give,
surrender space,
new opportunity
for those who touch
the clock's loud chime
and march ahead
singing a melody
of hope and joy
while passing,
the introverted boy
not meant to live
yet there is energy
inside a head
crammed full of words
and of a hardened will
beneath a face
that hides a poker grin
and like those Hitchcock birds
the ambience, first still,
a silent pledge to win.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Desert Wars

He wasn't what you'd call a desert flower,
more of a cactus with a hundredthousand pricks.
While walking by I dropped an insult by his shadow
and watched the fireworks blow into endless skies.

We hit it off, needless to say, like toad and beetle,
the question, one of sheer identity,
it was a scorcher of a day on parched terrain
huge balls of spinifex and animosity.

But look today, my friends, have we turned into mellow
and rather feeble aging poets with no brawn?
Or could it be that he's a rather friendly fellow
and that the days of nasty skirmishes are gone?

Note: I needed to show that I can still rhyme, hence the last 4 lines.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Fishes

A fish can never be a pet,
like dogs and cats and silly parrots,
because his home is always wet
and he despises peas and carrots.

I hope that you now understand
why no one walks with fishes ever,
all pets can spend their time on land
or swim in water, which is clever.

A fish will swallow in the end
a silver, extra sharpened hook.
No fish will ever be a friend
to anybody but a cook.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Garlic And Apples

An apple a day keeps the doctor away
and a garlic (one clove) keeps the heat in your stove.
But a kiss and a hug beats it all so they say
it will heal all your ailments, by Jove.

Take the apple, the garlic and kiss her sweet lips
if the garlic should wrinkle her nose,
slide your hands to caress her size 42 hips
and inser in her cleavage a rose.

If she still is too cold and not with it at all
you must tell her of those in the queue,
and that touching the subject has barriers fall
that all mankind is waiting for you.

If she senses that others are aiming their gaze
at the man that is close now to hand
you will enter an extraterrestrial blaze
which only the Gods understand.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Golden Socks

She wore those varsity white socks
and cultivated golden locks.
Both, socks and locks affected though
the orderly and rapid flow
of blood into the brain per se
which turned into a doughy clay
gray matter and the neural mass
the end result was smelly gas.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Horses And Flies

A fly had ventured from his nest
and flew (of course) then came to rest
upon the tailbone of a horse.
And with considerable force
he pushed his stinger through the hide
which promptly ended up inside.
The horse, whose tolerance of pain
was governed by an oblong brain,
a horse, that much is widely known
is born without a funny bone
It follows that a horse may cry
when bitten by a nasty fly.
The fly, whose cousins own the dunny
inflicts his germs and thinks it funny
when bits of half-digested dung
infect the spot where he has stung.
Though in the case of any horse
it matters little since, of course
a horse makes, on command, vaccine
which brings resistance to the scene.
Thus horses won't, upon reflection,
pick up a Coliform infection,
which pleases me (you may ask why)
but tell me, why the horse would cry!
A horse will cry at times, of course
due to the fly's lack of remorse.
Which does intensify the pain
I hope I've made this subject plain.
Since stings make horses jump and wince
you'll never see a horse that grins.
You may consider this quite silly
but think about it, as a filly
a horse soon meets the dreaded fly
he suffers, as the years go by
and stores the thought inside his head
that flies would better off be dead.
And if, the Gods in the hereafter
outlawed all flies we'd hear the laughter
of horses just as now and then

a nicker sound comes from the pen.
This is a soft and pleasant sound
containing vowels that are round.
But if you hear them whinny-ing
you know they're thinking of the sting
and of the time when God will boil
all flies in holy Hyssop oil.
All mammals then will celebrate
the new and blessed stingless state
and will, in gratitude endorse
the king of critters, yes the horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Huns And Suns

It is true, my hon
that not all of them, really
will be chipper and fun
so consider this freely
when you sit on your bun
in the morning's wee hours
that I may be the hun
who, like soft April showers
when all's said and all's done
would gift-wrap you in flowers
so when down goes our sun
the unwrapping brings joy
and, done slowly, is fun
you won't be my toy
you're second to none.
And your smile is the web
that our friendship has spun
thus there is no low ebb
or displeasure to shun
you ask about reading
another one wrong
which reminds me of needing
to hear a love song.
And the sun will not grow
inside your pink soul
I know this is so
as the sun is so whole
and you are such perfection
as those secret vibes told
so my own predilection
is your heart, made of gold.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Ladders And Fate

I left this door agape,
it was no oversight
and no intent ought to be read
into my slight of hand
if that is what they think.
A draft of harsh and ugly words
most laden with indignity
and bundled into reprimands
with poisoned stinger darts
wafts in to occupy my space
and I retreat and call, in vain for you
where are you LOVE,
what have the bastards done,
is not your place with me,
your arms encircling me
your so delicious lips
caressing mine, your tongue
which ought to speak
its magic whispers
into tastebuds just to say
that we are joined
if not at birth
then as a magic Siamese,
acquired by pure chance
while on an estuary dance?

Oh, yes, I see you now,
you look so pretty there,
among the eucalypts,
had I been more prepared
I'd be a saviour to you
and hand you down
a ladder from the sky,
to climb, led by your décolleté
into my waiting arms.

Tis very sad my LOVE,
but wait, I note your tears,
a thousand drops,

like rain amidst the smile,
oh yes, your Happy Smile!

I understand, and it must be
my kisses will be yours
and yours be mine,
we must not wait
for fancy ladders or for fate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Mideastern Appearance

He was, and so they say with righteousness
of middle eastern, unkempt appearance.
His skin was so unwashed and quite unwhite,
plain clothes of foreign fabrication, so exotic
I am no xenophobe and always hold my tongue
in case strange utterings want out to air their wit,
so I went up to him to say that justice must be seen
and heard, of course, if it is to be done, at all, at all,
which is, of course, akin to marketing, of emptiness
and this ought to be done from upper windows of
Potemkin's Villages, it will impress the masses.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Praise And Skenollaise

The written word,
a whisper barely heard
a pat onto the dorsal fins
a smile, a triple nod
a word of praise, how odd
how effortless it wins.

Wins supporters and friends
as it modifies trends,
lifts the spirit for all
so you feel ten feet tall.
It is surely a matter
that the people who flatter
will go far in their lives,
even keep their own wives.

But there is a confounder
and you know it of course,
like the slow swimming flounder
it's a case of the source,
any praise is becoming,
as it makes us feel warm.
Some will find themselves humming
others panic and swarm.

Yet there's one. When she utters
just a few gracious things
and so quickly unclutters
silly thoughts as she sings.
Yes, this lovely Godiva
trickles balm to the sore,
the great healer saliva,
will she trickle some more.

If the praise is intended
to work miracles though,
there is something so splendid
as it comes with the flow
and it coats wounds and scratches

soothes lungs and chafed skin
it so easily matches
all endorphins within.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Radishes And Psychiatry

A radish popped out of the ground
it had red cheeks, his face was round
the leafy hair he had was green
and little else could then be seen
he waited patiently for me
to pull him up so he could see.
It was a Sunday in July
I'd gone to Oregon to fly
my cousin's brand new ultralight
as I enjoyed the splendid sight
of valleys and of mountaintops
and, on the freeways, traffic cops
I thought that I had missed my chance
not even thrown a fleeting glance
at all my veggies when I left
thus of their energy bereft
the veggies and myself would wait
'til in the evening, when late
I would return from my long trip
arrive at home, prepare a nip
and suddenly, it comes to me
I wander out to check and see
if it is time to pick and choose
and as I stand there, with my booze
a sadness overcomes my being
my eyes get moist as they are seeing
the little radish, so admired
has shrivelled greatly, looks expired
his hair, so leafy and so green
his reddened cheeks, so clearly seen
a face, so loving, big and round
a veggie from the underground.
It is too late now, you were brave
to wait for me, I'll dig a grave
say radish to radish, and dust to dust
and raise my glass because I must
go back inside, prepare for bed
just think, that little fellow's dead.
That night I dream that I am mental

that radishes are incidental
to modern living, they are food
to nourish and enhance the mood
and if they die they go to ground
where they, next season can be found
recovering from hibernation
like people from an operation
so all those tears were overkill
of the old geezer on the hill
it's just that veggies are my friends
which in itself shakes me and tends
to make me think of them as kiddos
and when they die they leave their widows
The shrink said radishes are hot
if you don't eat them they will rot
he gave me pills then to arrange
some of my thinking, which is strange
and one small box of funny seeds
he said 'They are exotic weeds,
truly immortal and won't die
when I grew radishes I'd cry
today my garden is my joy
but you are schizophrenic, boy
you cannot look at simple plants
and overlook that they wear pants
it all is pretty much confusing
so take these pills, you won't be losing
your mind, which really is a vulture
all due respect for horticulture.'

Next season I went out to look
there was the radish, and I took
him in the house without delay
and sliced him up, he looked okay.
Then ate the fellow, hair and skin
and nothing ended in the bin
I told the doc about it later
he said, he would no longer cater
to health and welfare of my mind
but that he was just being kind.
He said that he had now retired
to do what he and I admired

he stitched together shirts and hats
for radishes, (he called them brats)
and cared for them and for the others
because no veggies know their mothers
and I do think that in the end
the doc and I went 'round the bend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of The Family

Hairy, Hairy, quite contrary
sat upon a stool.
Came the kindly wombat fairy
from the Fairy pool.
Said to Hairy, have a sherrie
makes the bowels loose,
Hairy thought it rather scary
maybe, too obtuse.

Hairy took a wife named Mary
fat she was and round
built a cosy, visionary
log home on the ground.

Home was small but Hairy loved it
'twas a sturdy log.
Found a lichen rug and shoved it
in to warm the frog.

Frog had been cast from his quarters
by his next of kin.
Sealed the wombat home with mortar
and they took him in.

Winter came and snow kept falling,
hibernate they did,
under Lichen there was balling
made another kid.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Veils In Deserts

Two lice were living on the belly
of a good-looking, though quite smelly
Afghani woman in the hills,
they did not have the bathroom frills
that Yanks expect so they are dirty,
which does not stop them being flirty.

A soldier who was very skilled
and not too eager to get killed
told all the natives that they should
get body piercing if they could.

What better way to be a mensch
and thus distracted from the stench.
Amani had a goldring fitted
upon her belly which permitted
the lice to play their silly games
they'd jump and call each other names,
the loop was there to jump right through
'twas reminiscent of a zoo.

Word of the body ornament
soon went around from tent to tent.
And all the natives did have bugs
which, during friendly desert hugs
jumped off into the sporting grounds
from which emerged excited sounds.

The girls now watched as all the lice
moved down the hoop into what vice
would see as the restricted zone.
They fastened to the pubic bone
the jewel for their games of fun,
when out of nowhere came a nun.

She looked upon the devil's game
and told the girls about the shame
that they, through sleaziness, had wrought
until they all were quite distraught.

The penalty, so was agreed
would be, to hide for life, indeed
their faces under heavy veils
and she who even one day fails
is punished like Lot's wife by God,
through fire from his lightning rod.

So, now you now why Muslim races
hide all their desert women's faces.

Herbert Nehrlich

Of Walls

Some Yankee supermarket malls
may be surrounded by stone walls.
And in between the Malls and walls
you'll find the male and female stalls.
In one of them they flash their balls
the other one is used by dolls.
The sanctuary of these halls
is sought by all when Nature calls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Off With Their Heads

So Dubya wants to leave the stage
in righteous, radioactive rage.
He figures that by being tough
the effort may yet be enough
to have the people keep him there
as logical and rightful heir.

Drop bombs and other friendly fire
onto the people, what a liar
who has condemned allies and friends
to wait until the folly ends.

Hold on there, cowboy, time is up!
Just have a look at your own cup!
We threw the gangster Howard out
demoted him to walkabout.
It's time the warmongers and crooks
be hung from sturdy butcher's hooks.

No people ought to be subjected
to orders from above, directed
at special interests in the name
of freedom, what a dirty shame.

Just have a look and see who runs
the poisons, oilrigs and the guns
and who will benefit from it
I say, let us indict, to wit,
let's lock them up without a trial
and let them fester there a while.

Well, George, now Tony Blair has gone
and Howie, you will soon move on.
You have not covered your small head
with glory, and it must be said
that they will read in hist'ry books
just how we recognised you crooks.

And that we learned by observation

that help is needed for this nation.
Ideals were lost and hopes were shattered,
as if those values never mattered.

You know the feeling how the air
smells lovely and beyond compare
after a shower in the Spring.
You'll hear the tiny robins sing
and that is what the world will know
when all you gangsters finally go.

Herbert Nehrlich

Offence/Offense

Since the Lord bought me, a Mercedes Benz,
I've never again taken any offence.
As you say you're in need of a well-endowed brain
you can't have something twice though, don't do it again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Offerings And Offsprings

She talked about my latest offerings
as if they had with eager little feet
rushed over to her Lazyboy Recliner
to climb up on her lap and talk so sweet
into allegedly well-educated ears
from where the spirits of my words
would travel by telepathy into her mind
there to be chopped and sorted into finer
and more accessible poetic nerds
but in the very end there would be fears
and trepidation of another kind,
while all this time she would surely forget
that all my little babies can be called offsprings
who might be happy if they saw and met
a proper critic who would come and tell me things.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oh Zeus

Oh Zeus, I am about to stand
all nude beneath your cirrus clouds
to open with my free and eager hand,
and move aside, uncovering the shroud
to feast upon a soft and fuzzy peach
delicious cream, it oozes from within
I pray my tongue be stretchable to reach
I ask you Zeus, allow me this small sin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oh, Munich!

It was a gray day in November that I sat
at my Salvation Army desk, so deep in thought,
about the art of reminiscing about life.

An element of selfishness was,
clearly and painfully, present
and the question of disclosure,
to my happy self, returned from,
what can only be described as
some sort of earthly paradise,
was staring quite relentlessly,
its finger raised in mock concern.

There is a rash desire now within
the need to boast to all and now,
there cannot be the very silence
that would surely be required,
lest lifting of the veil would bring about
untold vulgarities into a bed of truth.

Filled to the beating heart with joy
as well as sadness I regress
into the dream that came to haunt
and squeeze its mighty hand
around me in a gesture from those days,
when summer raised its warming rays
and filled young men with lustful thoughts.

It was James Bond, about the life of spies,
surrounded by a thousand Hessian souls,
whose sole routine was first to rest,
and soak into their skins the burning sun,
then to extinguish the excesses in the waves
of Frankfurt's biggest and well situated pools,
where waters did receive their frequent dose
of what was meant to be discharged in smaller stalls,
but folks would swim and dive and often spit
as to discharge the waste of fuels like fat-bound boats.

James had now lured into his bed the Russian spy,
its very ease conferred encouragement to me,
and for a moment there was hope and sheer despair
when eyes were locked across the barriers of the day.
The sun was setting now, the crowd began to stir
she packed her towel and the yellow Piz-Buin,
soon she was gone, I noted tram Krauthausen-4.

There was some doubt inside the mind of the old Dean,
you look quite healthy, must have gone through his big skull,
I was the first to cross the gate the coming day,
and claimed the spot, a fraction closer and in hope.
The sun had blinked it seemed when angels came to town,
she wore a flowered and exquisite Swedish top,
legs flattered and revealed by short bermuda whites,
sunglasses aimed up into God's benevolence.
And then she sat within ten feet, inside my shade.

I spoke, amazed and stunned and well prepared.
Would quick defeat and even ridicule be seen
by all the tight, gross looking trunks of healthy males
who had assembled here to steal my rising star?

There would not be another day, she said to me,
a voice like harpsichord accompanied by flute,
the trip to Spain would be tomorrow, near to dawn,
four weeks, parental chaperones, perhaps a card.

We spent the time to the last tram in Le Chateau,
greased fingers feeding chicken legs and tales
into the eagerness of innocent young mouths,
wheat beer with just a touch of rhubarb juice
and no one dared to spoil the ambience of the night.

Some fifteen years have come and gone, and I return,
a tiny gremlin leads my hand deep to the page
where like a shooting star her name looks up to burn
and give me courage and the nerves of long gone times.

She stays composed though I can tell it is a sham,
'this cannot be', she keeps repeating, 'not for real',
'I kept your letters', says the voice, (Manuka lips) ,

'you could, if time permits come by, say Hi (? ? ?) ,
perhaps a cab, you are not far, not far at all.'

The lift, a modern and Teutonic apparatus is too fast,
I'm not prepared, perhaps the wind messed up my hair,
two jet-lagged eyes and a small paunch, the price of age,
what would she say, would there be ridicule, defeat?

And all was well, words really are so strange,
so full of nothing though we used the words of old,
went back to Le Chateau, she was prepared,
and I could swear, the roasted legs were just the same,
baked in her grill, while we drank Chateau-Neuf-Du-Pape,
and in the end we talked of trams, and number four,
the world at large, it didn't matter anymore.

This was written in 1981.
No further details available.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oil Of Wintergreen

The best sandwich, says Diogenes,
is one made with saliva,
secreted just for you,
I'll be the lettuce in between,
if you will nibble with your teeth
and, do you swallow little drops of wintergreen?

Herbert Nehrlich

Olanzapine

Olanzapine please don't be mean,
you are my friend, do understand
that without you I would feel blue
and that my choices and those voices
would much affect my intellect,
and all my mood, right now I'm nude,
I dance around, fall to the ground
make funny faces and wear my laces
over my ears, but have no fears
I am not crazy, nor truly lazy
it's just that devils, on many levels
live in my head, and I am led
round and around, it may astound
you, who is sane that I'm in pain
and pretty sure there is no cure.
The docs are strange, they just arrange
some tranquillising, it is surprising
that the stigma is nothing more than an enigma
which keeps me out, and rather stout,
because the pills, which cure no ills
put on the weight, it is my fate
though do not fret, I'm glad we met
without your love I'd get a shove
into the place where, case by case,
they strap you down, you are the clown,
crank up the amps, which dims the lamps
a rigorosum of c. callosum
or insulin, those shots are sin
go in a coma, wake to aroma
of your own shit, and that is it.
There's no solution but execution
which may be why some say good-bye.
In various ways, like in a daze
in my next life I'll be a wife
who marries you, as people do
I'll take good care and will be fair
and I will give, long may you live
you every day, may come what may
olanzopine and lycopene

give you some health and them their wealth.
I did betray and went astray
that little gnome adrenochrome
was said to be my misery,
that nutrients would make amends.
It worked for years but novel fears
were shoved my way, they made me sway.
My pharmacist said that the gist
was to comply and say good-bye
to vitamins and fill the bins.
Though I do think, wink, wink, wink, wink,
that modern docs are just like crocs,
they need the needy, being greedy
but, make them sour, they have the power
to cut your pension, so my intention
is be good boy, and jump for joy.
Olanzapine, where have you been
I will be true and stick with you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Old Days

I always thought my folks were pretty stupid.
Kept saying how the old days were so great.
And modern times and younger people
were distressing and destructive.
Most every generation throughout history
has uttered these same words with great conviction,
I wash my hands of this and go to look
at the great photo in my wallet.
It shows my daughter and the year is seventy nine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Old Man Ante Portas

A portal, delicate and still,
a shadow, most pronounced
between two numbers, if you will,
of hair; only the vulgar pounced
upon fragility.

He paused to catch his breath.
How could a man of high nobility,
proceed and face his death?

A trap of honey waiting for sweet cream,
reflecting lumens and fluorescence, fragrant lure,
to feel the stirrings of a young man's hopeful dream
and see reality, still locked and wholly pure.

It startled him to feel determined hands
in symmetry, touch both his loins to say:
'Yes I shall open my small portal to demands,
and if it pleases, you perhaps may want to stay.'

And so it happened that he dwelled for evermore
inside of Roma, near Borghese's Citadel.
Knowing the anagram of Roma spells Amor
he'd chosen Heaven and its pleasures over Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oleomargarine

Napoleon did start the fad
it was because he never had
enough to spend for soldier food
to keep them in the proper mood.
He asked his chemists to invent
an out for his predicament.

The French eat butter and thick cream
drink wine, although this fact may seem
to dummies that are reading this
the antidote to human bliss.

So, warriors who must risk their lives
while worrying about young wives
they want to eat the real thing
the same as any Gallic king.

The chemists soon produced some gunk
which tasted bad, it also stunk
they called it oleomargarine
and served it in a small terrine.

Of course they had deodorised
and filtered and then sanitised
had added flavouring and dye
it looked delicious to the eye.

The cost was 10 percent of butter
one did not need a cookie-cutter
to get it and it simply spread
plus no one suffered or dropped dead.

And since that time the world imbibed
as if they had been somehow bribed
a poison full of nasty fats
which would not interest the cats.

It causes lots of hypertension
but I refrain from further mention

of other illnesses and death
I would be wasting precious breath.

Mankind is listening to devils
who wait for you on many levels
they have, the same as we, two paws
though theirs have nasty-looking claws.

They take the money from your pockets
and steal your health, then wear your locketts.
Please stop and think about the past
and how a healthy life can last.

It isn't really very hard
to grab the butter and the lard
eat eggs each day and heavy cream
that's how you'll realise your dream.

And yes do take a healthy shot
of life-prolonging coconut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oma

To visit you was our treat,
my older brother loved you.
Though from the moment we did meet
you thought I wasn't up to
the standards of a first-born son
whose name was true tradition.
Yet you allowed us to have fun
and Opa took us fishing.

Each afternoon, cocoa and cake:
At three o'clock precisely.
You'd built from scratch this special bake,
'twas tasty, went down nicely.

I still recall your hairy hand
that held the kitchen knife.
Two slices cut, as per demand:
Our faces grew alive.

Those were the days and they did end
but what I failed to see,
is why my brother's piece of cake
was always bigger
-always BIGGER-
than was the one for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Omaha Beach

Omaha Beach.

Who fought for freedom there?

Was there a single coward

or were they all like me?

La Liberté, they sang,

as bullets from those Mausers

brought their own deadly welcome.

What if they gave a war

a question full of logic,

and not a single soul

would show his frightened face.

Herbert Nehrlich

On A Mossy Rock

A mossy rock was waiting
I sat and watched the waterfall
and tiny bubbles springing free
as if to reach the sun's warm rays.

My grandpa had, so many times
sat on this rock, on older moss
and, knowing him a bit, I'd say
his thoughts may well have been

the very same. Something like
what's the meaning of it all,
and what will happen on that day
when I must go, and all that godliness,
the learned raw facts of history,
and chemistry, so many formulae,

and who would run as fast and jump
one meter eighty-two in height?
That wisdom I had recently confirmed,
it was at last a real part of me.

All this would go to dust, would then
be swept away by waterfalls perhaps,
I left when darkness came, I smiled,
it had now been confirmed that Heaven
would have a use for all of this, my talents.
No bloody way that God would be so wasteful.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Abuse

Accepting, if I did, from you
the thing you give, it's called abuse
would mean I am no longer true
to my own self, who needs to choose
all thoughts and deeds that come my way
while standing near, to you, the gnome
and do not linger, do not stay
as I am wisdom's epitome.
Do keep away your sodding hands
the road to greatness, it is steep
and it is I who makes demands
while all abuse is yours to keep.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Being Human

An educated man came by
and talked about humility.
And over tea and humblepie
I answered with hostility.

The tea was gone, so was the pie
when someone named Futility
joined both of us and told us why
we needed serendipity.

He was, I'm telling you no lie
the picture of civility,
'make peace', he said, 'too soon you'll die',
it was a probability.

The smart man now let out a sigh,
sure sign of his nobility.
'you must not oversimplify,
or lose all credibility.'

Then God came down, straight from the sky
in grand formidability.
I asked him when I was to die,
he gave me gullibility.

He'd brought a giant humblepie
and urged to live with dignity.
'If humans would transmogrify
we could dispense with deity.'

Herbert Nehrlich

On Cancer

'What is', he asked,
'this thing called cancer? '
An evil cell, expertly masked,
with patience, unsurpassed?
It wakes one day
from hibernation,
and starts its journey
of ravenous proportions.

You may, no question,
call it oncogene,
a cell with traits of wrath
and wild distortions
of known biology,
where number forty-six,
our noble chromosomes,
just does not count,
as cells of true malignancy
will vary and adapt
to all the chemo
and to ionising radiation.

We never will get victory
with tools too dull
and logic that is brittle.
Capitulation is
our unloved destiny
and it has reached
our lonely hearts.
'Is there an answer
to the source ', you ask
I say, perhaps
for all is known
about initial stages,
its true beginnings
and its seed of death.

To fight this cancer
is a thankless task,

it's paid the wages
of imbeciles in suits
who earn their keep
until your final breath
succumbs to tyranny.
No thought is wasted on
the image of efficiency,
you toe the line
and do not reminisce.
Indeed, you see deficiency
and luddites in cahoots,
when it is there,
in front of you,
a chronic lack, no less
of something called ascorbate,
the guardian of collagen.

Now you begin your quest
to count each lowly clue.
And if you do arrive their first
and find the golden goose,
some little guys will point
down to the tracks your feet have made
and tell you, smiling to your face
that bubbles bearing promises all burst.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Cats

A cat, they say, dictates the rules
to feline owners, dogs and fools.
For me, a cat does spell disaster,
without one I can be the master.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Chastity

' It is the push, ' she said.
' No one has ever done it with
such exquisite elaboration,
and effrontery, mind you.

Not that I've had experience
in carnal matters, but I can
recognise a pleasant picket,
if I may call it that today.'

Communication is the key, they say.
Although it shall remain unsaid,
that the sophistication, so exquisite,
was brought about by simple human shyness.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Deliverance

I sat there, all alone,
and stared against the wall,
wallpaper peeling off
and funny brownish specs.
A fly sat patiently
worth waiting for a mate
six legs or eight
it mattered little
a long, curved stencil
with hairy fluff
it would be welcome.
But me, did no one care
about my soul
the one that looked
out from that fly
a kindred spirit
only human,
and old, not wise
just flashing
pretense again,
a lifetime now
thus far results
were so elusive
that's why I sit
and stare, eyes shut.
Will revelation
or salvation
ooze out from dusty
brittle mortar
yellowed with age
the home of crawlers?
Yet my last hope
before I take
that frigid piece
gunmetal blue
that Mr. Smith
or Master Wesson
had crafted finely
for such deeds.

And there he comes
assuming now
because he humps
onto her back
the act is swift
but listen, now
they're hanging in
for many minutes.
It gives me hope
and I turn off
the melancholy
and the morbid.
I now must find
a willing mate
and all will be
deliverance.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Easter

'Twas the early bird, Rhode Island Red,
she met, down at the barn with Mr. Rabbit,
negotiations were, as they were every year
about the price that would be fair for light brown eggs.
The rabbit, being middleman would pocket
a fair and pleasant seasonal reward,
the hen and all her sisters, cousins even nanas,
complained about their sphincters and their legs.
Each second, so it seemed, would then appear
a new one, some came out the speed of rockets
it all depended on what chickens had been fed
some liked their grains mixed in with ripe bananas,
as others sat and preened and pompadoured.
In any case, this Eastereggbaloney has become a habit.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Humour And Homer

I was asleep but only just
dreamed of a local poet's bust.
Upon awakening it seemed
that poet Hogg, himself esteemed,
had answered in poetic ways
his style appropriate for plays.
I rubbed my still reluctant eyes
and could, in time indeed surmise
that words of beauty, even ballads
had been presented like a salad
and filled so many forum pages
(perhaps they'd opened all the cages?)
that I decided on a log
to wade, barefooted through the bog,
keep track of who did say which words,
of friendly fire from the nerds
alas, the effort was in vain
I had to find a blind man's cane!
There was the usual jealous hissing,
behind the paragraphs were kissing
(those with a debt outstanding still)
glutei maximi at will.
My fellow peacocks, I regret
I was not conscious, don't forget
we Aussies need more rest than Yanks
but to Elysabeth my thanks.
She mentioned me, which is quite fair
next to a fellow named Homer.*
I had distinctly heard a rumour
that he possessed MY sense of humour
which occupies both hemispheres
and catches people unawares.
However, lest you miss the point
when humour to the truth is joined
it ought to trigger happy laughter,
internal dialogue thereafter.
Perhaps next week I will be funny
relay some humour from the Dunny.
For those who don't know Aussie slang

it's shitty, shitty, bang bang bang.**

* My HS Greek teacher insisted that Homer be pronounced Homaire

** Idea borrowed without permission from (I believe) TDF

Herbert Nehrlich

On Manners

The world, it is a silly stage
each day it adds another page
though I, the fool I missed the day
when nudity was on display.
Today, I pray to higher powers
about hard cloak and dagger towers
I come, four-gallon hat in hand
and stake a claim on this here land,
awaiting one, a gentle wave
pray for admission to the cave.
Should I be judged as far too fresh
keep me away from fragrant flesh,
instead a bit of imagery
may introduce me to the tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Poetry

A site that features poetry
is heaven to the poet,
the owl lives in a hollow tree
only the mice don't know it.
So if the owl would just recite
a poem now and then,
and in between swoop for a bite
I'd take my trusted pen
and write about the owl as well
as of the mice and vermin,
how squirrels open up a shell
I'd give you a big sermon.
But most of all I'd use the time
to sort the words, dear friends,
so you will listen to the rhyme
and like it (it depends) ,
I think the arts are better still
than all the science matters
though life itself, for poets will
quite often be in tatters.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Racism

There once was a scruffy old pig,
he loved wearing his barrister's wig.
Made from hair of a mare
it had style and much flair
and it made his square head look quite big.

He would walk in the forest to find
any critter equipped with a mind.
The he'd lecture on law
and the evil he saw
and how so many critters were blind.

It was wrong for the rabbit to claim
that the fox was a bastard in name.
And the hawk did object
to the great disrespect
that the mice showed as part of the game.

There were horses of course, some were white,
others brown and of different height.
And the birds, oh dear God,
some where certainly odd
there were glow worms that lit up the night.

Well, the pig wore his lipstick in pink,
he had found that it helped him to think.
In the end he surmised
that they all were disguised
and that some went as far as to wink.

So he preached to the not yet converted
that a real and truly concerted,
and big effort was due
to correct this snafu,
and that racists were really perverted.

'Just a moment, ' a voice was now heard,
' I am an owl, and a very wise bird,
God gave ears, eyes and nose

to us, don't you suppose
that your stance, Mr. Pig is absurd? '

Herbert Nehrlich

On Rod Mckuen

It was the sixties when he came
from nowhere in particular, it seemed.
The country was divided into haves
and have-nots, as is usually the case.
But further trouble brewed in Vietnam,
young boys were being sent to jungles,
and many stayed, although unwillingly.
His name was Rod McKuen, poet,
war correspondent of the mad Korean War,
he wandered into many lives and was adored
as idols were so very much in short supply.
So many albums, countless poetry creations,
it was the human hiding in between the lines
and looking back I say those truly were the days
when Frank Sinatra did it, like McKuen, just his way.
What makes a poet or a butcher or a baker,
who is the judge and who the final undertaker.
Two million copies in three years, and who did read
those golden words from number one in USA?
He spoke to us from heart to heart, he soothed
and took our hand on all his journeys into Awe.
He was persona grata and a trusted friend,
one who would stand out in the storm, and all alone
until the masses felt their need to be united
and to be counted as they stood in someone's shadow.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Stress

To those who give us stress, God bless!
It took me decades, I confess
to see a reason in each mess
which is, I venture a small guess,
the raison d'être nonetheless
for life to bring to us success.
So, please allow me to express
the fervent wish not to suppress
this life-essential thing called stress,
lest death cause stress to effervesce,
which soon would plunge us in distress.
Though it is harmful in excess,
we must embrace it, Yes to Stress!

Perhaps this causes you duress?
It's thirteen lines above, no less!

Herbert Nehrlich

On Taste

He'd lick your fingers, one by one
caress in turn each eager bun,
and within seconds he would slide
to find his welcome deep inside.
There, like a boy, he'd romp and play
and, due to ambience would stay.
Until deflation bids good-bye
and he withdraws without a sigh.
Behind is left a small deposit
a skeleton within her closet.
It mixes with her geyser's fluids
and all his fishes now get to it
they travel to the Northern section,
meanwhile he feels a new erection.
She pulls, with nails so sharp they hurt
and soon they energise and spurt,
a smile takes over her red lips
while there is movement in their hips
and taste is all, you don't or do
from Southern lands the swallow flew.

Herbert Nehrlich

On The Balcony

All mozzies have retired,
most of the beer is gone,
those stars, so much admired
I picture you, in Bonn.

And not a single star
belongs to only me,
if you, so bloody far,
stand on your balcony

you own them just the same,
and notice their sly twinkle.
you whisper now my name
before you go to tinkle.

And when you come back out
we listen to the moon,
who smiles behind a cloud
and says it will be soon.

* * * * *

'I hear you, my sweet love,
here on my balcony.
I see the stars above,
just went inside to pee.

I listened to the moon
who said that snow will come.
I'll send you a balloon
and wait until you come.

When the balloon arrives
Down Under and you hold it,
the story of our lives,
attached and neatly folded,

will re-confirm what counts,
what all the stars well know.

And what, by now, amounts
to our private glow

that's bright as any moon.
I hope you do not mind
the size of a balloon,
an elephant behind,

a triple decker chin,
with quite extensive wrinkling,
I used to be so thin
but, do you have an inkling

that time has passed since then,
when you and I invented
the kiss beneath Big Ben?
And when my dad relented

and let us see Helsinki?
Those were the happy years,
(and sometimes even kinky) .
But when October nears,

we both should count the candles,
now tell me about you.
Are you still wearing sandals,
your eyes are smashing blue?

On second thought, sweet friend
be silent now, not glum.
So would you simply send
yourself to me, please come.'

Herbert Nehrlich

On The Loo

War von Erfolg hier Dein Bemueh'n
dann darfst Du auch die Kette ziehn.
Mach's Fenster auf, lass Luft herein
der Naechste wird Dir dankbar sein.

And if your stay was a success
you need to clean this solid mess
open window, pull the chain
the air will soon return to plain.

The next one who sits on this throne
as usual, will be all alone,
his predecessor needs some praise
for letting out this fragrant haze

so use some paper and remember
that even in a cold December
the body needs its pure O-2
especially inside the loo.

Translated and modified from an old German
wittyism, author unknown.

Herbert Nehrlich

On The Mississippi

A bearded Massachusetts Hippy
was going down the Mississippi
just like that Huckleberry Finn
who sailed these waters with a grin
and certain motives of his own.

The raft had wet bar and a phone
as well as Satellite TV
that way he was equipped to see
his favourite team and how they fared,
he was a modern man who cared
about events of daily life.

Not to forget his lovely wife
who watched her Operas called Soap
where she could share the actors' hope
and cry when things got pretty sad
well, anyway they both were glad
to own this floating house of joy
which was much more than just a toy.

The grand piano stood far aft,
the Maytag Fridge weighed down the raft,
a Microwave and barbecue
a Finnish Sauna, colour blue,
and the garage along starboard
was home to not a lousy Ford
but to a Hemi Cherokee
an item that just had to be
essential on their list to take.

And they had picked the only make
which would be suitable for trips
once they got clear of all the ships
and landed at a pretty place
and anchored there to make a base,
while cruising through the Southern Woods
take photos of exotic goods
while learning of the Southern Ways

and soaking up the sun's warm rays.

They had, it was a fateful Monday
returned from what I'd call a fun day
and brought with them a load of fruit
inside the vehicle's big boot.

It seems that giant watermelons
were harvested by striped-pants felons,
they took a thousand to the raft
set sail again with their big craft,
but when they got into lane
where ships do travel in the main,
they noticed to their great dismay
that their big house began to sway.

It went from starboard to the stern
creating instant great concern
and then, before they could react
they took on water, well, in fact
the raft went under in no time
there was no reason and no rhyme.

Or so they thought, not being skilled
in boating, now a panic filled
their hearts and minds and they both ran
to what in situations can
save man and beast from a wet grave
it was the only really brave
last second tool that they could use
so in a blink they grabbed the booze
which was Jack Daniels, one large crate
and there was never a debate
you always take the bare essentials
well now the Jeeps three differentials
were waiting to display their stuff
he turned the key, it was enough
to make their eyes get slightly blurry
then they took off, in a slight hurry.

Straight into waters ten feet deep
went, laughingly the grand old Jeep.

The music was by choice a song
that sailors sing right from Hong Kong
to Perth and down to black Capetown
The driver now displayed a frown
because the river did get deeper
his spouse called out 'Oh Jeepers Creeper'.

But it was fun in many ways
among the fishes and the rays,
the turtles and some water snakes
he stepped on ventilated brakes
disks both in front and in the back
to slow them down and get a crack
at all the underwater features,
they also filmed the many creatures.

The navigation system showed
how deep the murky waters flowed
but wait, they thought quite suddenly,
we cannot let the raft just be
and lose our property like that
so Hippy scratched his sailor's hat
looked in the navigation screen
as he was now extremely keen
to find his house of pride and joy,
they turned around, to find the toy.

And in the end they hooked her to
the towbar which was spanking new,
went all the way to New Orleans
drank whiskey on the way, ate beans
and also watermelon slices.

They found that all the neat devices
worked flawlessly without a glitch
and if you think this yarn too rich
go ask the Hippy and his wife
about their most exciting life.

Herbert Nehrlich

On The Verandah (Children)

A chicken sat on the verandah
next to a cuddly bear, a Panda.
One of the two had spindly legs
and (you can count on it) lays eggs.
The other one is big and furry
and lazy, never in a hurry.
You ask me, why, on a verandah
these two would sit (not be in school) ?
'Cause in the country called Uganda
some people even have a mule
or - if the house is big enough -
an elephant or a giraffe,
a Hippo (though they huff and puff) .
You must remember all the same
that all these wild ones should be tame.
As you can see, down in Uganda
they keep strange things on their verandah.
I had a Hippo once that huffed
and puffed, but it was stuffed.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Tolerance

How wonderful to have,
in our new street,
kind neighbours, friends in spe,
some came and helped
unpacking was a chore,
and Saturday they threw
a party on our street,
a welcome of the warmest kind.

Only the Vapcivics could not attend,
they'd called the moving van.
There was no way that they could stay;
you see, a family had just moved in.
And they were Serbs.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Valentine's Day

Some chocolates on Valentine,
and later on, a bit of wine.
A bunch of rare exotic flowers
to brighten up the evening hours.
And worry not, the stars will shine.

Forgotten are the many days
on which you had, in countless ways
seen her for granted by the Gods
what did you reckon were the odds
that she would think you needed praise?

And if you are not nearly blind
you'll think of Valentine's and find
that all the other days were cloudy
you didn't even tell her 'howdy'
and yet, on Valentine's you're kind.

May I suggest you change your style?
and always spend a longer while
and kiss her on her lovely lips
and hug her tight around the ribs
and walk with her your common mile.

The chocolate, flowers and the wine
and even stars, so bright, that shine
can in their own mysterious ways
be in reserve for special days
But daily kisses would be fine.

Herbert Nehrlich

On Wings Of Prayer

The night before the big examination
I had a restless, rather fitful sleep.
I would have happily gone into hibernation,
instead I'd promised to myself that I would keep
this date with destiny, which would decide some things.
The hall was roomy, with well-arched acoustic ceiling
and eight professors sat around a U-shaped table.
As I marched in they noticed I had wings,
attached to triceps. I was thinking 'what a feeling'.
The man in front asked me if I would now be able
to answer questions that were difficult but fair.
Or whether I had come today to make a fool
of self and others, with my wings of prayer.
I was confused, the atmosphere was hostile,
perhaps a measure of plain ridicule intended.
One had to demonstrate the value of our school,
and every utterance and answer had to be defended.
First question, seemed quite easy at the time,
just when I tried to give a logic-bearing answer,
when one professor said it was perhaps no crime
but 'would you tell us, are you then a natural dancer? '

I was so shocked, my wings were fluttering and shaking.
Afraid to look, pretended I was sleeping,
the voice continued, saying I was really taking
up too much time today and that in proper keeping
with all the rules and regulations of the board,
I could not stand in front of them without attire
and wings of prayer, as no help from our Lord
was authorised, permitted or wanted.
His words by now were loud, distinct and full of fire,
he pointed downward, 'seeing that you so obscenely flaunt it,
I must insist that you go now to our auditorium
and there parade in front of all your friends and our staff,
to follow that we'll have a simple moratorium
on what to do with you, so go, don't make us laugh! '
I grabbed a heavy velvet curtain by the door,
to cover private parts and look much less suspicious,
traversed the overcrowded auditorium floor,

to face the boos and baas, the atmosphere was rather vicious.
It was disastrous and I strongly felt like sinking,
when now the crowd surrounded me up close.
And desperation often stimulates our urgent thinking,
just one, two, flap when all so suddenly I rose
above my past, my present, all that ever counted,
flew out the window into futuristic skies.
Inside my buzzing head the apprehension quickly mounted,
where was the real truth and who was telling lies?
Then, passing flocks of birds, amongst them was an owl,
the sun was bright and breezy, freedom hovered in the air.
I felt a gentle lift from warming currents of my soul.
The drapes had dropped, I saw that still my ass was bare.

And of necessity I was above all others,
so looking down came natural that way.
And I could see the countless sheep with all their mothers
awaiting judgment well before their coming judgment day.
It was a sign, I think the owl just winked
in passing, but the wise ones do just that.
I flapped my wings once more and very slowly blinked,
when out of nowhere there appeared a bat.
To drift for hours then on cushions of warm air
allowed me thoughts of iridescent retrospection.
At last, here was the truth, its body was as bare
as I, who now had found, stark naked, his direction.

Then four alarmclocks I had set the night before
all screamed at once to me 'get up, get up ',
so, quite perturbed I am, and hesitate no more,
get quickly dressed and grab a hasty cup.
And when I entered minutes later the large hall,
where the professors had been sitting idly, waiting,
I saw my image in the mirror on the wall, while stating
my name and number, place of birth and year.
Their eyes approved me, with a nod, and smiling slightly.
At last I knew the real reason I was here
and started to heat up and to perspire lightly.

And all went well then in the very final end,
I reckon if a person's dream this odd and weird
could really happen in one night, then, well my friend

it's something just like this I've always feared.

Herbert Nehrlich

One

Sitting here with my old gun
name is Herbie, I'm a Hun
through the window peeks the sun
there it is, another ONE.

Is it someone having fun
knowing not that every ONE
is a cousin to the Pun
it is likely he would shun

light of day, so he would run
so when things are said and done
intellect there must be none
could I have another ONE.

Herbert Nehrlich

One Day In The Life Of Jc

Up early just to do some sports
is JC in his boxershorts.
He likes the flowers and the bells
but buys what JC Penney's sells.

He's out on his own balcony
and thinks the neighbours cannot see.
But from the corner of the street
is one who's dying just to meet

the desert poet JC Carter
who maybe just that fraction smarter
then other poets in the region,
though poets there are hardly legion.

She watches him perform the crunch
and gets a new poetic hunch.
She sees him cracking now his neck
and tells herself, oh what the heck,

with speed and Arizona grace
she drops her body now to face
the morning sun with one great curl
when JC spots the active girl.

He drops his torso on his knees
does semi-pushups, what a tease,
she watches and is soon impressed
he keeps it going without rest!

One thousand one he counts aloud
below has gathered a big crowd,
behind him opens the screen door
he's waiting for the words 'do more'.

But now it is the spouse, all dressed
she takes it in, is not impressed.
Because the girl, in her bikini
has freed herself just like Houdini.

And in the heat of her endeavour
(perhaps she was extremely clever)
the ties had loosened in the heat
the sight, it's true, was hard to beat.

Now Carter had been in flagranti
he left the balcony, avanti
and did agree, without a fight
that he would take, each Thursday night

the trash out back right to the street
and pile it up so it looked neat.
She also gave him other chores
in an attempt to fix his mores.

I'm sorry if this story got
onto this site, and it is not
that I'm a blabbermouth, no way.
I just tell stories if I may.

Herbert Nehrlich

One Life To Share

They knew that afternoon that they would be
down in the foothills of the snow-capped peaks.
Placed there by providence and not by happy choice.
They'd wear their grubbies though below their ruddy cheeks
and listen carefully now to their inner voice.
Equipped to climb are few yet many dare to try
there is such promise in the summit's fantasy,
but there they stood in thought and let their time go by
until the sun went home in sadness for their plight.
She sighed and took his face, her hands now dark from frost
we need to move my LOVE, for lonely be our night
and then they knew that they could be forever lost .
They kissed to warm their frozen lips and then their tongues
exploring all familiar places from the past
a glacial wind reached off the mountain, for their lungs
the sound of avalanches chased another blast.
He felt her knee against resistance near his thighs
and tightened arms around her quickly though with care
she crushed him harder and she whispered 'No Good-Byes'
and they knew then that there would be one life to share.

Herbert Nehrlich

One Night Stand

A flower, young and pretty pink
stood where a sailor took his drink.
The sailor was a stocky man
and blocked the wind as big blokes can.
But when his woolen trouser sleeve
slipped down to warm the New Year's Eve
for this small flower, just by chance
it outperformed the best-laid plans.

The drinking spree went on to dawn
then, with a sudden stifled yawn
the sailor waved his calloused hand
and said, 'Hello, my one night stand.'

Herbert Nehrlich

One Woman's Menopause

Mild may the mental illness be
Each day the yearning to be free.
No friends, no fans and all alone
Old age established in each bone.
Poor genes, due to substandard mix
At best it's close to one-o-six.
Upended by the slightest breeze
Scarred lungs puff out a noisy wheeze.
Each time I look, I need to sneeze..

Herbert Nehrlich

One Year - By Rachel

One Year

The height of folly I had said
to write a letter to -
One who may not welcome it
Or give a jot for you.
To throw it out in cyberspace
And risk his scorn anew?
My heart said yes, my head said no,
I gave my heart its due.

Oh joy on joy an answer came
To my short 'hello there'.
He did recall and wanted more
And even seemed to care.
Tentative first words begin
Before we start to dare
To show our lives, our minds, our selves,
And bits of soul to share.

From this small touch from far away
A friendship's passion grew,
Stirred up from embers of the past
But of a different hue.
Without the flesh, or eye-to-eye,
Or hands, or yet a clue,
We forged ahead dismissing cant
And dreamed a better view.

If God would grant a little space
And just a dot of time
To see again in vital form
Would be a gift sublime.
But if this grant is not to be
And we just write and rhyme,
To touch again this brilliant man
A treasured boon is mine.

I think Rachel is getting very good. Don't you?

Herbert Nehrlich

Only For You

I follow you,
where will you go,
love made me blind
and gave me feet
to keep the pace
that you have set.

I feel you, close,
and as you walk
you turn as if to see
the one called me.

It is the scent
the fragrant you
that helps my heart
to smile and beat
for you, only for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Only The Best For You, Gina!

Lovely Gina ate cake with some icing
I was there, just to help with the slicing.
Took my eyes off the cake
which was one big mistake.
Well I found lovely Gina enticing.

So the slice was the shape of the Moon
and she called me a greedy buffoon.
So we ate it together
still discussing then whether
we ought to obtain a large spoon.

Full of cake lovely Gina got up
filled with Burgundy one coffee cup.
Then we washed down the cake
and went down to the lake
where I called her my burgundy pup.

So you see, when old geesers start dreaming
and imagining, lusting and scheming
it should not be alluded
or even included
in a limerick that may be redeeming.

Have a Happy and Many Returns!
As the world, that big volleyball turns,
you are one lovely lass
with a beautiful a**
can I meet you at night, in the Ferns?

Herbert Nehrlich

Only You *

I want to go with you,
to see that special place,
where raging sea meets sky
and hot air rises
and takes you
over valleys and small towns,
in huge balloons.
Then we would go inside,
I'd watch you shave your legs
while I could feast my eyes
on all of you.
We then would talk
until no words
would have been left unsaid.
I'd be the closest I could be
to touch your skin,
to breathe your fragrance
and imprint your scent
inside my soul,
and you, while shaving,
would find the time
to drool on me,
I am quite partial to
to saliva just as well.
We'd be remiss not to pretend
that time is endless now,
I'd give myself, in absolutes
to you, you'd have your fun
with little fishies meant for you,
and one bold stalagtite would grow
to welcome me, traveller you dare?
Nothing outside would ever be
attractive in itself, but you
you do command and beckon
while I dwell inside the damp
of the great trusted place.
I have no wishes here,
no tourist spots entice,
it's only YOU I need

and if you're of a mind
to spend your time with me,
I ask you kindly, please do spend it all.

For My Favourite Flower

Herbert Nehrlich

Orgasm

He was at a point
where
the word imminence
came to his mind,
the latter being on
half-mast
due to
a carnal pre-occupation
with sacular production
of androgens
and spermatozoa fishies,
rising
as they are
known to do
to meet up with
prostatic lubedeegoo
in the U-tube
in preparation
for expulsion
and beginning
of
exploratory voyage
all of which
set his
epidermis on fire,
hyperactivated
his histamine pod,
sent a tingle to each toe
separately,
caused a moderate
but sustained
contraction of
all gluteal fibres
not performing thrusts
and
sent waves of
Nitric Oxide
to create
bilateral tumescence

dropp the little hood
over her cute sentinel,
and announced its
liberation by
a veritable volley
of wild and voluptuous waves,
inundating his SELF,
and welding the entireties of
two right hemispheres
firmly together.
He did manage,
being a Latin
as well as a Roman Scholar,
to utter,
while clinging bilaterally again
to her twins,
the famous
Veni,
Vidi
Vici.
And VENI
had covered much of her
which was,
after and to his
great relief,
a great
and sensuous sensation
not to be missed
and soon to be
repeated.

Herbert Nehrlich

Osler's Warning

It is preposterous indeed
that medicine today does not
concern itself with health promotion,
it does, instead, go overboard
with illness interventions,
many of which do make things worse.

Sir William Osler warned us not
to intervene when man is well,
but that is what we do today!
Medicine does not believe
in the idea of wellness.

Each person is considered ill
unless proved otherwise
by use of funds that can be commandeered.
It is a paradigm prostitution.
Routine check up is currently
a major industry, it is presented
as if prediction of the future
could entirely depend on it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ostbf Jerry's Operation

He will walk with you whether
you like it or not,
and if so he will bounce you
like a cockatoo feather
and then sign on the dot
the green voucher that grants
a whole sackful of years
full of ravings and rants
of good Scotch and cold beers.
And a woman whose temper
takes this poet in stride
as her password is SEMPER,
and her style true and tried.
When you wake you will slur
even swearwords my mate,
but you may just prefer
to syllabicate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Cabin In The Bush

Oh give me Zeus the power to appease,
a tree has grown and sprung from deep within,
it is not shade but simple pleasure it pursues
it points its leafy crown at her, it wants to spin,
and like a rocket it would penetrate with ease.
There is a cabin in her forest painted pink
its logs are covered with a dozen types of dews,
safe home for spiders and sweet nectar, there to drink
and heady vapours for arousal of bold dreams.
I shall sit silently and touch the curly moss
it is not thoughts and not analysis I seek,
in all my travels I have bathed in many streams
and found each water to reflect a common gloss
no current ever led upstream to reach a peak,
but it is mountaintops I treasure, for the view
devoid of trees they reign, majestic and as twins
wild storms bring rain yet my own tongue prefers fresh dew.
There is confusion, Mother Nature, slave of time
may interfere with squirting demons without fins
until my soul absconds, I'll taste this single lime
it's born of passionfruit and roses, kissed by dew.

Succumbed to slumber, she invited me inside
I tossed my locks and swam upstream into the cave
wet walls were narrow, in the gorge there was no guide.
The sound of silence, reminiscent of a grave,
where I had left the silly years and moved ahead
I travelled on to reach the tunnel's distant end
when little angels pulled me to a just-made bed.

Come close my prince she whispered, take my hand
and then she opened and released a teasing tongue,
lie beside me, if you do not want to stand
and then she sang as no one ever could have sung.
She took the tree that had evolved from within me
and squeezed it firmly thus extracting precious seeds,
'we'll plant them soon as far as any eye can see',
We never left the little cabin in the weeds.

Our Coffee Tree

We got ourselves a coffee tree
it gets some KNP and pee,
and grows by leaps and little bounds
attracting terriers and hounds.
We go, first light, with cup and jug
and place the cup (a solid mug) ,
beneath the branch that really brags
and, fully laden, truly sags,
then, slowly and with special care
we pour hot water through the air,
it penetrates the berries' skin
producing a concerted grin.
Inside the house, we heat the brew
from 60 to one hundred, do
tell all your buddies it is time,
to have a cuppa worth a dime.
We also own a tree of bread,
the fruit that imitates the head.
what if we manage to survive
and stay with basic things alive,
I'll sit next to my coffee tree
and after fifteen cups I pee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Heart

Today I shall go to the beach
to draw a heart for you.
At water's edge, just within reach,
a crisp new heart I'll do.

Our names will go inside this heart,
initials holding hands.
What could look like a piece of art
it's feelings writ' in sand.

And when the tide takes it away
to leave an empty space.
Our heart lives on, we are okay,
I see your lovely face.

So, let me draw in our sand
the same heart every day -
why don't you come, give me a hand
and never go away?

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Heart - Renewed

I made a heart for us again, my love.
Here on the beach.
It has our names inside,
is within reach.
It's our heart, my sweet,
just made for us to cherish.

Some day the tide will come
and claim our heart of sand.

But our love will never,
in this life or hereinafter,
our love will
never, ever -'cause it cannot -
ever perish.

So, let me tell you,
lovely one.
Just what it says
inside our heart:
It says 'forever, you
and I together'.
I made it big enough
for us to fit.
It looks quite nice,
I used a seagull's feather.

I took my time with it
and noticed with
much pleasure,
that I was thinking of you
quite a bit.
In fact I never stopped,
my lovely little treasure.

I touched your name
and wondered, for a minute,
if I could take THIS heart
home and keep it there.

The letters and
the sandy symbols in it
would not be heavy
or demand much space.

Then I remembered that
our heart of sand
just tells the world
(and us) we're still alright.
And that we, lovingly
and hand in hand
walk on together, getting
little kisses
from Mother Sun.
She also gives us light.

Let's leave the symbol of
our bond on our beach.
It shall belong quite equally
to time and tide.
We are within each other's
easy reach,
our hearts are hugging for
a pleasant ride.

And, when next we draw
our precious symbol neatly,
into the ancient sands
here by the sea,
we may just place
a thousand kisses
utterly discreetly
in our heart of sand.
But these are
-most exclusively -
only for you and me.

For: L whose heart I cherish

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Love Is More

I know how many have
in lives long past
imagined that their love
exceeded expectations
even of the gods,
and, due to circumstance
and plain entitlement,
could be a model to the world,
young men would climb
into the deadly snow,
and end their lives
in deep crevasses with a scream.
While long haired girls
stayed by the fountain near the mall
awaiting Edelweiss to dream a silent dream.
I do not care about those folks,
a million would have thought
that love had favoured them.
They would not have a clue
how deeply we have gone,
they would not have a clue.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Moths

I gladly tell I am a moth,
I dwell on windowsills,
my home is in the Land of Froth
there's valleys and green hills.
No vodka will stand in my way
no germs may cramp my style
I wait until I hear you say
to meet me down the aisle.
No church has ever pulled my strings
no barrister would do,
but you, I'd take you on my wings
because I'm drawn to you.
A moth, they say will seek the light
which is a cruel lie,
we search the globe, night after night
until the day we die.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our New Ace

A tiny hole is all it takes
and if not sealed it soon will leak,
the Lord rewards no silly fakes
you know, of course, of whom I speak.

If there was once a bit of gray,
the matter making up essentials,
it's given way to sheer dismay
the man pretends to have credentials.

They say that those who can will do
the others do attempt to preach
I have my doubts that any shoe
will fit a clown who wants to teach.

Collecting brownie points won't work,
some people just seem out of place.
A lady here called you a jerk
so let me add: a real ace.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our New Journal

As time goes by the knowledge tree
grows little thorns,
to pierce the hearts of what may be
dogmatic horns.

So many books and journals too
on human health,
yet, here another cuckoo flew
to face the wealth.

So many strategies to heal
the countless sick,
is there a guarantee, a seal
which do you pick?

The search is on to find
true healing hands,
please doctor, heal the blind
traverse the lands.

Take your empiricism,
your road to fame
and wear your optimism
then stake your claim.

Epidemiology,
a pregnant word,
conjecture set to be,
the message heard.

A whisper reaches you,
you need to win.
So, can you cure the flu
with Gordon's Gin?

You hear the voices, all
must disregard
the quack's persistent call
and draw your card.

You hear the anecdotes
and see the sheen,
you write your hasty notes
(what do they mean?)

And then you see the man,
a man of wealth,
you wonder if he can
bestow good health

upon the little guy
or his good wife,
and will you let him try
to save your life?

Meanwhile the learned men
talk double blinds,
a pompous mise-en-scène,
watch their behinds,

talk of placebos plays
in heady air,
the spoils of means and ways
go to the heir.

Oppressive costs discussed.
No single hand
raised up above old dust,
the mood is bland.

What victims, asks a voice
eighthundred grand?
Count those we save, rejoice!
It is not sand

where the foundation rests,
our base is strong,
the war on deadly pests
cannot be wrong.

Our way is chemistry,

potions and pills
we trade you liberty
for all your ills.

Just see the graph up there,
our Honour Roll,
lines pointing up to where
we'll meet our goal.

It is, of course, the sky,
a limit drawn,
and no one sees the lie
just born at dawn.

Come, those who have the means
it is our way,
averting fatal scenes
for those who pay.

Thus, bumbling musketeers
have gained the trust,
kind words go into ears
because they must.

Take this, the holy script
and get it filled,
as Bertolt Brecht once quipped:
'life gets you killed.'

Ignore the RTC's
and ADR's,
those who must rest in peace
their numbers sparse,

have paid their silver coins
to purchase health
we covered well their loins
and took their wealth.

May science circumvent
the treachery
and the predicament

of those who'd be

at the receiving end
of dogma's wrath,
believing that a friend
has done the math.

This journal sets its sights
so far offshore
it validates the rights
forevermore

of humans in their need,
of chemistry,
compassion's tiny seed...
(or not to be) .

We are not linear
so what are we?
A mix of vinegar
and Linden tea?

We must, the experts say,
be screened for it.
Sinister forces play
to take the fit

and those who dare be well.
Persist, invent
machines to show and tell
and get consent.

No one will thus escape
the probing eyes
recorded on their tape
the modern lies.

You say Holistic, Sir
you've taken leave
if you do not concur
that a reprieve

can only be approved
by industry,
it was the earth that moved
to spite astrology!

What does the future hold,
will it be kind,
and may we be so bold
to lead the blind

out of the valley's mist
to meadow's edge
and raise our angry fist
to make a pledge,

that no man ever will
be sent to die
misfortune made him ill
and makes us cry.

Let's open all those doors,
let charlatans,
fat preachers and the whores
with words to mince

join others and embrace,
discard the greed,
we are the human race
we have the need

to honour life itself
and to preserve,
so place it on the shelf
not to reserve

our judgment, lest it fail,
a treasure trove,
an ancient human tale
born in a clove

or in a deity
sent from above,

to give humanity
its share of love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our New Windowsill

So there you are, my moth
I welcome you,
you land upon my window
wishing you could come
inside
and near the fireplace
you'd stretch your legs,
while drying
your translucent wings
close to the flame,
the heat may singe your skin,
contracting venules
to keep sponges filled
with crimson life,
and sucking absolutes
from tissues deep within.
I welcome you,
I shall,
if need be light your way,
by rubbing precious metals
until dawn,
a million molecules,
or more,
will swarm
like glow worms from our past,
to sit
upon the mound
known as the Venus Ridge.
And there they dream,
like humans do,
they dream in absolutes
while pretty colours float
to soon connect
where it commenced,
within the flakes
of whitish paint
on our new window-sill.

Our Own Way

We held our hands
just you and me.
And gave our vows.
No kidding.

We do our dance,
just you and me.
Not East, nor West,
nor North or South -
we welcome no new bidding.

So, if the whole world cannot see,
that ancient values count,
and that we choose not to be free,
we'd rather just be bound.

Temptation does not have strong wings,
it's mostly dye and make-up,
yet it attempts to boycott things,
wreaks havoc, sin and shake-up.

And when temptation comes a-flutter,
so many see the glitter,
they turn their lives then into clutter,
the end will then be bitter.

So, have a look at who you are,
and, more importantly:
See who you're with, close by, not far
and use your eyes to see.

And if you lead your eyes astray,
'twill make your vision evil.
If that is you, then let me say:
You're nothing but a weevil.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Place

White puffs of steam rose in the valley at the forest's edge
while from the peaks of milky mountains trickled rivulets of wet.
His senses stirred now, he descended to inspect the scruffy hedge
where blue flowers marked the fountain where their destinies had met.

Limbs and branches, I embrace you, nostrils greedily take in
fragrant breezes from the meadow and its mossy forest floor,
oh sweet nectar of Ambrosia, clover honey kiss my chin.
Will the gods allow him entry, will they bar to him the door?

Manic flush spreads over flowers to the curled and distant toes
in the night's romantic hours, lit by stars,
find the spring that feeds the fountain and the little ruby rose
in the vineyard of the greatest pinot noirs.

There is thunder, there is lightning near the cave's inept embrace
flashes streaming off the phallic end of poles,
ring-like muscles quickly tight'ning, moonlight covering a face
holding tight and pouring fire over coals.

In the frosty morning's shiver a crescendo can be heard
and from mist arises urgently a crest,
from a tall and stoic pinetree sings a rosy-feathered bird
and descends like Vienna music on her breast.

Though this night has not yet ended, still carressing willing flesh
in the darkness of the stalagmitic cave,
when the trumpet sounds the signal, a volcano of crème fraîche
covers secrets in a never-ending wave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Plastic Heart

Those days were filled, of course
with youthful, selfish things,
time meant so little then,
it hung, like rings of smoke
above, in Minnesota air.

You gave so much back then,
you thought I needed it
and it would make it all
in time, for you and me
alright.

Your eyes were never blue,
though there was talk,
mostly from you
and then, one day you blinked,
dressed up in optic terms
with lenses meant to serve
and help to make you see.

They'd given you a kit to clean,
and you explained it all,
in scientific terms at that.
There was a real need you said,
to keep those pathogens away,
their prying eyes from yours,
and Benzalkonium was the magic elixir..

Soon you wore jeans, dark blue,
destabilising me, though they'd succeed
portraying you in very sexy light,
I loved it when you sat, knees bent,
just facing me, with hands on knees,
and Levis fabric stretched with grace
suggesting that your pubic hair had gone,
made way for just a hint of a divide
to signal through the cloth
as if a wink were still required.

So, I forgot the skirts, that plated dress,
the journey had been lengthened, yes,
but half the fun was, I admit, just getting there.

We did what life expected and we took
the lot, insatiable was the order of our days,
yet words of wisdom and compassion, well...
they were considered 'square',
perverted was our justice and all truth.

You handed me, that scented afternoon a gift,
it was a heart, designed to learn anatomy,
each section colour-coded, fitting well
into its proper place, all function guaranteed.

I've always been a sucker for those things,
I love surprises, be they birthdays or just thoughts.
Your little present made me smile my humble smile
I never knew just how it sounds when a heart sings.

You gave me two that day, my sweetie, it is true,
but I was blind and studied one for years and years,
there was no beat and it required little care
just the aortic valve had turned a little blue.

I lost that plastic heart, perhaps there was a thief,
who needed something for his studies or his mind.
I don't remember that we ever came to grief
time sure would heal what I had simply left behind.

Some fifteen thousand days, and also nights
a hundred gaggles of tornadoes on the land,
the beat went on, that's what the musiclovers say,
and then a Fairy wandered in to lead the way.

She heard the heartbeat and decided she would stay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Windmill

Down by the sea it stands, like majesty
huge arms go round and round and round,
what drives this, people wonder, near the sea
it stands, a tower with huge arms, there, on the ground.

Thoughts are the force that drives our big windmill,
an endless song is sung and travels with its arms,
it's our love, this mill and may it never stand there, still
while eros and his little helpers flaunt their charms,

and while inside the mitochondria lives the spark
that, like Prometheus did ignite in us the fire,
we shall have touch and perfect vision in the dark,
a secret room in our mill, our private spire.

And once inside we hear the murmur of the breeze
it can be humid and the heat makes chambers swell,
distinctive movements as the summer's spirits tease.
We have ourselves and our windmill has no bell.

For my spiremate whose middle name is Pinnacle
and whose distinctive interior taste and design
made a warm home of the spire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Our Window

'Twas simply yesterday
you'd stepped
up to the window pane,
and saw
that all opacities
had vanished,
you could see
into the clouds
of all tomorrows.
You must now
tread softly
on your winding path
to the horizon's ridge.
He will be waiting
in the waters near the bridge.

Herbert Nehrlich

Out Back By Myself

So, when the stresses
and demands
of my small world
beleaguer me,
when silly easements
commandeered by men
in emperor's clothes,
when,
just before the hour
where the night is
at its darkest
and daylight seems
like
an audacious but
a foregone hope,
when lines carved on my face
cannot be persuaded to
return to right side up
position even for
just one small moment,
that is when
I must lie down,
close to the Linden tree out back,
upon the marble cold of yore,
with the nocturnal buzz
of a male Junebug
for dear company
crawling brisk of foot
over my hairy chest,
wishing it were a she bug
and taking comfort in the creaks,
the melodious moans of bark
rubbing against bare bone twigs
arranged as V's just for the nights
of early spring, when sap will rise
and overflow so unobtrusively
reflecting yellow pallor of aged Camembert,
the old Moon caught
with its own

sticky-beak
nose in the shadows
of rust-coloured leaves and
new shoots
dressed in the green of confidence,
I hurt, so deep inside, not seen
by others or
my newly found
and stoic compagnons,
the pain
one sweet emotion
bubbling up to reach
the surface with the will to break
a fragile skin, formed by the lethargy
of smoldering habit destined to remain
a tough cocoon sealed on itself
yet there is happiness,
a light shines
into darkness,
a conquistadore,
and,
before too long the owl arrives,
her wisdom draped around a feathered neck,
her pride expressed in easy grace
and silence in the depth of searching eyes.
My head averts the imminence,
I gaze into the distant stars, Big Bear
blessed by the jolly gods to live
immortal on the Milky Way, he sees
as nothing secret can be kept on earth,
and those who passed before, they know
about my deeds and thoughts,
the self behind the barn and on the bowl,
the time that peers were sought and found
as willing company, the weeds of smoke,
to signal that relief was to be sealed
by symbols of a special kind, they know
and when it's time for me to go I shall,
without a bit of shame use prying eyes
to pass my sneering judgment with great joy...

I sit, the owl has spoken so it seems,

my joints feel free and lightness takes
the place of heavyness within,
it is not often that I hear the song
of melancholy inside my hopeful heart,
it's when you'll find me under all the leaves
of the old Linden tree, out back.
It's where I live again, tied for a time
to the umbilicus of faith inside my soul

Herbert Nehrlich

Out Of Afrika

I Telekha of Afrika,
need sex in urgency,
I send the measure now,
my friend, he tailor, taketh
the long and wide of,
and is no lie for him,
I help brek coconut
each day, with same
and only small broose,
but need goldt or maney,
by big toga for me,
so no pilot fall over
in aeromachine when see,
I biggest in continent,
like hippo mouth
and elephant when mad,
I two blak eye, ears has fur,
nose as well, equal color,
two goldt tooth and ring.
I stand, redy now at Post,
wait for maney. Soon! ! !

Herbert Nehrlich

Out Of The Tube

Only one eye remained.
Though she was calm
and did not seem to worry
about the loss at all.

She had been yanked
out of the subway car,
by confidence and fear
wrapped up in power,
raw and most effective.

The fellow in fluorescent green
had hugged her then and there,
she was a sight to love
and to behold, although she bled
like anyone, she bled, and bled.

And then, to everyone's surprise,
she found a juniper hedgerow,
leaned back for comfort, a re-charge,
and there she died. Alone..

The sirens warned the few
who lingered on the street,
and there he was, carrying
their boy, both in a fever
of quick anticipation.

Too late, my friend and lover,
you will not save her now,
perhaps you can, the two
of you and other millions
go out and tell them, all.

But in the meantime you,
and countless others will
accept the truth of truths.
And walk away from it.
Perhaps not you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Out Yourself - Not

Inside a pond, and underwater
there lived a creature, with her daughter.
They carried both their residences
though minus any picket fences
wherever they would swim or walk
as a protection from the hawk.
You see, some hawks have fancy tastes
like oyster jam and turtle paste,
so preached the old one to her daughter
there in the cold and murky water.
But soon there only was one turtle
because the hawk had eaten Myrtle.
The moral follows now, pray tell
you're pretty safe within your shell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Outback Crime

They were at first perceived
as the fresh winds of change.
Though change is a rare animal out west
but when they woke, twas not to be believed
a firewall raced red and angry cross the range.
A butcherbird alerted Mrs. Emu in her nest.
sadly it was too late for them to flee
the stench of burning flesh rose to the sky
as giant gumtrees fell, proud victims of this shame.
One ancient truck, hand-painted red was seen by all
it stopped, allowing yellow oilskin men to pee
tall flames come closer now, their thought is not to die
and fight this monster and emerge perhaps in fame.
It is a tough and thankless task, a fruitless call
when Nature's anger is unleashed in the Outback
and folks will stay defending homes and pets and crops
when winds turn vicious and the mercury explodes
there is no time to guide the ute down to the track.
Where searing heat combines with flames the journey stops
and in the years they will be singing bushmen's odes.
You asking why makes us two mates on God's brown earth
what is the sense, the rationale to kill your sheep
the little foal whose brumbie mother just gave birth
and all those folks who still had promises to keep?

Herbert Nehrlich

Outback Soul

On a Sunday afternoon,
when temperatures soared
in the Australian outback
he sat, silently on a termite hill
trusting the high voltage lines
to shield and hide him from God.

Though sitting, God had seen
the footprints he had left behind.
It must have been his very soul
that tasted the hot sand.
As the Aborigines can tell you
no part of any soul
will ever vanish.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ovarian Exchange

No trap awaits yet tendons squeeze
a second uvula to tease,
all newborn life caressed by tongue
new nectar as the leak has sprung.
The shimmer of sweet salmon eggs
and grizzly paws on tender legs.
Warm winds off the Montana Range,
eggs from Ovarian Exchange

Herbert Nehrlich

Overboard

Early morning, while rolling rather sideways,
remaining for a minute on your side,
I turn my back on starched, but lonely satin.
It was to be OUR cruise to Vanuatu.

I wander over, past the frantic pool,
and briefly merge into slow shuffleboard.
And then I drop the bag of my identity
into the stormy waters of my distant past.

May it remain there, I do have no use
for narcissist shenanigans of one bewildered soul.
But here's to finely chiselled staghorns on my shell,
so free to seek and be devoured by any mantis.
Embracing hornytoads of anarchy and carnal wit.

To surf that channel does require no restrictions.

Herbert Nehrlich

Overheard

'So many sick and feeble folks! '
the healthy person notes and jokes.
The patient says: 'I sure can tell
that almost everyone is well.'
Thus it's ironic that we see
what we would dearly like to be.

Herbert Nehrlich

Oz

This is the land where citrus flowers grow,
where happy fishes jump in to your eager boat,
where kangaroos are humming, always on the go
and little dogs are killed by Queensland's nasty toads.

It is the land where skies are blue and meadows brown.
Where river beds are dry and raindrops highly treasured,
where cities thrive but many youngsters do leave town
to see the outback, live there, have what they are made of measured.

It is a land where white is white and green is green,
where racial tolerance extends only to weather,
where vicious snakes and giant lizard can be seen
and other creatures roam the deserts, looking for blue heather.

Where politicians screw not wives at home but all the population,
enrich themselves and plunder all the land's resources,
until they have to go again before a dumbed down nation
for re-election where they promise all the courses
of good Beluga and Moet Chandon champagne,
while telling their constituents that things are pretty tough,
that belts need to be tightened, and 'be ready for more pain',
it is a land where all of us have finally had enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

P/H Blues

At first you look without success
inside the inbox, what a mess!
But no one sent you any news
so is it time for P/H Blues?
Then you wake up and do recall
that inboxes are not at all
the only place you ought to peek
if it is company you seek.
Go to the forum, look around
you'll find dull Rupert and the Hound
and some who are ashamed to show
their true identities, you know.
Then, when you get so sad and bored
just knowing that you are ignored
you saunter to the page where some
post poems, half of which are dumb.
But, worry not, you'll always find
the fruits of a poetic mind.
And, like a veil that's lifted high
you kiss the P/H Blues good bye,
and within minutes you're immersed
in stanzas, rhymed or loosely versed.
You see the brilliance, all its worth
and wish you'd seen the actual birth.
Each poem as it starts to live
and takes its breath with which to give
itself some immortality
was made by a proud entity
and like a child craves human nods
and in the end, beats all the odds.
How dare those who will judge with eyes
another's skin, and spread new lies
it pays to smile at every creature
but you must be your only teacher.

Herbert Nehrlich

Packing Cases Of Familiarity

We have a small garden, it's a picket fence patch,
where the leaves are aglitter with silversoft dew.
In the morning sun, sprinkles, oh so sweetly to match
all the stars of our fragrance, the love that is you.

It brings forth an assortment of veggies and fruit
there are blushes inside, as your smile feeds each root.
Tens of thousands of petals come fully alive,
in the treetops, in silence, warm breezes arrive.

So, with ladder and buckets, hands joined, we now pick
heavy fruits of our labours and we taste and we lick.
Deep inside we can savour the warmth and the glow
as we hug we are closer and we watch our plants grow.

And we tend to our garden,
from late frost to high Fall,
when the Brussel Sprouts harden
and the corn still stands tall.

When the snow paints our meadows
and our root cellars hold
'mongst the cobwebs and shadows
in the wintery cold

jars of onions in pickle,
tasty cheese melts, fondue
four bare feet bound to tickle
and new hunger for you.

* * * * *

Later, we look out our bay window.....

And our birdbath is touching the cirrus cloud sky
and what once did not matter, life's bright sparks now may fly.
There is promise in bunches, found in long fertile rows

as our compost recycles and new life surely grows.

And each fruit core is health
as its centre aligns,
for in new season's wealth
vital juice flavours shine.

Bright red carrots, potatoes,
Cauliflower and more,
black and red big tomatoes
don't compare to the store.

And, whilst washing dries crisp above the old range
we stroll out to pinch bums and for news to exchange.
Over daily events, newborn lambs in the field
and how peach becomes jam and how bottles are sealed.

* * * * *

A new morning settles, as the hens lay us eggs
there is strong coffee brewing, and our food makes strong legs....

As we sit in our garden, watching birds flutter by
see the bees and the pigeons, tend to Nature's demands,
making love to small petals by the warmth from the sky
so that folks live in peace off the fruits of the lands.

By the sweat of our brows will we toil our lives,
leaving greed and all envy outside.
Pollination means more to us husbands and wives
let the folks on the land be your guide.

We were sent from the Garden Of Eden to earth,
not to battle and slay fellow man,
how we wish for a change, for a sudden re-birth,
it must surely have been the great plan.

Holding hands, we just rest at the end of the day
there is tenderness kissing our skin,
little crumbs of dark soil on our shirts is okay

(and a smudge of manure on your chin) .

This is life as it surely was mean to be had
we have each found a sweet precious soul,
we turn up the old range in the kitchen a tad,
almost time for the night's casserole.

And we sit by the fire
with our bowls of hot stew
it's OUR patch we admire
for our LOVE is dug through.

Tis just part of our story
we now stockpile for more,
but our greetings say welcome
come right in, through the door.

* * * * *

We welcome all visits from poets and friends,
we will serve to the moment the table top bends.....

Come and share in our laughter
and the cider we made,
watch the cock in the rafters
come and sit in the shade.

And to those who consider
to come back to our roots,
let him be the first bidder
for a pair of gum boots.

Please excuse us, she's mooing
as her offspring is due,
a new calf will be cooing
and our life starts anew.

We have chosen to live,
to immerse in our dream,
where we take as we give
and share peaches and cream.

What is LOVE you may wonder,
a mirage seldom found?
We shall leave you to ponder,
in for penny, for pound.

Co-Production by:

Emancipation Planz
and
Herbert Nehrlich
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Herbert Nehrlich

Padlock Thief

A padlock hung,
so big and stout
down from the shed of Mr. Trout.
It guarded there with all its senses
two rather big Mercedes Benzes.
One day a thief arrived and picked
the padlock, but it never clicked
that he could be the cat's pajamas
without the usual ugly dramas.
Because he was a padlock thief
it brought a certain great relief
to Mister Jeddediah Stock
who had to buy another lock.

Herbert Nehrlich

Painting Toes

I painted on hard collagen today,
a vivid blue and silver was at hand,
with steady fingers, dancing in a play
attempting in my mind to understand.
They say that there is life in digits, Yes?
that they will melt inside a misty mouth,
so will you kindly let me take your dress
and give me your permission to go south?
My feet enjoyed the waters of the sea
though less than when an angel from the sky
descended on the earth and then on me
I say, dear Guv, I am a lucky guy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Palin And Gang

There once was a lady named Palin,
she used hype and deceit by the gallon.
Had the Democrats riled
with her call from the wild
With moustache she would look like Jo Stalin.

There are those who think black has its beauty
and that people will vote not from duty
but from desperate hope
some will even take dope
and the winner gets ever more snooty.

Folks, it's fixing to be a suspense,
I suggest that we (truly) dispense
with the whole bowl of wax
and with Federal tax
build a dingo-proof two meter fence

to encircle the White House and city
let them vote and create a committee
we the people, once free
we will bury the key
to the exit, oh what a great pity!

Herbert Nehrlich

Pallbearers

Inside the box of cypress pine
(they say that worms won't touch the stuff) ,
exactly at the dot of nine
six friends from school, who huff and puff
and whom no force would pull asunder,
companions on this final trip,
they say good-bye and put me under,
the box sinks slowly, like a ship.

Each of the bearers surely ponders
about the time and how it flew,
and with a fleeting shiver wonders
if God might give the faintest clue
on who'd be next to take the dive.

Will it be Fred who smokes cigars,
or Albert, who is kept alive
by daily visits to the bars?
In any case, this honour service
that men are called upon to give
makes many people very nervous,
as everybody wants to live.

To solve the riddle for us all
I took the liberty to buy
down in the city, at the Mall
six hourglasses, it's no lie.
I wrote the names upon them clearly
of those six friends in glowing ink,
the purpose being, I would dearly
be in the know. I further think
that I can get prepared that way
to welcome each by his own name.
They come for an extended stay
which, in the end, is all the same
as something called eternity.

Though no one grasps it all at first,
that we are gone, done in, yet free,

so, as the mental bubbles burst
they settle in, accept their fate.
It helps alot when they are greeted
not as a devil but a mate,
it makes you calmer, less defeated,
so, when my box then runs aground,
I set the gadgets in position,
the sand will trickle without sound
into the bottom glass partition.

So, now you know if you are asked
to do last honours for a man,
your fate will soon become unmasked
by the deceased because he can
predict, as I have clearly shown
the death of you and your five mates,
it's something heretofore unknown
and, thus, potentially creates
a shortage of those volunteers.
So, may I ask you for your pledge
to keep yours shut when someone nears
his hours hov'ring near the edge.

But, if you don't obey appeals
like this one, you will be the chappie
to see a need for coffin wheels,
though it won't make me very happy.
For centuries pallbearers did
their duties as it was expected,
and when the call came no one hid
so, if at last you are elected
forget about my hourglasses.
Down here, it's something I can do,
and as they rest their sorry asses
I'll be the first to have a clue.

Herbert Nehrlich

Panic At The Station

There was panic at the station as the horses soon returned
they will never leave behind their trusted place,
barn and sheds and trees on fire and the Southern paddock burned.
Flames as high as watertowers, Satan's face.
Get the youngsters in the wagon, quick, the road will soon be closed
never mind the bloomin' papers and the dough
come Black Fella, start the ute, there is no need to get her hosed
there she comes with all her power, see the glow?
Leave the horses, cannot shift them, and the poultry all the chooks
there is nothing we can save, they all must die
all my photos, steins and persians, the collection of old books
let's get cracking, and please Martha do not cry.
I can tell you, my Black Fella, you have been a loyal drover
and your word has always been a solemn pledge,
but my trust in the creator it is finished, gone, all over
there is nothing that would keep me near the edge.
That a power up in Heaven oversees this great disaster
and he doesn't interfere or even blink,
I shall find amongst the people, black or white another Master
'cause the present one is nothing but a fink.

I can see how starched assessors from the city will arrive
sorry, mate, you are not covered for this loss,
though we're happy you were lucky and came out at least alive
this catastrophe is just a doublecross.
Act of God we call this, really and the policy is void
you may take it up with Him or with the priest
but cheer up, you look so gloomy, quite depressed and well, annoyed
I invite you to the agents' sausage feast.
Get some tucker in your tummy and your mind on other things
have a stubby and some cake, a bit of booze,
there are those who did not make it and their souls grew final wings
it is destiny, but don't you sing the blues.

Herbert Nehrlich

Panty Hose Troubles

Some day she says that she will find
a panty hose to fit her waist.
It's not so much that cute behind,
its contours having been erased
by many years of working hard,
additionally, much modern food
turns into, seemingly, just lard
which always dampens her good mood
to see the ripples of soft jelly
what used to be a handsome belly.

The real problem that we face,
abdominal recalcitrance.
The garment will not stay in place,
a sign of sheer belligerence.

On Tuesday we went off to Meyer
to try the newest import on.
The lady said it must go higher,
and by the way they do not run.

So we went home quite empty-handed
because there wasn't any hose
and common sense at last demanded
that she decline. Instead she chose
a pair of German Lederhosen
with Edelweiss suspenders, true.
When we got home her buns were frozen.
We wrote this story just for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pantyhose Puzzle

Here's a puzzle in poetry prose
take an average pantyhose
if you wanted to hide
real critters inside
can you make me a list of all those.

Little piggies, count ten
add two calves without pen
charleyhorse without gas
and a very big ass
and a pantyhose isn't for men.

Herbert Nehrlich

Paper Moon

'Little Boy Blue',
she called him that
in honour of the colour
of his lips and nose.

His mother cried
as she gave birth
to him inside the chapel.
Gunfire from nearby
brought new anxiety,
and soon left
its own mean mark,
so pitiless and final.

She took him
to the frosty fields,
still bleeding from
the Russian bullet.
perhaps they could,
without the help
of God, who had
abandoned them,
get to the safety
of the forest.

Her breath was shallow,
dictates of pain,
when they were swallowed
by the blackness
and the whispers.

And then she prayed
inspite of all and asked
that there be more for them
than just a paper moon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Paradise Gained

Albert and Hulda lived in style,
they walked each Saturday a mile,
ate vegetables, fruits and bread
but then, they ended up quite dead.
Up to the Pearly gates they flew
St. Peter and his trusted crew
asked questions of the lovely pair
and took them into God's own care,
he showed them to their home in Heaven,
'twas on cloud nine, number eleven.
There were such riches in that house,
so Albert said, my dearest spouse
I can just see how they would give
such luxuries to those who live,
but to the dead, it bogs the mind
I did not know God would be kind.
Upstairs the had a spa and golden taps
outside the pool for morning laps,
a golf course just around the bend
where would this lavish lifestyle end?
St. Peter said, it's all for free
as this is Heaven, take this key
and open to your heart's content
all morsels, sweet and succulent.
But, asked sweet Hulda, if you please
we need be careful of disease,
low fat and buttermilk and soy
cholesterol, the horse of Troy!
No worries, Peter said, you may
eat what you fancy, and you pay
no fees and not with failing health,
as this is Heaven, take the wealth
and do enjoy what you've been given
I know you like the man named Niven,
he is your neighbour, David, yes,
I'll leave you now, and God will bless
the two of you for evermore
Good luck in Golf, I hope your score
will please you as it will the host,

and do come by, we'll have a roast
down near the Northern Star, at two
welcome again, the two of you!

Albert turned to his spouse right then
and said: It's typical of men
you baked those muffins, bran and oats,
took measures, tests and kept your notes.
Had we, the two of us not slaved
and watched our diets, had we braved
our tastes and cravings, it is clear
we could have been in this place here,
in eighty five, if we just had
been less religious and more bad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Paradise Lost

A man is a man only if he can,
says the book of all secrets and more.
Looks like Palin was just a brief flash in the pan
just as useless as big fat Al Gore.
See, the polls tell the truth, and McCain's on a slide
there's a stench of old dust in the air,
neither he nor his Northernmost caribou bride
will be given the prized pied-a-terre.

Herbert Nehrlich

Paris Then (For Tante G.)

I told her her corpus luteum
belonged in the New York museum.
But the ovary knows
how progesterone grows.
Only she was still in the lyceum.

Did you know about estrogen
it resides in the double chin.
It is one thing you teach
and another to reach
and you only find out once you're in.

She said, Sir will you make your first move,
it must swell to fit into my groove.
If you're diddley-squat
and would rather we not
I can look at the stuff in the Louvre.

But the French cannot simply resist
so I asked if she ACHED to be kissed.
She went home in a huff
ça suffit - it's enough
I never quite learned what I missed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Part II Schmidt

Das Recht, es lebt und strebt wo Menschen sind,
Justitia, in der rechten Hand ein Schwert,
die Linke haelt die Waage in den leisen Wind
sie soll bestimmen, ein fuer allemal den Wert.

Justitia traegt, im Stolz der nackten Brust,
des Blinden Augenschmuck aus Seide schoen gestickt,
es ist nicht Duenkel und es treibt sie keine Lust
sie sucht nur Wahrheit, die sie immerdar erblickt.

Was soll das Weib, so fragst Du, hier in Maennersachen,
wie kann Gerechtigkeit hier leichten Einzug tun
es muss der Geist des Wahren, Edlen erst erwachen
da fehlen Weiber wie beim Mardi Gras das Huhn!

Es stehen zwei, hier im Gericht, und sie erbitten
das man empfehle was das eigne Herz begehrt,
wo man mit Lippen preist Gepflogenheit und Sitten
da herrscht die Taauschung und die Luege unversehrt.

So sitzen wir, wie Koenig Arthur, in der Runde,
und debattieren Menschenrechte, den Begriff,
es fliessen Worte, ohne Klang aus aller Munde
es mutet an als waer's ein herrenloses Schiff.

Was ist sie denn, die Frau Justitia, und was kann
ein von der Menschheit approbiertes Synonym,
das weder wie noch wo noch weder lesen kann
ist sie ein Ebenbild, der Menschheit Ungetuem?

Sie trinken Wein, die Advokaten, stets aus Kruegen,
doch reden alle dann nur Wasser, in der Tat,
und man eroertert wie man macht aus dreisten Luegen
Potomkin's Zauber fuer die Macht vom Vater Staat.

Ach sag mir, Freund, sind alle Schoeffen hier befangen,
gilt nicht die Wahrheit ueber alles in der Welt?
Ich war dabei als wir im Chor die Lieder sangen
schon in der Schule, an der See, im grossen Zelt.

Lass ihn, den Pfarrer, denn wir hoerten dass der Staat
auf alles Redliche wohlwollend, doch mit List
und sich besinnend auf das Recht und guten Rat
doch die Gerechtigkeit als Hauptgesetz vergisst.

Sowie Systeme ihre Mannen unterkriegen
durch falsche Floskeln die dem Buerger eingefloesst,
so kann ein Mensch, der ehrlich denkt auch ehrlich wiegen
bis er das Boese und Gemeine dann entbloesst.

So will ich schliessen doch es sei nochmal verkuendet,
dass unser Schmidtchen (dieser Name sei ihm lieb) ,
in Tat und Wort ein rechtes Unrecht hat begruendet,
er warf die Worte und die Gesten in ein Sieb,

und stand am Ende als Sortierer vor dem Trog,
des Blinden Augenschmuck, mit Waage in der Hand,
er wusste wer von den Parteien wirklich log
und sah das Abbild des Gesindels an der Wand.

Wir sehen ihn, das soll er wissen, als den Mann
dem Recht und Pflicht sind eins, als oberstes Gebot,
der immer tut was er als Richter tuen kann,
denn ohne Recht ist die Justitia wirklich tot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Part One, Part Two

The position was,
he knew this very well,
both silly and precarious.
What had been practiced
for generations,
through hand-me-down
was really just lethargy,
the inability to think
and to believe
that there could be
a simple touch of hands
that never would betray...
It all had gone,
man's business
not in the least immune
had superseded pride,
and honoured plain convention
as all the sheep would do.

Their agile bones allowed,
and eagerly supported flex
as well as lateral stability,
and there would be, no eyes to see,
no ears to hear and,
nothing to compare,
just a scenario to share.

And it went well,
a precedent was set
and taken in the fold,
it would become what all,
the peasants and the workers
in their half-baked skills
and in their envy knew,
it would be tilting
at the giant blades of mills,
to no avail.
They would most likely choose,
and pick at once,

to keep the music out of reach,
to shatter myths
as well as lead the band
beyond its hours and
the state of high demand.

There was a salvo, although minor,
and it took,
bits of the mortar
and a splinter from the frame,
Try as they might
and as they did
'twas just a name,
new growth of piety
would settle,
leaving tracks,
they saw the truth in Al The Crow
and how he waded through the creek,
and it was all
that they required on that day.
There was a prelude,
it was soft and did play on,
then there was silence
and all molecules soon froze,
then a Tsunami came to life
and brought deluge
it was delicious just for touch
and for the nose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Passage For One

He'd chosen wisely for the end.
A lazy Sunday afternoon
in late October, summer's close,
when all the coloured leaves,
adrift so briefly for a final glory,
had reached their Mother Earth.

He soon would be the straggler,
hung just above the sedge,
where, in a bare-armed sycamore
he'd found his secret womb
that, in his dreams was fed
by raging waters roaming through
the venules of a nursing mother's breast.
Framed by the violet of rhododendrum suns.

Herbert Nehrlich

Passages

First it's the ptyalin
inside the oral cavity,
where masticators
(at times they're thirty-two)
do all their handiwork
with sounds unlike a violin
and more like frank depravity,
slip to where acid caters
to proteins, like mutton stew.

After the stomach valve there lurk
digestive juices from the pancreas,
and bile from the elusive bladder
whose contents look and smell like pus
and have the sting of a death adder.
And that is it as far as I'm concerned.

The rest of it is mostly brown and moves
after the energy, that is the calories are burned,
and at the final station it waits inside the grooves
until another load comes with a roar.
Neurotransmission sends a signal now to eat
it is essential that you stuff yourself some more
and all in all it works so well, the system's hard to beat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Passages And Eggs

It can be,
after deforestation,
a veritable Pumicestone Passage,
sediments resting on the bottom,
algae floating and longing for sunshine,
but all things change
when the Dugong crosses over,
checking and nuzzling inlets
and outlets,
ascertaining that eggs abound
in niches and crevices,
safely stored,
filled to their shells
with life force
and oozing the pure
and sticky goodness
of white ambrosia
with its millions of cells,
light sensitive and sucking
with reticulum smiles
until silence returns
and the Sandman covers
all memories and tracks.

Herbert Nehrlich

Passing On

Of all the things men contemplate
one is extremely odd,
arriving at the Pearly Gate,
we make our peace with God.

We carry on our lifeless backs,
huge rucksacks of past deeds,
we leave strange footprints on the tracks
and trample all the weeds.

I am an aging optimist,
Luck is my middle name,
when God goes down the sinners' list
he'll ask me why I came.

I'll say 'Dear God, I made this trip
to offer you my skills,
like Noah, I can build a ship
with all the modern frills.

Should you decide to leave this place
you will be safe with me.
I thank thee for your holy grace.
Now can I have my key? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Passing Over

She was feisty, this nurse and she handed to him
a small handfull of yellow-green pills,
he was pale in the face and his build was too slim
and they had not found all of his ills.
Late that night she was found undercover and nude
they were moving like locusts in clover.
It was great for a while, then this fortunate dude
rolled his eyes up and quickly passed over.

Herbert Nehrlich

Passionfruits

I do remember now,
you held my face
and cradled it
with hands so soft
the love seeped
from its pores,
and, now and then
you found my eager lips
as if to say, I'm here
and would you be,
my silent lullaby,
you hummed,
I felt your twins
just as they brushed
from pectorals
to centre stage,
you were so near,
yet it was closeness,
that I missed,
insatiable, was your thought,
I sensed it then
and nothing
would have changed
today, it was a journey now,
its slowness reminiscent of
a stage coach
out of Laramie.
There was no rush,
and promises arose
from naked skin
to give
with utter joy
from self
to us, as we were one,
still dreaming though
in fading gravity.
And it was right,
there were no doubts,
and when

you held my face
and cradled it
I knew,
my smile
was hidden in the dark
just like your boots,
there, by the bed
no words were said
I do remember still
the taste of forty
passionfruits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Past Reason

The road was dark,
conditions treacherous,
heat and humidity,
white ragged rocks,
but he pressed on
to reach the very end,
the biology of cul-de-sac.
Between the firmament
of what they call La Lingua
and past the junction of
Uvula Strait, he paused.
And as the mount erupted
time was suspended.
It had been their wish.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pathetics

She dropped me like a boiling spud
as if I were a bowl of mud.

It is, they say, a great mirage
to wait for soap enriched lavage.

But all the trouble she went through
it was not meant to be for you.

She had forgotten by midday
that you had never gone away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Patience

I laid my hand upon your breast
and drowned my lips with gentle greed.
Your eyes were mine, your core was prest
against me, hard, with urgent need.
And yet we stayed in this position
like frozen statues, all suspended.
The Gods had said that the condition
for lasting love that never ended
would be abstention at this time.
Just close encounter of a kind
that does allow the lust to climb
but would stop short of intertwined
hot bodies that just know they must
search deep inside the other's soul,
that give in freely to their lust,
believing that their lives be whole.

But, when I heard that I could trade
for abstinence the end of time.
So that no clock was ever made,
would be of use or need a chime.
That time would cease now to exist,
I said 'with pleasure', as we kissed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Patient-Assisted Suicide

As one who often cares
for people
who suffer from
some terminal diseases
such as
leukaemia or myeloma,
who gets involved
in hushed discussions
with patients
and relatives
about
the end of life and
how it should be
managed.....

I'm very sad
that I am being asked,
just now and then,
to help end a life,
and feel that
if the law
were changed
this would destroy,
forever
the trust
I now enjoy
with human beings
such as these.

A quest for help
with ending
their own life,
takes away forever
any doctor- patient relationship
For the worse.
It spells
the end of it..

Each patient

with a 'final illness'
or even
a chronic disabling one
like cancer,
heart attack,
Alzheimer's
begins to
feel the pressure
to request this
euthanasia,
which is 'suicide'
assisted by the patient,
perhaps
in the coercive hope
of ending
a noticeable burden
on family,
perhaps society,
by not continuing
to be around.

Many will begin
to wonder whether
they should talk about
this euthanasia.
Oh, the pressure,
to do what's 'fair'.
And is it good enough
to say that
there will be
the safeguard of
two doctors,
a cooling off,
and prayer,
consultation?

Yes, we need
better dying
in today's world.
After all,
we deserve better
than our forefathers.

Or do we?

A better death
can be achieved,
not by
the building of
hospices,
improved palliative care,
more qualified staff,
education of all,
but by the provision of
narcotics to make,
as the song says,
the pain go away.

There is no need
for euthanasia,
for suicide,
for that nudge
that is good for all concerned,
and most of all,
to end the suffering.

Death,
you are the enemy,
no doctor ever should
consider fraternising
with you,
the helping hand
that you require
must come from
either God
or on the other side
from El Diablo.
Only those two
can be exempt
from being
murderers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pax Vobiscum?

On top of Mount Olympus sat, a German and a Finn
there they sampled a delicious malted brew.
Foam and bubbles overflowed and slowly trickled down the chin
of the German, not the Finn. She was a Jew.

They had come here to the mountain to observe a day of pride
for the union that had formed between the lands.
It was time that failed them badly, to the rescue came the tide
of the masses who were eager to shake hands.

Why they would pursue these fellows and their often pretty wives,
it has stomped too many scholars to no end.
Let us celebrate as brothers and sing praises for our lives,
and he kissed the little Jew, she was his friend.

Did we have to climb this mountain to preserve the status quo,
yes, her query was directed at the Kraut,
as they watched the little people, in the valley down below
while the sun rose in the East, without a doubt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Payback

Once in his life, his breath was free
a beating heart, it knew its place
the knowledge of identity
was etched upon his weathered face.

The gods had given him the keys
to open most, though not all doors
one day, when praying on his knees
a shiver swept a million pores.

He felt the plunging knife go deep
just briefly glancing off the spine,
his heart attempted still to keep
internal peace, he fell, supine.

It took the shoes, the dirty socks
all clothes, a watch and from his pocket
the bonds, the notes and all the stocks
then ripped the chain that held his locket.

The hair and eyebrows, glasses too
it slipped into the new I.D.,
then dropped the body at the Zoo
where laughter welcomed misery.

So soon forgotten, left behind
the future only counted here
and see, the people all went blind
toward the past and all its fear.

It looked the same, and walked with pride
(both eyes though had a nasty stare) .
So life would be a pleasant ride
each one would have a smile to share.

Its chest had swelled and as it strode
and of his step a spring took hold
still looking for the Mother Lode
and pressing on, weighed down by gold.

The coup had brought this monster riches,
the law was his, none had the right
no shysters, preachers, horny bitches
would dare to shade his shining light.

Then darkness came, sent down by God
he cleared a loganberry hedge,
and for a moment found it odd
that there was nought beyond the ledge.

A scream was heard throughout the land
and to this day, when darkness falls
you listen and you understand
from far away, a voice that calls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pearson's Immortality

Oh what a shame
I say, he's gone
it's not the same
without the Don
as he regarded
his poet self
was he awarded
by an elf
five stars or more
and public mention?

He was a bore
with mean intention
and a disorder
of mind and spirit
close to the border
where he could stir it
this soup of hate
and envy salad
he loved debate
but nothing valid
did cross his lips
for us to hear
a sunken ship
can't see the pier.

Perhaps he's gone
to old Valhalla
was he a con
who's fooling Allah?
Oh no, my friend
that final portal
is not the end,
he is immortal.

Herbert Nehrlich

Peasant Wisdom For The New Year

Peasant walks in veggie scene, finds his feet are, later, green.
Peasant likes a dropp of ale, his complexion will be pale.
On the tractor falls asleep peasant ends up in a heap.
When the helper pisses down peasant needs to change his gown. Calls the
peasant from the rafter it is not the chook he's after.
Comes the milk out of the teat, frozen, barn does need more heat.
Peasant has been known to fart, no one thinks of it as art.
New Year's Eve with lots of snow means the New Year soon will show.
Springtime weather New Year's Eve means the old year soon will leave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Peeing In The Sink

With heavy heart I do admit
I pee (but never ever shit)
into the sink, but just at home.
Occasionally I hit the comb
and once, the toothbrush got a sprinkle.

My spouse, she hates it when I tinkle
not in the gadget called a throne
I do it only when alone
and, let me tell you why she fumes
no wild contortions she assumes
she simply cannot reach that height
though once I saw her when she tried.

I did suggest she use a tube
or stand on a large Rubik's cube
but even pressed against the ledge
what's missing was the leading edge!
Now I would never use my tassle
in such a way in someone's castle.

You see, the sink drains into metal
an S-shaped pipe unlike a kettle,
and even half a litre will
not be sufficient here to fill
the lower vertical completely.
Thus, it would sit in there and neatly
release its aromatic fumes
into the hallway and the rooms.

Unless one runs the tap for thirty
or forty seconds, it stays dirty,
and then there is that yellow stain
which shows against the white so plain.

Suspicion grows inside a host
when peeing ought to take at most
a couple minutes and no more....
perhaps he'll listen through the door!

I have, on very rare occasions
used sinks in houses of Caucasians,
but due to my advancing years
and after one too many beers.

I usually just sit and nibble
on snacks but later on a dribble
released by order of a gland
it's the residual, understand (?) ,

keeps coming, taking its sweet time
in men who've lived beyond their prime.
I hope you all have understood
why women would, well...if they could

and men would aim a little higher
(he who denies it is a liar) .
You see we Krauts are fond of saying
there is no use in hoping, praying.....

no shaking, tapping, squeezing, willing
can keep the final dropp from spilling.

Herbert Nehrlich

Peggy From Lincoln Nebraska

Hey, Lincoln Peggy,
remember Dinkytown?
You sat out in the courtyard
bandana and a frown.

I must admit deception
'I learn ze English, yes? '
You dropped your Yeats and giggled
I loved you, I confess.

We sat in that old Lincoln
on dimly lit black streets
you did undo my buttons
there on the bucket seats.

I was a clumsy student
of flesh anatomy.
Hands on was mandatory
for you and, now, for me.

I've never quite forgotten
my Peg from Lincolntown
and see her in my wildest dreams
dressed in a see-through gown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pen For Poetry

At night, around ten
I will reach for my pen
and with caution and glee
write some good poetry

On vacation in Cairo
in Egyptian heat
I had only a biro
and a papyrus sheet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Penderyn

Updrafts are currents of warm air that rise
released by devils on request from friendly gods,
selective they will help all moths and flies
with humans though, the picture is quite odd.
A man can be defeated by an enemy of chance
sprawled on the ground he worshipped previously indeed,
he swayed and frolicked to the music at the happy dance
yet unknown forces mowed him down, a useless weed.
Each Sunday all the gods sit in the heaven's cocktail BAR,
to make decisions on the stragglers and the downed,
they see and judge the characters and sinners from afar
and send updrafts to those found worthy, only very few are found.
So, Jerry, tell me, God said in his earnest voice,
what have you now to say, is it be or not to be
Assessing you and your good deeds will make my choice.
Dear Lord, I'm partial to your Penderyn, the Scotch you drink yourself,
my poetry is without equal so some say, but have a peek,
at home, the little woman is a treasure, works just like an elf
for which I thank thee, there is really little that I seek.
You shall, said God, be jumping queues to be awarded health,
I made a note of this while getting just a taste,
your soul is to my liking, it makes up for any wealth
so bless you now my son, you will get well though not in haste.
We need the likes of you up here, and when your moment comes
your tasks will be to serve and freshen drinks on Sundays just for me,
I know you are familiar with whiskeys, scotches, vodkas and most rums
I'm looking forward to you in a dozen years, and bring your poetry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Penetrating Logistics

Too short, she yelled, it's way too short,
I beg of you, you must abort.

Renewed attempts will illustrate
that size, well length, at any rate
does matter much in any sport!

He saw how futile it would be
she told him, if you would ask me,
so let it be for us a guide
it all comes down to length of stride.
You start by lifting up one knee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Penogram

A Mammogram may save
the life of one in many,
while slyly it creates
a killing field inside
where five new cancers
will surely grow, too soon.

A Penogram will come,
being invented as we speak.
And will we hear the screams
when they fall off, now black
and useless, but well screened.
It all is in the name of Care,
the word Prevention is the lure.

Herbert Nehrlich

Perestroyka

There once was a fellow from Syria,
he would play on his harp the Valkyria.
Said an Orthodox Jew
is this musical new,
said the Arab, I really can't hear ya.

Herbert Nehrlich

Perfect Stranger

She looked out of the window
of the Seattle RTD, the freeway flyer.
I left the transit lane to have a look
when daydream mode was switched
to off and it was back to what I call
the madness of Adam for his Eve.
A shrew she was and reading Puzo
some kind of transformation had occurred.
I never saw the beauty in the window
again, and memory is unable to oblige
it surely was a visual construct, and struth.

Herbert Nehrlich

Perfection **

Perfection, seldom seen or heard
is similar to a rare bird.
It hides away from man and beast
and ripens like the baker's yeast.
Improving on it asks for heat
a breath will do, its measure neat
and blown with gentleness upon
the miracle so oft withdrawn.
If you, my friend should catch a glimpse,
hold on before the sunshine dims
and guard with all you have inside
against the dark and stormy tide
when failings spring from man's sad mind
and he must leave it all behind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Perhaps Chopsticks

What is it then that binds us to the mob,
and asks so much of our most precious inner lust?
Will they relent in their demanding heartbreak throb
or would plain sanity whip up a healing gust
of soft humanity and altruistic wallow
is this reality, god-given, an excuse
or fraying vanity with braids so very shallow
that even devils do consider it a ruse?

Could we be masters then, of life's intriguing plan
to sweep away the dust of Cinderella's ashes
or will our fellow bastards fight us as they can
with ill-won skirmishes and convoluted dashes?
And I think not, so says the meek and humble vagrant
who sits and watches with detached and hollow eyes
he could not care about a body somewhat fragrant
and only welcomes little weevils and all flies.
Are we so righteous that the bums can teach us fools
that all those animals in zoos and in our beds
and even plants in pots who follow different rules
are far superior than the famous Mister Ed?
I have no answers, guys, perhaps you ask your preacher
or politicians, for the riddle's whole equation
I am no baker and no butcher and no teacher
perhaps a maker of great chopsticks, proudly Asian.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pernod

Our latest great celebrity, the Pope
would never ever touch the stuff called dope.
A relative lived right next door
and knew him thusly from before,
the Pope, he says (he ought to know)
likes the absinthe in straight Pernod.

Pernod is French of course, and not
what real drinkers would call hot,
as milky fluid kisses lips
take it in gulps and not in sips.

The previous Pope was fond of fat,
and wore a Krakow (Polish) hat.
Fat sausage was his daily fare,
its spices do create some air
which does escape through the rear gate
and drives away your staunchest mate.
Now that you know about the Pope
I guess your wishes and your hope
will concentrate on Pernod fils*
that's sure to keep you on the piss.

Note: Pernod is about 68 Vol/% alcohol.
The Pope always has liked liquorice and it is rumoured that
he drinks Pernod to this day since the anise of both Liquorice
and Pernod are hard habits to break

* pronounced fiss

Herbert Nehrlich

Perpetuum Mobilé

To love your skin,
so soft inside
those velvet thighs.
No other place
invites me so,
where fingers glide
to tease,
to please,
to play
as if to stay.

A dart it is,
an eager tongue,
the invitation has
been duly noted
and there is,
first taste
as now it flows
where
eros grows,
the journey has begun.

And it may be
perpetually,
a mobilé
that's never done.

Herbert Nehrlich

Persistence

A humming sound, though almost still.
Something he'd never heard before.
The likes of it! Oohm, oohm, and scary,
he could not find it in his mind,
his comfort yielding to frustration,
when so far up the old shit creek,
once dunked, twice dripping, also smarting
from nagging curiosity.
And inner voices aim to badger.
Oh yes, the hubby mantis lusted,
then only said, 'What the....', no less,
when finely chiseled hands proceeded
to tear his handsome head clear off.
The rest was blatant mystery,
though not to him because of timing
and public utter headlessness.
So, is this the ideal weapon,
sophisticated warfare tool,
and activism driving waves
of sound that can't be recognised,
yet hums persistently in dissonance.

Humming is best, as frank pulsations
would signal familiarity.
How often, after all, does one
encounter Nature's hummingbird?
And when it happens, ooohm, ooohm, ooohm,
well, what the heck, what do you know?

So you start looking, hoping, praying,
for perfect versions, yours at last.
You muster patience, stick around
'til someone quickly tears yours off.

And afterward, some sordid creature
will likely have their way with you.
Until that time, however, know
it's still your game of heads or tails.

Personal Injury

How clumsy I had been.
For me, the strapping athlete,
to fall inside the supermarket.
Feet up, right near the cucumbers
and with a gaggle of tomatoes,
a cache of brussel sprouts,
twelve hundred leaves of iceberg,
and Bimbo with green apron,
all looking on, observing, on edge
of breaking out in raucous laughter.
The smirk was building now,
so, with a funeral director's face,
I picked myself off the slick floor,
composing all the systems as I rose,
and then pronounced, and just in time
as the greengrocer manager arrived,
full blown and chalk-white devastation
in a face that knew, this was the USA.
'It's a P.I.', I said and all knew what I meant.

Herbert Nehrlich

Personal Preferences

Of all the customs in the west
I do reject a phony breast.
As fashion's most atrocious fad
I choose the silly shoulder pad.
And botox in the face....oh my,
this never would turn on a guy.
Make-up is hiding precious skin
lip gloss should come from deep within,
I could, if asked add many more
but you might label me a bore.
I tell you what I find essential
if not sublimely existential
it is a pair of legs sans hair
and (Management, oh Do I DARE?)
all growth down to the smallest thistle
down where a man might wet his whistle
be cut away and shaved with skill
Guess what, she's smooth, my Daffodil.

Herbert Nehrlich

Petals

Tonight she blossomed,
her tinsel silver hair
fell like Niagara
onto the pouting peaks,
and in the valley of all shade
there was a hint of wet
and then pink petals opened
whispering, so glad we met.

Herbert Nehrlich

Peter F. - In Memoriam

They left him there.
And when the sun had gone
to sleep beyond horizon's border,
his movements ceased.
Forever is so final.

They later said the 85 steel bullets
had found their target, four had missed.
And that it mattered little
which one was the one
that brought some order
back for communists.

His crime had been to seek his freedom,
which East Berlin had never given him.
He swam the river to decide
his future, but someone,
sharp-eyed, had raised his rifle
and his eyes were grim.

'Comrades, don't be tardy,
we must quickly
apprehend this enemy of all,
he intends to turn his back
on justice
and the people's country!
Come. let's roll! '

And the guards put on night goggles,
which well illuminates the prey,
then the sergeant used
the English word 'OKAY'.
And their aim was to prevent a crime.

The crime to want freedom
and to breathe without fear,
and the crime to say
and to write and to hear,

that which humans were given
at birth, it would seem
and the crime to be driven
with your conscience in gear.

Name was Peter, they wrote
in the news account.
His height was 2 metres
and his belly was round.
He was dressed in his suit
and he wore his best shoes,
'cause you'll want a head start
if it's freedom you choose.

And the paper said coldly
that a traitor had tried
to escape from his justice,
that he'd stolen and lied.
That he'd harmed his co-workers
and ignored people's trust.
And there were no tear-jerkers
in this - just disgust.

On the west side a farmer
who had heard all the shots,
and then picked up the moans
and his cries 'Hilf mir Gott! '
So he ran to the fence
to give aid where it's needed,
but the bullets were flying
already anew.
They were buzzing his head
and the bullhorn announced:
'We will soon shoot you too! '
And the next bullet bounced
off his wrist, and it hurt
and he turned himself back
toward home in his house
at the end of the track.

And the bullets had done
what their masters believed

was essential and all of
the soldiers were briefed.
'Shoot to stop or kill
when you see something move,
your reward is a thousand
and promotion your proof.'

So, the days turned to weeks
and the weeks then to months.
And the world had forgotten
the refugee freaks.
Only one man named Hans
went to visit his mother,
in the home with the bars
and this Hans was his brother.

They had coffee and cake
in her small, cluttered room,
overlooking the lake,
with an ambience of doom.
As was always the case
they would talk of past times,
and her wrinkled sweet face
then recited old rhymes.

Then the clock struck the hour
and she said with no sorrow
'I'll see Peter, my good boy,
I'll see Peter tomorrow! '

Part II

And the man's name is Mielke,
the chief of the forces.
He had limitless power
and a love for race horses.
And he owned antique rifles,
and his biggest one had
funny markings, not trifles.
But these markings looked sad.
For each victim he would

carve a new notch that day
and he thought that he should
give a blanket 'okay'
to have ALL people shot
who were looking too bright,
plus those who were not.
And he knew that was right.

When the country united
and the people pulled down
all the fences and wires
from the communist crown.
They took Mielke to prison
for HIS day in court,
he denounced communism
and said 'Praise the Lord'.

All the judges were somber
with the list of the dead
and they asked Mielke whether
truly he had:
Given rules and orders
to the POLIZEI,
that the State has its borders
and no one is FREI!
And to kill those whose noses
were a smidgen to nosy,
also those who liked roses
and their lives to be cozy.
That, in short, he thought slaughter
had NO consequences,
that, like fast running water
it would flow from the senses...

Finally Mielke stood up,
said 'I want to say,
that all of this trouble,
it is in no way
connected with me.
I had nothing to do
with any of this,
and also I knew

only paperwork stuff,
wasn't out in the rough.
As a public servant,
quite pedantic and fervent
I was writing reports
and doing the billings.
Believe me I never
had knowledge of killings.
As a matter of fact
I was plannimg to flee
to the West, to DEFECT,
so now do you see?

So the judges retired
and returned in a week.
Then they quickly adjourned,
the defendant looked meek.
And they ordered a re-trial
as they said they'd not seen
any blood on his hands
and his hands were not red.

And the re-trial was speedy.
Mr. Mielke was ill.
So the judges decided
not to go for their kill.
'Let the old man live out
his last days at rest.
He is too ill to pay
and he WAS going West! '

For Peter F.

Herbert Nehrlich

Peter Rabbit From Canada

Peter Rabbit
wore a habit
people saw a nun
stripped the habit
from the rabbit
saw a double bun.

Came the preacher
and the teacher
scolded naked skin
flashy feature
new procedure
danger, carnal sin.

Nun takes rabbit
also habit
covers private parts
never grab it
if it's rabbit
that's when trouble starts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Petersilie

Sitzt die Mutter und schaelt Rueben,
Sehnsucht schaut aus ihrem Blick.
Stacheldraht trennt uns von drueben -
boeser Kommunistenrick.

Nickert ein und sieht im Schlafe
wie der Grenzer ihn erschießt.
Ordnungsmaessig war die Strafe
und die treue Werra fliesst.

Kleines Boot, bist mir willkommen
nimm mich mit und die Familie.
Wacht sie auf, noch ganz benommen.
Ruebenschmaus und Petersilie.

Herbert Nehrlich

Phallussymbole

Nie wieder soll nur eine Mutter
beweinen ihren eignen Sohn,
wir brauchen kein Kanonenfutter
erschiesst das Uebel auf dem Thron.

Die alten Maenner, sie erschlaffen
und suchen Phallus als Ersatz
wie starre, kalte dumme Affen
Gedanken nur im Hosenlatz.

Raketen, Tuerme und Patronen
man schiesst sie wie den eignen Saft
als Substitut fuer kleine Bohnen
die Illusion bringt ihre Kraft.

Herbert Nehrlich

Phobia

R E L A X.....

the memory does not
disturb you.

You are happy to
go back in time
to that silly moment
when you first encountered
the mongrel dog
and you were sooo afraid.

As you return now
to the time and place,
you feel upon your skin
a hot and burning sun,
its golden rays so bright
that warmth and calmness
overcomes you soon.
Renewed with energy
you gaze into reflections
of the nearby creek,
it shows a trim and unafraid,
a youthful lad who bears a smile.

You turn and see him,
standing there,
a mangy tail between his legs,
a scruffy coat and
ribs symmetrical and prominent.
A critter wearing tags
that spell in bold raised letters
My Name Is Puny.

There is a tremor as
he turns his eyes away,
a nervous tic to flash
across his ugly face.
But as you stare, with pity
at what you once,
so long ago,

feared more than death,
a very bright
and healing light appears,
surrounding, now, the creature
like a halo.

And, instantly,
you know
that all your stresses,
fears and negatives
have kindly gone.
There is no need for them
to stay with you,
the master over
life's own fears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Physiologics

He slowly slipped inside,
the tip -left well intact-
was coated now to glide
into the dark, moist cave,
he noted the close shave
was really overwhelmed, in fact
he was so partial to smooth skin
which always asked of him to sin.
There were the portals called
labia and other Latin things,
some vulgar buddies 'balled'
he called them chitterlings.
She was a blonde, well...yes,
who cried just when she felt the tip,
a trifle slow at first, God bless
she soon would get a grip
and squeezed him harder than
a plumbers vice,
and at the count of ten
he used the ice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pig Tail/Tale

Once stung a wiener pig will scratch its burning skin,
dispersing venom through lymphatics to subdue
all pains and itching caused by one small stinger pin,
yet moving arms will give all bees another clue.

They pounce in thousands, drawing pints of histamine
which leads to swelling and expansion all too soon,
and then, by order of her majesty the Queen,
a thousand stings create a living pork balloon.

And so it happened that the farmer's wife had thought
the swollen pig was ready for the coming sale,
and quickly washed and brushed and for much money bought,
makes this the end of one amusing piggy-tale.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pigeonhole

She sent me fourteen hints so far.
While I was out, collecting clues.
She raised the godforsaken bar
and sent me back to well-aged booze.

I kissed her though, umbrella and beyond.
Kept clinging to the structure of her soul.
I drank it in when my loose lover did respond,
there was a leak from deep inside the pigeonhole.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pima A - Pima B

In the town of Bullheadcity
lived an aging but quite witty
Indian woman from the Pima
who was carrying oedema
in her legs and all her toes
those who know how fluid flows
through the legs of diabetics
with the use of diuretics
can imagine the dilemma
when this lady, name was Emma
tried to have, one night, some sex.
Much she tried to bend and flex
it was clear by early morning
that no part which was adorning
any man could reach that far.
Pima people often are
quite humonguous in their size
although you must realise
that the ones across the border
do seem have their lives in order
much more clearly, though their genes
and their meals of chili beans
seem to complicate the matter,
as they age they do get fatter
on the side of Mexico
within reason they do grow
and the Yankee doodle Pima
are, to them an anathema.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ping Pong Conversation 1

...nothing that your slightly hyperalert
but edible mind should worry about.
Just something that came into mine,
when I read some of your words.
I fall into this dream-like state and
-being a bit of a fretter whose mother
lamented tomorrow's surely to expect
bad weather when it was sunny today-
and just wish that we can keep what we have..

Herbert Nehrlich

Pipsqueak

Mist and fog,
brothers,
came once again
to see off dawn
and welcome in
the daylight starkness.
The tiny porker
on his back
one chubby foot
on mothers teat,
the one that is
reserved for him.
A ray of sun
steals through
the cracks
of weather-worn
and aging alder
illuminates a dusty cloud
of those who would,
well justified,
take up their space
in weightless air
above and in between,
unfolding life
which like a burst
of foul and earthy
yet so pleasant
aromas sees
the light of day.
There is so much
this world can offer,
a plentitude
so overwhelming
but in the straw
with milk moustache
and warmth of Mama,
next to brothers
and sisters
sleeping happily

his choice is easy
no thought of thrill
adventurous excursions
has captured him
no barnyard siren
entrances with her lusty song.
And while he suckles
grunts and smacks
a pipsqueak of a turd
makes its appearance
wormlike and soft,
with grace it winds
its rosy path
down onto sister's
sleepy head.
And briefly
with a smiling yawn
he settles back
and feels it all
oh that those brothers
Mist and Fog
would now return
and never leave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Places Without Swine

Who now would move to Arizona,
or California at that
we shall not talk about corona
or corazon to take to bed.
We have, on trusted information
learned that a swine has shed its piss
we've got her name, it's no sensation,
we sent her North to old Fort Bliss.
She stank so badly, we had to spray
it was a family disease
and when she left they all did pray
that she would not return to these
enlightened fields of human life
where misfits were not taken in

Herbert Nehrlich

Plagiarism (For Ajs)

One thing that's worse than communism
is known to us as plagiarism.

It always seems that some will take
from others their own birthday cake.

In poetry the theft of work
shows traces of a low-life jerk.

The answer, as it's always been,
is the old-fashioned guillotine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plankton

The swordfish swam
straight toward the dam.
In thick plankton got caught
he had never quite thought
that the meadow would be
overgrown in the sea.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plant And Woman

You first
need to see
if you like.
After all,
you may not.
Only if you do,
if you really do
like the plant
can you really
really love it.

And a plant
will always reciprocate
being loved
if the love is
genuine.
And so will
a woman
who is truly loved.
Love is a reflection
out of eyes,
plant or human.
A reflection that is
caressing you.
That is the beauty
of love
and the miracle
of woman.

Herbert Nehrlich

Playing Again

Imagine, if you will, this scene:
There's five foot fourish Mister Bean
announcing jokes for Halloween.
Now we all know he's hardly mean
but rather strange and always keen
to wear the look of Mr. Sheen
as fighting fit and rather lean.

This fellow somewhat entertains,
for which one needs no real brains.
He travels on those British planes
where Pommy pilots take the reins.
He goes to supersized great pains
to spend his loot (ill-gotten gains) ,
and never eats bread made from grains.

Herbert Nehrlich

Playtime

Two geese flew over the cuckoo's nest
they saw that the cuckoos were not dressed.
They had covered the lot of the stolen eggs
with their feathered tuxedos and pantyhosed legs.
So the geese circled back and let fly from behind
green gooseshit dropped down and the cuckoos went blind.
Now you know what will happen if you sit on the loot
and discard all your clothing like two cockoos that root. ***

*** child version would be, after the word clothing: 'down to one little boot'

Herbert Nehrlich

Please Consider

Dear God, forgive me, Sir I have not only sinned
I've lost my bible, maybe sold it at the sale,
I pray today because the label on these tinned
and Made In Norway small sardines do tell a tale.

Of course you know, dear God, what I've been into, right?
It is the reason I am calling you today.
Would you consider, is it possible you might
assign her body and her mind to me, I pray.

Herbert Nehrlich

Please God, Let It Be Love

It breaks my pericardium,
if not my heart.

To hear,
that whispers were
the work of Satan,
he,
and his kind,
conspired to destroy
what human hands
had built
in record time.

But with a mind,
that knew determination
and what it means
to fall,
into the silken covers
of genuine love.

Now it remains to see,
if Satan wins,
if sordid games
and envy will undo
what was ordained
and what must be.

The Cantadora of the past
has come to oversee,
to lend a hand,
there is no power that could be
a force to blow apart
what was a chance encounter
of two souls,
and what,
by any measures has to be
a match
that would defy
all unions forged
by God and his grand crew.
If it is love

it must prevail,
and so it will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pledge

Would I fly through foreign sky
if I were a bird.
Visit you, my Lorelei
bring a secret word?

At the peaceful river's edge
showing my reflection,
it is here I make my pledge
for a new direction.

Devil came and promised me
wings to fly away,
he can end my misery,
later I must pay.

Pipers must be paid, he said
nothing free is given.
I agreed and soon was wed,
lovesick, mad and driven.

Late it was, I doused the light
and reached for my new wife,
the Devil rested, like a blight,
on top, now mine for life.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pluck Those Flowers?

Just think my friend, what does it mean
when no more flowers can be seen
the sight of flowers does surprise,
their beauty, gentle to the eyes

their fragrance, lovely to the nose
much poetry and welcome prose
but God made flowers, yes, indeed
to give some beauty to each weed.

The flower that you pick to keep
creates a wound so very deep
and through the forest goes a sigh
a flower, plucked, will always cry.

Please go to any pub instead
or stay at home, rest in your bed.
But if you feel you want to pick
a flower, please just wait a tic,
ye Gods have planted all to make
our lives reality, not fake.

He did forget to emphasise
that man be thoughtful, also wise
he plucks a virgin from her perch
and looks at married ones in church.

I think we would be well advised
if most of us just realised
that sitting on the porch of hope
we'd never need the kick of dope.

But love will surely find us soon
it is a deal between the moon
and all the stars that watch the game
those efforts to achieve our fame.

A siesta in a field of flowers

recharges all our hidden powers,
but leave the beauty, let it flow
bring home a flower? Please say 'NO'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plumage

It's you my bird who sings at night.
There is no other place on earth
that grants the rights to feathered birds
to sing as did the man from Snowy River.

You look the part, it's the plumage
which touches on the word ramage
so will you sing your song for me?
You shall hear mine when I am free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plume

Oh yes, I know about the scriptures of convention,
of solid pledges said to magistrates and more,
though it was never my desire or my intention
to shoot small arrows into flesh to blow the door
which would admit me as the egotist of time
rip out the heart of those who never harmed a child,
there is a ledge on which no soul commits a crime
it's where I live my friend and no one calls me wild.

A spouse is nice, perhaps essential, it's okay!
We all have ties and little buzzards to behold,
I would not ask you to be different and betray
your so congenial and so urgent placid mould.

May I be part of what you are, it is my wish,
to hold your hand across the godalmighty pond,
if you let go and I fall down to feed the fish
it means we never had a true eternal bond.

Would you permit me to predict for you and me,
the word jamais has been in waiting in your womb,
we shall not ever lose our hearts' internal key
there is no end in sight for our little plume.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plumpudding

Do I want it ? I Really now,
why do you ask, I have it, I will keep it
and no one will take it from me.
But that still leaves the great dilemma
about the pudding made from plums
being made squishy, between two bodies.
So were you thinking of getting
down onto your knees with me and we
would then clean up the mess?
Well, I don't mind the plumpudding
and the idea deserves consideration.

Herbert Nehrlich

Plum's Destiny

A little plum dropped from the tree
and struck a frog upon his knee.
The frog did hurt and cried a lot
the plum said Oops, I plum forgot.

Which wasn't altogether true
you see a plum is always blue
a frog however must be green
thus he can easily be seen.

So, folks, it truly stands to reason
that in the Fall, the ripening season
a bit of care would be advised
that way a frog is not surprised.

In any case, the knee did swell
the plum just stayed right where it fell,
so in an effort now to heal
the frog fell for the plum appeal.

He grabbed the plum and opened wide
the plum prepared for its last ride.
And said before it was too late
a plum is to be eaten, mate.

So, you can see that those that fall
from trees or buildings, big and tall
will usually just fail to see
the maker of their destiny.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poem By Rachel (From Me To Thee)

My darling dear across the seas
Would there were an inland breeze
To carry quickly to your side
Myself, a short time to abide.
Before my heart shall beat its last
T'would be my wish to hold you fast
And for a while my great desire
Would bring to me your inner fire.
And so I dream, feeling a thrum,
To stay within your beating drum.
Is this all wrong? It cannot be.
Though we are parted by the sea,
A singing bond exists it seems
And gives some substance to my dreams.
Please, beating drum, keep me inside
I'll not disturb the rhythmic tide
That counts your days and mine as well
In love within I'd wish to dwell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poems Come From.....

I ask you, where do you reside,
you words with meaning, do you hide
inside the dark, forbidden spots,
like beautiful forget-me-nots?

It's Sunday night, right after dinner
(which was not meant to make me thinner) ,
a favourite pen finds its sly way
into my hand, once there, to stay.

And out they roll, exotic fruits,
like handsome dwarves with purple boots,
the paper shows anticipation
and shakes as if an operation

were imminent to change its sex!
But seeing that I slowly flex
my digits in creative mode,
just waiting for this motherlode

of colour-coded fairytale
to come to me, one timid male,
the paper smoothes itself flat
and I discard my thinking hat.

There must be floodgates in my mind
and when they open, what's behind
comes tumbling out, (or some of it) ,
a mix of brilliance and of shit.

Though from experience I have learned,
as far as judgment is concerned
it's best to keep your left brain closed,
as it can harshly be opposed

to anything that's come my way.
Sometimes I think that its dismay
originates in jealousy,
or boredom, which, at least to me

makes sense. Imagine Mathematics,
And Physics over Acrobatics,
so analytical and judging,
staunchly opposed to any fudging

of figures, or of life's own rules.
The thinking brain abhors all fools.
It can't write poetry at all
because its vision is too small.

Which does remind me of a teacher
who seems to use the same procedure
to judge all poets and their writing.
His commentary may be biting,

or arrogantly condescending,
and in its meanness never-ending,
but, if you look at his creations
you get the definite sensation

that something crucial might be lacking,
which often sees these guys attacking.
In any case, back to, of course,
of where my work becomes a force.

Is it the act of me assembling
words, as they hatch, still slightly trembling?
Or do they come in plug-in packs?
I know that there are stacks and stacks.

And new ones grow by leaps and bounds
just waiting to convert to sounds.
As they arrive at my right wrist,
my flexors help to make a fist,

just loosely to permit the pen
to write a poem, once again.
But the beginning of adventure
starts now, completely free of censure

form any outside influence.

I am the Poet, no offence,
but, in a way, I'm an attorney
who supervises this great journey.

It is a flight to Mystery,
its destination kept from me.
And as my aero-plane just glides
I watch the world pass on both sides.

And not a thing escapes me thus,
I write them down - Another plus
is that it makes a lot of sense
that no one knows when this trip ends.

Nor what awaits me when we land,
so friends, I hope you understand,
I write to fabricate new pleasure
for me and others and I measure

the echo's strength on its return.
If no one laughs, the mood is stern,
and neutral critics do not visit
I ask myself 'Poet, what is it,

that clever minds did not enjoy
perhaps it was that I annoy
with poems of eternal length? '
A poem does not garner strength

by occupying lots of space,
yet I admit that in my case
I start a poem at the TOP
and cannot find a place to STOP.

Since, overall, I'm a good sport,
I promise you to keep this short.
Perhaps you ask me, with a grin
'What is a poem's origin? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Poet Of The Day

Today I vote that the great title
of greatest poet goes to Eitel,
Raynette's the name, poems her game
she keeps alive the wondrous flame
that burns in millions of great souls,
and even though some have no coals
to feed their fires of creation
one finds a literate sensation
by looking with both eyes and ears
the signal of success is tears
inside the heart, the home of peace.
God scare away those who release
their own concoctions, often poor
and spruik as if they could be sure
with dimwitted authority.
I like a critic who is able
to lay her poems on a table
and have the world come to inspect
by being fair and circumspect.
The poetry of dear Raynette
is not what one would ever get
from browsing aimlessly on sites
it is a bit like flying kites,
the good ones can be quite elusive
they pull on strings which are conducive
to happenings of actual bliss,
when nothing seems to be amiss
and words speak to you heart of hearts.
And you just stand there, if it smarts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poet*

Why write, I ask, is it to entertain?
Or does a poem make a lonely fellow whole?
A poet is a a writer who is vain,
Potemkin engineer of his own soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poetry

It seems to me
that all poets should be
noble, helpful and good.
Only then they could,
unencumbered and free,
write the poetry they would.
If the writing of Gods
came from you and me
would you wonder about the odds?
So if talent you see
would you all just give nods
and look elsewhere if it is a bore,
let us never forget this is poetry
and not some ridiculous war.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poetry Competition Rules

Each poetic submission
like a nuclear fission
be a simple decision
not a nasty collision
with the free-versing vision.
If there is superstition
or a quick apparition
you must send a petition.
Pay attention to metre
and not Sally or Peter
but as soon as you teeter
on the much hated ledge
you can write down your pledge
and thus drive a sharp wedge
between you and the edge,
but there are no strict rules
for the poets and fools
you don't write for the schools
but when somebody drools
over what you have written
and he's totally smitten
you can purr like a kitten
or a lover just bitten
it will make all your days
and you need no more praise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poetry Competitions

When bullies in the schoolyard play
and throw their egos in the fray
it soon becomes quite evident
what Sigmund of Vienna meant.

I see I'd better take my leave
before some little devils weave
a net to catch my nasty tongue
or they decide that I be hung.

My friend the old Bavarian shrink
just never asks what I would think
He cautions me to stay with peers
and buy my grievances at Sears.

Before I close may I observe
that my own mother had the nerve
to say 'stay out of that there forum'
but vist places of decorum.

I secretly am quite convinced
that she, whose words are never minced
is now regressing to an age
where anger, scorn and wanton rage

appear to feed inside the mind
JUSTIT-IA, though well confined.
Revert I say but count me out
I shall remain a walkabout.

Grown men will never act like kids
they know of Freud and its and ids.
Like all of us, we like our toys
and when we play, we play as boys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poetry Practice (Kids)

I have a little brown-eyed horse
it bites me from behind,
shows neither mercy nor remorse
I wish my horse were kind.

I have a little blue-eyed goat
he lies and steals from me
last week he stole my paddleboat
and took it out to sea.

I have a little green-eyed frog
he slept inside my bed,
I should have left him in the log
because he now is dead.

I know an ugly-eyed, obese
and sniffling ball of slime,
it's swinging in the evening breeze
a happy unsolved crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poets

There are words in my head
in my limbs and my ears
there are some for the dead
and for those who can hear.
There's a flood simply waiting
to enlighten the masses
and the bold ones are mating
with the word middle classes.
I am swimming with sparks
and it matters a lot
as each letter leaves marks
and the airwaves run hot.
I pretend that I couldn't
really care what they say
but I know that I wouldn't
want to chase them away.
All you people please listen
to the words that want out
as the syllables glisten
and the consonants pout.
If you like the sensation
of a mellow bouquet
come and read my creation
and consider a stay
As a bird of one feather
I do welcome you, yes.
As together we weather
the critique from the press.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poets (Haiku)

A poet can turn
to the splendor of his own
innermost sanctum.

There, to draw upon
the fertile fields of his mind,
lush in their beauty.

There is no limit
to the imaging power
for new creation.

Fed by desire
to get to know an ego
so deeply buried.

An awesome music
resonating from craters,
the inner soulmate.

Respect this treasure
of poetry in action.
We all are poets.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poets Meet In London

They met, in London's Springtime haze
and entered into a short phase
of snap assessment of each other,
as if they'd hoped to find a brother,
or, rather an attractive sister.

The one who's called (by Allan) Mister
looked just exactly like I'd dreamed,
moustache and all, his features beamed,
although I 'd guessed a smaller waist
and next to him old fate had placed
Gina, who smiled, (what could she do)
good looking truly was the crew,
mischievous face there on the right
well, I do think, some day I might
be lucky to be in the middle,
and if you want, I'll bring my fiddle.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poets That Drivel And Snivel

Inferior minds do tend to clutter
these pages with their endless drivel,
why is it that they're glad to mutter
their thoughts from convoluted swivel
of little substance to the world?
Do they not know that greener grasses
exist and if the truth were hurled
they would perceive it with their asses.

Would it not be so much more pleasant
if real poets post their stuff,
it always bugs me if a peasant
whose thinking is a little rough
presents his rubbish for display
as if by typing it (with errors)
it gains in value, let me say
it should be clear that from the narrows
of Dullards nothing much can ooze,
so may I give a quick suggestion
lock yourself in and sing your blues
into your mirror, where the question
of ridicule does not exist.

Then we could go and read what AJS,
or Lenchen, Tiff' and Jodilee,
what Janice, Rich and R.C (bless)
and Joyce and Amberlee set free
from fertile minds and lovely souls
that give us pleasure and much smiles,
those are the ones to fill the roles
of travellers who down the miles
will be companions sorely missed
should they decide to fall behind
perhaps if hugged and sweetly kissed
they see the light and change their mind.
And when they write something so clever
that one sits up and takes quick note
it shows us that the losers never
should have received the right to vote.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pointing

An old and quite obnoxious German
who answered to the name of Hermann
sat in the church to hear the sermon
about the world's disgusting vermin.

It saddened him because he knew
that even though the words were true
this priest (who suffered from the sprue)
outside the church was a filou!

It wasn't simply the red wine.
Oh no, the father was a swine!
His female friends now numbered nine
he also had a concubine.

So Hermann sat. At last he prayed.
But soon was sad and quite dismayed.
He'd drifted off into the shade
and dreamed the dream of getting laid.

It would be wise if we refrain
though it might go against the grain
from drinking Seppelt's own champagne.
Before we say Auf Wiederseh'n.

Herbert Nehrlich

Political Haiku

Don't like the food much?
Find yourself another cook
another kitchen.

Don't like the black man?
I say, my dears, tough titties,
a black Messiah.

It shows who YOU are,
you bet your life on horses
that did not have it.

Election over
you either build the country
or move to Cuba

Herbert Nehrlich

Polygamy

You say a man is never free
unless he likes polygamy.
Insatiable, keen to play?
Let me correct you if I may.

If you were satisfied with one
and never tired of the fun
you would not need to have a clone
because you'd be a monotone.

If eyes and senses God had given
you would be active, even driven.
With so much beauty all around,
you think of it, the pubic mound

and two soft rises, they be blessed,
plus so much more, you know the rest.
So, have a look at royalty
they are not sworn to loyalty.

I ask you now, do you agree
that all the beauty that you see
is for the eye of the beholder.
Would you permit for lust to smolder

because you think that such demeanour
is justified due to much greener,
more luscious and well-tended grass?
And if you do you'd be an ass

you see, I note that every day
(it matters little if you pray) ,
you find a new and pleasant spouse
inside your head and in your house.

It's like the petals of a rose
they open as they please your nose
with fragrances of times that change.
So, my advice is, do arrange

your thoughts about meandering,
no woman likes philandering.
And if you feel that you must look
to land a stranger on your hook

who's pretty, smart and also nice,
then rest assured that all you guys
are dumb beyond your horny dreams
you only comprehend what seems

to be the love of one more dame,
reality puts it to shame.
You're searching for your petty soul,
which is a man's most precious goal.

But, will you find it in seduction
or in a thrilling introduction?
Your soul can never really stray,
it has a destiny to stay

within your wrinkled, sinful skin.
So I advise you, don't give in
to all they hype of unknown pleasure.
Just have a look at your own treasure.

Herbert Nehrlich

Polygamy **

I want to join the folks who keep
a bunch of wives to help them sleep.
If chosen wisely, I suppose
the one with a large-nostrilled nose
would be the chef to feed me well,
another, one with pompous breasts
would serve to entertain the guests,
most men (excepting me) prefer
their boobs stupendous, de rigueur,
thus visitors would feel at ease.
The wife resembling heartsease,
a flower of extreme noblesse
would be my partner, playing chess
and sit on Biedermeier chairs
discussing other folks' affairs.
Then there is she, who often giggles,
and as she walks she truly wiggles,
her eyes downcast like silken sheets
she would not know of poet Keats
but versed she'd be in certain skills
she'd be the keeper of all Dills.
The question soon on my agenda
would be, if all of them are tenda
in dealing with a man like me
they'd all be welcome, after tea
to douse the lights in my huge bed
and sleep together, head to head.
In darkness then, if certain feelings
like urges, also known as healings
come up and penetrate the skin
it would be time to venture in
the territory of sweet dreams
of pheromones and sticky creams.
Alas, who'd pick the lucky sleeper
who'd bring her close to me the reaper?
Would there be strife beneath the sheets
perhaps some clawing of soft teats?
Would there be jealousy and tears
a tally kept to mark arrears?

And, most importantly how would
my little fellow (no one could)
assign those points to match a face
and know which lady was an ace?
I'm tempted to discard the notion
that multiples into devotion
in marriage makes much sense at all,
yes, it is good to have a tall,
a short and round, an apple ass
and one whose Roman cheeks show class
but, is a man with more than one
ahead in life (think of the fun)
or is this all a clever ploy
by Gods to give a boy his toy?

I woke, the dream had my attention,
looked over, made no special mention
viewed the mirage which lay beside
inside my loins, a liquid tide
was building, sanctioned by the brain
Polygamy? Was I insane?
A bit of drool now trickled on
her pillow, as the morning sun
caressed her soft delicious twins
her bellybutton (yes it grins)
was looking with a horny eye
at me, the world's gregarious guy,
the one whose luck was so complete...

I placed my fingers on the sheet
and met her hand into the night
while holding sweetly, holding tight.
A moment's grace lets me assess
and I shall openly confess
that ALL of what my senses knew
was the perfection that is you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poo-Etry

Is it poo-etry that so attracts?
So akin to factoids over facts?
Let us praise all veneer
and Sir Pooh Puppeteer
says the fly, oh this cowpie attracts.

I'm with teach in this matter, I say
let all poets come forward, they may
post whatever they like
but the thumb in the dyke
will get tired just after midday.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pope Speeding

I live Down Under and report
that Benedikt, as last resort
was caught exceeding sixty-five
on Sydney's Sylvan Valley Drive.
A copper stopped the Popemobile
and noticed a Korean wheel.
'I did expect you to admire
if ever you would need a tyre
to pick a Continental brand
it comes straight from the Fatherland.'
The copper, Aussie, unimpressed,
took out the pen from his blue vest
and started writing a big fine
when Benedikt yelled 'Aussie Swine,
you haff no rright to chudge ze Pope
I vill report you, man off dope! '
Well, in the end Pope Benedikt
was happy when the copper licked
the boots that had withstood the war,
the copper though, said either or.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poppyseeds Of The Past (Wise Toddlers)

Citizens, rise, we must be awake,
Carol and Herbert are baking a cake.
Poppyseed soaked in milk from the cow
cookbook from grandma telling them how.
Raisins and honey, apples and oil,
mixed all together, covered with foil.
Beating the eggwhites, hurry now dear
oven is fired, let's share a beer.

All the small children from the next street
come down to Carol, ready to eat.
All the detractors, envious guys
weighing the factors, making her eyes.
But on the patio, we now relax
eating and laughing, all to the max.
Time has a habit just like a cake,
quick as a rabbit, leaves a small ache.

Herbert Nehrlich

Porker

Out on the farm there lived a pig
he'd spend the day to root and dig.
A firecracker from the sky
came down on him on 4 July.
It burned the hair between his ears
the pig shed many many tears.
The farmer who was soft of heart
was clever, kind and pretty smart.
Today the pig can root and dig,
again, because he wears a wig.

Herbert Nehrlich

Porky Pies

A porky rarely wears a wig,
that way it passes for a pig.
Though either does possess a snout
the LATTER ONLY will pig out.
The former's interests are to gain
through rank deception sugarcane
or other valuable stuff,
a porky travels in the buff
invisible to you and me
no wig, which common folks would see,
its gender may be either or
all pigs will snort and fart and roar,
they do not have a thing to hide
and will not take you for a ride.
Unless, of course, you're featherweight
or in a true suspended state.
There's one more thing I meant to mention,
it matters greatly, what intention
an animal has in its mind
no opportunist will be kind,
and how, you ask can I determine
to separate the pig from vermin?
It's easy, watch them in the sun
the porky cannot see the fun
the other frolicks, jumps and rolls
digs with its toughened feet huge holes,
enjoys the sun, the mud and rain
and sings of how it falls in Spain.
It's culture, mate, that wins the day
so send those porky's far away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Position Of Deputy Governor

Governor A. Schwarzenegger
ran into a low life beggar.
Beggar carried a white cane,
needed dough for hunger pain.

Said BIG Arnie Schwarzenegger
'look at me you filthy beggar,
I have always been the best,
here is proof, I'll bare my chest.'

Did, but quiet stayed the beggar,
said 'your worship Schwarzenegger,
I was hurt at Wounded Knee,
and since then I cannot see.'

With disgust the muscle guy
who was with himself in love
walked away with his Jack Russels
No one who ignored his muscles

was entitled to a quarter.
But, the beggar was a rorter
came and said 'I've changed my mind,
as of now I am not blind.'

Off came vest and shirt from Haines,
rippling muscles, bulging veins.
Beggar's eyes almost fell out,
whispered only 'Juggernaut'.

Arnie reached inside his pocket,
handed him a silver locket,
said 'You kleiner Strassenpenner
had this made in old Vienna,

and wait you take this bundle here
it will buy you lots of beer.
On Monday I would like to see
you in the Mansion, if you're free

must make, by then a quick decision
to fill the Deputy's position.'

Things had, that morning, been quite bleak
but after seeing that physique,
of what a man could truly be
he'd work on it, as Deputy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Post Valentine

Now Valentine has come and gone,
the mop just never turned her on.
I think, I'm going to, next year,
give her a carton of cold beer.

This way, it stands to reason, right (?)
that even though I may be tight
eventually, I'll pick the gift
that will bestow a hearty lift

upon the spirits and her heart.
So, do you think it would be smart
to get a blueprint overbore
for my beloved four-by-four?

Her mother, stupid broad (no Kraut) ,
keeps telling me that it's about
the love that comes with every present,
she thinks of me as one dull peasant.

I disagree, of course, and loudly,
I like that mop and carry proudly
a carton of the finest beer
in the car fridge for you my dear.

And, after souping up the ute,
transforming it into a brute,
I can deliver so much faster
the lovely presents from your Master.

And, incidentally, my sweet,
your Dad is wearing on his feet
the socks he got for Father's Day:
Fluorescent green, a touch of gray.

A present should be practical,
and that requires tactical
response and planning and a mind,
both analytical and kind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Potatochipginner

There once was a lady from Rye,
who was fond of potato chip pie,
when the chips passed her lips
they went straight to her hips
and the leftovers padded each thigh.

So she switched to the chips called low joules,
they were good for the stout and the fools.
As they went through the system
(too few fatgrams to list 'em)
they made beautiful, pebble-like stools.

Well, in time she gut thinner and thinner
ate her chip-pie for breakfast and dinner,
got an Oskar (it's true)
played the didgeridoo
a quite portly potato chip ginner.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pots And Pans

The priest wanted her to undress
but she said, I will do so unless
you have sinister plans
for my pots and my pans,
and this kitchen is surely a mess.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pout

I asked the Felon what he thought about this thorn,
he said 'a rose is like a portrait all aglow,
but venture close and you could have your fabric torn
you need to stand and ask for lovely words to flow.
Only the sweetness of a rose can ever still
a tiny wound inflicted, healing is complete,
and words of love, my friend, will conquer any hill
but I was thinking now I'd rest here on this sheet.'

He turned to snuggle to the pillow, (well good night) ,
not being talkative, I wonder what he knows,
though as for me, I might fly higher than a kite
and soar to places where the lava truly flows.

Herbert Nehrlich

Poverty

He could not pay that day for bread
his friends had left the scene,
the landlord found the fellow dead
down in the Scouts' latrine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Praecox

Into a valley lined with blubber
glides slowly a peculiar rubber.
To serve and to protect they say
small fungi gather at the bay.

Like moths attracted to the flame
a fleeting moment all the same.
They soon succumb to acidosis
and feed their foe through straight osmosis.

Oh glory, I have known you well
have penetrated your dark shell.
You must accept my blatant lie,
now in retreat, I'll gladly die.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prayer

They talked about the Golden Fleece
and kept on their small farm some geese
but only their pubescent niece
was kind enough to pray for peace.

The hay inside the barn grew old
and grew the smell of musty mold.
One day the farm was simply sold
in an exchange for shiny gold.

The niece stayed back to hope and pray
the geese fell ill to her dismay.
Their cattle ate the rotten hay
and died as someone had to pay.

The Gods sent storms and heavy rain
to wash away the tears and pain
the farm blew down, the end was plain
Gods always seem to act in vain.

The praying niece was suffocated
all life had been obliterated.
The Devil though had contemplated
that Heaven was quite overrated.

Is there a lesson here to learn?
Imprinted like a rubber burn.
For those whose introvert concern,
to pray. No Flyer Points to earn.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pregnant Turkey

First light, a gray and ugly sparrow
was sitting on my windowsill
when he discovered a small, narrow
free space, an entrance if you will.

He managed squeezing through the hole,
was in the kitchen in no time
and concentrated on his goal
to crack the fridge, which is a crime.

The sparrow worked with beak and feet
at last he landed on the jello,
which was just sitting near the meat
and that exotic headless fellow.

He ate his fill and then again
and drank the Chardonnay O'Reilly,
he did not know exactly when
he could come back to this so highly

regarded house for all gourmands
and soon he did become quite sleepy,
a place to hold a brief séance
was what he needed, well a tipi

was right in front of sleepy eyes.
He spread the wings and those two feet
they had been bound by stringy ties
the cave inside though looked quite neat.

At 10 am the cook took hold of
the turkey from the fridge to cook,
the sparrow dreamed and was not told of
the new direction he now took.

At noon the relatives assembled
to sit down to the Sunday supper,
the dog was present and he trembled
and salivated with his upper

and lower glands because he treasured
those little morsels he would get,
after the portions had been measured
the prayer done they were all set.

The father of the tribe now cut
the bird in fair and equal portions,
when Aunt Jemima snapped it shut,
her mouth went through some weird contortions.

Inside the turkey was a chook
and uncle Fritz said oh my God,
a baby bird they took a look
and Aunt Jemima gave a nod.

They all felt terrible and couldn't
continue with their lunch today,
the father told them how he wouldn't
eat bird again, in fact he'd say

that pregnant turkeys should be marked
before you bought them in the store,
they all got up, the dog then barked
stayed in the kitchen, near the door.

The family, now quite depressed
went for a walk down to the lake,
they sat and watched a big bird's nest
when little Cecil, wide awake

said 'these two birds, they have long legs,
why do they sit in nests of twig? '
And someone answered, 'there are eggs
you'll understand when you are big.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Premonitions

A friend of mine,
just had a Christmas Premonition.
His Auntie saw him drowning in the sea.
The woman now observes it only was a dream,
a premonition does oblige that you may be
responsible for future intermissions
within your life, let off some badly pent-up steam?
Do I believe in thoughts that float on rising air,
in pointing to the end of life of friends.
Or do I join the hordes of those who do not care
and just ignore whenever anything so awfully descends
upon my present comfort zone of lies?
Perhaps I'll take the route of Dali Llama,
he said whatever happens, happens, (close your eyes) .
A premonition was what came to me one day,
it had disguised its body - didn't know itself!
but gained respect at once from all the pre-survivors,
and kept on pointing at the clock, so close to twelve.
I let it die the death that's due these rude false prophets,
we let it shrivel up and turn to dust again.
I think I might just go and pay a lengthy visit
to my own childhood where we said 'tomorrow then,
if God decides to wake us infidels just one more time,
we'll worship him and Jesus Christus even more,
yet live to worry whether reason or godalmighty rhyme
applies to premonitions and who'd keep the goddamn final score.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pressing Send

I love you as well in my own little way,
when you first rang my bell it was simply a play,
but today we have grown and await the first touch,
tiny seeds, gently sown as the treat must be Dutch
and like roe from a fish they will swim to the end
as resolve becomes stiff, and the drive goes to SEND.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pretenders

There are those I suppose
who do carry their nose
rather high in the air,
pretending to care
about distant shores.
These are the great bores
who use words as slugs
though as silly mugs
they fail to impress
but do nevertheless
flash the cap and gown
and the pawnbroker's crown.
And they dance and they travel
'til the day they unravel
when the little ones see
in their spelling bee
that one always can tell
that pretenders can't spell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Priapus

Oh grant me, God, the wish to persevere,
to dwell within the words as in a sea,
as syllables to taste, to smell, to hear,
and feast old eyes upon the sweetest harmony.
Each child to take a place to serve and please
between steep walls of my rotunda where I preach
to playful buzzing and the never-parted knees.
Meanwhile Priapus lusts for heavy cream and peach
while in the twilight, as he drums onto her back
precise hexameters with fingers drunk from joy,
for all his writings breathing aphrodisiac.....
ascends Mount Pubis as a poet and a boy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prickly

A cactus does have many pricks,
I often wonder why.
It can't compare to human dicks.
Oops, sorry, if you're shy.

Given the look of these cacti-
who'd ever venture near them?
And do they have those small erecti
so other cacti fear them?

So, if your features just don't measure
up to a standard level,
you'll need to grow a prickly treasure:
Become a horny devil!

Herbert Nehrlich

Pride And Wallet

Imposing though the tower was,
some metres up, right in the clouds.
The fascination of a frown
bestowed importance on the lad.
Five years to match against ten metres,
the acrobats were jumping now,
one-armed, one-legged, paraplegics,
collecting after splashing down.

Oh, yes, the Fatherland was kind,
and no one falls through its big net,
though invalids do like their drink
and fitness has its sweet rewards.

A trick went wrong just then, oh God!
A woman slips and tumbles over
the edge, arm flailing (she had one) ,
a cruel impact as her breasts
meet liquid concrete at one-fifty.
Old Newton would have shuddered too.

Yes only five, anticipation
of broken limbs and coloured waters
was no surprise. He stared with wide and open eyes.
Her flesh was torn, mammary rags
were hanging, floating to the surface,
now losing consciousness, who'll jump?
Her would-be hero, 'almost six'.

I was the first one, swimming wildly,
but overtaken by big boys.
They fished her out, regarded sadly
not her but me, the LITTLE man!

Perhaps his aim was to distract
from such a trauma to his son.
The old one pointed at his wallet
and offered as a rich reward
its contents if I were to try.

So, even at that tender age
a boy knows opportunity.
And when it knocks on his small door,
he will be dressed up for his day.

He turned away, marched to the tower,
climbed up with quick, athletic steps.
Walked to the front, the little bugger,
stepped into nothing and applause.

A piece of cake, both, flight and landing,
a major disappointment was,
that not one soul of seven hundred
had watched a thing but torn up breasts.

Old Man took all the contents out,
it was a fortune, had he known...
well he had made a proper deal,
and honest men do keep their word.

Just Mum and Dad, also four siblings
observed his death-defying stunt.
The money was a welcome treasure.
But that they WATCHED, that was enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

Primary School

Two boys of the primary school,
thought it would be exceedingly cool,
if they'd take a big leak
at the end of the week
but their Dad said no 'P' in the ool.

So they aimed for the very top rafter
but the peeing then triggered much laughter.
Very soon it was plain
that much yellowish rain
soaked their clothes and their bodies thereafter.

Came the janitor whom they called Master,
and his face looked like fresh alabaster,
'What's the raindrops in here,
they resembles good beer',
well the man was a walking disaster.

Just a snippet from long ago days
we had tricks up our sleeves and our ways,
on some Saturday nights
we hung, glued to the lights
and watched girls in the bath through the haze.

You must picture this, agile we were,
on a ladder or trellis, yes Sir.
Little Gina would moon
like a female Neptun
though the details were sometimes a blur.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prime Time

Well, Max, you wouldn't understand,
a dog is not a human, after all.
I'm in my forties, says my gut
and the chronology, it matters not,
they say that canines live too fast
they use up seven for each given year.
Perhaps, with humans, Krauts like me
it is the opposite because of genes,
and I have started drinking amber beer
just yesterday, the prime of my sweet teens.

Herbert Nehrlich

Priorities

So much of Modern Medicine
is practiced with a hidden grin.
The patient is convinced of need
and feeds the doctor's selfish greed.

Pursuing false priorities
they deal in hysterectomies,
high tech and screening are the rule,
just leave some urine, blood and stool.

Procedures without rhyme or reason
change only slightly with the season;
as in a church, faith is widespread
you must remit before you're dead.

Where else in High Society
will you find such dishonesty?

Herbert Nehrlich

Professional Limerick

The Podiatrist Oliver Frist
knew Psychiatrist Frederick Liszt,
when they met at the Pub
in their favourite Club,
the Podiatrist truly got pissed.

Said the one who is known as the Shrink:
This is certainly strange and I think
that a Foot Doctor's nose
would be right on its toes
though it's likely that liquor don't stink.

Herbert Nehrlich

Professor Dr. W.N. Zum Geburtstag

Ich hatte eine Flasche Wein
wollt schicken sie an's Bruederlein.
Die Post war an dem Tag nicht offen
so hab' ich ihn dann selbst gesoffen.

Berlin, das Pflaster von Herrn Zille
die Stadt der rosaroten Brille,
ich wuensche Dir 'ne schoene Fete
wobei ich gern mitmischen taete.

Nun bist Du wieder ein Jahr aelter
das Haar wird grau, das Wetter kaelter.
Doch wuerden wir es gerne sehen
wenn aus dem Osten Winde wehen

und diese Winde fuer uns bringen
nebst Regen und den and'ren Dingen
ein Brieflein ab und zu von Dir.
Das wuensch ich Dir und uns und mir.

Herbert Nehrlich

Professor Wolf R.

He did not listen.
And, come to think of it
he never had, or could.
There was a blockage
inside his stubborn skull,
strictly inherited, no doubt,
just look at his old man,
there isn't anyone who would
give him the time of day,
though no one's chased him
which they shoulda done, away.

The jump had to be executed,
if one expected to survive
in a slight twist from near the top.
The balustrade was sturdy,
the distance fifteen metres
and landing surface one-ten square.

The trick was to immerse, at tempo
nearly top speed of motorcars,
between the pylon and the concrete base,
one could quite easily avoid the cross-arch.
The undertow was known and much liked,
it heightened the great thrill of the experience.

Wolf did a corkscrew, which looked crafty,
but as he fell there was a cry, though hushed,
he'd pushed off hard, too far toward the side
and would not make it, even with a miracle.
He crashed into the raggedness of concrete,
so unforgiving yet so neutral, unconcerned.
There was a crack of human bone that moment,
and he went under, sucked below by undertow.

We dove like buzzards to retrieve the bloody mess,
his brain exposed, half hanging on his ear,
there was no blood to see, only some drops,
we carried him up to the Doc's, three flights.

Who sat in a dilapidated chair, smoking a pipe
that reached from his moustache down to the floor.
A glass of Asbach Uralt, the country's best brandy,
got to unsteady feet to help where help was needed.

We did get sick a bit when he, with patient hands
stuffed Wolfie's brains back into broken skull,
while the Frau Doktor boiled the needles on the stove,
and sterilised the bandage with the suntan lamp.
They fed him egg yolks mixed with cream, and broth,
made from the best the town could spare in forty-nine,
it was a battle that his mother had to win, her only son.
Two decades on old Wolfie honoured her, of sorts,
when he took up his post at Charité, the trauma unit,
he followed Sauerbruch and Koch and Rudolph Virchow,
They say that shaking up his brain had been essential
and that the special food had made him what he was.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prognosis

McCain says a stent will serve well to prevent
sudden death caused by atrial fib,
let us hope that it works as some folks are hell-bent
to vote Caribou Mom (I ad lib) .
Well a stent is a tube that will never repair
a defect caused by collagen lack,
without nutrients often the plaque will just tear
and the man has a major attack.
There is cortisol too, it is triggered by stress
and it sets in a body the stage,
my prognosis is poor, this I'm here to confess
and the biggest confounder is age.
So, quo vadis my friends, where will liberty go
when you've truly run out of the oil,
bankrupt paupers no longer are running the show
and your war chest is way off the boil.
I suggest that you find lots of courage inside
and the way back to listen to God,
it is time you get off this weird mistletoe ride
lest they shun you, a country so odd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Promise

Hush, hush my love, and let me drool
inside the time-worn and exotic pool
of molten lava, made by horny elves
where time stands, strangely, still for ourselves.

Abandon reason and the thought of all tomorrows
and look to me as one who humbly borrows
the thought of you, the touch of apparition
and slithered helplessly into this passive mission.

Born with a strength of ego and worldly autonomy
renounce the bonds to what it is a mortal be
by giving in to whims of those who rule
and being without self the proper fool.

Thus I am you and you must hold your hand
halfway across the swollen river, catch your breath
and either drop our heart of hearts to certain death
or weld your fingers to my palms and I shall be
the one for you, forever, you the one for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Promises

You whispered softly,
beguilingly
into my ear.
Such silent music,
such promises.

Today I know.
And why you would
not speak
in normal,
unhushed tones.
It simply was
because
they would have heard.

Herbert Nehrlich

Proper Vodka

To those who drink I say (in vain)
they ought to (if they could) refrain
from glycerated wine from Spain
as well as liquor made from grain.

The drinker who imbibes n-six
may think he's getting his good fix
his heart, however does play tricks
because it knows not how it ticks.

All humans need omega-three
it is, for life, the basic key.
and keeps the inner workings free
you find it out on the prairie.

All foods with origins in seeds
do not fulfill most human needs.
Those unloved flowers, known as weeds
are full of good omega beads.

So back to what is known as liquor
a daily serve will help your ticker.
Omega six though makes you sicker
so let me tell you of the kicker.

Drink Vodka made from lowly spuds
it's practiced by some well-known studs.
Forget old Coors as well as Buds
Potato Vodka leaves no suds.

All grains and seeds cause inflammation,
and hinder lustful fornication.
Straight from the freezer - a sensation
and overwhelming titillation.

A little warning, yes Mahnaz,
the forum talk about the ass...
since spirits might create some gas
we connoisseurs will have to pass.

Herbert Nehrlich

Protective Custody

Yes, I remember still
the longed for moment
in midafternoon,
when eyes could open.
Only after you had entered through the door.
Your smile was beautiful
yes, it was and 'twas me who knew
that bliss was all around.
A child of two
who'd had his nap
entitled to sweet love on tap.
The warmth of you
and holding, seeing that caressing, too
and talking was my just reward
you took me from this bleak resort
the Dungeon room
where I was bored
and fed me goodies with a spoon.
It made a happy afternoon.
I rarely slept and no one knew
but rules were never broken lest
the tyrant changed them in our zoo
he had prescribed the rest as best.
So tiny little dreams I dreamed
and didn't out myself with cries
my naps were never what they seemed,
but first and budding little lies.

This baby wasn't really blue,
my colour was more cedar-ash.
The doctors made a great to-do
but didn't throw me in the trash.
They had decided that my need
was extra care and excess sleep.

At the time, did you know
when in grade number three
I defied all your orders
for my need to feel free.

So when my mates had PE
I would roam through the woods
where I ran like a caveman
and climbed every hill.
I had figured I could
train myself by sheer will.
And the doctors were glad
to see progress at last.
That this little lad,
invalid from the past
and whose valve was aflicker
was repairing himself
and was fixing his ticker.
Did you know all the other
unconventional deeds,
that were done,
you were busy with things?
Yes we had our fun
and some very close calls:
You were busy with other things.
And the rules, you remember,
our father's strict laws,
were enforced by a madman
and that's what he was,
from the first of the year to December.
Though he wasn't a general, he sure ACTED like one,
with his tools of pure torture at hand.
We all knew him as tyrant, and an old tyrant's son,
though he followed the law of the land.

There were whips, bamboo sticks
and a special blue hose
plus some soldiery gadgets and tricks.
We'd get dragged by the nose
and then beaten until
our tyrant had worn himself out.
And so many a time,
as he knew very well,
did he punish the innocent - YES.
And all this was just fine
and quite normal that, well:
You approved of his methods, no less!

I remember the day when
you both had gone out,
and I had climbed into the cellar,
where delicious things hung
and were standing about
Great temptation for THIS little fella.
I had eaten my fill of these gluttonous treasures,
so the punishment needed to fit.
The extent of a crime, it was usually measured
by the mood of the man. That was it.
Six days' fasting and beatings, no playing with toys
was inevitable - no one was lenient.
It was thought that to bring up these troublesome boys
one would beat them when it was convenient.

Well, enough of this stuff, you have gotten the hint
that our family law was Force 10.
If you sang like a bird or you ran like the wind:
It was never enough for that man.
Yes, I have heard it before - a pathetic excuse -
look at HIS childhood, then hold your peace,
for this difficult chore of converting a youth
to a man - you just had to show teeth.

What has prompted me though to write about things
is the dusty and lingering thought:
What did YOU as my guardian and angel with wings
think was happening then? Were you not
fully cognizant then, and a mother to boot?
Did you have any say in those matters?
Or is it that you never worried a hoot
and agreed with him, make YOUR life better?
My brother and I had a name for you, ma'm
it was Merciless Mother and worse.
You were watching and liking and mute like a clam
and accepted his sceptre and verse.
Never once you objected, well were you that loyal,
when we needed an ally so bad.
Instead you would stride through the scene of the crime
like a royal, with cold eyes. Not sad.

Now I took up so much of your time here today
when I only had wanted to ask:
What was it that happened to you since those days?
During naptime you weren't wearing your mask.

And it wasn't from love or concerted affection
for the old man because there was none.
Yet you followed him blindly in any direction.
And you never protected your son.
In your twilight years, when the bones started creaking
you complained and got help from us all.
Got concern from your kids, though our love you were seeking.
But your arrogance STOOD proud and tall.

And then, when the Grouch died, he had left you alone.
The audacity! How could he dare!
You were now an old woman with features of stone
and demanded that everyone care.
Well, it's now been two years since he laid the spoon down
for the last time and then went to Hell,
now whenever I see you you're wearing a frown
and you carefully stay in your shell.

If you tell me again that you two -with each other-
did bring up a whole bunch of kids,
that a dozen of us won't support their own mother...
I most certainly WILL get the shits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prove It

'What a nice guy',
were the thoughts
that hung around
my early morning
cobwebs of denial.

I had been getting
out from somewhere
(near the Black Hole,
perhaps) , fragments
of meaningfulness.

It seemed to be about
another human being,
really, come to think
about those persons,
most likely best kept
in the back of mind
due to their insignificance.

This was, for unknown
also logical consideration
a tad recalcitrant,
as far as thoughts would go
in twilight hours, Jesus,
why the bother now
and what the hell?

The answer came
with clarity, the sandman
and his quartz grains
had left, and here it was.

A clash of spirits in the past
so reminiscent of two rams,
(New Hampshire's have
the toughest skulls) ,
it must be said, today,
adrenalin did surely flow,

and wits were measured in
total extent of damage,
as if inflicting it would fix
what public ego had created.

Yet all that time it had been clear
to me that there appeared to be
a visible opponent made of
what was home to me and would
forever thus remain, a coat,
though not of arms but of a nature
that had been nourishing both souls,
unmasked and unappreciated.

It had been easy to regard this foe
as just an equal in some way
who thus became a worthy one,
to be, but grudgingly, respected,
yet I would never once forget
that enemies were always that
and that was, as they say, just that.

Then in the end it had been him
who laid his cards upon my table,
cards which were worn somewhat
but all had honest symbols, engraved,
and numbers with their own noblesse.

And when the shuffling was concluded
he showed the unexpected grace
to state his business, which was with me.
We shook and knew we never would
again perceive the need to prove a thing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Prunes And Tunes

All prunes are plums
all plums not prunes,
the sound of drums
and healthy tunes
is just a side effect, a sign
and its significance benign.

So let your grandpa chew his prunes
between his battle-hardened gums
he's left behind so many moons
and as he sits and gently hums,
he feels the prunes slip down the line
until it's time, for rise and shine.

A poem talking of the guts
would be of interest to us all,
to follow food from mouth to butts
and second-guess potential stall
would be remiss without the plan:
to prunes you ought to add some bran.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pseudocognitive Lardies

Sometimes it is so unavoidable,
the size of him or her, so unbecoming,
a rather stupid looking head and face
perched on the very top (no neck)
of massive layers of porcine lard.
They wobble, sideways through
the widest door available, and huff
and puff in an attempt to gather oxygen
to feed the cells of their cognition box
which, a sheer misnomer, does not need
much of those molecules of life.
They spend their lives in quiet desperation
by fretting constantly and spitting air
of foul and rancid character into the world.
The very sadness, if you think about it,
of trying to convince the masses when,
-though not for lack of trying- one has
not even a smidgen of a chance to be
successful in deceiving one's own self.
You'll recognise them by their pads,
fastened to sagging shoulders to make
a statement of equality, sadly, in vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Psychiatry

Ineptness rears its ugly nose
for all to see, it does expose
itself regardless of the host.
And he who fears the shame the most
is at the mercy of the masses,
so, in return, he calls them 'asses',
makes comments that are so inept,
it would be better had he kept
them in that little cranial vault.

But, then again, those who cry HALT
before they do remove all doubt
are not the ones who fret and pout.
It is the sense that has gone missing,
(they even have some trouble pissing
and often soil their ironed shorts) ,
they rarely do excel in sports,
in general they're on the border
of personality disorder.

And as the years go flying by
the telomeres of such a guy
appear like shreds of filthy rags,
are paper thin like modern fags.
And then the time comes when they cross
that hairy line and when they toss
all caution to the winds of change
the end result will be quite strange.

Though usually these people know
that a disturbance in the flow
of normal thinking has occurred.
If, at that time they were referred
not to a shrink but to a home
they could be given the old brome,
a medicine for failing minds,
they still could wipe their own behinds,
but, as to other mental function
they would be over at this junction.

It is too bad that psycho-clinics
were shut because of public cynics,
beancounters pointed out the cost
and then those havens were all lost.

Today, in sane society
we have a wide variety
of quite moronic individuals
who are, of course the last residuals
of incompatibility.
That is when genes should never be
combined because multiplication
of traits leads, always to gyration,
all for the sake of cell division,
which commandeers its own decision,
a fault of evolution thus.

Well, going back, he's missed the bus,
shows signs of imminent derailment,
there is no pill to cure his ailment.
Society must be aware
that there exists duty of care.

So let us humour them and aid
and quickly move them to the shade
where all the pressures of our lives
seem milder, and where peace arrives.
And, lest we look from lofty perches
down to conduct repeated searches
for more, about to lose their mind
I say we would, most likely, find
that in the light of sunny days,
beyond that prejudicial haze
we'd know that some of us are mad.

And while this may be very sad
would we then point to poor athletics
or blame selectional genetics.
Or would those rules be inconvenient,
as for ourselves a much more lenient
and biased standard would apply?

It is, at least it seems to me
a true dilemma not to be
immersed in what's elucidated
by experts who have overrated
and bent to suit their way of thinking
the truth as it was slowly sinking.
The clothes of any emperor
would fit no Werner Klemperer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Psychic

And as she touched the envelope
her facial features quickly froze.
At last she uttered 'No. No hope',
it was a contact that arose
unmitigated certainty
that Death had visited this man.
And that his soul, at last was free.
A psychic is a ghost who can.

Herbert Nehrlich

Psychology Lesson

It must be ingenuity that is behind the science
of fiddling with the workings of the insides of our minds.
Practitioners peek in to look, expecting your compliance
in follow-up, which means 'to treat', whatever they may find.

My dear old Aunt, she always said if you are walking straight
and eat your bread and butter with some liverwurst on top,
you'll need no shrink psychologist, because I tell you mate,
that most of them have dust for brains, just covered by a mop

of hair-like sprouts which really are just trying to abscond
the mess beneath that's thinking hard to point out people's weakness,
their use of special terms and words of which they are so fond,
does paint a picture of disease, an image of such bleakness,
that you can then be classified into a coded DOT,

and have a diagnosis made, unique to your own self,
so treatment must begin at once, lest you might lose the plot.
In minutes they create a file, for you, to grace a shelf
of 'active patients' in the place, we WILL see you tomorrow.

And when you leave you've given them your dough and independence,
some parting words ring in your ears about your pain and sorrow,
the pamphlet speaks in earnest tones, highlights the word 'transcendence'.

Aunt Hulda says that in this life no person should be lazy,
that you and I, and he and she are different individuals,
and that in gen'ral all white coats are stressed and truly crazy,
so not to fall for fancy words and convoluted rituals.

You keep your sanity that way and hold on to your money,
go muck the barn out, feed the chooks and stay out of the city.
It's best if all those guys read books, though they won't find it funny.
The world of greed is here to stay and isn't that a pity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pulmonary Embolism

A clot breaks loose and, with it, HELL,
it formed in silence, grew in weeks,
the patient lives and feels quite well
the thrombus, reddish black, it seeks

a place where oxygen abounds
to charge its body, to expand,
it passes through the heart and rounds
the pulmonary passage and.....

gets swept into the lungs at once
where tunnels narrow soon to trap
the thrombus and its little sons
that followed through the slippery gap.

Name change occurs, an embolus,
it paralyses action soon,
and like a nasty octopus
creates a bloodless, dead lagoon.

More thrombi follow, it's the rule,
in time the mother of them all
arrives in absolute self-rule
all blood flow to the lungs will stall.

It plugs the duct, which triggers then
a valiant response to squeeze
and overcome by force of ten
the obstacle, restoring ease.

It's not to be, the plug sits tight
blue lips and cyanotic nails
show signs of this, its final fight
the bastard wins, the heart soon fails.

Herbert Nehrlich

Puncture

A father dressed in black attire
did get a puncture in his tire.
He stood there, thinking what to do
the car, a Bimmer, was brand new.

He looked inside the glovebox book
to ascertain just what it took
to fix the fault but he soon found
that all the letters looked so round,

at last the secret was revealed
as all instructions were concealed
in Krautspeak, from the Southern regions
complete with flag, to show allegiance.

Well, that was that and he went down
upon his knees with his black gown.
He prayed until the sunset then
recited from Apostles ten

and would you know, there was a rush
of ice cold air, and then a hush.
The problem had been fixed by God
and only those would find this odd
who don't believe in things devine
and drink the cheapest, foreign wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Purging

They came at daybreak, olive green
their uniforms, a soldiers' truck.
They stopped at fourteen houses briefly,
and no discussion, and no sounds.

The captain was a feisty Russian,
of rooster size and acne scarring,
and overbearing body posture,
he barked commands with little patience.
In minutes it was time to go.

And 14 men left on that day,
no questions asked, no answers given.
They huddled in the open truck
in their pyjamas in the cold.

The year was 1948,
East Germany grew up at last.
A democratic transformation
from Nazi past to people's rule.

It had been ascertained by those,
whose social roles securely rested
on full compliance of the masses,
and no dissent could ever grow.

Some voices had been heard by others.
Dear neighbours, friends and even kin
would share, betraying their own mothers,
all non-conformists were turned in.

They were misled, which means diseased,
and treatment was now of the essence.
Once they disturbed the Russian Beast,
their days were numbered and their presence
would be cut short, all in due time.

They said good-bye at daybreak then,
and grinned a bit, then they would climb,

while wives were crying, these good men
would board their modern cattle train,
with destination quite unknown.

There was no talking, and in vain
would be resistance, one was thrown
onto the pavement from the truck,
for reasons unbeknownst to all.
The captain told them it was luck
that he had been allowed to fall,
as bullets wait with little patience.

It started snowing now and wind
was blowing flakes, a fond farewell,
they later found one striped pyjama
near the town bridge, the man was dead.

No one did ever learn their fate,
but none returned and none survived.
I don't accuse the communists
of cruelty and genocide.
No, it is man who's capable
to do away with human beings,
it may be lynch mentality
or even that the fit must live,
what does disturb this cynic's mind,
is that the reasons can be flimsy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Pus

A discharge of plain yellow pus
cannot be counted as a plus.
If tiny micro-bugs turn mean
they gurgitate the colour green.
That gives the body one good reason
to counteract this shameful treason.
You see, we humans are too kind,
we have been given a good mind
and understand how illness kills,
and have invented many pills
to stay alive, avoid infection
chase bugs into a new direction.

When simultaneously one feeds
whole colonies to meet their needs
it is too easy to forget
that most of them you've never met.

Thus, it is my considered view
that coughs, pneumonia and the flu
could be avoided altogether
regardless of the ambient weather.
Our bloody hospitality
is for disease the master key.

So, don't invite or tolerate
those pathogens to tempt your fate.
And do apply, likewise a ban
to hucksters and the bogeyman.

Herbert Nehrlich

Putin Limerick

There once was a fellow named Putin
who was highly deficient in Rutin.
quite unable to eat
that disgusting buckwheat,
it was rich -so he figured- in Gluten.

Putin's wife, who was ugly and snotty,
who would constantly utter RABOTYI,
she wore clothes from abroad
when the cold war had thawed
and she paid not in Rubels but Zloty.

Putin's kids smoked the best Marihuana,
were for punishment exiled to Ghana,
where they smoked higher grade,
which was skilfully made
from the skin of a rotten banana.

Putin said to his wife, dear I figure
that Zimbabwe deserves that old nigger,
and America too
has become a big zoo,
as for me I shall now pull the trigger.

Herbert Nehrlich

Puzzle

A paperclip
went on a trip
it had remained
and been retained
inside a bunch of documents.
It did enjoy
though not a toy
the sights and sounds
and grassy grounds
of this strange world
when it was hurled
into the sky
the question why
did not occur
it was a blur
but nonetheless
as you can guess
it went astray
and to this day
it is a riddle
I'm in the middle.

The puzzle of the paperclip
it's something that I mean to skip.

Herbert Nehrlich

Puzzle**

Why does the one-eyed chicken want to cross the road?
So asked the village folks and those from far and wide,
the answer came, from an unlikely source, an ugly purple toad
'there is a bird's eye factory just on the other side'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Puzzles (Children)

Good news, my friends it has been found
that, pear-shaped though, the earth is round.
That water drains from in the sink
left-turning, same as when you drink.
The stripes on zebras, are they white?
On skin that's black, could that be right?
Or are they black on bleached white skin
and why might horses, next of kin,
have neither stripes nor spots nor fur,
do leopards (really felines) purr?
Just questions, can you solve the riddle
why kiwis have a dark green middle?
And why tomatoes wear red suits?
It is because they may be fruits.
I'll leave you now, perhaps you're clever
and find the answers (never, never!) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Pvc's

'It's nothing but a PVC',
I said to number five,
'the heart must beat incessantly
to keep myself alive.'

A postventricular contraction
is noticed by the host.
It rarely calls for urgent action,
perhaps a catnap at the most.

But, ever since I met you, dear,
mine seems to crank them out,
in quantities that instill fear.
It's also beating loud.

You know what I surmise this is?
When you sing songs inside,
my heart is not yet used to this,
so let this be your guide:

Feel free to do just what you like
whenever you are home.
Inside my heart or on a hike
when through my soul you roam.

I want you as my tenant still
when - gentle as a breeze -
my ventricle has its last fill
and no more PVC's.

Herbert Nehrlich

Q-10

It is called Coenzyme Q-ten
it's essential for women and men.
And the older you get
if your meets are not met
you'll die early, the question is when.

Herbert Nehrlich

Quaker

On the top of old Mount Baker
stood a bald and bearded Quaker.
Prayed to God and stated loudly
and with arrogance quite proudly

that your prayer reaches Heaven
usually before eleven,
that's when God has his Wild Turkey
to wash down Oberto's Jerky.

If you want, the Quaker stated
that your prayer is debated
by the gods without postponement
showing clearly your atonement

it is best to climb a mountain,
which can be a trusted fountain,
plus, a bonus if the timing
has been right and all your climbing
means you really jump the queue,
says the Quaker: Lucky you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Quark

What is it, buddy that your cancer needs
is it the sugar or MacDonald's fries
it is well known by now that every tumour feeds
like a humongous glutton in a shop of pies.

A lady named Johanna was the first who found
that quark and oil of flax could be the cure
no scientists would ever find this hogwash sound
as they believe in chemo, poisonous and pure.

So take your pick and jump into the fray
submerge yourself in lack of certainty
and when they come to take you, stiff, away
the only thing you've gained is liberty.

Written For SOCALGAL

Herbert Nehrlich

Queers In Pershing Square

One hour, the allotted time for lunch.

A deli sandwich rushed at once to Pershing Square,
the boss had mentioned it in passing that first day
and I expected a few pigeons there to share.

Perhaps a pigeon, if allowed to be a human,
would talk like this one did, ' how do you do?
May I now sit with you to keep you safe
from other queers, there are sooo many on the Square? '

I had not seen all of the meanings in my book
of English words, and queer meant strange,
and also curious or unusual, that was it...
'How nice you look my friend, where do you hail from,

such perfect skin and lush thick hair, look at those muscles',
I must admit that this much friendly-like attention
alerted something in my self-protecting brain.
But when I left the little weasel tagged along.

And did invite me to his flat around the corner.
He'd show me lots of pretty photos and then some.
Inside the shop I told my boss of the experience,
he said the cure would be a girl all for myself.

That very evening I picked her, while explaining
the book of Dr. Taller to her fancy mom.
It was an absolutely poofster-proof solution.
It is called gay now, even on old Pershing Square.

Herbert Nehrlich

Question

She took my hands, both this time.
Looked into my eyes. Also both.
Called me by my full name.
And asked:
What is it going to be, my love?
I answered, confused by so much formality:
I don't really know.
What, she said, would your answer be
if you DID know?
Gazing at the precious mounds, right in front
of me, I said:
Yes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Question (By Rachel)

Question

The duodeca wheel is turned
Almost to the end of year
And once again the voice has come
Whispering softly in her ear,
Seductively, 'Please come with me
And I will soothe with balm
All your wounds and all your burns
And smother all with calm.
Your cost is small, nothing at all,
A stone with name and date.'
She resisted, though drawn in,
Not yet, it's not my fate.
Still, like a lover whispering near,
'All will be peace, all will be well,
Just give your life to me..'

If lucky, to continue long
Life has its many stages.
Sometimes, oh yes, all things belong
In spaces, slots and cages.
But chaos other times besets
Who plan for all the ages.
Fragmented, shattered, some regrets
All arrows off the gauges.
And now the lover, Death, appears
With sultry, silky, crooning voice,
'Oh come, I shall remove those fears
Don't ponder your next choice'.
The Bard had said, 'to be or not....'
Decision must be day to day.
So many wander cold to hot
So many, many pray.
The fight always, only, delay
But fight she must, the fight sublime
And live inside the fray.

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Herbert Nehrlich

Questions To God

Would you tell me God, the answer to this puzzle in my mind,
I have pondered it for decades since my birth.
Will a cat devour a mouse if she is definitely blind,
will the rain find, in the dark, its way to earth?
If a tree falls in the forest just when no one is around
(it must happen, Lord, so tell me if you would)
will the impact of the tree upon the ground then make a sound
as it should and as it could and as it would?

Herbert Nehrlich

Quisling

To those of you who like to watch
at night through open drapes,
when happily two lovers touch:
Do you like sour grapes?

This looking in amounts to peeping,
but if you have the time for this
it means that your heart must be sleeping,
or would you rather have that kiss?

And 10 commandments Jesus read,
so if you see two lovers sizzling,
seek pleasures in your own soft bed,
or else, your new name would be Quisling.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rabbit And Bean (Children)

A carrot top, all olive green
was growing next to a green bean.
Said carrot, 'what's your date of birth
when did they plant you in the earth? '
The bean, not certain of the date
was not equipped for a debate
and, with a quick and final nod
she turned away her swollen pod.
The carrot, itching for a fight
said 'how's the weather at that height?
You beans are always heavenbound,
we carrots do prefer the ground.'
The bean ignored the silly tease
and swayed with pleasure in the breeze.
A rabbit who was homeward bound
pulled up the carrot from the ground.
Since rabbits do not climb or fly
they normally don't eye the sky.
The bean was sad to see him go,
but quite content to grow and grow.

You see, all beans are really mothers,
not cousins, nephews, uncles, brothers.
The carrot being a big lad
would never be the least bit sad
if birds or rabbits came and stole
a thousand beans from the tall pole.
Boy carrots may believe in fashion
but it's the girls who have compassion.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rabbit Habit

A rabbit is a furry thing
its fluffiness is magic,
a rabbit cannot speak or sing,
but is a coprophagic.
So if you ever raise these pets
do not use wire floors,
as then the little rabbit gets
his little footsies sore.
His pebbles dropp down to the ground
he cannot re-ingest them,
B-12 is in the pebble mound
where rabbit Gods have blessed them.
So now you know that rabbits need
to keep their pebbles near
and once they dropp they will then eat
them once again, oh dear,
I hope you do not take offence
at coprophagic features
that's why the rabbit story ends
we'll talk of other creatures.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rabbit Homecoming

It was early in the morning,
the forest never had seen
so much and such yellow fog.
The little rabbit had arrived,
back in familiar territory
after the wildest chase
through phallus grass, across
an unfriendly, frigid creek
all to get away from one mean fox.

Three-legged he had been,
but faster than a speeding bullet,
as rabbits are fond of saying,
almost, it came that close.

But now he felt free again,
breathed so much easier and rested.

One more real road to cross
and he would be home with
the gang of seven, though,
there would be trouble from Dad,
he hadn't been allowed to wander
and explore, that would come later
Mom had said. In Spring perhaps.

He shuddered, thinking of the old Hare,
he would give almost anything,
so he told his God about it, please
if you would be so kind, do spare me
that awful punishment, I am prepared
to sacrifice whatever it may take.

And God did listen as he always does.

A jogger could be heard, then seen,
hugging the garden fences, he was huffing,
so little rabbit -to avoid him- hit the street
and crossed with anxious little legs

and half-closed eyes. There was a BANG,
and all his troubles had been solved,
the driver swore about the dented Skoda
while rhythmically, the runner made his way
toward the town, but was too tired now to look.

Herbert Nehrlich

Races And Faces

To me, a Kraut whose ancestors are known
for pushing Aryanism and all things homegrown,
it was a shock to travel far from home,
it started at the ageless citadel the folks call Rome.
But when I got to China and the other Asian lands,
I got confused, but let me tell you, so HE understands,
they looked alike to me, same noses, ears and eyes
even the gender issue was a shock, some girls looked just like guys!
A fellow who was squinting, so it seemed to me
explained it all, he said one sees a tree
and knows from its appearance family and species,
in fact I (he said modestly) have written a small thesis,
how all the living things have certain obvious traits
which also is the case in the United States,
and all the other nations, mark my words,
included are, of course the fruitbats and the birds.
Aha, I said, but Master, please enlighten me
a Chinaman looks like his cousin (who's a she) ,
be told my son, he said, with me it is the same
I've seen YOU often, it is Gods who play a game.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rachel In A Certain Mood (By Rachel)

Glued together you and me,
From breakfast 'til it's time for tea,
With mouth to mouth
And mouth to lips
And mouth to mouth
And mouth to tips.....

Magnets built into your skin
Draw me closer draws me in,
Slip-dee-doodle, holy glide
It is warm and moist inside.
Roaming, turning, sly retreat
Mount a charge with no defeat.
Ask me not if he will bend
When he hits the very end
Though the signal sounds to leave
Glandulars, a short reprieve,
Mix of silver and of pale
Throbs of current on a sail
Walls are trembling, hood is squeezed
Androgens now wildly teased,
Glitter, gobble, glorious glue
Pawing cheeks and breaching you,
Slow suspension of all sense
Whiff of clorox, souls to cleanse.
Circumotion, no conditions
Wet and wondrous repetitions,
Sleep will come to silent lips
As they guard their precious tips.

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Herbert Nehrlich

Racists

He'd known it wouldn't be
a picnic with a vintage red,
they'd likely stone the girl
with hatred burning cruel eyes.
Yes, this was Africa, the land
of all the creatures Noah saved,
of open space and sudden death
within the jungle and on open plains,
life did renew itself, eternally, a spring
of nectar, red as blood, and bright
reflecting crystals of hot sand
and gushing with the sound of streams
that never would survive the season.

He'd picked a gaunt and mostly dead
tree called the Jackalberry, home at times
to hungry vultures of indifferent persuasion,
they would be safe from lions and the like.

He hurried on, swinging his satchel
which contained the scones and dates
and one small bottle of Shiraz, a dry
and spicy Joostenberg, twothousandfour.

He spotted her, a flowery dress, a flag
of sweet surrender, perhaps it was.
There was a bloody-mouthed hyena,
eating the last few bits of flesh, and bones,
and only then he saw the birds of death,
all set to pounce, with hurried elegance.
It was the lions that had beaten racial hate.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rags And Bitches

She'd always detested the fag,
he'd fiddle his low hanging bag,
but she wore in its place
a small satin cum lace
and the fag called it something um... rag.

But the matter got really complex
it was not just related to sex,
for a rag worn down there
would be covering hair
which in some looks like spinifex.

But a kitten may purr in strange tones
and most all are true lazybones,
any cloth will attract
and of course interact
with those heavenly pheromones.

Thus the word is as bland as 'Good Day'
it should never cause grief or dismay.
Well, the boys tend to brag
and the girls wear a rag....
it is dufflebag versus bouquet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rain Dear

The mood was festive, it was the season
old age had come, it was the reason
that George and Emma wore small gadgets
to hear and see, then George had Paget's
which caused some brittleness of bone
while Emma, always had been prone
to suffer pressure from the gut
which often left her through the butt.
'Twas Christmas Eve, and in their house
there lived a cat and a small mouse.
They both were clever and the cat
was rather slow and pretty fat
the mouse lived on the pantry's shelves
where hungry mice amuse themselves.
The tree had all its candles glowing,
out in the cold, it started snowing
when Santa who was running late
was travelling at a frisky rate
his sleigh caused friction and much heat
this year he'd used the Northern Fleet,
which would ensure that all the presents
would get to kids, adults and peasants.
But, due to being quite unable
to find more reindeer in their stable
they had to use the diesel engines
which used up fuel with a vengeance.
And in addition greenhouse gas
was readily produced en masse.
The town where George and Emm' resided
where Santa's team had (Sat/Nav guided)
delivered all, in record time
saw now its temperature climb.
Snow started melting and a flood
turned country walkways into mud.
The couple heard outside a noise
(it was the team delivering toys)
George couldn't hear but he could see
he wondered what that noise could be.
So, he asked Emma, can you hear?

'Oh yes, it's them, the big rain, dear. '

Herbert Nehrlich

Raindrops For You

Oh, raindrops, let them fall
as flowers and green frogs
onto the fields and into creeks,
umbrella mushrooms leisurely descend
into the forest's green, where berries hide.

The rain sings sentimental songs
that knock, in harmony onto your door.
Come quick and see! There, through the glass,
heaven is sending silver strings of pearls
from its great kingdom of cavernous clouds.

Pines, pregnant with fragrant thoughts,
take on Papaya's sweet bouquet
and hum the melody of frangipani.
Hear now, my child, it is the sound of grass.
Be still and feel it as it grows for you.

Inspired heavily by the poem *It Rains (Es regnet)* by
German poet Mascha Kaleko.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rambling 5

I am standing
before your
'middle-aged presence',
deliberately not averting
my feasting eyes as I
gently but firmly place
my hands on the top
of your shoulders.

I draw you to me slowly
and when your face is close
I kiss your lovely lips very lightly,
almost imperceptibly, and
I linger until I feel your response.

As I become aware of your lips
opening ever so slightly
to welcome me with
that delicious glistening
of moisture, I taste you
and know I will never tire
of this and I will never
have enough.
Yet I also understand
all there is to understand.
And the reality itself.

During that time,
when the earth seems
to have stopped rotating,
when inhibitions
have gone away,
my thoughts are NOT
on world events
or on other trifling things:

I was waiting for it,
this hug of hugs.
And now, will you please

ALL go away
and leave us alone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rambling For Christmas

As we approach the holidays
our members think of novel ways
to spread the message far and wide
and be, for some, a trusted guide.

What seems so simple for us things
and can be proven by those links
seems foreign, even quite exotic
where statins do exert hypnotic
compelling and persuasive powers,
their sales remind of heavy showers
and few sit back to smell the roses
as greed has gotten up their noses.

It is permissible today
to shorten life, the time we stay -
through peer-reviewed, cold intervention
it matters not what the intention,
so welcome, guinea pigs and dills
we give you profitable pills.

And let me emphasise to all
you may be fat, or thin or tall
but rest assured you are not healthy
until the rest of us are wealthy.

Let us examine you today
and if you say you feel okay
it means you've not been scrutinised
and you will be (oh yes) surprised
we'll teach you of cholesterol
and make reduction your great goal.

So have a Christmas with the trimmings
and see your doctor re the slimmings,
just eat that margarine and soy
and drink low fat for Christmas joy.

And should you, may your God beware,

start thinking under all that hair
be careful and don't listen to
a member of that crazy crew
who hang around the man from Sweden
as if he had just left his Eden.

As Skrabanek has stated clearly
we pay so much, and suffer dearly
for having given our permission
and let them commandeer our vision.

Perhaps we will someday return
to sanity before we burn
the last of this humanity
to earn ourselves a noble fee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings

To see reality for what it is
one needs not only eyes,
but sharpened ears.
And if those very organs,
by way of inbuilt quality,
can be relied upon to show
the dirt as well as all the glitter
that man is fond of and demands
while he is present on this earth
they need protection for themselves
and for the spirit of the soul,
which is, above all other things,
a thickened skin of rhino type.

Well, that I have, it's served me well
and gets more layers as it ages,
though disappointment is a force
that penetrates the walls of Troy.
Without resorting to a horse.
So, how refreshing to receive
a veritable little flood,
from unexpected sources here,
and praise to those who still can speak.
So, at last count, there are eleven,
not counting our group of four,
who feel the need to state their case,
if only in the shades of night.
I thank you only for your words
which do identify all those
who hang on to integrity
and wear a face that is their own.

Please do not rate

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings 14

My cousin came
but once a year,
to visit and to sleep in
'twas all the same
I had my ear
and eyes, for certain, weepin',
the moon would play
upon her skin
a firework of sorts,
it's only really today
that I resort to sports,
it's full of sin
and smells so sweet
I hug her lovely legs,
in waking say, if we should meet
I'll make you scrambled eggs.

But would you be,
so very kind
and wear your nighty, dear
let both the twins hang high and free
and pamper my left ear.
My right will stand
and greet the sky
while lips caress your breast,
the past, its own medieval brand
puts paid to the great lie.

So put to rest upon my chest
your head, it's really mine.
And be assured, and even blessed
these lies are drowned in wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings 17

I was hoping to see
an Earl Gray cup of tea.
when I woke but it was
just a cupful of awes.

So I asked my dear friend
for the Indian Blend
but it tasted like pee
if you really asked me.

But you chose to believe
that all men are naive.
So to hell and beyond
I shall never respond.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings 2

You know that
we may feel strongly
the urge to thank
the other but there is
no need, really.

We appreciate,
we cherish and
we treasure
each other....
Perhaps this need
to say thank you
for something
the other has done
or is doing originates
from a feeling of
'goes-without-saying-considerateness'
that is just there.
And that, my love,
is a kind of love that can lift
spirits to infinity
it makes the gloomiest day
into a celebration of life
and happiness.

No one can really have
all the answers
on these things nor
do we need to, I think.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings 3

I will construct
a floating device
a la Huckleberry Finn,
with all feasible
comforts for you,
put a bit made of
rusty chain into
my mouth
to keep things chaste
and above water
and tow you down
toward freedom,
while frequently
stopping,
and, with bit left in place
and distance of 2.88 meters
maintained,
point out all landscape
highlights.
When the villain
named Raeuber Henning,
who lived on top of the
Heldrastein cliff
and terrorised
the region,
he absconded a maiden
took her into the cave with him,
and any would be rescuers
were hurled down
from the cliff
to certain death
1000 meters below,
I will refrain from
mentioning that he kept her
for anything but her
cooking skills and possibly
to have his cave dusted
and kept tidy.

Then, after looking
at your loveliness,
inevitable while towing you
downriver, as soon as the
recognition of certain
infatuatory feelings takes
place, the float will be
turned around and
I will proceed UP-river.
That
will keep things under control
mainly due to the extra effort required.

When we reach
an intermediate destination,
reaching into my pack to retrieve
the good book and reading to you
from it will be the logical thing to do.
Happy now?

Remember, you will always
be safe with me,
even in deeper waters,
and -come to think of it- not
that I am dear Abby,
but I will have at least one
complete ear
for you, so let it be heard
on both banks of
the river
which reminds of
Babylon,
I am always home
for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings 4

and will you teach me just what makes you happy,
what fills your being with the warmth of us,
it is what Hawk thought as he spotted you
'her nipples proud, with pointed knees'
and will you teach me things already known
to me, to you, but things we need to share?

I see myself, my head on you, held by your hands,
and looking at the stars to thank them
for blinking at the time that it was needed.
But, you the teacher, will of course be in command,
although it is not unheard of that a student might
assume that class is only formal very briefly.
Perhaps all teaching must be loving.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings For February

We are a bunch of sheep,
some would be rams,
the ewes shrink more
in any rain
yet no one knows
why they do sterilise
the needles
to be used
to send one off
to his reward
for horrid crimes.

Tis the mentality of those
who order double Macs,
large tubs of fries
to be washed down
by Uncle Pemberton's sweet brew,
no kilocalories
no, none at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ramblings For Two

...you would have to specify
which thoughts from which
temporary state of mind you
would like to be exposed to.

YOU know many of my thoughts
especially since they are not all
that difficult to recognise, they are
strangers to coyness and sometimes,
they are as close to straightforward as
THEY dare and I let them be, but
they are happy to introduce themselves.

I could not tell you all my thoughts,
even the ones from a brief thought process
containing YOU, but I think we may be
doing okay with times,
words may come across in a manner
not intended but it is not intentional,
perhaps it is because we are still
relatively 'new to each other', even though,
to me it feels as if I had known you for eons,
and if this is not the case
HOW did I get on without you?

So, I won't mention the song
'You are always on my mind'
or other volatile stuff.
You are sleeping well I hope,
den Schlaf der Gerechten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rapport

A doctor interviews you first
and stills his interviewer's thirst.
He thinks he understands you well
you think he hears what you do tell
the doctor thinks you know that he
can cure diseases to a T,
you think the doctor thinks he can
cure illnesses in every man.
But if the doctor fails to see
the cause of all your misery
he leads you on so you believe
that he will give you a reprieve,
he does surmise that you accept
that doctors never are inept.
And you, if you are pretty sure
that it is death you may endure
you lead the doctor to lay claim
to being victor of this game.
In time, and just before you die
you ask yourself the question 'WHY'
but then you think about your doc
who stand with you, a solid rock
and both of you then ascertain
rapport itself can be quite vain.

For Rachel and all her doctors.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rapunzel

'Rapunzel, let the ladder down,
I'm horny as a goat,
take off your flannel winter gown
and put down the remote.
I'm coming up, there's no TV
just time for two hot lovers'.
Rapunzel said 'it cannot be,
there's someone in my covers.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Raquelle

I do remember, sweetie, sure I do.
I had deduced that there was peace
inside your mind concerning me.
But, having passed the interview,
the probing eyes and tilted ears
that formed a portrait of this aspirant
you were a mere but crucial foot away
from me, whose mind was in a daze,
while androgens competed de rigeur
for the attention of a hopeful heart.
I longed so much it nearly blew a fuse,
I prayed to ALL the gods for just one chance,
your eyes said yes and there was promise in your smile.
I have forgotten who moved first, I really have.
But I will never lose the taste of that first kiss.

So, who do you think this is for?

Herbert Nehrlich

Rat-Hounds

The tunnel was so dark
it scared the rats that roamed.
They went in packs to re-assure
themselves and hold each other's hands.
At times they stood quite still
to hover in their stench,
they knew no other and it was protection
against a world of creatures blessed by God.
There wasn't one that would have ventured
into the bowels of this star- and moonstruck city.
All took their chances where the living congregated,
but, there was one, who had by reason of a fault,
anencephalic would describe this thing quite well,
it was a hound of such disgusting, sickly features,
that there was not a bit of rationality.
It had some less endearing, frankly puerile habits
and spent its time with either sniffing or shitting,
one hundred sores were open, draining greenish pus
and there were flames of rotting flesh in gaseous form,
like helpless billows coming out a toothless snout.
Having no brain but only remnants of its tissue,
it did permit some basic, primitive emotion,
there was the loneliness and longing for companions,
though not one self-respecting dog would know this hound.

Then, when it snowed he crowded into sewer pipes
to look for food and seek some shelter for himself,
he came upon, because he stumbled in the dark,
a group of sewer rats who stood quite still and stared.
They found their body language utterly the same,
compatibility was what brought them together.
He did not notice their bad stench or their appearance
but then, he was, himself a sight for vermin eyes.

And for a few short years these slimeballs did their oozing,
unloaded foulness of secretions everywhere,
and when the Gods look down in to the world of crap
they always marvel at the absence of all flies.
There are no moths and no mosquitos and no bugs,

the simple reason is that they have self-respect.
Would it surprise you if the Gods had crossed them off
as quite unworthy of concern and recognition,
until they dropp and choke to death in their own vomit
and foul excretions, even shocking evil spirits.
They have no choice, this pack of rats and that Poo-Hound
but roam in places where no decency exists.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ratzinger's Rats

It seems that ugly zinger rats
consider themselves acrobats.
This overestimated feeling
sees them attempt to reach the ceiling
where others really fear to tread
but just one blow and they are dead.
It think that at the Holy See
all rats are taught to poop and pee
in ways designed to smear all others
they even dump upon their brothers.
But when they climb to do their feats
their balls hang out beneath their seats
and once you shoot aimed at those things
the only rescue would be wings,
if rats had brains then they might know
that those that fly first had to grow
those feathered arms to get away
but rats are dumb, thus they must stay
and watch as mice turned into bats
through wings, to get away from cats.
Thus, once again, it proves that brains
will let you leave the common plains.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rays

It was a single golden ray,
sent by the morning sun.
As unexpected as a stray
right when the night was done.
It warmed the heart and all the blood
of one big rattlesnake,
its camouflage a coat of mud
and life was now at stake.

As sun gives life it takes away
from you your final breath.
A single ray of sunshine may
prepare you for your death.

Herbert Nehrlich

Read-It, Read-It, Read-It.....

Said the good-natured mouse
who was sharing a house
which was really a log
with a goose-shit-green frog:
You keep bringing me books
about farming and chooks
it is thoughtful of you
if only you knew
that I plum don't recall
what to do with them all.
Take this book, do I need it? '
Frog answered 'read-it'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Real People

What if they gave a sudden war
no one would know what it was for
thus few would join as volunteers
as it takes gold to drown out fears.

And have you ever wondered why
some humans can't see eye to eye,
genetically they're born with hate
they would not win in a debate.

Thus, all that's left for them to master
is tricks to bring about disaster.
Backstabbing, lies and darkened streets
dishonesty's what mankind meets.

Their word is hollow, meaning zilch
at home they call these weasels knilch.
They tend to shift from town to city
to hide their ragged souls. A pity.

But it takes little time to see
for others, folks like you and me
that some of us do dwell in rot
but real people they are not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reality

Inside the womb I dreamed.
And dreamed my way
into this world
of stark reality.

The soothing sounds
of amniotic fluid,
the careful movements
of my guardian,
were lulling me
at first, to sleep.
But, as I grew
my world unfolded and
engulfed me.
I drank my fill
and dreamed
about the next.
I chewed the nipples
of my territory,
and grabbed the flesh
and scratched,
but mostly touched.
And dreamed.
The helter-skelter world,
as it demanded
my unshared presence
laid some dreams to rest.
I wonder if it really
is gray matter,
that fits together fragments
for the best.

I dream of all the things
I read in books.
Of distant shores
and people unlike me.
And later started dreaming
of reality,
and could not see

why it was not a dream.
Perhaps I never left
those hazy times,
whose purple mist
was pleasant to be in.
And when the sun
persuades
the fog to rise
it's difficult to ascertain
which world I'm in.
It's never a surprise.
Sounds dreamy, does it not?
And pleasantly congenial.
But God was right
to have our nights
reserved for dreams.

The daydreamer
who has not learned the rules
may wake himself
by hearing his own screams.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rebels Fall

What is it that your hungry mind still seeks,
have you not taken in all thoughts of science,
and philosophy and human failing, it reeks
your valiant effort, though fanatic, in defiance
of fellow man's complacent, bound convention
and of your peers' judgmental jealousy?
So is what you pursue a truly genuine intention
of finding knowledge, so benignly, just for thee?
We shall not suffer the conceit of bold fools lightly!
One must accept in life one's station and horizon.
Your accident of birth, your genepool, so unsightly
as proof enough should lead to your surmising
that one can count the numbers of tall poppies on one hand.
Which is our gentle, and so human means of genuine concern,
intended to convince, to let you understand
that all belligerence, inevitably, will wither like a fern,
this in the face of what has been and always will remain:
A world of equal and transparent rights for all.
Thus at your deepest peril, utterly and blatantly insane,
will you stand in the midst of us. As rebel you shall fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rebirth As Lipstick

If lipstick is your new-found life
you came back in bright red.
And found a job with G'man's wife,
went with her to her bed.

Do not forget that the UK
breeds nasty strep. faecalis.
It likes to visit, then to stay
in noses with a malice.

And causes sinusitis there,
that does create much goo,
which dribbles down, it isn't fair
to land on top of you.

I would advise you take the job
of creamy dark eye shade,
and when the tears come down, each drop
will trickle through, then fade
through gravity, and, being clear
you could pretend a bit:
Compared to strep they taste like beer.
And do you think that's it?

Herbert Nehrlich

Rebound Hypercoagulability

He swept into the room, declaring that
there was a danger of, and all should know
a state that may just doom the man,
oh yes, he did agree that for this simple op
we'd be quite well advised to stop the coumadin,
but this is just elective, mark you, boys!
To which your humble servant's short reply
consisted of what could be called rebuttal
of the painful kind, dear Sir, did you not know
that any state of rebound as it would affect
coagulation upon cessation of the drug
is neither clinical nor biological for real?

Herbert Nehrlich

Rebutt Emanzipation Planz

Had my shower then the dinner
folks said clean must be a winner,
clipped my fingernails and toes
squeezed small pimple on my nose.
Kinky is a word erotic
which is derived from the exotic,
one never wonders of these matters
because one's mind goes into tatters
if rationale be thus applied
let guilt and culture be denied.
You ask, if I may be permitted
the question many hyper-titted
and floozy minds already pondered,
they shook their heads and then they wondered
but answers did elude them still.
Read on, my dear, and, if you will
I shall be ready to rebut
and have you over in my hut.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rebuttal To Rachel

Rachel:

There is a man who's never wrong
He dwells within a tower
He hoards his facts within his head
It is his source of power.

When folks shout up to question him
He wastes no time with charm
But gives out data, always right,
To take back to the farm.

Reply:

There is a woman who reminds
the man of a cute chicken
though chickens tend to wear their blinds
when plots expand and thicken.

A pecking order was conceived
by those of higher power,
some birds though always have believed
that men inside a tower

can be persuaded to come down
and face their feathered buddies,
but men in towers wear a gown
befitting fuddy-duddies.

So, it is best (is my advice)
to yield to higher powers
this principle only applies
to those outside of towers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Recurrent Dream

The fog rolls in,
and just in time.
The silence of
the straightest trees
that do exist
on this sad globe,
it numbs the senses,
blunts the mind.
A hundred metre dash
to freedom,
boldly asking
and demanding,
was it there just
for the taking?

Shots fired,
crackles then
and no more news,
from hand-held radio,
split seconds later
painful sounds
of real bullets.

It's further south,
near the tall tower
by the river.
Welcome distraction
off we go, I lose a shoe
but cling to it,
the pack with non-essentials.
Breath comes,
not laboured
but as steam
of anger and defiance.

Awakening, another one,
how many nights
this dream has visited,
I do not know.

Perhaps it waits
for just one answer
to its question.

Herbert Nehrlich

Recycling

So happy was the mother bird
when both eggs hatched two beauties.
Their father wore his light blue shirt
and then resumed his duties
of catching worms and insects, flies
and bring them to the nest,
dessert was tiny beetle pies,
both juniors were impressed.
And father bird was really lazy,
he never flew too far,
because the distant air looked hazy,
but birds THAT lazy are
dependent on the local grubs
around their homestead tree,
so he would dig around the shrubs,
ignoring cries 'NOT ME ' .
They hated him, that bloody bird
and dug their own homes deeper
and covered all with mounds of dirt
to keep away this reaper.

One day a tragedy occurred,
a wind was blowing wildly,
when in the nest one little bird
stood up, to put it mildly,
to see the ground and wait for Dad,
he fell straight to the ground,
he tumbled, fluttering like mad
but spiralled round and round.
And there he lay, no one to shift
the boy back up to Mama,
he'd landed in a lonely rift
and ended thus this drama.

In thirty days he was no more,
the bugs all ate their fill.
And Fatherbird, just like before
came down for food here still.

Reimerei

Der Teufel hat 'nen Pferdefuss
und trat hinein in's Apfelmus.
Der Pferdefuss trug kein Hufeisen
so kann der Teufel auch mit leisen
und unbemerkten Schritten geh'n
um nach der Menschen Seel'n zu seh'n.
Der Tag als er in's Naepfchen trat
war der als seine Hosennaht
den Druck von innen nicht mehr schaffte
schon war der Reissverschluss dran, klaffte
und dieses Schwein, vom Fegefeuer
ein pervertiertes Ungeheuer
nahm sich der Menschen waermstens an,
am liebsten schnappte er 'nen Mann
und daher kamen dann die Schwulen.
Man findet sie in allen Schulen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reindeer

At the shopping centre.
I saw Santa.
Jolly old man he wasn't.
Body Mass Index about 50.
Dressed for the North Pole
for the Tropics in summer.
A pretty little thing
of about 4 was carrying
reindeer food.
I told her that,
in these island communities
of ours, Santa travelled
by whale. Humpback, no less.
She wanted to know,
with anxious voice,
'Do whales eat this stuff? '
Of course, I said,
seeing that the faux-pas
was staring me in the face.

Herbert Nehrlich

Relapse Possible

She'd thought about it ever since.
The job was finished and she'd creamed
the reddened skin with Desitin.
It looked so strange! Perhaps exciting,
like nouveau néé, or baby bottom.

He was expected in one hour
and would be pleased, she was dead sure.
What followed was the wildest night,
as if a devil had been freed.
She wondered why she had not known
about those powers, locked away.

But bliss was not to stay much longer,
small bristles, followed by a rash,
had just appeared with painful purpose,
she had to seek the help of man.

The doc was young and spent his time
to thoroughly examine all.
He had the cure, applied it then
and warned that relapses occur
that would need treatment on the spot.

So, she decided to remain,
and wildest nights were on again.

Herbert Nehrlich

Remember, Grandpa? !

Ahhhhhhh, the sound of bliss and comfort
escapes my worn and pale-blanching lips,
first having passed those miracles of craft,
such handsome specimens, so lovingly created
by my young dentist, who -still laughing- clicked them in.
Arthritic wrists no longer need to worry,
their brushing days are over, now we have solutions.
My grandson runs back from the bar
and nearly spills that unnamed drink,
I think it might be called Jack Something, well,
one cannot be expected to be up on all the subjects.

Now, let me see, Lucille is gone,
she would be shopping, maybe dead?
These children look like our brave tribe,
I call them 'boy' and 'girl', for sheer simplicity.
We had such fun this morning, though,
when I inserted downside up
these handy and precision chewers,
I plain forgot and then my mirror lied.

Oh, there he is, that nice young fellow
from 'meals-on-wheels', what's up today?
The soup is hot and one large straw for me,
will take the place of shaky silver spoons.

So, leaning back, my chair is rocking,
those little angels like my slurping.
Man's got to eat and will be heard.
I see the print on my calendar,
a great big X marked for tomorrow,
'Oh Grandpa, we have a surprise',
it says the ninetyseventh there,
I wonder who would get THAT old.

'A party you will not forget,
some dignitaries will be present,
the mayor and Gravedigger Johann, '
it must have been my son, said that.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reminiscing

Let's see now Herbie, some may call me that.
Permission granted to the genuine souls,
it started in the early fifties, Jesus, yes it did,
I'm looking back on a whole string of people,
such wondrous creatures, and they knew
the likes of me, or more specifically, me!

There was Brigitte, I looked up to her hair,
at first it was a pony tail and later 'Bubikopf',
she made me learn the diplomatic art of
let's call it straight deception, I found excuses,
such as many so profound discussions
about schoolwork, English and then Math
and other subjects such as German Lit
and Newton Physics, and Starke Chemistry.

The raison d'être was that I could smell her skin,
she was a few years older but I loved her,
and later it was Doris, what a girl, she kissed
as if the world would last just one more second,
a depth of soul and such a mirror of myself,
I think that she convinced me that I was worthwhile.

There are so many, though I do not mean to brag,
it's just that I would like to ask the gods myself
where have they gone these lovely people, tell me where,
it is not fair to have them march to their own drummer.
Perhaps in Heaven they will wait, the lot of them
dressed in Chiffon and wearing smiles of recognition.
Meanwhile I am the master of a certain melancholy
and have reserved a vital portion of my brain
to keep you safe and in my heart past all horizons.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reminiscing II

Canada won't do.
I envisage the Twins.
Cities that is.
Leaves underfoot.
The usual weather.
Pretend we are young.
Do things we did.
Could have, should have done.

Reuben sandwich.
Heineken to go with it.
Swedish smorgasboard.
Dinkytown.
Cedar Avenue Bridge.
Under the same covers for an eternity.
What do you say?

Herbert Nehrlich

Remorse

Today I am up to the hilt
since early morning filled with guilt.
Still sleep-lagged wandered to the shower
at that ungodly twilight hour
a movement, slight, caught my left eye
which meant that one of us must die.
Since I, in this house am the coach
I figured that the best approach
might be to take initiative
that soon the fellow would be stiff.
Aunt Hulda told me years ago
that roaches scurry to and fro
in search for food and even drink
but give them water and they'll sink.
So, providence had placed me here
near source of water, which was sheer
good luck to those whom God regards
as fit to get his sweet rewards,
and if you ask I think that God
does find those creatures rather odd
although he made them with his hands
I doubt today he understands
what happened in Creation Week.
The roach is not the only freak
of course, but think on this a bit
imagine that you managed it
this making of so many species
you would produce some funny faeces
if you don't mind colloquial French.
Well, roach was crawling down the bench
the aim was clearly to conceal
his ugly mug in this hot Spiel.
A waterglass was filled with speed
in this my hour of great need
and thrown at him with utmost grace
you should have seen his frozen face!
His death was quick, I can attest
that he, the uninvited guest
did only suffer heavy terror

deservedly and not in error.
But in the end, there is that nagging
self-doubt, replaced by nascent bragging
but you and I know that remorse
is, in a way, just a dead horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Renaissance

Anticipation always rules
with silly and with normal fools.
The brain transmits
hormonal bits
converting cytes
in secret rites
a chestnut gland
constricts its band,
much fragrant cream
right at the seam
the loss of sense
as now it blends
an arched lordosis,
hood into ptosis
membraneous wings
and lovely things.
requested time to be suspended
a renaissance that never ended.

To be read in the company of Amber Gin

Herbert Nehrlich

Renata

It's half past nine now, getting lonely at the beach.
She must be taking special care in preparation
of all cosmetic signs that can be yet enhanced.
Though if she asked me, nothing need be done.

'Twas one of those quite mind-pleasing occasions,
a human being simply wanders into view.
Your eyes decide within a fraction of a minute,
that this one needs to, wants to be somewhat near you.

It's not the looks so much, although that is the trigger.
Communication does occur at lower levels.
You want to know the soul that lives behind the pleasant face.
You need to touch her hand because you crave her warmth.

Each person has a group they call support,
plain-chosen through the circumstance of life.
I don't conform there, as my simple, reptile mind
finds and detects them, reasons quite obscure.

On sad occasions when my courage lags behind,
I let the chance to say Hello pass by forever.
And dream for months and years, how strange, yes I agree.
Thus to avoid this I went up to her, to ask.

The usual dumb stuff, don't think I am clever.
About the weather and her origins and the tsunami.
Her name's Renata and she's lovely just to talk to,
Canadian accent but of Carribean roots.

I felt like saying 'lovely maiden, you are perfect,
if I were twenty years my junior I would try
to do most all the things that duly might impress you,
I'd bring you flowers to the beach and pat you dry.

Applying sunscreen to your softly tanning skin,
play in the water like two happy, healthy children,
exchanging anecdotes from childhood and the present.
With hungry eyes I'd be adoring all of you.

But, failing that, to turn the clock back's what I mean,
I'll be content to share your space just now and then.
Though I'm in love with some of you, is it your soul?
It will not matter to the world except confirm
that kindred spirits do exist and will be known
to those whose door is open to their holy inner sanctum,
so that our separated souls can find each other.
To be united in the harmony of all.

Yes, I would like to kiss your lovely lips today,
each day thereafter, also, that is very true.
But I can dream about a compromise tomorrow,
they say that faith is all the things one dearly hopes for.

I'm a philanderer in strange platonic ways.
The word called 'chaste' has been applied behind my back.
Sometimes I wonder if it could perhaps be panic,
the fear of closing doors that ageing did invent.

Meanwhile I must admit the entity of pleasure,
a gene that all of us are given by the angels,
is more pronounced in ancient poets like myself.
It makes for cloudless skies and sunshine for the soul.

Well, here she comes, the queen of all our sandy beaches.
I almost blush when she sends greetings with her eyes.
Am I in love today with one of God's creations,
or is it what they call conversion of a subtle kind?

Identical in age and other features,
are feelings transferred onto lofty planes.
Perhaps that's all and sundry to the pimply pale observers.
I'll have the pleasure of her smiling company.

Herbert Nehrlich

Renée R.

He'd come a way that few
could understand,
it was a vital step,
a coup de grace.

They had predicted he
would die of fright
and as he carried on
I thought he might.
he was at liberty
to go headfirst
and drunk into a deep
crevasse, to burst.
Instead he signed the lease
for only one
at Luther Hall.
Son of a gun.

There was a janitor, he said 'my son',
Put off, I walked away to close my ears,
there were no written laws, for scholarships
no rent to pay and no arrears,
there was Renée of course, her trembling lips.

They did provide a case, vinyl at best,
all papers were to be sent in to stay,
each Monday was a day of total rest,
but every Wednesday, we hit the fray.

There was that friggin' bridge,
to campus one,
a very icy ridge
and zero fun.
The Mississippi cold
would eat your flesh,
each morning 's walk was...well,
a bit too fresh.

They hired little me

to help with kids,
all radiographs would need
their silly bids,
I did refuse the job
and was dismissed,
that night Renée and I,
we really kissed.

Renée did leave me then
in sixty six,
she went to other men
and I was nix.

I often wonder how
she really is,
that Minnesota Frau
with so much fizz.

Herbert Nehrlich

Repent Onk!

The nicest thing that can be said about an Onk
is that there could be hiding in the shade a real donk.
But what we know about this freak who's ventured back
she should be strung upon the people's torture rack.
She neither has nor will acquire decent thought
and in her skull one finds the essence that is caught
by fleeting glimpses of carcinogens to prove
that only scum will dribble into its own groove.

Shall we then chase her from these premises at once
as we would spit upon this fast decaying dunce.
I give you notice, do not doubt my true intent
you have an out of course, eat horseshit and repent.

Herbert Nehrlich

Replacing God

At the famous Cleveland Clinic
works a rather nasty cynic.
Name is Nissen, he is sure
that he's found the final cure

for the heart and all its failings.
So he sent out two big mailings
to the people in all lands
making clear his strange demands.

'Let's put statins in the water!
It will help each son and daughter,
healthy and in perfect nick,
I myself want no one sick.

But it is a well-known fact
that God's work has always lacked
all the basics for survival.
I don't mean to be his rival

No I say it straight of face:
It is I who shall replace
him who bungled his creation,
gave to humans fornication.

Didn't know the basic science
thus I stand here in defiance.
Jesus likewise was not smart,
could not fix an ailing heart.

Well, may I present the answer
to infarct as well as cancer.
Block the pathway God has chosen,
keep cholesterol well frozen.

Kill, as well, ubiquinone
as it is a substance prone
to affect my medication,
which would bring the obligation

to announce to common folks
that Big Pharma makes no jokes.
So, I say, do trust physicians,
let us make all your decisions.

I'm your King and I alone
God has now been overthrown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reports

It is a YES. We got one of the perpetrators.
He will now leave the p/h site or face his shame,
we are, once England has left for his cell
intent of cleaning up this mess once and for all.
And you, the female who considers that she is
an able poet, which you may be after all,
you need a character in any world you live in
so go and learn from roaches and some other vermin.
Your days are numbered as we now have living proof,
which is like photographs or fingerprints as such.
What a disgusting low life you must represent
perhaps the Salvos give you one small helping hand.
If you don't leave your name will be most surely plastered
all over yonder, meaning globally for sure.
You have now overstayed your welcome on this site,
it was your lack of an IQ that brought you in.

Herbert Nehrlich

Reprieve

Half-timbered, specks of excrement
standing so still in history.

Whirlwind childhood, quickly spent,
so old and gray now. Look at me.

Yes, I've mused about the option
of that dark-of-night return,
on a re-birthing adoption,
hide behind a veil of fern.

Stare at yellowing wallpaper,
listen to the dripping tap.
Breathe medieval, musty vapour,
don my olive Wehrmacht cap.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rescue On Heldrastein

When winds come from the Northern Ranges
and blow their lonely songs through trees,
when nightbirds follow season's changes
and razorbacks and elk roam free.

Where moonlit cliff above the valley
in silence harbours secrets, dark,
there legend has it that Anne-Sally
in late November, gathering bark
from the Northeastern Hemlock Spruce,
which is still used for roasting acorns,
same serve as stuffing for the goose
and ducks and turkeys, even leghorns.

A chill was tugging on her vest,
fresh tracks of pigs were there to follow.
She thought about her precious guests,
arriving soon, when at Buck's Hollow,
she saw a shadow in the trees.
It seemed too big to be a boar
(at this time of the year quite tame) ,
when suddenly the feline roar
of mountain lions, hunting game
was heard and echoed as a threat
to all intruders venturing here.
'I must seek refuge in the shed',
she contemplated, fighting fear.

There was that shadow, once again,
a glimpse of hairyness and speed.
She thought of what the village men
had said, that she would risk, indeed,
her life by going out alone.
And to remember the old villain,
who lived in lofty caves of stone,
and was well-known for frequent killing
of animals and children, too.

He'd roam around the countryside,
to spot those kids at play and who
had hiked up into hills inspite
of dire warnings from their elders.

Anne-Sally hurried through the brush
to reach the safety of the shelter,
when she arrived there was a hush
in the surrounding forest life.
She stepped inside and caught her breath:
There stood the villain, with a knife!
As he approached her she smelled death.
Except it was not the Grim Reaper,
he smelled like only wild beasts reek.
'Twas Henning, villain, robber, keeper
of stony caves, a crazy freak.
He grabbed her arm and pulled her close,
two tiny pig eyes twinkling meanly.
She'd seen that look before in those,
who meant to have her and would, keenly,
try to persuade her of the merits
of early love, these village boys
to her were little more than ferrets.

She felt what was familiar now:
The bony hardness 'neath his fur.
His breath stank and she wondered how
she could get out of this malheur.
And villain Henning had no time
to consummate his prize for catching
this girl of beauty, 'cause the climb
ahead of them, where she'd be matching
his skills and strength, else he would throw
her off the mountain in a heap.
That was his way and had been so
since late last year, he aimed to keep
a lovely maiden from the town,
she would not share his furry bed,
refused to touch him, she went down:
Five hundred metres, and was dead.

So they took off to beat the dark.

He dragged her first but then explained,
that she could live and make her mark
with him, and love him, though detained,
she would enjoy their 'views forever'.
Her chores were just to keep the place
well dusted, clean, and with her clever
young housewife's skills she'd always face
each new day with the joy of living.
She'd wait for his return from hunting,
rush out to see if she'd be giving
a hand to him, as he came, grunting,
a giant bear tied to his back,
or deer or elk or Northern Moose.
And smaller fry in his green pack,
as usual, beaver, crow or goose.
Down to the entrance, quite a feat,
an almost vertical descent,
which he had chosen to defeat
courageous hunters who would try
to solve the puzzle of this villain,
and all of those who had come by
had disappeared, they couldn't kill him.

For 90 days and 90 nights,
the village folks, in desperation,
had searched the forest and the heights.
The master of the railway station
had recommended flying kites
to lure him out of that old cave.
Or HER to verify her presence.
And so they tried and then, a brave
and very small man, local peasant,
together with the physics teacher
and Doctor Quacksalber, physician,
with early blessings by the preacher,
to set about to make their vision
a promising reality.

A kite was built from local feather,
a harness made by the shoemaker.
Goosefat-immersed to proof for weather,
and flour-sprinkled by the baker,

a bovine bladder filled with gas,
top grade of Helium from the clinic.
The little man had little mass,
all had high hopes except one cynic.
It was the mayor of the town.
He shook his head and said 'No way',
'if he is lucky he'll come down
from lofty heights, so if I may
suggest a different approach:
We take all rifles, able men
and storm up to the Heldrastein.
Perhaps we can persuade our coach
to scout the region after nine,
when darkness sets and things get tired,
and we would follow as we can..'
This plan was, briefly, much admired
but as the danger became known
of an attack into the cave,
the mood swung back 'cause on his own
the little flier, light and brave,
would have a chance to be a spy,
perhaps could shoot from up above.
He would be safe if he could fly.
So, then the vote: With push and shove
it was decided to proceed.

The little man took off and rose,
while gently swaying to and fro.
Each time when dipping down the nose
he would lean back to maintain GO,
until he hovered near the top.
He flapped his feathered wings just once
and hung in silent mode on STOP,
when Henning peeked and saw the guns.
He whirled inside to get his arrows
and then he aimed at that strange bird,
and right behind him, stepping narrow
up to the front with hopeful eyes,
she could have pushed him then and there.
But, sometimes, what one does defies
all logic and is quite unfair,
but then she tripped and started falling,

and grabbed his shoulder to regain
her balance, when he turned, and stalling,
while looking up he tried in vain
to keep from tumbling into space.
So he went down to certain death,
they'd hear his impact at the base.
Remembering Shakespeare's Macbeth:
What was assumed was not the case.

A lonely tree, a knotty birch
did break his fall as he descended.
His face now showed a frightful smirch
and he prepared, his fate amended,
to climb back up, reclaim his life.
He called out: 'Here I come, my wife! '
The little farmer now had drifted
so close to our lovely maiden,
the Northern breeze had slightly shifted,
he wondered if the kite, twice laden,
would get them, safely down again.
He heard the words of the old villain
and, with much courage and a BANG
had landed on the ledge already.
The air was cold and wet and chilling,
and his adventure made for heady
considerations in his brain.
And so he took the struggling girl,
grabbed her securely by her mane
and gave the kite a hefty whirl.
Then they descended through the mist,
so very close to the steep wall,
they passed him, saw him raise his fist,
the kite now rocked, began to fall.
So this brave peasant whispered quickly,
that she'd be on her own from now,
and when she saw him leave, her sickly
shocked lips froze with the question 'HOW'.
He'd hurled himself to save her life
off his contraption, what a man!
The townfolks cheered when she arrived,
two tearful faces from his clan
at once looked up, had heard a noise.

They all ran off, led by the boys.
And, there he was, our little guy.
He'd landed in the biggest stack
of hay, had proven he could fly
and land with an unusual knack.

Epilogue:

One week thereafter, that same flier
asked for her hand in matrimony.
A horny man, he meant to sire
a dozen kids, and Pepperoni
was his preferred meal for the wedding.
So she suggested that the stack
would be a most appropriate setting.
That's what they did, and on her back,
commencing now their honeymoon,
she saw an object flying faster
than any bird she'd ever seen.
She feared there would be a disaster.

New hubby though seemed very keen
on making love in fragrant hay.
Yet when the object hit the ground,
they halted their erotic play,
and to inspect, he went and found
a bundle of some thirteen pheasants.
A note attached, said in gold pen:
'Best wishes, here's my wedding presents'.
They never heard from him again.

Note:

This story, while not entirely true,
is true enough to teach your kids to
stay away from certain dangers.
Not everyone can be lucky enough to land
in a haystack.

Herbert Nehrlich

Resigned

He looked in all his books,
consulted what he'd learned.
No answer, found by crooks.
His head, now crashed and burned
wrapped up in yellow straw,
devoid of solemn seeds
thus doomed by ancient law,
entangled by old weeds.
It seeped, like pale, spare blood
until the Gods convened.
And just like Elmer Fudd
he never knew his fiend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Respect

All creatures deep inside are quite aware
that it's the heart and, with it, its sweet beat
only its never-ending flutter lets us share
a bit of time upon this planet, where we meet
so many creatures and, above all real humans
who all do strive to stay as long as they're allowed
they fiddle with their health and look at cardiac lumens
and hope the gods remember what the sheep have vowed.

There is a little thing that's often mentioned
it does concern our interpersonal communication
no matter, highly motivated or so well-intentioned
it's what may make us give enough consideration
to one small word, and that is, vaguely, called respect.

Respect for the law
and for Ma and Pa,
for the crooked Police
for Canadian geese,
for the Judges and Preachers
and for needlework teachers
for the butchers and bakers
and the skilled coffinmakers,
for the nurses and bitches
and burglars and snitches
for all druggies and whores
and the owners of stores
thus, the list could continue
to a different venue
but suffice it to say
that respect is not play
and it can't be demanded
or delivered and handed
against payment of gold
no, respect can't be sold.

If your heart can take care
of necessities, bare
you can use all your time
to prepare and to climb

'til you reach Peak Respect
where you'll sit and reflect
and look inside your mind
where you possibly find
in the tangle of nerve
the respect you deserve.

Herbert Nehrlich

Response To Thincs Members

I thank both Jeff and also Leib
for praising my small diatribe.

Though posting rhymes in here more often
may take up space as well as soften
the rather scientific mission
as well as prompt a quick decision
to scold the writer for his deeds,
as many folks have differing needs,
from those who do appreciate
that life in a poetic state,
(though rarely a prerequisite)
does not preclude the use of wit,
nor earnest efforts to deduce
the inner workings of a goose.

Thus, in respect of those who rarely
partake of poetry, and barely
see beauty in the written word
(the definition of a nerd?) ,
let's use the poet's secateur,
it brings about a painless cure
and shortens poems long of wind
and leaves the poet double-chinned.

Herbert Nehrlich

Retiring Early

A man who did retire early
each night, and was a rather burly
well-fed and stocky specimen,
would always have lights out at ten.

One evening, it was in May,
the month when younger folk will play,
he somehow failed, did not remember
woke up next day, it was November.

This shows the act of breaking habits
should really be left to rabbits.

You see, a rabbit either sleeps
or checks the basement, where it keeps
digested pellets for re-use,
but rabbits always (is this news?)

are in the mood to....well, to hop,
they'll do this easily, non-stop.
So, if a rabbit oversleeps,
he's done his homework, heaps and heaps,

it matters little, but for man
he's got to do it while he can.

Herbert Nehrlich

Revenge

I shall drink your wine
take away your food,
deprive you of shelter
and dry up your well.
You have hurt me
just once, and must pay
to the distant day
when you manage to give
me the flagon of peace,
only Hemlock will silence
the hatred in me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Revenge Now

And from the coffins of the dead
revenge does rear its sneering head.
Who is at fault you ask me dear
who planted bombs, thus causing fear?
And who, with hands that love their babies
explodes in rage, as touched by rabies?
The answers do not walk the streets
and reason is not what one meets
confusion copulates with hate
and thus creates the ugly state
of payback using bigger guns
and many more of mothers' sons
will kiss the blood already spilled
when without thought they, too are killed.
No mercy is the hunters ploy
philosophy a great decoy.
And when all blood has dried to cake
when no more high rise buildings shake
when not one tear remains unshed
the eyes do close of those who bled
too much for others and for nought
perhaps the reasonable thought
of WHY would pay us all a visit,
and ask about this hate, what is it?
The answer is, my trusted friend
a truth that has a curious bend
it questions what must never be
Look at the culprits? You and Me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Revenge Of The Frogs

A stork was walking in the meadow,
when in the twilight something hopped.
He quickly followed that green shadow
until he caught him, then he stopped.
And was about to gulp him down,
when froggie, clever as he was,
he grabbed the pipe that travels down
the stork's front end, and, using claws,
he squeezed him tight, he could not swallow
and kept the pressure on full blast.
What happened then, if you will follow
my story: Skies were overcast,
it rained proverbial cats and dogs.
Both animals were there, still standing,
but no one knew that little frogs
do not enjoy a swallow's ending,
so he held on, the stork was choking
and tons of rains filled up his throat.
And, in the end, he started croaking.
His last words being: 'Bloody Toad'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Revenge Of The Razorbacks

A Frilly Lizard, young and strong
was sleeping near a Billabong.
Nearby, a handsome Razorback
was contemplating an attack.

All razorbacks are pigs, of course,
some grow as big as a small horse
it is their nature to be tough,
they, basically, don't give a stuff.

Each living thing that can be found
on outback's lonely, barren ground
becomes fair game there, in the heat
and something for the pigs to eat.

Now, razorbacks have never learned
to sneak around, thus never earned
a reputation to be smart.
They either smack or grunt or fart.

And, so it was on that fair day,
awake, the lizard, in dismay,
had seen the herd of razorbacks,
there was no time now to relax.

But for this story I must mention
that, though these pigs had the intention
to hunt and kill that little critter
(who'd been the runt of his small litter) ,

but they had not been to these parts,
had discharged their revolting farts
out in the Simpson Desert proper
where Aborigines mine copper.

And in the Simpson Desert are
no frilly lizards, near and far.
Which means that those who do not know
would be surprised what kind of show

these little creatures can perform,
(just ask the guys from Desert Storm) .
The pigs attacked in straight formation,
it was a dicey situation.

The lizard left the Billabong
the razorbacks then read him wrong.
He reappeared now in their flank
had metamorphed into a tank.

At last the pigs, when they saw frills
did suffer shakes and then the chills.
A frilly lizard grows in size
in seconds, like a bad surprise.

And, to the razorbacks' lament
they were in a predicament.
When now the lizard flapped his wings
it was a case of seeing things.

A monster right behind their backs
adrenaline now to the max.
They ran to get away, at speed
through thistles, dust and tumbleweed,

into the water in a panic
and sank as fast as the Titanic.
In normal times most pigs can swim
by moving, frantically, each limb,

but fear can hinder willing nerves
from functioning, as each one serves
to tell the muscles to contract,
that is a scientific fact.

All razorbacks thus drowned from fear,
and, to you all it might appear
that what we have here shows again
that little guys win, now and then.

The frilly lizard as you know

had killed them with his stunning show.
But by the end of the next day
revenge was coming into play.

A thousand pounds of rotting flesh
was poisoning what once was fresh.
The lizard had an evening drink,
that night he did not sleep a wink.

Got, in the morning, out of bed.
And was, in fifteen minutes, dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme

Rhyme and meter
totter, teeter,
those who do
(maybe you?) .
Must make certain
that the curtain
of exposure
triggers closure,
it takes guts,
patient butts,
agile fingers,
mood that lingers
to create
the great state
of a trance.
Like a dance
spirits lifting
love thoughts drifting
so sublime
exquisite rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme ****

I have not seen,
nor dreamed
that YOU could be
a being,
not a bubble
made of soap
that breaks apart
at the most miniscule
and innocent of times.
You held my hand
like that of a small boy,
you called me flowerboy,
but when you placed
on my stunned lips
that welcome kiss
I woke and stared
at what was sure
to be a flaw.
You did not waver,
you were clever
in your mind,
there was no room
(you knew) to let
the things unfold.
You came to give me
open season to your heart
and we closed wounds
to make a home
that was both bold
and real art,
you asked me would I
wash your hair
(without a comb)
and then I shaved your lovely legs
with utter care,
and little felon
who's in charge of tiny eggs
sat up each time
that words from you

prepared for air,
roll on the carpet
made of true Sicilian hair
you said the onus is
on us to synchronise
so I shall list here
that our names will make a rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme Games

Anything human that tends to be sweet
has its own fanclub, ready to eat.
Sugar and spices like cinnamon, neat
get you glyceamic, that's when you meet
little sweet fungi, candida gleet.
You may like sugar, sweetness and heat,
I say the sour one is more discreet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme Is Not Dead

Great highlights of the centuries
that saw big armies on their knees
were poets from the Fatherland
their words for all to understand.

A poet cannot be a mime
but all of them composed in rhyme.
Today, so many raise their brows
and bleat like Alpine milka cows,

free verse is all the rage, hooray
thus rhyme must be, at last, passé.
You do remind me of a fretter
who can't come up with something better.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme Or Bust

I ask you ma'm
can you spare a dime?
And would you take in turn
a lovely rhyme?
I'd make the rhyme for you
to match your smile
all while I drink my brew
in perfect style.
All creatures big and small
like perfect harmony,
which means that all in all
it's rhyme or anarchy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyme Or Reason?

Oh, where is my shepherd
when I need some advice
on the words of a poem
'bout fire and ice.

I don't want to delet it,
as it may not be shit,
all my doubt, to defeat it
I require your wit.

Well, I AM only kidding,
just felt need to write
and must do my own bidding
in this 'round the world flight.

I agree that we have here
many poets of note,
they provide entertainment
and enjoyment and sheer
understanding of others
and of our own selves,
how we leave our mothers
and feel drawn to small elves.

So, I got your attention
by appealing in slyness,
any honourable mention
it is hoped that your Highness
will keep writing opinions
always praise before scolding
and remember us minions,
with our talent unfolding.

We may need a smart preacher
who with small stick and carrot
could become our teacher.

So we will write things of merit.

Now, dear Michael believe me
what I say here to you
it is not to deceive me
nor put blindfolds on YOU,
not intended to flatter
or to sweeten the lime,

but the practicing patter
of me looking for rhyme
not for reason at that
but for words that are cousins
had an uncle who shat
them all out by the dozen.
So, I must close this poem
lest you say it's too long
and it takes one to know 'em
Crikey, here is the gong.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhymes For Competition

Once a small dog did run away
Hid in a log inside the woods
met there a frog who was all green
one day a hog just wandered by
he wore a tog and did some grunting
That night the fog came to the trees
nearby, a bog was filled with sounds
a demagogue was in there, camping
drinking eggnog from silver cup
and was agog at goings on
went for a jog around the pines
then said in brogue something in Irish.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rhyming Practice

Would someone please tell
why a terrible smell
tends to follow no laws
and ignores eehs and aaaws
why it hangs in the air
as if wanting its share
of our closest attention
I just wanted to mention
that the odour of fish
and the smelly old quiche
of the Longhorns down south
still falls out of her mouth.
If you notice the smell
hold your nostrils and yell
it's a choice, hell or heaven
my AK-forty-seven.

Herbert Nehrlich

Right Behind You

I sleep behind you,
resting my head
and being silent
your entire night.
Yet, uninvited,
I suffer guilt
and wonder if
there ever be
a chance
for you
to notice me.
I walk around the mall,
see you
every day,
feeding the birds
sitting pretty
on a bench
at Pershing's Square.
It helps me dream
about the way
it could have been?
If for a fleeting moment
you could rest your eyes
(most beautiful of all)
in my direction
I would be,
a happy man.
But I am homeless,
have not shaved
nor do I smell
the way I used to.
I thank my God
that he allows me to
admire and adore
the great perfection
that is you.
And I will sleep
a dozen winks
behind you, dear.

You will not see
nor feel
that I am ever there.
But I,
I surely will.

Herbert Nehrlich

Right Hemisphere Deficit

A surface, quite continuous,
infolded on itself,
outpouchings number
five in all.

Might you be kind enough,
after I have seen,
and thoroughly examined this
to put us both at ease,
reveal the name of it?

I know, of course,
and tell you now
that you must surely jest
to say,
the object might, in fact
fit part
of my anatomy!

Herbert Nehrlich

Rilke Spaziergang (The Walk)

Schon ist mein Blick am Hügel, dem besonnten,
dem Wege, den ich kaum begann, voran.
So faßt uns das, was wir nicht fassen konnten,
voller Erscheinung, aus der Ferne an —

und wandelt uns, auch wenn wirs nicht erreichen,
in jenes, das wir, kaum es ahnend, sind;
ein Zeichen weht, erwidern unserm Zeichen...
Wir aber spüren nur den Gegenwind.

Quickly my eyes have reached the sunny hill,
my path will lead me to it, all in time.
What we could not interpret yet with inner skill
it touches us, its apparition as we climb.

Success may yet elude us, yet it changes
into a being that we barely sense we are,
a signal waves and echoes from the ranges
but sadly, we can only feel it from afar.

My translation - 29-07-08

Herbert Nehrlich

Rilke Translated

IV. Sonett

O dieses ist das Tier, das es nicht giebt.
Sie wußtens nicht und habens jeden Falls
- sein Wandeln, seine Haltung, seinen Hals,
bis in des stillen Blickes Licht - geliebt.

Zwar war es nicht. Doch weil sie's liebten, ward
ein reines Tier. Sie ließen immer Raum.
Und in dem Raume, klar und ausgespart,
erhob es leicht sein Haupt und brauchte kaum

zu sein. Sie nährten es mit keinem Korn,
nur immer mit der Möglichkeit, es sei.
Und die gab solche Stärke an das Tier,

daß es aus sich ein Stirnhorn trieb. Ein Horn.
Zu einer Jungfrau kam es weiß herbei -
und war im Silber-Spiegel und in ihr.

Translation:

Ah, here it is, the creature without life
They could not know but did just to be sure
Admire, love, its features so alive
Into the depth of stillness to endure
Though it was not an animal to love
Yet had become one in that inner room
Where it stood out to raise its head above
Itself, she nourished it not with a single corn
But always with the thought that it could be
And thus a strength formidable defied all doom
To grow from deep within its forehead's own
A growth into its world, a unicorn.
Within the silver mirror it was plain to see
White, inside the maiden it had grown.

This, of course is Rilke, The Unicorn.
My version in English.

HHN

Herbert Nehrlich

Rio

I had to take my eyes off all the money,
inside the vault of New York City Bank.
I'd glimpsed the image of a real honey,
we had just driven through the wall in our tank.
It saved us lots of detailed and quite boring preparation,
and time was of the essence here today.
But here she sat, a visual sensation,
too bad, our job left little time for play.

My partners were now loading up the dough
into the turret of the Panzer, stacking tight.
This was my baby, I had planned this clever show,
which gave the customers and tellers quite a fright.
The vault was near impenetrable, so they said,
that's why we used brute force like Navarone.
Complete surprise made sure that not one person had
been quick to push a button or to use the phone.

Now, almost finished, I went to the other room,
to take a closer look at that delicious blonde.
And there she sat, but not in gloom and doom
as I'd expected that a hostage would demand
consideration, even pity at their plight,
they'd dream of stress leave and a bonus from the bank.
But what I saw was the most beautiful of sights,
so I turned over all command to buddy Frank.

To have a word with her, perhaps receive her smile,
and find the reason that she didn't seem afraid.
When she retrieved from the big desk a leather file
and looked directly at me, saying 'Is there shade,
within a walking distance from the western beach? '
And then she laughed and handed me a double folder,
I looked inside to ascertain from each,
and read some word fragments like passport, visa, holder,
there were two one-way tickets to a place called Rio,
when from within her ample chest these words appeared:

'It's quite alright, mate, I am from Down Under-

I am a specialist in spyware, I'll explain.
I'm in New York now eighteen days and do meander
in all the circles that do not wish to remain
the disadvantaged, money-challenged masses.
And for that reason make these plans like you just did.
Instead of sitting, moping on their sorry asses,
they deal in robbery and fraud and do their bit
to entertain themselves outrageously with plans,
that no mere mortal would consider even briefly.
And then surround themselves with just a few good fans,
then keep repeating those utopic stories chiefly
to talk themselves into the active mode per se.
And wipe objections, hesitation off the table.
Throw all their talent in the end into the fray
and start believing in their dreams, and that they're able
to do unthinkable, but somehow needful things.

And I have spied on all the groups of crazy dreamers,
to find the ones that I could call the real Kings.
Those are the ones that do not drive around in Beemers.
So, here I am, my friend, I hope you like my bod.
COCOCABANA is our mutual destination,
and forty million is as much as our God
has made available without negotiation,
and it will do my love, let's leave for JFK.

I've done my homework, early, finished all my sums.
One has to live one's life, is what I say,
as if tomorrow -could it happen- never comes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rise

I shall honour all wishes
and as Phoenix will rise
from the kingdom of fishes
in my usual disguise
on warm currents anew
I shall watch for all foes
while the old she-oak's dew
keeps me well, I suppose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Risqué Limerick

I see myself in the Jacuzzi
but not with your average floozie.
As I like some pizzaz
I may yet ask Mahnaz
they say beggars are usually choosy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Risqué Limerick # 2

From the top of Niagara Falls,
far away from the big city malls
jumped a tough-talking bird
soon her screams could be heard
as she banged on those rocks her big balls.

There are women, genetically tough,
fully able to fight and play rough.
Though they may play with dolls
they are fitted with balls,
be advised that they do strut their stuff.

So the one who had jumped from that height
gave the onlooking folks quite a fright.
When the balls started banging
and bouncing and clanging
they felt sorry for her in her plight.

When she landed way down in the wet
it was clear that she'd now won her bet.
But she vowed to enclose
in size large pantyhose
her equipment - (as safety net) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Roaches That Stab

People come into our lives,
smiling, nodding, How are you?
They stay for a bit, smiling, nodding.
They eat off your table,
they use your name,
they smile, nod and say:
How are you?
Then, one day, after
they have eaten your food,
smelled your roses,
finished your Beaujolais
and slept on your pillow
they wait, until it's midnight.
And then, they stab you in the back.
Again, and again, and again.

And, if asked the obvious question,
WHY? They will say, after some
initial hesitation.....
NOTHING. That is, my dear friends,
because they have run.
Run to hide in Texas.
In a burrow, where only cowards,
cockroaches and evil spirits hide.
And that is, of course, sadly,
where they belong.
Because they do not have
what makes a normal human being.
Never will have.

Herbert Nehrlich

Road's End

Mother, would you close the drapes,
a storm is rolling in.
Sinister and awesome shapes
with the Devil's grin.

Mother, it is now too late,
this may be the end.
Let us both await our fate,
take what God will send.

Can we hope for a return
of the morning rays?
Just before we die to burn
leaving only haze.

Herbert Nehrlich

Robosurgeon For Jerry H.

The surgeon entered, red of face,
silence descended on the place.
A sister asked about the 'bot
the answer simply was a NOT.

He had, while scrubbing, seen him linger
while showing all his metal finger,
you see those robosurgeons try
to operate on any guy

or sheila (well-endowed or small) :
they cut into the sternal wall
with teensie microscopic tools
and call the human surgeons fools.

There is, so let it be revealed
the factor time until it's healed,
which, closely linked to size of hole
must be each patient's premier goal.

Get out before they break the bank
permit me, ladies, to be frank
and may I ask, do you prefer
the robot be a him or her?

Machines that stare on to your boobs
while playing with two Rubik's Cubes,
and reading all about the crimes
inside the paper called The Times,

while watching Spinzones on the Fox
and figuring potential stocks,
a robosurgeon has no toes
and never needs to pick its nose,

there is no nagging from a spouse
no mortgage on the high set house.
So, tell me, ladies, Jerry, Mate
you have the choice, to trust your fate

in man with all his silly traits
or in the one who lacerates
without emotions, fear or lust?
I think a robot is a MUST!

Dedicated to my good friend OSTBF (Eisernes Kreuz .) Jerry Hughes. In the firm
belief that even a human surgeon will not
be able to silence him. Das Volk drueckt die Daumen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rock Of Ages (Modified)

Nothing in my hand I bring
hanging loose, the little thing.
Naked have you look at me
as I treasure what I see.
Quickly to thy fount I fly
let me enter or I'll die.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rocks

Clearly, she was caught
between a rock
and a hard place.
Sadly, he was inept
and could not get
(although he tried)
his bloomin' rocks off.
But then, a gust of wind
blew in as a surprise.
It rocked the boat
and dislocated her
so that the place
was nowhere near
the rocks, no more.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolf

It was so many years ago, and somewhat sad.
First grade, this little boy, so full of pride.
An intellectual curiosity that possessed this lad,
did not bestow the capability to save his hide.

They had a bully problem in the hometown school.
It led to quite embarrassing events.
He's followed home by bullies, as a rule,
it ended with a desperate race to friends,
whose houses were not locked and gave asylum.
Once INside one felt safe and cocky, but a fool.

A boy, who seemed to walk a little funny,
but with a stoic, cool and tough expression,
he was the first I bought with my own money
a bar of chocolate for, we shared it in lunch session.

We got along mostly because of admiration
and flattery that I employed with care.,
I needed allies during school term, so sensation
of inferiority and helplessness, unfair,
through all its negative demoralising stigma
would lose importance through the presence of enigma.

So, we became good friends, his name was Rolf.
He lived a seven minute walk away, due East.
For two, three years his presence simply solved
the problem, he humbly was my own, tough guardian beast.

We went our seperate ways then, after school.
And distant shores was my eventual destination.
He took the job as mayor of the town of Suhl,
where I stopped over on a lengthy world vacation.

To get a stamp I had to see the man
at City Hall, where public service wallows
in its own juices of importance, as they can
just disappear inside the niches and the hollows.

The marble structure mad a good enough impression,
the foyer had a plaque, filled with devotion.
The counsellors were in a morning session,
when, suddenly, erupted a commotion.

A man was prone, had shockingly collapsed,
a crowd had gathered, staring and debating.
And every single citizen just stood and gasped,
while precious time was wasting, life was fading.

'It's Rolf', a skinny spinster said with sadness,
'I knew he'd end like this, did tell him so.'
Then something snapped in me
amidst this crowd of madness:
Rolf Gehnert, could it be? Oh no, oh no!

And into action I then flew, pushing aside,
I yanked him by his shoulders,
saw his bluish face,
and got him, sitting halfway up
so that I might start helping here
to win this deadly race.

The kiss of life I gave to my old trusty friend,
performed resusc' and brought him back to us.
I rode to hospital with him, holding his hand.
And, after midnight left him there, went home by bus.

The year was 1990 and we kept in touch.
Had a dozen tall ones on his porch
just last September.
After those I always say 'It wasn't much'.
And he always answers 'Don't remember.'

Note: We never shared another piece of chocolate
and learned the lesson that was ours twice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolfie Hat Das Zipperlein

Der Rolfie hat das Zipperlein
sitzt still in seinem Kaemmerlein.
Es sitzt der Ischias ihm im Nacken
er muss zum Chiropraktor, knacken.

Doch hat der Bursche was geplant
wovon Maria gar nichts ahnt.
Und aus dem heiligen Versteck
holt er die Flasche einfach weg.

Und auf dem Etikett kannst lesen
dass dies Gesoeff nicht ueber'n Tresen
gehandelt wird, es wird gebraut
da wo der Staat nicht hingeschaut.

Sieh da, der Schnaps der waermt die Glieder
verlangt, dass Rolfie immer wieder
das Glaeschen fuellt mit Eis und Gin
bald guckt er nicht mehr richtig hin.

Und Dinge tun sich auch bewegen,
er gibt dem Nachbarshund den Segen.
Und fragt Maria nach der Zeit,
sie sagt Du bist nicht ganz gescheit.

Und nun ergreift's die inner'n Kraefte,
denn Rolfie wittert suesse Saeft
will fahren zu dem RSL
sagt zu dem Frauchen, los mach schnell.

Doch die Vernunft in seinem Weib
regiert, sie sagt nur kurz, nun bleib,
denn trinken kannst Du auch zu Haus
ich mache Dir 'nen schoenen Schmaus.

So sieht man also immer wieder
dass Frauen sind wie frischer Flieder.
Sie bluehen erst in jungen Jahren
und reifen noch mit grauen Haaren.

Der Mann muss manchmal an die Kette,
da kannst Du machen jede Wette.
Ein Schnaepschen, doch das muss ja sein
als Medizin fuer's Zipperlein.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolfie The Wolf

A big white wolf named Rolf
whose name was Joe- Adolf.
Was seen inside the city
which was, to some a pity.
He went to all the shops
evaded many cops
and in the end he ran
back to his woods, I can
completely understand
how, really, on one hand
he would not like to be
with us, who are not free.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolfie, The Wine Is Here

Zwei Flaschen warn's vom guten Wein
sie warten hier auf Dich.
Der Preis muss leider doppelt sein
das deklarierere ich.
Du wolltest zwei Kartons, und mehr
zwoelf Flaschen jeweils, ja?
Erwartest bald von ungefaehr
den Durst, Du sagst AHA!
Nun muss i leider sagen, Mann
pro Flasch' gibt's zwanzig Scheine
Du weisst, ich kenn die Blutwurscht dann
und alle roten Weine.

Und Lieferung ist extra noch,
zwei Groschen hier pro Flasche,
gib eine Deinem fetten Koch
und steck in Deine Tasche
Dukaten silber oder gold,
wo Wein ist fliesst der Rubel,
auch wenn der Buergermeister schmolzt
die Buerger machen Trubel.

So trink, mein Freund, und trink mit mir
die Goetter bringen Gnade,
bald kommt der grosse Tag wenn wir
nur lallen, Schade, schade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolfie's Mother

And there she is,
resting,
like a small child,
in the fetal position,
Mother, I am afraid
this isn't you, is it?

I have many,
well thousands
of memories,
none,
or rather few have faded,
vivid is what I would call
the others,
three dimensional,
full of the colour that once was,
always has been,
you,
my Mother.

From the beginning
when I looked at you,
as you,
smiling with anticipation,
would come into the room,
ready to take care
of all my needs,
me,
the bright pretender,
who,
as often as it suited him,
put on a show, acting too young,
for reasons not revealed
portrayed a midget of a boy
whose stage of growth was not
what could have been
expected reasonably,
given the truth of it.

Yes Mother was a gem those days,
no need would be too cumbersome,
no cry ignored, she had this thing,
this attitude of sheer infinity, as if
all time had been reserved to care
for that small gaggle of fresh kids,
full of rambunctiousness and life,
mischievous dimples in a private niche
inside the Fatherland that nurtured all,
yet would reluctantly agree to see
backsides of them, so soon they went,
to find another promised land, away
and always it was Mother who would be
the stalwart, a short-statured beacon in the sea.

She always found the time, and more,
and now and then she'd have a little too,
just for herself, to brush her hair, to sing
and it would make an even better one,
resourceful and of talents yet possessed,
the kiddoes knew about priorities,
at such an early age, as Mother would engage
into the depths of it, of subtle interaction,
though never called it love, which surely
and with overwhelming clarity it always was.

The years have slipped away, you shrank,
a bundle to be placed inside a home,
where you again enjoyed a little time,
just for yourself, to comb your hair, to sing
and now and then you'd hear the doorbell,
one would bring, a few bananas, overripe,
and sit to shoot the breeze and reminisce.

A pleasant life, the evening of it all,
with time, and leisure on your hands,
to study photographs and have, at night,
those melancholy dreams, to see their smiles,
and wake when first the sun would warm
that snow white linen on your silent bed,
a touch of gold it seemed had come,
through regulation drapes to visit you.

But it was never quite the same, you know.
Without the silly patter of those little feet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rolfie's Test

A tiny bit of trepidation
arrived with me at half past seven.
I told my spouse that transportation
was not required 'til eleven.
CABOOLTURE PUBLIC, said the sign
and waiting was a handsome girl,
it was too late now to decline,
she smiled, I said 'give it a whirl.'

As now she outlined the procedure,
(I'm sure to make me feel at ease) ,
my colon was to be the feature,
though I was getting weakened knees.

They knocked me out but not about
and did their thing with that long hose.
A white coat figure, rather stout,
stood by in case this guy arose
before the tunnel was explored.
But things went well, so not to worry,
the man that gassed me now looked bored,
he may have been in a slight hurry
to find the truth in my insides.

And soon, a young angelic sister
is there beside me and confides
that things looked good, I would have kissed her
had it not been for my sweet dragon
who was expected to appear
to pick me up in our old wagon.
So I said 'Sister, sister, dear,
I am so starved, would you by chance
have tucker and perhaps a nip? '

Instead, the woman does a dance
around me and removes the drip.
And here it is, a banquet, WOW,
with sandwiches and orange juice,
and coffee, then she shows me how

to sit and rest, or even snooze
in comfy lounge chairs, I must say,
if this is what a man can get,
when he arrives, with feet of clay,
and nervous, trying not to fret
for his own colonoscopy,
then our system is not sick.
And if you ask what it will be,
a carrot or a heavy stick,
I say emphatically NO.

Four hours I had been their guest,
and, even though it was their show,
Caboolture Public is the best.
Hotels and restaurants are rated
routinely, highest is five stars.
The ratings then will be debated,
a bad result though often mars
the business, how it will thrive.
It's detrimental when grown men
bestow a number below five.....
but I will give you a FULL TEN.

Herbert Nehrlich

Roma

On top of Ida in Aurora's morning glow
Anchises had been ordered to proceed.
And with the patience of the Sculptor of Milò,
there ventured Eros into Venus bearing seed.

In the Heavens all ye Gods had looked away,
toward Mars whose Rhea Sylvie pulled it home.
This communion in the breeze of Inos Bay
created Romulus and Remus. And then Rome.

Note:

Ida is the mountain where the first copulation of note
took place.

Herbert Nehrlich

Roosters

I have, myself, on some occasions, met a Cock
who seemed a bit more self-assured and proud as such.
The usual talk was 'well, you know this matter Doc',
then to be followed by that small and urgent touch
that speaks of innate kinesthetics among men.

They will, in fact they must have tactile re-connect,
it seems they count inside up to the number ten
when a strong signal makes their muscles genuflect,
I say, my processor relies on genuine rays,
the human touch without a purpose strikes me strange,
yet I am cognizant that there are curious ways
to shoot the breeze in intellectual exchange.

I do prefer though, it must be presented here
as fitting company no paupers and no kings.
Inside the mirror I can always see my peer
and, at an angle it will give my ego wings.

So let me close by being timid, and I trust
that there are humans who would never realise
that many roosters who will crow because they must
are quite convinced they cause the sun itself to rise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Roots

I went to hospital that day and there passed out.
And dreamed to be a tree like a bonsai,
who firmly anchored by a creek half-full of trout,
but had been battered by the storm that thundered by.

Leaves had fallen, gone beyond return.
Twigs had snapped and fallen to the ground.
None of these infirmities concern
in normal times, when our health is sound.

But this was different, as the constant lashing,
the heavy gusts of stinging ice rain take its toll.
It seems as if the Gods were set on smashing
all living creatures, their creations, all
of which had failed their higher calling,
and misbehaved in many curious ways.
So, as I watched my last few dry leaves slowly falling,
something disturbing drew my thinking to the base.

Was there a loosening and a shifting of my roots?
It felt as if my lower anchors had been hurt,
and just above the surface were appearing two new shoots.
They looked like roots that all too bold and eagerly had missed the dirt.

A team of doctors now came down the polished hall,
all aiming with their stethoscopes and evil grins at me.
Their starched white smocks were crackling loudly, scaring all.
The fleeting thought occurred to me: 'OR NOT TO BE '.

They must have used a chainsaw while I slept,
'cause lifting me so swiftly off the floor
showed clearly that of all my roots I'd kept
not one. I wasn't anchored like before.

They say that dignity is needed to survive.
And once you're stripped of it there is no going back.
That's why I realised the moment I arrived
at that gray building that I would sincerely lack
the autonomous network of my lower body-being,

that without roots I would be nothing but a ghost.
Without a body or facilities for proper seeing.
So what I needed that was clearly uppermost,
was what they call the fortitude of human guts,
come to the rescue at life's crucial intersection.
I said to all the Whitecoats 'You are nuts',
if you expect me to be dumped in your collection.

Logistics now descended like a stench.
The practicality of renegade decisions.
I hurled the F-word at the Gods, excuse my French!
Bent over backwards now avoiding a collision.
They were surrounding me, their net would haul me in,
and all seemed lost as I could neither walk
nor jump to freedom from this predatory bin,
I didn't take the time or effort now to talk.
Oh, no I prayed to all, the Devil AND the Gods!
And, see! A message came from distant, cloudy skies.
It gave me reassurance how the current dicey odds
be on my side through speedy intervention
by powers of divine and human cries
and freedom from such inhumane detention
was just a breeze away, that's when I closed my eyes.

And with a sound so loud it blew the evil minds
of would-be captors in their starchy coats of white,
last thing I saw was feisty, scurrying behinds,
then I was lifted up and swept to the outside.

I travelled far upon the shoulders of this power
until it dropped me near a handsome willow tree.
It was the afternoon, close to the twilight hour,
the fleeting thought again, but this time 'twas 'TO BE'.

New neighbours had prepared a lovely spot,
in fertile soil with views of many pleasing miles.
The setting sun was looking happy, shining hot,
here was a landscape with so many different styles.

I sank with gratitude down to my missing knees.
A groundhog wandered over from the bushes now.
A pleasant humming came from two big hives of bees,

and then the Willow whispered 'Let me show you how'.

Well, I was leaning after this insane ordeal.
Would I need help to get a foothold just once more?
As all could see that I was not on even keel,
I truly wondered what for me would be in store.

The Willow shook and swayed to move around some dirt.
And Groundhog dug and levelled, stomped the earth around me.
One million Bees came down to pull me straight, (it hurt) ,
and God announced that this was done by friends to ground me.

I've known my Willowfriend now for a hundred years.
I am so fortunate to have a pleasant neighbour.
Last Spring she did surprise us, there were real fears
that she was ill but we soon found she was in willow labour.

So, now the little one, a handsome sturdy tree,
he is still learning things on how to stand his ground.
As I'm an elder he looks often up to me
and asks his questions as we proudly look around.

And just today, he'd finally asked me to explain
about the world where people do cut off your roots.
I briefly lectured that they did these things in vain,
and never let them come and strip you of your boots.
'You cannot stand upon the feet of other men
and reach the stars or simply wait for morning rains.
So let me tell you here and now, and once again:
Don't ever let them grab and put you in restrains.
And they will come as guardians of you, your precious health
but being enemies conspiring in cohorts,
your blood is needed to create their blood-stained wealth.
And never ever, little Willow, let them take your boots.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Rosacea

Rosacea is a little rose
that lives, in people, on their nose.
It's never welcome like a flower
and flares right up after a shower
so many cures have been invented
and doctors often are resented
when all they give is cortisone
which thins the skin through to the bone.
The cause is lack of stomach acid
so common in the not so placid
and worrying midlife civilians
the rose affects so many millions
but very few are told the cure
come see me and you'll know for sure.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rose Rescue

A rose, asleep inside a daze
was basking in the morning rays.
A jogger ran across the grass
and crushed the flower with his mass

The rose now had a broken stalk,
fell over when a mountain hawk
swooped down to rest on solid ground.
But from the forest came a hound

who, deeply, hated birds of prey.
In haste the hawk now flew away.
But, in his sudden, morbid fear
a pellet dropped out of his rear.

This did attract the hound's keen nose,
with which he rooted up the rose.
The rose had cried thick flower tears
which are created during fears,

the hound was wearing winter fur
to which she stuck, he carried her
back to the village, and his house,
where he resided with his spouse.

A giant bowl of water beckoned
which he now drank within a second.
And when the bottom kissed his nose
off came the, barely conscious, rose.

The farmer's wife brought out some stew
made from a Big Red kangaroo.
She rinsed the water bowl and tossed
the liquid out, the rose was lost.

Now, little Elsie, who's dyslexic
bipolar and quite anorexic,
came from the house to play and sing.
She noticed that the poor old thing

a wilted flower, close to death
was breathing now her final breath.
'EMERGENCY' cried Elsie now,
quick thinking told the youngster how
she placed the rose beneath her vest,
deep in the cleavage of her chest.

Lo and behold, the flower did
come back to life, the clever kid
had given what all flowers crave:
A heartbeat and a pleasant cave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rosel

You couldn't know it:
It was your very last.
It tasted just like Amarone should.
And, had you known
would you have had a blast
that night,
to celebrate the end?
And had I known, my dear
I would have cried
the day you died.

You broke your ankle on that afternoon,
by tripping over something,
'twas full moon.
The doctors fixed it with a little plate.
That little plate determined then your fate.

Golden Staph it was,
those buggers liked
your body.
And they swarmed and spiked
through your bloodstream
with a will until
they managed to declare you
'gravely ill'.

Seven days you fought this nasty illness,
but your system couldn't save itself.
Your final visitor was Our Lady Stillness.
And the clock was slowly striking number 12.

I was not there, I did not know,
my dearest cousin
and best friend!
The doctors said you suffered so.
You had no one to hold your hand.

And had I known, I would have come
to sit with you and hold your hand.

The nurses said your brain was numb,
I was away, in distant land.

And Death is cruel in its might,
it takes them left and right.
I would have cried, I would have cried
the day my cousin Rosel died.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rosepetals

When you left
you said little.
No clue
to where your
tiny feet
would carry
that lascivious
and unique
physique.

So I was left
to follow
the trail of
rose petals,
your trademark.

And if and when
we meet again
what shall we do?
Perhaps you know.

Herbert Nehrlich

Roses

Red roses ripen, fruits for eyes in love
I pick just one, so velvety, dishevelled
and hold you close to stubbles of the past
there is a kinship here, of growth and lust
to quickly, with innate intent, expand
become the emperor of some belated speck,
and blossom into sweet eternal life just once.
No rose of any other colour is for me
it is not roses, but confusion rules the world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Roses For Feet

A rose of any colour smells as sweet
as you, with the exception of your feet.
May I suggest you plant inside your shoes
some roses, blacks and reds and also blues.
It would improve the status of your feet
and even cold, our feet will need to meet
before the honeymoon when they'll be close
can you imagine, girl, a rose between your toes?

Herbert Nehrlich

Royal Thoughts

There's talk again
of a republic, Jeeesus.
A lad named Turnbull,
rich and so recalcitrant
now in the forefront of
a movement, perhaps doomed.

The head of state in Oz
is still the British Queen
with all her family, like Charles
and all her royal baggage.
Now I have seen a better head
on many schooners of the amber fluid
though she could chew the fat I s'ppose
with any bludger or a blowie
but would she know what is fair dinkum
when first she meets a nutducker out west?
A cabbage patcher from Victoria,
to cotton onto, well, I do believe the queen
would likely feel like one of those
pick-pockets in a nudist camp,
so this I say, out here in this fine place
called Woop-Woop, where the rules of Rafferty
and other jumbucks of the Never Never count
we do not need the cornstalks of the South,
nor 'nanabenders nor country bumpkins
we have our ruby dazzlers, in Bazzaland,
so keep the illiwhackers, even royal ones
in merry old where the galahs and ningnongs live
all pommies would soon bark or call a Ralph
I'll have a cuppa now and think about the turps
and whether we might ever be on sticky wicket
I think I'll send the queen an issue of Bagman's gazette.

Herbert Nehrlich

Royals

And top of the morning to you, Sir!
How this turd, wearing the Queen's rags
could justify the nerve.
After the Royal horse farted (it was her) ,
they ate those Hannover snags
something the Krauts would serve.
Told him to jump, using his Loden
as a parachute, hail Mary's? Two.

Herbert Nehrlich

R-Rated (Haiku)

Underendowment
usually shortshafts the girl.
I think size matters.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rubbers

She tried to fit it, it was her idea,
unpack and roll it on it said, a snap,
well snap it did but it would not unroll
she lost her cool and while she talked there flowed the sap.
Request to Mrs. Google yielded nought,
a close inspection proved that any snout
will take unkindly to a clumsy thought
and to a prophylactic being inside out.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rubik's

There once was a lady with boobs,
she was smitten with Rubik's Cubes.
Her old man would molest
as he was second-best
while she played, so she tied off her tubes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Running Backpressure

Trot, trot, slap, slap, trot, trot, slap, slap
lone highway, it is hot
and lots of inner strength on tap
a marathon it's not.

Those training runs I used to do
in early morning cool
and never wear a single shoe
some neighbours call me fool.

Thick fog one day. I could not see
the houses as I passed
my energy was running free
inside, though, I was gassed.

That barbecue with chilli beans
and Weihenstephan beer
had given me (through carbs) the means
to run in seventh gear.

But, beans explode and leave behind
the puff of fifty dragons
on contact insects do go blind
the sound is like Volkswagens.

In front of a most stately home
a thunderbolt shot out
it scared a handsome garden gnome
and there she stood, a Kraut!

'Zo, doo yoo ssink it helps yoo runn
much faaster ssroo ze bresher? '
'Oh no', I said it is pure fun
and after I feel fresher.'

She nodded then, as if to think
when, once again, it blew
I gave a small but playful wink
as if I had a clou.

A cloud had formed around the place
I made my get-away
a crimson red was on my face
I could no longer stay.

With all the speed at my command
I sprinted through the fog
Behind, the words 'I undershdand
yoo faaard und runn like dogg! '

Herbert Nehrlich

Running George

Big George, enthusiast in Sports,
a budding athlete, well of sorts,
placed in his running shoes small springs
it was as if he'd grown some wings.
He bounced in leaps and leapt in bounds,
completed fourteen extra rounds.
This shows a man can hardly lose
with little gadgets in his shoes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Rupert's Envy

Envy is the colour green
like a tasty garden bean.
Some of us are colourblind,
if they aim to go and find
tasty beans, they cannot stand
veggies from a foreign land.
It disturbs their inner man
who is certain that he can
outperform the ones who savour
accolades of lovely flavour.
What he finds though in his rage
on the world's creative stage
is a legume of renown
but its colour is pure brown.

Herbert Nehrlich

Russian Recreation

He liked his Sunday afternoons,
only the privileged deserved
the sanctuary of a datsha
out in its splendid isolation.

Hot lava rocks, reflecting heat
of Northern Hemlock panels, grooved,
and twigs of birch, so tightly bundled
to beat the sweating hide, once in a while.

A splash of watery extract of Georgian Pine
onto the rocks, alerting with a rush
the breathing paths of those who rest,
while busy servants bring new buckets,
full of ice, and well-chilled steins with stems
to complement the elixir of life and limb.

Which is, in parts like these, called 'little water',
or Vodka, just to let you know the truth.
A burning skin, dilation at extreme
will still accommodate an afternoon of drink.
It is the Russian way to recharge batteries,
and only the elite is thus rewarded.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ruthie And Hoibel

Hoibel was allowed to go
in the playground, get to know
all the kiddies on the block
Hoibel did receive a shock;
blond and pretty, named Ruth Ann
played there with the watering can.
Watered flowers, leaves and grass
even fountains made of brass.

Hoibel went to say Hello,
stubbed his little hammertoe.
Did forget why he had come,
Ruthy thought he must be dumb.
They exchanged a few more words
then they went to watch the birds.

Brief thus was the time together
and it's undecided whether
anything would have transpired,
Hoibel wasn't quite yet wired.

Hoibel had good taste but was
unfamiliar with the laws
of the jungle and the city
which, in hindsight was a pity,
had he been a bit more clever
he would never (yes, would never)
have abandoned his first try.
In addition he was shy.

Well, the summer was soon over,
Hoibel took the ship to Dover,
he had played a few more times
done some hoola-hoops and climbs,
and, though smitten with her features
treated her like cruel teachers
handled young and hopeful pupils,
Hoibel did not know that scruples
needed to be part of life,

as antagonist to strife.

Something burned a little lesion
in his heart, and an adhesion
formed that did not cause him pain,
and it itched at times. In vain.

Thus it is that time disperses
all its chapters and its verses,
molecules will eye up close
strange ones, neutral ones and those
that have kindred properties,
closer yet than chalk and cheese.

In the greater scheme of things
only spirits may have wings,
and the lucky one may wonder
shake his graying head and ponder
who of all the gods had switched
on the lantern when it itched,
in the end he smells the flowers
stands there in the Autumn showers
dances as she takes his hands
and at last he understands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ruthie, Ann, Carol And Rachel

Ruthie, Rachel, Ann and Carol
slept inside a cider barrel.
It was summer and quite hot,
though permission they had not.

Came, on foot a travelling fellow
carried rucksack, huge and yellow,
sat his body near the barrel
woke not Ruthie, Ann or Carol.

Rachel though, was cloak and dagger
daughter of a carpetbagger,
raised her nose to hear and see
what intruder this could be.

Click, there goes the spark of ages
it's when conscious thought engages,
and finds nothing in arrears
but the heart cries heavy tears.

Hoibel was, let's call it bitten,
Rachel, likewise felt quite smitten,
so they wandered through the mountains,
stopped to drink from rumbling fountains,

never ever looking back,
to the past's serpentine track.
In the Spring they stopped to settle
in a field of stinging nettle,

built a house of logs and bark,
made small lamps to light the dark.
All alone they were contented,
neither silly nor demented.

Lived there, off the promised land
with their own, delicious brand
of a code to suit their feelings,
far away from human dealings,

found that Ruthy, Ann and Carol
had escaped their crowded barrel,
all were living now together,
birds, they say, of one dear feather.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ruthie's Hands

I love your hands, Ruthie, those finely crafted bones,
your alabaster skin and all the squiggly lines,
can't read them though but know about the zones,
small twigs connected tightly to forever vines.

Remember, at the Fair, she read your hand?
Predicted things that made us really smile?
She said I'd find myself stuck in a distant land
and settle in to stay for quite awhile.

The wisdom did come back, and hands reached out.
Re-union for a thousand million molecules,
remember Popper and his milk vat with the trout,
a clever fellow though not taught in common schools.

It could not be, they said while flashing a mean tongue,
this is society and order is for all.
A few were hoping that the two of us be hung,
they'd stand and watch to see us rotten apples fall.

You gave a wave to them, dismissing all critique,
and then you traced the lines to find the warmest spot,
which, as you know, is pretty hairy and unique,
home to a hardware that -when touched- gets pretty hot.

Your hands are sentinels, perhaps I'll call them scouts.
Or digital explorers, blessed with grace.
I've never seen such joie de vivre in any Kraut
nor that sly smile in your adorable sweet face.

These words just came, I had intended to compose
a work of art to let you know just how I feel.
So I was thinking of including a red rose
and things of beauty that might please you and appeal.

But then I realised that all this has been said
a million times by countless lovers over time.
And that the thoughts inside my (truly smitten) head
would be clichés, just humming songs and dressed in rhyme.

So I regret, my love, the ones who've gone before
the likes of Lohengrin and he who understands,
there is no human who could ever love you more
(and I adore it when you do that with your hands) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Saanen Kid

While crossing the Snoqualmie River
on foot near frosty Holtershausen,
a settlement of faithful Amish
was milking cows in drafty barns.

A gust of wind whipped through my hair,
dislodging particles of ice.
I heard a voice, was it a child?
From waters rushing through the weir.

It was a tiny, little creature,
hopelessly trapped inside debris
of branches. Inches from the drop.
'You stupid thing', I yelled in silence,
'What makes you struggle for your life,
only to groom yourself for Death
to sweep you into true oblivion.'

A Saanen goat, they call it 'kid'
at that young age, now almost free
of cumbersome entanglements,
had only instinct and no brain.

Well, jumping in was quick and simple,
the splash had scared her even more.
And when I reached the snow white thing
it was too late, and we went over.

She clung to me with trembling arms,
I clung to her to keep my prize.
We landed, soft on snowy shores
and rushed across an icy field,
to find a farm to get us warm.

Dried by the fireplace inside,
the kid and me, it took some time,
then introduced her to her Mama,
a silver goat with steel-blue eyes.

Now re-united, dropping pebbles,
a sign of happiness it is,
the Mama butted me with pleasure,
then turned around and smacked with purpose
onto my face, it was quite sloppy,
and smelled of strange exotic plants,
thus through this rather shocking gesture
sealed the adventure with a kiss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sad Again I Was

I am SAD now. Determined
to stay that way for years to come.
May not again unsadden myself.
Outside forces may not succeed
I am so sadly now in love and
getting sadder by the minute.
Is what I do desire so unusual,
so impertinent, so strange,
and so impossible?

Herbert Nehrlich

Saddam, The Earwig

An earwig who had found his way
into an ear, was there to stay.
He ate the hair and all the wax
then settled back, just to relax.

Half snoozing he went wide awake,
he saw a white-tipped rigid stake
come down the passage rather fast,
ear space is not considered vast

and he was running out of space
and needed to escape the place.
In sheer disgust and mad frustration
he now assessed the situation

and took the option that the gods
had left for him against all odds.
Earwigs have sharp and sturdy claws
they function like McCullough saws.

The little fellow started action
and first cut through the last impaction
of wax and the acoustic nerve.
He knew this nerve would surely serve

to deafen and make numb the owner
the earwig also was a loner
who didn't have a lot of mates
but had been raised inside the States.

He felt. as he was cutting wildly
the cottontip that touched him mildly
and speeded up his undertaking
until he saw the gristle breaking,

and daylight shone, oh what a sight.
He jumped to safety, from the height
and vowed to not again go near
a tasty, wax-filled human ear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saddam's Poem

At first he came with gifts
and money for the bank
he pointed out the rifts
amongst our folks, that Yank.
He promised me a palace
of purest amethyst
back home in Yankee Dallas
he shook his feeble fist.

His henchmen on our soil
MacDonald's in our malls
his aim was Baghdad oil
and watching how it falls
this house of foreign cards
when all the wells are dry
when no one pays the guards
it was a Yankee lie.

At night, a common thief
will cut your throat
and leaves no time for grief
that greedy goat.

I am Saddam, the great
I help the weak
the common man, my mate
God loves the meek,
I hate you infidels
and strike with might
and chase you to your hells
into the night

Eternal fire will
now choke each breath
I am the ruler still
I give you death.
There will be no appeal
the dice are cast
and we can make a deal,

forget the past!

And George, my Yankee friend
let us make up
and to the very end
drink from the cup
that's made of holy gold
a sign of peace
it is as I have told,
you take my niece
and we shall have much wine,
to hell with laws
my wives, there are just nine
they have no bras.

As you can see, dear George
we stand with you
and as we slowly forge
(all this is true)
a genuine Fatherland
where you and me
will smoke the richest brand
of Hashish Tea.

Allah who is our God
is always fair
he smiles and gives the nod
that we shall share
the world in peace and love
our souls are clean
Saddam and George, our dove
shall now be seen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Said Watson

It turns out now, my man
your Watson bloke was right.
He neither listened then
nor did he once consider;
he knew, innately
and he saw no need
none at all, to add
sheer silliness, or fickle thoughts
that always seem to seep
from elongated skulls,
receding lines of fur
and flares, round adenoids
extending upward though,
as if to greet the dawning of
refreshing views,
downcast and paperthin of lids
and tearless hollows
left by the hands of gods.
A pity though, the words of Holmes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sales Ethics

The salesman looked at me and grinned.
'You make me laugh, you really do.
The question is, can I sell wind
to unsuspecting buyers, you
ought to admit that what we sell
needs only to be marketed.
And if it has a pretty shell,
but junk inside we must not fret.
It is the salesman's highest goal
to screw at work more than at home.
He lives and breathes his proud role,
he lets them think he is a gnome,
just struggling to make ends meet,
his wife needs urgent operations,
his kids have nearly zilch to eat.
His car impounded at the station,
and how this sale would seal his fate.
If it fell through he'd take a rope,
he mentions that it's getting late
and that he's losing all his hope.

But then, a smile transforms his face,
crow's feet show new enthusiasm,
the product, selling by the case..
(now pausing, tiny coughing spasm) ,
you would be foolish not to buy.
But I can tell you're way above me
and you would see through any lie.
Some customers do say they love me,
well, almost time to say good-bye.

Oh Sir, I do have admiration,
God bless you, you are very kind.
I see you do know 'bout inflation,
it puts the slow ones right behind
the eightball, if I may be frank.
You Sir, however, see right through
and take your profits to the bank.

In closing, once again, for YOU:
It is essential that you must
be willing to be clever screwers.
A penny earned will never rust,
a penny saved goes down the sewers.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Saliva

It is the leaves I do remember best,
though mostly maple, there were elms as well,
we sat and froze, my hand was on your breast
and listened to the music of the bell.
Snowflakes came tumbling, covering your hair
no normal folks were sitting near this lake,
as anorexic squirrels paused to stare
you pointed to a horny Mallard drake.
My courage had been growing leaps and bounds
I sang 'great balls of fire' deep inside,
you did not mind this greenhorn's kissing sounds
your tongue was so mature, for me a guide.
So, was it 65 or sixty six?
December, after class, like half past three?
The past will play with memories strange tricks,
the taste of your saliva stayed with me.

For Rachel (of course)

Herbert Nehrlich

Salivary Glands

So let me now reveal to you my friend
what I consider sin, the word is oft misused,
so many tend to twist and squirm and bend
to please the Gods, who may not be amused
by those of us who analyse all laws,
and rules however issued to obey
I say that there are way too many flaws
thus, I commit at night or in the day
what two consenting lovers want to do
and never would a doubt rise from her skin
nor toes be shy remembering how true
saliva glands secrete from deep within.

Herbert Nehrlich

Salmon

Salmon conquer frigid falls
bears and beavers, Nature calls.
Grizzly's reach is quick and sure
waters foaming, cold and pure,
countless seedlings seeking silk
white and slippery, spawning milk,
trouts diverted, salmon's king
can you feel my final sting?

Herbert Nehrlich

Salty Canyon Caves

It was a silent move,
felt as a gentle stir
and pointed to the gate,
a portal freshly mown
and cured by brine
that seeps at times
in memory of awe.
No guards looked on
a breeze played lovingly
with flaccid skin
bestowing ripples
to the blushing flesh,
a swell, expanding now,
preparing for events
that make up sounds
and forest smells
surrounded by the heat
exploding from within,
a desert storm soon raged
huge drops of yellow rain,
the scent of phosphorus
mixed with ammonia salts,
and as the music fades away
the welcome sight of froth,
whitecaps of hope and connaissance,
as lava oozes from within
toward the flower's mouth
a pouting pink, exposed
in peristaltic waves
of thirst and pent-up greed.
The push comes from the flank,
strategic moves by chance,
new territory found and swept
now free of mines and traps
and conquered with a force
that grew from humble roots,
inside light shades of flax
that looked like willow leaves.
A bridge across the spring,

eternally fed from the stony depth
of secret salty canyon caves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Salvation

A nation, full of bumbling sheep
cannot have promises to keep.
The wolf though, coming to the door
gets rid of morons, keeping score.
A wolf is darker on the skin,
he wears a smooth, perpetual grin.
We laud his punctual arrival
he will ensure complete survival
of all the good within the land
let's give this saviour a hand!

Herbert Nehrlich

Same Time Next Year

I'd sent it to you, longhand mostly,
forgetting that you would prefer
the English version, blow me down,
had spent a week to translate all
into the Kaiser's language, on my own.
Same time next year it said, a catch, no doubt
I dreamed to take the worn out path, of course,
the very thought was like a shot of straight morphine,
but you, in sober mood, you ruled the damn thing out.

Well, I shall go each year and sit there sipping ale,
there's cable and the papers full of news,
perhaps some year I shall come back to tell the tale
when she dropped in and said, good day mate, my recluse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sandmen (For Brats)

The sandman came, on sandman's shoes
and almost woke me from my snooze.
He sprinkled sand into my eyes
and waited for the sun to rise.
Most folks assume that sandmen leave
(they carry sand inside their sleeve) ,
well before dawn due to the need
to travel home (they live in Tweed) .
However, due to strange logistics
and all the laws of high ballistics,
most folks would miss their nightly sand
thus sleep less soundly, really, and
that is the reason God has made
from one (a single) ryegrass blade
6 billion sandy little men,
so each of us can, after ten
expect our own to visit sweetly,
deposit sand with care and neatly
then snuggle up to catch some winks.
So, if there's someone here who thinks
that I tell fibs, be warned my dear,
you may get sand poured in your ear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sandra

I met you, Sandra on a bumpy road
when I was strolling through a field of poetry.
Was passing and surrounded by much muffled laughter,
while flowers swayed and luscious corn stood watching.
I had my eyes on daisies, lonesome near the hedges
and some did smile at me, downcast their lovely petals.
Was their a beckoning from well within the trees?
This was a land to me, built by some clever strangers
and I had wondered what the greeting would be like,
so soon the beauty had to yield its shine to evil,
which seems to lurk wherever man does dare to tread.
And, as all parasite it strives to take its share,
become a saprophyte of sanguine persuasion.
And there you were, half hidden in the shade
of one of God's most precious Eucalyptus trees.
So deep in thought, clear eyes just looking into skies
you were creating in that innermost of minds,
and then you blinked, I caught the very second.
Your gaze then briefly swept across those waves of colours
and then it held as if by forces of a nature
that called time out and asked all plants to hold their breaths.

That's how we met - of course I'm talking only spirits,
which really are the minds of our precious souls.
And in its way there is a juggernaut reality,
I must explain my undenied infatuation.
There were the quirks, of course, hilarious to some,
which shall remain behind blackberry bushes,
from inside which, having thus created and dispatched
deep thoughts of poetry and human intuition, softly emerge.
There were the thorns, so pointed, piercing early squabbles
and there were promises unkept, concerning time.
Well, if you put together, at ten thousand miles
a grumpy Kraut with a dog-loving Southern Belle,
you must expect and harvest sparks from close encounters
to find their twinkling way into our works of art.

So, as I close this reportage of two good souls,
who met so deep in space that time had been suspended.

I sent a rose of favourite colours to your heart,
do take good care of her, she's only meant for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sandra Osborne (Cs)

There are, in life those little things
surprises, shocks and visions,
and now and then a thought that stings
demanding quick decisions.

As for myself, I do prefer
the bits of intuition,
I wonder if you would concur
the awe of recognition
is what speeds up the heart for me
and probably for you,
like angels in a jamboree
each word contains a clue.

So, when that luscious scent blew in
so many months ago,
it planted on my face a grin
this was a soul to know.

A million miles apart, yes Sir,
the pheromones do match,
I gave a poet name to her
a fitting name she'd catch.

She did, and many frosty nights
we wrote those little mails,
and after they turned off the lights
we dreamed delicious tales.

The question is now, dear CS
how soon will you be present
right here, because I must confess
you make the world quite pleasant.

We could, at times resume our fun
and talk about your dogs,
discuss the latest 10 mile run
make poems about frogs.

In closing, may I say I'm mad
that I must have forgotten
your birthday (were you really sad?)
it makes me feel so rotten.

And if you think that you could cheer
me up (which I deserve) ,
then I suggest you be a dear

and use your usual verve.
To prove the point that I did miss
your body and your mind,
I'm sending a ten second kiss
you may reply, in-kind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Santa At Paddy's Pub

A snowflake tumbled from the sky
and landed in a reindeer's eye.
The reindeer was in lead position,
the navigator for their mission.

For just a second he did blink
and brought the sleigh close to the brink.
Though Santa was asleep between
the stops, their next was Aberdeen.

And within seconds came a blizzard
with so much snow, it takes a wizard
to find in blizzards your own way,
more so if pulling a big sleigh.

And so it happened they got lost
and covered by a sheet of frost
drove straight into the open door
of Paddy's Pub (with polished floor) .

Came to a halt right by the bar
when Paddy asked 'have you come far? '
and served them all the local ale
each reindeer drank from its own pail.

For Santa, though he had a treat
he served him Irish Whisky, neat.
And now and then, the door would swing
admitting one more dingeling.

Each time they saw a glimpse of snow
old Winter gave a dreadful show.
An Irish Pub that's owned by Paddy
has one good rule, there is one daddy

who calls the shots inside the Pub
because a Pub is like a hub.
So Paddy saw the snow kept falling
and that conditions were appalling,

he made the instant stipulation
that in this wintry situation
no one would leave the Pub again
and that applied to all the men.

Of course, there are no womanfolks
in Irish Pubs, where they tell jokes
thus it was easy to comply
while all the snow fell from the sky.

In March, at last, the weatherman
on Pay-TV (his name was Stan)
declared the blizzard truly over,
his information came from Dover.

Needless to say, the holidays
had faded in the blizzard's haze
and those of you from Aberdeen
please do not think St. Nick is mean.

As soon as Paddy says the word
the sleigh will rise just like a bird
and those of you who got no gifts
whose homes were buried by huge drifts,

there is a chance (that's what I hear)
that you'll be luckier next year.

Herbert Nehrlich

Santa From Atlanta

I saw Santa in town
he was strangely attired,
in a surgical gown
and his spirits seemed wired.

As the snow came down quicker
from a wintery sky,
there was one little flicker
it was all a fat lie!

So I rushed to the dunny
to sit down and relax
found a skinny old bunny
sending fax after fax.

Said the bunny, 'that Santa
who is roaming the street
is a doc from Atlanta
who is eager to meet

all the world's true believers
whom he promises much
soon a herd of dumb beavers
talk to reindeers and such.

When they're back at the Pole
his true colours appear
and the children he stole
start to shiver in fear.

For a few generations
he has honoured the shrine,
his bizarre operations.....
it was Doc Frankenstein.

So, Virginia, start running
he will catch you, you know,
as a ruthless and cunning
puppeteer of this show,

he will make milk and cookies
out of humans like you,
with a gaggle of rookies
being trained as a crew.

So it pays to remember
that an old man in red,
even green, in December
when he comes to your bed,

is by nature not Santa
nor by his own name,
but a doc from Atlanta
with a scalpel of shame.

But Virginia, temptation
wears a nightgown of silk
let's reserve titillation
for our cookies and milk.

Herbert Nehrlich

Santa Goes Home

Santa Claus who was returning
from the chimney fires burning
had delivered all the presents
to the workers and the peasants.
Reindeer were exhausted too
(one had thrown a hindfoot shoe) .
So, the master had been walking
with the animals, and talking
it was slow and painful going
even worse while it was snowing.

Soon they reached the plains of Sweden
which was far removed from Eden,
Santa spat, it was his habit
what he chewed onto a rabbit.
He was used to chew tobacco
(some considered him a wacko) ,
as it was a prophylactic
also somewhat ataractic.

'Rabbit', now said Santa quickly,
'I must say you look quite sickly
you will freeze your spindly legs! '
'I am here to lay those eggs
coloured and of great perfection
and created by convection.'

'Yes, but this is not the season,
so I fail to see the reason
that you'd lay them in the snow!
Is there something I should know? '

'That is easy', said the rabbit,
'I've acquired the new habit
to ensure that every nation
benefits from 'frigeration.'
Thus they parted at the river,
Santa felt a frosty shiver
and the rabbit kept on going,

it was early and still snowing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Santa Sick!

To the children, I note, with alarm
that this year we will miss all his charm.
Seems that Santa is ill
and this Christmas he will
be attending obesity farm.

Let me tell you the genuine reason,
as he packed all the bags for the season
he attached all the tags
to resealable bags.
Helped himself though and I am not teasin'.

He has reflux and forty-three chins
a balloon-like fat face when he grins.
And a belly so vast
that he went on a fast
but at night he eats cookies from tins.

So I'd say that we need to persuade
to take over this great masquerade
not a nerdy dyslexic
but a thin anorexic
at the helm of this proud reindeercade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sap

Sap had started running
in the early hours.

It was a vain attempt,
utterly so.

How could one hope
for an escape
from total annihilation
by man-made means

But Sap felt better
simply for trying.

He saw himself
as paying member
of one big global
nuclear family.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sarah

She rises, stitching up her hair
and gets her favourite rifle,
aimed high, into Alaska air
and trembling just a trifle.
There's Putin, flying off to work,
just wait, my 'ministration
will charge that botoxed Russki jerk,
we are a sovereign nation.
Fly over will demand a fee
unless we have him over,
this waterway, it seems to me
is very much like Dover!
But do they shoot the Caribou
in stuffy, old La France
I'm told we send them to their zoo
each time we get a chance.
That place must be near the UK,
and probably near Greece
it's where the commies live and play
they never will have peace.
All oil and other energy
comes straight from my own state,
each shrub and flower, every tree
is marked for harvest date.
We're drilling oil and getting gas
while keeping a sharp eye
on my own Reverend's hourglass
and on the Wall Street Pie.
My hubby, bless his thirty eight
is ready for a posting,
right now he sits each night 'till late
I hear him, cheering toasting.
No, not for John, there is no need
it's for OUR sudden rising,
Obama, he would make folks bleed
to me it's not surprising
that commies, terrorists and such
will flock to him, his kind,
these crazies are so out of touch

they're deaf and dumb and blind!
You say that man, the terrorist
is a professor, really
so sorry, he is on my list
as I must tell you freely
that school is run by Muslims though
he's one of them you bet,
they know two words, it's up and blow
they spread it on the net.
And, mark my word, they have a plan
they want to conquer all
they'll kill the people, every man
and watch our nation fall.
Now John and I, we have the goods
please vote for us and send
your money not to foreign hoods
as that would be the end,
George Bush must go, he is too old
and John said wait a minute,
so, here I am, good looks and bold
and soon I will be in it.

Epilogue:

I thought of something, let me add
it is a real plus,
Obama, he is REAL BAD,
but John is one of us!

Herbert Nehrlich

Sarah P.

It's said that following three days at most
the fish will smell inside the nose of any host.
And age when caught determines the decay
I'd say the only hope now is to really pray.

While lipstick on a pig may sway some silly fools,
a snout inside the trough comes up to us and drools.

I ask you, friend, why wear the lipstick then
if not to signal, flaunt your stuff to men?
But, all the same, those books do really scare
some talk of bosoms, even nipples and a skin so bare.
Old Bill and Chaucer, swine they surely were at heart,
it takes a lipstick pig to tell the world what's art!

God came one night and rested by her feathered bed
and she wrote in the morning what her God had said:
'You are the chosen race, I took it from the Krauts,
I let you visit me in outer space, your astronauts
who carried bibles up inside their flying ships
and spoke of righteousness through highly stiffened lips.

I told them as I tell you now, dear Gov,
it is my wish that you went out to spread my love
in places like Iraq, Afghanistan and more,
you did not go there to make peace or to explore.

Oh no, you took my mission into desert fields of oil
and brought your war machine again up to the proper boil.
I gave you bodybags and chaplains for the cause
each casualty may be a reason for a prayer pause.

Make no mistake though, you are doing my own work
that's why that little guy, who's nothing but a jerk
will be deleted like a caribou out in the wild,
sleep well, dear Sarah, there will be another child
to come as blessing to you soon, a boy at that,
a future general, to wear the Yankee Hat.

Sarah's Caribou

Sarah was sitting and thinking aloud
what would she say to the Washington crowd?
Sunset is awesome, Alaska is cold
women must fight for their rights and be bold.
Over the strait amber lights just came on
hours to wait until Sunday and Dawn.
Sarah's still smartin', the press is so mean
dreams of departing the northernmost scene.
Shutters reflecting from across the divide
Sarah detecting two humps of pale hide.
Yes, it it Putin, flashing his grin
now he is tootin, Barrack will win.
Lights are too dim when Sarah takes aim,
shame it is him then, end of the game.
Says to the jury, yes it is true
hell hath no fury, strange caribou!

Herbert Nehrlich

Sardines

Where have you little devil been
said to her daughter Mom Sardine.
You know that all those budding gills
entice strange fish to search for frills.
And if the males don't feel your stoma
you soon will catch a haematoma
through stainless steel complete with worm
and once you're pierced you twist and squirm
but no one hears your lonely cries
good bye you wave to all the guys
too young to lust in blissful sin
they'll put you, headfirst in a tin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Satan

Needless to say it would
under the circumstances be
as they all say, a piece of cake.
There is no retrospect at all,
nor holy-moly as a grand ménage
pour les marchands, of sorts,
je suis la reine d'alcool, mais oui,
hau ab, du Schwein, der Teufel lebt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Satan's Law

Betrayal walked
with crooked feet
in total secrecy,
surrounded by
its shadow cloak
invisible to me.

Amygdala!
you have betrayed
for reasons known to God,
survival must,
by Satan's law
give only you the nod.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saturday Afternoon

And George said to John
let's blow up all those oilwells,
and ride kangaroos.

But Tony piped in
that he loved doubledeckers.
Would they run on gas.

Then Chirac woke up.
Beaujolais from the Loire
it would be parfait.

When Schroeder heard it
he went down to the cellar
and drank all the beer.

So, Condoleeza
was discussing with Laura
about men like George.

Then the Pope called up
'Jesus travelled without it
God will fix it all'.

God was mad as hell
as the Pope was mistaken.
And God could not care.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saturday Limerick

There once was a man with no soul
in his life he saw only one goal.
He would stomp, screw and pound
others into the ground
but he dug himself into a hole.

When he found that he could not succeed
and that people like him could be freed
from their nasty affliction
and in-NATE dereliction
he decided to chuck all his greed.

But the devil was very much present
and he knew how to make things unpleasant
when he reached for the soul
there was only a hole,
'cause the man with no soul was a peasant.

Well the peasant's name really was Neville
he was soulless but quite on the level
when he turned to his God
he received the big nod
and he grinned at the silly old devil.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saturday Mornings

She liked her Saturdays, of course,
as it was family day and she would
dust off her high class shoes,
the ones that should have gone
inside the coffin of her mother.
She'd stand quite still then,
awaiting the descent of
her precious ebony chiffon.

She walked, flaunting
an imposing figure, to all
who were not busy
at the moment and could,
thus ascertain the absolute
and so essential correctness
of her attire. It was in order.

Hell would have broken loose
if one ignored tradition.
Small towns do not forgive.

The word was 'proper',
needless to say, it's what I heard
a minute, perhaps two
after my birth, down in the cellar,
on old potatoes from the autumn harvest.

Yet, even bombs of World War Two
could not have influenced
the codes we'd stitched into our lives.

The ritual consisted of
the bark of Strolch,
the German Shepherd.
He had a special tune
for her, more like Hello.

The bark then was the signal
for some thirty geese,

so vigilant on golden pond.
It was as if a last rehearsal
before the concert let us know
that cups had better be
on the old table for the brew
of last night's roast from Kazakhstan.

And, like a future vision
an Ed McMahon
from Johnny's show,
my mother would,
before the door had opened
whisper 'Here is Hulda...! '

'Morgen, Tante Hulda',
we chorused, all five,
well mannered children
who sat, quietly.
And grinned like little fools
who suddenly had been
placed in the presence
of her Majesty,
of never-doubted greatness.

My sister, who'd been hogging
from day one it seems to me
my uncle's lap,
(who also hung around on Saturdays) ,
would glare at me. And all because
I was Aunt Hulda's 'special boy',
so 'strong and smart,
and so inquisitive.'
She never tired of confirming this,
while rubbing calloused hands
across my parted hair.
(And nor did I) .

I dreamed the other day,
could smell the coffee
and feel her loving paw.
It was a sad awakening.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saturday Observations

Hilarious insults are so rare
in my hometown, where genes are pure
the word is out that we don't share
nor want an everlasting cure
but funny thing, there is one kind
of misfits whom you see around
they stir up trouble and they find
whatever slime lives on the ground.
They use the crud to whet their lips
and wonder why no human smiles
and if you want some special tips
you'd be so smart to travel miles
and stay away from sloughed-off tissue
even the Gods discard this scum
they do not see a real issue
they understand: Their time has come.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sauerkraut

And from the land of Sauerkraut
came, blond and blue of eye
a man of gestures, keen to shout
he was a giant guy.

He pushed aside those in his way
and marched into the Pub,
unpacked his bag as if to stay
and asked for a large tub.

And when it came he quickly said
give me a kitchen knife
and one humongous cabbage head
I'll make you come alive.

And then this German Grumpy Kraut
chopped cabbage without slowing
soon it turned into Sauerkraut
he said 'I must be going'.

And in the kitchen of the Pub
the scum was rising wildly
the Sauerkraut inside the tub
was done, to put it mildly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Say Hi

A thoughtful message sent in time
is more effective as a rhyme.
You see, inside each cluttered mind
there is temptation to be kind.
A smile thus triggered lifts the mood
acts for the heart and soul as food.
So, if you thought your words could wait
delet that notion, don't be late.
And whether fit for the occasion
a rhyme will polish the equation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Saying G'Day

The sight of her was just enough
to make him blink, all traces of
the booze they'd served him
so incessantly, Jack on the rocks,
did vanish and his face lit up
in an exotic smile of plain veneer.

How could she be this old,
the years had not been kind;
though he was here now, unprepared
and fidgeting to chase the ghosts
and find his wobbly feet again.

A meal had been prepared, his favourite,
a pile of wood leaned near the stove
it seemed to have a mind to topple
onto the dog-haired rug with all its stains,
the dog had wisely sought the couch.

It was too hot in there, he knew they did
not mind the snow and ice outside,
would play for days on end and freeze
but houses were like boiling sanctuaries
inside, designed perhaps to make you limp
and docile in your heated, clammy skin.

It was the taste of course, that from his youth
and soon the ambience subtly changed,
he'd brought red Chile wine, well chilled
and presents from the past to see her smile.

Her body changed, it mellowed in the light
of a preposterous and cobwebbed chandelier,
they tasted amber spirits, warm and neat,
no Kraut keeps ice no matter what, well not inside.

The stars had left the little village far behind,
upstairs was black, it was the colour of old sin.
And with the snowflakes came a sudden squeak,

she'd found the covers made of noble poultry down.

He could not see nor quite recall the very size,
they must have grown in all those lazy years,
it's what he took with him into a stupored sleep
a stunning sight that graced the sheets that early dawn.

A huge dilemma hung about and would not leave,
too much in spirits made the memory go gray,
she'd served him eggs with a quick pursing of her lips
it would be surely a most wonder-laden day.

The snow was deep, the dog showed them the road,
two lonely birds demanded handouts at the bridge,
an aging rabbit teased them all up near the ridge
where cress and comfrey hid beneath an inch of white.

A winter salad after hours on the range,
bones frozen solid and the village now in sight,
He found the size of them quite normal now, not strange
and all the rest of life seemed actually quite right.

Herbert Nehrlich

Scabbed Over

We've had some space now,
time has evaporated, strangely
I had expected to be sitting here
moping about, your name on lips
that would prefer to 've been,
then and now, appreciated, and used.
But wounds have scabbed over,
an uneventful, as they say, recovery.

You were a phony, though, oh yes,
looking for entertainment, and love
outside the home and far away,
while telling me a wondrous story,
and then proclaiming honour,
and integrity, purity of soul, oh yes.
You flashed all your desirables,
from various angles and at times
when balmy air was warming me
and my own heart was feeling young,
and up to anything that was required
or vaguely, innocently, somewhat desired.
You led my trembling hand inside you,
and promised all the taste my heart desired,
you let me float on carpets made of pheromones.

And then you pounced on me, so hard
they must have heard the sounds at number ten,
and scolded me with righteousness,
and indignation, and in the end,
with open disapproval, somewhat publicly,
I was not good enough you said,
in words that were both fog and darkness,
and when the dart had penetrated
you did commence, in seriousness
and with the face and voice of altruism
and lots of goodwill which would save,
perhaps re-build this frazzled soul.
It was, I smelled the rat, a matter of
the carrot and the stick, good cop, bad cop,

only the objects were not carrots, not at all.

It did not work, this scheme of yours,
but not to worry, you must have tried,
by now, the game with someone else,
so many fishes in the waters of the world,
and all of them with very hungry mouths.
You did not take it well, my shouting HALT,
but all the flashing and the words of sweet
and so familiar and desirable Manuka
could not convince me that the whispers,
the ones you sent in sometimes histrionic
and often soothing and seductive tones,
were genuine, because they weren't.

And when I told you about lies and how their legs
are always short, too short to run from our truth,
you laughed the laugh of arrogance and fear
and then returned into the world of bitter boredom.
And that was it, you said you'd 'never let me go',
and then you had to when the whole kit 'n caboodle
blew up across the waters and the pieces
fell rather quickly and unnoticed, then they drowned.

And I am happy that it wasn't love that drowned,
but something else, a little phony, that is all, oh yes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Scent Of A Woman

The sound first startled him,
a whisper from the world beyond?
He'd always been a man who could
entirely rely on all of them,
his cranial nerves, of which there are
twelve in all, his eighth, they called it
statoacousticus, and then the one
that always would alert him quickly,
the olfactory, he'd pick old scents
from many years ago, refreshing memories,
creating new adventures for his mind.
It was, he realised, not a faint sound.
Scent of a woman was the rush that blew his mind

Herbert Nehrlich

Scents

' I am', said Fyodor Zotkomsmolskyin,
exactly what you see.

Wheras you understand
that not all traits are lit,
like amber lanterns in a foggy moor.

'You are advised therefore, to ask yourself,
have I alerted you to silent, hov'ring pleasance?
Has your pituitary picked up my scent?

Deep inside dark caves of heavy stones and mossy boulders,
among the ruins of battles fought in rowdy decades,
there lives a spirit that has given me MY life.
It is the only entity to have the privilege to hold my hand.

This spirit looks like me, in its own ancient way,
it talks and acts, a bit more gnarled and somewhat creaky,
but is aware and all-approving of my sotten nature,
and holds the reins around my bony shoulders with much care.

'Idiosyncrasy', this spirit named me glibly,
then adding that no dullness ever could hope to survive,
due to the inborn and well-nurtured roguish constellation
of particles uniquely stuck together.

The way it works, of course, is when my life is over,
a new assigné takes my vacant place at once.
If I was true and genuine in days I had occasion,
but not in others then the verdict has been harsh.
However, be yourself and do not stray from your own path,
the chance reward may give a second term of life..

I am aware that this smells of the sewers of religion,
a promise to enforce lifelong tacit compliance.
It is a wonder that so many people do like carrots
and fail to see all sticks due to their poor and failing vision.

It matters not, cause Heaven has no beer.
The rules of dress permit brown sandals but no purple tie.

Remember counting sheep, eyes closed, then you must know,
that one leaves all ID in a green basket at the Pearly Gates.

St. Peter, a few angels, of course God
are individuals but no one else has any rights.
But I digress, let us return to ancient sites of spirits,
I cannot change my rather crimson DNA.

My name means little, Madam, almost nothing.
But WHO I am is what you get if you decide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schadenfreude

Das Maedchen sich vor niemand scheute,
im Nu war'n Rock und Hose runter,
viel spaeter kam die Schadenfreude.
Das Baby war zwar suess und munter,
doch es war schade, so 'ne Freude.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schbellors

A writer's life is sometimes writ
as living for that clever wit
of giving to the world some joy
at times reminding us of Troy.

The awe that commoners perceive
gives way to spasm of gastric heave
when even peasants now detect
that lack of know-how and neglect
allows the posting of some crap
onto a rather unstained map.

For writers wanting to impress
their writing needs to show, impress
upon us mortals new ideas
which slip and slide into our ears.
But if the writer cannot spell
his stuff shall be consigned to Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Scheisse

Speeding, passing,
in the dark, cop car
looking over.....
Scheisse.

Steamy sheets,
calling her name,
wrong one it was,
oh what a shame.....
Scheisse.

Caught in public
belt malfunctioned,
pants down vision.....
Scheisse.

Montezuma
gives you bugs
gut-bless wonders
what comes out.....
Scheisse.

In the barn,
cow is calling,
one wrong step.....
Scheisse

Many dogs
in the park
running much
sitting some.....
Scheisse.

Too excited
teenage sex
only seconds.....
Scheisse.

Word itself

gender-tied
female 'die'.....
Scheisse.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schenkelhalsbruch

Es kommt im Leben oefters so
dass man sich schliesslich wundert,
warum so manches Waterloo
uns auf dem Weg nach Hundert
den Knueppel in die Speichen schmeisst,
wohl um so zu verhindern
dass Uebermut uns oefters beisst
man sieht es schon bei Kindern.

Im jungen Alter fuehlt man sich
dem groebsten Krieg gewachsen,
so mancher lebt als Wueterich
in Thueringen und Sachsen.

Von allen Seiten hoert man dann
den Rat um alt zu werden,
doch sieht man was die Menschheit kann
dann bleibt man bei den Pferden,
denn sie, obwohl grosskoepfig und
tiefgruebelnd in Gedanken
sind lustig, munter und gesund
bis sie dann kurz erkranken.

Sie klagen nicht und gehen schnell
ins Valhalla der Pferde,
begleitet lange von Gebell
der Hunde auf der Erde.
Wir Menschen aber glauben kaum
an einen solchen Segen
das Himmelreich sei nur ein Traum
und sicher ist's deswegen
dass wir uns fuenfzig Jahre lang
ergoetzen und erquicken,
um dann (nun wird uns angst und bang)
mit grossen ernsten Blicken

die naechsten Jahre ueberseh'n.
Wir planen unser Essen
wir nehmen Pillen und wir steh'n

frueh morgens und wir messen,
Blutzucker und den roten Druck
wir stell'n uns auf die Waage,
der Onkel Doktor sagt ' na guck,
hier gibt es nur die Frage
ob Ihre Gene muede sind
und ob sie richtig schlafen.'

Die Gene hat man schon als Kind
doch abends kommt mit Schafen
(dem Zaehlen, Augen dabei zu)
der Schlummer schnell herbei
und morgens schliesslich, in der Fruh'
gibt es ein Fruehstuecksei.

Und auf dem Toast, es sollte sein
Vollkorn, da streicht man Butter,
laesst frische Luft zum Fenster rein
ich denk' an uns're Mutter.

Ein boeser Fall, der Knochen bricht
doch kann man heutzutage
viel tun, das konnt' man frueher nicht
denn das war eine Plage.

'In Ihrem Alter, ' sagte man,
'da heilt sowas nur traege'
und allzuoft da griff man dann
zur grossen Knochensaege.

Die Aerzte nehmen aber nun
den grossen treuen Hammer,
und lange Naegel (muss man tun)
denn waere es ein Jammer,
wenn man die Naegel rosten liess
(sie zierten einst Hufeisen)
heut' sind die Pferde auf der Wies'
bald darfst Du wieder reisen.

Du fragst Dich nun warum denn ich,
was ist der Sinn der Sache,
und fragst Du (wenn auch zoegernd) mich

dann rate ich Dir: LACHE,
es wird ja alles wieder gut
nur sollst Du es erfahren.

Es gibt nur Einen der dies tut
und in gehobenen Jahren
da wird der Uebeltaeter frech,
er hasst die Menschen alle
er guckt Dich an, sagt 'Knoche, brech',
schon spuckt er Gift und Galle.

Es gibt ihn, diesen Teufel, ja,
der Pfarrer wird nicht luegen,
der Mensch sagt sich, naja, naja
man sollte sich schon fuegen,
denn die Natur oft launisch ist
der Blitz trifft manchen Frommen,
und kraecht der Gockel auf dem Mist
dann ist der Tag gekommen.

So siehst Du hier den neuen Tag,
beginnt die Heilungsphase,
das Schicksal bringt Dir was es mag,
vielleicht 'ne schoene Vase,
gefuellt mit Rosen, rosarot
und manchen andren Pflanzen,
bald bist Du raus aus Deiner Not,
dann kannst Du wieder tanzen.

Ich wuensche dass wir dieses Jahr
mal wieder zuenftig essen,
bei Muttern schmeckt's doch wunderbar
das kann man nicht vergessen.
Und scheint die Sonne lassen wir
die Luft zum Fenster rein.
Und prosten Staropramen Bier
dem alten Normannstein.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schlappi

I was so sorry, really.
On closing our heavy door
a slight resistance was detected
as if the hinges needed grease.
But not a sound disturbed the silence
though much regret took hold of me
when next I ventured through the entrance
and found a sad, disturbing pair
of bulging eyes, those of a lizard
regard me with curiosity.
I had to peel him off the metal
a delicate and urgent task
some wet saliva liquified
a blotch of sticky lizard blood.
I took him in, the kitchen table
was commandeered to help the creature
he seemed so flat, like greenish paper
and he kept searching in my eyes
for signs of hope, he would not budge.
So, I, his six-foot-three attacker
did nod my head repeatedly
slipped into monologue with ease
of reassurance and of peace.
One eye had been displaced by force
a giant haematoma lurked
and threatened him with early death
there also was internal bleeding.
So time was running, as it does
whenever one requires guidance
it pushes and confuses us
and takes our skills to useless depths.
The doorbell rang, the lizard screamed
it was my buddy with his bag,
he'd finished his 'phorectomy
and sat his tired body down.
Then, frantically, we got to work
it took an hour at the most
but we sat beaming with our friend
as he reclined in woven comfort

of Grandma's basket, meant for bread.
Jim stayed for dinner and beyond
we took our medicine for healing
and gave him water from Perrier.
At last the dropp of Jack was gone
we knew the crisis had defused
and Schlappi did recover well
although one eye was not quite straight.
He's been our friend since eighty-six
has learned to make a face or two
at cockatoo and Jack the dog
and stays away from any doors
he did not like his flat appearance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schmerzen

Habt Freude am Leben und Liebe im Herzen
roter Saft von den Reben und ein Dinner bei Kerzen.
Deine Tage sind laengst von den Goettern gezaehlt
und sie haben den letzten fuer Dich schon gewaehlt.
Wenn der Sensemman kommt weichen schnell alle Schmerzen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schmidt

Man geht, ich will es sagen, durch sein Leben so
als waere alles ziemlich programmiert.
Am Schalter ist man hoeflich aber doch recht froh
das man sich wegen Kleingeldduenkel nicht blamiert.
Man schafft und, wie die Schwaben sagen, Erich baut,
damit die hohe Kante keinem Staub erliegt,
aus der Exotik kommt ein Wesen, wird zur Braut
es ist die Zeit wo alles Jugendliche siegt.

Lang ist's vergangen und der Nebel in der Nacht
als dunkle Badehosen streben durch das Nass,
ist fast vergessen denn die Neue Welt die lacht
es gibt ihn gratis, diesen lang ersehnten Pass!

So wie die Wolken dort am neuen Firmament,
so fliegen wir in's ferne Land, wir muessen's doch,
denn wenn's im eignen Heim, in Thueringen schon brennt
so sind wir froh denn wir entfliehen einem Joch.
Es schmerzt erst spaeter wenn die Kirschenbaeume blueh'n,
es kommen Zweifel und man ist ja noch zu Haus'
denn nachts im Traum sind alle Taeler wieder gruen
am naechsten Tag kommt eine Karte dann von Klaus.

Sie haben's mit erlebt, der Lehrer schrieb hinein,
in's grosse Klassenbuch, es ging dabei um mich.
Der Schueler Nehrlich ging, und nicht einmal allein
so einfach weg und liess uns allesamt im Stich.
Nun weiss ein jeder dass die Schulen hier und da
zuviel verlangen, denn man hat wohl kaum noch Zeit,
so zwischen Goethe und dem schraegen Fallada
das Abitur, und noch im Westen, bist gescheit?

Was hat die Mutter (ich bin traurig) doch gesagt,
Du hast ein Loch im Herzen, schon seit der Geburt
ich war zu feige, habe Mutter nie gefragt
und unser Vater sagte immer, Kinder spurt!
Es trieb mich fort wie eine Blase auf dem Fluss,
immer gen Westen, denn die Freiheit steht parat,
fuer meine Schoenheit gab es keinen kleinen Kuss

wir wuerden schreiben, jeden Tag, ja, in der Tat.

Ich ging zu Bett des einen Tages, es war Mai,
und es gab vieles fuer die Traeume, Material,
als ich erwachte war's November, und es sei
dass die Goetter bald entscheiden in der Wahl.
Solch grauen Haare, und die Falten im Gesicht
doch gab es nie ein boeses Wort, er war wie ich,
und was mir fehlte war die Jugend, sie war nicht
im deutschen Handel, und es gab mir einen Stich.

Hier war die Stadt wo ich mein Leben einst begann
ich kannte alles, jeden Winkel und den Berg,
ich kam zurueck mit Lederjacke und als Mann
und fuehlte mich ganz innen drin als kleiner Zwerg.
Hier war mein Bruder, ohne Gnade aus der Zeit,
als Konkurrenz und rohe Kraft das Schicksal trieb,
und bei zwei Flaschen gab es lauter Heiterkeit,
Burgunderflecken auf der Karte die ich schrieb.

Es war mein Heim, das Haus am Hang, auf Wiederseh'n,
ein schoenes Zimmer unten wartete auf mich,
denn wenn zwei Brueder sich nach Jahren so versteh'n
dann frag' ich wann und wo der alte Wahn entwich.
Und damit meine ich dass man zur Jugendzeit
naiv als Krieger die Courage im Herzen trug,
doch ist Vergesslichkeit uns immer im Geleit
wir leerten oeffter frueh am Morgen einen Krug.

Er fehlte mir, der Bund gedacht fuer's Leben,
ein Zaun aus Rache und Unmenschlichkeit bestand,
man konnte traeumen und Geluebde an sie geben
ich war schon gluecklich denn es war mein Vaterland.
Wir hatten vieles das man allzuschnell vergaesse
und es gab Zeit denn diese Welt war unser Schatz,
wir grillten Schnitzel und so manche dummen Spaesse
doch er blieb haengen, dieser eine, kurze Satz:

Du darfst mir trauen, lieber Bruder, auch fuer alles,
ich helfe gern denn in der Zeit als es nicht ging,
war ich doch immer in dem Falle eines Falles
so gern bereit fuer Dich, Du hast des Vater's Ring.

Ich bin naiv, mein Freund, da kann man nichts zu sagen,
die Zeit war schoen und alles floss wie man so sagt.
Und ohne Zoegern war ich fit ihn selbst zu tragen
es ist der Zweifel der erst viel viel spaeter fragt.

Dann kam die Bombe, und sie war zwei Nummern gross,
er liess sie fallen denn die Hand war ohne Kraft,
sie traf das Ziel und zog des Teufel's grosse Los,
und saugte Fleisch und liess zurueck nur roten Saft.
Er war naiv, wie ich schon sagte, und er ist
ein leichtes Opfer wie ein Hase auf der Flur,
doch war er wach als dieser Gockel auf dem Mist
als dieser kraehete, nicht allegro doch in moll.

Es war das Ende, so die Foerster und die Mannen,
was war zu retten und wer wuerde denn da steh'n?
Man nahm Dukaten und begab sich schnell vondannen
in's Land der Diebe die die Menschheit gar versteh'n.
Dann kam der Schoeffe, er war nicht der Menschen Wahl,
er sass in schwarz und war geduldig, das war klar,
und in der Tat, es gab da Menschen in dem Saal
die dachten, waeren wir doch in uns'rer schoenen Bar.

Da sass er nun, der Richter namens Schmidt,
zwei kluge Augen und ein Laecheln um den Mund,
er weiss wie mancher seines Lebens nur noch litt
es war der Naechste, und er wurde nie gesund.
Man sah nur Traenen doch der Richter wusste mehr,
er war der Mann der seine Zeit nicht nur genass,
er war ein Schoeffe der nicht so von ungefaehr
doch von der Wahrheit in der Welt, nach seinem Mass
sich nicht beirren liess, er kannte jeden Steg
es gibt Gerechtigkeit und immer ist sie wahr,
und wenn er stolpert ueber Steine auf dem Weg
so ist die Muenze der Justitia immer bar.

Nichts is so wichtig und so heilig wie die Tat,
die nur aus Wahrheit und aus Ehrlichkeit entspringt
und brauchst Du Menschlichkeit und ehrenwerten Rat
dann warte niemals bis die Nachtigall schoen singt.
Du brauchst den Menschen dem die Wahrheit alles ist.

Er traegt oft schwarz und hat ein Laecheln um den Mund,
Und wenn Du selbst ein solcher Rennsteigwand'rer bist
dann ist die Welt (wenigstens kurzfristig) gesund.

Das Recht, es lebt und strebt wo Menschen sind,
Justitia, in der rechten Hand ein Schwert,
die Linke haelt die Waage in den leisen Wind
sie soll bestimmen, ein fuer allemal den Wert.

Justitia traegt, im Stolz der nackten Brust,
des Blinden Augenschmuck aus Seide schoen gestickt,
es ist nicht Duenkel und es treibt sie keine Lust
sie sucht nur Wahrheit, die sie immerdar erblickt.

Was soll das Weib, so fragst Du, hier in Maennersachen,
wie kann Gerechtigkeit hier leichten Einzug tun
es muss der Geist des Wahren, Edlen erst erwachen
da fehlen Weiber wie beim Mardi Gras das Huhn!

Es stehen zwei, hier im Gericht, und sie erbitten
das man empfehle was das eigne Herz begehrt,
wo man mit Lippen preist Gepflogenheit und Sitten
da herrscht die Taeuschung und die Luege unversehrt.

So sitzen wir, wie Koenig Arthur, in der Runde,
und debattieren Menschenrechte, den Begriff,
es fliessen Worte, ohne Klang aus aller Munde
es mutet an als waer's ein herrenloses Schiff.

Was ist sie denn, die Frau Justitia, und was kann
ein von der Menschheit approbiertes Synonym,
das weder wie noch wo noch weder lesen kann
ist sie ein Ebenbild, der Menschheit Ungetuem?

Sie trinken Wein, die Advokaten, stets aus Kruegen,
doch reden alle dann nur Wasser, in der Tat,
und man eroertert wie man macht aus dreisten Luegen
Potomkin's Zauber fuer die Macht vom Vater Staat.

Ach sag mir, Freund, sind alle Schoeffen hier befangen,
gilt nicht die Wahrheit ueber alles in der Welt?
Ich war dabei als wir im Chor die Lieder sangen

schon in der Schule, an der See, im grossen Zelt.

Lass ihn, den Pfarrer, denn wir hoerten dass der Staat
auf alles Redliche wohlwollend, doch mit List
und sich besinnend auf das Recht und guten Rat
doch die Gerechtigkeit als Hauptgesetz vergisst.

Sowie Systeme ihre Mannen unterkriegen
durch falsche Floskeln die dem Buerger eingefloesst,
so kann ein Mensch, der ehrlich denkt auch ehrlich wiegen
bis er das Boese und Gemeine dann entbloesst.

So will ich schliessen doch es sei nochmal verkuendet,
dass unser Schmidtchen (dieser Name sei ihm lieb) ,
in Tat und Wort ein rechtes Unrecht hat begruendet,
er warf die Worte und die Gesten in ein Sieb,

und stand am Ende als Sortierer vor dem Trog,
des Blinden Augenschmuck, mit Waage in der Hand,
er wusste wer von den Parteien wirklich log
und sah das Abbild des Gesindels an der Wand.

Wir sehen ihn, das soll er wissen, als den Mann
dem Recht und Pflicht sind eins, als oberstes Gebot,
der immer tut was er als Richter tuen kann,
denn ohne Recht ist die Justitia wirklich tot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schnippel

It occupies a space and is attached
to man's presumptuous body by a flap.
Its true importance though is rarely ever matched,
come night it sometimes gains a feather in its cap.
The simple sight of woman's breasts or lovely legs
is oft sufficient to bestow a tiny ripple
into the shaft itself, within which something begs
for much more blood, so it can swell, its name is Schnippel.
That is the name they use throughout the fatherland,
a mother tells the boy to take his little Schnippel
behind a juniper, the boy will understand.
And then he wonders why that thing looks like a cripple,
when it is sleeping in his pants between those pillows,
and sleep it does except for tiny, scary seconds.
He's heard from older boys that they think theirs are willows
but does not follow all this logic, so he reckons
that soon enough things will all fall into place,
and that the mystery about that hanging Schlong
will be revealed and if there is a truth to face
it may explain why it has hair like ape King Kong.

So, now you know the story of a tag
that is considered a true jewel of all boys.
And similarity exists to turbo lag,
I do not think it can be found among the toys.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schnook

When first the midwife held him up toward the light
she groaned Oh No, it is exactly what I feared,
he looked quite normal though, she asked is he alright,
as mothers do you know, they always dread the weird.
Well, yes, he seems to be but look here, at his face
he must be smiling, which is not what he should do,
another boy who comes to join the German race
he can be wet and full of cradlecap or blue
but may not show the slightest sign of any sense
that would include a hint of humour as you know
I like to see them being born while looking tense
you'll need to watch him and make certain he will grow
without restriction in a physical milieu
but for his mind there are the pages of the book
it's for the Fuehrer to create his Waterloo
and to delet the nasty habits of a schnook.

Herbert Nehrlich

Schwert

Da steht er nun, der Boesewicht
ein muedes Laecheln im Gesicht.
Er haelt das Schwert, holt aus zum Schwung...
In diesem Reich da stirbt man jung.

The rogue now stands
with weary smile
holds in his hands
with force and style
the sword, well-primed
his ego stung
momentum now
ye shall die young.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sealed

Some poets need to be
well.....honoured for their minds,
there is a she called D
and Bowstring to unwind.
A Slim from Pommyland
Her Majesty's in Dutch,
Bushpoet Tweeds and sand
and more, I'm sure as such.

I'd kiss the lot of course,
if manners did permit,
though through a Trojan Horse
we meet a hypocrite.

Her lips were made for me
her tongue, her hands to feel,
her Q supplants her P
and Dew completes the seal.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sean And Paddy

Two fellows penniless but starved
went to a pub where someone carved
thick slices from a roasted sheep
it smelled so good they both did weep.

We 'ave no money, said Big Paddy,
we ought to see my grand old daddy
because no pub will serve us food
and I am really in no mood

to stand and watch those people smack,
I think I'll have a spazz attack.
No, Sean, said Paddy, just watch me
we'll get to eat all food for free,

and so they sat and ordered some
and as a chaser drank dark rum.
Sean then was told to place into
his fly a sausage, this in lieu

of his own member, Paddy would
bite into it soon as he could.
And so they did, the barman saw
the two, with sausage in the raw.

He ordered them evicted then
by bouncers, two huge Irishmen.
They did repeat this show again
in pubs across the town, 'till ten.

Said Sean, hey Paddy this is great
you take a sausage, chew it mate,
and free is all the food in town
I'm full now, can't get more stuff down.

Said Paddy, this is one hard task
I wonder though, you did not ask,
or struggle, did you like it then?
Do you like women or us men?

You see, the sausage, it dropped off
right after we ate stroganoff,
that was the second pub tonight
Hey, Sean my boy, you feelin' right?

Herbert Nehrlich

Seed

Oh no, her eyes weren't stars,
nor did they sparkle like the sun,
while making rounds of bars
I's looking for some fun.

Her skin was bad, pimples galore
fat legs and hips, a small moustache,
she ain't no teacher and no whore
there was an angry ruby rash.

I did not care, she was so slow,
and I was fast, a catch-up need,
there was an urgent, liquid flow
just biological (and wasted) seed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Seeing Things Only

Unbeknownst to four Koalas
who were snoozing by the pond
and the two spotted impalas
who had wandered just beyond
the confines of Neville's station
on a Sunday evening stroll.

But the outback's no vacation,
it can take a gruesome toll
on the innocent and curious,
who, when bored or slightly brave,
look at all the new and spurious
critters in and near the cave
of the Uluru environs.

Which can be of consequences
reminiscent of Greek sirens
once you venture past the fences.

And it happened as it must,
first a lion, then a leopard
came with the intent to bust
this ensemble without shepherd.
Said Impala to Koala
'you don't need to worry kids,
nor to pray to God or Allah,
what you see, it ain't no blitz
by a leopard or a lion,
we don't have those in Australia
what appears that they are eyeing
is illusion or a failure
of the system in the heat.
To adapt to these conditions.
Anyway, please do not bleat
or display those brown emissions,
like scared bananas growing straight.

The sun is down, it's getting late,
let us not run back to the farm

as if the predators existed,
again, no reason for alarm,
these critters are not even listed
on Canberra's last census roll.

That very moment saw a blur,
the lion coming, giving all
and as he ripped apart the fur
of four Koalas with his claws,
the leopard now secured his meat.
All animals could see the flaws
in theory no true defeat
could hit them under current rules.

So, all stood still when terror struck
and all were slaughtered like dumb fools.
It was a matter of bad luck.

Herbert Nehrlich

Seething

Oh yes, my silken southern skin,
the word of mince pie makes me grin.
I'd slurp each bit and would not share
as mince of fruit needs special care
both to be made and to be tasted,
hence not a crumb ought to be wasted.

Perhaps a bit of cream would serve
to tickle yet that special nerve.
A picnic rug, a flask of wine
(perhaps a Riesling from the Rhine) ,
far infrared from golden rays
I'd flaunt my most exotic ways.
Forgot to ask, do you like Jerky,
it goes quite well with well aged Turkey,
a dropp or two stops babies teething
and sees the satin petals seething.

Herbert Nehrlich

Self Promotion

I tender the following motion
with much earnest God-given devotion,
that for poets to shout
of things other than gout
smacks of pitiful self promotion.

On the other hand, who is to say,
(in their own little lyrical way)
that a poem is great
(if it isn't a mate)
can you judge Monsieur Claude Monet?

I think mine are exceptional though,
and some day I'll be swimming in dough.
Though I'd never admit
if they truly were shit
either way it's bad manners to crow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Send-Off

Today I met a butterfly,
while sitting, eating rhubarb pie.
A handsome one, though hardly shy
he landed and I wondered why,
perhaps he fancied rhubarb pie?
He sat, against the clear blue sky
then cocked his head and whispered 'Hi'.
I was about to ask him why
when I could see he missed an eye,
he noticed and let out a sigh
then told me he was swinging by
because he was a Gemini,
intent to groom and beautify
himself and every single guy
who shared his love for rhubarb pie.

I begged him now to clarify
what happened to the other eye.
He answered 'to declassify
would mean to oversimplify,
suffice it that the Lorelei
is reason that I lost one eye.
Up on that cliff she waved good-bye
when I was still a dragonfly.
Today I come to see you die
and when I watch you go I'll cry,
but only with the missing eye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sense

I have no doubt
that there is
perception for
the average man
and woman,
outside reality,
thus I can tell
what I can't see
or hear,
or even feel.
I take imagination
any day,
as utter truth.

Herbert Nehrlich

September Limericks

Some guys do tell terrible lies.
And some lies can be offered with fries.
I can usually tell
when a mademoiselle
is a fibber; it's all in the eyes.

Human nature is much like a fog.
You grow big from a pollywog.
Only fate can foresee
if you're going to be
a warthog or a frog or a dog.

Since we're now at the subject at hand
listen close and you WILL understand.
Do not tackle the shrew
it's his mission to screw
even Alice-in-Wonderland.

If you find among millions of sinners
in the masses of backstabbing grinners,
that one human who dares
and who loudly declares
only you, as your man and the winner,

then you are, as you probably gather
very lucky, my friend, and you slather
endless love onto her
and a coat of wild fur.....
as you babble and gabble and blather.

Herbert Nehrlich

Seulement Pour Moi

I worked the shift that let me rest a bit,
three to eleven, supervisors not about.
All that brisk walking had me very fit
that evening I saw the patient suffering gout.

Would you, the head nurse said, take down a specimen,
we don't need papers on this man because he's dead,
as long as they report on Thursday before ten
no one will lose their precious jobs, much less their head.

Of course I would, I liked to please big Ruth,
she fancied me, I was aware and she was kind.
To tell you I was way too young to know the truth
but I admired her big boobs and her behind.

Down, in the lab at Fairview, I had spied
a shock of hair that topped mysterious bits and pieces,
she was a fresh and somewhat pale-cheeked velvet hide
dissected specimens including human feces.

So I took off and commandeered the OTIS lift,
carrying papers in addition to the vial,
then when I saw her I thanked God for his great gift,
inside I programmed my 'New-Girls-To Dazzle' dial.

They had a lounge, complete with bathroom and a cot,
stuffed chairs of quality and she had lovely eyes,
she said the air conditioning sure was way too hot,
I couldn't care while looking at those supple thighs.

Why don't we go, she said, have coffee and a snack,
I saw a path which might just lead to better days,
while thinking deeply what to do and what great tac
would get me loved by those blue eyes, there would be ways.

It was a start back when the lounge chairs were for us,
but neither she nor little me could be aware
that when we met again and stood, close, on the bus
that I was smitten by obliques, above the pear.

I can accept that time must go and cannot stop.
Yet I don't see why folks can't opt -with reason- out
When I run errands now here at the local shop
I often think that I went down a different route.

Of course I did, my friend, I never met or knew
on that long journey any birds that sang for me.
But when I thought of things and saw the face of you
I'd lean from vertigo against the nearest tree.

I shall, no doubt, see God himself should they agree
to let me in for just awhile, I'd ask pourquoi
la femme joli was not reserved for petit me,
as to this day, seulement la reine, pour moi, pour moi..

Herbert Nehrlich

Seven Haikus

A P/H poet
is free to use the lingo
of frank expression.

A penetrator
is one who loves the freedom
of moist, dark dungeons.

Accounts Receiving
may like the penetrator
and keep it flowing.

She said the sigmoid
would be perfect protection
from defloration.

Saliva dripping
can stimulate the senses
of Porta Nigra.

A trap had opened
and swallowed him completely
this made him gushy.

The thought of beavers
sent shivers down his loins and
prepared for battle.

Part Two

You went away then.
Perhaps to light the candle
inside the lantern?

Herbert Nehrlich

Seventeen

He had, as teenage boys will do
his arm around the girl named Sue.
For hours they went through the woods
and talked about the men in hoods,
who once had hidden here to rob
the passing royals and their snob.

However, what was on his mind
was how his arm could, from behind
end up in front, perhaps by chance,
it was a dangerous advance.

They stood beneath the great oak tree
as he considered strategy.
'You nerd, ' she sang, 'if you know how
you'd better come and kiss me now.'

No longer eager for a rest
he brushed against her pointed breast.
'An accident, ', (his voice now hoarse) ,
she answered, dreamily, 'of course.'

And in respect of a cold breeze
she took his hand, with perfect ease
and placed it where it would feel best.
And he agreed that breast is best.

Herbert Nehrlich

Seventeen Limericks Rated Ma15+

To those people who voted for Howard
please accept, he's a silly old coward.
It is Kevin who rules
all recalcitrant fools,
what a pity your pudding has soured.

In this day and this age be alert,
that you wear a most colourful shirt.
Yes, Hawaiian will do
with the background dark blue,
you will be (in your nineties) a flirt.

I am proud to be wearing two duffles,
they resemble (sans ridges) those ruffles,
as most fellows (no pun)
only carry the one.
It's the sound of libido it muffles.

I've concluded that size truly matters
to all citizens and to Mad Hatters.
If it's simply a pin
you can't possibly win,
and your plans will be, sadly, in tatters.

Have you thought how with age it expands?
Thus it follows that carnal demands
due to previous birth
seeks a heftier girth,
it is something no man understands.

In our youth we are smitten with love,
it's a gift to all men from above.
As the years flutter by
they may shrink the small fry
No more talk about hand in a glove.

Aunt Jemima (you know who she was) ,
pancake syrup and wearing no bras,
ate too much and got fat
so he couldn't get at...
it was short. That was one of his flaws.

Caught her eye at the back of the choir,
she kept looking and triggered a fire.
The conductor then frowned
at the dissonant sound
of a voice that climbed higher and higher.

And in hindsight I readily see,
it was hormones her eyes had set free.
In those days he would stand
all without a command.
though of late he says 'just let me be'.

But the trigger today is not eyes.
As we age it is common to guys
that all proper commands
come from mammary glands.
They determine (if any) the rise.

She had grown and was rather obese,
eating pretzels and Camembert cheese.
Soon her belly kept him
who was really slim
in a state we could label at ease.

Though he tried it was simply too short
and he had to repeat, then abort,
soon he lost all his strength
with no increase in length.
They divorced in the family court.

If you want all your friends to admire
your great body and all new attire,
give them dark painted shades
and you'll get accolades.
Is there anything else you require?

In the race to be president
it's Obama who'd gladly repent,
while McCain looks too bleak
with two tongues in his cheek,
but it's Clinton who's utterly bent.

Those who vote for this ugly old bag
would admire those udders that sag.
Though it isn't the looks
but the fact they are crooks
and the gladbags of sins that they drag.

It's my Mother who made the remark
while Bill Clinton may well be a lark,
with the morals of Cain
and his underwear stain
he should hide himself well, in the dark.

Said the doctor, 'Miss Folger you suffer
from an illness requiring a puffer.
But you should not attach
this device to your snatch
as the puffer is really no stuffer.

Dedicated to the one who used the words 'sweet' and
'brilliant' in the same sentence.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sexology

May I give you this rose
to reward your raw beauty,
and may I come close?
I would make it my duty
to inspect all your features
with a critical eye.

I must say that some creatures,
right at first, are quite shy,
so don't worry, be happy
when I breathe down your neck,
I am just an old chappie
from Florida Tech,
who is researching breeding,
you know, like in SEX.

What the world might be needing
is to tighten and flex
its dumb pre-occupation
with making new babies,
if you take fornication
it is much worse than rabies.
So if you would not mind,
let me smell your pale skin,
may I come from behind
and then kiss your square chin,
let me nibble your lobes,
get a feel of your breasts,
I brought with me some probes
that will show us what's best
for a woman like you,
who is single and looking,
and, who out of the blue,
on her way home to cooking
meets a man of great science.

Is this turning you on?

You are not an appliance

and you know I'm not done.
With the help of the masses
in these projects, we're able
to divulge in our classes
why the birth rate is stable.
Yes, I know you'd like THIS,
would you mind if we went,
for the study of BLISS,
to my research tent?

And the man spoke such magic
that she fell hook and line,
but the sinker proved tragic.
Lady Luck did not shine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shame

There is a war we had to wage
we do it well on open stage.
The weapons no one can defy
our reasons based on one big lie.

There is concern and consternation
at home, where mothers hide their tears
though we can offer consolation
soon we will put away our fears.
Democracy, we shall defend
the last man falls, the war will end.
Each bullet has engraved the same
it simply says, in English, SHAME.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shame On Us

There's stroke, then cancer and infection.
Could all the experts be so wrong?
That even after much reflection
they grin and sing the same old song.

Well, yes, their actions are the reason
that countless people do fall ill,
by rights this should be labelled treason
and further measures taken still.

Much chronic illness, premature
an early death from negligence
no one is looking for a cure,
financially it makes no sense.

How sad that gold has much more glitter
than frightened, pleading human eyes,
and being in it makes one bitter
almost immune to all the lies.

The day will come when we must answer
to a supreme authority,
why we were stopped from curing cancer.
Ascorbic acid is the key.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sharing Sorrow

How easy just to lay
disturbing matter of your life
onto this giant podium,
in hopes that others might
by reason of sheer numbers,
take a look and shed a tear,
perhaps you hit a moment
in their lives where silence rules,
when clutter's at its lowest point
and altruistic deeds emerge
in thoughts and then in words.
How dare we, how can we hope
to burden others with our sorrow then?
Do they not have to bear their own,
their man-made crosses, to the Mount?
It must be weakness in the bones,
a lack of stamina, perhaps stiff upper lip,
yet it is left to us, to humans known as men
to stand with courage and to never leave the ship.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sharing The Load

Spouse cleans the shower
and son only fishes,
I have the power
to do all the dishes.

I'm no one who has
obligations to meet
it's just the pizzazz
the desire to eat.

So I do the dishes
and she cleans the shower,
the young fellow fishes
and I AM the power.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shattered

A crash destroyed my happy dream,
it must be glass that loudly shattered,
turns out a palm frond that I'd left,
just slightly yellow, and preparing
to leave its mother, one tall tree,
just hanging there, its quick revenge
destroyed the window near my head.
And as its tentacles were reaching
fanned by a breeze, which was a cousin
to stronger winds, four tiny touches on my cheeks
were making peace, while bearing need,
and logic from the palmtree kingdom.
I get the hint now, gentle giant
will point my ears and friendly eyes
at you who gives me shade and beauty.
And thank you for this dreamtime lesson.

Herbert Nehrlich

She

...and when you asked me to lie back
I didn't have a clue, of course...
I thought we'd paused along the track
to rest our bones,
but no remorse and no regret
is where we have arrived at last.
I praise that Sunday when we met.
Been lingering - not moving fast.
I close my eyes to rest and wait
for you to snuggle up,
to have you here it feels so great
you're starting at my top.
You look at me with loving eyes,
I feel you piercing all my bones,
you talk about our own sunrise
in soothing, soft, hypnotic tones.
The button of my upper shirt
you open gently then,
I think 'You lovely little flirt,
I am your helpless man! '
You whisper 'Let my hands caress you,
you darling man', I quickly acquiesce.
And you proceed with loving, urgent fingers
then, and say:
'Lie still, sweet heart,
and just let me undress you.'

And so you did - I thought that I had died,
was resting with an angel on a cloud.
I feel your softness, wetness slowly glide
all over me, it knocks me out.
But rest is for the wicked, so they say.
I stir and touch you,
HAVE to feel your loveliness,
and PLEASE don't go away:
I do need all of you to heal.
I reach for you,
no force could now prevent it,
my firm and tender grip

now stroking satin cheeks,
descending from familiar hips
and raising, playfully, pink lace,
the touch of which time cannot erase.
You smile, then hesitate,
a second's freeze turns into tease,
the you relent, it is the time
when I massage erotic
regions of your back.
And here it is,
your clothes have been discarded,
I kiss your throat,
the softness of your nose.
Convenient twilight sees me,
rich rewarded:
Your naked body,
now aquiver without lace
presents exquisite beauty
of your little rose.
My lips now brush across you
with much greed,
I stop and stay awhile
just so to get acquainted
with both your lovely
smiling breasts indeed.
Awake I am now,
glad I hadn't fainted.

My mouth cannot be stopped by reason,
forgotten are all good intentions.
A fleeting thought asks 'Is this treason? ',
IT could not now get my attention.
I rub my face into your breasts,
they're soaked with drool and sweat,
I hear you pleading new requests,
you're saying 'Please don't get...'
and yet...
we tangle, we crush, we moan
and feel that we are being swept
away on cushions of soft foam.
And at that point you softly wept.
I hesitate for just a tic,

you pull me closer, lovely heart.
We give the universe the flick
and think no more-
it's WAY too hard.
My hands now roam
two lovely legs,
your inner thighs,
how sweet they are.
Your softness asks,
your softness begs,
your lovely lips
a bit ajar.
Oh, no I cannot die not knowing!
My tongue explores
your sweetness - YES!
Your pelvis arches
you are showing
me all of you,
your loveliness.

I taste your nectar,
Manukahoney -
or should I say
as it should be?
I cannot stop,
my precious bunny,
oh YES, come closer,
come to me!
I want it all now, never mind me,
we're holding tight now,
movement lingers.
Deliciously and slowly, kindly
I also feel your probing fingers.
'please come to me', I hear me thinking,
I'll gladly die for this last sin.
And while I'm breathing you and drinking,
you open,
let me further in.
And then your body stiffens quickly,
we're flooding, both,
it's more than bliss,
one feels just momentar'ly prickly.

I stay right here,
this is OUR kiss.

You HOLD me, I hold YOU forever,
and could not fathom what should be
of more importance, I could never
let you go away from me.

I kiss you now,
your lips do taste
like you and me,
we've shared ourselves
and gave our all.

Right now I wish
to cut and paste you,
to me.

For good.

We'd have a ball.

Our breathing now
is quite sedated,
our hearts are beating
now as one.

Two souls eternally have mated.
Ourselves?

we know what we have done.

As I brush my lips
across you, starting
at your lovely breasts,
and I know how much I need you.
How I COULD have, WOULD have
never guessed.

And you point
your scrumptious nipples
proudly at my chest,
at mine.

I can sense delicious ripples
come again -
like summerwine.

Again I kiss you, and you hold me.
I like the salty sweetness of your skin.
I now remember
what you have not told me:

Just where on earth, in all my years
you've been?

I ask you, do you think that Eros is our God?
That we attracted his benevolent derision?
Or do you find our bonding rather odd,
against all reason, the Gods gave their permission?
There are no answers in advance
and no denial of today.
This life leaves precious things to chance
yet do we really have a say?

As tingling starts and we're about to
embark on euphemistic deeds,
I know that I can't live without you,
now we have shared ourselves, our seeds.

So, here I stand, here I remain.
And all of me is just for you.
We may not be completely sane,
please take my word: I do, I do!

Would we defy the universe
with all its rules and covenants?
Risk its insufferable curse
and walk away from its demands?

Oh, yes, we would,
the two of us.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Came Back That Night

The sign said COLD ROOM in bold letters.
The hometown cemetery needed
a storage place for the departed
to rest their worn out bones three days.
Stone walls so thick they would not hear,
if hear they could after they'd passed
and not one window, just a door
and space for four, both sexes welcome.

Frau Mengert had been taken there,
she'd struggled bravely with her illness.
The doctor said her heart had failed,
she was just sixty, although huge.

When midnight tolled from nearby bells,
the towers of two local churches,
the sound was said to wake the dead.
That night they did, she rolled and landed
on cold stone floor and banged her head
which further wakened her life forces.

A hefty rapping on his door, it woke him quickly.
In moonlight at the threshold stood his wife
the one who had just died, a snow white gown
a knitted cap, two fancy flowers in her hand,
her skin was purple and she shivered but wait-
her man had fallen hard, it was the shock for sure.

Doc came at once, pyjama legs were peeking
from housecoat and his bag was open.
A stethoscope was then applied to hairy chest.
Doc was about to give his verdict, 'he's..'
when she did stop him, 'oh no he ain't
what kind of doctor are you to tell us we are dead?
I could have died in that Cold Room, you know?
I'd be ashamed to be so wrong, and well you ought to
perhaps you need to hang your shingle in the barn,
or hide it altogether, this town is sick of you, you quack! '

At this, the doc, quite agitated, and red of face,
had placed the stethoscope upon his own
but then it fell and he did follow, right to the ground
and on cold stones, breathed his last breath
and there he died. They took him there, onto the slab
she had escaped from on that night. And it is true.

And no one checked and no one asked or wondered
and he remained there, cold, and dead forever
the bells however tolled as if the world was still the same.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Does

The grip was practiced and secure,
an ambience of her humid heat,
she'd tamed a wandering troubadour
and found this luxury retreat.

She liked him passive and supine,
no selfish touches to confuse.
Tall candles and red summerwine,
all conscious thoughts were just a ruse.

He'd liken it, she knew his mind,
to a long piston on the move
tied to a spring that would unwind,
while tracking neatly in its groove.

Men were soo technical, of course
all wheels and bearings, bolts and nuts,
she felt the life blood of a horse
yet always clasped their silly butts.

She liked explosions, always had.
Small tremors, building to a wave,
volcanoes always scare a lad
and swallows represent the brave.

Convulsions was the word she used,
a sudden hint of laundry bleach,
a tiny smile as if amused
and stirrings in her private peach.

' You DO? ' He was in shock and awe,
she said 'I thought it was the thing! '
Two bodies, hot and in the raw,
an eros arrow, would it sting?

A symbolism then descends,
embraces hot and tender skin.
Inhaling fragrance it suspends
all time and reason, deep within.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Does So!

She Does So!

She'd always liked cones, in fact all things cylindrical.
Nothing though beat the cream-filled cats' tongues,
double-filled, of course and browned with real chocolate,
she'd slide it in her mouth, lips just reluctant but open enough
and used her tongue as the comptroller, guidance was needed.
As a child, it was the shocking cold of ice cream, vanilla,
later they offered strawberry with a bit of white, topping of sorts,
it melted on the back part of your tongue if you kept it from
slipping down the gullet, later, when her taste had changed,
she was reminded of her joyful years, topping was now the cream,
and she was one of the few who had practiced for so many moons,
which, it must be observed, went down the gurgler very well, all around.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Is No Poet - But A Poem

I thought that I would never find
a better poet with a mind
that works in strange but fertile fields
and throws at us the stuff it yields
but then you came into my life
you stuck around, became my wife
your English was from Hollywood
you knew the basics but you could
not form a sentence with finesse
and often got into a mess
when foreign guests who spoke your tongue
corrected you, 'say hang, not hung',
and when my hopes were disappointed
about your brain, would it be jointed
with cognitive abilities
to form a poem 'rhyme me please',
I sat myself onto a chair
and asked my God, if this was fair
but God had better things to do
so I went on, without ado
and wrote my stuff, it was well liked
then, quite on impulse I had spiked
her drink to get the juices flowing
so soon we'd have the neighbours crowing
yet it became so very clear
that her smooth legs, my fragrant dear
had not a smidgen of the skill
that you and I and others will
with flair present to all who listen
no, it is true my spouse was missing
the talent to create a rhyme
and here she was within her prime
I found it was a major flaw
that in the end she never saw
and as I moped and pouted some
she snuggled close and said, Hon, come
I'll show you poetry deluxe
and then I sensed that the true crux
was not the words that would persuade

because they do, in time all fade
no where I looked for a creation
a play with words as a sensation
I had right near me the collection
of all the poems on reflection
and history and human pain,
and love and hate, financial gain
of sorrow and the sad good-byes
and loyalties and filthy lies
I grabbed her then with all my lust
and whispered in her ear 'you must
not ever think that one dam verse
will make them fall out of their hearse
when I regard you with my eyes',
I laugh at all the other guys
for I have landed what you sought
and you have nothing, yes, its' naught
my Shakespeare, who is rather nude
right now and, no, not being rude
will turn the lights off in great haste
this poem now will not be chaste.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Is The Sea

She has the most uncanny knack
to stiffen my resolve, though never
have I laid my glacial roving eyes
upon her flesh, desirous it must be.
I am reduced in opportunity,
though not in size, as it responds
to unheard whispers and to cosmic rays,
and within just the blink, there is a wink
a picture forms within his mind so clear
that tissues swell, as if her heat were near.
A dropp emerges now, a promised sentinel,
it finds its way into the folds below;
arise, the whispers come, they fly so high,
a kindly wind serves as the carrier through fog
enabling touch, the sparkling glitter, just inside.
It does not list nor bend nor fall onto its knees,
stalwart, a warrior homing in on secret sites,
awash with foam, it is the sea's new rising tide
a thousand bubbles dance with tenderness, their rites.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Looked Old

That damned tooth gave me truckloads of curry
and I had to reluctantly go
to the dentist, her name was Doc Murray
in the town of Antonio.

She was old and her hair gray and thinning,
lots of wrinkles and spots of old age
and her teeth showed no beauty while grinning
but the name had my recall engage.

I had BEEN in a class with a Murray
many years ago, back in Chicago,
once I dated her when in a hurry
and we watched the old film Doc Shivago.

Though unsure because she was so old,
I now queried the lady like this:
'May I be, my dear doctor so bold
since you triggered me to reminisce?

Back then, in the windy city
were you part of Lake Michigan High? '
To myself I said 'gee, what a pity,
she is ancient and life passed her by.'

Then she answered, that ugly fat horse:
' Yes I was, and what class did you teach? '
What a dragon she was and, with force,
she let out a most terrible screech.

'I remember you now, what a riot
it's your age, you look ancient my friend! '
I confess I was destined to try it
use the drill on her mouth in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Slept

Born as a wombat circumstance decreed
that I would metamorph into a moth.
Which is, (admit it) nothing but the need
of some religious and so ancient piece of cloth.

I sat contentedly upon the window sill,
to keep the mozzies from her partly covered legs,
outside the clatter of the New Age Builders' mill
there was a carton of Rhode Island fertile eggs.

She slept the sleep of peace and beauty in her sheet,
cheeks flushed and lips apart, wait for my kiss.
I sat quite still, let her be gone until we meet
let dreams be kind to her, and chase away all bliss.

I sat all night on that plain latex painted sill,
I'd never tire of her bosom rising high,
I shall behave my Lord to get you to fulfill
my fervent wish, all other thought would be a lie.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Tripped

A lady who loved her adventures
was an expert on stocks and debentures.
She was chased by a bee
dislocated her knee,
hit the ground and lost both of her dentures.

Herbert Nehrlich

She Was Opium

She did look smashing in her uniform,
from El Al Air, and based in Frankfurt now
I had considered it, naively, to be norm
to chase all females and I knew the How
and also what to bring and say and how to smile
we'd go to Sachsenhausen, drink the Applewine
on frigid mornings we would walk mile after mile
along the banks of lusty river, Father Main.*
And, in due course, we ended up, as it was cold
inside my flat on Bockenheim Chaussee,
that's where the little lies and also big ones that I told
did get me more accepted and thus we would play.

We played with each other
played mother and father
and sister philister,
and often I kissed her,
she suddenly said
some day we'll be dead
and we would not have known
although both fully grown
how to love under covers
like two real life lovers
so she talked me right in
to this cardinal sin
although not much persuasion
was inside this equation.

Nothing else I will share
she would not want me to
when I looked at her bare
rosy bosom I knew
that the Gods after all
loved this dumb little boy
we had gone to the Mall
and had bought her a toy.
Well that night I remember
she was working a shift
on that day in December

and she had a great gift.
No, she was like a present
that no mortal deserves
and I was the peasant
who was smitten by curves.
As a breast man I drooled
at the mere thought of her
when our passion had cooled
I would call her 'ma fleur'.
But what sticks in the mind
is her beauty throughout
she was always so kind
to this bumbling Kraut
and she didn't have flaws
nor a blemish, not one
and one day when the cause
of the war that was done
in the desert by bastards
who had hate for a heart
though the good guys had mastered
in six days from the start
we did fly to assist
and to fight for the just
when we landed in mist
we all knew that we must
the Lieutenant was kind
and he liked our guts
in the end we did find
that we all were quite nuts.

And my sweetheart and I
went to Frankfurt, El Al
when we said our good-bye
she had kissed our toy pal
and with longing we hugged
had a slobbering kiss
all the strings that were tugged
at the time of this bliss
are still patent and sturdy
after forty-two years
I have turned a bit nerdy
but the special day nears

on the twelvth of December
in that Bockenheim bed
we shall always remember
those three words that were said.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shearer

First light of dawn, just out of bed,
the scorpion sharpens all his claws.
He lives inside the shearer's shed
here, in the land of lucky Oz.

When Cecil, armed with sharpened shears
arrives to cut the wolly fleece,
still overhung from all those beers
that every night, for stress release
he and his mates consume with noise.
A shearer's life will sort the men
from poofers and from scrawny boys,
and, on a scale from one to ten
you must be nine to make the grade.

Or - if the work is not enough,
the temperature, which in the shade
will be near boiling. Only tough
and hardened Aussies will succeed,
no Chinamen or pale-faced Krauts
can fill the shearer's boots indeed.
So Cecil thinks of all those shouts
and dozens of the amber schooners,
he flicks the switch to the old clipper
to get the show in motion sooner.

But fails to notice that his zipper
is quite ajar and boxer shorts
of floral pattern, shyly flashing,
(that's what they wrote in their reports,
the coroner and helpers dashing
to ascertain the cause of death) .
'Cause Cecil had sheep number eight,
when with a drink came little Beth
and as she entered, closed the gate,
she noticed Cecil's odd behaviour.
He clutches his crotch and staggered wildly,
so Beth said 'Lemonade - Your saviour',
she knew that heat, to put it mildly

could kill a man in sunburnt land.

He grabbed the lemonade and spilled it,
the liquid swallowed in the sand,
so quickly Beth took and refilled it,
when Cecil fell hard to the ground.
And on his back, with jeans wide open,
he grunted, snorted, then no sound.
Wide-eyed his wife, now only hoping,
she kneeled beside him, took his hand.

And then she saw the strange protrusion,
like Custer's proud and final stand,
it was familiar, no illusion,
stood to attention, pointing up.
But what disturbed her was a thing
which was attached, right at the top.
She knew it was the king of sting,
presiding over his erection.

Poor Cecil's eyes had gone to sleep,
and through the lengthy vivisection,
the sound of melancholy sheep,
who, thus conveying their deep sorrow
about their master's rough demise.
They would acquire by tomorrow
a boss like Cecil, all those guys
were much the same, they used the clipper
all day and drank their beer at night.

One thing did change, that is the zipper:
All shearers kept their pants shut tight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shearers For Life

Lonesome and hot,
covered with dust
the Hilton it's not
and the work is a must.

The shearer bends down
in the heat of the day
and he earns the sweet crown
of The Alice okay.

When the shearing is done
they sit down on the porch
just to have some good fun
in the light of the torch.

Where the VB is flowing
from big can after can
til the rooster is crowing
it's the night of The Man.

He has done his day's work
with a hundred and ten
and thus beaten the jerk
by the name of Fat Ben.

It's a life not to die for
and there's only one sheila
she's a looker to cry for
but she drinks her Tequila.

When the work is all done
a new season commences
they go out in the sun
to build miles of 'roo fences.

And at night they sit drinking
in the light of the moon
as the sheila is winking
like a horny raccoon.

As the years pass like mozzies
those who love it out here
are the fair dinkum Aussies
who at night drink their beer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sheets

I missed you, little one, twas spirits of the dreams
I rolled and rolled out of your hold, so far away from you
stared at the ceiling, spiderwebs and solid maple beams
I reached but found an empty space still warm like Irish brew.
What woke me was the absence of your pheromones oh yes,
my hands stay warm and somewhat moist so near your trusted place
their image Durer's praying hands, it's where we coalesce.
Back once again, it's dawn and dew, I see you on m'face.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shelling Mistake

He did remember from his basic training
how to propel a handgrenade and drop
onto the ground and shield his eyes and face.
But nerves play tricks on muscles so it happened
that one called flexor digitorum lost resolve
and half a kilogram of powder full of purpose
had landed right in front of his new boots.
Spit shined that morning, army issue, Corporal
they did remain almost intact, the rest was dust
and bits of flesh, some hair and bony splinters.
He did not have a chance to learn from one mistake.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shepherd

There once was a poet named Shepherd,
he had spots like the African Leopard.
once a year he partakes
of two huge Kobi Steaks
and he likes them well-salted and peppered.

As an aid to help with the digestion
he has followed for years a suggestion
of an aunt who preferred
her tomato juice stirred
there was potency in it, no question.

Rumour has it they brewed their own grog,
some would call it the hair of the hog,
and the proof is he bites
just as well as he writes
and of life's every year keeps a log.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shepherd's Sonnets

Just received from a friend in old Leeds
a small book that's fulfilling some needs.
Not a bee in a bonnet
but a gaggle of sonnets.
She is known for her wonderful deeds.

Got an e-mail that said they would send
something nice on behalf of my friend.
Like the spots on a leopard
it was genuine Shepherd
And I loved it so much in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sherries

I love those nuts among the berries,
but loathe all butts among the Sherries.
Let's measure humans by their kindness
all lack of zinc may lead to blindness.
Look down this street and see them walking
grim faces some, they may be stalking.
The gods gave envy to all races,
hence 60 muscles in our faces.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shifty Eyes

Their eyes are rather shifty
they have been caught out cold
I find it pretty nifty
that I'm the one they told
that cheating could be done
it's what they think they know
it's just a bit of fun
some wrestling to and fro.

The Shlepp accused me loudly
of being a damn crook
does he stand up and proudly
proclaim that he mistook
or trusted others from the pack
in rage so blind to be accepted
he thought that the amount of flack
from just a handful if he kept it
a secret from his streetwise mates
would be too small to make it clear
yet all the world knows now, that states
of great confusion and plain fear
are no excuse for this behaviour.
Yet it is rampant in old Brittain
and we all know they have no saviour
so could it be that they are smitten?
Where I come from they teach that honour
is what you measure people by
if you don't have it, you're a goner
don't get to nibble from the pie
of human decency as such
you, with your cowardice revealed
would really never mean too much
for me, your fate has now been sealed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shivers

I feel rivers of shivers
flow from nape of the neck
down to velvet that quivers
come, Toulouse-Lautrec!
Are there words like God bless
intertwined in the night
I hear the echo, oh yes
In my heart is your light.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shooting Star

Still waiting by the garden shed,
no miracle has happened yet.
I wonder if she's gone to bed
or if her father will not let
her meet me this midsummernight.
I hold a rose, she waits with me,
perhaps I'm holding her too tight.
And could it be she would be free
had I not grabbed her 'gainst her will?

What if a high-fallutin' being
did swoop in for that virgin kill,
and, after touching her and seeing
this treasure who had tried to sneak
out of the house to meet her date?

All my thoughts had now turned bleak
and the hour was quite late,
then I saw, with teary eye
in the distance, oh so far,
how my little Lorelei
went heavenward, a shooting star.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shooting Stars

Sometimes, you ramble on,
I turn my head to you
so that all sounds received
come only through the left,
from which they pass inside
and take up residence
where kinesthetics live,
and then, as sudden as they came
they sound like kisses from your lips
that have turned into golden shooting stars.
And I awake from lethargy to be
a catcher leaping high.
I cannot bear for even one to go astray.

Herbert Nehrlich

Short And Sweet

A poem from the pen of Rachel,
who has kindly allowed me to refer to her
as my protégée:

Kiss me 'til I'm dizzy
Spin me like a top
Put me in a tizzy
Never want to stop.

Hug me 'til I'm breathless,
Try to break my back,
Will you come on Christmas
Meet behind the shack?

Whisper 'til I'm deaf, dear,
You must know the words,
You can look for ME here
Not for mockingbirds

Herbert Nehrlich

Short Haiku

Yet the big bad wolf
was a gentleman deep down.
He shared his victims.

And the little lamb
was lost deep in the forest
That's where they shared him.

And God had watched them.
Yet he showed no compassion.
It was Mary's lamb.

Herbert Nehrlich

Short Limerick

On the raft there was Huckleberry
on that day he was udderly merry.
As a bit of a pig
he was fond of the big
momma mias of Lady Sherrie.

Herbert Nehrlich

Short Story

There once lived, in the forest green
a tribe whose attitude was mean.
They killed and maimed and robbed the men
who wandered by in groups of ten.
Word had spread quickly in the land
and to the King came the demand
that something needed to be done.
The King himself went down to see
and when he got there had to pee.
Behind a tree he hid his jewel
watched by the natives who were cruel
and out to shoot each poisoned arrow
into the flesh of Royal marrow.
The story needs to be aborted
the poet had to be escorted
away from this, a timid site
he'll sit in penance, overnight
until his senses do come back
if failing that he needs to pack
and tell his story to the Vicar
and leave us here to stir and bicker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shower

There was only a note
on the living room door,
and in lipgloss she wrote
'I can't take it no more.'

I had seen it all written
on the dimly-lit wall,
if I hadn't been smitten
in the 'Y's' shower stall

by Roberta's black beauty
and the curly, coarse hair,
though at first she was snooty
wondered how I could dare.

I'd forgotten my glasses
in the changing room locker,
and when players and lasses,
after hours of soccer

rushed to gain a quick place
I had seen only blurs,
where in neat lower case
it spelled 'his' and then 'hers'.

Being legally blind
I had grabbed the first door,
not expecting to find
naked beauty and more.

Since the door's automatic
it swung shut in a blink,
with my spirit ecstatic
I just flashed her a wink.

'I'm so sorry', I mumbled
'and my eyesight is poor,
or I wouldn't have bumbled
into THIS place, for sure.'

'If your eyes cannot see,
you must use your two hands,
it's the same thing with me.'
And as manner demands

I most quickly now stripped
grabbed the soap and began
while my beating heart skipped,
rubbing foam on her tan.

I will spare you details
but the bell rang to wake,
and a dream seldom fails,
is it real or fake?

So, not guilty, I think
though there still is that note.
It began with a wink
and 'Godd-bye"s what she wrote.

Herbert Nehrlich

Shysters

There comes, around the bend a shyster
clear eyes, smart suit and pink bow tie.
Vest pocket carries Jaegermeister
five hundred mil, to get him by.

He is no great communicator,
and likes his lofty pedestal,
I live too close to the equator
he has both hands inside the till.

Let us prolong the serenade
a file has been created, too,
the plaintiff can drink lemonade
defendants like a different brew.

But shysters wear the special suits
from London tailors, (tax expense) ,
are with the devil in cahoots
and think that clients must be dense.

They know the law and what it can
provide in terms of benefits
a coward is the lawyer's fan
the system tears the truth to bits.

And no one sees the great mirage
the tricks designed to transfer wealth
a common cognitive lavage
supports the shyster's mental health.

Where would they be if every man
would stand, alone, on sturdy feet?
So many a productive plan
would melt away in sudden heat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sick Of This Place

It would be, I knew, a frosty day,
the milkman grunted his usual
and always hasty as a buzzing fly
greeting to me, scruffy fellow he is,
told him again that glass bottles,
in this day and age, will NOT do,
lose the Riboflavin in the milk,
even with the pissy little sun we have
here in the land of Schopenhauer.

Nineteen fifty they found this,
today you see angular cheilitis,
seborrheic dermatitis and thrush
everywhere, don't these so called
decisionmakers care at all?

Diesel is up again and Rolf is right,
it's time to get a furnace so they will,
with no questions asked sell me oil,
half price will surely help with the beer,
weekends must be properly observed.

Streetcar my foot, easy for a pollie
to say one thing and practice another,
I will be independent I told them,
though pension officers don't have a heart,
or a soul, just egg stains on their ties
and coffee suds in their paper cups,
whatever happened to the good old days,
when the snow was white and the bread,
yes the Good German bread was dark,
and warm on the shelves, at one mark,
maybe one ten a loaf of 1.2 kilo, with crust
and wrapped in paper, not plastic made from
discarded tires or rubber boots, at a cost,
yes they are charging for the goddam bags now,
bring your own they say or else, that's eerily
very eerily close to saying take the tram, boy!

I'm thinking of leaving this land, it's too cold,
too crowded and too hectic, maybe Brazil,
though they said in National Geographic,
yes I know, but it was at the library, anyway
unstable government and then the language,
they might just laugh at me, linguist is,
most likely, no a is old hat,
stetson they call them I believe, cold as well.

America, so says the butcher, is going down,
won't be a major power after the Chinese,
the yellow peril the Yanks call them, but you
or I can't say this nowadays, no I wouldn't,
can you imagine trying to write that lingo?
More like crayon drawings, also they may not,
probably will not keep the peace with the rest,
the other countries, comes down to envy,
and to ambition. These Asians, you gotta,
no doubt, gotta give them that, they got drive!

Colleague says Bertelsmann has a new book out,
explains it all, preview clearly favours the Tropics,
which means, are you ready, Australia, well,
I did see Crocodile Dundee, or Dundy,
good show though part two wasn't up to snuff.
They got razorbacks there, in the outback,
big as hippos, will tear down your house,
slice you first from crotch to chin and then
eat you, boots and all, gotta see that, best,
so says Frank, to take a guide at first, pay
is in beer, they drink it ice cold as well,
got refrigeration everywhere, in the outback,
no water but plenty of beer, ladies called sheilas.

And the black fellows are now tolerated,
they throw a mean boomerang if you don't,
kangaroos and koalas, then they got wombats
and on the coast you'd be wary of the crocs,
saw that Steve Irwin show, poor fellow, died
in such a crazy way, knew it would get him,
took chances like a crazy Englishman.

Well, here I am now, getting all warmed up,
at a miserable 7 degrees, and wet streets,
and guess what, there it is, the book, do you,
would you believe my eyes, man, what luck,
it's like God himself speaking to me, Reinhard,
you must go, it's a sign from the one who did,
who created that place Down Under they call it,
Auswandern - Ein Traum, no it is no dream, Sir,
yes I will take a plastic bag if it is still free,
bookclub I will pass this time, really, let me,
in all confidence, tell you a little secret, Sir,
I won't be here long enough to use the privileges,
no bookclub in Europe for me, ever again!
Good Day Sir!

Herbert Nehrlich

Sigh

There once was a blueberry pie,
it would make many little kids cry.
But it wasn't the fruit
that was found in dispute
but the talentless baker named Sigh.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sigh*

The rocks rest near the waves
and in the skulls perhaps,
a fisherman who braves
the storm clouds without maps
leaves yesterday behind
its monumental lie,
a coprophagic mind
her name was, simply, Sigh.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sight

The retina, a part of us
makes men observe, without a fuss
activities in all our lives
and the deerières of other's wives.

One hundred twenty million cells,
all sensitive to light, not smells,
reside inside a human eye.
And why so many? Don't know why!

Herbert Nehrlich

Silence In The Closet

Come out, come out, wherever you are
are you clever and shout happy drinks in the bar?
I've been looking for you in the closet ten times
even sang all our songs and those nursery rhymes,
no avail you have left, and my heart is aflutter,
I'm reduced to be swept like old leaves down the gutter.
Here I go, as the force sucks my soul down the drain
and I wave all my limbs but it's all been in vain.
Off I go, holding tight to the Devil's own wings,
to a faraway place where no nightingale sings.
I shall stay there and pray, though it breaks all the rules,
as I hope you will join me and the rest of the fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Silence Of

I realise that you,
in your predicament
could not prevent
the crime all by yourself.
And, in the end it was
what experts saw
as human laissez-faire,
a most peculiar silence
of the lambs for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Silly Boys Against Rhyme

Let us welcome the past and embrace the old masters
see Herr Goethe and Schiller and rhyme,
not the modern, incompetent line-breaking blasters
of a silly and empty new time.
One replaces the old if the new can be shown
to be better for angels and man
write your free verse and praise all the talents you own
just remember, so few of you can.

Herbert Nehrlich

Silly Season

It is the silly season.
How can you tell?
It is when rhyme or reason
are not too well.
It's when they dump new pets
at city shelters,
and snugly drink cold drinks
while all life swelters.
Then, when the angels cry
they call it rain
but any lullaby
it came in vain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Silver Coins

Silver coins piled on the table
just enough to get him through
nights of sleeping in the stable
working daylights with the crew.

He had killed the great Falzini
fastest gunman in the west,
first he blew away his wienie
next slug hit him in the chest.

He would hang if they did catch him
though the Sheriff was a drunk,
and the one who could just match him
had been taken from his bunk.

Suddenly, the horses heard him,
sneaking in just like a thief.
Half asleep it briefly stired him
then he came to major grief.

Bullets from a big revolver
tend to shorten human lives
this one was a problem solver.
He had come to take the coins.

Herbert Nehrlich

Silverfish

A silverfish is not a fish
also not part of any quiche.
It lives in houses below par
that's where the roaches also are.

So grab the mop and fullstrength bleach
go after all the bugs in reach.
And keep your home in shape A-one
and do not rest until it's done.

And if you see a fish that twinkles
and doesn't have too many wrinkles
out of the water, on dry ground
just step on him, without a sound.

Herbert Nehrlich

Simba The Lion

A lion, male and fully fed
was resting in a tractor shed.
He had misplaced his hat of straw
and did not like his skin too raw,
and as you know the Southern sun
would scare the habit off a nun.
The lion slept while his good mate
hid near the ten foot iron gate
that separated wild from tame
and was the crossroad for all game.
She knew that hubby needed rest
and, once awake he'd beat his chest
in a small gesture that he would
have dinner now, as well he should.
By then, she'd have a small gazelle
caught by the station's shallow well,
they'd all, and often twice a day
come down to drink. Some had to pay
and this was justice of a kind
compassion though was rather blind.
While lion slept the farmer started
the green John Deere, which quickly farted,
and roared into a noisy life
'twas overheard by Simba's wife.
She rushed into the tractor shed
where hubby, sleeping and well fed
had not been woken by the clatter,
she wondered now what was the matter.
The farmer also, still half-snoozing
due to a prior night of boozing,
had not discovered the intruder
(though he was smaller but not shrewder)
he put the gearshift in reverse
and hummed a well-known Christian verse
out through the barn door he went slowly,
while lion woke, said Holy-Moly,
what is this fellow doing here?
His spouse now whispered, hush my dear
we cannot eat this man of hope

I saw him eat an antelope.
He prays for rain and wildebeests
he is the reason we have feasts!
And so, they let the farmer pass,
he disappeared in the tall grass.
The lions, wise but practical
stayed in the shed. The tactical
and logical solution was
to rest and think of the old laws,
a farmer in a tiny shed
is useful to two lions. Dead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Simple Sally (Haiku)

One error only,
the traffic cop was tired.
He got run over.

They did replace him
this one was really hyper.
He caused collisions.

Superintendent,
all set to fix the problem
was met with laughter.

Chaos resulted
a million cars now stranded
in the big city.

Came Simple Sally
and waved her magic baton
she was applauded.

And in an hour
all cars had left the city
and there was silence.

Superintendent,
both cops and Simple Sally
directing traffic.....

Herbert Nehrlich

Singing Practice

Uncle Julius had a ball
he-i-he-i-ho.
Lost the other in a fall
he-i-he-i-ho.

Aunt Matilda was so fat
he-i-he-i-ho.
Chairs were flattened when she sat
he-i-he-i-ho.

Helmut Schroeder was a nut
he-i-he-i-ho.
had two pimples on his butt
he-i-he-i-ho.

Sherrie wears a big T-shirt
he-i-he-i-ho.
On or off she is a flirt
he-i-he-i-ho.

All the Muslims jumped for joy
he-i-he-i-ho.
Only keep a little boy
he-i-he-i-ho.

Tiny Tim peed in his bed
he-i-he-i-ho.
On the day that he was wed
he-i-he-i-ho.

Once a female, name of Keats
he-i-he-i-ho.
showed the world her dirty sheets
he-i-he-i-ho.

Poets are a funny lot
he-i-he-i-ho.
some have talent, some do not
he-i-he-i-ho.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sinne

Wer nachts die Ohren offen haelt
hoert wie des Nachbar's Huendchen bellt.
Und faellt er in das Reich der Traeume
dann saegt der Ehepartner Baeume.
Es ist schon manchmal kaum zu glauben
dass uns're Sinne stehlen, rauben
und damit klar Duplizitaet
beweisen, wo kein Hahn nach kraeht.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sir Smithereens Wears Jockey Classic Y's

A fan I was of checkered boxer shorts,
have been since June the year of sixty three,
inside the changing room (I did do sports)
they split and set the whole caboodle thingy free.

So, shopping with the spouse one day I saw a blue,
the most azure of colours, hanging proud and high.
She was immersed in trying on a pointy shoe,
and I was thinking of my residential little fly.

It must fulfill the needs of Henry, down below
be soft and cuddly, also loose and strong,
should not be flaunting things, like bulges, well you know
I picked the Jockey brand, who could be (really?) wrong?

The classic Y it's called, the whites are not for me.
Elastic bands make sure that parts will stay concealed.
And if the little guy wants fresher air or simply needs to pee,
it is a trifle how one hand can move the kosher shield.

If you, (please be a female) , want to have a closer look,
come by and slide your hand inside my Levis jeans.
In certain matters I am not the one who wrote the book,
to educate has always been a mission of Sir Smithereens.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sis

She's always been my favourite girl,
although a kin, as they would say,
a boy who'd stand in her defense
and told his buddies that she was
always off limits for the crowd,
sort of untouchable, of snow white purity,
not to be even talked about
among the boys who grew and blew
to snuff the candles out, if they were lit
and mussed the flaxen hair of youth
while slyly peeking under cloth,
to find the promise of the teenage years.

So many decades on, it was a shock,
a stunning look of pink flushed cheeks
and sinew sense beneath the folds
of cotton, sometimes wool or silk,
and on the trail into the heights,
to touch and feel the trees and shrubs
that he, the Master Johann called his own
and if I look at her, as she ascends
with jogging sticks up to the Kickelhahn
I see the ambience of poetry, it rises
and echos with her hurried steps
who wouldn't want a sister just like this?

Herbert Nehrlich

Six Brave Men

JUMP! ! ! !

We were actually,

-No Shit-

going to do it.

Six of us,

trained

on a tower.

Above the clouds,

in a Focker,

modified but noisy.

Fear was palpable.

Maiden?

Virgin?

Inaugural? .

It mattered little

what name you chose, it was

and remained to be

our first jump.

SOLO.

If you normally take laxatives or

other expeditors

you owe yourself

the experience.

It's hair-raising

and very loose.

Packed our own shutes.

Chewing gum

with a vengeance,

for

ear-popping prevention.

'Sergeant....I don't think..',

feeble coward,

what a disappointment

I am.

Was that liquid

or just from the pinto beans?

'No, I won't' is beginning
to take hold.

SHIT is the word that is
closest to becoming
widely accepted here.

In its human origin,
by all concerned.

'Yes, sarge, just
give me a minute...',
you say with him
standing behind you,
so reassuring, so smooth.

'tell me about
how you packed it',
he teases me
and distracts my
alert little Amygdala.
And then.....
he pushes me out the door.
Unceremoniously,
quick and hard.

It opens after some hours
and the pants stay clean.
And, when you land
there is just one question to ask:
WHY?

Herbert Nehrlich

Six Months To Live

The doctor wore his undertaker mask this morning.
Miss Jones was in to get the full report.
All tests completed and the biopsy is back.
The room is pregnant now with dark-skinned twins,
one half is expectation, the other odds-defying hope.

'Some tea, Miss Jones? ' This gesture breaks no ice.
'And cream or sugar? 'Dammit, is it bad?
You beat around the bush if you're afraid
that bogeymen or cancers hide within.

'I'm giving you six months', he says at last,
'perhaps a fraction more,
I am not God! ' But with a voice
that God himself would use.
He hands her paper after paper after paper.

'These are referrals, Alice, the one
for Dr. Fleece, he'll do the radiation,
thirty-two in all.
Then, after that, the fellows at St. Claire's
will cut the rotten parts
and stitch the mesh in tight.
The Chemo, you are lucky, I will say,
is done by Dr. Toxus, she will kill
whatever moves and doesn't look too friendly.
And Dr. Slurpey uses high-osmotic suction
to drain the fluid from your lungs
on Tuesday mornings.
Right after that - convenience is the word:
The pneumo's will inser the special nozzle
right in your anal sphincter, grip it tight!
To pump the hot air into you
of all these therapeutics.
And you will float like pieces of cacatum,
and thank your God you live in modern times.

The miracle, Miss....ahem,
whatever,

names don't matter,
of Modern Medicine
has reached you.
It follows you
through life
to watch you die.
If there is even more that we can do,
just don't be shy,
that's why we're here.

So, all in all, if it's okay
I'll leave you to it now
and make my rounds.
If you have questions
or donations
for the clinic,
remember,
time is of the essence!
Use it wisely.

And pale Miss Jones then timidly begins:
'So if I'll die so soon,
why go through the bother?
Will I go sooner
if I just go home and cry? '

The doctor pauses briefly
in the doorway, and scolds her,
with what he considers
plain compassion:
'It is expected,
what would people say? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Sixty-Nine Limerick)

After drinking a bottle of wine
while conversing with Englebert Klein,
Miss Fellaziobelle slurred
a most out of place word
and it sounded like sixty-nine.

Mister Klein, an accountant by trade,
was a nerd who had never been laid.
Said, my dear let us stop
I will never talk shop
and we're switching to lemonade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Size Does

In a home for battered ones,
run by aseptic looking nuns
rings the wall-mount telephone
hubby wants to pick a bone.

Woman yells leave me alone
keep to yourself your tiny bone.
It never was what I expected
it is the reason I defected.

Hubby looks at his humdinger
it is bigger than a finger.
Tells his mate that life is tough,
girls can never get enough.

Herbert Nehrlich

Size Does Matter

Two men, named Engelbert and Rolf
were playing early morning golf.
To keep their mind and skills awake
they soon decided on a break.

Two coffin nails would taste just right
now all they needed was a light.
Big Engelbert said that his BIC,
twelve inch in length, would do the trick.

'Good God, where did you find this meanie? '
'It was a present from my Genie.'
'Well, where, if I may be so bold
can I, your buddie, get ahold
of such a wondrous, precious ghost? '

'He does reside (Bert had to boast)
inside my alligator bag, '
he grunted as he lit his fag.
The genie who had overheard
the conversation, word for word,
stuck out his head and said 'you've won
your private wish, but only one.'

Said Rolf, who needed a new Tux:
'Just let me have a million bucks! '
Great darkness now came to the sky
a million mallard ducks flew by.

Rolf used his fist and grabbed the shirt
of his old buddie Engelbert.
'I said a million BUCKS, not DUCKS
this genie really, truly sucks! '

Said Engelbert, 'well I agree
just think about it, look at me.
And do you think that I would pick
in middle age a twelve inch BIC? '

Written for my special friend Gina.

Herbert Nehrlich

Size Isn'T All

She was exceedingly flat.
No fruit or other edible
could be used to describe,
in interpretative comparison
her chesty appendages.
No melon, apples, oranges,
eggs, walnuts, olives, peas,
but then it came to me,
eggs, sunny side up,
a bit scrambled perhaps.

Herbert Nehrlich

Skyline

And on the beach today
I saw an eagle.
Was flying in from just above the waves.
And, when he saw me he
began to shout.
His voice was swelling with,
what seemed like pride.
Well, then I saw it:
He was with fish,
a big one, too.
Was dragging down his wings
some as he flew.

How strange how Mother Nature
would assume,
that fish would want -
before he goes for dinner,
go for a ride
like birds
up in the sky!

He must have been a godforsaken sinner.

Herbert Nehrlich

Slab

Viewed, oh my God,
the Gift-O-The-Gab
yellow-faced, odd
on a cold marble slab.
Face and sweet lips
cyanide blue.
Childbearing hips
praying for you.
Wish I'd been there,
holding on tight
show me just where
you've lost this fight.
Was it a pill
one for the fun
now you are still,
pardon the pun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleep My Lovely

I watch you, as you sleep,
the glow, a rosy hue
of Roman cheeks,
a tiny trickle, as if glued
onto the crease of lips
so red and so inviting,
your hands asleep
in what they call the warmest spot
of living humans,
I wish I could,
and surely would.
I am your guard tonight,
just sitting here,
prepared to be the death
of horny demons,
should they forget their place
and wander in.

I have now put the final cork away,
and opened up the kitchen clock
to rip the living battery
and put an end to it,
the pulse of time.
I shall be happy just to sit
here, by your side,
and dream about the warmth
of you, in all those feather downs.

For Angie

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleep Now, My Love

I place you,
gently
on your pillow,
first on your back,
the weather's cooled,
a jumper would not do
my sweet,
you need to be
relaxed and free,
I pull the satin sheets
up
covering the twins,
and hear your sigh,
yes, I shall be,
as all those other nights,
behind you,
wrapping arms
around you,
closely,
my fingertips
caressing,
now and then
while clutching
your committed hands,
and huddles, yes,
we sleep in synch,
I turn
while you remain
so it behooves
to be alert
and in our trance
when in our night
we love
and carry on our dance.

It has been shocking, folks
the sheer intensity
of how two simple souls
could meet,

not in the heat of night
but at the Pub,
and near enough High Noon,
to link,
connect their souls
and shun what one would think
to be essential to us all,
and then to hold
their hands,
and all the other parts
just to be one,

It puzzles me,
and US,
yet there would never need to be
a doubt,
a valiant effort to
unravel all,
to show the world
and get the nod
from those who never
ever will
be on our side.
It is a fact
that little souls
will want you down,
to be unhappy
and to have them clip
your feathered wings.

Pay no attention though,
it must be YOU
and me
who will decide,
so let me kiss these
sleepy eyes,
and smell your skin,
while I am privileged
to sleep
in what can be
described
the company

of YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleep Well

I hope your dreams will help you rest
your body needs it now.
Although you are the cat's meow
even the best need rest.

So, snuggle under silken sheet
and snooze 'til Dawn's first light.
I hear your heart, I feel its beat
and know that we're alright.

And when you wake, my lovely flower
a fleeting thought arrives,
which carries with it love's own power
and talks about our lives.

So please accept these morning kisses
you precious work of art.
I know someone who sorely misses
you when we are apart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleep Well With Me

I lie behind you in our night,
close, as your bum fits neatly
and so very sweetly, to me,
my hands had been requested
by OUR pair of lovely Twins,
again, there is a match
perhaps twas made up high
I told you that too much
especially of living things,
gets in the way, disturbs
through its societal demands,
a herd of cows with tangled tails
will shake foundations of a church!
You wait, it is your little tease,
before you reach and touch my face,
the tips of silken fingers stroke
with feather touch the templebone,
and rest within the dip that joins
in a Teutonic swoop, the jaw.
I lean into your hand and press,
you answer with a subtle move,
one finger leading while the other trails,
I feel you now against my loins,
no vacant space remains between,
I hunger for your tiny little sounds,
part breath and yet a melody for sleep.
We change, a subtle change
and you now offer me your lips
a lazy kiss, there would be many more
hence tis may be the night's routine.
But there is a delay, you stretch,
your sternocleidomastoid, it is mine,
you love the name and have it memorised,
it lends its softness and the curve
and frames your neck, as it does now.
Your tongue, all moist and timid flesh
slides silently between your lips
to see if mine are cared for well,
I part and feel its stamina, its heat

and its exuberance dart into corners now
as if to check the inventory of the day.
The plan had been to go to Heia* soon,
the morning would be cold and painted gray,
tonight however, Eros played a melancholy tune,
and soon the tide did carry both of us away.

Note: HEIA is a term used in the German speaking countries.
It means bed or bedtime.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleep Well, My Love

It came to me
from
the silent shadows,
this word
that has
its own inflection
just for you:
LOVE.

Will you,
when it reaches
YOU,
and if it touches
a special part
of you,
take it
and hold it briefly,
then smother it
with
neverending kisses
and send it back to me?

I shall be waiting
for it to come back,
an echo of sorts,
only much more.

And I shall wait,
wait longer,
for you,
my LOVE.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sleepwalk

As if a man of mettle
had kissed the Mother Earth
and that each velvet petal
remembered still its birth.

I walk through silent meadows,
accompanied by stars,
a breeze fills in the shadows,
presents a star to Mars.

My heart feels like a feather,
weighed down with utter joy,
I sit in purple heather
in darkness, as a boy.

My soul has seen the mountains,
it rises in my chest
and flies back to the fountain
outside God's church to rest.

Herbert Nehrlich

Smitten

You sleep when I brush teeth and shave
my thoughts betray a rather brave
but timid boy beneath veneer
whose ears betray what he can hear.
I picture you, your little ass
your boobs that have a touch of class
your lips that do not need botox
and that you sleep with football socks.

I could not tell you that I sleep
right next to you, and please do keep
this secret from the world at large
they'd ridicule us, maybe charge
some weird and freakish French gendarmes
to stop as meeting, using arms.
I breathe your scent each lovely night
and fly away just like a kite
when daybreak comes and you arise
I love the crystal of your eyes.
In fact, I am so badly smitten
inside my dreamings of Great Britain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Smoke Machine

I had a dream last night.
It was a dream in vivid colours.
A satisfying dream.
A dream of justice and
righteousness.

So, here I stood,
horsewhipping
a cowardly soul
with a large wet rag.

The rag was called
INNUENDO.

And the cowardly soul
looked like a pathetic
old spinster whose
belt had fallen off,
exposing soiled nickers
and hidden knives
dangling.

In the background
one could see
what appeared to be
a fire.
Only smoke was visible.

But then, as the screams
of the victim echoed
back from the Hills
of Deception and
Cowardice,
it became obvious that
there was no fire.
The smoke was coming
from a Texas smoke machine.

Snail Male

Snail Male

He was a patient man,
there never seemed to be a need
to rush around,
he was no chicken
and preferred a slimy snail
much to a rabbit
for himself,
though once he hitched
himself
to her, who claimed
that cogs must whirr
and turn
until they generate some heat,
he knew he'd lost the battle,
and that war was in his cards.
Yet on he went,
each day a fresh new deck
was stacked,
against his wishes
and in great defiance
of his greater needs.
So, what to do,
the question took eternity to grow,
until its nature was revealed
to him,
and answers rolled
like coloured marbles
on a polished floor.
Of course!
They'd have a race,
start at the city hall
and finish at God's Acres
at the edge of town.
The scepter would belong,
without a doubt,
and no objections raised,
and none allowed

to he who'd stand,
there, at the finish line.
The rabbit ran,
flew past the crowd,
was cheered by all
and reached the gate
where he collapsed
next to the chapel door.
And died.

Today,
all folks inside the town
and through the lands
where matches are,
by humans made in haste,
his fame is known to all,
and someone named him,
for his cleverness Snail Male.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snails

Three snails hitched to a frying pan
were pulling hard, they had a plan.
The frying pan was solid steel
said number one snail, yes a wheel
would be the answer to this work,
snail number two: 'You little jerk,
just pull, pretend you are a man...'
And number three yelled 'I'm a fan
of putting out for a good cause',
but then he did inser a pause:
'Let's face it folks, we are just snails,
who'd ever blame us, if this fails? '

Herbert Nehrlich

Snicker, Snicker

If you snicker
and bicker
it pleases
your ticker.
Once a promise
is made
then a spade
is a spade.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snot

A beetle sat upon a lamp
on Broadway in the morning damp.
Enjoyed the traffic and the view
but caught, from much exhaust, the flu.

He coughed and sputtered and felt hot
and from the lamp dripped down the snot.
It fell, in yellow and in green
onto a Bentley limousine.

The driver chauffeured a big star
inside this very British car.
The star was into smog and pot
inhaled them both and coughed alot.

Thus it was REALLY expected
that he would have, that day, selected
to keep the sunroof open wide
as to enjoy the smoggy ride.

The star was sucking on a joint
he did not want to disappoint
his well-tanned lungs and his small brain
he also liked the funny pain

that settled in his bronchial tubes
just underneath his ample boobs.
Let me explain why he had breasts
(he wore a camouflaging vest) ,
his frequent alcohol adventures
had given him a set of dentures
and added so much estrogen
that his male hormones could not win
Prolactin made his titbits grow
and shrank the fellow down below.

So, as he lounged on British leather,
remarked on California weather,
a blob of beetle exudate

light green and of a hefty weight
dropped on the fingers of his hand
right near his same-sex wedding band.

Not knowing what this stuff contained
(his mind was also then detained
by cannabis) in potent dose
which had inflamed his hawk-like nose.

Not knowing, thus he wiped it gently
when, due to fate, the big old Bentley
swerved sharply to avoid a goat
and all the slime went down his throat.

The chauffeur, who had watched his star
accelerated now the car
but, through a gust of wind another
big glob did land on him. Oh Brother!

Again, he swallowed and enjoyed,
in fact he felt supremely buoyed
and wondered if the Santa Ana*
had brought from Heaven down some manna.

Meanwhile, the beetle was much worse,
he fell and landed in a purse
of a young maiden from LA,
who was returning from the Bay
in her small car made by the Krauts
and lived nearby or thereabouts.

Inside the purse was an aroma
that woke the beetle from his coma,
it was Chanel, the number five
and good to keep all bugs alive.

He soon recovered and then climbed
just when the LA Tower chimed
up to the seat to look and see
the girl and then the scenery.

'How cute', she said, 'a beetle yet',

and planned to make him her own pet.
She took him home, the place was small
the beetle did not mind at all,
though now and then, his thoughts went back
to when he had that flu attack
and wondered how it would have been.....
but then he'd flash a mighty grin
and wander over to the bug
to give his namesake a huge hug.

The moral, (did you guess my friends) ,
is that it CAN pay dividends
to seek the company you love
and fateful things come from above.

* Santa Ana winds are a frequent occurrence in
Southern California. They carry strange things,
sometimes across international borders. Once they hit the Glendale
Hills they back off and fall upon the innocent
citizens of the suburbs from Glendale to Echo Park.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snow

The snow comes down so lilywhite
I wonder what it means
it is a most delicious sight
I love those frosty scenes.
And in a while I do suppose
I'll build me a big mate
a snowman with a carrot nose
before it is too late.
For when the sun comes out in force
and looks at all the snow
it's time to get my hobbyhorse
so we can watch the show.
I'll sit upon my hobbyhorse
and watch my snowman die
it is a shame that in due course
all friends must say good bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snow At Last

Snowflakes, at last, and dancing gracefully,
announcing, in the innocence of white,
the season's purpose, its *raison d'être*.
Yes, do, go to Hawaii, escape!
where bones of sinister intent are pointed:
a stern and lukewarm welcome.

You do prefer the sun, so hot and giving life,
warmth of Mother Earth, a smiling face.
Yet cruel, unforgiving, destroying dew,
and mist and fog and water on pink petals.
And, enemy to cypress and pure snow.

Oh, that Frau Holle, snow Matron in the sky,
would shake her heavenly and promise-laden bedding,
with vigour and benign determination,
to cover me with soft and white and powdery fluff.
Comforting with its silent lullaby
in everlasting sleep for my salvation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snowflake

You called me by a novel name.
I now am SNOWFLAKE, just to you.
But snowflakes do not stay the same
they fall and turn into delicious dew.
I'll gladly land as snowflake on your skin
but would you promise me to hold me close
and when I melt to take me deep within
where I shall write about you, poetry and prose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Snub (For My Blueberry)

There once was a man quite content
he was well past his latter day Lent,
he imagined his life
as a single edged knife
when one day he was stopped by a scent.

Inner sensors reported the news
to the brain, which was soaking up booze.
Will you look at this then
it's a definite TEN
and it looked at you silly recluse.

It was sad but he walked to the Pub
thus foregoing a cognizant rub.
She was gone from his view
and it could have been YOU,
would you give your own spirit the snub?

Herbert Nehrlich

So Come

I step into the meadow gingerly,
though heavy are my feet from grief,
wild things surround me, stars
drift in, like teenage boys, the sky,
home to the moon seems far
and made from layers of gray clouds,
reflecting images inside the lake
so still that I can hear my beating heart.
What will you do, the echo asks,
is sleep or death your alter aim?
So, come! The sound of the old oak,
its creaky voice invites and reassures,
just rest a while, down at my feet
the moss has waited for this special day.

Herbert Nehrlich

So What? !

He woke, a bit too early
on that Saturday in May.
And could no longer fight
the smoke-filled fact of
what others had already seen
so long ago. The talent.
There was no question now,
but how does one who floats
on cushions of reluctancy,
meaning respect, on loan
until it's graduation time.
How does this expert,
on paper anyway,
change course
halfway to liberation?
It will be tantallising
and voulez-vous?
But I can wait
until the man,
if he does have it,
comes out and states
his truth.
And when it happens
it will be certain
that he and I
are just like cousins,
so do we shake?

Herbert Nehrlich

So, God Can, Indeed, Be Kind

God blinked that day
not once, but twice.
He tires easily these days
of watching all his sheep
as they meander through
the green green grass of home.

It's how he missed the sin,
committed by a lamb
who was confused at that
and took the lower road.
There was no mother
and no nanny to observe.

I'll make a deal with you, my Lord,
you keep your cotton-pickin' eyes
and those of all your angels,
as well as devils and the like
upon the one who looks to you
and all of us for small poetic signs.

And if you do, my Lord, I promise this to you
that this well worn but still intact
gregarious soul from just below the railroad tracks
is ready now to sign upon the holy dotted line,
all for the pleasure of a peasant's silly dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

So, He's A Poet!

A poet is a fragile ghost
God gave a paperbark as skin.
though he excels, when as a host
he draws your innards slowly in.

And like a river's undertow
the promise of a mermaid's song,
if it's a poet whom you know
you're wise and know where you belong.

So, let your words meet in the air
and happily engage in dance,
the music is for you to share
the poetry? Go, have a glance.

That first loud scream, when you are born
begins the sonnet, although shrill
the terror of a lover's scorn
may it remain forever still.

Herbert Nehrlich

So, What Do You Like About Me?

'And as I wrote you in my letter,
I always liked the left one better.
Not that the difference was great
at rest or in their boastful state.
You say that they are far apart,
I say they are two works of art.
I wish I had a narrow head
and you invited me to bed.
I could, perhaps rest in between....

Struth, what was THAT, what do you mean?
I never said that there was space,
I'm talking of a NARROW face,
so thin it would with great ease fit
between the seams of that warm mit
you knitted back when we had snow,
well, just forget it, I do swear
when looking closely at your bare
endowment fund's plush apparitions
I find it hard to make decisions,
my heart sounds like an Inuit drum
and I just gawk, sometimes I hum.

I do this when there is no light
when spirits haunt me in the night,
no, please I've answered you already
your other parts, let's keep this steady,
perfection is a wasted term
yes, all the skin is tight and firm,
legs shapelier I've NEVER seen
not even in a beauty queen.

Now dear, I would not lie to you,
I say that there is not a shoe
that could do justice to your feet
your arches also can't be beat,
each nail would only look less quaint
if covered by some liquid paint,
I figured you would get around

to ask about that forest mound
to which I hoarsely say, sweet Jesus
I personally shall write a thesis,
a post-grad doctor's dissertation
which deals with re-conciliation
and how one travels from Calais
to Dover without negligee!

You see, I am the most astute
observer of each attribute
and there is nothing I can see
that could claim superiority,
it is, believe me hard to grasp
that you would need that little clasp
to hold your flowered dress in place.

To sum it up, you ARE an ace,
the gods were at their very best
first they made YOU, then came the rest.
I see that you are smiling, sweet,
so shall we leave this busy street,
all windows of the shops agreed
that there is nothing, NONE indeed
that would come close to you my love,
not even the most handsome dove.

Oh no, don't start that one again,
you surely know that boys and men
are not precise when they portray
the features of a décolleté,
I never said that doves look better,
and please don't wave that lousy letter
in front of me, (I DON'T like Heather) ,
I know of course that doves have feathers
they do keep off inclement weathers,
that does not mean I was suggesting
(and no, I really was NOT testing) ,
that you should think about the trees
you'd catch a chill from any breeze!

You did? Oh my, I hadn't thought
what now, perhaps you, no... I ought

to ask you if you wouldn't mind.....
not putting you into a bind,
is there a portion of my features
that separates me from the creatures
that populate this crazy globe,
(so if I dropped my silken robe) ...
and that YOU, apple of my eye,
prefer, if so please tell me why.

Why are you pulling me so hard
we need to pick up Kierkegaard,
at Holtzermann's, you know for class
we won't get by with just a Pass.

Okay, you can, if you desire
wait until later, the entire
list of all parts may be quite long
what are you pulling, wow you're strong! '

EPILOG:

We reached the place, it started snowing
her urgency now had me going,
back then I was a trifle shy
a books are vital kind of guy.

She never answered me my query,
played Mozart's Figaro, quite eerie,
I felt exhausted from discussions
though did foresee no repercussions,
I HAD passed all the tests this once
(and never told her that her buns,
when looked at from the iliac crests
were equal to her scrumptious breasts) .

Written for one elm and two maple leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Soap Bubbles

They were tiny, these bubbles,
he'd called them infinitesimal,
though just to show some class,
soap tends to move with grace,
this was what drew his eyes
into a frozen stare, no blinking would
disturb the spectacle, the slow descent.
At first it left the joint anterior to the ear,
just on the outer edge of her first joint,
the temporomandibular, a nutty name,
it slid, due to the slope onto the SCM,
the sternocleidomastoid of the neck,
and, urged by movements of the pectorals
travelled across into the cleavage from above.
No bra was separating these and so they stayed
a little while, eventually dislodged by breaths,
and at a higher speed passed the small innie,
a cough propelled the foam into the thatch,
he wished he could have been there, just to catch.

Herbert Nehrlich

Soap Opera

She played the leading role
in a soap opera called 'Days Of Love'.
It later turned, by popular demand
into a porno film and she decided
on her own and as a penance
to wash out her entire mouth
with laundry soap. It cleansed her well.

Herbert Nehrlich

Soccer

I always have liked soccer.
Such a rough game.
Such skills required.
And popular.
Hometown watching,
on Sunday morning.
When one day,
I found that I needed
to withdraw.
It was the honourable
thing to do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Social Limerick

He was known as the local Brownbagger,
in his belt he had hidden a dagger.
As an industry rep
bribing was a small step
and the common folks surely would stagger.

When big business gets cozy and close
with the leaders, (not those who oppose)
it will take from your wallet
while it drops down your gullet
of the poison a hefty dose.

We have lost all the caring and love
that was given to us from above.
where compassion is missing
there will never be kissing
it is more advantageous to shove.

Herbert Nehrlich

Socks

Today is the day goddammit.
Not just another Monday
with all its pressures and urges
and society commitments and
the ah so expected lousy weather.

No, I am calling everyone's bluff,
crimes against my dignity have
under some cockamamie disguise
been perpetrated again, a clear case
of repeat offenses in the name of,
and under cover for the vanity flair.

It's all about socks, needless to say,
a never ending serial embezzlement
in nylon, rayon, cotton and mixed threads.
He should have, by rights and decency
moved out a decade ago, out and away
to where ordinary K-Marts and
are the proper purveyors of fabric footwear.

I was on to his game, aided and abetted by
no other than his own mother, spoiled brat,
and I am the fifth wheel parked in the weather,
so who would blame me for resorting to
abject ingenuity born from sheer desperation,
a scheme which was certain to derail all
including his best laid plans. Stomp on them
I would in secret but publicly there would be
as a weekly routine spanning many months,
sock buying sprees governed by strict rules.

Having ascertained offspring's strong dislike
for licorice purple and gooseshitgreen,
the strategy was one of utter genius and,
to no one's surprise, resting on the pillars of
brilliance and strategic supremacy. Oh yes.
Drawer after drawer filled with MY socks,
some cotton, some nylon and some mixed stuff.

Before Christmas I obtained, in a streak of luck,
four pairs for the price of two, real beauties,
with a fluorescent stripe encircling the upper ankle
and re-enforced heel and toe regions as well as
elastic twice woven in the factories of Switzerland.

I still had my suspicion, of course, looking casually
at the boy's lower extremities while encouraging,
by example, a rapid stride which would lend
a rather sporty swinging bounce to our locomotion,
allowing me that revealing glimpse at the border
between sock and the lower end of the instep.

And today, on this miserable Monday morning,
with all its unreasonable demands and noises,
shrill and uncondusive to recovery from ethanol excess
there are NO SOCKS! ! ! Blow me down again.

Postponing, by sheer necessity, all detective work
where will I find a pair of any colour, where indeed?
Believe you me, I feel the nagging of a new suspicion,
and vow to have another look at her, down from the knees.

Herbert Nehrlich

Soft Jaws - How To Beat Bmi

Down on their knees
they were, and tried
at varying degrees
and on the side
as well as upside down
and from behind,
it was no use, a frown
appeared to have a mind
all of its own, it was defeat
no sex tonight or ever,
the end result of way too much to eat.

But men are clever,
they think when necessary
not with their brain
but rather, very voluntary
with little Heini, which is not in vain.

Since Heini knew that he was rather short
and no amount of pheromones would aid
but, all the same no Heini will abort
an honest effort, once the bed is made.
It was a matter of about an inch
enormous blubber layers were in the way,
and in the end they recognised that in a pinch
imagination of the purest kind would surely pay.

As at the university there was a track
where they could try high speeds to test those gees,
at supersonic speeds your ears pin back.
They sat inside the test car with their knees
in locking mode, he facing with his Heini
toward the front and full of new-found hope.

Three g's were reached in seconds as the tiny
but eager little devil on a slope
was driven by inertia's righteous laws
right into the warm home with its soft jaws.

Solitary With Mushrooms

Solitary in the electric chair,
she called it that, it had
a tiny motor inside its stuffing
which was quite capable
of overwhelming, vibratory
and humming stimulation,
specifically designed
for aging backs of grannies.

She played her silly cards
while keeping one green eye,
the one that had been
operated upon for cataract,
on all activity down in the
wondrous world of cobblestones.

And there I sat, strapping
but timid, due entirely
to heavy-handed folks
who would not tolerate
the slightest whisp of
budding freedom thoughts.
The motto being sheer oppression
would always save the day,
tradition simply did demand
that hand-me-down philosophy
and status be upheld, so
the words bonjour tristesse
would have been most appropriate.

Yet, highlights happened on occasion,
hot milk and honey - what a treat -
and chestnut cookies with
blackberry icing and a dollop of sweet cream.
Depending on the season, though,
grandma, the lady of...idiosyncrasy
would ask us boys to ease discomfort,
the pain of age which lived inside her feet,
demanding strong massage by well-trained hands.

And so, with natural reluctance, we would strip
her woolen socks off, baring dimpled ankles,
which then exposed a somewhat aromatic aura
of edible, long-celled fungi, noticeably.

It was the fifties and my older brother Otto
had coined the term just for these rare occasions,
it was our 'mushroom cloud', to be endured.
A distant relative, by name of Oppenheimer
was NOT amused, though he was fond of little boys.

A notice was received last week from the director
of God's Green Acres, where they're running out of room.
For fifty bills she gets another twenty years,
there was a small notation, longhand, underneath,
alerting us to a decided overgrowth
of aromatic mushrooms, would we kindly pick those weeds.

Herbert Nehrlich

Some Limericks

In the village there lived a strange hound,
he would always just wander around.
When he sniffed other critters
he would suffer the jitters
and you soon found him underground.

There once lived a grouchy old broad
who behaved like an arrogant god.
One could see on her shoulders
not a chip but big boulders
and her shoulder pads looked rather odd.

There once was a dummy named Ark
who would hide and then shoot from the dark,
with the chest of a pigeon
and the brain of a smidgeon.
And his bite was as weak as his bark.

In the cold near the stormy Atlantic
stands a cottage that looks quite romantic.
And the man who's inside,
he has something to hide.
And his secrets look rather pedantic.

A granny who was a great poet,
she has posted her and we all know it.
She has once been so tipsy
that the gang named her Gypsy
so she seized all her talent to grow it.

There once was a lady named Flo
who made Pizza from blackberry dough.
And this wonderful snack
turned consumers all black.
That's a racial remark as you know.

There once was a grumpy old Kraut,
he was blond and blue-eyed and quite stout.
And he proved a quick learner

and his first name was Wernher
he was almost an astronaut.

There once was a groucho named Hitler,
he imagined himself as a fiddler.
He climbed up to the roof
and the world then went poof.
And I dedicate this to Bett Middler.

In the desertland close to San Diego,
sits a woman and plays with her Lego.
She is probably fat
with the face of a bat
and she drives a dark blue Winnebago.

I once knew a grumpy old Jew,
they had baptised the boy, named him Prew.
He became my best buddy
when he helped me to study.
He's now running the Hannover Zoo.

There once was a Condoleeza,
she required no visitor's visa.
When she went to Beijing
for a little old fling,
but was told off by Chinaman Geezer.

There once lived a man named Hussein.
He was powerful, cruel and vain.
Then the big Honcho Yankee
who despised Hanky-Panky
he devised a neat plan in his brain.

Get the ruler of all those strange turbans,
and behead him to end this disturbance.
And to make people free
he would give them the key.
And Iraquis would start drinking Bourbon.

There once was a leader named Howard
who had all the fine traits of a coward.
On the word from the Yanks
he had ordered his tanks.
And his friendship has thus never soured.

Herbert Nehrlich

Something Practical For Valentine

There sits, atop a cherry tree
a bird that badly needs to pee.
He's eaten cherries to his fill
and now is bloated, feeling ill.
Bird guts turn cherries into wine
for critics here, on Valentine.
And if the critics have the gout
the wine will drive the acid out.
I think that I shall never see
another fancy cherry tree.
Nor any bird, a cherry thief
who, bloated, aches for quick relief.
But the idea of cherry wine
gut-brewed just for my Valentine
is reminiscent of the gout
today is it, and I could shout!
I'm off now to the local shop
to get her present, a new mop.

Herbert Nehrlich

Somnambulism

I wake up in the night,
and wander down the hall.
And, due to darkness,
'merde', I stub my toe
and let the sleepers know.

'It's all the fault of George',
so slurs the spouse, annoyed.
'He can be blamed for anything,
including leaking taps and roofs.'

Well, it is true, he disappoints,
Afghanistan and then Iraq,
and nothing is accomplished,
no peace and no democracy.

The little guy stands in the door,
with snoopy-do pyjamas,
'we should have nuked them all,
before they come and kill this family'.

The thought kept me awake,
he doesn't go to school as yet,
well, could the babysitter.....?
He says 'Grandpa is right,
he was a soldier, they ought to know.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Sonnenuntergang

Und wenn meine Sonne
die mich, mit ihren Strahlen
gewaermt hat, und mir stets,
in all den wilden Jahren,
den Weg gezeigt.
Wenn sie zum letzten Mal
am Horizont noch zoegert
bevor sie untergeht,
dann blicke ich zurueck
und seh' den einen oder anderen,
ihr leichtes Laecheln das mir gilt,
und hoere eine Trauermelodie,
die Stimme der Vergangenheit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Soothers

Much soothing
leading to
smoothing any
rough spots
touch-me-nots
so many
have missed
in vain hope
to be kissed.
It's the moon
not the sun
that is sending
all tears
but you are the dope
may I see you soon?

Herbert Nehrlich

Southern Comfort

In Mississippi, on a bus.
It was the heat of summer.
A white man stood, began to cuss,
he said: 'This is a bummer.'

'There's black and white in our land,
we all know what this means,
but I will travel, raise my hand,
not with them coloured fiends! '

The driver stopped, addressed his charges,
it looked like trouble flaring.
He told them what he'd do to help
and how they would be faring.

'Pretend' he said, 'that white is white,
but black is really green,
so if you would..I thought we might
divide the colour scene.'

'The back half of the bus belongs
to dark green folks with lips.
The rest of you know rights or wrongs:
Are light green on these trips.'

'We like you all, it's just that you,
the darkies who ain't white,
you really haven't got a clue,
you give our kids a fright.'

'If melons, mixed with porker guts
is what you like to eat,
if you still live in filthy huts
and eat opossum meat,

then, no offense, you emanate
the stench of lower class.
The only place where you can state
your business will be Mass.

The KKK, it has been banned,
an everlasting shame.
Those hoods will once again be manned.
We do not look the same.

So, think of it as shades of green.
The light ones sit in front.
You darkies, try not to be seen,
my meaning is quite blunt..

The fear of God shall strike you down
if you don't realise,
that obsolescent, dark green clowns
are filthy and tell lies.'

Note: The bus driver was white

Herbert Nehrlich

Spares

The sexes - always one is in the saddle-
do live together, but occasionally battle,
we humans are no different than cattle,
so let me tell you now the story of the rattle,

The wheel that hums is thought of with respect,
the wheel that rumbles loudly must have a defect.
The one that's silent, its alignment is correct,
the wheel that squeaks, however, is highly suspect.

You keep your eye on all four wheels to ascertain
that nothing untoward comes up to entertain
the thought that this great journey may yet be in vain.
All wheels do rotate for a living, that is plain.

You hear a squeak, it triggers frantic ministrations
with grease of liberal proportions, once or twice.
The one that squeaks the loudest gets consideration,
it's similar to children's plaintiff cries.

And when one fails to heal through simple loving care
and needs a rest in hospital for ailing, squeaky wheels,
attention turns at once to old and trusted spare,
it's in there somewhere, did you know it feels
so bloody useless, always on stand-by,
but quite neglected, never listened to.
The reason must be that it doesn't ever cry
or squeak, or scream or bother you.

But then it does something that's labelled as a rattle,
though not its fault, the tie-down was too loose.
It is the spare that always figures in recurring battle
of male and female, as they sometimes use
absurd distractions to re-mount the saddle.

The moral of this short exotic story
must be whatever from within you may extract.
A spare, by nature may consider to feel sorry
because of 'presence' when it counted that he lacked.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spark Of Death

At birth there is a fleeting spark
that signals hasty flight from dark.
Throughout our lives we never shed
that link which binds us to the dead.

Each cell is born with strict instruction
to live but practice self-destruction
according to a pre-set time
that's when it hears the Hayflick chime.

But, in a crowd of any creatures
one finds both pupils and their teachers,
the pupils usually conform
and set their sails for the last storm.

For those who've seen a glimpse of Hell
it's easy to ignore the bell.
And, blow me down, they do succeed
in chopping death down like a weed.

With urgent moves they now must find
new pastures, leave the old behind.
So, tearing down the walls of cells
until they're left with empty shells.

All sugar is devoured with glee
new energy now sets them free.
They wander, take the smoothest path
until one day, you, in the bath

discover what does not belong
you know that something's very wrong.
You hear, in trance, the diagnosis
it sticks, 'malignant polyposis',

with secondaries everywhere
it really is too much to bear.
You yell, once home, at God to show
that you've acknowledged this mean blow.

And then, he gave you no reply
you hurl at him the question 'why'.
Why me, what have I done to get
wrapped up inside your cancer net.

But all is silent in the sky
the world awaits your meek goodbye.
Oncologists in starchy white
talk bravely of the coming fight.

They act as if they had a clue
and smilingly they lie to you.
Percentages of great success
will soon extract you from this mess.

But you already know the score,
the industry, that greedy whore
with cotton-picking fingers will
clean you right out, to get its fill.

You run, because the neighbourlady
has recommended Mrs. Grady,
who dabbles in the herbs and potions
and dwells in rare, exotic notions.

She tells you, to be cancer free
you must drink gallons of your pee.
And add some rather special pills
it's Mother Nature, for all ills.

You run again, and find a kind
and earnest man who speaks his mind.
Turns out he mobilises powers
from God at all ungodly hours.

He hands you his collection bin
and says that prayer makes you win.
You've had enough and now decide
that you won't go on any ride.

Back home you open up the cupboard

get out the book by reverend Hubbard
and one decanter of friend Jack
the one whose label is pitch black.

And as you skim the pages slowly
your body slips into a holy
and pleasant state, into the night.
And in the morning, at first light

the clicking of the Postman's shoes
wakes only dogs devoid of booze.
There is a letter with a head
of bold credentials for the dead.

The text says 'this is to inform
results were all within the norm'.
Thus, in the end she trusted Jack
they left and neither did come back.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sparrow

Said the ego-driven sparrow,
'dear your portal is too narrow,
how can someone well-endowed
fit inside this tiny shroud? '

Said the female 'Just what is it
thinking of your last brief visit,
hardly knew that you were there,
afterward I had to stare

just to get a glimpse of him,
no the lighting was not dim.'
Sparrow now was somewhat shattered
had been told dimensions mattered.

Herbert Nehrlich

Speeding? Not Me, Officer!

'But Officer, you surely are mistaken.
Perhaps it is your gadget getting old.
I never speed or break the law, you're making
an error of good judgment here, be told.
I beg you, would you hold off on your writing
and listen to my reason to be fair?
My wife, she is a tyrant, she'd be biting
my head clean off if I bring home a slip from Bear.
We've just made up this morning after heavy fighting
all night, to follow major battles from before.
And, are YOU married, then you know it ain't exciting
to jump into the hornet's nest once more.
Put down that pen please, just remember here, good fellow
that you look decent and professional and smart,
and at your age you can afford to be more mellow,
so let's not put the horse behind the applectart.
Just one more minute, would you wait a couple sec's?
I feel the need to make a solid contribution,
to your police fund, or a party, buy some kegs.
It's up to you how you will spend this retribution.
It's NOT a bribe, dear sir, of course, that is illegal,
did you expect me to descend to that niveau?
I took the seminars of famous Bernie Siegel,
he does commiserate, says 'travel with the flow'.
You get my drift, no doubt, so can we be adults,
just you and me, no don't start writing, let me TELL you,
I have just felt a tremor from these bloomin' faults, ,
it's St. Andreas and they still will try to sell you
some land out here and you'd become their sucker.
I know Doc Richter from the famous Richter Scale,
he left the state, said when this goddam mother f***er
blows up and opens up the earth we all will fail
to get away and save our hides, it is depressing.
And now I'll tell you in the strictest confidence,
we'd better stop this petty stuff and I ain't guessing,
I like your face and am aware that you have sense.
You can be trusted and the secret, it is yours,
great devastation will destroy this in the morning,
will kill them all from cocky clerics down to whores.

So you could, surely just bestow an oral warning,
because our time is of the essence now, my friend.
We must now leave this territory of disaster! '

When last observed they both had driven 'round the bend,
gone east toward Nevada, ever faster.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spelling Skills

The teacher said,
if I WERE to, today,
or perhaps tomorrow,
create a poem about
the necessity of
what some have called
spellchecking.....
I would try hard,
yes, very hard
to not make any,
not even one
ooooops, new mistake.
Apostrophes do have,
no doubt, their followers.
And many do not know
a teenie thing about them.
It's such a shame
this crazy game,
which has its value
in daily life.
And many do not know,
they are such failures
when it comes to spelling
and grammar, it eludes them,
I wonder what it is?

Herbert Nehrlich

Spent

The scent now lingered strong,
as silence claimed their space,
all spent, a flaccid schlong
still undisputed ace.

Like freshly fallen snow
white flakes descend to stay,
as little rivers flow
toward a distant bay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sperm Tales

It was my olfactory
that first alerted me,
a subtle breeze carried
what is really indescribable,
but it settled on me,
covering my skin with balm,
invisible to the eye,
inviting in its nakedness
and flooding the stem
with sanguinous fluids,
producing, by meiotic division,
an offering of peace
to be gracefully accepted
within caves of willingness,
and tasted by the tongues of lust,
a journey into hapless destiny,
yet with its secret plan
passed on to man by God
whose very words still ring
in human ears, go forth and play,
to tangle takes just two.
It took some time of course
before they saw that gonads may turn blue.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spider Gus

A spider lived in our shower.
I named him Gus, he was a perv,
would hang there hour after hour,
quite motionless, with steely nerve.

His eyes lit up when someone nude
stepped inside to perform some cleaning.
And Gus was always in the mood
to leave his web, you get my meaning,
dropp down to get a closer look
at all the goodies on display.
The closeness of the water shook
the spider's web, to his dismay.

One night a man went in the shower
to wash some remnants off his Willie.
'Twas rather late, the twilight hour
and Gus came down, felt rather silly.
And, as it was he got excited,
which was then further hightened yet
when from the bedroom now alighted
the female partner, out of bed.
He stared at her with greed and lust,
forgot that his arachnoid member
was rather small and in December
the turbulence will always get you,
if you get close they may not let you
retrace your steps to safer ground.
And this my friend is what transpired:
Fully erect he fell and drowned
and in the drain he then expired.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spiderman

She'd called him Spiderman.

He was, that much is true, a spider.

He did delight in catching flies

in home-made nets, he also ate

any who were too dumb to stay away

so, all in all there was not one thing wrong

with him and that is why the following does shock.

He got up late that morning after the election,

she served him fresh caught flies, and one big bee,

the drink was blood with just a touch of hirudine

to keep the clotting gremlin out of it, they say

that spiders love to eat and stick to only flies

they have a love life just the same as normal guys.

He left, without a word, one leg left on the plate

and two small wings, blood drink unfinished

but not a note, no word to neighbours. Dammit.

And from the rafters looked a gecko, cute he was

and winked and blinked, he loved his spiders,

rare and of best stock, and that is how it was.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spielberg?

I had a dream, a strange and scaringly exotic dream.
On granite steps I sat, awaiting precious mail,
I'd worked on it, that new and crazy scheme,
It could, if God was game, perhaps, prevail.

Same time next year it is, was it the Jew,
who penned so many plays, he looks the part,
I'm working on the strategy to talk to you,
to sell you love and have it look like modern art.

I haven't got the guts my lovely, though I try,
if we could meet each year, I'd pay the devil thrice,
to put my fingers on your freshly shaven thigh
I'd climb the Alps and get you ANY Edelweiss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spies Like Us

Well, spies like us who would have thought!
That, lacking training as we do
(I know, you're right) both of us ought
to have attended Langley's Zoo.

Yet, neither MI-six nor those
pretendo Yanks of CIA,
have ever even gotten close
(they would have seen her décolleté) ,

I'll cut this short, the coast is clear
no further clues are here revealed.
No matter how acute your ear,
my lips are, for good reason sealed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spill

Last night I had a funny dream,
it seemed I'd lost my self-esteem.
Among the bottles in the shop
I stood and heard a noisy pop.
And, to avoid a sudden spillage
(which would turn gossip in our village)
I threw myself down to the floor
and drank champagne, and then some more.

The manager came walking over
accompanied by watchdog Rover.
'What is it that you seek down there, '
he asked, displaying utmost flair.

By now the dog had started licking
the fluids which were quickly sticking
to beautiful Italian tiles
the manager now scratched his piles.

No matter how I tried to reason
my action, he now called it treason,
he said that no one hits the ground
to drink the bubbly that he found.

And that a human can't be free
unless he has his dignity.
I left the shop on rubber legs
picked up a dozen chicken eggs
and once at home made creamy grog
they call it here the Great Egnog.

Sat in the lounge with wife Louise
and filled her glass, (she is a tease) .
One sip - it went a bit astray!
she coughed and sputtered, I must say.

And jumped around, knocked down the nog
went on her knees, just like a frog
and started sucking off the slate

the stuff, so I did join her, mate.

We didn't waste a dropp at all
and made some more (we had a ball) .
I never scolded her for spilling
we both were keen and rather willing
to lower our noble selves
like busy Christmas season elves
and do what needed to be done
with dignity and lots of fun.

That stupid clown inside the store
he must be silly to his core.
He thinks that I committed treason
and overlooked the real reason,
environmental pride for liquor
it helps the soul and feeds the ticker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spinster

Spinster

I love the structure of your lips,
as well the soundness of your hips.
The rest, as far as bodies go
would take an engineer to know.
I wonder sometimes in my sleep
if goats and rabbits, mice and sheep
use lips as humans seem to do
I am a virgin, if I knew
what others learned from birds and bees
I'd more than likely cross some T's.
Here, in the tower of Westminster
I shall remain. A lonely spinster.

Herbert Nehrlich

Splinter

She pulled it out,
pain is emotion
rigid and stout
full of devotion.

It violated
all balls of fire
emaciated
he ruled the shire.

It was midwinter
the kettle on
pulled out the splinter
the thought had gone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Spring

The melting snow had barely now
revived the placid creeks,
gray-coated wolves were keen
to hump the loins
of those who would be proud
to show off bellies in the Spring.

There would be solemn sheep,
aghast against the breeze,
and welcoming the yellow fangs
of masters that had come
to claim their prey today.

No creature seemed to dwell
on what the meaning of
it all could be, as chaos ruled
it spat its righteous mist
into mosquito skies.
To die without a whisper there
and then. Who'd hear the cries?

A solitary squirrel, bushy-tailed,
slipped sliding down the path of sullen clay.
No wolf would ever get its precious hide,
at least until the dawn of yet another day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Squares

A wombat lays his daily turds
up on the roof to scare the birds.
And since the droppings are quite square
thus visible up in the air
they also keep the frequent lightning
designed by God to be quite frightening
to wombat children in their log
(they often have a tenant frog)
away because the thunder sound
comes only when the ground's been found
and squares can never quite attract
God's wrath, I'm telling you a fact.

So, do not think it would be odd
that roundness marks the lightning rod.
No wombat ever drops his poo
in public places or the Zoo.
Down Under is the wombat's home
they do not live in York or Rome
the world, as does concern the square
already sports its own fair share.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stadtmeister Mara

An der Litfasssäule, mit Hilfe von Kleister
klebt's Plakat ueber Mara, den neuen Stadtmeister.
Wenn ich komme dann laufen wir mal um die Wette,
frueh am Morgen, da liegen noch alle im Bette.
Und ich schlage jetzt vor dass die recht lange Strecke
faengt bei Oma's Haus an, und dann geht's um die Ecke.
Und Du laeufst bergauf, ich lieber bergab
wir beginnen mit mittlerem Tempo, dem Trab.
Nach dem Lauf gibt's Getraenke im Garten als Preis
wer gewinnt ist noch fraglich doch ich sage wer weiss?
Wenn die Laenge des Laufes den Ausgang bestimmt
man nach Adam Riese die Quersumme nimmt,
dann die Kilos der Laeufer, unten drunter 'nen Strich
Du erstarrst mit Entsetzen denn der Sieger bin ich!

Herbert Nehrlich

Staking A Claim

We must be silent,
none is to know
or have suspicion
that there be
a thought amiss.
Let us rejoice
that darkness is
our trusted friend
and our voice
is now a whisper,
a romantic blend
of words that kiss
while bodies bend
in ecstasy,
though not for show
as deep inside
none would suspect
to find a foe
still half erect
not there to hide
but to assert
through carnal spurt
and lack of shame
his final claim.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stalingrad

Tap tap tap,
akin it is to rap.
She types all day
into the morn
when with hooray
the war is born.
It is her duty
tap tap tap tap
her lover died
with crumpled map
of Stalingrad
his leaders lied
the Fuehrer mad
there was a booty
in foreign lands
in snow and ice
Siberian sands
they paid their price
so others could
breed more new stock
who later would
believe again
and none would mock
those holy words
from fragile men
who'd send black birds
up in the sky
hurl dynamite
so they could die
the final light
when fighting Czars
God's very own
eyes closed by stars.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stalker Number Three

As luck would have it, I received
a stalker, who (perhaps aggrieved)
writes gentle, also juicy stuff
and never seems to get enough.

Intelligent and up to date
she seems so eager (wants to mate?)
What strategy would you suggest
to deal with this, what would be best?
The previous fan was not disturbed
and nothing ever really curbed
her lust for death and mayhem still
she seemed so ready for the kill.
But, in the end she went away
without goodbye, and yet I say
it was a perfect day to savour
ye Gods did me a giant favour.

This one, I hope is not the same (?) ,
she changes writing style and name.
A conversation can be had
with her the damsel, me the lad.
But wait, without the slightest hint
she gets into her eyes a glint
and throws her body, nude and all
toward my innocence (the gall!) .

Perhaps this game cannot be halted
as it now seems the horse has bolted
Diplomacy may be the thing
how do you stop a dingeling?

Yes, this is cyberspace indeed
so many plants and now this weed
and, come to think of, it is true
it's number three, so what to do?
Back then, when number one was hot
she found her target, sadly, not
and jumped with legs and all her gear

onto a fellow who was near
and ready, drooling over her
I was the lucky one, yes Sir!

She has, methinks switched many times
committed small and medium crimes,
exchanging fluids through the net
though I am free, no need to fret.

Now this bird though will need a mate
to find herself and seal her fate.
Rewards are offered from this end
before she drives me 'round the bend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Starry, Starry Nights

Where rivers flow and willows weep,
where moonshine spreads its cheesy grin,
there will be promises to keep
of primal fear and mortal sin.

Where nightowls call and field mice squeak,
where dingoes howl their yippee-yooh,
there will be feathers and dead beaks
from bloody feasts, til morning dew
will so completely cover soon
each blade of grass, each dropp of blood.
The shadow of a late racoon,
runs to the river, through the mud.

And, as the darkness slowly lifts,
a new beginning takes its place,
as now occurs a drastic shift
for members of the human race.

All nights are black and scare us humans.
We sense the devil and his mates,
who roam around and hand out omens
to keep us from the Pearly Gates.

Herbert Nehrlich

Staying

And will you hold my hand
a li'l bit longer please?
I cannot breathe without it,
my heart won't beat, believe me
must have your skin to touch,
your warmth and all your fragrance.
If I depart from here
it matters little,
if I have you to hold
please do not go.

Herbert Nehrlich

Staying Together

It was as if my trusted hand
had sought and reached autonomy
and snapped that old familial band
then wandered off, just to be free.
Why, so I asked, the need to leave
the body took good care of it
it was a wintry, snowy eve
I'd used it then, with charme and wit
when from the darkness of the woods
from shades of fiction's paradise
a maiden stepped -she had the goods!
I saw her body and her eyes.
My hand, now separate from me,
its motherboard and full alert
advanced uphill from bony knee
as if in search of a big hurt.
A healing hand it had become,
I watched as fingers did the walk
as dew reflected, I was numb
and could not breathe and barely talk
the show was carnal in extreme.
Two teary eyes were in a blur
and dreaming of the sweetest cream,
we could not take our eyes off her.
A sudden stirring caught my mind
another part was game to go
it stretched and grew, so that a blind
and dead man could not miss the show.
Though I had never known the fact
that parts could see without two eyes
it was what bones and muscles lacked
what kept them loyal, also wise.
This time was different, pheromones
were heard to come from deep inside
such lovely, sweet and magic tones
they left the entrance open wide.
That day I could have lost those two
if sanity had been away
but from experience I knew

that one must come to really play.
So, with a cry of 'I agree',
I joined the fun where rebels played
and re-united but still free
we were together, and we stayed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Steaks (Children)

Apples, pears and juicy plums
please with flavour tongue and gums.
Vegans and fruitarians eat
neither eggs nor fish or meat.
This is how the world should be
as it leaves more steaks for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Steers

How happy are the cows in grasses green! ! !
A steer who spots a lovely blond-haired cow,
and makes advances when her tail is seen
to wave invitingly.
And every cow knows how.

What follows is the natural progression
to what the gods had planned for all his creatures.
For some steers this turns into absolute obsession:
They see one end, none of the other features.

The happy end then marks a new beginning,
once the attractive fruit has gingerly been tasted.
The steer thinks waving tails means he is always winning
the game of bovine happiness, and no time wasted.

We humans are..well...much more complicated,
especially since women have no tail.
And waving anything occurs much more sedated,
eyelashes of a woman though, they never really fail.

We talk and fret and look to other people,
we crave advice to overcome our primal fear.
And when a girl sits within reach, her hands a-steeple
it takes us ages to approach, talk to her ear.

We have a thousand arguments and closeness makes us freeze.
Instead of going over after eyes say 'come'.
God-given opportunities are here for us to seize.
We miss a lot of them but should grab some.

Although I do concede it surely ain't the same,
at least we think we are above plain propagation.
Some of these tails can cause eternal shame,
all for the pleasure of a prickly, brief sensation.

Yet I do say that even in the scripture
the words between the lines agree with me.
The hell with all, just see the bigger picture:

A soul is waving at me through her eyes -
that is for me!

A quick addendum though in reference to a stanza
in the beginning of this little story.

A steer who's taken in by a bonanza
of waving tails will very soon be sorry.

Because a steer becomes a steer when, as a bull
his lusty glances at the cows attract attention.
And farmers who with bulls have their hands full,
reach for the surgeon's steel, which I would like to mention.

Which is a shame if you consider things with reason.
The steer, once bull, has lost his bullishness.
And personally I see this cutting edge as treason:
All he has left now is the bovine kiss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stein Of Music (Taikiku Henetuti)

Clinking glasses
with good wine
while these asses
known as swine
pooping gasses
Kackenstein.

And the masses
don't use brine
music's basses
sun don't shine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stenting

There was a nasty lesion
of his mid-right coronary.
A stent would be required
so that the Reaper would not know.

It is a piece of steel
which takes the place
of crumbling walls,
which only by the grace

of lipids like cholesterol
allow a trickle of the juice,
sustaining life, to pass.
One cuts the femoral,

an artery at home in legs,
the patient has been medicated
with thinning agents to prevent a stroke.
Then comes the 'introducer',

which is quite similar
to what a Dr. Forssmann
used back in nineteen-twenty-nine,
a wire pushed up from the leg

through to the beating heart.
Soon it will reach the coronaries,
and then, it briefly hovers
before the stricture. Puhh!

A breath is felt, not heard
from all observers
as with a gentle flick
the stent drives home.

A perfect landing, now expanded,
there always is applause,
and instantly, the region floods
with so much blood.

The river of his life.

Herbert Nehrlich

Step Outside

'What do you say',
I challenged him,
well taunting is
a better word.

'Step outside,
like in the old days,
if you do I will,
no friggin' doubt
about it at all,
beat the living
daylights,
out of you.

Then,
for good measure,
I will find
the rest of
your clan.....
am I making
myself clear? '

He started
to reply,
chin forward,
eyes Chinese,
yellow teeth
bared,
a bit of
SOB,
shortness
of breath,
voice brittle,
AHA, the kick
of adrenalin.

Been there,
buddy, you are
scared

shitless.

Takes one to know.

Thanks, God,
for that last minute
assist.

Than you for
endogenous steroids.
Make you weak,
fight or flight.
I for one,
had one foot
turned into
the direction of flight.
From the word 'go'.
Must learn
to play poker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stephanie & Gregory

They were having a seasonal date,
and the night first was early then late,
he then sought her advice
and she answered him twice
it would happen on August eight.

Why the eighth asked my diligent son,
I will laugh if this isn't a pun.
See, the number eight brings
to the wedding two rings,
which in this case is better than one!

I can see how he would entertain
the idea to arrange and attain
such a wonderful face
for his personal space
in a world so exceedingly plain.

So back to the number, I say
you can take it and shake it, you may
turn it sideways and up
like a measuring cup
the two rings though forever will stay.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stepping Out

At times that crying boy
can be like bottled joy.
A most unlikely teacher
turns me into a preacher,

while teaching parents on the job,
he soon calls Dad not Dad but Bob.
As he grows tall and confident
Bob wonders where the decades went.

First girlfriend does elicit wince
as fades your own significance.
The word redundance comes to mind,
you sit and ponder, left behind,

what will the world mean to your lad
and should you help, as you're the Dad.
The horseman asks to hold him back
or spoon him up, right down the track.

Herbert Nehrlich

Steps

When I stepped forward
reality moved away.

So, I followed.

And,

I am still travelling.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stercum Accidit

The choice of what we say and write
is up to us, my learned friends.
To choose a term with real bite
think of the signal that it sends.
To make a point, to call a spade
the garden tool that it must be
is fine, but amber lemonade
ought not be labelled....you know....pee.

Why is it that our kids peruse
those terms that make us oldies wince,
we sit at home and sip our booze
and wonder why, for ever since
they grew beyond that early stage,
of thirteen words, just six were clean.
So did they borrow then a page
from us or from the school's latrine?
I can't remember whether we
back then talked dirty, maybe not,
the past may not be ours to see
although we clearly had no POT,
and other drugs were quite unknown
no sniffs or needles, little pills,
there was no hemp brought in or grown
we were content with Polish dills,
of course, there was hopflower tea
made from fresh Barley, in huge vats
it made you wobbly in the knee
and on occasion you saw bats,
they'd fly around your hemispheres
from left to right and then reverse,
inside a well-lit chandelier
to shine its light onto your verse.
And then, of course, there was a small
but quite intriguing little plant,
we harvested the leaves in Fall,
when we would dance around and chant.
Smoke had to be, it was a rule
blown through the nose in little rings,

it was considered very cool
on holiday at Cesar Springs.
But words to scare the decent man?
And if we did, we erred but twice.
Today, we say be praised who can
refrain from using words like SCHEISS.

Note:

1. The word Scheiss(e) derives from the, well, the genuine origin of the word lies in the Old English 'scitte' (diarrhoea) , which is related to the Dutch 'schijten' and German 'Scheisse'.

It is not proven (but likely) that the word shyster is a descendant of the word Scheisse. The abbreviated version of Scheisse, namely Scheiss (without apostrophe) is used in order to be able to say the very word as many times as possible in the allotted time.

There are many related words, one is Schiessen. Which means to shoot. It is not difficult to imagine the connection if one visualises certain natural processes.

2. Stercum Accidit is Latin for Scheisse happens.

3. Hop Flower Tea is that Amber Brew called beer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Steve Irwin - Crocodile Hunter

Oh, what a larrikin he was,
half boy, the other half a unicorn,
that sunburnt, smiling face
a wardrobe of bland regulation
and shining eyes that asked
unwritten questions of each bird,
and snake and of all crocodiles,
demanding answers from their souls
and speaking words of unknown depth
to all just for the pleasure of their company.
And when I shook your hand that day
you talked a while, and then you turned,
you had a date of true significance
just waiting for you, in another world.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stew

A hippo chick
with walking stick
and hippie chook
were stalking Wook.
The Chinaman
named Mein-a-chen
and lying Kraut
were crying loud
So who has stirred
this stew of words?

Herbert Nehrlich

Still Debating The Recalcitrants

It's always good to stand your ground
in matters freely stated,
though difficult to turn around
when egos are inflated.

I hope you do not mind my friend
when I engage in laughter (?) ,
you will, just trust me, in the end
accept it or be dafter.

Prooxidants are little thieves
though without doubt essential,
but he, the chemist who believes
that Pauling's own credential
was not enough to know this stuff,
to grasp the simple science
stands all alone with his small bluff
in petulant defiance.

Herbert Nehrlich

Still The One

I actually did brush my teeth,
only to return to a still warm bed,
she's attending that wedding,
so far away I could have,
but won't, a companion here,
while she's away, toasting nuptials.

Knut's Honda just started up,
four stroke, noisiest around,
but reliable he says, starts at..
you guessed it, the first try.
Every time.

Sun's up as well, I'm wondering
what will be on the breakfast menu,
cheesecake, ready to eat, sounds ok,
a few more minutes won't hurt,
after all, self-employment has its fruits.

A leaf breaks loose across the way,
from the top of the wattle, Phil's,
on its way, undoubtedly, into a pool,
clog the leaf basket, encourage algae,
it's descending as if in a dream, gee,
must be dry as a feather, weightless,
perhaps a leaf from outer space,
to become a leaf in my book of today.

Well, in the end it got there, landing
as if to call a finale to its precarious
and lazy journey, now it sits, or reclines
on a small patch of moss, west side
from where the westerlies always blow,
nice contrast, I say, and soft as well,
as I drift off again, a self-employed,
and indulgent dreamer, keeper of the fort.

I see the leaf turn into, no doubt about it,
the one who is attending and cajoling

overseas, hugging the Nutrasweets,
cousins and all manner of beautiful people,
doing their sworn duties and niceties.
Like music, the Honda sings in the distance
and I smile, realising that she is still the one.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stockbroker

I'm sitting on a window sill
with one foot out the door.
I wonder if they ever will
relay me all the score.
The market has just finished me
I traded in my gun
all stocks of mine diminished, see!
How could I now go on?
The year is nineteentwenty-nine,
I wanted to get rich.
I listened to that friend of mine
to please the wife, the bitch.
So if the latest figures fail
to turn my luck around
I'll spread my wings and slowly sail
toward the distant ground.
And when I reach the halfway mark
I'd say it if I could
I was a stockbrokers clark
goin' down, so far so good!

Herbert Nehrlich

Stones

The day you're born the midwife says
Milestones.
Your father rests his head in hospital,
Milestones.
Your kids get married, grandkids come,
Milestones.
You walk through life and feel so driven,
Milestones.
You lived but left a few unturned, they were
Milestones.
And then, one day they put you down among the
Gravestones.

Herbert Nehrlich

Store Detective

The elevator stopped to beep.
Two girls got in, they were alone.
One mentioned 'underwear' and 'creep'
in slightly hushed, embarrassed tone.
Quick reached her hand into her crotch
to pull them downward, just a notch.

Me, the detective, at the screen,
observing, also hearing that.
A sight that I had never seen,
then I looked down to where I sat
and knew that no man, 'wake or sleep
would ever look inside his pants
and call the fellow 'Nicker-Creep'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Strange Vibes

Only a dingo and Germaine,
a jackass, maybe two
consumed by sheer unhappiness
and shining inferiority
disrupted what they saw
as dark satanic rites.
Their voices though,
in squeaky dissonance
could not be heard.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stratford

At Stratford the poets were meeting,
there was laughter and (doubtless) some bleating.
Though bad tongues did confess
that some stripped off their dress
it was cold and there was little heating.

It is said that some males kept their eyes
on the girls, just in case of surprise.
But if wishes had wings
they would be lusty things
and the world would be...otherwise.

Herbert Nehrlich

Strawberry Wine

The river never slowed,
for serendipity or love.
They sat, a mile apart
on muddy ground, alive
and hoping for a sign
from Him, above
that would bring close
the portrait of plain art,
inside the hive
where drones make wine
to measure out a dose
well earned and truly owed.

She cried and let her tears
fall into raging waters; perhaps they died,
there was a hope of God-Almighty human fears
but she just sat there, waiting only for the tide.

The river gave its powers to the coming drought,
she stood and grabbed a sturdy stick of Norfolk pine,
they met at last and took a mighty walkabout,
and drank the contents of the wild strawberry wine.

He took her home then, on his back, onto his cot.
She smelled like licorice and spices from abroad.
It would not matter if the weather would turn hot
he knew that life itself was absolutely flawed.

A tired moon said his good-byes that very day,
there was some light still to illuminate the pair.
And there they stood inside the river's awesome clay,
he had his hands around her head. He loved her hair.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stressed?

I thank you all, I'm surely blessed
though from the waiting somewhat stressed.
I note that one will get undressed,
surprising though that she confessed
that stresses long to be caressed.

Myself, I always think it best
that we see stress an honoured guest.
In school where stresses manifest
and pupils struggle to digest
a million pages for each test,
where teachers, often self-possessed,
flaunt curly hairs upon their chest
where no one gives the wicked rest
and human spirits are oppressed,
the system reproduces zest
but all in vain and second best.

Errare (true) humanum est
my refuge is a woman's breast.

Herbert Nehrlich

Strike

The hall was crowded,
a hum transcended
blue collar whiff
and music drifting in
from the last vessel
to arrive. Deserted docks
in silence, rough hands
had left at last.

To hell with wages,
we listen to our union,
assembling here,
still peacefully anticipating
elusive answers
from those who lead
by education and example.

And after many days
of cargo sitting, stranded,
and idle men misled,
a sudden silence could be heard.

A voice of hoarse falsetto,
articulate, in plaintiff tone,
and re-creating identically
itself through echo walls of concrete,
shouted into the mayhem of inaction
'will the real Jesus Christ please stand.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Striped Pyjamas

I laughed at you.
You both were in pyjamas,
striped like a prison suit
and baggy at the top.

I had my Sony aimed at you
a toy that would record
and faithfully keep safe
that fragment of old times.

When Robert was the one
who always talked,
and never let you speak
except in praise of him.

I was not present when,
the unthinkable and final
step occurred and he shut up,
because now God was speaking,

when no one is allowed to interrupt.
So, may I ask you, to understand
that I now must be told the truth.
Did he get buried in those stripes?

Herbert Nehrlich

Stripes

We've earned our stripes,
learned all the skills
of laundry workers and
accounting 101, to ascertain
that nought is left behind
to shoot an arrow into lust
which has been seen
by those concerned
as ad infinitum.

Herbert Nehrlich

Student Days

From Stachus home,
at five, in time for dinner
the Fall Of Rome
had been the lecture of the day,
with all this learning
I's surely getting thinner...
I will explain a little incident, so may
I have your absolute attention
just picture your young self back then,
the crack of dawn, hungover from a night,
spent in the basement with the spirits,
and half asleep in lectures, all concerning
the same old crap, too boring here to mention.
The Strassenbahn was bursting at the seams
though they were durable, made from Krupp steel,
all students paid a pittance only, we were poor,
and on occasion we would thus repay (our merits) ,
the special treatment, some of you good people might
not find rewarding or appreciative, though I feel
that some hilarious action is, for boredom, one good cure.

So we would normally start half a day before,
eat seven hundred grams of beans with sauerkraut,
washed down with buttermilk, highly fermented
a garlic sausage from the Serbian Butcherstore.
During the lectures we would naturally just sit about,
and this was quite conducive to our airy goal
I think it was my grandpa who actually invented
this laissez-faire and laissez faire évaporer,
at five the lecture hall was closed and we dispersed
and well aware of our well-studied role,
admission to the driver's metal basket, tiny coins,
then pushing to the centre of the tram, hold on.
Grasping the fabric handles overhead we had arrived.
The concert, although silent by design, rehearsed
a thousand times before, (last year in Bonn) ,
we now relaxed the necessary muscles of our loins,
I also need to mention here that there was no more space,
as all of Munich seemed to be on these late trams,

the windows closed to keep the alpine air out in the streets,
a signal given, passed between the perpetrators
(each one had cleverly slipped into a strategic place) ,
and let me tell you this may well have sounded
like the Silence of The Lambs, they called for ventilators,
wherever flatus of a certain noble vintage finally meets
the stagnant air of overfilled and unsuspecting public transport
most victims will be taken by surprise and act astounded,
the magic though about this is not inhalation, not at all,
out of an overfilled and stuffy, noisy, yet unsuspecting city-train
if you had been there, it's the fastest way to clear the masses
not by using what the educators would have, (just their brain) ,
as I've demonstrated here, we did succeed with our clever asses.

Herbert Nehrlich

Studies

I have perused anatomy
and studied it with energy
it brought me so much misery
I thought it really hated me.
I switched then to psychiatry
and learned why things ought never be
the way that other people see
that money was the only key,
I got myself a canopy
beneath which stood, (principii)
a couch for the interrogee
each day I stocked my moneytree
layby of course. Tall ships at sea.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stuffy Liars

There once was a stuffy old man
these old geezers do think that they can
spread nasty old rumours
just like rotting black tumours
they were listed as 'also ran'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Stuffy Nose

Use three percent peroxide, dear
first in the nose, then in the ear.
Those nasty germs will run and scatter
and from the nostrils greenish matter
shall seek its freedom now outside,
just watch it drip and run and slide!
Remember noses don't need lube
out of a can or from a tube.
Peroxide, also used on hair
cleans out the sinuses with flair.

Herbert Nehrlich

Styrofoam

A bull who was a trifle bored
and tired to see humans gored,
had wandered through the market square
inhaling, as he went, the air.

A sign caught his now roving eye
and he decided to stop by.
But as he entered through the door
a precious vase fell to the floor.

And two more steps produced much noise
he had discovered novel toys.
'Have you', he asked the owner, 'Pop
seen bulls inside a china shop? '

The man, who, close to ninety- five
was happy to be still alive,
but answered 'Taurus, listen, dear
you truly have no business here.'

At this the bull became offended
so much that he at once upended
the chair that Pop was occupying
and sent the whole contraption flying.

Yet it so happened that a saucer
had rested on a book by Chaucer.
Upon the lap holding a cup,
it, too escaped theChina Shop.

The saucer caused some turbulence
and started cruising, in a sense.
And Pop, or so it would appear
still travels through the Stratosphere.

As you can see, not all that seems
incongruent, by any means
and be it Paris, Lourdes or Rome,
no china left? Use styrofoam.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sucker

Perhaps the question
will, in the end not matter.
I am the sucker.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sudden

He loved those ankles,
tight skin and
the tiniest tuft of golden,
sun-bleached hair,
a promise of sorts,
though there were
rivulets of sweat
running down her thighs,

slowly, as if to savour
the sights
and the velvety hide,
they landed, eventually,
on the top of her feet,
last station,
everbody out,
no more stops;
he tried
to imagine
the rest of her,
all covered as she was,
with cotton
and fake fabric,
as if there were a need
to guard treasures of the flesh,
good god,
he bit his lower lip
and felt a rush of
fresh adrenalin
rising in his loins
and sweeping the cobwebs
out of his brains,
grabbed her by the ankles,
expecting whatever there was to be
when she seemed to melt into the past,
or this temporary and exciting future;
the bed was....
so conveniently,
close at hand

and magic stripped her bare,
his calloused hands
roughly pawed her breasts
but treated the nipples
with utmost care,
the suddenness startled her
and she felt him harden
against her back,
as she had turned,
in shy reluctance,
her hand reached far enough and..

Herbert Nehrlich

Sugar And Spice And Fourteen Blind Mice

Sugar and Spice and fourteen blind mice
sat in a room way up in the barn.
the name of the cat was Sugar and Spice
fourteen blind mice, they were spinning a yarn.

As you can picture, the odds were unfair,
though none of the mice had been overly wise
a mad starving hunter to sit there and stare
planning the strategy of a surprise.

How can a cat catch so many at once?
Only with claws and a growling old gut
cats do not utilise swords, spears and guns
this one just sat on her soft furry butt.

The night was soon over and all things were the same
all the mice had been snoozing, unaware of the foe
in the cold of the morning now the cat sought to aim
its formidable powers like a young feline pro.

But a god now took mercy and he told all the mice
that united you stand and divided you fall,
so they jumped on the cat, and they squeezed like a vise
and the end of the frenzy wasn't pretty at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Summer Rain

I woke too late,
your sunburnt cheeks,
tomato red,
sand clinging
to your hairless legs,
reflecting
from ten painted toes;
a tiny tuft,
now out of place.
The tower clock,
two alleys north
struck nineteen hundred
a hair past dinnertime,
two chatty frigate birds
a black redbelly snake,
sinister clouds,
of black and smokey gray,
I did not have the heart,
my love of loves,
to wake you then,
It was the summer rain
that mixed with our tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sun And Moon (Half-Grown Children)

The sun got up and saw the moon.
'Why are you out of bed so soon? '
'It is because a moon's required
to light the way when you've retired
into your bed to rest your rays,
I do not like to work on days.'
'I'm glad to see you my dear cheese
to tell you of my ailing knees
and in the Springtime I will quit
and you can handle all this shit.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Sunday Afternoons

I like my Sundays,
most of all the afternoons.
When the same visitors
come around four,
Mr. Glen Fittock, suit and tie
a Gentleman named Jack
who lives near the racoons,
we sit around at first
and have some pie,
the wife then asks
'who'd like some more? ',
she has this little bitty knack
to overlook a growing thirst
and does not recognise our stoic masks,
until the word is uttered, 'glasses',
and then the three of us,
and sometimes more,
sit on our civil asses,
don't make a fuss
perhaps, (at least it's what I think)
the only way one can ignore
the world as such, with all its faults
is, in good company sit back and drink
be it the sour mash or malt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sunday At The Cemetery

1 Here lies our country's biggest nerd,
his death was a surprise.
He never said a nasty word
nor anything too wise.

2 Aunt Lilly filled this wooden box,
though bulging was the lid.
They did attach some extra locks
it's true, they really did.

3 This stone stands here to let you know
that I have now departed.
The Lord did say I had to go
last Tuesday, when I farted.

4 Place flowers here, upon my grave
and always bring a rose.
The fragrance seeps into my cave
and entertains my nose.

5 You see the writing on this stone
it tells you I have died.
What's left of me is only bone
the beetles ate my hide.

6 My death was surely premature
no one should die at thirty.
For my disease there was no cure,
this place is damp and dirty.

7 The road was icy, I was pissed
I hit a wall of steel.
The Reaper had me on his list
and there was no appeal.

8 Here lies the butcher of Berlin,
he chopped up little guys,
existed in perpetual sin
and always ordered fries.

9 My name is Wyatt and I drew
much faster with my gun.
My bullet met a gust that blew,
thereafter I was done.

10 This photo shows that I was cute,
had assets where it mattered.
Just once I jumped without a shute,
then kissed the ground and shattered.

11 I like it in this six-foot hole,
it's almost like a riot.
Yet to escape has been my goal,
a ticket? I would buy it.

12 The birds sing lovely every day
but nights they go to sleep.
It makes us dear departed gay
but when it's dark we weep.

13 A tree has sent its little roots
into my wooden box.
Has entered my black leather boots
and ripped my cotton socks.

14 The pipe you see, my little friend
is not a silly joke.
It guarantees that past the end
I CAN light up and smoke.

15 The photo on this marble slab
was taken by wife Beth.
Developed by the Photo Lab
but snapped before my death.

16 So good to see you here again
I have a big complaint.
A killer by the name of Ben
lies next to me, the saint.

17 This automatic, modern stone
computerized, connected,
means you can talk to me by phone
and I don't feel neglected.

18 The preacher talked about my life
as if I were a saint,
he's living with my lovely wife.
At peace, my friend, I ain't.

19 I greet you, Visitor and thank
your soul for saying 'Hi',
but pardon me for being frank:
You stay here long, you die.

20 Please note, all those who visit me
the flowers that you bear
should come from a good nursery
not from the Discount Fair.

21 We bodies do have certain needs
so kindly pay attention.
Can't stand those parasitic weeds
I thought I'd make a mention.

22 When lightning strikes you are in bed
while we are scared down under,
and don't forget, though we are dead
we still can hear the thunder.

23 Here lies, at peace a man named Brian
he loved the Kalahari,
one day he met a hungry lion
it was his last Safari.

24 I rest in peace, forevermore
though missing is my torso,
I did get angry at a boar,
the boar did even more so.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sunday Night In The Kitchen

Yes, I am flattered,
but not enough
to spare you, little shit,
a roach of any
colour smells, and looks
just as disgusting,
do not, please,
try to persuade
or sway opinion
of the community,
no way, we need
to do away with
scum like you.
I realise that
your own taste
was similar
to that of mine,
but no regret
and no delay,
I smacked
the living daylights,
yes, it is trite,
but nonetheless,
you were quite dead
when I was done
and never will
partake of mine,
the breaded veal
in cutlet morsels
it's all for me
and not for you.
But, trust me
little motherfucker,
I do believe
from observation,
that you were full
and satisfied,
from that one piece
that I found missing.

I would not want,
it is the truth,
let any enemy of mine
go out in style
but fiercely hungry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sunrise Is At Seven !

As he rolls out of bed,
cotton sheets tangled
the usual sense of urgency
like unwanted regurgitation
awaits him with judgmental eyes.

Shower too hot, dammit,
plumber says it's the Legionnaire's,
public health measure,
water needs to be hotter than hot,
and he wonders about the past,
when his mother would watch
over him and all his needs
in return for something undefined,
there was no Dove soap then,
threequarter cleansing cream,
and he could sleep in if needed,
there would still be bread and butter
and fatback on the kitchen table,
not so today, when the bosses,
and, seemingly, everyone else
were stressed, grumpy and powerful,
two strikes and you got the thumbs down.

He was wearing a full Castro beard,
for the simple reason of economics,
shaving was such a time-consuming bore,
still drunk with Sandman's elixir
he arrives on the barstool, facing scrambled,
ginger toast and a fistful of vitamins.

Is she winking at me? What the....
well, I'll be! I must have forgotten,
others might, but I get up at seven
what possessed me on this day?
Early presenile dementia, I say,
mind's in gear, how could this happen,
well, never mind, and here she winks,
again, they say that her age is something,

a re-awakening of dormant desires,
a second coming, grinning at the thought,
and, like a lamb led to slaughter,
he feels the updraft under wings
that lift alerted spirits high.

He finds the cold side of his pillow
and welcomes eager, knowing fingers,
as they get cracking with the warming rays
of morning sun's astonished mood,
they have another hour now, be still.

Herbert Nehrlich

Supersede - Never Supercede

On days of abstinence I read.
The total pages may exceed
the most insatiable need,
yet tasks like this may antecede
(which is the twin word to precede)
the very moment I succeed.

Sedere is a word to lead
so many nouns and verbs, indeed,
many a hairline may recede
which I, reluctantly, concede
and in discussions intercede
only to angrily secede
from those of low IQ who breed
and unaware of men who read,
who bump around like tumbleweed...
just one word bears the ending 'sede'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Supply And Demand

Our God invented pains and aches
as well as those annoying breaks.
What doctor would not talk of DOOM
inside an empty waiting room?

The madness of the term disease
could only be conceived in error.
And while we pray on aching knees
HE strikes inside our bodies terror.

The logic does escape me though
as illness shows that His creation
can't be the work of any pro,
it smacks, to me, of exploitation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Surface Tension

A rubber duck, of colour pink
was having fun inside a sink.
The water was enriched with soap
which was suspended by a rope.

The sink was near a pane of glass
and through this window waved green grass.
Outside, a Real duck was thinking
that living birds would all be sinking

and fade into a new dimension
because they need their surface tension.
Had he been tempted with an itch
to go inside the house to switch

his place with that pink phony duck.....
his intellect now brought him luck.
So, you can see, my little kiddoes,
and bachelors and lonely widows,

it pays to learn, and he, who thinks
can stay away from soapy sinks.

Herbert Nehrlich

Surprise

It was a morning like all the others,
triste, weather cloudy, cold and blah,
nothing on that stupid telly or the radio,
no selection in the blasted fridge,
neighbour's kids all fighting and the cats
maintaining territory through their bloody screams,
the tax collector left his pink collection
the puppy messed the covers of my bed,
that tiny drip straight from the attic now is big,
unfinished mail piled up on two disordered desks
the pension application's deadline was last week,
two ingrown toenails hurt with every single step.

And, we who always did consider we were lucky,
to be inhabiting a sandy coral island,
are writing this from castles in the sky now.
It was the Great Tsunami. Came and saved the day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Swastika

He dreamed about the swastika,
it rose over America,
the people thought it was too late,
that Nazis now would rule their fate.

The people, as is always true
were dumber than a vagrant's shoe.
But no one told them they were free
to let old symbols live and be.

It scares them when they realise
that life seems always a surprise,
perhaps their maker should have seen
that dullards oftentimes turn mean.

They have so little in their brains,
but just enough to suffer pains
from knowing that their own IQ
would barely get them in a zoo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sweaty Hands

Twin Cities, brought together through sheer need,
St. Paul thought of himself as holier than thou.
And Minna from the family of Polis took the lead
she liked the fellow and the proper time was now.

So they combined their wits, their assets and their plan,
held hands in public, showing that they cared
the citizens applauded loudly, to a man
so precious how their lives would now be shared.

St. Paul, whose skin was a bit thin and prone to freeze,
showed Minna blue and purple every day,
compounded by a cough and an explosive sneeze
he longed for Spring which wouldn't come until mid-May.

So Minna, kind of heart and sweet, with pleasant face
took out her knitting needles and began to knit,
hands resting on exquisite breasts, beneath pink lace
she did not like him using that expression, 'like your tit'.

On Sunday afternoon she tied a bow around
the finished mittens, full of love and hue
of rainbow colours, ease to eyes with whispered sound
surprise, surprise she laughed, I made these just for you.

Hindsight is what you use when nothing can explain,
why someone makes a gesture no one understands.
He did suspect that she had knitted in the main
to have him cover his big vagus-bound and sweaty hands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sweet Mary - Sweet Laurie

Mary, born a little pre
had some trouble breathing,
also, nightly she would pee
and she screamed while teething.

In the private school she met
Laurie from Chicago
Laurie wore a silver net
loved old Doc Tshivago.

Laurie was a trifle sweet
had no use for men,
got just formula to eat
though she rated ten.

Missed the milk that Nature makes,
which was one good reason
to demand those frequent breaks
during hunting season.

Meaning, puberty and all
girls are searching daily
Laurie who was rather tall
laughed and smiled so gaily,

when they had the prom that year
Laurie tasted Mary,
and she dumped, (for good I fear)
Polish boy named Harry.

Harry had, (he was quite mad)
followed Mary over,
Harry's uncle told the lad
(was an Aussie drover) ,

get your hands on any bird
never pay no mind,
what she says, and take my word
grab her from behind.

Harry tried and was rebuffed
Laurie was too smitten!
Harry pouted, Harry huffed
from the lovebug bitten.

In the flat on 69
girls were reminiscin'
after some cheap Gallo wine
they were gently kissin'.

Later on, when Laurie woke
Mary said I reckon,
you are better than a bloke
all they want is neckin'.

If we practice, Laury said
try manipulation,
here in our Kingsize bed
we may get lactation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sweet Velvet

It was the velvet, after all.
Not that bony ass of yours,
though I was o'r the moon,
as you would know and did.

I do, believe you me, so far away,
think of you, now and then,
and of the sweetest velvet
the elves did share with us.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sweetness Is Stickiness

I have this thing, you know.
Passed down and caught
and chained to it as well.

Hands must be clean
and hair brushed straight
so that each one will be
quite equidistant from its mates.

Shoes always rest in parallel,
one must be certain about symmetry.
Thus, it is no surprise to me
and those who walk with me
that I detest the smallest dropp
of stickiness, or damp upon the skin,
be that on legs or more protected parts.

She'd half expected me to use the time
to cuddle or tell old time tales,
though I was quite pre-occupied.

It would, I had observed it once,
dry on its own and fade away,
seemingly into open space
from a forbidden zone at that.

There was, inside my mind, no qualm
with the logistics of the chemistry,
that would be tied to certain laws,
as legs support a living body
and hair allows for steam and turbulence.

Yet, nothing realistic had prepared
this greenhorn for the lengthy interval
that sticky residue would make
its awful presence felt, I shudder
at the very thought and see, today
the eyes of grandma, stoic, green and stern,
unspoken words commanding me,

belligerence inside the lederhosen
the Edelweiss, seal of a secret room
a leather flap now standing guard
for petty jewels with early hopes.

The pie itself was of the noblest kind,
with layers of pink flowers and cold cream,
it was the sugar, it would stick against all rules
for little boys and, so much later, for some fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Switch

They found the body at the quarry's gate.
The watchman had not seen what would have raised
his ex-policeman's trained and sordid brain.
He'd watched TV and some old Angus cattle
up on the range beyond the quarry's metal crane.

The shot was audible and made him sit up straight.
Perhaps a motorcar with pistons overglazed,
he phoned the Sheriff then who told him there to wait
and not to touch a thing as it was now the lawman's private battle.

So he complied, stood guard close to the corpse.
Smoked Camel filters and observed all the details,
and wondered why some fabric on these bodies may absorb
a lot of blood that blubbered out from the entrails.

When suddenly he felt a breeze behind him,
he whirled on instinct, saw a fleeing shadow.
And, now forgetting his distinct instructions
takes after him with pistol out of holster.

His lungs have suffered over years from heavy smoking,
the culprit leads, is crossing the south meadow,
so not to lose him he decides to shoot a warning
in the direction of the runner here this morning.

Three-fifty-seven is a decent, proper shell
to get respect wherever you may go..
Just point the gun no need to aim too well,
he pulls the trigger, echo's kinda slow.

And down he tumbles, with giant bleeders seen,
from his occipital bone admixed with grayish goo,
and half his jaw's been blown to smithereens,
he's stiff and truly dead, and turning blue.

The guard now picks him up, throws up him on his shoulder,
and hauls him back to where the other body sleeps
a quick manoeuvre with the guns and fingerprints,

then he has done what will confuse them all for keeps.

A battle must have been the reason for the killings
between the two who rest here in the dirt.

The guard plays witness gets rewarded and is willing
to sell his story to the tabloids word for word.

That night the guard drives home from the old quarry,
is holding in his nervous, sweaty little hands,
a bag of gold coins, nuggets - it's a quarry -
and some banknotes held tight together by pink bands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Sylvester In The New Age

It was Sylvester,
the scruffy cat,
who peeked into the Bedroom
of Desire.

It had
not been that long
since that fine day
when one big door
was closed with softness
and some urgency,
trapping the cat,
caught with his tail
remaining motionless.

Yet as the earth
rotated slowly,
again but under laws
of the New Age,
and a new turbulence
had taken hostage
of aptly named
and steamy room
filled with desire,
there was, with little doubt,
a sense of *inevitability*,
thrust on this earth
the laws and age
of Lestrus, Man of Crete.
That all things
would be following
the cycle of
a universal
and phil-of-logic means
quickly and brutally
reversed, no further notice.
Now in the end,
it ended, tail of cat
name of Sylvester,
being reversed,

due to the cycle
so that reality
was now,
under the user-friendly,
the novel dictates
of pure joy
and of curiosity,
but little reason,
the tail did now appear
outside the bedroom
named desire.
Allowing curious eyes
of tortured cat
much leisurely inspection
and fond appreciation
of goings on
that some would call
unclinical and open propagation.
And nine lives notwithstanding.

Herbert Nehrlich

Talent

A poet wrote a lot of stuff
but no one liked to read it,
yet he had judged it good enough
and that's how he succeeded.

Some critics, quite articulate,
pronounced it so clichéd,
they acted 'up-themselves' a bit,
their faces looked dismayed.

Big words came tumbling from their lips,
line breaks, also free verse.
They talked at a staccato clip,
their verdict was a curse.

The people read his poetry
and begged that he write more,
each afternoon, at half past three
they'd wait outside his door.

He dropped them from the windowsill
just as he wrote them down,
the crowd reached from the Barley Mill
right to the edge of town.

The critics lost their voices then,
(that must have been God-given) ,
the citizens all voted 'ten'.
The poet? He was driven.

Herbert Nehrlich

Talent Hill

Of three make four and then comes five
perhaps this place will come alive!
The trouble with most poets is
they cannot re-create the fizz
the inner poet makes inside.
For them, dull critics are their guide,
they talk of free verse and of breaks
of music, meter, what it takes
to make a poem, typed and all
that in the poet's world stands tall.

Conveniently they do forget
that simple folks they have not met
will be the judge (and they love rhyme)
yet to succeed one needs to climb
the hurdle called the talent hill,
without it poets never will
amount to much no matter Sir.
I ask of you, do you concur?

Herbert Nehrlich

Tallebudgera

The town was called
Tallebudgera, it's true
that those dilapidated shacks
housed only Black Fellows.

They'd taken over when
the mine did fold, and people,
without a livelihood just left.
And now, the streets were,
truly, littered with the stubbies,
empty Four X, the labels fading.

The guys in suits came out,
and had a look, then promptly
unceremoniously declared
that Blacks ought to be locked
into the dungeons of Mount Isa.

So, it was done, and that small town
reverted back to what it never was,
a town of ghosts of times long gone.
The year that followed saw group
of white men with their squaws
and squealing kids and a few dogs.

They settled in and paid no rent,
nor rates. The local shop revived
and cashed the welfare cheques,
too soon the streets were littered,
once again, with empty stubbies.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tallebudgera - Revisited

Tallebudgera, my kind of town,
a black community and sunburnt place.
At night it is the 'roos and hairy wombats
the daytime does belong to four-ex beer.

The blokes in Canberra, they ain't fair dinkum,
but there has never been a day without the grog,
could be they like us, all the black fellows,
and when the train goes by they stand and wave.

Life can be good like this, no need to ever work
live off the land and keep the inner workings wet,
white fellow made his peace some yonks ago,
and serves his sly apologies on a big platter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tangles

I'm sending you a kiss for each
that came my way and I could reach.
That makes a thousand now, with ease
but could send a million please?
Soon, if you're game, we'll have inflation
which calls for one big celebration.
To count each kiss we need to hover,
in bed, and under cotton cover,
there, we would place each with great care
onto the skin (it must be bare) ,
the one who places must keep track
of the reaction, front or back.
Then, other regions are explored
and, once again, the tally scored.
A time-consuming task it is
and in the end, I'll be your wiz,
and you are mine if you desire,
by then our loins may be on fire.
I am a trifle lazy, sweet
however, I will touch your feet
and work my way to all your zones,
through hills and valleys, funny bones
and secret places, dry or wet
I praise the moment when we met.
I say let's tangle, you and me
and squeeze our way to harmony.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tara

And may I ask you now,
to keep, as from today
a chair next to your bed?
Reserved for me, of course,
should ever come the time
when darkness comes
dressed as Senora Noce,
and digs its bony fingers
inside the sanctuary of
your featherbed, my girl.

I shall be ready then,
at your command, just yell,
I'll dropp the dregs of life
and take my rightful place
there, next to you, my sweet.
I'll count your dream like breaths
and watch the rouge
upon your cheeks compete
with ruby lips that glisten
and lashes well aflutter.

Leave all the things to me!
No devils will come near
as long as I can sit with you,
I am your guard, not for the night
but for the life of you and me,
and, like a father to your soul
if you'll feel safer I will hold
both of your living hands in mine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tara Is Smiling

Tara Is Smiling

I walked around the market's isles
and thought of Tara and her smiles.
I took a chocolate off the shelf
and had to smile as well, myself.

I love it when my special friends
stand up and buck the going trends.
To hell they say with all convention
we do not need unwanted tension.

So, rather than to cry and mope
or take a sample of strange dope
we think of Tara when she smiles,
when she lights up the British Isles

Herbert Nehrlich

Tara's Daisies

It was a silly dream, needless to say.
You died of a small bone stuck in your throat,
all courtesy of a gray snapper, caught offshore.
You were too young, of course and I had plans
that had you play the leading role, even to sing.
'Twas not to be and when we buried you, we cried,
grown men and women and the teacher from your school.
When Spring arrived you were well settled in the ground
and pushed up daisies, as the gods expected you,
Each day I go with my small watercan of tin
and help them thrive and spread their luscious golden cheer,
I do not mind that you just listen dear, I know
that it takes two to make those lovely flowers grow.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tastebuds At The Time Of Death

A geezer by the name of Herrmann
had always in his life been German.
He stayed, as many of them do,
at home and not in Timbuktu.

The time to die came in the Spring
when flowers wake and bluebirds sing.
They placed him in an upstairs bed
and thought by morning he'd be dead.

The man who'd been a pastry baker
was not too keen to meet his maker,
yet medicines had been in vain,
he had a tumour on the brain.

Now, tumours, on occasion, will
change senses while they make you ill.
The sense of smell did change and fool
the patient, who began to drool...

when odours of slow-broiling liver
sent to his spine a frigid shiver,
with all his strength he stood and went
downstairs to see what all this meant.

The kitchen table, fully laden
and by the stove a fresh young maiden,
prepared what seemed a ton of meat,
he wondered whether he could eat...

a piece before the Reaper Grim
would claim his soul and come for him.
Just as he reached toward the table,
new appetite which made him able

to muster strength this time in life,
she spotted him, his grieving wife.
'Quicksmart, you go back up to bed!

You're finished and will soon be dead.
I can't allow for you to take
a single piece. It's for the WAKE!

Herbert Nehrlich

Tasting Dough

She used an ancient wooden spoon
and sang herself a Christmas tune.
'Twas time to make that special cake,
you stir it first and then you bake.
However, there are many stages
(and in my cookbook several pages) ,
each boasting individual taste;
it never pays to bake in haste
thus sampling is, of course, required
each mouthful waits to be admired,
and by the time the cake is set
to see the oven, you forget
if sweetness was sufficient and
again you do immerse your hand,
each finger into virgin dough
it is divine now. Ho, Ho, Ho.

I have been told that men refuse
to taste, unless it's potent booze.
As for myself, when still a boy,
I'd leave the most exciting toy
when mother got the flower out
(or when she mixed the Sauerkraut) .
Eggs, flour, sugar, various spices
those were for me my early vices,
vanilla, cherry, cinnamon,
then icing sugar pasted on.
No drugs were used, we got our highs
by dipping into doughs and pies.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tax

He stepped into the gutter to retrieve
a coin of silver, round and light of weight,
and scooped a chunk of dogshit with his sleeve
'twas green, he wondered what the critter musta ate.
Life often takes without a mention a small toll,
it gives no change and no receipt for us to save,
it seems that tax collectors must be on patrol
you may stand up to them, a member of the brave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teachers

Of all the many salient features
of childhood I remember teachers.
Right after birth you get attention,
they cater to you, not to mention
free food and lodging and those rattles
with which to fight your frequent battles,
when no one listens to you crying
and Dad pretends that you are lying,
yet overall, all those distractions
and those which trigger strange reactions
are not what I would call oppressive
or, even in a pinch obsessive...
Back to the subject, the main feature
which, after all, is what a teacher
does to an innocent, still growing,
developing and overflowing,
perceptive and receptive student,
it seems to me it would be prudent
to lay all cards upon the table.
A teacher, though extremely able,
and with the best of all intentions,
can teach you math and those inventions
that are considered quintessential
for kids to harness their potential.
He'll teach you how to write to Nana,
about the bend in the banana,
and photosynthesis of grasses,
the volatile and inert gases,
about the nature of the STASI
and what went wrong with Esterhazy,
he shows you how to draw a stallion
and how to count in good Italian,
why Hitler ended up in power
and how an insect-eating flower
digests the flesh of German roaches
Do not forget their role as coaches.

They must be anchored in Gymnastics
so that they turn the dumbest spastic

into an athlete and achiever,
and, as a genuine busy beaver
he is a jack of all persuasions,
which comes in handy on occasions
of idiosyncratic troubles,
a teacher thinks and rubs his stubbles
around the chin for stimulation
of dormant neurons on vacation,
and students sit in awe and ponder
how soon the bell will ring, they wonder
how any human can stay jolly
when faced with this forsaken folly.

And in the end, when years have faded
and all your teachers judged and graded
you as a product of the system,
you'll find that after all, you've missed them.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teacher's Pets

Once upon a time a teacher,
partial to most any creature,
had retired to his bed.
Slept as if he had been dead.

And, to illustrate my story,
I am sure you won't be sorry,
I will show you what transpired,
how the very much admired
teacher had a common habit,
he would curl up like a rabbit.

Sleep as soundly as he could,
wearing his combed cotton hood.
Teacher never had been married,
thus no lucky lady carried
in her heart his noble name.
But to him 'twas all the same.

Not that ladies found him boring,
not at all, it was his snoring
which would chase them from his pillow.
And when he went and cut the willow
down by the river's eastern edge,
the symbol of his new-found pledge,
he vowed to never share his pillow
and carried home that lovely willow
to feed his Swedish fireplace,
foreseeing though the likely case
of loneliness to come at night.

He went to town and bought a kite
as well as one She-Teddybear,
the latter was to always share
his bed to keep the blues away.
The former would be for the day.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that
the teacher owned a pussycat.

But cats have (and I think the same)
a brain (so many people claim)
of tyrant and unkind persuasion
this cat, a manx, was also Asian.

In any case the kitty chased
each night the insects that were based
inside the house, in hiding places.
When caught she'd rip apart their faces
and eat them with an appetite
that even in the heat of night
could well be heard up near the school.
The cat would smack and purr and drool.
But this did not lead to estrangement
because the gist of the arrangement
was that he was quite unaware
that his own cat (her name was Claire)
was into nightlife in a way
that would look odd during the day.

That night, which is this story's feature,
saw moonlight shining on the teacher.
The cat was prowling through the house
in hopes of locating a mouse.
She used the seven-prong approach
and always caught herself a roach
if bigger prizes did elude.
That night she was in splendid mood.

Meanwhile, in bed the teacher snored,
mouth open wide, his music scored
at least one hundred-ten dB
(that's strength of sound, my friend, you see) .
His teeth were resting in a glass,
right next to bracelets of pure brass.

Out of the stainless laundry shute
emerged a roach, in hot pursuit
was Claire, but on the stainless steel
cat claws do not develop feel.
So right away the cat was sliding,
the roach looked for a place of hiding.

In utter panic, desperation,
the man who dwelled in deep sedation
seemed at this moment to present
escape from the predicament.
So, with tremendous speed and skill
the roach jumped in the, if you will
cavernous haven, with no light.
It was the middle of the night.

Inside the mouth of man and beast
most often one can find at least
a couple clever hiding places,
though it is different in those cases
where rampant periodontitis,
perhaps some angular cheilitis,
have sent the biting tools away.
And in the case of our hero
the molar count came up with zero.
With Claire still there, now on a chair
and getting well prepared to stare
inside the cave of only gums,
the roach now prayed and did his sums,
and, using some of teacher's spit
to grease the passage just a bit,
he slid into the pitch black gullet
resembling now a speeding mullet.

At this exact historic moment,
the gag reflex, a true component
of regions north of the true gut
did recognise that some weird nut
had entered the restricted space.
The signal came from brain to base
'EJECT, EJECT', and with a force
that makes you wonder where the source
of all this power may be hidden.
The roach that had gone in, unbidden
flew out, quite straight and heading south....
into the smiling, open mouth.....
of Claire who happened to be there.

I do not know if we could learn
from this a lesson somewhat stern.
But let me add that in the morning
the teacher found that, now adorning
his pillow, next to cute Miss Teddy
lay see-through pieces of confetti,
two little bits that looked like wings.
The teacher asked 'who brought these things? '

And, for the first time in existence,
while overcoming strong resistance,
Miss Teddy spoke and said quite clearly:
' Last night some creature did pay dearly
for venturing close to your heart.
He was an ugly looking fart,
as to those two translucent things...
cats never do eat cockroach wings.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Teardrops Of Yesteryear

Some teardrops fell upon my bed,
I heard them in the dark.
Remembered dimly what I'd said
last night, that one remark
could well have shocked her, maybe hurt,
but would she cry hot tears
about emotions that I stirred
or deep and ancient fears?

I had been mean to her again,
it's always when at work
that supervisor idiot Ben,
who's quite the bloomin' jerk,
keeps riding me, his hobby horse,
all day including lunch.
And in the air the word 'Divorce',
well noted by that bunch
as failing in my sacred duty
'don't bring your work home to this house! ',
so said my little scrumptious cutie,
(while anger did expand her blouse) ,
thus she had made her salient point,
yet men don't seem to learn so quick.
So when you file a truly joint
through thick and thin and always stick
a tax return, and have some kids,
it's slightly late for a revision.

Plus, come, let's face it, use your wits,
it wasn't your decision,
your destiny made introduction,
she'd been selected by the gods,
you sat there, waiting for the suction
that would attract with splendid odds
a pheromone affinity.
Your brain would be somewhat corrupted
to recognise divinity
in her alone. In short, you copped it.

Unhelpful thoughts, newly adrift.
And still, I felt the teardrops fall.
My spirits needed one big lift,
I'd make her happy, that is all.
My hand reached over, light of touch,
I placed it on her lovely thigh,
my words would never mean too much,
that's when she asked 'Why do you cry? '

That night was long, we talked and talked,
and in the morning put on jeans,
went to the river, walked and walked
and spilled the last of all our beans.
And now and then my love will say
'remember that strange night,
in nineteenseventy, in May,
when after that big fight
you sat in darkness in our bed
and felt the tear drops clearly,
when you were down and very sad.
And cried? I loved you dearly
the night you had your little cry
it's when my doubts did fade.
And ever since you've been my guy,
my God, we've got it made! '

Herbert Nehrlich

Tears

My tears welled up
with little warning.
They filled my eyes
and then spilled out.
There was no sadness
and no mourning,
I wondered what it was about.
I think the reason
that the tears
run down our face in rivulets
is that they wash away our fears
and selfish thoughts one sometimes gets.
It's true that heartache is the mother
of all the tiny drops of dew.
But we don't shed tears for another.
So, when I cry - it's not for you.
Self-pity makes the raindrops fall,
when angels cry for people's sins.
The same occurs, or not at all,
when inside us that devil grins.
And nothing's changed since we were kids,
we had our tantrums then, to get
what we desired, that was it.
We cried when our pants were wet,
and when we wanted special treats,
were hungry, thirsty, hot or cold.
But, do we cry when someone meets
disaster, sickness or great loss?
Or does our inner teardropkeeper,
who shapes the drops and gives them gloss
say 'GO' in awe of the Grim Reaper?

Well, now you know
we never weep
predominantly for mankind.
Our eyes run over
when we keep
self-pity in our inner mind.

Tears From You

I do not know
where to begin.
Oh no, 'tis not
that there would be
a pressing need
to share,
with you
or anyone
as there is not.
I write these words
to re-assess,
perhaps,
but mostly
to live through
the wondrous time
with you,
again.

I know you will
forgive me
if you find
a smudge,
or even two
as I remember
yours,
they were so small,
barely equipped
to hitch
a ride
on gravity. I kissed
those tears,
surprised
at me,
as I would
other times
and loves
avert my eyes.

Men do not cry,

so it is said
and it is true.
For you
there will be times
where
tears of shame,
or anger,
sadness
overflow
to signal that
all is not well.
My tears
come from the
deepest well
down,
near the bottom
of my soul.

They speak in whispers
as they blink
and see through bleary eyes
the picture that is you.

I love you
as you know
and may I tell you
that I love
those little tears,
just knowing
that they are
from YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Techtelmechtel

Don't ask me please.
I do not have a clue,
where this word of magic
and connotation, blue
derives its energy
and oh-so-welcome tease.
Perhaps it's tragic
the spirits who are free
float aimlessly, devoid of wings
through crowded thoughts
and lovely things
and ask themselves
(as do the elves)
where is our home
what are the odds
that one dumb gnome
will spoil the game
due to sheer hate
who takes the shame
when fate is late?
The word is, look
yes, Techtelmechtel,
comes from the time
when soldiers, French
were occupying lands
near that small river
called Der Wechtel
they had, on hand a bit of time
vin rouge for the liver
in the evening the Mensch
usual wartime demands
until time would run out.
To this day the word means
something special to me
it began in my teens
and was always a she.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ted Bundy

Bees will fly from forests quickly back into their burning nest,
horses, handsome, strong or sickly, seek the sanctuary's rest,
men will break their word each Sunday, honest thoughts evaporate,
Yes, I knew the man, Ted Bundy, enemy of the great state.
Blood attracted him forever, like a moth into the flames,
eighteen months this evil, clever predator played cruel games.
Issaquah, a town of miners, had its soul ripped from its chest
there among the outdoor diners, one unwanted, brilliant guest.
You were pleasant, Ted, you picked me, off the road and took me back,
others, those you later tricked, see, died and rotted by the track.

No remorse was found within then, and you paid the final price,
once you said it could be thin men, who were born as cold as ice.
We had many loud dicussions, in the Pub at Mercer Isle,
I recall you hated Russians, gave the Blacks a country mile.
Jurisprudence was your forte, no one ever beat your grades,
on the marble it says MORTE, covered by the green of blades.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teddy

I loved my parents that Spring day
and had no reservation.
Let me describe this if I may,
this time of admiration.

We drove for hours through the rain
to reach a distant town.
And turned at last into a lane,
the house was big and brown.

The doorbell rang, all hell broke loose,
the barking was sooo loud,
out came a man, an old recluse,
he carried himself proud.

He only knew one type of dog
that was the Chinese Spitz.
He'd grown up in the London Fog
but now his name was Fritz.

Chow-Chow, that was the proper name,
their tongues were purplish-blue.
That was their only claim to fame,
of course they also chew.

The puppies looked as we expected,
so cute that it was love first sight.
We searched the bunch when we detected
the cutest one, he was just right.

I told my parents then and there:
'Let's go now that we're ready, '
I was afraid that this affair
could turn into confetti.

But things were perfect on that day,
we took the puppies out.
Began to teach them 'sit' and 'stay',
when Mum began to shout.

The reason was, the little spot
that our puppy had
bestowed upon the baby's cot,
it made my mother mad.

When the excitement now took hold
the little squirt just squirted.
He started barking loud and bold:
Attention was diverted.

The rest is anchored in the past,
from many years ago,
and that a dog life only lasts
a decade we all know.

We had our good times,
played our games,
some photos aging now in frames
and on his birthday - he turned six
we took him out - he did some tricks.
We know about his flat IQ,
I know his brain was lazy,
when Papa said 'Here's what we'll do',
we thought his plan was crazy.

'Now, off the leash', command was given,
when in the distance I could spot
a motorcar, a big one, driven,
I yelled 'don't', 'PLEASE DO NOT! '
but as so often is the case,
our elders know what's good for us.
And Papa said I was off base
and now I saw the bus!
With 30 workers in their seats
and picks and shovels from their work.
A monster weight and if it meets
an obstacle....I went berserk.

The course was clearly marked 'Collision',
if bus or car could be avoided,
then only if this dumb decision

was scrapped but our Dad enjoyed it.

'The dog stays loose', he counselled now,
he's got to learn the rules of life,
his pedigree, it is Chow-Chow,
he'll know how not to get in strife! '

So now it was out of my hands.
I briefly thought of distant lands
where I could go then to forget
now they had murdered here my pet.

Five people, sinister their faces
were travelling in the motorcar.
Sat motionless, stiff in their places.
The dust showed they had travelled far.

The impact wasn't one at all:
The wheel just travelled over him.
Before he had a chance to roll
away, there came the other rim.

And there he was, all dead to us.
My heart had stopped, my face a frown.
We took him home then, on that bus.
The vet said: 'Sorry, put him down! '

Joe Smela was our live-in Pole.
Jack of all trades, that was his role.
He took the dog -his name was Teddy-
and said in broken German: 'Laddy
we make him good, we fix him, JA
and then we show the Herr Papa! '

It took two months to get him right
but he was good as new.
He'd slept in Joseph's bed at night
and slowly munched Joseph's old shoe.

I learned from that -
my dad did not.
He made each new decision

according to HIS if's and but's.
It shows lack of vision,
lack of ego it's not.

And to this day, when it arises
that I defy good sense
I think it's HIS thoughts in disguise -
I quickly make amends.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ted's Daydreaming

As he looked to the skies
just to wave to his God,
he saw buzzards and flies
but he found it quite odd
that the clouds had gone home
and the sun had burned out
so he took out his comb
placed it over his snout
and he preened his moustache
til the little sparks flew
and it was the panache
that made God dropp his shoe.

When the shoe hit the ground
soon the shit hit the fan
and the Yorkshire-bound hound
said he wasn't a man.

I admire you, critter
to admit what you did
were you really the shitter
who first dropped it, then hid?

I, as God now decree
you shall go through the lands
you shall sniff, you shall see
find the various brands
of the stuff you call pooh
and you keep a good log
you may bypass each zoo
but include every frog.

When the bells ring again
do remember my son
he who saved all you men..
off you go, carry on!

Herbert Nehrlich

Teenage Confusion

You asking me 'why'
is a trifle rich
I'm just a good guy
but you are a bitch.

All the fish in the sea
aren't for you but for me.
When I gave you the shove
I had found my new love.

All your cries are in vain
'cause you gave me much pain.
My new lover is gay
and we go all the way.

Note:

This was inspired by a teenager
who found a 'better way' for
language has been 'lifted',
near verbatim.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teeth In Peace

'What happened to your teeth',
she said with eyes that were alert.
'One thousand love bites really,
did what love bites can inflict.'
And when they kissed the glue
that held the dentures
revived itself and stuck
the lovers fast together.
He was no dentist and she
no Spring Chicken.
The missing links had left
with all the teeth.
And that wild night
they slept in bed
and loved each other.
Out in the bathroom,
on the sink were sitting still,
in a tall glass two dentures
fresh and rosy
and they could kiss all night
in total privacy.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teflon Pete

They called him Teflon Pete,
he was the head of state.
He did not know defeat
until it was too late.

He lied to save his hide
and hoarded lots of dough,
took people for a ride
and said it was a show.

For years he had them fooled
until the bubble burst.
And when the tempers cooled
he was no longer first.

He took the people's gold
and hired spin physicians.
They packaged and then sold
solutions and decisions.

But, in the end of ends
he could not fool us all.
Deserted by his friends,
we saw him trip and fall.

There was no helping hand
to get him on his feet.
The people of this land
were done with Teflon Pete.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tell Me, George

I know it is your birthday, George
and you have plans all day,
I only need your answer now
today, my friend, today.
Have you once felt the titillation
of foreign skin, of luscious lips
of breasts with unbeknownst dimensions,
and of no fragrance drifting in?
Does one not need the laws of physics,
the tangible of real worlds,
to have one's senses in alertness
or are there laws that govern dreams?
And you, the wise one, must reveal
what secrets do exist for me.
Are we the victims of the spirits
that play their lusty games with us?
Is it the greening of the valley,
the comfort of the river's mumble,
or clouds which can descend upon
our comfort zones and dump their load
or has our soul just sensed its mate
through atmospheres that are unknown?
I know I cannot now prevail,
must let you go on distant journeys
but tell me George, can it be real
to feel a touch that can't be there?

Herbert Nehrlich

Temptation

Silence is the monk's behaviour
just to please his holy saviour.
Prayer keeps him out of strife
but he doesn't have a life.
Thus, it happens fairly often
that his resolutions soften,
God is watching with disdain
and the angels cry their rain.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tenderness

You mentioned yesterday
just how you know
that WE are on our way
to truly grow.
And that you knew how deep
we had progressed,
that it was wise to keep
this hugely blessed
entanglement between two souls,
the heart as one,
the merging of two poles....
in a homerun?

I asked how did you know,
is it your guess,
you answered
No, LOVE, No,
it is OUR TENDERNESS.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tenerian

Remarkably preserved,
it was the skull
that drew the stares.
All teeth intact,
well worn like those
of modern horse,
the cranium itself though,
while human without doubt,
appeared extremely narrow
which was not made up
by a steep rise,
raising the frontal bone.

There were some artifacts,
tools of volcanic rock
and raw amazonite.

The scholars stood,
as silence seemed
wholly appropriate.

'It's a Tenerian', said one,
a foreign word,
it seemed to settle all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tepidity

You can't cook with it.
It won't clean you.
Useless for dishes.
Goldfish don't like it.

What makes you think
that lukewarm kisses
will warm my heart
soothe my soul
smooth my wrinkles,
light my smile,
feed my ego,
make me happy
and
prolong my life?

Well?

Herbert Nehrlich

Terrier Gap

He was out cold
and smiled,
parched lips
apart, and two
lone teeth,
stained a
tobacco brown,
stood guard,
but not entirely
too straight.

A ragged sheet of
silver batts,
grade three,
was draped
on top
and rustled
in the breeze.

A pair of shoes,
spares with no laces,
were sprouting
French baguettes,
and shielding
the vermouth
from prying eyes.

He snored,
so did the terrier,
tied to his ankle,
stretched just like
his master,
on his back.

He shook
and trembled
intermittently,
perhaps he was
in hot pursuit
of better meals
and better times.

And neither dog
nor man
suspected
that their world
would crumble,
when grubby youngsters
set alight the
two and all their gear.

The man was taken,
by ambulance to
Good Samaritan,
on Shatto Street,
where he arrived
in poor condition
and with a smell.

They fixed him up,
regrew his skin,
of which one third
had burned
and he awoke,
from the kind land
of Demerol to ask
where 'Gaps' had gone.

Nobody knew
about a dog,
a vagrant terrier,
and no one did expect
that it would make
him cry.

All shaken, nurse Maria
walked alone,
her shift had ended
at eleven.

She stumbled
at the exit, fell
quite hard and was

returned into the
hospital at once.
They locked both doors
in the position of
wide open,
which did not go
unnoticed by the dog.

And minutes later
he was stretched out
on the bed,
Ward five, room ten,
just like his master,
who was sleeping,
with a tear stained face.
They snored in concert,
one a little louder,
the other one had
something up his sleeve.

He figured, in the twilight
of his slumber,
that he would lick his
master's face
just to make sure
that nothing
had happened
to the gaps.
Well, after all
he had been
baptised in
in their honour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Terrorist Training

Now the instructor straps the harness to his chest
some forty kilo of the best explosive stuff,
he's training what he knows to be the very best
though finding their replacements can be tough.
'Now pay attention guys, forget about your guns
this is the fuse, I light it quickly to succeed.....
for obvious reasons I can only show this once
you'll be a thousand pieces but you never bleed.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Tête-Bêche

Who would have thought
that man can live Old Riley's life,
perusing luxuries and walking proud and tall
he clings to trimmings and an image for a wife.
As years fly by he must attend to special needs
and be provider and for kin remain on call
there was a time when there was promise in his seeds
yet near the fork that splits his path he cries for nought.
He wakes reluctant to emerge a troubled man
before his eyes he sees futility and sleep
and in a moment he returns as Peter Pan.
There are his pirates and red Indians to behold
he is her flowerboy to cuddle to her breasts
no one to discipline, to question or to scold
a feast of talent, all to please her valued guests.
He wakes again, as Peter Pan, but with a smile
she pulls him closer into warm and willing flesh
inside his heart he sings the tune 'A Little While'
inside his mind he sees the image of tête-bêche.

Herbert Nehrlich

Teutonen

Da sass ich nun beim Zaehlen,
(natuerlich die Kartoffelchen beim Schaelen) .
Kein Freud auf dem Computer da beim Mailen
warum muss jeder deutsche immer quaelen?

Es scheint sie koennen nicht aus ihrer Haut.
Drum ist das Volk und auch das Land versaut.
So viele Kriege, immer war man laut,
gelernt? Oh nein, man sieht es wenn man schaut.

Als ob es uns erbaute, dieses Streben
nicht streicheln, nein, man kann nichts Gutes geben.
Man treibt so mit viel Hass durch's schnelle Leben
und sieht die ganze Welt als saure Reben.

Teutonen, warum seid Ihr so gemein?
Von allen Voelkern seid Ihr gluecklos und allein.
Laesst man Euch schwimmen dort im alten Vater Rhein
so seht Ihr Wasser nur und nicht den guten Wein.

Herbert Nehrlich

Texas Conference

Bush and Blair sat in the Dunny,
there discussing how much money
they could milk from those Iraquis
Blair said 'if we dress in Khakis
they will think we are their friends.'
Bush who had been briefed by Walker,
Texas Ranger and smooth talker,
countered 'but we like those guys
when will they ever realise
that we will camp on foreign soil
to guard all of the country's oil.'
The dunny was a doubledecker,
left over from the outhouse wrecker,
so there were two adjacent holes
assigned their individual roles.
And as they sat there, reminiscing
and both of them had finished pissing
they heard the voice of the first Lady
she said that they had rigged a shady
and quiet spot, away from spies
also that those hot llama pies
had been delivered from the Ranch
by CIA from Langley Branch.
So Dubbya said 'you fancy cider? '
when Tony saw a blue-green spider
crawl out of 'Oilman Magazine',
we know that Poms are not too keen
to be explored when sitting nude
by a misguided Texas Dude.
So up he jumped, ran out the door
(Cherie had seen all this before) .
But George had taken his revolver
he was a real problem solver.
One shot, the spider was deceased
but Dubbya's shinbone had been creased.
And within seconds, you can guess
the dunny area was a mess.
The ninety boys from Secret Service
(who previously had been quite nervous)

were taking now apart the Dunny
and what they found was not too funny.
What they do fancy and to wit:
a situation full of it.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thank You **

I spotted it at once,
the little cloverleaf,
you found one of noblesse
with four green leaves.
There was no time
in all the joy,
you wore a dress
had hidden it inside
as we walked up into the tower
of the Huns
you spoke these words
I like your touch, my little boy.
They dropped the bridge
and we proceeded like two thieves
me clinging closely to
your skin,
you were the bride.

I woke too soon,
the story taken by black birds
was I the knight or simply who,
not Errol Flynn,
a little light now filtered in
it was the moon.
And caught the green
of a quartet of clover leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thank You Doc!

Our doctor is taking a break,
he may camp at a beautiful lake.
Have some Valpolicella
(he's a jolly good fella)
here is something his mother would bake.

It's a small, rather good-tasting present,
much desired by Pope and by peasant.
when it reaches your lips
it's a heartbeat that skips
then the taste buds will rate it as pleasant.

May we thank you and put a request
since the world is undoubtedly blessed
with your skills and your care
so it wouldn't be fair
to retire from work, for a rest.

Well, to tell you the truth I did check,
craned my cervicals up in the neck,
had to see if you fidget
or have tremulous digits
also whether you're up on the tech.

In conclusion, I must now concede
that in Gwendolyn's hour of need,
we were pretty hard-pressed
to discover the best
but we did, what a pleasure indeed!

As a writer it does make me wonder,
mulling over it all, I still ponder
all my instincts suggest
that you're kin to the Guest
you know, Albert, the one who's gone yonder.

Have a wonderful Christmas, you all,
it's the season for love to enthrall
all the humans on earth

as they think of His birth
in the manger back then, in the stall.

As you may know, limericks tend to take on
a life of their own and must be read while standing and
without wearing glasses, regardless of presbyopia
or similar afflictions.

Note:

This was written on behalf of, and with the cooperation of
the patient's family, as depicted above.

Some considerable credit must go to Conrad.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thanks For The Card, Tara &&&&!

A mirror hung there on the wall.
I watched it close its eyes and fall.
Your pen and how it does its writing
is in its elegance exciting.

Thanks for the card, it hit the spot
so legible it, er....was not.
Thus I imagined what you said
inside your user-friendly head.

You wrote 'I found a blue-green dove
and sent her off to take my love
in a small gesture of devotion
across the stillness of the ocean.'

Well that was nice and very kind.
Red wine and words let me unwind.
I too like journeys in the summer.
It's winter here now, what a bummer!

Herbert Nehrlich

Thanks, Guys!

In search of crime and criminals
I muster my subliminals.
Write poems, simply, on the run
and wish I had a loaded gun.
Since time is really of the essence
I can't attend those forum lessons.
To those of you who wrote opinions
about my poems, and the minions
who love the daylight out of me
I do accept all flattery!
Yet time is short, thus please excuse
my seeming lazy and obtuse
neglect of those who took the time
it is not meant to be a crime.
I thank you all, please read some more
the stuff I send from distant shore.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thanks, Sue!

To date it is uncertain whether
much science can be penned at all
by an Australian peacock feather;
not that the feather would be small
but from a bird known for its pride,
as well as talons sharp and quick
I, from experience, must confide
you'd need to use a clever trick
to do this featherectomy
and still remain without a mark!
Magnificent fait accompli,
it would be, even in the dark.
So, in the interest to preserve
your health and that of your big bird,
I, in conclusion must observe
that I am flattered, yes my word,
that you would offer me a hand
in what is surely overdue,
a gesture I consider grand,
thus, heartfelt thanks must go to you.

I have, just now had inspiration,
a hatchling may be an idea,
surely, a dusty outback station
(some are the size of Tanzania)
would take an order for next Spring
one gosling wearing perfect genes,
that grows strong feathers and can sing,
in time would give to me the means
of writing that essential paper.
Meanwhile, we wait and show respect
to peacocks and we scrap the caper,
lest you, dear Sue, get badly pecked!

Herbert Nehrlich

Thanksgiving

They sat, all twenty one, like silent lambs.
The church was cold and from the spire there were sounds,
strung from the pulpit was a bunch of local hams
it was Thanksgiving and the beggars made their rounds.
Give what you can they said, it is the way of God,
and folks would come weighed down by baskets and by bags
and not a single man would find it very odd
that not the butcher but the streetbum brought the snags.
They were the best that premium meat could re-create,
God's call was paramount and brought the masses down
and as the bell tolled singing out to them their fate
they looked with sheepish eyes up to their saviour's crown.

It was of thorns and must have been a real pain
dried blood was marking righteous nails in hands and feet,
the preacher talked about the past, he mentioned Cain,
and that the home of Mr Streetbum had no heat.
He praised the man for giving all to sick and poor,
the congregation basked despite their frozen breath,
home was a cardboard box, his kids could not endure
the love of God nor did His grace prevent their death.

Herbert Nehrlich

That Awful Noise

A bumblebee sat in a tree,
held for himself a sermon.
'I'm thrilled that I shall never be
a friend of lowly vermin.

They steal the eggs of busy birds
and live in squalid quarters,
use dirty and illegal words,
subsist as system rorters.'

And, having said this, raised his nose,
the odour of surrender
was coming from a lonely rose,
or from a pink lavender.

He swooped and landed on the ground
and searched for such a flower,
in doing this he made THAT sound
that turns sweet milk to sour.

Well, bumblebees, they are a curse,
they never learn to sing,
the song they constantly rehearse
starts out in early Spring.

It ends when snow falls from the sky,
by then no bees are willing
to fertilise, and that is why
there's so much flower killing.

Herbert Nehrlich

That First And Ach.....

Remember when,
that day,
rambunctious times
were nothing new
to me?
Yet it took long,
too long
to taste that first
and
ach so fleeting kiss.

Herbert Nehrlich

That Godforsaken Day

She was, for many moons,
the velvet cover of the portals
inside my heart, there was,
majestically, the grand aorta,
the mitral valve and then its
lowly cousin, though essential,
the oft forgotten tricuspid.
Leaves just the pulmonary,
and there my new suspicion
has its focus, the foramen ovale,
a short lived yet so vital hole
allowing frank communication
until the day when you or I,
godsent or accident of Nature,
arrive, to stay until we die.

Did you, you lovely devil, really
inhabit any chambers, or was it
a dream, a wish that ought to be
reality in anyone's existence?
There were those promises,
though given hastily, with blind
and deaf and urgent fervency,
acceptance, no longer simply
and haphazardly just hoped for,
it was a truth, a law of Nature,
commandeered by Gods
for you and I, who were, oh yes,
the innocent, the chosen, it was
July, in all geographies, even yours
and mine, and weather bothered,
as it always does, so many people,
the woes of life in civilised restraint
kept many occupied and from the purpose
which may have hung about nearby.
It had no meaning to us, nothing mattered
unduly, for you and me, pre-ordained
must surely feel like this, handcuffs
and shackles, made of Manuka honey,

and topped with whipped vanilla cream.

So many, we could not keep up count
sweet nothings, such warm whispers,
and touch through cyberspace that burned,
and tickled the flesh, anew each day.
And words, ach, where did they live
these strung together soothers, whereof
were utterings composed and why had they,
in times of comfort in convention, hidden
themselves and their ulterior meanings
away from us, only to re-appear and rule.
No doubt, there was a trance, hallucinations
notwithstanding, it was 'to wit', my dear,
until the day a battle of significance was lost,
not here on earth but in the endless skies,
between the Gods of Cardiology and Love
and something indescribable, intangible,
which sent the signal down to strip and rip
with cruel claws the velvet from our linings,
and roughen up the great aorta, the tricuspid,
blow out the foramen ovale, once again and,
all in all create an intermittent turbulence once more..

And thus it came to pass, on that forsaken day
that one heart broke, although still held together by
old twine of bland tradition, double-stitched,
and double-breasted like a suit in mothballs.
And so it functions, waking early mornings,
producing postventricular contractions readily,
as if in protest to the evils of this world.
It is not known what fate has struck the other,
one cannot hear sweet words or feel a single thought
when one brave soul has closed her eyes and fallen silent .

Herbert Nehrlich

That Last Bottle

It was, you said, your very last,
and that you could, without a doubt
take it or leave it, any time at all.
Just a cute habit, acquired in your youth
and kept like an intelligent companion.

When years of proper foods and medicines
could not erase the fusel oils of spirits
you made some stops, unscheduled ones,
inside the institutions where they looked
and probed, and frowned and preached.

They were not schools, of course, not really,
and no one could expect you to obtain
new knowledge, even some of benefit to you
in such a place, where fumes of formalin prevail.
So, you were right, my friend, that bottle was your last.

Herbert Nehrlich

That One

A geezer, white, of wrinkled skin
pulled out all levers, just to win.
He changed with every passing breeze
and used his thank you's just to please.
Saw in each man a single voice
to give him power, novel choice,
advance his plans not for the land
but for his tiny one-man band.

No matter what the world did need
McPain would do his clever deed
and line his pockets, day and night
while thanking God that he was white.

Of course, he felt it was expected
that only properly selected
appropriate and kosher words,
like those perused by Ivy nerds
would do in any public setting,
meanwhile, his helpers placed the netting
to trap the bloke he called THAT ONE,
the aim to get him on the run
and scare the fellow through wild stories
while he dispersed his humble sorries.

To plant a seed in people's minds
would make them get off their behinds
and stand united to defend
their way of life, right to the end.

The otherness, he would convey
is something that would always stay,
you could not wash with laundry soap
and lose your past, there was no hope
for terrorists and next of kin
it was important now to win.

And, George just mentioned all the tools
that they could use on silly fools

who'd pull the wool clear to their chests
instead of pinning on their vests
those medals sporting old man Kane
and Sarah, still considered sane,
the fox who wore the clothes of sheep
and put all caution fast to sleep.

It's trust he shouts, the echo thunders,
vote now, and stop the foolish blunders
that others have for decades done
I will re-light the darkened sun!

And Sarah here, I picked her brains
we've taken troubles, many pains
in bringing what is yours to own
into the people's comfort zone.

We are your servants, let us show
how one great nation can still grow,
a balanced budget, it's a sin
the antidote's in my syringe,
leave all your worries with our team,
we'll give you strawberries and cream
and North Alaskan Caribou.....
I think you're getting the right clue,
though let me warn you, catch this bus
THAT ONE cannot be one of us.

Herbert Nehrlich

That Was Her

She had blue questionmarks
coming out of her blue eyes.
Her lips were too blue for kissing
and a blue-tongue lizard was her pet.
As for me, I ended up singing the blues.

Herbert Nehrlich

That Was Then!

How times have changed!
I used to open letters from my girl
so carefully-
and touch the pre-licked glue
just lightly with my lips.

Today, it's self-stick all the way -
and smudges on the screen of my computer.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Affair

My neighbour's wife had an affair
with our local judge,
it seems that they would often share
a bed at Happy Lodge.

Arriving in the dark of night,
and to avoid those dramas,
they'd wear their fur coats as one might
and underneath pyjamas.

And the concierge said 'Ev'ning, Judge',
although that wasn't wise,
and then she did her 'wink-and-nudge'
and laughed at their disguise.

The Porter opened quick the lift
and led them to their room.
And, standing close, she felt as if
she's standing near her groom.

My neighbour's wife was caught that night,
though she told many lies.
Her instinct tried to point her at
the Porter's smart disguise.

And now the moral of the story:
When they gave in to natural urge,
they should have known - now they are sorry:
To bribe Madame Concierge.

Illicit dreams some people get,
their lust demands relief.
So when you climb in stranger's bed
your pillow's name is grief.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Aftermath Begins

He had waited,
though he was no patient man,
the winter storms
gave way to early Spring,
a silly hare regarded him
watched his descent
into the town
that righteously was
nestled at the foot
of granite boulders
and dead gravel's chaff.
He had to face the clowns
once allies
with their merchant's grins
it seemed they'd stepped,
mid afternoon had come,
outside to watch their son,
who'd chosen war,
against his own
and all of decency
forfeitted all,
a rightful place
though tied to strings
within the fold,
and not a single hand
would ever rise
to greet him,
there was scorn,
a clan rebuffed
dismissed
as if the plague had come
to take possession
of good taste
and manners
holding up the sky
which would have fallen in
of that they were
so sure
and folks now gathered

at the baker's den
to shoot the breeze
if not the messenger
which was against the rules,
oh they detested him,
all empathy had gone
when words could not dissuade
and he stood tall to take
her hand,
and brought it to his lips
to have her fingers slip
inside his mouth,
it was a sign,
a symbol so the baker said
of decadence
brought on by lust
and sheer insanity
that had befallen one
whose council once was heard
throughout the region
and whose voice,
subdued
would calm the boys
and those whose paths
led near the southern tracks
where lepers lived
in poverty,
by God's will,
and shunned
by decent man.
He would not bow
not dip his head,
nor would he halt
his steps
to greet the past,
they dared not spit
though he could see
white flecks of spittle
on their chins,
there were loud calls
to get the carpenter
an able man,

to make a hasty cross,
but he walked on,
a melancholy smile
seemed frozen
on his stoic face.
And all just stared
as he crossed over
and was lost
in morning's dew
at the horizon
near the summit's stars.
There was
no sound
for those
who stood,
still
near the bakery,
and not a single soul
would talk
or mention HER,
due to selective blindness
they'd not seen
that they were two,
perhaps they did,
for they were one.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Alcoholic Of Sylivania

There is a place
called Sylivania,
named after silybum,
the thistle of the milk.
It's where the laws
of Physics
and of Chemistry
as well as most
of what we humans
have come to
see as truth,
have been suspended
for ever
and a day.

A man can drink
in Sylivania,
he takes a bottle,
size one gallon,
Sylvanian measure,
he looks inside
-an introduction-
and then inhales
the fragrance
of the devil's brew.

Upon approval
he dives, head first
into the delectable
and promising
deep well of pleasure.

And as he floats
without an effort
he drinks his fill
again and then
again, only
to feel the need
to breathe

now and perhaps
much later.

And so he floats
up to the top
at intervals,
dictated by
the body's need
for oxygen.
And then he sinks
to find the other,
it gives a life
not so unlike
and also asks
of him to make
his choice.

And when
the pleasure
and the promise
of the need
come into focus
in the eyes of
blurriness
he may decide
to stay.
Forgo the need to
float past
the horizon.
And stay
forever
at the bottom
of his well.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Allergic Honeybee

A honeybee, (it was a she)
sat in the Frangipani tree.
She had been told to fly around
just seven metres off the ground
that way she would detect the source
of future honey, which of course
was made from nectar by the bees
this is what made her ill at ease.
You see, she tested positive
to allergies, ergo to live
a life without the misery
she could not be a honeybee.

The queen however used her clout
and told her she could be a scout
and thus stay outside of the hive
that would ensure she'd stay alive.

You see, anaphylactic shock
can hit a bee just like a rock
and once knocked down onto their knees
it is the rarest of the bees
that could recover and be well
as most would tumble down to hell.

An owl sat on that forest tree
and blinked right near the honeybee
the owl, a bird so old and wise
said 'Darling I have a surprise,
a Doctor from up in Vermont
who published in Electra Font
discovered that most allergies
cannot be fixed by eating cheese
but since you asked, I put my money
not on those steroids but on honey.'

And thus it came that honeybees
do not use steroids, not eat cheese
and since that time all allergies

that once afflicted honeybees
have all been found to be extinct,
thanks to the owl who sat and blinked.

The little bee was also free
she pulled up her small tree tee-pee
and gladly flew back to her hive
healthy and happy and alive.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Ambulance Down In The Valley

A Fence or an Ambulance

by Joseph Malins (1895)

-a poem about prevention -

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
but over its terrible edge there had slipped
a duke and full many a peasant.

So the people said something would have to be done,
but their projects did not at all tally;
some said, 'Put a fence 'round the edge of the cliff, '
some, 'An ambulance down in the valley.'

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
for it spread through the neighboring city;
a fence may be useful or not, it is true,
but each heart became full of pity
for those who slipped over the dangerous cliff;

And the dwellers in highway and alley
gave pounds and gave pence, not to put up a fence,
but an ambulance down in the valley.

'For the cliff is all right, if your careful, ' they said,
'and if folks even slip and are dropping,
it isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
as the shock down below when they're stopping.'

So day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
quick forth would those rescuers sally
to pick up the victims who fell off the cliff,
with their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: 'It's a marvel to me
that people give far more attention
to repairing results than to stopping the cause,
when they'd much better aim at prevention.

Let us stop at its source all this mischief, ' cried he,
'come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;
if the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
with the ambulance down in the valley.'

Part II by Herbert Nehrlich

So the townspeople met at the top of the cliff
where the workmen put up a strong fence,
woven wire and posts that were hardy and stiff
and they lauded each other's good sense.

For a week the fence stood and no ambulance came
then one morning they woke up to see
that the fence had been cut from the cliff to the tree
in the valley they stood with their shame.

Said a voice from the sky, and they knew it was God
'if you keep people healthy at all
there are forces objecting as they find it quite odd
when no earls and no peasants do fall.'

And instead of a fence on the edge of the cliff
they had placed at the bottom a pool,
where they'd land in the water, not ending up stiff
but each victim was seen as a fool.

And to face their disease that had caused the neglect
they would get a big bucket of pills,
though the cost of it all would not nearly reflect
that they'd taken the fence from the hills.

But the pharmacist said 'it's the minds of all men
they are missing the atoms of dope',
and that medicine taken again and again
was the modern way's spirit of hope.

The old sage who had said that the fence should be built
then spoke up, from the cliff near the edge
but the white coated doc said it must be the guilt
and he gave to the people this pledge.

'You will no longer be in the danger to fall
from the cliff, neither earl nor a peasant,
as the ordinance says that the citizens, all
won't be wandering near any crescent.'

And the sage on the edge while addressing the town
said they're neither your neighbour nor friend.
Both the doc and his buddy then pushed the man down,
off the cliff. Thus the story does end.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Anatomy Lecturer

She placed his timid hand just where the collarbone protrudes,
and lectured patiently about the pectorals, how they attach,
monocled, framed by silver hair she called men foolish dudes
but this one would be fine, she'd found perhaps her perfect match.
Her nipple rose as if to reach and touch his sweating hand
the speed of breathing changed, as rouge painted her face
he wondered briefly how a woman so benignly bland
could be so self-assured and buoyant in her grace.
They sat until the watchman made his early moaning rounds
a breeze had helped to firm her tissues in the cold
their close encounter followed, slyly, with its sounds
she was a lecturer, anatomy, I'm told.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Application

The new position was not advertised,
however, knowing me you would have,
by now, guessed that I applied. I did.
It was for Monarch, Ruler, Emperor,
Dictator, King or Kaiser, even Czar.

It has become quite clear in recent weeks
that nothing that a few of these bananas
would ever put together could survive
the first small breeze or sentimental tears.

We have a mess right now on earth, you may be sure,
that it is not the telomeres that will get rid of us,
no, it's incompetence and greed and all of that
which will, no doubt, ring in the end of our days.

Only a dictator, benevolent like me,
could save the day and our future if at all,
so I have signed my name right on the dotted line,
I will be fair and tolerate no other thoughts.

And, mark my words, this world can only be
snatched back from sure extinction, from the brink.
Trust me, I will not let you down and I can do it.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Art Of Writing Limericks

A limerick can be rather funny
when the syllables are on the money.
But when none of it fits
it can give you the shits
Would you stop writing limericks, sonny?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Assassination Of Obama

Obama, careful with your life,
and with your daughters' and your wife,
it's not the men with heavy guns
nor right wing fruits or crazy Huns,
it's what the gods have given you
(yes, this is science and quite true) ,
your skin is dark and can't create
a true and quintessential state
of pure cholecalciferol,
it's what you'd call a protocol
to send into the body proper,
those nutrients like zinc and copper,
but here we talk of the big D,
its absence makes you rickety,
dark skins belong to the Equator
so says the pale-faced perpetrator,
the strategy is Crestor pills
they'll tell him it prevents all ills,
a statin interferes with things
inside the blood of pawns and kings,
it cuts conversion on the skin,
so that the rays that do get in
will meet resistance and cannot
convert (except for diddly-squat)
cholesterol to save his life
and that of his small kids and wife.
That's how they plan to kill the man,
it is the only way they can.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Assembly On Fifty-Seventh Street

Down near the billboard,
on fifty-seventh Street,
right where it intersects
with fancy fifth Avenue
they met, quite late at night
under the neon lights,
in great big numbers,
spilling over into the street.

That night's objective was,
it soon became quite clear,
to ascertain the value of
the various personas,
their place in a society
that did reward its souls
in strange and fright'ning ways,
which really did amount to
the application of tradition,
handed down from forebears,
which were not bears, of course.

The Number Nine stood up,
and climbed upon a soap box,
he'd seen this recently in London,
where traffic was considerably less,
than here on fifty-seventh Street.

With movements that were elegant,
and regal, by their grace and slowness,
he brought the crowd down to its knees
as they were destined to take in the gist
of a numeric wisdom that was without peer,
You see, there were the members of
the Latin Alphabet, as well as the Cyrillic,
then all the Numbers, simply dressed
and those who wore the Roman togas,
but what took up the space up to the River,
was the momentous gaggle of the members
of the Clan of Punctuation, as you can guess,

from Exclamation Marks to Commata and Periods.

And Question Marks plus skinny Semicolons,
the signs of Infinity and Brackets, Dollar Doodles,
as well as Stars and Stripes and Lines and Dashes.
And near the sidewalk's end the Specialty Brigade
had gathered, they were surely different in their looks,
the symbols of Accents and Umlauts, the Math Bits,
it was a wonder that the Number Nine was in control.

A labile silence had descended on the demonstration,
(that's what it was in many ways, I must admit) ,
and then as he began to speak, a true communal
and well-coordinated breath went through the city,
he had them in the palm of his small hook, which is
for those not quite initiated yet, the lower end
of all the Number Nines, if written properly, so now
he let his subtle, overwhelming, charismatic voice
lull all assembled figures into what can be described
as a coordinated trance of body, mind and soul,
as could be felt by him, the elderly Co-sinus, leaning
against Square-Root and sharing a Gitane
with Accent-Grave and the blonde and blue-eyed Umlaut.

'My fellow workers, may I open this assembly
by a remark that gets right to the very core,
you all know very well that we depend upon
the great demand by all the humans now alive,
to occupy their papers, what they did call Papyrus
in the so distant past, we are the meat and spices
within the sandwich of communication, think on that!
What sense would there be made of things,
what little value and pizzazz without a question mark?
How would the nerds find words to fit and how
could ornithologists count birds and then describe
them in their books to tell those not so free to see
exotic creatures and occurrences that are
placed all around us to appreciate and treasure,
without the presence of at least a few of us?

It's only luck but also sadness that allows me
to speak to you tonight, as none of you are,

what you should rightfully be on this night,
I mean ENGAGED in the affairs of our world,
for it is clear to all that nothing will work well
if they discarded us or sent us home to play.

And that is it, my friends and numbers, it is them,
they have declared a war on all Papyrus now,
since the invention of that pitiful computer,
(may fifteen @ signs clog the ears of Gates) ,
and Microsoft shall be squeezed into parentheses,
if they are thus allowed to have their way,
and only Puters will use clones of us each day,
no real and respected numeral or letter or sign
will then remain in the community at all.
It is my wish that our future be secured
and there is only one solution to the problem.....'

And then he whispered and gesticulated slowly,
with his hooked tail, it must have surely been
a language of elusive optic symbols, which,
akin to sign language for those who cannot hear,
or speak, the deaf and dumb some say, well,
it was over in a jiffy and they nodded quickly,
and then dispersed into the mist of the old Hudson.
And no one squealed or could decipher naught,
all quiet had returned and a slight drizzle
was washing all the traces into eight-slot drains.

And that, my friends was when the great prediction
of Nostradamus' brother did come true,
as in an instant on that night, after the meeting
the world was swept completely clean of all computers.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Asylum

There once was a place for the folks
who would write little poems and jokes.
And the place had its rules
both for smartbums and fools
and for sheilas as well as for blokes.

Came the time when they cracked down on crime
handing out penal edicts of time,
with each swipe of the tail
they would put you in jail
for the use of strange words or bad rhyme.

Well, the inmates imagined the noose
so they asked for some guidance from Zeus,
but the word from above
carried down by a dove
was the shape of a hypotenuse.

So the people were scared and they cried
some went home to protect their own hide.
But the ones who prevailed
were repeatedly jailed
there was talk of an upcoming tide.

Then one morning they all heard the news,
said the powers: 'No need for the blues,
there will be strict control
which will close the loophole,
for the gander but not for the goose.'

They explained it when shysters peeked in
that equality would be a sin.
That each person was made
with the same carving blade
but that some had a petulant chin.

Well, that did it, at least it was clear
there was never a reason to fear.
Trust your monarch, my friend

and you WILL in the end
be rewarded and pampered, you hear?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Atheist And The Grizzly

An atheist strolled through the breeze.
'What pretty flowers, handsome trees,
what mighty rivers, awesome creatures
oh my, I love all Nature's features.'

So he had said in pensive mode
still hiking down the forest's road.

When suddenly, he heard a rustle
and turned to face a grizzly's muzzle,
the bear was soon in hot pursuit
and he was huge, a real brute!

A sevenfooter at the least,
and out to catch him, for a feast.
Now, quickening his steps to gain
some distance, but it was in vain,
the bear kept coming closer yet
the atheist began to fret.

He forced his scared but tired feet
to run still faster, thus to beat
the hot and smelly monster's breath
which signalled him an early death.

But grizzlies, as you may have read,
run faster yet than Mister Ed
and soon, the man fell in a heap,
the bear was on him in a leap.

Few words came from his lips, though odd,
'Oh God, Oh God, oh my, dear God! '

The clouds had parted, and suspended
was time, as if the world had ended.
A strong and bossy voice then spoke:
'What is it, man, now something's broke
do you expect I be your saviour?

When looking at your past behaviour,
when you not only lived your life
as godless, heathen; and your wife,
due to your efforts taught her friends
that things are random, and all ends
in dust without a Paradise,
you both kept spreading heathen lies!
And now, about to be done in
you clean forget your primal sin
and ask to have your own life spared,
so did you think I really cared? '

'Dear God', the fellow whispered then,
'I am a non-believing man,
and begging you, I do admit
would make me one big hypocrite,
thus would you in this instance mind
to be forgiving, also kind
and make the bear a true believer,
he could become thus the receiver
and also your ambassador
to tell all critters of the lore
that you would want them to believe
and I could earn a last reprieve.? '

'It shall be done', was heard the voice,
God made his well-inspired choice,
the sounds came back, the clouds filled in
and time resumed its silly grin.

The grizzly, who had paused before
was now a Christian, what was more
he had, in such an ordination
grasped all the meaning of damnation
and learned to pray to his new God,
hence Grizzly started with a nod,
then said, paws linked, in somber mood:

'I thank thee Lord, for this great food,
thy bounty knows no end through Christ
I've sworn to ditch the Poltergeist

that previously was my good master.
I see through you the food comes faster.'

And, with these words, the bear began
his sudden dominance of man,
he knew, of course that atheists,
the ones that angels never kissed
were on the menu, not the ones
in Utah and the land of Huns,
all Biblebelters were protected,
since God himself had once selected
the men and women who would pray
from June up to the first of May.

As God allows them to survive
a million grizzlybears will thrive.
Just think, though, what if those who state
that there can be no Pearly Gate,
if they, by fortune or design,
perhaps through spirits or good wine
flock to the churches, there to pray!

God would expect them to obey
and welcome them into the fold
the ranks of Christians, well be told
that this would bring, hear hear my friend
all life on earth to a quick end.

For grizzlies, while they may be quiet
and cuddly, would commence a riot
if suddenly their source of tucker
were gone, no grizzly plays a sucker
it's their religion to imbibe
sweet meat from any tasty tribe.

Thus, you can see that God would never
He is, quite rightfully, so clever
he'd never let the heathens pray
it would be folly, as they say.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Attic Of My Mind

It's Saturday today, all day.
I have big plans for things long due.
I ask myself, what do you say
to tackling this, just me and you?

I am a hoarder from way back
and keep the dumbest things,
but for the brain to truly track
and plan, so that it sings
it has to have, like toast that's buttered,
the proper tenants, useful ones.
This will not work if it is cluttered
with ancient stuff
and pain re-runs.

So, while I AM deeply attached
to cobwebs of this kind,
they ought to be swiftly despatched
from the attic of my mind.

You see, my motive is ulterior,
my reasoning pretty smart.
My favourite tenant's prized interior
is all of me - not just my heart.

She'll have the run of our castle,
so when I wander I would find
her often without clutter hassle.
I'll clean the attic of my mind.

For: L

Herbert Nehrlich

The Autopsy

Blade number three,
start cutting at the toes
up past the knee
soon hit the Roman nose,
the best of stainless steel
skilled hands and steady nerves
will slowly peel
skin of the curves.
I shall dispense with care
or decency
dead eyes can only stare-
eternity.
The saw cuts through the ribs
into the spine
you could have told me fibs
you bloody swine,
instead you robbed me blind
stuck up your finger,
I watched, and from behind
where devils linger
you drove your silly tool
into my breath
declaring me the fool
who'd welcome death.
They chose the one who needs
to know the facts
behind the awesome deeds
and evil acts.
I was appointed then
to slice the beast
of all the usual men
he looked the least
like one you would respect
or be his friend
his spine was not erect
it had a bend
there was no heart in place
no human soul
and in his weasel face

he wore a mole
that had the Devil's mark
smelled of decay
a green that lit the dark
then flew away.

The place you found for me
here in this rubbish pit
where little devils pee
it is for you, you shit.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Avian Flu

The avian flu may worry you.
I'd like to tell you what to do.
The virus has not yet evolved
they talk about a problem solved
if plenty money can be thrown
into the mess it will be shown
that modern medicine is king
together we will beat this thing.

The virus has not even hatched,
the avian one must first be matched
and in the lab they'll make vaccine
amounts the world has never seen.

You cannot make any vaccine
no matter how enthused and keen
until you have at last created
that nasty virus, so ill-fated.

Thus, scientists, paid by Big Boys
(who drive around in their Rolls Royce)
will risk the death of you and me
(in case the virus does get free)
in order to take counteraction
and save a very tiny fraction
from certain death, like sixty-five
in Asia, who are not alive
since all this propaganda started.

But do remember that vaccine
will be a dummy, as it's been
made from a phony particle,
they scrapped a major article
that told what no one wants to hear-
more money can be made from fear.

The flu itself is nothing mean
I'll skip the advertised vaccine
but if they do experiment

it will not help if they repent,
so pray, you poets who believe
for sanity and a reprieve.

May God forgive those moneychangers
who are among us, friends and strangers
they're made of stone and endless greed
and money is their biggest need.

Big Pharma would take vitamins
and throw them in the rubbish bins
this would convince you that your choice
rests only with the Pharma Boys .
And, once dependent, in their net
you've lost the game of life, you bet.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Aviator In The Sky

The Aviator In The Sky

'Twas Saturday, folks would sleep in
recoup from days of toil,
my hope rests with the next of kin
to bring to a good boil
the water which fell from the sky
tears from the angels really,
they flavour what will glorify
the morning; coffee will flow freely.

I was, as is my custom now
en route to foreign destinations,
in fact, I stroked an Alpine cow
in hopes of out of sync lactation,
you see, the farmer, quite fatigued
was resting on a bale of hay,
I, traveller, of course intrigued,
who, always fond of udder play
felt hunger, thirst and something more.

How can you walk past any teats,
a Jersey cow would have in store
a bucketful which surely beats
the measly cartons in the shops
of pasteurised defatted stuff
plus, Nature CAN pull out all stops
that's when you see them in the buff.

By now, the farmer had regained
his conscience and he said with force,
this method that you use, it ain't
advisable for any horse.
A horse, he said, will rarely part
with milk, although it does take place,
however, those that play it smart
will keep away from teats their face.

You know, the Alpine men talk slow,

it takes all day to just explain
why Milka chocolates really glow
he said it comes with the terrain.

Curiosity lives in my head,
I probed the man, pulled out each word,
it seems that from his very bed
he saw the Alpine Mockingbird
who sits at night, smack on the back
of Milka cows to drive them mad,
it's only envy, birds do lack
an udder, which is truly sad,
not for the cows of course, oh no
imagine birds with swollen gland
on top of cows, perhaps a crow
would join them, who would understand
the implications of it all?

Where was....oh, yes the cows will munch
from April through to the late Fall,
a certain grass, (but not for lunch) ,
which does contain fluorescent sap,
and as they eat, that silly bunch
of feathered friends will take a nap,
as most of them will realise
that all the lights have disappeared
and useless are their reptile eyes,
it's something birds had never feared.

But cows, you may not know this yet,
are quite protective of their pride,
though some may call a cow your pet
they're masters of the countryside.

Now that the birds are fast asleep
all cows will start to slightly sway,
and from the bowels of the deep
the udder, Milka hits the hay.
The chemical reaction makes
from grass and daisies in the night
not Hershey's or that Land-O'-Lakes
but Milka which you Yankees might

not really appreciate,
you know, the junk that passes for
a snack, and is, at any rate
just rated for a discount store.

Next time you try the real Swiss
when with a girl you are (well, chaste)
before you try that Passion Kiss
give her a teensie-weensie taste.

That's what I did, way back in June
of nineteen hundred fifty-five
next day began our honeymoon
and, to this day I'm still alive.

Where was I....yes, that Saturday
half-sleeping felt a little quake,
I dreamed of storms out in the Bay,
and then sat up, fully awake!

That blasted pilot, once again
he flies his ultranoisy craft
at thirty minutes after ten
I KNOW the man is truly daft!

Out comes my Zeppelin at once,
equipped with all the best mod cons,
and sixteen window mounted guns
with shields of Krupp and Thyssen bronze.

Well, ladies and...I must be going
the battle is about to start
Baron von Dreifurth versus Boeing,
I'll shoot him down, that little fart!

Herbert Nehrlich

The Badger

Out on the farmer's cedar porch
a badger stood, holding a torch.
The farmer once had spared his life
for which he thanked him and his wife.
And every day, when it is dark
and when the dogs begin to bark
the badger comes and lights the way
makes nights and evil go away.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Beam In Our Own Eye

At water's edge, down by the stream
a scorpio had a funny dream.
He saw, to his extreme surprise,
the image of a paradise
but first he had to find a way
to get there. He began to pray.

A rustling woke him and he spotted
a beaver, (many were allotted
to waterways as engineers;
they'd build big dams and sturdy weirs) .

'Good afternoon, my furry friend,
I wonder, would you briefly lend
your ear to a small proposition,
it's something of an expedition
and I would be your paying guest?
But let me now explain the rest.

You see, I need to hitch a ride
to safely reach the other side.
And I have seen you are quite skilled,
alone I'd probably get killed.
Two nuggets of the finest gold
shall be your payment, this be told.'

'But Stinger', said the clever beaver,
'I've always been a great believer
in tales that folks have handed down,
one sting and I would surely drown! '

'Now, think', replied the scorpio loudly,
'I'd ride upon your torso proudly
and would, to reach the other side
leave unmolested your thick hide.
You see, if I were of a mind
to sting you (likely from behind) .
I'd sink my ship and perish too!
There's logic in this and it's true.'

The beaver, who was fond of money
now nodded, 'while it still is sunny,
we ought to both be on our way.'
The beaver first received his pay,
then they were off for their non-stop
adventure. Scorpio was on top.

The ride was uneventful, really.
The beaver moved his muscles freely,
and soon they reached the halfway mark,
the sun had set, it would be dark.

Said Beaver 'it will soon be over,
I smell the forest and the clover,
hang on, it does not pay to linger! '
When suddenly....he felt the stinger.

The scorpio had, with great precision,
and utilising daylight vision
plunged his big prick into the beaver,
a traitor? Yes, and a deceiver.

The venom hit the vena cava
and burned its way, like molten lava,
toward the ventricles at last;
death hath no mercy, it was fast.

The beaver sank, so did the villain,
it was a rather senseless killin',
last words came from the beavers lip:
'You fool you really sank your ship! '

To which the scorpio calmly stated,
'mankind has always underrated
plain individuality,
it is our own identity.'

It is not know if Mister Beaver
who'd always been a great achiever,
did hear those words before he drowned.
But, if he did pick up the sound,

he would agree that scorpions sting,
it's just their nature, it's their thing.

To point one's finger at those traits
and mount long-winded, hot debates
shows indignation of the critic,
with words both hurtful and acidic.
One finds to one's eternal shame
much of our own to be the same.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Beautiful

Alabama is the birthplace of Mercedes,
it is the M class that will be the fruit of loom
And Kellogg's Cornflakes and the hot dog full of nitrates,
and aspartame from Montesano, that is us.
We have it all, you stupid people from the old life,
we have surpassed you, do not need you any more.
With our weapons of not mass but plain destruction
we rule your world and owe you nothing in return.
Oh, yes we learned our skills from you and your French buddies,
we bought your vehicles and all technology,
but when we hatched from dormant shells, we did evolve.
So on your knees while there is time for that, or else.
Should you have doubts about our mandate in this life
I do suggest you look at us, as size does count,
8X is standard now, so get this in your skull,
you all are vermin now, and no one leaves this ship.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bee Sonnet

I was going to write you a sonnet
with much wisdom, both in it and on it.
But while walking near trees
I saw millions of bees
and came home with two bees in my bonnet.

Every bee has and uses his stinger,
and, once stung, it will burn and may linger
well this happened to me,
then another mean bee
put his stinger right into my finger.

So you see, I've known many a bee
who came down from some innocent tree.
But to write you a sonnet
with two bees in my bonnet
was prevented by bee number three.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Believer

In the winter of discontent
she was living inside a small tent.
He had left her for good
and he was a small hood
but she couldn't come up with the rent.

After Spring came the Summer, then Fall
then one day she had heard his voice call.
he was ragged and thin
with an unshaven chin
and her tent was, remember? too small.

'Take me back I will love you forever
I adore you and pledge I shall never
turn my back on you dear...'
(he produced a small tear)
she was lonely but not very clever.

When she washed his old clothes in the lake
he was resting and barely awake.
and when she returned
it was time that she learned.
He had taken her tent, for God's sake.

But she never gave up in believing
nor thought of despair or of grieving.
At the Pawnbroker's shop
he had made a brief stop
yet she still would not label it thieving.

And today she is sitting alone
in a meadow where grasshoppers moan.
as she prays to the gods
she considers the odds
that the Heavens will send her a clone.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bends

Two aging but fine-feathered friends
went diving, picking up the bends.
They did not know that in the deep
the sea has promises to keep.
No treatment was at hand on land
so off they trotted, through the sand
went in head first to try again
what through the years fooled many men,
and sure enough, the sea took back
all symptoms of the sneak attack.
The two, my fluffy-feathered friends
came home completely free of bends.

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Herbert Nehrlich

The Berlin Wall

It was the day after,
John Kennedy had
uncharacteristically loud,
shouted the unforgettable
and oft misquoted words
'Ich bin ein Berliner',
words that echoed back
from the remnants of
a wall that had been built
with capitalist materials
and communist anger.

Gorbatschov sat
in the Sauna of his datscha,
partaking liberally of
near-frozen Vodka, pure,
while sweating in the name
of the people and humanity.

The loudspeaker crackled to life,
and the hiss of the water Aufguss
could not drown them out,
these historical doves, so rare.

Later, when the actor turned prez
threw down the gauntlet, loudly,
with the flushed cheeks of anger
and righteous indignation,
'Mr. Gorbatschov, tear down this wall',
the entire world applauded,
though some did not mean it at all.
But I do think that the wall was torn
down in its entirety, that day in the Sauna.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Best For You, Tara

Have you, my friends of now and of the distant past
encountered better than the ordinary fare?
Or do you join me now in being quite aghast
about the travesty of humans, do you dare?

Have you, my friends of now and of the distant past
met one whose scent through scentless cyberwaves has come
to me as waves of blossoms, pheromones, at last
and kept me up when all the people did succumb

to silly notions of a nutty doctor's mind
while seeing clearly that they hold each other's hand
and while he gawks at her immoderate behind
he knows that all of him will always understand.

There is, in life, at times a strange and lovely spark
instead of sacrificing life on its debut
it waits for kisses in the safety of the dark
here's happy Birthday, Tara, hugs and all for you!

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bird Got Run Over

The mechanic was sad, and depressed
he went straight to his priest and confessed,
so the priest said 'tis fine
I will open some wine
you go hurry, I want this bird dressed.

Chestnut stuffing, a touch of sweet thyme
cut some slices of lemon and lime
we shall dine like the kings
(I shall give you the wings)
for dessert we shall make a new rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Birth Of The Daffodil

The sun looked at the Daffodil,
the weather was quite hot.
The wind had died and all was still,
the Daffodil was not
what you'd describe as exquisite
in every other way,
its roots were packed in chicken shit,
mulched in by rotten hay.
But since the sun is quite unsure
about its solar gender,
which means to say it's either pure
(would heaven please surrender
the real truth so we all know)
or mixed, or transvestite,
it favours flowers as they grow,
yet it comes out at night
to shine its rays on this small thing
and keep its petals cosy.
All through the seasons into Spring
and when it looks red-rosey,
the sun keeps fussing over it,
this special Daffodil,
they have a very closely -knit
relationship that will
go on for all eternity.
That's why, of all the flowers,
the only one (ask any bee)
with very special powers...

when Daphne met that fellow Dill
they did melt down in love,
the child was then named Daffo-Dill,
loved by the sun above.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Black Mercedes Convertible

It was a beautiful Mercedes, two seater,
ebony black, the top stowed in the back,
I asked the clerk, blonde, young and shy,
if it was hers, and she, being a quickie,
said yes, of course, it is, and do you like it?

I answered, blushing just a shade, my dear
hardworking girl, would you just marry me?
She laughed and laughed and laughed,
to hide her own sweet blush and lack of words,
and then she looked at me as if to say,
I love you, Sir, in my own way, but please consider,
that I am just sixteen and do not even drive.

Somehow it made my day, surprisingly,
and I have now become a regular
on all the days except the one that she has off.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Blind Date

A bachelor, without a mate
had tried to find himself a date.
At last, when nothing went his way
he closed his eyes, began to pray.
And see, the Lord took instant pity
on this young fellow from the city.
The date he promised him was blind
though, when you're lonely, you don't mind
he heard the name, it was Sweetlips
and visualised round boobs and hips,
at last he'd get himself a dish.
The date turned out to be a fish.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Blonde

' A Peeping Tom', I thought at first.
And as a resident of Hearst,
the castle in the crazy state,
that morning I was running late
for an appointment at 'The Brothers',
meaning the Warners. All those others
competing for that leading role.

The movie was about the Pole,
I was to play Amundson's wife,
they said I looked like her in life.
And as I stood next to the bed,
stark naked, thin and underfed,
a face appeared, a fleeting glimpse,
I think he looked at my nude limbs.

A squeaking sound became intrusive,
it also seemed a bit elusive,
but then I noticed those two guys,
they both had big and probing eyes.
On a contraption held by ropes,
squeegie in hand and full of hopes.
I was relieved, now seeing clearly
that I had scaredy-cat-like, nearly
confused them with imagined Perv's!
I think perhaps my aging nerves
are lately, truly on the edge.

Well, I stepped up now to the ledge
and stretched my muscles like Godiva.
The cleaners seemed to drool saliva.....
I knew that they were eying glass,
although it seemed that my sweet ass
was always where their hands were cleaning....
the older one, at last, was leaning
so close he touched with his big nose,
I'm sure he needed to expose
a certain section for inspection.
They both were cleaning the same section

and spent the best part of an hour
until I headed for my shower.
I do admire their devotion,
and when I rubbed my skin with lotion
I briefly wondered if they'd been
inside to keep the showers clean.

I like my life near the Big Pond
and I'm quite happy to be blond.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Blue Flower

He walked a thousand miles
and thousands more,
it was as if obsession had befallen,
and thoroughly infested his whole being.
He could not help it, he was simply driven.

And where he rested, heels so sore
and blistered from the stony trails,
he looked around, searched all the ground,
turned over stones and smelled the air,
each tree stood like a sentry but all-knowing,
he never found it, though he never rested long,
he only had the lifetime of one man, to see,
to hold and breathe in sweetness and the promise
of God's own hand upon his head to heal his soul.

Where are you, fragile, rare elusive beauty,
why are you hiding when my need has not abated,
what must I do to hold you near my aching heart,
carress your petals, keep you safe from any evil?

I'm seeking what is known as the Blue Flower.
A rare, exotic and forgotten living creature,
and she is capable of healing ailing souls,
of breathing life into discarded shattered dreams.

I have been granted only limited resources,
and not a clue was handed down to ease the task,
though right at birth I knew what had been duly scripted
my journey started when blue eyes opened at dawn.

Oh, I would recognise her, it would be electric,
a spark of closure to a life spent in a cloud.
Once I was greeted by the fragrance of a violet,
which stood alone beside a frosty Alpenpath.

But it was not the one, though sorely tempted then,
I sat beneath the happy branches of a birch

while cooling well-worn and much toughened tired feet
in cooling waters of the brook that knows the snows.

Sweeping the ground there was a gaggle of white geese,
munching God knows what herbal leaves during their stop,
a lonesome crow with devil's eyes, a vivid contrast
to what all scholars want to study, all romantics
regard as mankind's queen of all the living plants.

Oh, yes, the Edelweiss, a beauty without peers,
she only lives where any man will fear to tread,
many a life has been so prematurely ended
in silent quest to bring the promised one to her.

But, do not worry, sweet and noble queen, be greeted!
I shall from here take your portrait to foreign lands,
and you will soothe my troubled mind until I find
what I have come for and must see before I die.

A spotted deer is rubbing true angelic features
against a hemlock, home to motionless red squirrels,
above us all an eagle cruising and observing
sends little cries of accusation and of glory.

The sun now waves with fading, slowly sinking rays,
wide banners of earth's vapours painting curtains
it's time to go for me, I travel not at night, as not to miss
the glimpse I live for, of my ever waiting flower.

I settle in between the boulders for the night,
and enter dreamland as is custom in these mountains.
And there she is, wearing the most exquisite hue
with tiny droplets of a lovely mountain dew.

And I am torn between pure joy and bold possession,
my hand now reaches, though my soul will not allow.
A breach of ambience that has engulfed the peak
is now descending with its painful truth from heaven.

A wind comes up and stirs the leaves and aging branches,
an ancient oak is creaking, bats are flying low,
rain drops start smacking as they hit the mossy stones

and my blue flower now looks sad, perhaps distressed

Two hands can form an urgent rainproof shelter,
it's called a steeple and my warmth contained therein
she leans her face against bare skin as if to say
yes I am yours and full of joy that you have ventured

so far from home, and just for me, with scant regard
for your own safety and the life you ought to live.
And thus we sit through mountain showers, gusts of wind
until the sun comes up again to start the day.

But I feel tears as I awake from cherished dreams,
she now has vanished from my life as she has come.
Yes, the old Edelweiss, as ugly as before
and that bland violet amongst the alpine grasses,

they own the hills where there is real sound of music,
but only emptiness and loneliness for me.
I must continue on my journey without failing
my heart and soul, in my desire to appease,

no, not the Gods or other men, nor Father Time.
And as I start my journey with a timid step
I take one look behind me, thinking of Lot's wife
and there she is, the ugly Edelweiss, just nodding

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bomber

They were secretly handing out 'ones'
and those 'ones' were like bullets from guns.
Said smart lip wet with spittle
'oh, those bother me little',
but Ulrike and I, we are Huns.

We are, never, with idiots at ease.
And would like them to swing in the breeze,
when you hide in the dark
like a dog without bark
you are nothing but vermin with fleas.

There was plenty of clever advice:
'Just ignore them and do not entice,
so sit back and relax,
let these feeble attacks
make you smile and then pay the small price.'

Let me tell you the truth though, to wit.
I will never stand still to be hit.
If the king of the castle
will not deal with this hassle
then his drawbridge is covered with shit.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Border - 1962

Adrenalin.

Berlin. At 3 a.m.

Location Checkpoint Charlie.

The sign says 'YOU ARE LEAVING...'

Yes, that is the big idea.

A piece of cake it is,

but not yet ours to swallow.

Yes, uniforms give me the creeps.

Intimidating.

Oozing power

and reeking

of the bayonet

designed for kidneys.

We should be right,

assurances sound hollow.

And tremors have to wait for other times.

Then 'Step inside',

a voice of razor sweetness.

Commands and lights and lie detector fun.

Now comes the captain.

Walks like Colonel Klink.

He whips his pistol out

to point the muzzle

at my left eye.

There is no time to worry,

wet your pants or cry,

the captain quietly says:

'You are a spy! '

Shit! What a thing to say.

I reckon he is guessing, bluffing

or perhaps he knows as these guys do,

the most incredibly covert and secret stuff.

The problem is that everybody knew

that his authority to shoot

was good enough.

I stood my ground
and squeezed my anal sphincter
so tight that jaw and wisdom teeth
were grinding.
And he mistook
the brave expression
for defiance.
Of honest and well-founded origin.
And now he smiled.

'You're free to go
but tell me why you travel,
from East to West
at 3 AM so often?
'I cannot sleep at night',
I meekly said, he nodded.
And went to fry a bigger fish
waiting outside.

For: All those we did get out and those we couldn't.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Botched Operation

He itched incessantly down under
and let them rip, a bit of thunder.
The quack said 'eat more fibre man',
he answered 'I don't think I can.'

Inside the doc's thick patient files
he found the answer: 'you've got piles!
The itching, leeding and the pain
my diagnosis is quite plain.'

The patient dropped his Wrangler jeans
and warned the doc, 'I've eaten beans.'
'No matter, let me have a peak,
Oh my, you have a little leak.

We must perform an operation
before I go on my vacation.'

The moment came right then and there
he had not really meant to share
the gas explosion with aroma,
the doctor hovered near a coma.

A bit of sauce had also splattered
which, to the doctor, surely mattered,
the secretary now appeared
exclaimed 'It's really what I feared.'

She wrapped a Yankee-Doodle Nappy
around his ass to keep them happy,
the three now stood there in the room,
the atmosphere approaching gloom.

The patient yelled, 'that really smarts
which can be said of all my farts.'
The doc decided due to this
that waiting would be quite remiss.

They strapped him to the stainless trolley

and now commenced to practice folly.

They cut and sawed and snipped and tore
things from his rear end corridor.
A tub was placed to catch the lot
and then they put him on a pot.
And told him to remain until
the nurse would give to him a pill.

He sat upon the pot for hours
and listened to the tepid showers
that rained from his mistreated gut.
And there he rested on his butt
and fell asleep due to the lack -
a sleeping hemophiliac.

The doc had gone to grab a meal
and taken his own sex appeal,
the nurse whose well-starched uniform
would trigger in his pants a storm.

They dined Italian, lots of wine;
as he tried out his latest line
'you are', he whispered, 'magnifique,
compared to me, an old antique, '
and she placed her perspiring hands
in his. A hint of small demands.

The nurse, who was not dumb at all
went to the bathroom in the hall.
And as she sat to let it go
she thought about the rapid flow

and what she'd learned in nursing school.
'Oh dearest Jesus, I'm a fool! '
She rushed back to the big Mercedes
(it was too far to go per pedes) ,

without her boss, and to the practice
where she fell over the green cactus,
but made it through the heavy door
sweat pouring out from every pore.

He sat, though slumped and very still,
most likely waiting for his pill.
She felt the pulse there on his head
and then pronounced the patient dead.

The doctor should have known that piles
come often and in various styles.
But there are those inside the gate
and outer ones to compensate.

The difference is striking though
as any fool would likely know,
internal ones might look like perves
but have no hookup to those nerves.
Therefore, they cannot itch or smart
regardless whether crap or fart.

Let this a lesson be, dear reader,
a hemorrhoid can be a bleeder.
But other, much more nasty things
affect the common man and kings
and may just bleed 'till kingdom come.
I'd say the doctor was quite dumb.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Boulder

A boulder, mossy
waited, for an eternity
submerged,
inside the shallows.

There was excitement
when fishes of all sizes
swam by and glanced
in all directions,
it seemed that their dull eyes
would always linger
a fraction longer
on the boulder
with its moss.

So many fishes did,
for God's own reasons,
accept the lures
that did descend
so slowly, smiling
with their silver faces,
each day and more so
on public holidays.

And others swam,
with just a bit of help,
into the mouths of
much larger fishes,
there to remain
in hidden labyrinths.

Only the boulder
stayed in the shallows,
accumulating,
year by year,
more moss
and searching glances
of dull eyes.

The Boy From Troy

What bugs the angry, silly boy
pray tell, it might be just the change,
not Helen but the boy from Troy
appears to us, his talk so strange
he quickly triggers great offense,
it seems he's keenly looking for
a diatribe of little sense
oh what a bore, oh what a bore.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Boys

And YOU, of all people, honestly,
it is not easy for me to understand,
you are asking me how to fix this thing?
Fix us? Make us whole? Lovey, dovey?

I must, on this triste Monday morning,
tell you, that I do NOT miss you,
don't NEED to kiss you, however,
my dear, I would like you to get,
if you don't mind and do get my drift,
get my buddies, all of them, lined up,
like for deliverance, bring the banjo,
but this is, please listen, my only
my deep down hidden desire, my lack,
my socionutrient deficiency, acquired,
yes, or in the blood, I need, like my
daily and enriched bread, the company of
my buddies. Not a thing more, not now.
That is what has made me ache,
long, cry at night and grump at the world.
Boys only, naturally, no zebras, please.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Brain Of The East Germans

There once was a gate in Berlin
it kept most East Germans within
and they then built a wall
to incarcerate all
to object to these barriers was sin.

The Vopos stood proud at attention
and never accepted dissension
as their government's will
was to shoot and to kill
it is something I needed to mention.

And the West was so snug and so rich
they had found their own gold-laden niche
they brought all the supplies
and then watched with kind eyes
and they sent the occasional snitch.

And when Reagan said 'Tear down this wall'
Mr Gorbatshev talked to them all
'I am Gospodeen
and not nearly as mean
as that big nose man from the land Gall.'

Now the wall has been down for some years
no more STASI, they lost their spy ears
but the man from the East
is fed up with the feast
and the tasty but free market beer.

So the voices have gotten much louder
and the man once set free is a doubter
will they do it again
these pathetic dumb men
Well, I think I will now take a powder.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Braveness Of A Circus Clown

A Chinaman, who, new in town
was working as a circus clown.
One day he saw on the trapeze
a muscled woman named Louise.

To show her that he was no coward
he called his colleague, (name was Howard)
and told him that he'd climb the rope
that courage would bestow some hope.

And so he climbed until he stood
next to Louise. He said he would
now be an artist of the air
to which she answered 'I don't care,

you are an ugly little clown
so get your boring body down! '
As you can guess, her words had shattered
all his brave thoughts, the hope that mattered

and in the blink of a clown's eye
he whispered quickly his good bye.
Jumped off the swing headfirst and fell
into the cage of Annabelle.

This creature was, please do not laugh,
a rather tall and pink Giraffe.
He happened to cling to her neck
and slid, while thinking 'what the heck? '

down to the animal's soft skin,
then landed with a silly grin
inside the hamper stuffed with hay
to his surprise he was okay.

Meanwhile, Louise, who couldn't care,
had craned her neck, begun to stare,
she lost her balance now and dropped
until she was, quite roughly, stopped

by Ben, the Hippo's giant jaws,
there first was silence, then a pause
as all the folks expected worse
and someone yelled a heartfelt curse.

The Hippo though had left adventures
back in the jungle, now wore dentures.
He would have liked to eat Louise
but, with arthritis in his knees

and utterly disgusting bunions
he now preferred sautéed green onions.
And, being gentle at his age
he bowed toward the silent stage

and set Louise down on the ground
right in the soft and steaming mound
of Hippo droppings where she stayed
her face a mess, her mind dismayed.

The clown had learned a lesson here,
rejected love defeats your fear
but choose, before your very end
giraffe or hippo as your friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Breeze

The barely felt
but loving touch
of countless fingers.
A silent breeze
as it surrounds,
caresses
without invitation.
And lingers long
with scant regard
to who we are
and what befalls
our souls
until we're
truly dead.

And even then
it does not go,
its whispers mark
our final journey
And only after
we arrive
are we allowed
to finally know:
It is the song
of our heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bridge

It was the same each time,
a ghost must live beneath,
that bridge of stone, stained
by a ton of droppings,
seagulls and frigate birds,
out of their territory, shouting
and frolicking, bad-mouthing
dugongs and fishes, loudly.

I should have listened to
my thoughts and fears,
before that fateful day.
When thirty tons of stone
all stained, and to the laughter
of gulls and frigate birds
fell into the stormy sea.
And they, without excuse,
took me.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Broker

Is it right to play poker
when you've hidden the joker
skin the people alive
as a property broker?

If one lays a hot hand
on a parcel of land
or a house with the aim
to acquire new fame

one will stand in the middle
to unravel the riddle
and to pull all the wool
over eyes of the fool.

Then the object is sold
and the agent counts gold
from a well-padded bill
all deep waters run still.

Parasitic infections
are like feeble erections
they will rob you of health
and give parasites wealth.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bull

I'd teased the Bull so many times,
all grown-ups warned he might get loose.
His heavy chain assured me of
my overwhelming power then.
Yes, he was bigger and much stronger
but I would never be afraid.
I even peed right on his head
when no one looked and he was mad.
Boy did he hate me, I could tell,
the wooden beams shook from his anger,
his coal-black eyes, so full of fire.
But I just laughed into his face.
And called him names to please myself,
when at that moment something snapped,
a loud metallic noise was heard.
And he was free and knew it well.

One hundred metres was the distance,
uphill, on cobble stones and snow,
and when I dove into the kitchen,
the door slammed shut and I was safe....
a thunderous crash made us all jump
and there he stood near smashed up door,
with steaming nostrils, but quite still.

What saved the day was my aunt Annie,
she led him back into the barn.
They didn't need to tell me not to
go near the Bull and bother him.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Bum Sentry

She went out for a run and a wee
not a soul that the eye could see,
when she crouched in the grass
something bit her cute ass
and a dozen of drops hit her knee.

She said 'shit' but it was an expression
she'd performed in her early morn session,
it's a fact that a bite
from a wild critter might
cause expletives and indiscretion.

So the next time she went for a run
I said, let me come with you my Hon,
when she sat in the grass
I protected her ass
gently cradling each beautiful bun.

Said she 'that's what a running girl needs,
two strong hands for the bugs and the weeds,
though the piper was paid
and her sentry got laid,
now you know where a helping hand leads.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Business Of Religion

There is, to my extreme dismay
a movement in this misery
of people's thoughts that will betray
the foul religious industry.

I stared into the looking glass
to find the answer for my soul
I went to pray at midnight mass
was drenched in musty hyperbole.

At last I judged that I was God,
I seemed to hold the proper key.
But others found the notion odd
their voices spoke of blasphemy.

One day I saved my dear Schlappi
I felt the hand that steadied mine
I've known since then that there must be
not only Bacchus, God of wine,

but one who oversees all deeds
a master God of awesome skill
who sits and watches in the weeds
outside my town, up on the hill.

Impertinence, you are my friend,
I say that God would not be keen
to laissez-faire the current trend
the likes of it he's never seen.

As is the custom with our health
big bucks have bought the human soul
thus don't be shocked, the lure of wealth
has won and commandeered the role

of guardian and unquestioned king
today a robe of ebony
may calm your heart, but it will sting
as no one wants you to be free.

Thus, overall I'll give a miss
to organised shenanigans,
what clearly smacks of business
is not for me, it's 'also rans.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Caged Lion

I hate this cage.
They tricked me
as I was going
and coming
but mostly resting
in the shade
right in the centre
of my savannah.

The womanfolk,
as is the custom
had gone out early
to catch one of
the new crop of
gazelles, a change
from wildebeest
and desert dogs.

As I was having
this lovely dream
about the female
I had glimpsed
the back of
during the rains,
those mothers
with their Rovers
came and brought
the stench of diesel
and that big net,
flown in from Germany.

I should have known,
those Krauts are skilled
and know just how
to capture the attention
of man and beast alike.

I am the king, of course
and strong beyond belief,

and my agility is,
to put it bluntly,
legendary.
But this was trickery,
they dropped it
from a height
with such finesse
and speed, it scared
the creatures
that I share the living space
and home sweet home with.

So here I am now,
the sign says Frankfurt ZOO,
I see a lot of monkeys,
like Serengeti ants
they stand and stare
at those of us
who live here now.

I rest most of my days,
and dream about
the past, but I have found
that even here
the food is hunted
and supplied
by females happy
to oblige, to serve.
Just like it was
at home.

There is a difference,
of course, there had to be,
the meat is marked
and labelled, in blue ink,
though names like
Sauerbraten,
Hackepeter,
Krautrouladen,
Bauernschinken,
Hasenpfeffer,
Leberkäse

do have a tendency
to cause confusion.

By now, my distant cousins
in the Savannah,
should this note arrive
in time before the rains,
I miss you all, but then
again, life is okay,
except for snow
and the occasional
five year old freckleboy
who wants to play
monkey with me.

Visiting hours though,
are quite precise,
and five pm is time
to snooze until the snack
of Eisbein which is pickled hocks,
but wait for this,
the Sunday is, teutonically
a holy day.
We get, that is, only the lions
Frankfurter Schokoladenpudding,
with Vanillensosse,
it is my favourite.

I'm sending this
down with the hunters,
so must really close now,
and Happy Hunting, girls.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cataract Operation

The needle is formidable
now that the patient sees it.
A prick in a few places
the eyeball is surrounded
with seas of novocaine.
The scalpel next, a steady
but bold and swift attack,
the pupil sliced from top
to just a tip of tissue,
flips downward like a window
exposing cloudy gel.
Now comes the hook, a piece
of silver wire, curved,
and in and out then up and down
until the bloody mess comes out.
It was the lens, now useless,
an empty space remains.
Quick stitches now, then back,
a sandbagged bed for fourteen days.
While heavy glasses looking like
the bottoms of Heineken bottles
are made especially for you.
'You're good as new', the doc,
in happy mood pronounces now.
He is relieved that you survived
and that was nineteen-sixty-nine.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cause Of Drought

A raindropp travelled all alone
devoid of even one dry bone,
his mission was to reach the ground
where he would make a splashing sound

A wind came up and picked up speed,
the dropp now tumbled like a weed
he was not up to this much force
and thus was carried way off course.

He landed, with him many friends
where all the terra firma ends,
unhappily fell in the sea
that's where he ain't supposed to be.

The oceans rose due to the drops
and no one knows when all this stops
said Gudinov the astronaut
'those missing raindrops caused the drought.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Chief's Kidney Problem

The chief had trouble then to pee
they gave him some iuniperi.
It's like a broom with sharpened bristles
it sweeps the kidneys and it whistles
through ureters into the bladder.
Instead of getting ever sadder
the chief recovered from his ills,
he knew that age and sickness kills.
One thing that saved him was the fact
that in the jungle they all lacked
the white man's crazy medicines.
When God is happy, someone wins.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Child

A people who
adores its mothers
will travel on a cloud
of high esteem.
Blessed by mothers,
and crowned by God's
most precious gift,
as it pours out
of love's own union.
The child.

This is inspired by long
forgotten words
from the fifties.
Origin unknown.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Choice Is Simple

Today I will present a lesson to you all,
I am concerned about your faith in Medicine,
you see physicians next to God, astute and tall,
not as a phony, dressed and groomed, a lowly mannequin.

We are well known as artists, scientists, we heal,
we speak Philosophy and Latin with great ease,
inside, we realise that healing is a spiel,
that each condition is beholden to a breeze.

Which, as a wind will touch the smallest blade of grass
yet not be swayed by human arrogance or hope,
but teach humility within a single pass
to just a few who understand the need to cope.

We are the doctors and you ask the question WHY,
I'll be the first to tell you all about the HOW,
and should you wonder that your loved one had to die
I must stay silent on the subject as of now.

You think by list'ning to your heart and to your breath,
plapating, scanning auscultating, taking snaps
we'd snatch the old ones from the gruesome jaws of death
and sell the youngsters on the need for spinal taps.

We do not feel your disability and pain,
it's YOU who suffer from a great anxiety,
and while the lab prepares your smear in vivid stain
I note your eyes in search of trust - you look to ME.

I must take care to play a role in front of you,
the word is im per tur ba bil ity, you see,
so I deceive you when I smile, you have no clue
if you'd find sympathy and empathy in me.

A final word, my suff'ring friend, don't be a FAN,
as any pedestal admits the biggest fool,
if your physician feels the sorrow of a man,
he is entitled to a sample of your stool.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cinderella Shoe

There was a letter in the mail,
I dreamed that night about
a woman named Tara McHale.
Although there were those lips that pout,
it was the presence of a breeze
made up of warmth and intellect,
she stopped for just a minute, just to tease
yet it was futile and I was not able to detect
more than the pheromones of something great,
of youth and fresh aroma, passing through,
of silent whispers knitting silk for a debate
she left behind for me her cinderella shoe.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cocoon

He sat, surrounded by the sadness of
the weeping willow tree,
its branches touched his hair
and stroked his cheeks, due to the breeze.
She'd grown so much, all in the span
of just one lousy year, and on the day
the locks got changed he left and cried
inside the crowded tram, he took it to
the final stop, as curious eyes accompanied
unsteady legs, down to the ageless creek.
He'd sat here many times though not alone,
they'd cuddled on the rough hewn bench
and watched the bats nearby, their silhouettes
like silent witches painted on the moon.
The memories brought goosebumps and fresh tears,
he'd missed his final chance, had laughed
at hints from deity as well as from his own,
subconsciously he had been warned, oh yes,
but like a careless child, invincible and loved,
he'd promised to his inner voice that someday soon
he'd surely be the man she'd seen in him back then,
the one he'd meant to be, and, come to think of it,
he'd earnestly believed to be. Oh dammit, man,
it really was too late, he'd always loved her eyes
and read them well, there was a depth he liked to find
in crazy dreams of nakedness and tangled nights,
they had regarded him without the threat of glacial ice
but he had seen that all the flames had perished now
and that the music in her soul had simply died.
Will you, dear God, give me the light of your own moon,
and send an angel to me bearing a cocoon,
I shall be happy to just slip inside and cry
and wait with patience for your hand to let me die.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Comfort Of Distance

What is a man who hesitates and hides
when faced with great adversity of friend, or you
an inner voice out for survival is what guides
his actions in withdrawal is his Waterloo.
He shuns the weak, infirm and those infected
as if they had already died and gone to Hell
and paints in golden hue the wall he has erected
then talks about the character of Wilhelm Tell.
Oh no my friend, there is no lasting peace
within your soul, if harmony you seek,
the usefulness of it, this Golden Fleece
may well evaporate and speak to you in Greek.
It is your hand that is the issue here and now
no ice-cold shoulder makes the world a better place
but if you have to ask I can not tell you how
as all the answers are engraved upon your face.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Computer Doctor

Her hands were deft,
well manicured and slender
the keyboard left
one click 'return to sender'.

It was a fragile chair,
but she was thin
the fragrance of her hair-
'Recycle Bin'.

And while she raced
through scores of tricks
mistakes erased
and two more ticks.

The seat gave out
with my support
let out a shout
a frightened sort.

It was sheer luck
there at my house
it ran amuck,
my little mouse.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Computerdoctor

Dear Doctor, would you tell me please
why your computer gets attention.
I came to you with MY disease,
you listened vaguely, not to mention,
your stethoscope was not in use,
you glanced with style, but rather coldly
at me, the patient, and my shoes.
I'd spoken up a little boldly,
it was compassion that I needed,
your time and all your expertise!
I see your hairline has receded
and that you have increased your fees,
two new machines are sitting proudly
behind your mahogany table.
And your computer, rather loudly,
spits information, is it able
to do all doctoring for you?
That on command, at your request
it tells you that the Asian flu
has got me and what kind of test
it wants me to have done today.

A fascinating modern age,
where humans can be freed from chores,
and motherboards are all the rage,
but me, I think they're little whores:
You have to pay to get your answers,
your eyes are glued to image-flickers,
a bell sounds when it finds those cancers.
I had expected that my nickers
would have to come off so you could
inspect what I have come here for.
Remember when you always would,
with interest, look at every sore?

I'm glad we had this little chat,
I'll pay the nurse on my way out.
Next time I'll wear my pretty hat,
perhaps you'll turn your chair about

to look at me and not that screen.
Oh, one more thing before I go:
I meant to ask you, what if things,
like nasties inside start to grow
and we will know it when it rings?

I may shed tears that you won't see
and mumble that I understand.
Will you then have some time for me,
to talk to me and hold my hand?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Concert

On Christmas Day we go to town,
to meet at lovely Stafford Park.
To honour there -in cap and gown-
three scholars in the fading dark.

As Homeless Day it's been declared
and tons of food have been procured,
to feed all those who haven't fared
as well as others, and endured
much misery and hunger, cold,
disease and booze and other issues,
and lice and fleas, it should be told.
Sometimes a lack of toilet tissues.

So, overall here's what I think:
That public shame be heaped on us
and not on them, although they stink!

The band is set for the procedure,
the bachelors of homelessness
are now presented as the feature
of altruism and success.
Their selfless, constant dedication
to help the poor is well regarded.
In early morning presentation
they're justly lauded and awarded.

The band then follows the applause,
Waltzing Matilda is the tune,
before the players sit to pause,
there, in the last light of the moon:
Like mushrooms rising after rain,
a thousand figures standing up,
and bushes, trees and hedges wander
up to the tent to grab a cup.

A plate of paper is then filled
and held by hands so badly stained,
and shaking 'til the coffee's spilled.

A lady, of quite pleasant looks
unpacks her knapsack and produces
a toilet seat, complete with hooks,
she demonstrates then how she uses
this implement on two old bricks.
If it's too low, she says, it sticks.

And life goes on as many more
come up to feed and help themselves.
A tall man with a nasty sore
upon his hand goes through the rolls,
then puts them all back on the shelves.

A crash is heard and someone falls,
he cuts his face on ragged glass.
It was the bottle filled with Sherry,
that's shattered, lying on the grass.
It would have made the fellow merry.

The party now has picked up speed,
some figures dancing, swinging hips.
The tall one has gone on to bleed
from two more cuts into his lips.
But he is happy as he has
succeeded to ingest the dirt,
which stole the contents of the glass.
He slurs 'Recycling does not hurt'.

A white man now ascends the stage
and grabs the microphone to sing.
It is a song of silent rage
and leaves a bitter-sweetish sting.
He sings of pain and rank unfairness,
of bold corruption and of times,
when our world still had awareness
of 'Love thy neighbour', then he climbs
down from the stage. I wander over.

And talk to him, he's educated,
and tells me that he hails from Dover.
Has seven kids and one Ex-wife,

but that his sweet whole dream deflated
when things got pleasant in his life.
A music teacher and conductor,
he'd had it all, was well-respected.
His wife, a chiropractic doctor,
had found someone and then defected.
The bones of others felt more handsome.

So hubby later came to feel,
that terms like 'gives a hoot' and 'ransom'
profoundly changed their even keel.
One morning, he had slept quite late,
he shuffled out to have some tea,
that's when he saw his trusted Kate
perform a sex act on her knee.

It wasn't long after that scene,
he packed his ancient sailor's sack.
And left his house, where on her back,
his wife was therapeutically between
adjustments of her lover's bones.
His standing member could be seen.

'I've not looked back', the teacher says.
'Can see my home from near the hedge.
Where I now live my somber days.
One thing's for sure and I do pledge:
I will not stoop to ever go
back to the high society.
I'm used to this now, to the flow
and to the wild variety.'

And on he goes to tell of times,
when Kate was seen to look for him.
And, as he grabs a couple limes,
a croissant and a large dim-sim,
'she wants me back to pay the bills,
the fellows boner soon got flaccid,
he left her cold, took to the hills.
An addict he was, dealt in acid.'

'My mind is free, I have my health,

the time's my own, the stars my lights.
I do not need the spoils of wealth,
and to fly high, I have my kites, '
And then he left and leaving me
to chew a sausage without tasting.
I realised that he was free
from wife and house on Upper Hastings.
Perhaps that was a way to be.

The party ended as they do
when Santa finished with the presents.
The band packed up, so did the crew.
The evening had been rather pleasant.
And when the mists of Dawn came calling
to cover all and tuck them in,
I thought how thoroughly appalling
that all these people, just as sin-
and thoughtful as the rest of us,
were disadvantaged by the system.
And that not one man made a fuss
about it and we only missed them
one day a year, when Christmas Guilt
would prompt this reconciliation.
And like a plant that's sure to wilt
it serves as short-lived titillation.

And going home means crossing bridges,
that separate the Have-Nots from
our televisions, stoves and fridges
and laptops with their bright dot coms.
Well aren't we happy for two reasons?
We've done our duty once again.
Brought joy into the Christmas season,
and all went well, back to the Den.

Though just between you, him and me,
I'll say out there, it felt so strange,
with smelly people, wild and free,
who have their homes out on the range.
that they have something I do not,
a thing of value for this life.
Can't put my finger on it but.....

Oh, there she is!
My dressed up wife.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Conqueror

He rode his Palomino mare
as if the cold of morning had
immobilised his blood-stained body
into a town of empty houses
and vacant stares in acrid smoke.

No words were spoken, none were needed,
he would be ruler here with fists of iron
until the last of these vile people saw
that God had left them to the unexpected mercy
of a glorious great army from the East.

They had subdued all pockets of resistance
and he was fearless in his victory parade.
Though was it courtesy that gave him cause to pause
at the memorial of their founding father king?

A solitary man upon a trusted Palomino,
the target of a single hostile arrow.
It ended the injustice of a conqueror
and then declared the mother of all wars.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Contest

But coming back was different,
they carried him between the two
he'd swallowed forty-seven pies,
the contest had been won for him
but now the bloat had set itself
into a strong expansive motion.

His boots were dragging, lifeless
and flecks of foam saliva drifted
and settled on his Wrangler jeans.
Then he threw up, one pie did follow
the one before, all half digested
and smelling of appalling sourness.

They crossed the railway bridge
and briefly let him go, to dodge the scum,
that's when he rolled and tumbled,
down the brown embankment
to the tracks below, and landing
with a screech of joyful liberation.
Which did get stifled by the shiny train.
Was followed by the sounds of nothingness.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cook

A cook stood in the kitchen
and stirred Hungarian Stew.
His wife was always bitchin'
that's all this marriage knew.

One day the cook was cooking
and tired of her poo,
so when she was not looking
he put her in the stew.

A cook stands in the kitchen,
all smiles, he hums and sings.
To stop the constant bitchin'
he had to change some things.

The stew was true Hungarian,
his new ingredient not,
he was no vegetarian
and likes it piping hot.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Cork

Abandoned by the wayside lay a cork
wearing a hint of purple Beaujolais.
And dreaming of the life force of a stork
he had, because of spirits, lost his way.

He thought that it would be his expertise
to plug and cause obstruction to the snatch.
Which would, as it was custom, surely please
his holy grail who'd engineered this match.

So he would wait for little sugar cubes out back.
Placed on the window sill by ladyfinger hands.
There was the caveat that none could be pure black
nor could the Devil utter premature demands.

And so it was that Mister Cork took on the task
of what was deemed to be a human coup d'état.
He was too small to wear a modern warrior's mask,
and never realized the power of faux-pas.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Crackpot (For Jake Hassler)

She carried on a bamboo pole
two pots to the old water hole.
One pot was cracked, it leaked a bit
the peasant though was very fit.
She walked as fast as anyone
and on occasion she would run.

Each trip she lost half of the load
it spilled onto the dusty road.
The pot was sorry and depressed
one day he opened up, confessed.

He said 'Mylady, I regret
that you and I have ever met.
I am inferior with my crack
the other pot he does come back
with every dropp from the old lake
I am a failure and a fake.
Perhaps you should have let me fall
as I am useless, overall.'

The peasant lady put her hand
onto the pot, 'Please understand
I've known about your small defect
and come to treat it with respect.
Each time I fetch another load
your crack spills water by the road.
I always have you on my right
your crack is at the perfect height
I planted seeds of flowers there
their beauty we do always share.'
She had placed seeds onto the ground
and when the season came around
a sea of flowers grew along
the path, and birds would sing a song
to all the beauty they could see
a wondrous fragrant scenery.

'And, ' said the lady, ' in the night

I come when there is silver light
from stars to show me where to tread
I pluck some flowers from their bed,
at home they brighten up the table
and when they wilt they still are able
to bring us joy, just by their presence
we are the envy of all peasants.
You see, don't ever feel inferior
a crackpot may, from its interior
lose water, spill it but there is
a need in any wilderness.
Each individual has its traits
which often differ from its mates
but God made you and let you crack
he liked you - didn't take you back! '

The pot relaxed at those kind words
next trip he saw the pretty birds
and all the flowers, far and wide
it filled its heart with joy and pride.
The other end of the long pole
there hung the pot that was all whole,
he did ensure that they could drink
much water, also fill the sink.
His work was much appreciated
by some a trifle underrated,
but since the truth had been explained
all men and beast had newly gained
respect for all the various creatures
regardless of their obvious features.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Crust Of The Sweetiepie

...and if YOU are the crust
and I am the filling
I would think that you must
be so ready and willing
to be closer to me
than the dot on the i
and I like what I see
I'm the guy in your pie
you're the layer that covers
keeps me warm day and night
crust and filling are lovers
who believe and who might
thumb their pie-forks at pouters
and rub gently their noses
never fall for the doubters
and bring beautiful roses
are you cooking the dinner?
And the slice of our pie
you will feed to this sinner.
I can truly not wait
for your kiss by the door
when the day of our date
brings us more and much more.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Curse Of Statistics

I say the science of statistics
resembles that of plain ballistics.
A science only by its name
yet a BIG player in the game.
Look at a courtroom, experts hover
each book perused to its back cover.
The judge, his face in poker mode
sits quietly throughout each ode,
it is quite logical that he
will grasp some details, just to be
informed so he can call the shots
between the haves and the have-nots.
The jury, folks like we all know
may yawn throughout the science show,
not one is likely well equipped
as during school they never dipped
their little heads in plain old science
most pupils do prefer defiance.
So tell me, what would be the use
to bring on experts to confuse
the masses and the judge as well?
It's futile friends, and can you tell?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Dadaist And The Cockatoo Proctologist

A French-Guinean Dadaist
had studied in Tasmania,
a cockatoo proctologist
who hailed from Lithuania....
they caught each other's roaming eye
and soon became a loving pair.
The Dadaist was very shy
but covered it with stylish flair
and as the years rushed by at speed
they worked together, she at art
and he, depending on the need
of birds to have their cheeks apart
but soon the Artist's talent dried
finances shrank and life got tough
when their own bird, a blurry-eyed
but funny fellow said: ENOUGH!
And then proceeded to explain
how he would make them filthy rich.
This cockatoo did have a brain
and had a name, they called him Mitch.
He demonstrated how he'd sit
upon his perch above the table,
where paper lay, and bit by bit
he'd dropp his turds, yes he was able
to twist and wiggle, and diperse
exotic patterns thus creating
a painter's multicoloured verse.
They spent the morning, still debating
but put his talents soon to use
and turned out masterpieces then
they added a Canadian goose
who brought new colours and again
the Dadaist and wife had wealth
all due to one smart cockatoo,
and, thanks to proper anal health
they soon retired on the pooh.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Day Of Papa's Funeral

And there we stood, the family,
foremost in black and closed off faces.
Then sevenhundred folks from town,
they all had come to give respect
one final time to one who had
for 60 years been always there.
A fancy bell, with tiny light
would spell the words 'Right There',
as reassurance in advance
things will be soon alright.
Ungodly hours were the norm
for illness shuns convenience
three thousand souls had no one else
combined they stooped his shoulders.
The trusty horse, with cart or sled
had learned the timely lesson
would do his part until the end
there were occasions when a lad
of very small dimensions
could hitch a ride, observe raw life
in awe and love for father.
Though it was never very clear
exactly whether time
or duty kept the answers far
truth is that little eyes,
looked up with need and full of hope
for signs of some exotic
and somewhat undefinable
or needful expectation.
It never came, there never was
that gleam that little boys
do know to be the hug of minds
all winds were really cold.
And decades passed
and shyness ruled
the whip ruled our world
tradition was the handshake though,
a touching gesture, really.
'It's women's work, to hug and kiss

men have their solemn duties',
grandparents did seem mellower
and babysitters, scrumptious
would give the hugs and kisses, too
I do bless all those years
they were in evidence today
in deepest black and dark of face.
And like a naughty little boy
I watched their frozen faces
and wondered who was really sad
and who was here to just be seen
and what did I, myself, reveal
to my own soul today
to say good-bye, there was no choice
I could not give an answer.
It started snowing then, was cold
and what an inconvenience
the dust that each of us threw in
was mixed with flakes of white
I could not help but grin right then
'You gonna freeze your ass'.
We all went home, aware of death
a bit more for a week
there wasn't one who would have gone
in place of him, not one
and tiny thoughts, stirred up by words
of pastor's glowing sermon
reminded of mortality, today it was not time.
Gravedigger Johann closed the hole
I stayed behind to watch
he winked and spat tobacco juice
and said 'there lies a valued man
but all his stuff went with him.'
There was his brain, crammed full of facts
a spritely body, filled with duty
so many bones and other features,
oh, what a waste, to drown it all
within cheap dirt, and for the worms
a marble stone reminding
that what we have on mother earth
is something of no substance.
So will it matter what they think

when they go see the new one
the memory of their old Doc
it may just die inside them,
or at the time when all of us
pass through our final hour
and only marble gravestones might
last just a few years longer.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Day She Died

It was a scary, bumpy ride.
The driver wore a uniform,
They raced with purpose through the night,
through lightning strikes and thunderstorm.

At last the clinic, just ahead,
EMERGENCY, announced the light.
She'd soon be safe, resting in bed,
when they arrived their Mum had died.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Day You Die

So, since she asked, I told my wife
that all of us will die some day
and in the first five years of life
ye Gods reveal to us, you may
not be a true believer yet
our cause of death, yes it is true
hence no one needs to ever fret
look to the doctor for a clue
or take those pills for various ills
have operations on your heart.

You want to know what really kills?
I'll tell you this, just for a start
it is no use to be a guessor
at any age, you won't unravel
as much as that teenie professor
who's starting only his long travel
so please believe me, no one ever
will know as much about your fate
and after five your mind, once clever
now at a loss will just debate
the merits of longevity
It is no use, your days are numbered
the question of when Not To Be
with which you keep yourself encumbered
is mute and dumb and out of season
just wander back as I have mentioned
and find the date, also the reason
for your demise, which, well-intentioned
is written on the wall for you
forget all other fancy stuff
live your existence as I do
until the Gods say, 'That's enough.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Death Of A Humane Society

It was a morning like any other.
A cloud from the South, a sparrow
sitting on the windowsill, eating,
the Postman, ringing twice next door,
a streetcar of desire screeching to a halt,
and the traffic cop attending to impatience,
and, at rush hour, his recurring boxershort creep.

Across the street the baker was yawning again,
that Yugoslavian woman dumping soapy water
out the window onto the busy sidewalk,
and the paperboy, aged seventy plus, hoarsely,
proclaiming that Nixon was the man to be watched.

From across the barely polluted river of Babylon
came a breeze of air, no not fresh air as such,
it brought with it an invisible cloud of doom,
which settled, like the sticky sugar coating,
applied to a jelly-filled donut, onto the city,
the country, and it swept the world from there,
its humble beginnings notwithstanding.

'Nonobstant' mumbled Monsieur Cazin,
French travel agent, occupying a round kiosk,
no one knew of course what exactly it meant,
and even the French teacher from the school,
he just scratched his head. But he also suspected,
it was more a gut feeling though, that something,
something awfully big was taking place, merde,
it seemed to fit, intuitively, and then, without warning,
time stood still, the earth stopped its rotation,
people's hearts stopped and not a breath was heard.

And when it all started up again, for reasons unknown,
the world as it was known had ceased to exist.
It was the day that claimed the word humane,
with all its meaning and substance, its noblesse.
The death of Humane Medicine was a twin of many
to the tragic loss of all that made us human beings,

not just people, but homo sapiens par excellence.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Death Of Sir Arthur Davidson

It was an absolutely dreadful day
when, at first light
Sir Arthur Davidson had passed away.

High as a kite
he'd still been tink'ring to the very end
with fuel injection,
it was a promise and a novel trend
yet God had said
that after His considerate reflection
Sir Art be dead.

St. Peter checked the papers at the Pearly Gate
and eyed the chrome machine of Yankee noble steel.
'Due to your prominence God giveth you a choice
in choosing your eternal partner, who shall be your mate
from all the living things, one surely will appeal.'

Sir Arthur killed the switch to drown the lusty noise:
'I reckon that it will be God I hereby choose
it's always been my way to only use the best,
I heard that God is kind and just but also likes to snooze
we'll get along so very splendidly and I'll be blessed, '

He met the Lord himself, perched on his throne
'what is so special, man, with your two-wheeled chrome toy?
Unstable as it is and noisy, cannot run without a road,
I understand that each of them is merely a true clone
that wakes inside a true believer the aggression of a boy.

Sir Arthur felt the heat from under his blue collar, and it showed,
'Is it not you who did invent the one they call
the spitting image of the girl from Paradise, named Eve? '

'Yes, that is true, the female was my own creation
I made her handsome, gave her curls and stretched her tall
and all my creatures in the universe believe
that I have formed with these two hands a true sensation! '

'But, SIRE, please, there is a fault in the front end,
they vary way too much from any decent specs
and in addition, though I dare not to offend
there is a chatter at high speed and a vibration
a rear-end wobble due to insufficient flex,
but worst of all, just look at the location
of intake ports which rightly point into the stream
of cooling air to make for excellent induction,
but the designer must have had a silly dream
to have exhausts placed so damn close in the construction.
And, no offence, it costs too much to just maintain
just one machine for one short lifetime down below.'

God, bristling now, he was a trifle vain,
typed a few letters on the keyboard of his Dell.
'It states it here that you may have a tiny point
(but you remind me of that scoundrel boy named Cain) ,
the creature I designed from scratch, and did it well
was always worthy in my eyes and I anoint
each perfect specimen before they go below
which is, of course right when they come out of the hatch
but I must say that your machine is not a match! '

Sir Arthur looked at God's computer, just to see
what had been posted by the universal brain,
it said that many more felt happy, proud and free
to ride God's Eve and all her clones to Kingdom come
than would consider to be dressed in all that vain
black Angus leather, plastic helmet and then some
spew blue exhaust into the nostrils of green grass
'Compared to mine, God said, 'your gadget has no class.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Deluge From Heaven

The little girl
stood in
the meadow.
She had been
asked by God
to raise her eyes
and look to him,

And so she did.
Soon gold and silver
came raining
down from Heaven,
it was a veritable
deluge.

While she rejoiced
and raised her skirt
to catch the coins
the dirt claws
of Lucifer
reached through
the moss and
curled up leaves.

So silently
and filled with
invisibility.

And with the stench
of sulfur
surrounding her
and all the riches
she never knew
when slowly,
imperceptibly,
with certainty,
her nickers,
sweetly embroidered
just a week ago

by Nana,
were taken
by filthy hands
while angels
watched
with kindness.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Dental Gummibird

A gummibird sat in the mouth
of a rhinocerus, down South.
He picked between the teeth and gum
removing every little crumb
pulled out those strands of desert grass
while sitting in the putrid gas
that emanated from deep down
of this humungous blubber clown.

You ask why would a bird take on
a job like this, that's never done.
Well, other people asked the same
and, though most rhinos are not tame
one day a Seven Day Adventist
who'd graduated as a dentist
was on an African safari.

He'd just imbibed some cold Campari
when blurry eyes did spot the bird.
He was surprised and said 'My word,
these monsters are so photogenic
but haven't learned to be hygienic,
he grabbed his dental instruments
and wandered close to make amends.

The gummibird now could not stay
the dentist scraped the plaque away,
he flossed and even irrigated
when rhino, slightly irritated
first burped then clamped his big mouth shut
which, as you can imagine, cut
both dental hands off at the wrist.

And then, in a macabre twist
he opened up and took his head
clean off, the fellow was now dead.

And then, that day, down in the South
the rhino opened up his mouth

and intermittently was licking
while gummibird resumed his picking.

So if you're planning revolution
which would require execution
of methods alien and untested
it would be wise if you invested
into a bit of common sense
and put between you two a fence.

And better yet, perhaps you've heard
the work done by a gummibird
is free and also quite effective,
all interference an elective
that may not fit with Nature's plan.

Which shows the arrogance of man
who knows it all and knows it best
and wants to put God's will to test.
Both bird and rhino, at a loss
why someone with some dental floss
would come and, being God's own servant
then not deliver here a fervent
heartfelt and necessary service
but rather introduce a nervous
and heathen beast to Dentistry
as well it surely puzzles me.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Devil

I sit by your pillow and watch you sleep,
sit straight as a willow, and ready to weep.
Your poor chest is heaving,
the doctors are leaving.
And all you can do is to sleep.

My mind is blank, it's been hit by a brick.
I tried to pull rank, 'cause my lovely is sick.
But their faces were stern,
the demeanour of strangers,
they had told me to learn
how to walk 'way from dangers.

'We have done all we can',
said the white-haired rooster.
'Now we'll turn on the fan
and the Klachnikoff Booster,
not that it will cure
this disease,
I am sure.
But we might as well fudge it
for the hospital budget.

And they went down the lift.
I got up then to shift
my bundle of joy,
(once my Helen of Troy) ,
to her back from her side.
She was easy to slide.

Though the Matron had said
not to worry 'bout sores,
so she laid in this bed
and her chart said: No Chores!

And the doctor named Yates
said: 'Just leave her alone,
at the Pearly Ole Gates
they are used to just bone.

They'll take poofers and whores
and accept all bedsores! '

So I took out the bill
from the Medi-Cashier.
And it didn't say 'KILL',
but big numbers were here,
so I crumpled the paper
and climbed into bed.
Likely, looked like a raper
if somebody had
peeked into her room
to check 'Lily Muluhm'.

But nobody did,
it seems they all hid.
So I did what was needed:
I called to the Devil,
who promptly came down
for a meeting with me.
And I said to him 'Satan,
let's be on the level,
you tell me the story,
that's how it shall be.'
So the Devil considered
what he'd get from the Spiel,
then he stomped down his hoof
and said: 'Here is the deal':
'I've been watching you two
for considerable times,
like a left and right shoe,
like a twin-set of limes.
And to tell you the truth,
I can only say 'STRUTH',
for this love can't be beaten,
it cannot be done,
and when I say 'Defeatin''
it means you have won.'

'See, the secret is simple
if you truly believe
in the love of your sweet heart

then you won't have to grieve! '

'So go kiss her and hold her,
just with love, not with lust.
Use your arms to enfold her
and just do what you must.'

And he said his Goodbyes
with impeccable grace,
as I wondered about lies
from the Devil's own face.

Then I bent down and kissed her
as softly as needed,
and held her and cuddled
'til the night had receded.

And at Dawn's first light -
praise the Devil above you!
She opened her eyes,
held my face and said
'LOVE YOU'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Devil's Cousin

In case you people do not know
don't say I did not tell you so.
The devil has a nasty cousin
who fathered, by himself, a dozen
mean-spirited and scrawny boys
who did not play, when young, with toys
but with the parts of the deceased.

Took after the revolting beast
and, having individual traits
they never shared with brothers, mates
but specialised in the disposal
of body parts from Nile to Mosel.

The oldest one, by name of 'Miftly'
disposed of bodies rather swiftly.
The youngest called 'Ebola Finger'
he loved to see them slowly linger.
'Bang' was the one for accidents,
he loved explosions, had no sense.

A bloated one, by name of 'Browning'
enjoyed the sight of people drowning.
'Death' was the last name of them all
and Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall
was busy season on the globe.

Each one would float down in black robe
and execute the mode of dying,
oblivious to humans crying.
The sad part of it is that chance
would allocate a different dance,
at random to the dying geezers
whenever any of those tweezers
was on location they'd decide
exactly how their final ride
would be conducted, quick or slow.

That's how we die. And now you know.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Devil's Spark

They used to laugh about
that inconvenience of the spark
of static electricity, that zapped
without announcing its intention.

That night, Chevron did have
a special at the bowsers,
they filled the tank and then
two Jerry cans, borrowed from Dad.

The price was right, they rubbed
their hands in snug appreciation.
And then the spark had its revenge.
Right after birth it jumped the gap.

The car, its passengers, the driver,
the bowsers and six other SUV's
did join the manager and two staff,
the coke and candybars and all the maps.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Diet Book

Matilda sat in her recliner
and read a book called Diet Diner.
A guru stopped her on the street
when she was buying food to eat.
The book was priced above the norm
but folks, he said, would truly storm
the outlets, thus they soon sold all
he'd brought some more down to the Mall.

Matilda made herself some tea,
a plate of sandwiches of Brie
and ham with lots of mayonnaise,
while she began to read the phase
that introduced her blubber bod
to a solution straight from God.

And while she munched she also read.
Her man came in with fresh baked bread
and by the time they went to bed
she felt relaxed and full and fed.

Next day she woke, gang ho and keen
for paragraphs she'd never seen.
The dining room was stocked with food
to get her truly in the mood.

And as she read about the joules
she thought of all her friends, the fools.
They starved themselves and even smoked
then, in the end they always joked
that dieting today was silly
as men preferred a well-fed filly.

It took some weeks to read the book
and she decided that it took
a certain person to lose weight
and others kept their figure eight.

She kept the book, though it had failed,

she loved what all the text entailed.
The photos of those skinny birds
and all the stimulating words.

For years, she would so often sit
in her recliner, eat a bit
and study all the pseudoscience
it was a wonderful alliance.

They buried her and needed eight
pallbearers to hold up the weight.
The guru did attend the service,
he was quite pale and somewhat nervous.

He asked if they would understand
if he would reach in with his hand
no, not to touch the dear deceased
(and now he nodded to the Priest) ,
but to make sure that she could read
about her dietary need.

It was a gesture of concern
and since she did not want to burn
they all agreed that it was wise
for her to use her lifeless eyes
as she had done in constant study,
this book had now become her buddy.

And if the journey would be slow
while she could watch the earthworms grow
perhaps the wisdom would sink in
and she'd arrive in Heaven, thin.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Difference

One meets a woman and surmises
that she would harbour great surprises.
Two towers stand in still attention
the other features we won't mention.
But as the writer Oscar said
(who was a thinker in his head) ,
the difference between the old
and those whose posture still is bold,
is nothing but the tooth of time,
though some would never hear the chime.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Doctor As A Teacher

From under light pink silken gown
arose, his silly face a grin
Rudolph the red-nose circus clown
and asked about a nip of gin.
He had employed a French curette
to scrape the endometrium
it's where you really have to get
the slightest scrap out of the womb.
I know all you lascivious minds
it was a medical procedure
although he stayed, pulled down the blinds
as after all he was a teacher.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Don

They called him colourful
for various, salient reasons.
A renegade by birth,
a master of all seasons.

His trademark: Purple socks
and boxer shorts with stripes,
he was unorthodox,
a man of many gripes.

Some said he was against
all facets of convention
though he became incensed
and flaunted his intention
out in the Public Square.

A soapbox was his pulpit
he told them what was fair
but few would ever gulp it.
He knocked official thinking,

it was, he said, well-known
that when the ship is sinking
the sails get overblown.
He won the Golden Lotto

and millions made him rich.
Together with mate Otto
and Otto's girl named 'Bitch'
they fired all the captains

and bueraucrats as well
and waited for acceptance
though only time will tell.
He ordered all the schools

to dump their faulty teaching
and locked up all those fools
who didn't like his preaching.

His name was Don Mafioso
he hailed from Sicily
a bigger, badder bozo
was not from Italy.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Donkey Survives

A donkey who was old and daft
fell into a deep mining shaft.
The farmer heard the donkey's cries
and when the sun rose in the skies
he went to have a quick look-see
and shook his head, how could this be
that ass can't watch where he is going.
Well, soon a Northern wind was blowing
and snow was in the morning air
the farmer scratched his balding hair
and, knowing that the well was deep
(it once had swallowed thirty sheep)
he thought about the big dilemma
and soon consulted partner Emma.
She did agree the ass was old
the weather, too was getting cold
to get the donkey up again
it would require twenty men
and ropes and hooks, a four-wheel drive
to get the beast back out alive.
Most farmers are quite practical
their thinking being tactical
and they decided they would leave
the donkey in the hole 'til eve.
The donkey heard there was no action
and he had slipped another fraction
he yelled and pleaded for his life
it bothered them, so said the wife
'Let's call the neighbours, all the boys
and use those shovels, stop that noise.
We cover him with tons of sand
it is his time, he'll understand.'

Soon, shovelfuls of sand were flying
below the donkey ass was crying
he knew of course what was in store
the smell of fear filled every pore.
But, in a minute not a sound
came up to them from under ground.

He must have, so the farmer thought
accepted what the gods had brought.
Now, donkeys can be dumb and crazy
but mostly they are pretty lazy,
each time a shovel full of sand
would on the donkey's body land
he shrugged and all the sand fell off
he shook again and had to cough
because a storm was in the air
but now he knew he still did care
and with his dainty donkeyfeet
he'd step onto the sand and peat
as it arrived and bit by bit
it looked like he would beat this shit.
Two hours later he was seen
up at the edge, still looking mean
he stepped onto the blessed land
the farmer quick, gave him a hand.
And trotted off, all bells and whistles
through sorghum grass and tasty thistles.
The farmer with his aging spouse
went back to go into their house.
The snow was coming down by now
the neighbours still were talking how
the clever donkey had been cunning
when, with a sound the beast came running.
He bit the farmer very badly
and two weeks later, very sadly
he did succumb to septic shock
and soon stretched out, stiff as a rock.

What is the moral here my friend?
It's never wise to plan the end
of animals or your own lover
if you decide to quickly cover
inside a shaft with sand and rubble
and thus escape from further trouble.
A covered ass may soon break free
and bring you plenty misery
be honest and treat donkeys right
remember, they can really bite!

The Double Helix

The double helix, yes.
Talking genomes here,
genetic fiddling,
all are four letter words,
and will, inevitably rule
the roost of roosts.
But Watson mumbles
about Eugenics, really,
would it be time
to resurrect the one
and only, called Brigade,
in my own Fatherland?
Lest we shall see
the feeble minded
step up to plates
of recognition
and, in the end
they will not see
a chance to spare
those with a brain.
So is it them or us,
like Muslims and the
Infidels, and is it now?
I see you push the thoughts
and all its chaff away
in indignation,
and horror at the mention.
Yet what will be
the future of disease,
cystic fibrosis,
or Mongolism,
will they, the victims
ask for swift
genetic intervention?
Will we then give
the right to choose
a termination,
will mothers turn
into blunt executioners?

I will no longer speculate
within myself,
instead my Nostradamus
is waiting by
the fireplace.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Drone

There once was a girl from DeSoto,
she had nothing of value, in toto.
So she spread herself thin
sent an envelope in,
it contained a most vulgar nude photo.

Well, the photo raised nary a stir.
coarse and graying and plenty of fur,
all the photos returned
and the memories spurned,
every man is a connoisseur.

Next, suggestive expressions were thrown
and the voice took on a sweet tone,
there was talk of hot drips
from wherever and lips
what was left was the life of a drone.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Dual Priest

And here I am, you thankless whore
I have been with you once before
you may not be the lowest scum
I may not look, to you, the bum.
I have no mores and love you whores
your perspiration fills my pores
the shrink said I was seeking pain
and for my soul I should abstain.
I cannot help myself in this
so come and give me a whore's kiss.

Said he, who stood on purple pulpit
and with the choir boys would gulp it,
the wine, the blood of God's own son
he took the money, thought he'd won
the nationwide gold lottery
it gave him licence to be free
and in the dark of night he climbed
up to the room where often chimed
the clock made in Bavarian village
it also was part of his pillage.

For many years he led a life
without a true, official wife.
But God sent pangs of consciousness
into his mind in bitterness,
he wanted him to pray and think
instead he traded God for drink.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Dying Room

A light, its amber glow a fleeting thought,
shines through the drapes into the Dying Room.
They call it that, so unashamedly, as if to say
that we depart this earth upbeat and clutching life,
a voluntary act, conceived by time and force of will.
The nurses whisper now, sending the student in to see
if time has caught the soul and torn it from the womb
of her, whose name will be forgotten soon by all,
only the shyster may remember her with fondness still,
he had been charged with her affairs and left to take
all necessary steps and keep a bundle for himself.
She'd liked his wavy hair, his taste for good cigars
and most of all the ever present smile he had reserved
exclusively for her. He'd called her 'DEAR', which
in itself was more than most would even think of her,
her man of 60 years had been a tyrant to the teeth,
and when she freed herself that morning on the balcony,
a small but potent amber capsule added to Earl Gray,
and freedom reigned again, and peace. That I must say.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Easterbunny And Angie's Boy (Tit-For-Tat-Poem)

The Easterbunny came and laid
a dozen eggs, there, in the shade.
As Angie's son rolled out of bed
and to the Bunny he then said:
'I am eleven, almost twelve
and in my schoolwork I must delve.
I have, some years ago outgrown
those myths that kids are very prone
to fall for fairy tales and such
for windmills of the folks called Dutch
and Santa from the snowy North
and Easter Bunnies, and so forth.
So, take your multicoloured eggs
and move your tail and scrawny legs! '
But Bunny did not listen then,
instead he asked the mother hen
if it was normal that he laid
as if he were a feathered maid
on Easter, coloured eggs at Dawn
near people's houses on the lawn.
The hen, who was a wise old owl
though still a witty, helpful fowl,
considered this for just a minute
then said, 'it's Easter, so be in it! '
The boy, who was almost a man
replied 'I'm old enough and can
go get my rifle, shoot your hide
and make a widow of your bride.'
And this he did, with so much glee
that in the future there would be
no more of ancient time traditions
and rabbits went on different missions.
And eggs, by government decree
were now declared to always be
just poisonous cholesterol
and Santa stayed at the North Pole,
and two remaining Easterbunnies
were thrown head first into the dunnies.
Thus, you can see how it takes little

a word or two, a bit of spittle
to wipe traditions off the slate
So, no more Easterbunny, mate.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Egyptian Doctor

Mary B. could never come
tried for many hours,
took to drinking Bundy Rum
made from Sweetcane flowers.
Doctor told her to ingest
spoonfuls of Molasses.
Mary quickly got undressed
put on horn-rimmed glasses.
Did inject the gooey stuff
into her cantina,
used it wisely but enough
Palace of Athena.
Up she got to fetch her dress
going out for boozing,
left inside the lift a mess
something dark was oozing.
Moral of the story is
doctor gives prescription,
listen to me closely Ms.,
could be he's Egyptian.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Electric Chair

Through rusted, solid iron bars
I stare into the foreign sky
and wonder if there's life on Mars.
The nips have sentenced me to die.

So many stars, a stuffy moon,
the plaintiff sermon of a toad,
I shall be resting all too soon
and dream about the other road

the one so straight and free and clear
but also without riches,
I was not deaf yet did not hear
nor see the scum-filled ditches.

The jury found me guilty, thus
they called for retribution,
the witnesses expect no fuss,
Gof bless electrocution.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End

Not a whisper is heard
nor a shadow be seen.
When she gave me the word
it was vicious and lean.
And she looked so pathetic
walking down to the bus,
left behind 'the emetic'
and the ending of 'us'.

Cardboard suitcase with strap
and a small sailor's duffle,
pretty Moulin Rouge cap,
so determined her shuffle.

No, she never did turn,
couldn't bear to remember.
Oh, that women would learn
that it's cold in December!

Then the bus driver honked,
so that chapter was closed.
Now the lift door had clunked....
there she came, snivel-nosed.
'Need to talk about this',
as she dropped her small case,
'come and give us a kiss,
with your sorry old face.'

And that night it was me,
with my suitcase in hand,
as I left to be free
in a far away land.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of It All

And long before the dust had settled
he himself had vanished,
no sound had even vaguely
disturbed the morning as it rose.

And what was left was awe,
and an uncertainty of thought
which led to such explosive
and disorderly rebirthing
it baffled even spirits who had come
to witness and to oversee
the final rising of the emperor.

The Cantadora now appeared,
stepped from the cave into the light
and spoke with the authority
of hoarseness and a voice so soft
that all the creatures froze,
the birds just hovered in midair
and Folsom Brook stood still,
just short of where the pair of beavers
were stationed to erect their dam.

'It is the last and final time, my children,
that I will tolerate the beelzebub
this foul abomination of the filth
that fell to ground when God created.

I am in charge of all decisions here,
all judgment shall be mine and mine alone,
I shall destroy this world and leave no trace
for any sparks that live in space to light
de novo from the ashes and the dust
a new beginning, for a humankind.'

She spoke and raised her braids toward
what all had heard, the sound of clarinets,
and from the tallest tree descended, gingerly
the figure so well known to all the evil human souls.

And as his hooves touched down onto the ground
a great explosion rocked the trees and nearby hills,
it spread in a gigantic tidal wave of fire
throughout the world, and it left nothing in its wake.

It was the end though no one knew what really did
occur that morning, as their time had truly puffed
up into air that had the odour of fresh sulphur,
though they had known for centuries about it all.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of Lily Marlene

Lily Marlene was her name,
her voice a mix of love and smoke.
Me drawn to her like moths to flame
out on the sidewalk drunk and broke.
Just in the nick of time the bell
of the Charlottenburg town crier
alerted me, I rushed to tell
my love to her, but then the fire
of busted gas mains had involved
the Pub and all the people in it,
they were, like me, so soon engulfed
to die, it took just one long minute.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of North Korea's Plans

A fellow, sick with diarrhoea
was ruler over North Korea.
One hand was wiping his pale ass
the other held the phone, his brass
was in the War Room making plans
to send a missile straight to France.

The French who had supplied the booze
Cointreau and Cognac from Toulouse,
had never trusted weirdo ' ill'
because the name did rhyme with 'kill'.

A week before the missile travelled
toward the States, his brain unravelled
and 'ill' was looking at the globe
while dressed in silver-plated robe.

He figured that the Yanks' rebuke
would mean a heavy duty nuke
could dropp upon his liquor cellar,
all courtesy of Rockefeller.

So, in a sudden flash of brains
he'd figured to avoid those pains
and pick a target unprepared
to send a missile, undeclared.

Monsieur Chirac though, was a fox,
that morning, only dressed in sox
he'd caught the message from Mossad
which read....well, classified and odd,

it was enough to act at once
he grabbed his boxer shorts and guns
and ordered all the vineyard fellers
down on the farms and shipping cellars

to add to wine and cognac too
e-coli bugs straight from the loo.

That's why the weirdo in Korea
displayed explosive diarrhoea.

And in the end, through dehydration
he died and left a grateful nation
to have a liberated fête
and with the Yanks a tête-à-tête.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of Robert

The doctor said 'now listen Bob,
your illness is the serious kind,
and when I turn this silver knob
on your machine you soon will find
that all your pains will fade away
and energy to eat returns.
I'm sorry that I cannot stay
to help you with your deep concerns.'
He left and two male nurses entered
to prop him up and change his sheet
while one of them had Robert centred
the other pulled from wet-soaked seat
the bedding out and while they worked
they teased and taunted their old charge
but soon they tugged and pushed and jerked
for other patients were at large,
and had to be retrieved and fed
and medicated to the hilt
and settled back into their bed
where they would hope not to be killed.
Yes, my dear friends, the time has come
where care has given way to greed
I know this will be news to some
and shock you, since you have indeed
been fed a lot of useless hype
and have been told that doctors care
but let me say that this rare type
of 'carer' (yes, I'm being fair) ,
no one has seen him for some time
he went extinct in 1950,
the new ones live a life of crime
you tell it by their eyes, the shifty
and smiling twinkles to confuse
the suffering sod and next of kin
and if you dare and plain refuse
to take indifference on your chin
they do have special ways to smash
objections into smithereens
before you know you'll be just ash

they have the know-how and the means.

The specialist is coming now,
that's why the bedding was renewed
he will explain the when and how
to Robert, who is quite subdued.
Fresh talcum powder has descended
on linen of the starchy kind
so that no nostrils are offended
and he can speak his learned mind.

'Well, Robert, this is what we figure
your chances are as you can see
that of a lonesome jungle digger
who's lost his comrades, wants to flee
but is surrounded by the Cong
and only has his bible left
from which he now retrieves the song
although of hope he is bereft
I told you only gold could be
the agent that would bribe your foes
the same is true if you ask me
you can't expect to have these blows
that have been handed you by God
be wiped away by pocket money
no, what you need for that old bod
is not some magic Easter Bunny
or Santa with his bag of tricks
or a magician from Down Under
what you must have is one last fix
that will restore you from asunder
to what you once were in your Pub
a man of stoutness and of presence
oops, let me help you with that cup.
I am so glad you grasp the essence
of what I need to tell you here.
It is, I'm happy to report,
a matter of a lot of dough
a hospital is no resort
and we can't give a gratis show
your spouse was kind enough to sign
the special paper listing assets

don't worry all this is benign
unlike your system and its facets
we've taken 80 big ones gladly
and will require much more soon
your illness does progress quite badly
yes, let me help you with that spoon,
the chemo has been shipped tonight
tomorrow morn we'll hit you hard
and if it works, which well it might
it's up to God now, keep your guard
right up you must be optimistic
I told you that you had twelve weeks
with not a chance when they were gone
I'm proud of you, it's he who seeks
will turn the life extension on.'

The doctor went into the 'teria
where two more colleagues were relaxing
one said 'you got it, I do hear ya,
it's always good this special waxing
that's part of Medicine today
we're clerics who wax lyrical
and help to transfer lots of wealth
by quoting some empirical
new cure for them to gain new health
so what will be his new prognosis
if you don't mind, some fifty days? '

'It's more like seven but the blame
will rest with God and not with us,
I figure that it is a shame
that not too many have this plus
of being rich like this old clown
our world would be a better place
if we could put these people down
like they just did in Terri's case.'

Then they went out to Chez D'Argent
a restaurant for special palates
and ate the best that a Gourmand
can serve, right with the fancy salads
from Southern Greece, flown in by plane

the evening was a plush affair
they talked about how many sane
and clever people could not care
how much it cost to save their lives
and if it took a special pill
or fancy instruments and knives
it was a matter of goodwill
and trusting your physicians, yes
well, they arranged to meet again
next Saturday, with formal dress
it was a dinner just for men.

Meanwhile the week went by in haste
the chemo ruined his joy of life
his hair fell out, he lost his taste
and when she came, his lovely wife
he did not know who held his hand
although her voice did ring a bell
the nurses knew it was the end
one said that she could always tell
when in the corridor the Reaper
was traipsing in, with his own shuffle
he was relieving Robert's keeper
approached the bed with his kerfuffle.

It was the day of that big dinner,
the dress-up kind of all the quacks
and no one thought of one poor sinner
whom they had squeezed up to the max.
He'd paid his dues and extra fines
had been deceived it was routine
they served Gourmet Food to those swines
and Robert H. had left the scene.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of The Cat

Once there was a little bitty,
Persian cat named Nittigritty,
did not hunt for mice or rats
yawned when faced with flying bats,
was a nuisance and expense
Father thought it made no sense
to keep feeding such a sponger,
mother took the toilet plunger
chased the cat into the yard
grandma there was rend'ring lard.
Cat fell in the lard container,
went through the electric strainer
out the other end she came
and she did not look the same.
From that day the house was quiet
no more trouble, smell or riot,
though the kids had lost a friend
yes, it was a tragic end.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End Of The Four Deceivers

Four men, all strangers sat and drank
hot cider near a river's bank.
There was, in leather, with goatee
a skinny lad called H I V.

Right next sat, in gray naugahide
Sir Benji Silicofluoride.
While munching on a casserole,
a fatso named Cholesterol
was now engaged in dialogue
with what appeared to be a rogue
the name tag read Miss C O Two
her overalls smelled of old pooh.

The chef of the establishment
was soon in a predicament,
it seemed that they were in a battle
Miss C O Two was shouting 'cattle',

and then proceeded to explain
how gods had fought so long in vain,
these creatures burped and fouled the air
pretended to be unaware
that all around the heat was on.

And some maintained it was a con,
the earth, she said would get so hot
that cities, towns and lakes would not
survive to shelter and support.....
Life here on earth would be cut short.

'I beg your pardon, I am Ben
a quintessential halogen,
solutions will not come by chance
one needs to carry out smart plans,
if all the folks would just ingest
the toxic substance I suggest
we'd be immune to cavities
and ticks, malaria and fleas.'

'Yes', said Miss C O Two, 'that's right
I well remember the big fight,
the people did not warm to it,
the greenies called it deadly shit
but through the grace of politicians
we, in the end, made smart decisions.
Uranium is a friend of mine
it ages slower than good wine.'

The fellow who was quite obese
now spoke, 'my colleagues, if you please
I am, as some of you may know
the stuff that likes to stick and grow
inside the bloody arteries
like old and rotten Gouda cheese.'

They paused to guzzle some more cider
when, from the table top a spider
climbed up and hung from the goatee
of gloomy Mr. H I V.

As soon as HIV detected
he coughed and spat, had him infected,
the spider shrivelled and then fell
was whisked away straight into Hell.

The owner of the Country Inn
had taken off his face the grin
that had appeared due to the money
that always came when it was sunny.

These guests though, pardon please my French,
had brought along a certain stench.
And missing were the usual smiles
of folks devoid of painful piles.

The man had listened to their words
at first assumed that they were nerds,
who had, to lift their stoic moods
come here to eat some country foods.

He ventured over to the table
where Ben was telling a new fable
'and how, if I may ask of you
was food and service and the brew,
the latter is my own creation,
deserving of a small ovation
I say, with tongue in toothless cheek
though I am open to critique.'

A cloud descended right this minute
and all of them were trapped within it,
it was the Devil, it was clear
and chef and owner froze in fear.

The four who had been wining, dining
looked up and saw the jetblack lining
now oozing from a lifeless sky.
The Devil whispered 'time to die.'

And, on command, Miss C O Two
addressed the rest of this mad crew,
she waited patiently until
Sir Ben was ready for the kill.

By now the fatso wasn't able
he'd fallen down beneath the table
so it was up to H I V,
the Devil's clever appointee,
to snuff the life of all for good
they all accepted that he could.

Out of the inn one of the maids,
who had been rumoured to have Aids,
approached the gang and waved a hand:
'I am the Power, I demand
that all of you who are deceivers
go scramble to the creek where beavers
will skin you and prepare your flesh
for spawning salmon, they like fresh
and slightly off and smelly feed
it is the end for you, indeed.'

The Devil's face was white like chalk,
he could not bring himself to talk.
But in the presence of this mother
he'd flee and find himself another,
more easygoing target soon.

He grabbed his fossil-tarred harpoon
and kicked his hoof, then up he was
accompanied by slight applause.

Now Mother Nature's Adelaide
commenced her task and quickly made
short shrift of all the crooked trash,
Miss C O Two predicted ash
to be the end of Mother Earth,
though it was clear that a new birth
had happened and arisen here
which would eliminate all fear
and special interests who would prey
upon the souls they could betray.

No stones were ever placed to show
that four small devils did forego
the right to live due to the fact
that there was something that they lacked.

Herbert Nehrlich

The End?

Souls leave the body in one minute
they do not like to stay within it.
Two flies were sitting on the chest
of a deceased, on the blue vest
that they had given him to wear
in death where he would have to bear
the weight of all his earthly sins
and meet the Darkness and its prince.

One fly said ' let's go down below
check out the anal status quo.
Perhaps we can through sphincters pass
avoid that smelly methane gas.'

They did, and one peeled back the flap
creating, thus a tiny gap
through which the other slipped inside
thus acting as heroic guide.

Soon both were travelling upstream
a small but well-determined team.
Reached the appendix on their right
and stopped quite often for a bite.

They came, as was to be expected
into the windpipe undetected.
And there they were, trapped for all time
unable now to fly or climb.

The uvula seals from above
the trachea just like a glove.
And there was not the slightest chance
that they could change their bold advance,

reverse directions just to save
their little minds, so young and brave.
Yes they were doomed, inside the man
but God is one who truly can
decide that death can be too proud.

And suddenly a rather loud
and dissonantly snotty sneeze
exploded like a Devil's tease.
Out flew both flies, they left the mouth
and rather hurriedly, flew south.

The man there, on his final bed
was like a doornail, truly dead.
But what this proves to you my friend
is no one knows if it's the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Enemy - Not Worthy

I only have one enemy
I say with all my pride and glee.
What saddens me is that he is
a bubble that will soon go fizz.

In all these years I wish I had
enticed a more deserving lad,
as this one meets his silly friends
inside the sewer's fragrant blends.

So if you meet this low-life worm
and watch him shade his eyes and squirm,
remember that he is, to wit
no more than one small piece of shit.

And if you deem this language bold
and have a mind to yell and scold,
go have a look and hear him yip,
all sunshine has now left his ship.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Error

Early morn on the toilet he sat
squeezed his gluteals hard, 'til he shat.
Though through sleep-drunken eyes
he received a surprise,
while he sat he had shat in his hat.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Execution

Someone said that Johnny Howard
is a godforsaken coward.
When the hangman pulls the switch
and the man drops in the ditch
Howard sits in Canberra
plans to buy his wife a bra.
Watches cricket and the news
aides are polishing his shoes.
Life goes on, he says to 'nette
someone wants to make a bet
over what in Changi Prison
might have, secretly arisen.
Never mind says Howard now
plucks a hair from his left brow.
Government in Singapore
knows the law, that is for sure.
Don't forget the rope is hemp
it withstands the humid temp,
Aussie workers made the thing
for both Changi and Sing Sing.
One more down will save some dough
hangman is a real pro.
As the convict falls at speed
(all the victims always peed)
axis bone goes in the brain
all the prayers now in vain.
Says the lawyer at the bench
'c'est la vie', (he's learning French) .
Never do they hold their breath
in the face of someone's death.
Human life can be expended,
all too soon it will be ended.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Eyes Have It

There was a coldness in her eyes,
though all her words were flowing freely.
'I love you so and never will
abandon you or let you go.'
But eyes don't lie
and even closed
will tell the sad
and redneck truth
you always know.
One hundred words
one thousand roses
did not persuade
did not arrive
within the yard
of my own soul.
Your eyes
did tell,
though quite unseen,
the goddamn truth
it was the end
for you
as well
as -damn- for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fall Of America

McCain, McCain, you are running in vain!
And you are in this national drama,
how hilariously (!) funny and a little insane,
cheer the pigmented warrior Obama.
In the background old Bill, who is over the hill
lusts to get a new student like 'winsky,
with a Cuban cigar and a muffin to fill
like a film by director Klaus Kinski.

And I say, take the lot and fly up to the moon
blast the gangsters into smithereens,
we don't need here on earth, a demented baboon
nor a humper who's searching for queens.
Let the first who has cast his own spell on the land
be the chief and commander for all
it won't matter a bit as we do understand
very soon this great country will fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fall Of Rome

One pool was filled with brownish sludge
its colour similar to fudge.
The other stank of pharmacy
and bureaucratic chemistry.

They did assure the stupid masses
that any emanating gasses
were simply signs of distillation
and this would lead to fractionation.

You see, the public servants had
neglected things, and now were mad
that lakes and rivers had run dry
without the water, all would die.

So they convinced the skeptics all
that Rome prevented its own fall
by cycling all their excrements
through special pipes and narrow vents

until they bubbled, mixed and rose
in volume and to please the nose.
The bladders of those placid mules
were used as filters in their pools.

It made the brew look fresh and clear
and wiped away the people's fear.
So, soon the Romans skipped their wine
and helped themselves to bubbly brine.

Their chemists had not known the fact
that oestrogen will stay intact
inside a liquid and it will
wreak havoc first and later kill.

Each woman, since she is a she,
has hormones hidden in her pee.
These substances will act in men
to make them feel like Mother Hen.

They'll grow size 44-D breasts
and try to hide them under vests.
Rome fell due to a lack of tails.
Recycled water killed all males.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Famous Pathologist

His letterhead showed five degrees
post nominals like swarming bees.
A summary of past achievement
this morning's subject was bereavement.

A man of twenty-seven had
(blue eyes and quite a handsome lad)
first emptied what was left inside
a bottle, then shot up a ride.

You see, in modern times they will
experiment with drugs that kill.
The autopsy, which is required
was scheduled for the much admired

Pathologist, the region's best.
They said the addict had been blessed
to have these learned fingers roam
his sad remains. An epitome

of what the scum of humankind
believes, it boggled his great mind.
He did perform each step as planned
ran tests for substances, all banned.

Cut slices off the body's heart
and placed them like a work of art
inside big jars of formalin.
At last, he finished with a grin.

He sat and started the dictation
it followed every operation.
And in his mind he had succeeded
his patients, though, no longer needed

were all allowed to truly die.
And no one asked the question 'Why'
As you can gather, some respect
is common sense when you dissect

a human being -sheer routine,
but this great man was a machine.
He saw his job to make much dough
and had become a techno-pro.

Yet for his subjects did not care
he had no thoughts to ever share.
This day, another dull routine
he washed and shaved, already keen

to take the wife to lobster dinner
forgot this young pathetic sinner.
A man like this, he swims in pride
and when he got to the outside

he passed the addict's family
but did not see their misery.
The autopsy report, now ready
and on the cover it read EDDY.

There was no mention, other than
that he had been a stupid man.
The family relived the terror,
when reading, they observed the error.

All facts would always be the same,
but EDDIE was his real name.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Far Side Of The River

He woke and noticed how it thundered
as lightning visualised the list.
A poet of the great five hundred,
suspended in the morning mist.

Three strikes now hit, illuminating
the swollen river's distant banks.
And there they stood, still hoping, waiting
to join, some day, the noble ranks.

But as he listened to the weather
a squeaky voice was clearly heard,
and like the image of a feather
the wind delivered every word.

'The list of poems is a sham,
it has no merit and no status.
Thus all of us will truly slam
the gist of it which is just flatus.'

And in the river there was bile,
it floated to the surface slowly.
An ambidextrous crocodile
observed and mumbled 'Holy-Moly.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Farmer

The butcher drove his ancient truck
out to the farm to make a buck.
The farmer had raised twenty steers
was with the mortgage in arrears.
So even though the steers were friends,
a money situation tends
to put a fellow in a bind.

This farmer was a very kind
and gentle man and he was dreading
to kill them right before the wedding.
You see, his daughters, numbered ten
had found themselves some local men
none was well off and none did work,
they saw the farmer as a jerk.

An auctioneer stopped at the farm
and asked with Oklahoma charm
if he could offer his advice
all for a teenie-weenie price.

They sat him down to get his views
per chance extract some freebie news,
he took his coffee with much cream
and said ' it's all in self-esteem.
The steers are proud, the girls are smart
if you prepare the oxen cart
and hitch the steers, two in a pair
and on the wagon, with great care
you place the maidens with their dresses
(about the fellows, no wild guesses
they are chased off the fertile land
and from the girls forever banned.) '

They drove into the frontier town,
each girl then raised her snow-white gown.
To flash some leg up to the thigh
and also a delicious sigh.
The town was Mormon where the men

can marry wives, as much as ten
and more if finances permit
it helped if the new groom was fit.

In twenty minutes, like a flash
the farmer had received much cash,
he sold the girls to men of God
each time he had to give the nod
before they plunked their dollar bills
into his hand, exchanged for frills.

When afternoon came they were done
they turned the wagon for the run
back to the farm to cook a dinner
for he had ended up a winner.

He kept all steers, and paid the bank
and had the auctioneer to thank.
That man was still back at the farm
exuded even more great charm,
he had a new proposal now,
he'd show them all exactly how
to beat the modern money blues,
if he were in the farmer's shoes
he would expand the barn and sheds
install ten beautiful big beds
and move the daughters and their lovers
back home to sleep under their covers
but in the day they would pitch in
because one helps his next of kin.

This way he would keep all the steers.
The bank would cancel the arrears.
The money would be a reserve,
it was a real learning curve.

The auctioneer who had been fired
when his old manager expired,
they loved him all, his name was Norman
and he became their trusted foreman.

This shows that even unsold steers

can get you out of your arrears.
And that your girls will be preferred
by Mormons, as by now you've heard.
And that a man who likes his cream
can in the end fulfill his dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Final Drink

And on the table stands a glass
he could not raise his arm to reach
then God had called for him to pass
his cheek, the colour of a peach
had trembled, covering acrylic
his nose, now pinched and with a sound
that was both frightful and idyllic
his life now fading, losing ground.

The glass still stands there, to this day
she wipes there, weekly, for the dust.
It is engraved, reads 'Love You, Ray',
he was a man of drink and lust.
The Jack has turned to caramel
perhaps she would when it was time
and God would ring for her the bell
just take the glass on her last climb
when they would re-unite in Hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

The First Snowman

Humpty Dumpty went to the Mall
tripped over Santa, had a big fall.
All of the reindeer and Mrs. Claus
dragged Humpty Dumpty into his house.

Doctor came running, gave him a pill
made him feel funny, even more ill.
One of the reindeer lowered his head
licked Humpty's earlobes, thought he was dead.

Humpty was turning, chalky white blue
Doctor raised eyebrows, what should he do?
Rudolph prepared for - resuscitation
smacked his big lips in - anticipation.

Rolled Humpty over, onto his back
started his rescue with a big smack.
Blew in saliva and some stale air
people were hushed now, Rudolph did care!

Can you imagine, kissing like that
reindeer saliva tastes like dead rat.
Humpty was stirring, first like a mouse
then like a reindeer, leaving his house.

Last seen devouring all the fresh snow
under the eyes of Northern Star glow.
Never succeeded, still had the taste
snow made him grow though, big at the waist.

Rudolph had followed, saw the malheur
grabbed Mister Dumpty, saying, 'dear Sir,
you will come back now, thanks just for me
as the world's snowman, forever free.'

Thus we have snowmen, giving us joy
looking so handsome, like a big toy.
Although, like Humpty, death comes too soon
shattering, melting, watched by the moon.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fisherman's Shack

Safe upon the solid rock
mansions sit and gloat,
fences, guards and triple lock
cops called by remote.

Come and see my little shack
just above high tide,
sun-dried herring on a rack
this is where I hide.

Have no riches and no gold
fishing is my life,
growing wrinkly, getting old,
all without a wife.

All the women like the rock
and the fancy cars,
ten-deck yacht down at the dock,
overflowing bars.

Let me clean this stuff away
sit here on this crate,
will you have some tea and stay
wait for my best mate?

Boat comes when the sun goes down
ought to have a catch,
lives still at the top of town,
but we are a match.

Poor the devil is like me
born without a spoon,
wouldn't know what else to be,
might get lucky soon.

Sorry, cup broke, use this tin
must apologise,
never mind my silly grin,
I just LOVE your eyes.

She stood up and took his hand,
friend, would you stop talking,
yes your house is built on sand,
and I LIKE your gawking.

Put your arms around me please,
For many months I've known,
I would come here not to tease,
but to use your stone,

sharpen all your hooks for you
and your fishing knife,
if you feel just as I do
I will be your wife.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fishes In The Sea

A ripe old age without infirmity
is just reward for those who would
trust in the innate wisdom of the age.
As islanders they happily subsist
on rather bland tradition from the fickle sea;
a bounty of exotic colours, wilful tastes,
produced by swirls and Condy's Crystal Gallery.

Great depths provide brief sanctuary for
all creatures fit enough and keen to flee
observed by saucer eyes and gentle blue-fin queens
sustainers of the privileged, the masters of the sea.

Oh yes, the trawler nets, relentless in their ways
only the lucky are equipped with clever eyes,
tough words like SUSHI make the rounds among the reefs
as cruel slaughter takes their inborn right to breathe.

A smile of sadness masks the mood of mahimati,
fat targets called Doradoes of the deep,
as tons of bycatch tossed for frigate birds to feed
on the horizon sheer depletion, fed by greed.

Eternal battle played by man to be sustained,
accepted by the Gods with laissez-faire.
Though we must wonder does the menu then contain
soup made from loggerheads and fins from murdered flake? *

So, do the Heavens catch for science handsome whales?
Who will stand up to point his finger at the waves?
It is not I your holy Majesty, not I.
I cannot slow the silly masterminds of death.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fix

In the Easternmost city New York
lived a man who had hired a stork.
He was keen for a girl
and he gave it a whirl
but the lady was wearing a cork.

So he went without further ado
to the kitchen to get a corkscrew.
He took out the big plug
pinned her down on the rug
soon the stork came to town, it is true.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fool From School

It now is time.
I'll have to tell the world.
And never did I ever
mean to do this.
Regardless of,
what peers today
require,
I will come out.

The girl I love is
no one you would know.
She is the sweetest,
loveliest of all.
She walks around
as if the world could
well ignore her.

I am afraid,
I tell you with
reluctance,
that someone bigger,
better, smarter comes along.
And takes her on his horse
to distant fields,
she would forget
her home,
and me the
fool from school.

What do you think?
She loves me and
I love her.
Would all this count enough
to seal
our pact forever?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Four-Armed Carbon

There is a slight and ever so belated flutter
you wake, all-startled, pupils large as silver moons,
I know you're not a morning girl and yet you dare and utter
'turn on the telly, darling, let them watch cartoons.'

I have been sitting here, invading if you will,
your space, your privacy, I know you do not mind.
I watched you breathe my darling, glad you are not ill
it is a pleasure to observe your cute behind
as it goes up and down slow motion, so it must
you turn a dozen times throughout this valued night
I sit on vinyl and just watch you, full of lust
you are a presence, sweetheart, and a special sight.

I've made you breakfast back at home and here it is,
all clad in foil, kept warm and what you'd eat with me.
There is more stuff inside the esky, yes, it's his
we all were worried about you, and the worst was me.

May I take home you, little darling, I shall be
the perfect carer and your soulmate as before,
you, being carbon, have four arms to smother me
and I will always (as you gathered) ask for more.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Fourth Of July - Oh My Oh My.

What if a single founding father
had visualised today's brave world
where not a soul will stop and bother
to ascertain why truth is hurled
into abyss as if it were
a piece of waste, or even turd
and where the thought could not occur
that shaken never means it's stirred
if you will pardon my light pun
the day that's definitely coming
is one that signals -without gun-
Star-Spangled Banner, we are humming
what has America bestowed
upon the peoples of all lands
demanding that their vessels flowed
with Yankee flag and star arm bands.

The world's policeman as you say
to keep the rascals supervised
I think they venture past their border
to conquer, although well disguised
the fields of oil and other treasures
so on the fourth they proudly list
all yankee-doodle homely pleasures
and as for me, I will be pissed,
with Jack the gentleman who lives
in Tennessee, here is the gist
it's never what your country gives
or what you sacrifice for it
but always oil and gold and money
they haven't found a use for shit
perhaps they'll ask the Easterbunny.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Frigate Bird From My Past

I was the captain standing on the bridge
surrounded by the waters of the sea,
on the horizon, on a lonely granite ridge
remained the memory of all it was to be.

Confined to clouds that would descend at random times
to write the pages of a tiny, wrinkled soul,
a soul of melancholy, whispering fine rhymes
and searching for a flower, pole to pole.

A frigate bird, excited and confused,
flew in from starboard, landing on the sail,
he seemed to smile, the feathers near his beak amused,
then caught his breath and said, 'my Captain, I have mail.'

'Well, I'll be'.... perhaps another fleeting thought
crossed just beneath a shock of icy hair,
what could it be that this fine feathered creature brought?
It was an airmail letter, trembling lightly in the air.

I had been standing now for hours (I am fit) ,
but something told me it was time to take a rest,
Bacardi crates make perfect chairs on which to sit,
I took the specs from the small pocket of my vest.

'Holy Poseidon', it was something from my past,
so many miles, so many years and still it found.....
I watched the hemp how it now fluttered on the mast
and there were drops that fell, right near me, to the ground.

The hand was soft and had drawn one small heart of ink,
down near the bottom of each page, as if to say
that crossing oceans and the times there is a link,
I have a ticket for this journey, may I stay?

It was sheer arrogance of me, I know it well,
as it resides within the attic of my mind,
though hard for others, I can always, always tell
that it competes with my desire to be kind.

'The old Romantic', said my Auntie way back then,
'a hardened shell surrounds the softness of cream cheese, '
I'd told her off, of course, that chubby mother hen,
and here I stood, reading a letter in the breeze.

Well, I revised my thoughts and asked the bird to wait,
composing words that were the real thing, at last.
And now it was, on the high ocean, getting late,
I sent a message, filled with hope into my past.

I framed the pages with a hundred little bees,
all making honey just to sweeten human lives,
I wrote that I was in no mood to taunt and tease,
and that I knew about all husbands and all wives.

The title was, if you will bear with me a minute:
An Invitation To The Spirit Of A Friend,
the rest was easy, all the other meanings in it
were just myself, and I was happy in the end.

And then I went back to the stern end of my ship,
washed both my hands with salty waters from the sea,
dried them with care (it wouldn't do if they did drip) ,
if she said yes to holding hands across the sea.

Here on the bridge there was no other who could steer,
this foolish ship, it was MY odyssey alright,
and from the bottom of the topmast I could hear
a mermaid's song that filled the stillness of the night.

The Moon had nodded off, and rested on a cloud,
a planet, so oblivious to fate
the voice so full of love, though hardly loud,
was singing just for me, there, sitting on my crate.

I dreamed of leaves of Elms on frosty streets,
then with a startle I awoke, when it was Dawn,
I felt like Auden or his kindred spirit Keats,
but it was silent and the Mermaid's voice had gone.

The Fugitive

They caught him at the border then, in eighty-five,
for people smuggling, treason to the GDR,
The STASi took him in, a bit dishevelled but alive,
at last there was a deal made at the bar.

He grabbed it, spilled the java and they got him dressed,
two bandaids on his temple hid them well,
a Wartburg drove him West, he felt elated and high blessed,
the end of what must surely be a German type of Hell.

Reneg he did, he ran and had his papers done,
fast-tracked to fly down under in great haste,
a subtle change to fool the boys, he hid in the hot sun
and filed against revenge imposed, his life would be a waste.

They'd taken all his past away, the papers he had earned,
no traitor may walk free, my boy, your future plans are burned,
The powers in the west took charge, they studied evidence,
while living in deep luxury, the name's Mercedes Benz.

The past sent more, it seemed he had performed illegal acts,
abortions, torture, theft, a whore had covered some small tracks.
A court of law will take it all and take its own sweet time,
it matters little should he fall, he must have done his crime.

The lies perturbed the fugitive, depression sought his soul,
his joints grew heavy, old and stiff, he was no longer whole.
And then he snapped, amassed a crew of judges and professors
and while the shysters lied and napped, he found some new confessors.

It took until two thousand six, the hearing in Berlin,
they had no evidence, no tricks and he was free of sin.
All honours, titles and degrees were given back of course,
he rode out of the Fatherland on an inspired horse.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Gambling Optimist

He could not stop.
The one-armed bandit
in busy Lake Tahoe
was an attraction
that would never
go away from him.

The farm was gone,
the kiddies out of
Private School, so what,
the wife needs teeth,
she is genetically...
and thus at fault,
inferior and in need
of some strong language,
who gives a flying,
it ain't my job to please.

Cause, after all, I know
that I will, in the end
be Paul the Reaper
for the money, honey,
the gold of sweet Nevada
and all of it, brought in
by hopeful fruitcakes,
it will be mine, all mine.

And only then will I,
in generosity's extreme
buy back the farm,
transfer the kids,
fix all her teeth
and purchase it,
the Big Casino,
the one in Vegas
and the one right here.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Gander's Goose

It purred, a kitten's sound.
Though frayed, there was no ground,
to link it to the Mother Earth
the oscillations soon gave birth
to salmon coloured roe,
and bits of wiggly snow.
The will of a strange God
with timing plainly odd
sent current's potent juice
and cooked the gander's goose.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Gardner's Bench Behind The Church

Try as he might, he'd never matched
the stride, his father seemed to be
a driven man. He'd always rush
not taking time to browse, to watch
the scenery; his eyes were focused at
Point B, and after that, Point C.
The General, as they had baptised him,
had passed one day, without much fuss.
He'd sat to rest upon a bench behind the church,
a pair of gardner's gloves, unnoticed, served
as final cushion as he took a mighty breath
and, unexpectedly he came, the Reaper.
And brought death.

A touch of honeysuckle hung about,
Spring was the finest season of the year,
a smile came quickly, lighting up the gray,
things changed each year and always stayed the same.
The river, cleaner now the soda plant was closed,
he'd been the first to cross, in fifty-four,
the ice was thin and had destroyed the bridge.
Those were the days of youth and foolishness.

And there she stood, eight hundred years and some,
they'd given her a brand new bell in sixty-one,
the year that Wilhelm died, they said he'd pull
the heavy rope with just one hand, the other would
flip pages in The Book, or search inside his coat
for loose tobacco that he grew on a small patch
behind God's little acre, where they were,
the prominent and those who came
when church bells tolled; it was a privilege,
needless to say, and all the graves were square,
with marble stones and little pots of plants,
the lettering gold, and walls of stone protected
from the Northerlies, which can't be said about
the public place, outside the town, and full of weeds.

He sat to rest his weary bones, it would be good

to snooze and reminisce a while, he'd take the time.
He felt the gardner's gloves just then and wondered if....
that's when his God called out, they found him later on,
a purple face of happiness, all smiles but very stiff.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Gay Wedding

It always is the cortisol
in times of stress and strife
it lives at the magnetic pole
and stirs the faithful wife.
Some call it winter's ageless itch
while others do know better,
the devil has seduced the bitch
and sent to you a letter.

'Dear John, it is with great regret
that I must buy a stamp
I do what you would never let
me be, I am a tramp.
So take your bloody Christmas tree
and stick it in your rear
you won't need to wait up for me
thanks for the flowers, dear.'

My friend came to the pine-swept door
and carried just one bag.
At Eastertime on foreign shore
he met a handsome fag.
The law was changed and they saved up
to pay the fee on time.
Now over runneth their sweet cup
it used to be a crime.

The question now arises yet
who made the better deal
was it the devil with his pet
or same-sex Royal seal.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Geezer *

It is always that old geezer who will beat me to the park,
whether 6 AM or 5 it matters not,
even darkness won't dissuade him (well, I whistle in the dark)
and he says he ventures out before it's hot.
But I know what drives the fellow, as his mutt lays down ist turds
it is privacy he needs from prying eyes,
and the geezer looks to heaven, in pretense of watching birds
while the fragrance has awakened sleepy flies.
I would yell in indignation, you must clean that smelly mess
but he pointed to his fancy hearing aid,
would a fine be a deterrent (I was tempted, I confess)
then it came to me, why change is ever made.
So I took my little shovel and I scooped it in the bag
right in front of his astonished drooping eyes,
fighting off indisposition and an urgency to gag
when the gods bestowed a terrible surprise.
As I cleaned and raked the ground my little critter had stood still
and the geezer smiled his early morning smile,
it is often that disaster waits to strike you as it will
well the geezer did the job in royal style.

Herbert Nehrlich

The German Pope Likes Sauerkraut

The Pope, at his inauguration
was speaking to the silent nation.
Surrounded by twelve microphones
which would record all local tones.

There is a problem when at mass
a Pope is harbouring some gas.
Well, this one was expecting trouble
from what began as a small bubble.

He was a German Pope, of course
and had been, in his school, a force.
Had studied modern electronics
and knew a bit about the sonics.

The volume knob was next to bass,
(he'd squeezed his cheeks to close his ass) ,
he cranked the loudness to the MAX
which made his gluteals relax.

The thunderbolt was heard for miles,
small flames had hurried past his piles,
in desperation he exclaimed
'you people ought to be ashamed,

you heard His anger of expression,
He knows you lied in your confession.'
And when the service came to end
the people went around the bend

and stood with melancholy grins
before the box to shed their sins.
There still was left inside the Pope
some gas with which he had to cope.

The oldest woman went inside
and told the Pope she was a bride
and to be married very soon
out at the zoo, to a baboon.

As you might guess, the woman had
over the century gone mad.
The Pope had never met her though
and laughed just like a giggolo.

Not realising that relaxing
can be, on anal sphincters, taxing.
And out it flew, a big misfire
that shook the pulpit and the spire.

The woman now remarked 'Force Ten',
'We've made Him really mad again.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Girl From Molokay

My sweetheart is from Molokay
her hair is fiery red,
she was a prude and asked me why
I'd want her in my bed.

I said, my dear I need to know
if there's another patch
of ipsicolour down below
she said, you want my snatch.

No, I replied, it's not like that,
but while you're wearing jeans
I cannot see your pussycat
nor ascertain your genes.

You see, if red you are as well
wherever hair is found
it means that your cute citadel
(it's called the pubic mound)

is made of Royal velvet, yes
and worth a ton of gold.
We'll never know my dear, unless
you take this slightly bold

but necessary step, right now
let's do this thing, for science
we'll split the task, I'll show you how,
I'll search, you'll do compliance.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Godly Smile Of Agony

He'd kept his eye on her,
the dominant would guard
the goings on, day in
and for the rest of time
he'd listen to the sounds
of shy erotica, personified
within a barely living thing.

As ears will always do,
fatigue takes hold,
and silence soon resumes
its unbecoming dream.

He prayed, though not to God,
the catcher of the souls
stood ready at his say
and at the crack of dawn
a moth emerged, leaving behind
a tuft of cotton wool
as living proof, for all to see.

A moth requires sustenance,
but scant and of a kind
that can be readily procured
by tiny feet and hungry insect lips.

He ate but once and vowed
to stay alexithymic, taking air
and little else, it was a strategy
to travel to the end of his own world,
to dive inside, immerse himself
though uninvitedly, and lacking shame,
it was the terror of his being turned
into a wild, obsessive dream;
if he would die, it mattered not
it was the mind inside the brain
that would be showing him the way
before the end and its inevitable decay.

He now imagined he could see
a light, aglow from the inside
of her, whose flesh was warm
and faintly pink, the smooth
inviting texture of pure silk,
lights are required to attract
all moths including those
who'd metamorphed to gain
unfair advantage of a pot of gold,
or so he thought and voiced
out loud for other moths to hear.

It took the whole of Spring
the better part of Summer
and the frosty nights of Fall
when he descended, falling free
into the light that beckoned
from the earth below, to him
invisible to all, it was his prize.

She was asleep, spread open
like a white and shiny Y,
cut from a birch upon a hill
a tuft of curly moss, it swayed
with breaths of passion's breeze
and caught his eyes, reflecting light
within a still and oval pond.

The nectar carried up to him,
and there were ghost-like hands
attached to endless arms of want
that tugged his skin, caressing
in their fragrant way chitinous flesh,
until he fell, more from a sense of lust
and with the joy of sheer abandonment
into the den that was the entrance
to the cave he had but dreamed of
all these years; it had, he now could see
not been in vain and all was right,
and beautiful, the smells and textures,
and the aphrodisiac sounds, like birds.
And like a bird in Paradise he fell,

and made no move to save his skin,
he paddled only to prolong,
until his final breath took in her scent
he held it, deep inside his chest,
and died wearing the godly smile of agony.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Gourmet

How dull a life you lead dear maiden
no meal is great unless well-laden
with fats and butter, spirits strong,
they will convey life's genuine song.
And when the trolley with the cheese
arrives, you say oh yes, boy, please!
Have coffee, Turkish, heavy cream
sit back, enjoy this gourmet's dream.
Tomorrow will be time for pills
to tame and stall those pesky ills.
Fish oil, oh well I'll have a few
more water that is very true.
But take away my Pork Tartare
then run! You will not get too far.
Look up the nutrients of meat
you'll find they are quite hard to beat.
But worry not, God has foreseen
that some of us like Mangosteen
while others go for blubber, YUK!
Yet all of us can be in luck,
it's individuality
that makes us happy, proud and free.
Just watch, all guests and friends of mine
will have crushed ice inside their wine.
Fatback with mustard, sautéed brain
raw oysters, finches, boiled but plain.
So many great exotic things,
I promise you, we'll eat like kings.
So, do accept my invitation
and follow me into temptation.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Greenie

A frog, dark green, sat in the gutter
and waited for the frightened flutter
of insects native to these parts.
He heard, that evening, just farts.

He had been raised by his grandmother
together with a younger brother.
His mom had died when she was two
inside the cistern of a loo.

The plumber had installed within
and fastened by a stainless pin
a reservoir that would dispense
blue liquid here to recompense

for odours, stains and other matters
like flying pieces, even splatters.
Yet no one had observed the critter
who spent her days inside the shitter.

Her skin was green, she was depressed
although with man and children blessed.
Postpartum blues had been the rumour,
her neighbour whispered the word tumour.

She was in somewhat of a trance
and took the first and final chance
drank Mrs. Stewart's liquid blue
and found her private Waterloo.

But I digress, back to emissions
they sound in insects like small fissions,
though frogs can never ascertain
if creatures on the windowpane

are moving, ready to be guzzled
or if their rectum is unmuzzled.
The flutter is what Nature chose
it is a way to diagnose.

A thunderbolt now shook the city
what follows really was a pity.
A huge white bird with bright red feet
reached up and grabbed, to taste and eat

the frog, our hero who had not
hatched from his mother's rooftop cot.
Still mourning noisily her death,
he took a long and final breath.

The stork, who had no true compassion
raised up his beak in normal fashion.
But when he opened up his gizzard
the frog became a panicked wizard.

He grabbed and held with sweaty hands
the neck below the spittle glands,
and squeezed the red and straining tube
which had been filled with mucoid lube

to properly facilitate
the frog into an altered state.
Now picture this, and bear with me
can you imagine, do you see

the stork, who was the cruel brute,
was thus deprived of his own shute!
They struggled on right until Dawn
until the insects all had gone.

The frog, like all our living souls
had dreams and principles and goals.
His body though was only free
to breathe and live with ATP.

Now ATP is what each cell
consumes, if not it goes to Hell.
There is, in humans and in frogs
a limit, meaning strength then bogs

and falters badly for a while

perhaps for just another mile.
Then comes the end and you will die.
And this now faced the dark green guy.

He prayed in silence as he knew
that there was nothing else to do.
But, he might hold that iron grip
until he would abandon ship.

That moment saw a flying moth
which looked a bit like Bilroth cloth,
raise lazily from in the gutter
and stretch its double wings to flutter.

They all could see this insect had
slept in or else it was quite mad.
It flew straight in the stork's white face
a Northern Kamikaze ace!

But, hold your horses, reader dear,
big bird had never been in fear
until this unexpected thing
with hair and gristle, double wing,

came out of nowhere as he tried
to get that bloomin' frog inside.
He jumped, propelled by spindly legs
and dropped enroute two dozen eggs.

He also dropped the little one
who quickly landed, then to run
and hide behind the house of Rover
still panting, happy it was over.

This woke big Rover who'd been sleeping
he heard the frog's hysteric weeping
and, being kind, he said hey Greenie,
come here I'm friendly, not a meanie,

so frog went over and was seated
and told the dog he was depleted
and that the incident had been

a miracle. He'd saved his skin.

The dog began to scratch and fuss
and they spent hours to discuss
how to avoid a new disaster.

Then Rover said, 'I am the master,

I do propose you change your diet,
I also think it quite a riot
how anyone can eat those things
with spider legs and see through wings! '

'If you reform your dangerous ways
it is unlikely that the gaze
of any bird will ever see
you as a victim. Stay with me! '

They did get on like long lost lovers
and Rover shared his velvet covers,
so both stayed warm during the night
and in the morning, at first light

the Master of the house would bring
some dog chow plus a chicken wing,
and gravy made from marrow bones
dessert was two small ice cream cones.

There was enough for both of course,
and Master said 'well you old horse,
you found a friend, perhaps for life,
let me go in and tell the wife.'

They all were happy and contented,
the stork though walked around demented.****
He never did recover fully
or act as terrorist and bully.

So, I for one am gratified
that Rover took the button-eyed
and down and out and almost dead
green frog as mate into his bed.

As friendship is becoming rare
we need to cuddle and to share.
Some day there may not be a friend
to share our doghouse, in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Grisvolds And The Tide

The Grisvolds settled on the coast,
they were rambunctious, more than most.
The ocean played all day and night
with waves of foam in God's own light.

But when the Watergod Poseidon
decreed that they would need a hidin'.
They built their flimsy cardboard shacks
right near the beach, there to relax.

It had no choice but to withdraw
until all ocean creatures saw
that freedom had indeed returned
and thus the subject was adjourned.

But as you might imagine well
life can become a total hell
if you from home away are forced
and thus the ocean felt divorced

from its own beach and its sweet sand
it did not like it far from land.
And thus, each day it comes back twice
to ascertain with its own eyes

that those strange folks are still around,
(a plan was hatched that would have drowned
the Risvold Clan by tidal wave)
it was the closest ever shave

but Father Risvold was a man
who had for everything a plan.
He led his tribe into the sea
because he thought they would be free.

And since that time exotic creatures
with somewhat human looking features
live in the waves and twice a day
they travel in and then away.

The ocean kept to its routine
and to this day it can be seen
at intervals of just six hours
to race to shore with foamy showers.

Of course the Grisvolds are not found
(remember that they 'somewhat' drowned)
this is the reason for the tide,
believe me, I have never lied.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Grizzly

'Twas the first light of Dawn
at the Hundredmilehouse.
As I stifled a yawn,
donned my camouflage blouse,
grabbed the rifle and ammo
and mentioned to George,
that it's two hours' hiking
to get to the gorge.

We have come for the King
of Canada's woods,
brought powerful rifles
to deliver the goods.

He is bigger and taller,
he's faster by far.
And I got my bear caller
from the boot of the car.

As the ranger had told us:
'If in trouble you get,
when a grizzly attacks you,
stay cool and don't fret.
And you best be a clown,
make hilarious sounds,
look him straight in the eye
and jump up and down.
Scream or yodle or quack,
make it look real crazy,
wiggle bums, hips and back-
grizzly brains are quite lazy.
What the bear can't quite grasp
will confuse him the most
and until your last gasp
you should fight for your post.'
'When you see his head tilt
then you know he's confused,
what you want -with his build -
is to keep him amused.'

So we got to the place
as the sun came to visit.
Looking forward to chase
one and bag it, not miss it.
After hours of tracking
and millions of mozzies
we're at last getting close -
pretty good for two Aussies.

There were freshly snapped twigs
and some droppings to boot,
we were deep in the sticks
in Adrenalin mood.

When the DEVIL himself
seemed to come to our midst,
no ghost and no elf and
we WERE getting blitzed.

There he stood in his splendour
at about 20 feet.
He demanded surrender
as we hoped to retreat.
So we jumped and we danced
and we giggled and wiggled,
as the bear lightly pranced -
in my mind something niggled.
Then he tilted his head
and HOORAY we both screamed.
And perhaps he was fed,
he was calmer it seemed.
Well, we still had our weapons,
number one was the ammo,
so, whatever now happens
we can hit him and - whammo!

When the grizzly now froze
and looked straight at us clowns,
and his whole body rose
and he put on TWO frowns.
Two, three steps -we are vermin -

he advanced straight at us!
I reverted to German:
'Unn was jetzt, was, WAS? ! !

So, we turned on our dimes,
dropping rifles and packs,
thought of trees that one climbs
and of counterattacks.
And we ran like young deer,
our pants were on fire,
disenchanted by fear
and advice from a liar.

But the grizzly was young
and we both felt him gain.
I was bursting my lung
and my calves were in pain.
Three more steps to the edge
of a 1000 foot drop:
'Oh dear God, I do pledge,
I'll make up, I'll make up! '

And we jumped off the rocks,
into freedom we flew,
and were quacking like ducks
just as scared ducklings do.

When we landed at last
in a river of ice -
it had BEEN such a blast,
the adventure sooo nice!
But to forestall the snickers
'bout our touch-down,
we won't mention our nickers:
Our nickers were brown.

For: Mini-Wombat II

Herbert Nehrlich

The Groom From Fiji

It was confirmed at last,
her beau, a Fiji Indian.
Came from an ancient line
of cannibals. No kidding.

His hair was coarse,
a flattened, big-nostril nose
and nigger lips, oh, pardon me,
a taut physique, in khaki gold,

and chewing strange, exotic herbs.
He did assure them of the change
that had, some time ago
swept all the islands in the strait

and pork had long since taken
the place of human flesh.
Most of it had been white.
Thanksgiving came at last,

it was a great success
and in the afternoon some cousins
had arrived on the 4: 30 plane.
They wore Hawaiian shirts
and dark designer shades.

And full of liquor and a sweet
Italian wine from Tuscany,
they did retire early, but the cousins
had volunteered to do the dishes.

It was a gesture much appreciated.
This tale is being told to you
by one who was right at the scene,
who watched the happenings
with growing appetite so soon.
I am a cousin and my hair is coarse.

The Guillotine

Early hours, at the square,
comes the ox-drawn wagon, loudly.
The condemned, his head shaved bare,
with his priest and bible, proudly.

There is the slimmest hope the judge
will ask the man once to repent.
This morn' however brings no such
high hopes to bear, it wasn't meant.

They pull the shiny chopper up,
the basket waits below.
And when the blade is at the top
they start the bloody show.

They lay him down onto the groove.
He wanted to look up,
to thus - in close-up - see it coming,
just prior to the chop.

'Face down', they ordered,
'do not move',
'and pray now to your God,
for, soon you will be meeting him,
another headless bod.

And then the showtime can begin,
the crowd is chanting 'Do It, Yes! ',
but first a dry-run with a grin.
The rusty knife comes squeaking down
and stops just short of human skin.
He would, but could not turn around.
He's 'heading' for the bin.

This time they shout 'God Save The Queen! "
then pull the blade release,
and -had you looked- you would have seen
the victim on his knees.

And he remains in this position
to pray for a reprieve,
but had no time, for the decision
was made: He should not leave.

So, 'fiewoot'.... it went,
the head then tumbled,
the masses satisfied.
He'd not repent
and was not humbled.
And not a single person cried.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Halloween Dentist

The town prepared for Halloween
the likes of which no one had seen.
The candy shop was selling lots
and little babies in their cots
were salivating on their nappies
the older ones, those walking chappies
were busy sneaking from the cupboard
the treats put there by Mother Hubbard.

The atmosphere was one of joy
for every girl and every boy
and when the sun had finally set
on hidden pets below each bed
they started roaming in the street
repeating often, 'trick or treat'.

But, even on domestic soil
there often is one who would spoil
the innocence of candy snatching
as if it were an illness, catching
by great surprise the little kids
right in the middle of their bids
to get what would improve their mood
through glucose, which is yummy food
and, simultaneously destroy
the dental health of girl and boy.

Thus, on that night the local dentist
who was a vegan, and adventist
ran out in a crescendoed rush
while brandishing a giant brush.

'You people, do you have no shame?
And is, to you, it all the same
if teeth fall out and gums go black
when strepto's go on their attack
I say forbidden be the sweets
and no more word on trick or treats.'

He took his giant brush and brushed
meanwhile the audience was hushed.
He swept all candies in the gutter
they heard him grunt and spit and mutter
and in the end no one objected
because fluorescent light reflected
from the big brush, also the dentist
was, for a Seventh-Day-Adventist,
a huge and muscle bound young Doc
he stood there, solid as a rock.

But, things don't always come out right
no candy passed, from that one night
the lips of any, stores refused
to order some and thus be used.

Next Halloween they had forgotten
about the sweets, but not one rotten
or otherwise defective tooth
had been detected. Hold on. Struth!

The dentist's overt altruism
had backfired like communism.
His instruments had badly rusted
he couldn't buy, though truly lusted
after the big Mercedes Benz,
so down he sat, to make some sense
of what had bugged up his life.

He did relent and asked his wife.
She was the one for the Mercedes
and did not like to go per pedes.
And, unbeknownst to man and God
she'd given to herself the nod
and opened up in their big attic
a shiny, new and automatic
machine to make her tons of candy.

Which, close to bankruptcy, was handy
and on the Sunday after dinner
he spoke to them about the winner
that science had discovered just

and he explained that humans must
eat sweets to reach a ripe old age
(he wore his bow tie and looked sage)
he also, right away revealed
(that's when his little daughter squealed)
that foresight had brought importation
here, to an undisclosed location.

And that all citizens would test
which colours and which tastes be best
a weekly dental check was needed
to ascertain that none exceeded
the limit of what was allowed
and that his wife (so well-endowed)
would need a big automobile
for housecalls and the right appeal.

Today, the town's small girls and boys
play with their pets and with their toys.
The pets are welcome to eat sweets
because the Doc says nothing beats
the rise of sugar in their veins
and monthly he removes the stains
and scrapes the roots and gums, he planes
the mandibles of cats and dogs
writes measurements into their logs.

And if you are, like me a cynic
go take a look at his new clinic.

Herbert Nehrlich

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Herbert Nehrlich

The Haywagon

I sat, just turned thirteen,
in honour of advancing age,
the promise of maturity,
stout reins in hands
that had, with pride, acquired
red calluses and broken nails.

In charge of, maybe, tons of hay
stuffed tightly in the bowels of
the biggest wagon in the little town.

The earthy cheeks of Percherons
two pairs of silent force
now glistening with perspiration
were swaying, rhythmically, as if in trance.

Ammonis sweetness hung like a cloud
and covered all, for this exultant journey,
soaked legumes and dry oats awaited
anticipation settled now like eager ripples
as two explosions signalled efforts to extreme.

Uphill the stony road, a testy mountain
and passing, pompously, the man of ebony,
daydreaming with his heavy bible, full of dust,
accompanied by 'God be with you',
we reach the peak at last, the time is now
to pull them back, these reins of my initiation,
a test of common sense for man and beast,
the liberty of losing all with too much speed
and a catastrophe, fishtailing, it has killed
well in the past but still so fresh in memory.

'Twas fifty years when I did take the reins again
of a big wagon, stuffed with fragrant hay.
The silly grin inside my head, it had returned,
well-rounded cheeks did smell and look as in the past,
and the intense and somber landscape of my face,
in clouds of sweet ammonia and in trance.

I am convinced that those four horses were the same.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Healer

He had what you'd call healing hands.
An aura seemed to cling to all his cells
inside and out, as if it were anchored
to the flesh and bones, deep down
where secrets live in silent hollows
watched by the one who's known
to just a few believers, and to me
as the internal doctor, Medicus,
in charge of all departments and
accountable to either God or Hell,
it all depended on your preference.

They came by car and train, or bus,
some walked and carried satchels
others dragged themselves, in rags
with just a hint of hope on sallow faces,
there was a steady stream, a liquid wave,
as if an ocean were approaching
in slow motion, but relentlessly.

The house was old, decrepit, with a porch
that once was called verandah,
a mix of logs and weatherboard,
ill-fitting windows reflecting images
of rough-hewn rocking chairs, a bench
whose back had been repaired
by using bailing wire, a hessian bag
and skills that did belong to other times.

The hall was huge, a dozen cots
were lined in a half circle facing stairs,
and there he stood, 'I'm Doctor Oh',
a checkered shirt, sleeves up, a cap
that would have been a precious souvenir
from foreign wars, still proudly olive green,
he took one look at patient number one,
the most critical the nurse had said,
and laid his hands upon the wheezing chest,
and in a second it was done, the man stood up

and stretched as if to say that he was bored,
his eyes looked watery and saw the distance
though no more hope was needed here,
he had been touched, and surely cured.

There was no sign of God, no hallelujah,
no 'Jesus Heals', and no collection tin,
the doctor simply went from cot to chair
then to the creaking stairs, to find infirmity
and, with his calloused hands he healed.

A notice from the bank hung at the door,
the words foreclosure clearly showed,
bold letters are so hard to overlook,
there was a sound that drifted closer now,
a motorcar, all black and with a light
flashing in red and blue, perhaps to greet
the masses of a suffering humanity.

The nurse who had been busy with the sheets
turned white herself as troupers came
up creaking stairs onto the porch that was,
in better days called a verandah, they kicked
while grinning broadly, feeble chairs,
and held a paper to the face of the good Doc.

He was arrested then, led down the path
handcuffed and roughly pushed and shoved,
and when the car drove off there was a moan,
it filled the house up to the cobwebbed rafters.
Those who were well again attended to the sick,
but there had been, from the beginning,
an understanding in the place, that once they did
not unexpectedly, cut out the heart and soul,
they'd take the doc away to give him what was due,
and at that moment, one could see if one had eyes
that all was lost and that the dying had begun again.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Heated Fellow (By Rachel)

The envelope is ready-made
Of plush and moist velour,
Prepared for any stalwart raid
Or beckoning allure.
Interior slick and very warm
Caressing every side,
Accepts entire shape and form
A welcome room to hide.
Nestled deep within its fold
Respite may here be found,
Or steamy moves of someone bold,
Stretch bound'ries top to mound.
The heated fellow, should he come
He will be welcomed there,
My envelope begins to hum
In silent joyful prayer.

©2008 by Rachel

Herbert Nehrlich

The Herbalist

An old and wrinkled herbalist
was working in the morning mist.
He took great care to not disturb
a poet whom he knew as Herb.
A herb's a plant and not a poet
thus, hopefully now, Max you'll know it.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hex

The night before I left the moon had gone,
it was as if raw forces of my past
had now combined to rip and tear the mask
off my pale face, and thus expose a ling'ring guilt.
No hope was left, it seemed there would be no escape.

Once in the forest, threatening sounds had quickly faded,
as heavy drapes were now descending all around.
And I was free again, the weight of clinging conscience
had stayed behind, for generations to adopt.

Now briefly resting at the edge of a black clearing,
I wiped the dagger on my sleeve until it glistened,
hail, stoic steel, you have not questioned my farewell,
have plunged so willingly inside the hearts of twelve.

Yes, like apostles in that purple-curtained church
you stood in judgment, filled with hate and indignation,
an inequisition, after centuries of reason
you would agree that it was I who was in dire need.

And yes, your charges, are the pure and utter truth,
I am a witch who would have burned in times long past.
I dress in cotton-stitched and tantalising robe,
it is my nakedness beneath that has you scared.

This fear to save my bone-white skin from pious fires,
I do remember how I flashed my hairless pubis
while cruel steel would end your life due to distraction,
creating havoc for your death so deep inside.

Now I move on with hurried steps through stubborn bushes,
there is a rustle as if leaves talked to their twigs.
A sudden roar and one last leap of deadly faith,
it must be God, I think, while drifting into slumber
of velvet purple like the curtains of the church.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hills Of Tara

In my dream I was in the Sahara
an offspring of the Tarahumara.
She declared my heart dead
was it something I said
where the Boyne river flows through to Tara.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hive Behind The Hood

There is no need for speed,
I pull it slowly, dragging like
up from the base, a thing of need...
is there a finger in the dyke?
Moist fragrance leaves an echo here,
small rivulets, solely for me
the pleasure dwells in silence, near.
All time suspended, just a wee.
Like licorice, slight friction though
beyond the usual, earthen ware,
a hooded sentinel will grow
wide open petals, there to share.
Don't tire, tongue, we say in jest
as if it could, or would or should (!)
strong facial bones with urge are pressed
and taste the hive, behind the hood.
Fine tones of music can be heard,
laudatio for the long prelude
and like the promise of one word,
the pledge they make, there in the nude.

Written for, and dedicated to Ann, Carol, Rachel, Ruthie and (less personally) to women in general in undying appreciation of God's best creation, the masterpiece known as WOMAN.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hospice Nurse

'You have been', said the matron
'assigned to Valhalla Hospice,
you'll like it there, I'm sure.
No one will really ever bother you
for very long, you know their time
and what comes with it, is limited.

New faces, most are old, of course,
come in each week, none smiling,
but listen to my little secret now:
All of them know it is end of the line
and have a habit of restoring peace
within themselves, so here I go,

they'll give you little trinkets, watches,
necklaces and fancy dresses,
so flash a smile at them, and talk, just talk
you may get lucky when they sign,
the document that often is contested.

I am retired now, and what you see,
this house on the canal, the pool
the Daimler Benz and tennis court,
it's all because I was available,
and knew just what to say and do,
so, best of luck, my girl, go get it. '

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hoverer

...then something snapped inside my head,
of all the lights the green ones went.
And dimly flick'ring orange glow
with hesitation, drifted in
and brought its warmth.
Yet also shivers of proverbial primal fear.
Then the Big Red appeared, at last,
so angry, arrogant, its presence
announced new rules to supersede
all current thoughts and vital functions.

It was CODE BLUE, and in the bustle
a sense of humour, though ill-spawned,
committed tiny sins of comfort
and silent laughter, out of season.
Like white coat puppets, being chased
by sordid devils, now competing.
Whose soul could be the urgent target?
Had all their dignity now taken leave?
The label could be clearly read
from vantage points assigned to me.
It said DE-FIB, was German made,
what lies were they referring to?
It must be Dad, I now surmised,
a re-run of his pleasant death,
a closer look though brought surprise:
Good Grief, it wasn't Dad, but me!

'Me' almost fell down from the ceiling,
what in the name of God was wrong?
A sudden ZAP released blue smoke
from hairless chest into my eyes.
And now they nodded, happy grins
showed on their green-masked, hidden faces.
And, silently, as if in prayer,
stood still to watch the wavy lines.

There was a pause, when to my left
a tunnel had appeared, so dark,

pitch blackness reaching, ever closer
until it swallowed me with care.
It was not me but my surroundings,
which travelled, brought its end of time,
a single lantern of great brightness
laid balmy angel dew on me.
And now, a voice, a baritone at last,
which had no face and eerie origins,
it spoke the fewest words for this occasion.
Apparent verdicts had been overturned.
Was I not wondering, outside my shell?
It mattered little, once rejected, twice denied.

A giant hand of fate, invisible and firm, had interlaced
its chubby ladyfingers in a twisted grasp,
oblivious to the desperate Cheyne-Stokes breaths.
And new decrees were issued, spitting me right back.
The greenish clowns below had ended their discussion,
laid open was the cavity, split sternum.
The man in charge, ill-fitting motorcycle goggles,
remarked on the exotic nature of his task,
that never would they dare to get invasive,
cut into life that had just signalled its own death,
but choice was missing, without scalpels, (and in spades) ,
and they conducted a most lively conversation.

When sudden silence prompted me to strain my eyes.
They had arrived at the aortic valve, so shredded,
and time was sizzling now as bits of seconds counted.
Yes the EF, so I remembered very clearly,
it was the fraction of ejection that my heart,
as trusted pump was in the business to provide.
It had collapsed to a percentage under twenty.
So all the villages and also all the cities,
spread through my system, and dependent on supply,
with names like Liver, Lungs, Twokidneys and St. Spleen,
had been demanding, later crying out in pain.
Entire worlds within myself so near extinction,
and all this caused by just one faulty little valve.

Assistant One had just arrived and quickly scrubbed,
I watched him don his rubber gloves, in bad procedure,

he wasn't clean enough to carry my new life
and so I shouted at him but he only laughed.
The Master Surgeon had made comment on a noise,
which had been caused and was the reason for much grinning,
was it a signal of opinion from my sigmoid?
'It's what I think of bloody valves that will not last',
so said the holder of the shiny Secar Blade,
and then he placed and stitched, a race against the ticker.

And, from the rubbish hamper in the farthest corner,
I saw the devil peeking out at the proceedings.
And he was sweating under mountains of discarded,
of bloody, soaked and soiled green rags with my own blood,
which he was tasting now while hanging on the frame.
But he looked beaten to the eyes of this observer.
'Ready to close? ', this happy question rose to me,
I nodded YES and down below was no objection,
as I had counted and kept track of all the metal,
and sponges, spreader, and two nurses count again,
so is the rule and now the mood is layers lighter,
Assistant II was stitching shut the outer skin.
It made him happy to be able to take part
and close a living one, it beats the fear of death.

And when the jokes began the gloves were truly off.
As is the custom, all now shook the surgeon's hand.
So I went down to join the crowd to shake with vigour
both of his hands, endowed with such dexterity.
And it was pleasant, an important need was met,
we took our time and bathed our hearts in gratitude.
I have a feeling though, perhaps a fragile hunch,
that he had really not been there with me at all.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hucksters

They'd come at dawn on Saturday,
with plastic vats in giant trucks.
Tall men in overalls sprayed mist
onto the trees and in the grass below.

The meadow was a gathering place
where critters roamed in moonlit nights
to nibble grass and watch the stars go by.
Tonight had left a yellow, powdered haze,
all moss had changed from green to mustard hue,
they stood, in awe, some motionless, in daze
until the Sun took over watch from the old Moon.

The Heavens are a home for Demigods
whose task it is to watch the world below,
the week had gone, alarmbells sounded now
the forest had gone dead and nought would grow.

A sign stood, lonely at the meadow's edge,
it proudly flaunted modern chemistry,
enslave and conquer Nature was its pledge
all critters must be treated to be free.

The men had left, the city was their aim
folks needed to be medicated soon,
and decades passed in profit-making shame
the nights were silent, watched by the old Moon.

The Demigods observed that, over time,
no child would be exempt from bitter pills
and humans grew dependency inside.
Miss Carson, pioneer but ridiculed,
stood proud among the moneychangers' ranks,
raw greed it was that spread to all and ruled
demanding holy worship and big thanks.

The centuries raced by and man was ill
his quality of life was just veneer,
the voices of his masters, loud and shrill

were tuned to foster heathen faith and fear.
Today, we have gone down the road too far
it is not chemistry that needs to intervene
We must return to what we humans truly are,
a healthy gloss is not the same as Mister Sheen.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hun

He could not be an addict, that he knew.
So much pure selfishness, worn on the skin.
He saw the world as something of a zoo,
the one they built a wall through, in Berlin.

Defiance was religion, his bible a conspiracy,
it was temptation from within which would
see sly manoeuvres late at night against bureaucracy,
at times he wore a cap, and once, a hood.

A wall you say, built out of concrete in Berlin?
Shoot those who move, as an example, in cold blood.
It was a magnet and it drew him there to grin
at heavy weapons and at soldiers' boots in mud.

He made a business, to help those who had done
no wrong but shook their little heads just once or twice.
The first time that they faced a gleaming gun
their heart acquired a small section of pure ice.

They did it well, he and an old but trusted friend,
until the day they saw the movement in the dark.
There was no moon but in the very bitter end
a German Shepherd caught him, silently. No bark.

Eighteen were taken by the STASI to their doom,
they would be gone forever, never to return.
Unmarked, no visitor would find the tomb
The STASI made the citizens sit up and learn.

He was the only one that day to get away.
Clinging to water pipes beneath the moving train.
Then swam the Havel to the hills of Wannsee Bay,
slept in the cabin of a state-owned supercrane.

It did not dent his raging spirits, not at all.
When morning broke he swung the hook into the frames
he saw the building slowly crumble and then fall,
then he sat fire and just sat and watched the flames.

They had assembled all the gear, the fire trucks,
tanks, soldiers even copters now appeared,
and they were sitting there like dumb and silly ducks,
it was a masterpiece that he had engineered.

They blew around, in bits and pieces of burned flesh.
No screams were heard that morning, men must quickly die.
He smiled and mumbled 'it's my private Bangladesh',
and did not think of any mother who might cry.

It was revenge, which is the language of those lost,
he tasted fear now and his eyes began to dim,
this was a battle worth the real human cost,
it changed the man inside, it wiped all spots off him.

There was no luggage he could take, just worn out shoes,
he carried attitude, the one that hadn't grown.
Time had advanced indeed to sing the holy blues
his inner thoughts became, not ever, widely known.

There was the womanfolk who came to him to dance.
Breasts made him salivate and thighs were angels' gifts.
A nymphomaniac with quite asocial plans,
he found them easily and often stopped the lifts.

Things settled soon, he'd had his frequent fill,
there was discovery of something less mundane,
although he carried still the baggage of the kill,
there was a sign that he might some day become sane.

A phase of using was a shock even to self,
he milked the udders and then let the cows go join
their bosom sisters, while he searched for just one elf
to still the fever and the fire in his groin.

Decades flew by while folks went on with what folks do,
he'd seen it all now, felt the pains and velvet skin.
And near a swivel chair he met the one called YOU,
she wore an air of expectation on her chin.

They soon hooked up, just for awhile, some gods approved,

there was the usual, with the carnal and the talk,
before he had to, so he said, before he moved
they had a long and final melancholy walk.

But something had, or so the autopsy revealed,
attached itself to tissue in his happy heart,
and there it stayed, from prying eyes as well concealed,
and made a room there for itself, a work of art.

Each time the valve of his big drum went open-close
she would get startled, but in time she quite preferred
the little murmurs made of poetry and prose,
though there was fear when on occasion the beat erred.

She stayed as resident, elusive and obtrusive,
for one small lifetime to the day when it was time
and then she uddered some benign and inconclusive
sweet words of greeting, to the music of a chime.

Perhaps explosions could have scrambled his cognition,
and all the thoughts are not the birds that entertain,
if rabid bats have schemed in Hell to launch this mission,
all thoughts of harmony and peace have been in vain.

To gain some space and get new clarity he saw
the Cantadora who is keeper of all tales,
'There is no shame and not the whisper of a law
for any human but the Royal Prince of Wales.'

He nodded, sitting at a boulder in her cave,
aware that there was living in his heart of hearts
her spirit which emitted, wave for wave
the whispers of sweet pheromones, not mentioned in the charts.

So, now he knew he had become a victim
of an addiction which dates back to Paradise
the thought alone, no dull obiter dictum
brought tiny tears to what she liked so much, his eyes.

With Love to my kindred spirit CRA., without whom the sun would
take up residence behind a cloud and who will always be treasured
as a guest, in that little room, next to the aortic valve.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Hypnotic Induction

...and as the fragrance
of the pussylillies begins....
to intoxicate you, warming.....
as it does, your nostrils.....
relaxing your cheekbones,
your face.....
spreading its vigilance
to your ears,
placating the air that has risen
off the stapes.....
catching on your hair,
fading.....
fading..... and going deeper,
down into the green
of purple valley,
a lullaby of heather
and bracken,
in the meadow.....
where the trout has come
to rest for just a few short and crucial ones.....
down he goes,
flapping his wings like tentacles
that now slowly, gracefully
envelope your body,
caressing it....
keeping it safe,
while you take another step down,
and another,
and one more.....
toward the welcome of white sand....
and the soothing sound of the surf,
seagulls, looking like rainbow trouts
stretch their wings to the horizon,
creating a trance of colours.....
red....green....blue....white...black....indigo....and violet.....
and you are resting now,
sweet dreams supporting you
as fluffy clouds.....
swaying silently as your feet,

your naked toes let go, finally,
of the sand and its symbols.....
you are gone now,
so far beyond all dangers and uncertainties,
you are safe.....very safe, silent.....
and you are asleep
in the great featherbed
of the universal intelligence,
of the room beyond the green door,
where it awaits your presence.....
and to which your mind has the invisible key.....
and your breathing is now perfect,
slow and peaceful,
your heartbeat has taken on
a new rhythm, one of melodious tapping....
like a woodpecker from Heaven,
every muscle in your body
is so relaxed, so peaceful,
and you are stretching internally,
while resting sooo comfortably,
there is no sound.....
there is only the silence
of your soul, which,
like the precious lamb from God
enjoys its own softness,
its lanolin of truth,
and you have arrived
where others cannot go,
have not been.....
you are there,
at the threshold
of your identity,
you see the eye
of the pupil's centre
where it is only you that passes
through the eye,
as if it were a needle
made just for you,
with its smooth edges,
its shiny welcome and
its stitches of reason,
yes, you have indeed come

in due time and
with rational deliberation
to your home away from home,
to your destiny.....
and you have now taken,
accepted the invitation
to become suspended in time...
and in space.....
and for as long as it takes
to accomplish
what you need to do,
you will stay there,
beyond the green door.....
until such time as it may take
to be free of what you have felt,
as it pulled, like a team of oxen,
or a nasty crosswind
and threatened to take you away,
for its own sinister purposes....
yes, you have left all negativity behind,
your own and that of others.....
and now, as you become aware of
a certain sensation, a signal
from the kingdom of magic....
you realise with the utmost certainty,
with the happiness of conviction,
that it is h a p p e n i n g.....
N O W.....and you are resting,
beyond... the green door,
safe.....alone with your destiny...
to emerge as master....
of life, of YOUR life which has,
as you are feeling now,
inside your heart,
which has only just begun.....
And when you have,
in your own good and precious,
god-given time,
completed the task, the one
that has become the essence of you
and your soul, it will be your spirit,
like a bird freed from its cage,

that shall re-awaken you,
and you will start conversing,
with me, who has been watching
over you and the other I,
and you shall be happy and relaxed,
refreshed through your sleep and ready
to announce to all
that it has been one great mission.....
Worth the effort,
time well spent
and the key to yourself.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Ignorant Rose

A rose of different colour stood alone
amidst the grasses on the farmer's land
and in the night when moon and stars all shone
she searched her soul deep down, inside the sand.

She could not see that cattle, goats and sheep
will walk around you on their daily rounds
if you are different every soul will keep
an eye on you, and that includes the hounds.

And so she stood there, bored to tears and quite depressed
refused to listen to those bits of conversation,
ye Gods had thought that any rose would feel so blessed
to have such colour, fragrance and configuration.

One day, the rose was turning fifty-seven,
a fatso Holstein wandered, mooing and nearby,
it was the day that prickly rose did go to heaven
the blessed end came from above, a bovine pie.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Illegal Question

'How old are you', he asked,
it was not easy to discern
mostly because of mountains,
ranges, even, like the Appalaches,
of lard and jello covered in loud tones
of youngish pink and fluffy, ruffled up
not to deceive, oh no but why?
She answered with a gesture of one finger,
it was the neighbour of the one that flashed a ring.
It was her answer, though I doubt and so does he
that she would have been happy then, or ever.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Immigrant

Bubbles are troubles
said Mama Sarina.
And she looked at the stubbles
of the young Filipina,
who had come here to work
in the household to earn
a few thou' for the jerk
she had made her concern.
They were dreaming of living
in the US of A,
as this land was forgiving
and made all things okay.

So he picked up the phone
now to call his physician,
who would check out this clone
and then make a decision.
There were no boobs at all,
and the muscles were bulging
he would not take a fall
for a stranger indulging.
Immigration was picky
when it came to permission
and the ones with the tricky
old stories, just fishing
would be sent home to Mum
with a five dollar note
and a package of gum
that's all that she wrote.

In the end they discovered
that the girl was a man
that mascara had covered
a most masculine tan.
That his boobs were not real
but his schlong, though restrained
it was part of the deal
he eventually gained
his admission to settle

in the country of dreams,
like an old country nettle
he'd seduced, so it seems
the main broad who had power
to approve his request,
it was during lunch hour
that he'd kissed her in jest
as a joke, cool and strong
only little he knew
that it started a song,
as these kisses may do,
of melodious beauty
now entrancing her soul,
it was never a duty
but a pre-ordained role.

And today, immigration
has a head who is lenient
to the refugee nations,
who would find it convenient
to take over some regions
of the country they treasure,
when they pledge their allegiance
it's in a very big measure.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Importance Of Linguistics

It took my decades to discern
what many never ever learn.
What thrills us, better what thrills me
in womanfolks' anatomy,
is it the leggs, the calves, the toes
perhaps the chin or Roman nose,
a shock of hair, as raven black,
the curve of buttocks to the back,
or lips that promise and fulfill
goosebumps when cold or slightly ill,
parts, hairy or devoid of fuzz
(some get a shock, I get a buzz) ,
two dimples where one grabs her waist
or clothing showing modern taste,
in other times a man would linger
with puckered lips above each finger
and, satisfied they all were made
with skill and care by God's own blade.

Today, there is common mode
that does allow to pack the load
onto their fellow man's broad backs.
It seems that everybody lacks
the will to state his preference,
though it makes, to the ladies, sense,
as it would stimulate their minds
to cease all stares at their behinds
and concentrate on what needs work
before their nerves can go berserk.

I look at her, she is perfection,
in every organ, every section.
Awarding letters to the best,
assigning numbers to the rest
would be a start though hardly fair,
so, here I am to clear the air.

I look into her glacier eyes
(as one of the most lucky guys) ,

I keep for hours, firmly pressed
each sweaty hand on its own breast.

While kissing softly her sweet lips
entangling limbs and eager hips,
I briefly close my lusting eyes
and dream of her exquisite thighs,
and wish I had another mouth
to let it slowly wander south.

More hands would never go astray
made agile during matinee.
This covers things except the lung
and, then, of course, the human tongue.

As for myself, I spent my years
perfecting hearing in my ears,
through playing violin and flute
and trumpet (I could only toot) .

My teachers always thought it prudent
that every boy who'd be a student
of life and its inhabitants,
(this does include those sycophants) ,
would need to sharpen all his skills
this be repaid in greater thrills
some day when time and mood were right.

Well, I was willing, also bright
but mostly eager to acquire
the talent to create a fire
and dance within the golden flames.
And this, by God, required dames.

I found the skills that drew me close
in Physics, Chemistry, oppose
each other in the strangest way,
once I played Brutus in a play
and needlework was rather pleasant
due mostly to the always present,
and freshly scrubbed and budding birds,
we stitched and knitted wool and words.

It was much later when I felt
that, rather than a Judo belt
I'd sing and train that way my lung
and through linguistics then my tongue.

And thus it came to be for me,
that neither Maths nor history
excited me unduly then,
nor did the sports of other men.

My tongue took on each foreign vowel
and wrapped around it like a towel,
and consonants were tongue-in-cheek
there was old Hebrew, ancient Greek,
then Mandarin and Japanese,
of course plain Latin, just to tease
the brain to get prepared for French
and there was more, I was a Mensch!

As you can guess, each tongue required
its own deflection and it tired,
at first because it could not grasp
a syllable just like a clasp,
or a small button's buttonhole,
however, tongues do have a soul!

I bet you did not know this, mate,
but, are you ready to debate
the merits with this expert now?
That's what I figured, I know how
and hardly any of my friends
would even know how one descends
but never mind the gory fact,
with me you'll find a lot of tact.

Back to the subject under study
I will not share with anybody
what I have learned in linguistics,
it does not matter to statistics.

It's all concerning the beholder,

who, if he's with it, goes for bolder
and real life erotic flings,
that's how the pendulum now swings.

Don't stray, should you possess the gift,
you can and will receive the lift
from ONE, but this requires all,
your bond must be a rather tall
and deep commitment, nothing less.

You are not playing cards or chess,
you would, if privileged, unite
in flesh and spirit, holding tight
you'd honour her to the extreme
and melt together in your dream.

So, you can see that learning can,
at least for some, not every man,
bestow dexterity as such
to useful features, there to touch
the secret places that I know,
the lucky then go with the flow.

For Rachel.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Inheritance

' Yes, Mother, I do KNOW that age obliges.
It starts, you say, at eighty, so beware.
It does enhance your own idea of 'righteous',
as it allows you to transform myopic stare
into benevolent and kindly, smiling glances.
You have arrived, at last on top of Judgment Peak.
And from the summit you can watch the silly dances
of all the immature and young ones who still seek
to find a place within their world of constant shuffling,
and reap respect from all around and in all weathers.
Yes, you have managed to escape this without ruffling
your own, now graying and well-pampered wavy feathers.
But, what about, I say to you, my aging Mother,
the ones you said were your beloved ones, that is us?
We're getting on in years so quickly that no other
descriptive term would fit than 'makers of a fuss'.
And right you are in your annoying observation:
We are a lot of quite impatient offshoots, yes.
But as you know, the current climate of inflation,
so unpredictable and maker of a mess,
it calls for planning which must lead to satisfaction,
you simply cannot sit on piles of olive green.
So, may I call on you to implement some action?
You love your grandkids, so please know that they are keen.
So, let's be serious for a moment and consider
what would befall and overwhelm your grateful kids,
if something happened and the Taxman's greedy bidder
would take the chunk that could have paid for my own 'Ritz'?
That's what I call my future house or rather mansion,
which I deserve to have and live in while still young.
So, on this Tuesday I am calling your attention
to your dilemma, Judge, your jury, it is hung!
Don't get me wrong, dear Mother, it is NOT my silly greed
that lets my tongue form awkward words and frank expressions,
oh, no, it is the clear exposure of a need,
so let me help you deal with threatening aggression
from all the others, 'cause my love is so much bigger.
I've always harboured my respect for you inside.
If you want loyalty and fairness then I figure

you hit the jackpot since you have me on your side.
I brought a pen, it is a CROSS, of purest gold,
which is my gift to you, just keep it when you sign.
It's fourteen pages of pure bull, so I've been told,
I've read it for you, it's okay, so would you sign...
What do you MEAN you have to sleep on this dear Mum,
I know our father always praised this as so clever,
but look what happened when he slept, he now is numb,
and don't you love me, trust me, know that I would never
just drag you down the garden path where your dear treasures
are stored away, the aging fruits of a long life.
No, not at all, I only want you to take measures
that keep the family intact and out of strife.
And now I see that this will take some quick explaining,
I am so cognizant of what the others think,
their interests lie within the framework of them gaining,
and, well before your own arrival at the brink,
they want it NOW and keep on asking when you will
just come to grips with real life and just shell out!
As you can see that I have climbed up on your hill
to tell you all you need to know, and all about
the tricky ways that kin and others would engage in,
to empty coffers that are well and truly yours.
Within my heart, may I assure you, there is raging
a storm of shame for them, but I remain on course.
So WOULD YOU SIGN THE GODDAM PAPERS, here and now?
I will not lose my patience, but it is enough.
Just leave the details on the WHY, the WHO and HOW
to me, who has to be the one they do call tough.
Now THAT is better, oh, the blasted pen,
I'll drop it later, don't you worry, not at all.
Must go now, rest assured you really did quite well,
and by the way, the chandelier here in the hall,
I'm taking it tomorrow, yes, and let me tell
you of this modern world and its well-hidden traps.
I shall protect you from it all as from today,
which means a proper budget, simple and no gaps.
And all your bills and orders will need my okay,
I have already cancelled your beloved paper
and turned the thermostat down well below your liking.
Thus, in the eve of life when you begin to taper,
things need adjusting and my logic will be striking.

Well, that was it for now, just one more little item,
replace the violets, Dad's grave will get fake flowers,
he will not miss his favourite ones, he cannot sight them.
And you won't need to spend so many precious hours
to weed and care for fertile soil, I have replaced it
with grade two concrete, and the vases have been sold.
It's really, truly high time that you finally faced it:
You must trust a son like me, now that you're old.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Interview

'The US government, one hundred percent, they are behind the 9: 11, no doubt at all, about the Muslim fellow named Bin Laden, it must be stated publicly, he is without a doubt, a nice and pleasant fellow, a humanist.'

'But, say, Immam, you have no proof of this, and all of this far-fetched and strange scenario it stretches credibility to breaking point, and, no offence, it damages relations. They say you also do condone the killing of all infidels to earn those credit points that can be cashed to get you access and eternal residence in heaven, thus you teach your children not to play with or God forbid, engage in friendship with infidels, because they are unclean? '

'That is correct, of course, and rightly so, you must accept that plain compatibility is a misnomer here and sheer futility, even one dropp of poisoned water will, in every case and very quickly spoil and make unfit for us to use, so you can see that for protection we must worship only what God has given of himself to all believers.'

'There is a question that is burning and acute, can you, Immam, see that a time will come where Muslims will be rulers of all worlds? '

'Of course, I am convinced that this will be there is no future for the world of infidels, it is God's will and shall become reality, all other options are not made by our God.'

Note: This is an account of the Australian 60 minute program, aired on 24 July,2005. It is as accurate as feasible, and close to verbatim.

The Introduction

Well let us see now who I am,
a mix of traits, no doubt, but Ma'm
we cannot help what we are given,
by which we naturally are driven.
I am now tempted to present
myself as someone quite content,
with who and what he is at that,
(please don't mistake me for a hat) .
You know, that fellow Ollie Sacks?
It's often mentioned what one lacks,
he does explain it rather well
he looks inside the patient's shell.

Back to the current subject matter
though one can learn much from the latter,
I shall, listed by preference
in order that it all make sense,
put numbers to the deadly sins,
it's logical that one sin wins,
if you my scrumptious little Belle
should be turned off by what I tell,
I could, in very little time
commit a small but helpful crime
and re-arrange them just to suit
I, then, would go and get my flute
and court you with a serenade
that may (God help me) just persuade
that analytic hemisphere
to pass things in a cavalier,
and human gesture to its twin
which, in itself is a small sin.

My aim, in case you did not grasp,
is not to shock you so you'd gasp,
I want you to relax your rules
for one who thinks of you and drools.

The numbers are, as you will see
as clear as numbers tend to be.

There is the number they call one,
quite fitting for this aging Hun,
it is of course a crucial must
but number two is filled with frust,
three may just serve as trusted guide,
though not in girth, thus four is wide.
Once eaten, lazy is the moth,
it wears the five stitched to its cloth.
Second to last as six, is Jones
it's lusting after gold and thrones.
The worst is number seven, truly
which, in itself is somewhat wooley,
related to the six, no doubt
and green and spindly, never stout.

So here you have it, sweet Raquelle
I trust you like the light Moselle,
it is intended just to please
just like the beautiful heartsease.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Inuit And The Bees

An Inuit from Zodiac
who was a hypochondriac
moved into town and promptly ate
some food well known to constipate.

He asked himself and pondered if
he ought to take a laxative
He did and went down on his knees
into a swarm of honeybees.

Ferocious, all the bees first hovered
but soon they had his bottom covered.
They stung and had the fellow yelling,
the stingers did create much swelling.

And thus, the laxative inside
could not provide the hoped for ride
for all the dark and smelly masses
that get expelled from Northern asses.

The Inuit from Zodiac
expired thusly, from a lack
of ventilation to his gut
due to a fiercely swollen butt.

Your average Northern Inuit
is known to take one daily shit
when fed raw fish and caribou
but it is also very true
that honeybees and white man's bread
can kill an Inuit very dead.

Thus, hear the moral of this tale,
a laxative will surely fail
if Eskimo meets honeybees
while defecating on his knees.

Note:

It is not generally realised that several tribes of Inuits are known for performing this most basic human function while kneeling. The extremely high fat content of their native diet allows for quick, noiseless and effortless expulsion and a crouching position would be less practical.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Journey To The Forest

I dreamed I was a butterfly
with purple spots and wings
was born right near the Lorelei
that's where the fisher sings.

Set free one day, above the cliff
I soared to cloudy skies
my wings at first felt very stiff
and tears fell from my eyes.

I did not mean to let them go
so let my body drop
by now I'd reached the river Po
and needed a brief stop.

I sat upon a thistle tree
it had such pretty flowers
it was not shy and talked to me
we whiled away the hours.

The thistle tree talked of the woods
where life is always real
where wolves and hawks and Robin Hoods
compete for every meal.

I could not wait and rose with grace
wings pointed to the trees
and at the edge, among some lace
I met a hive of bees.

'Please, pretty little butterfly
stay out from darkness here
the forest is where critters cry
and many die of fear.'

I disregarded this advice
and passed the talking brook
I've heard that honeybees tell lies
and I was no dumb sook.

There was a tree so tall and big
I asked 'Are you an oak? '
And he extended a small twig
which did in me evoke

a smile at all this friendliness
I shook the little twig
and thought it would be nearly bliss
to live within the wig

that this big oak had grown up high
to shelter birds and spiders
the words from bees came back so why
had I not seen the hidiers

the ones that hunt and kill for lust
most notably at night
I asked again, he said 'you must
be told about your right

to live a life without the stress
of fearing for your life
that's why I've grown so tall, God bless
and saved from cruel strife

a hundred birds and other things
they've made their home with me
and even though they do have wings
they are not really free.

Behind each bush there stands a beast
who wants to maim and kill
the forest is the Devil's Feast
that's why it is so still.'

'Do you advise, ' I asked again
'that I go to the Rhine
where frogs and storks and fishermen
abscond with what is mine? '

'I do suggest, ' the big oak said

'that you look in your heart
it is not often that one's head
makes choices that are smart.

I welcome you to my plain tree
the forest is my home
but happiness, if you ask me
is like a little gnome.

Its size is small and ridicule
is easily assigned
but only a pathetic fool
would miss the kindly mind.

So stay my friend, light up the leaves
and make yourself a nest
and in those wonderful late eves
our song will help you rest.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Jumper

He swayed on top of the tall tower
and braved a cold Chicago shower.
His bank accounts were in arrears
the biggest sum was owed to Sears.

So, fittingly, he'd wisely chosen
Sears Tower, now he was half frozen.
And, as he tried to catch the mood
he smelled a whiff of Polish food.

It had arisen from the city,
and what a godforsaken pity!
Could he not go and have a last
hot sausage? It would be a blast.

A helicopter now was drifting
across the windy city's shifting
and pregnant clouds, it hovered loudly.
So, he decided, he would, proudly,
head down below to get a taste.
But then he fell, and what a waste.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Keeper's Lion

He paced inside the cage, from side to side,
hot eyes, two burning coals and well alight,
they were not needed here, as darkness was his guide
there was a force in him, it taunted him each night.

He'd tried to kill the poachers, had been somewhat slow,
though one had sacrificed his arm, all for the cause,
he was the king but they had stolen the great show
it was a time where upright creatures made the laws.

And now and then he practiced roaring, like a lion,
it scared the bats and some would fall into the moat,
they could not blame him for the gesture or for trying
and in the morning he would still receive his goat.

He was Estonian, the director of the zoo,
a cold and cruel man, he'd feed his favourite cats
a morning porridge made from blood and guts, a brew,
and for dessert from iron buckets, living rats.

Each day there came a shipment of small critters,
he liked the Toggenburg in goats and Hampshire sheep,
while the Director had his Amarone Bitters
he watched the feast and took in memories to keep.

They'd throw the animals in through the narrow door
the fear was palpable and terror could be sniffed,
there was a leisurely and almost friendly roar
and then the action would be playful and...well, swift.

He'd sink his teeth into the neck and stayed there, still,
they'd have a strange and lengthy meeting of their eyes,
as if a pact was made, a love-in and a kill
he often wondered what the mind feels when one dies.

They didn't seem to, in his view, to mind at all
and to the king it was a homecoming of sorts,
as if a child had been away and grown too tall
and had returned here for the ultimate of sports.

He'd rip the flesh to catch the final beats in time
and kept the heart itself inside the closing jaws,
strong muscles chewed and he resembled now a mime
who mocked the urgency of eating without pause.

There was no lion in his cage to share or steal
yet it was instinct honed back in a previous life
when on a Sunday after New Years, they served veal,
and left the door ajar. He ate the keeper's wife.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Killing Of Terry - Without Mercy

'Your illness is not curable,
we need to pull the plug right now,
conditions that are terminal
cannot be paid for by us all.'

Yes, Terry, you will die too soon,
the world around you does not care.
It could be money or indifference,
but I will never lie to you.
It's always money, it eats the soul
they make excuses, they give good reasons.
You are a veggie Terry, truly,
baptised by those who think they can
decide for others, for their fate
and what it all comes down to, hear
is that you are so very useless,
you need the care of those who do,
or those who sponge you with reluctance
but take your money with contempt
on neutral faces, you are here
through great benevolence of peers
which has, for fifteen lonely years
proved not to you but to all others
that homo sapiens does have compassion.

Though now a fork has come in sight,
the road's no longer pointing straight
an obstacle takes up much space
inside the minds of those who live,
with faculties in normal order
and power to regard the fork
a sign of God who delegates
his will to call you, Terry, home.
Don't you believe them, let me say
that arguments before the courts
are heavy with the legalese
that sober halls repeat in echos
of 'justice will be served', we pray.

'Her illness is not curable,
we need to pull the plug right now,
conditions that are terminal
cannot be paid for by us all.'

A feeding tube is like a bottle
that nourishes the little ones
who are, unable to accomplish
what grown-ups know to live and thrive.
So, Terry do you know your crime
was that you lost the skill to eat
yet this great world has twisted words
it says you lost the will to live.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Kimberly

The croc had eaten that day,
they do without even a snack
for weeks on end, and in the summer
when water's warm, they float,
and frolic, swim just for the sake
of being there and having, yes, fun.

It was a scorcher of a day, and Joe,
whose job it was to get the tourists
from all those countries safely home,
had been the first to take the plunge.

And he was safe, so all did join him,
and had their swim to cool the boiling bod',
when it attacked it was all over in a blink,
they later put the guide into the local jail.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Kindness Of Rhubarb Junior

Says Rhubarb to the Stinging Nettle
will we have time to judge and settle
our differences on this patch?
I say a Rhubarb is a match
to any plant that God created
and, no, we could not be related
consider widely different traits
a Stinging Nettle has no mates!

Your barbed and threatening exterior
makes you an utterly inferior
preposterously ugly weed.
And may I add, you are, indeed,
not worth the raindrops or the dew
or sunshine from a sky so blue.

God heard the words that Rhubarb spoke
he sent to Earth a puff of smoke
which dried the streams and all the land
and turned good soil into dead sand.

Now every garden expert knows
that rhubarbs need a daily dose
of water to exist at all
from Winter all the way to Fall.

The drought took hold in record time
the soil reduced to sand and lime
was not enough to now sustain
the stately but forever vain
old plant that's plain oxalic acid.

At first it swayed, still looking placid,
but soon its arms fell to the ground
without the slightest protest sound.
As Stinging Nettle watched in awe
unfolding of God's righteous, raw
and cruel punishment bestowed
the spindly fellow stood, head bowed

and worried as he needed drink
his body had begun to shrink.

For thirty days and thirty nights
God lit the stars and let their lights
illuminate the Earth below.

Day thirtyfirst brought heavy snow.
Long dead was Rhubarb without water
though next to him, a tiny daughter
had reared her head from bone dry land
it's something we can't understand.

But Stinging Nettle now was curious
to have the offspring of that furious
cantankerous and nasty plant
nearby, so he began to chant.

His voice, all cracked from dehydration
and lacking strength and modulation
was nothing even God could like.
Yet Rhubarb junior, tiny tyke
said this is beautiful my friend.
And this, for now, must be the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

The King

The rider could be heard
now, from afar,
foam flew off the horse's mouth
and puddles formed beneath
as he demounted now.
A scroll to give,
with urgency the King,
the news is bad, my Lord,
all troupes have fallen
and their blood has stained
the earth, like Flanders' Fields.
A few have fled,
their horses ruined
and weapons strewn about,
the enemy has won,
what will your Majesty decide,
must bloodshed cease
and man come to his rightful end?

I stand before you here,
I,
who has prevailed
through countless wars,
and skirmishes abroad,
our blood has drained
and must remain
within the soil
to fertilise,
to help grow new and better men,
but we must go,
I shall not ask you
none of you
to die with me,
but you may be
of noble mind
to witness as I plunge this dagger
into my heart.
Let there be peace,
and may my shame be laid to rest

with me.

Herbert Nehrlich

The King Brown Snake

'Twas just a dog, I tell myself.
An animal like any other-
one gets a new one off the shelf,
forgets the old one and her mother.

The wound is deep, the pain severe.
The knife went quickly to my heart,
and twisted there...
Oh, did it smart!

I truly love you, little Tilly!
I miss your eyes, your smell, your touch.
Perhaps it's childish, dumb or silly,
I did not know it hurt so much.

'Twas something special that we had.
How foolish that I thought it'd never end.
And though this shock could surely send one mad,
I'll have to live without my dearest friend!

And if there is a God who let this happen
I'd find him quite deranged and very cruel:
I couldn't help, he could have sent a weapon,
but God, I challenge you -just you and me- a duel.

'Cause God where were you in her darkest hour?
Did you just watch, and did you have to blink?
I thought you loved the smallest little flower
then why not me and Tilly - do we stink?

An afterlife may just exist,
it seems that many do believe.
I'll punch the gates in with my fist
and find my Tilly, end our grief.

So farewell now to you and Perle.
we'll meet again and we shall smile!
Don't ask me when, my little girl,
just wait awhile just wait awhile.

I know you'll do alright up there,
your eyes alone will see to that;
the rest of you, your fuzzy hair,
a perfect ten, a perfect pet!

The company is good, you hear:
There's Max and Benson, Fritz and Willy.
Your playmates always found you dear,
so have a good time, little Tilly.

'Twas just a dog, so people say.
An animal, perhaps quite clever.
But you and I know that you'll stay
safe in my heart - with me forever.

Herbert Nehrlich

The King Size Bed

They bought themselves a giant bed
which had a foot end and a head.
A doonah soft as vulvar velvet
bookcase in case you want to shelve it...
(I mean the book on perfect sex)
(sometimes these books will put the hex
on those who follow the instructions)
and talk about a neat seduction,
four pillows, European style
perfect for propping pelvis while
one laps there in pure luxury
the fragrance of felo-de-se,
a feather, soft from Mother Goose
for prompting never-ending juice,
and room to man a battlestation
all for the joys of fornication.

Apologies dear Lord, I gather
you'd much prefer we beat our lather
to generate offspring at night,
I need to pass, tis dynamite.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Kiss Of Silt

In your night I will purr
at that tuft of your fur,
it remains at the gate
in a red-alert state.

While you bubble and dribble
I will gingerly nibble
soon no heather is seen
you may call for the ween
like a Southern Sea sponge
you receive as I lunge
and where silt makes its bed
to soft foam it is wed.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Kodak Roach

I like to sit out on the porch,
the VERANDAH, as she calls it,
hailing as she does from the deep south,
plantation country, Southern Belles,
one of whom I snatched.

And all because the 126 film
Kodak,400, it was defect.
Would not unravel even if you tried,
so the clerk was in for a tirade
after all, I was known for my temper
in certain places and times.

Well, things sometimes throw you,
a loop of a counter in the shop
and a cleavage to scare mountaineers,
but it wasn't that, her voice had
the melodious quality of smoke
mixed with Manuka honey,
and that drawl that just seems to flow
from deep within, rolling out
not being harsh or pushy at all,
but soothing and stroking the inner ear.

I was, and would get credit for confessing
within the span of sweaty milliseconds
reduced in size and sans facilities for speech.
She took the film and held it up
against the ceiling fan as if this could
elucidate the fault, and well it might,
deft hands (and no banana fingers) held
the object of my troubles and she said:

It may well be the heat my friend, it has
been soo oppressive, and of late
folks go to church to pray, just for the rains
perhaps this film would need some fluid,
kid you not, much stranger things do happen here,
and then she poked a little Phillips tool

into the plastic housing of the film,
producing within moments the main cause
of what had shamed today the Kodak Family.

She pursed her lips, increasing momentarily
their lusciousness and then she spoke again.
What we have here is what I call a Covert Belle,
they hide in such weird places and they stay,
poor thing got caught inside the works
to meet his maker, not much time for him to pray.

Two lovely dimples had appeared and graced her cheeks,
she placed my hand upon the Kodak and she squeezed,
it took the better part of days, well maybe weeks
and opportunity came by, was promptly seized.

Here on my porch I reminisce about the days
so full of happiness and Moonshine after dark
she serves me faithfully in many different ways
we still buy Kodak and drink local Hooch for spark.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Land Of Froth

He sought the tide,
with its fine foam,
the ripples in the night
and swam, letting the flow
wash into his insides,
his tail, a whipping boy,
though willing in the dive
into the murky waters of
a secret place, inhabited by
only one, the spirit of
the Cantadora of the flesh,
she'd be there, staying in
suspension as a floating fleece,
all bones, and only searching still
for what she called a drum,
a beating one it was, he'd fill
the flesh in, with his trembling hands,
and breathe his fiery breath into
and over the outside of her sticks of bleach,
she'd been once saved from the wild sea,
the powers of renewal and of waves,
by man, a fisherman in his small boat,
hand carved and seasoned in the sun,
he'd hooked her in his line and she had held
with bony fingers, tight, until they hit
the bank and he had run, still clasping
his huge fishing rod, with its entangled line,
she'd followed due to simple laws of Physics,
yet he'd been touched by panic, to his heart.
Inside the home, a frigid igloo though it was,
he'd made a fire just to get away from her,
and from his fears, he'd go to sleep he said,
inside the fur of white, a polar bear's great gift,
and when the flames died down he listened to her song,
as he awoke again, and then he asked if she would come
to keep him company, inside the fur, perhaps she was
as cold as he had been, inspite of lacking flesh
and skin and any true inside, and so she went,
he placed his arm around her cage of twelve white ribs,

she tangled both her femurs and the tibias, fibulas
with urgency into his hairy legs, and then he felt the stir,
and soon they hummed their song inside their house of snow.
She reached then, deep inside his chest and pulled,
with sudden ease his heart came out, leaving behind
a single dropp of blood, which she picked up with stony teeth,
she said his drum would be for them, would heal them both
and grow the flesh that she had lost out in the sea.
And so it came to be, they sang while holding tight to
what she called a drum, it beat for them and warmed his flesh,
she grew, all within minutes, in the dark, and filled her bones,
the cavities of hope and when she pressed her virgin loins
into his hairy thighs there was a song that came from the inside,
inside the heart, his heart which they put back into his chest,
and in the cold of it, the Dugong as he'd named it, ventured in,
he found the tide and it was high, for which he thanked the moon,
and in a while when they remained quite still, the music died.
But they could feel the beating drum inside the cave, it was a throb
and would become the pulse of their small world, the land of Froth.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Laramie Killing

They had, two human beings
transported him out to the edge
of Laramie, Wyoming. That night.
And, after taking his few bucks
decided that it would not be enough.

They beat the crap and more, much more
out of the one whose only crime was
to be a homosexual, a perverted animal.
And left him there to die, tied to a fence.

Yes, he was found, some eighteen hours on,
his face a pulp of flesh and fragments of
just skin and bones and blood. Much fucking blood.

He died of injuries to the arachnoids,
one cannot have a single dropp of blood
so unaccounted for. Oh yes, the blood,
his face was covered, with poofter blood,
except for two small tracks that had been made
by tears. Yet it had been too late for that.
No ears will ever listen to our tears.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Lard Feast

A rooster, feathered and well fed
was sitting on his waterbed.
He swayed and felt some vertigo
the cause of which is hard to know.
His favourite hen, who was still chaste
was getting dressed in a big haste.
They were expected in the yard
where they would have a feast of lard.
The farmer's brother with his gun
had killed a porker (not for fun) .
Since they were Yanks they only ate
pork chops and roasts.. At any rate
they'd dump the lard in a big mound
right on the, slightly dirty, ground.
The chickens went and ate their fill
and did appreciate the kill.
Perhaps for you the question begs,
did they lay more or fewer eggs?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Last Days Of Ww Ii

It was an early bird,
this straggler of the sun,
a ray of gold with millions
of teensie diamonds,
suspended like a milky way
and warming the old pane
and then her wrinkled
ancient but so thoughtful face.

She had been sitting there
huddled in well-worn comfort
and safety of the Biedermeier,
with buttons of authentic pearl
cords woven by young hands
in times long gone but sorely missed.

Her teeth were smiling at the morning
from well within the mustard glass
their own sweet shelter, on the sill
and Grandma drifted off again,
a pleasant snore now echoed from
the yellowed wallpaper into the room.

She'd had this strange affliction,
since the day when Russian tanks
and men with felt and dirty nails,
and worn-out boots and frightening guns
had commandeered so many things
including women, and teenage girls.

They always came at Dawn, just like
the Indians she had read about
they took no scalps but stole your soul
and there was vodka in the streets
a breeze of it, it lingered everywhere
as if it were a disinfectant which could
clean all the sins and make things right
for beast and man, and for their God.

Grandpa and youngest son were busy,
they had been sent into the Lab to make
more booze to kill the pain of war and peace
for all the soldiers, officers had now decided
that drunkenness would be the order of the day.
So, from the lowly beet, and old potatoes
they were distilling potent medicine for those
who had not been out of their clothes
since leaving Leningrad in late September.

Grandma had been assured a privileged
and almost royal, privilege, yet had no trust
in what the 'Russkis' pledged at all,
she sat, well-huddled inside her chair
surrounded by the fumes of fermentation,
her Sauerkraut was almost done, another day
or two, she would air out the crock downstairs
behind the barn away from rays of sun.

She worried, with her stoic face and hint of
a very trace of Kaiser Wilhelm's petit moustache,
but things turned out alright until, in May of forty-five
the Russkis were chased out, by fire bombs,
of phosphorus and Yellow Kalium, a strange melange
left over from the Wehrmacht's stocks and dropped
in quiet desperation upon the innocent and on the dead.

A different breed rolled into town that day in May,
trailed by a horde of screaming boys and girls,
few words exchanged, but many smiles and tears,
sidewalks soon littered with the silver paper
of chocolate bars, and cigarettes for all old men.

Grandma was sitting still upstairs, inside her chair,
a brand new batch of Sauerkraut fermenting,
she'd put her mirrors out again in both directions,
and nodded off, warmed by the sun's first rays,
Her teeth were smiling quietly inside the glass
and pleasant snores suspended, drifting toward hope.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Last Good Bye

Next time, he said, his face a grin
we'll meet up there, unless you sin
too much. How many did you say
ten thousand miles to Coral Bay?

My days of travelling, they are done
though I would love that Southern sun,
he shook my hand, that was his style
and then we stood, a little while,

pretending that the cloudless sky
was fascinating. Well, good bye!
He said it, turned on silent heels.
I am not sure just how it feels

and have forgotten all about
that moment when a single shout
might have arranged a hug and squeeze
instead I listened to the wheeze
of an asthmatic with his puffer.
I guess they built the oldies tougher.
He's up there, I suppose with God.
Farewell, I guess, you were so odd.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Last Night Of The Longhorns

And once upon another time,
when all the animals had
settled their minor
disagreements over
the shameless animal,
you know,
the one with the long fur,
the pretentious lips,
the bad ears,
the poor sense of smell,
and the very long horns,
whichever animal had,
not only returned to the
scene of the explosion,
but had had the temerity
and the poor taste,
the even poorer smell,
to leave, at last,
by turning its less than
appetising
backside on us,
and revealing,
perhaps intentionally,
an abominably soiled,
semi-solid
and off-colour
rear end, which did
show signs of
old, well, ancient
remnants of the same,
the very same
CACATUM, which is
the Latin term for
SHIT, proving,
to all the animals,
again and,
for the last and final
the proof of the pudding
time, that what they

had here, was an unfit,
an unappetisingly
and pus-generating,
a decaying view
of a grossly neglected
and leaking, septic tank.
And it had left the worst
present that a forest can
tolerate in good faith.
A bad smell.

So, being clean and
rule-abiding, as well as
strict and unbending
creatures of the forest,
they all agreed, at last
that filth need not be
tolerated, not today
and not tomorrow.
And they decided that
there were measures
to be taken to restore
the forest to what it had been
once before, prior to
the malodorous Bang.
They enlisted a group
of volunteers, pine trees for
fragrance and colour,
skunk juice as an antidote,
underarm fragrance from
bandicoots and badgers,
rancid dandruff from chickens,
and pheasants, dead feathers,
do smell nice as well,
Moose and Buck deer
pheromones, also urine,
jasmin bushes, including
chinese star and trumpet flowers,
oak astringent from leaves,
quarternary ammonia base from
vilicus ostradamicus,
and, for good measure,

the forest's ultimate weapon,
of supreme bluff, due to
shape, stature and ability
to browbeat, to instill awe,
fear and the renewed tendency
to bed-wetting, also called nocturia,
and not a pleasant or much
appreciated affliction.

Yes, it was, is and will be...
her Majesty, the lovely and
much respected, *Iuniperus*
communis. And, in eternal
and perpetual gratitude,
this wonder plant repays,
and amply so, the trust,
the respect and the unquestioned
loyalty of all its peers, underlings,
overlings and sidelings,
by providing, but once a year,
the raw materials for a
wild and wonderful, but
civilised, party, which rings in the
New Year, which does occur
but once annually. It provides
Gin, from the fruit of the Juniper,
the berries, *fructus iuniperi*,
which, in turn, always
leads to a situation best described
as 'the nuts among the berries',
and that is where it ends,
in perfect harmony, and
with the forgotten memory of
a very bad smell.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Last Page

He flipped through them, just page by page
the archives of his life, god-given and precise.
Skin peeling off arthritic fingers at this stage
ingested wisdom and fatigue from battles, in his eyes.
He still remembered that it started with page three
he'd skipped the boring, customary introduction;
that's where the midwife earned her reassurance fee
she had not counted on the need for urgent suction.

He was so tired now, the letters swam like fishes,
and flashed a smile at last on reaching the last page,
there was no index or appendix and no list of wishes
just one small footnote stating 'you have reached the age'.
He thought how strange that he experienced relief,
here at the bus stop to a great uncertainty.
Oh yes, of course this journey had been very brief,
but it was madness and great logic to be free.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Last Sunset

And, when the time comes
that the sun, that always has
warmed body, soul and mind,
that showed, a heavenly lantern
all roads available, to choose
though wisely, perhaps not
when for the final time
it hovers at the far horizon
hesitating for just a spell
before submerging, clutching
the sad remains of my dear soul.
I'm overcome by a dead calm,
as now the countdown is interrupted
to show to me the smiles of those
whose hands I'd held for just a while.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Legend Of Sigmund Freud

There once was a doctor named Freud.
He was sure that a man could avoid
any troubles of mind
or the bodily kind
if he listened to Doctor Floyd.

So Sigmund took out his cigar
you could smell the big weed from afar
with a thunderous voice
he explained their sole choice
then he went to the neighbourhood bar.

Doctor Floyd was intoxicated
but he nevertheless still debated
how the uterus did
made to carry a kid
as the organ that had created

All the mental diseases in males
and that all other reasons were tales
one must cut out the womb
to keep man from the tomb
and the females from placing the nails

Thus the man from the land of snow mountains
who made money and hired accountants
had the cognitive magic
of an old coprophagic
and he never discovered no fountains.

So today, we look back to old Freud
when we think of the goons in Detroit
if you really think
that there's help from a shrink
I say Heavens Glamorgatroyd.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Lift Was Out

The lift was out, and people walked
down from the thirteenth floor
some also went (but never talked)
upstairs which was a chore.

I had a meeting with the man
from Daimler Chrysler there
had driven up in my big Jeep
to show a certain flair.

I'm always punctual by God
and time was running thin
I gave myself a sudden nod
and switched on my best grin.

Clicked into LOW, released the brake
and started up the wall
I was not sure if we would make
a window, they were small.

Well, in the end the penthouse was
ideal for the landing
I heard the oh's and oys and aaws,
the climb was quite demanding.

The president of Chrysler Jeep
asked me to park the brute
remarked that thirteen floors was steep
and offered me some fruit.

As you can see there ain't a thing
that stops my Juliette
and if you're looking for the king
you've found him and his pet.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Linden Tree

At the fountain by the gate
a Linden tree stays all alone.
Its shadow gave me sanctuary
for many lovely dreams.

I carved into its rough old skin
many a sweetheart word
wherever in the world I've been
It never was too far.

This is the quick translation of
a favourite German song.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Linguist

I knew a cunning linguist
he'd go each Friday to get pissed.
Once on a Saturday he licked
a tiny glandula that ticked.
He liked the taste much more than beer
and thought of placing his left ear
upon the pulse that time forgot
his ear, needless to say, got hot.
And then the linguist heard words,
the sound of pink, exotic birds.
Deep into trance he fell and dreamed
of velvet caves and lightly creamed
small passages of rights and lure
he eagerly commenced a tour
and, due to slippery conditions
he dropped his youthful inhibitions
and slid with ease, a connoisseur,
deep into moist and sweet liqueur,
a new experience it was,
one followed instinct and old laws,
The cunning linguist stayed in
and wore forever a big grin.

Note: The pronunciation of liqueur and connoisseur is left
entirely up to the reader.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Little Hyena

Three males were facing off
with a hyena during dinner.
It was the little creature's single cough
that turned the closest male into a grinner.
Just as she tried to sneak away
with hyoid bone and deli tongue,
three lions ordered her to stay
and then the oldest lion flung
hyena and her bloody loot
into the hippo desert dome,
the hippos found her rather cute
although to them she was a gnome.
They formed a circle now around her
to let her eat while they observed,
the lion's paws thus never found her,
though the hyena, scared, unnerved
swallowed too fast, (she was provoked) ,
and suddenly felt very ill.
She would most certainly have choked
(that's why you never overfill) ,
but Mama Hippo quickly acted
she grabbed hyena in her jaws,
then shook her hard, and the impacted
big bolus came, thus Newton's Laws
had, once again saved a hyena,
(last week it was a ballerina) .

So grateful was the little tot
that she decided on the spur
to seek asylum on the spot
those fatsos truly suited her.

From that dark day she slept at night
in a big flab of hippo fold,
there in the desert's lunar light
and kept her head out of the cold.

Once in a while, when fog rolled in
the oldest lion had an inkling,

(he was the one who'd always grin) ,
to catch her when she was out tinkling

but he soon found that Hippomum
would waltz around, give him a stare,
she was as agile as Van Damme
and told him nicely, 'don't you dare'.

But in the end, the Mama died
a hunk of meat and many tears,
the others told her as she cried
and felt a rush of ancient fears,

'You must not hesitate, young lady
so eat now but don't overfill
since Mama died where it is shady
we doubt that anybody will

come and disturb us at this meal.'
They ate from dawn to sundown's glow,
Hyena though, did somehow feel
that her big Mama, as a pro

a bodyguard, had been her keeper,
and that she needed to replace
her, just in case the bloody Reaper
would show his ugly, grinning face.

But, as so often things are put
on the backburner, then forgotten.
She thought tomorrow would be good,
and this decision was a rotten

and faulty one, as you will see.
That night three lions came and pounced
just when hyena went to wee.
And in the morn' it was announced

that one big lion ate and choked
when he had swallowed too much meat,
next to the mama there he croaked.
Two other lions came to eat.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Little People

I had a dream today,
my afternoon siesta
had only just begun
and I had drifted off,
when noises from the alley,
where cats and vermin live,
commenced their daily
and disruptive celebration
of life-long dreams to reach
the summit of mediocrity.

A giant step, no doubt,
be born in squalour
and filth of rubbish,
dumped by those who have.

Not many do succeed
in this endeavour,
most cannot jump,
surmount their dull-gray shadows.

How sad, some say
that opportunities do not
exist in some form of equality,
condemning thus -no mercy-
the furry ones forever
to the fate of what is called
the lost world of
the little people.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Little Poet

The little man inside my skull
who makes me write some rather dull
and even boring diatribes
has just this morning sent some vibes
that as of yesterday he would
write real poems as he should.

He had a pretty dumb excuse,
I think it could be called a ruse.
He needed practice, so he said
and living there inside my head
he didn't get to travel much,
for inspiration, thoughts and such.

Though now, he's found, through clever means
how to partake in life's own scenes.
He's noticed that the inner ear
which after all is there to hear
receives the fragments of a word,
and out he flies with it, a bird!

The reason that he's never known
(thus roundabout he's never flown)
is simply that he never thought
that small, creative creatures ought
to value input of the masses,
which does include small talent classes.

Now that he's seen the poet's light
he recognises all the bright
and thoughtful, smart, exquisite souls
who write not for some lofty goals
but for the joy that it instills,
and -well - to flaunt poetic skills.

The little man is so much calmer
now that he's read the works of Palmer.
Observed the little man (who's sane) :
'Much confidence can make you vain.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Long Haul Flight

Rubies are red, frostbite is blue
cold in your head, catching the flu?
Having a drink, Turkey on ice
lusting for pink, liquified rice.
Blood seeping out, raspberry red
lips in a pout, silence in bed.
Flyer's rewards, points, a few knots,
calves stiff as boards, promise of clots?
Flu it can't be, stabs in the chest,
chamomille tea, plenty of rest.
Sunrise will come, always at Dawn,
proud stands the rum, human souls gone.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Lost Flock

The Cantadora came as it was custom,
at night to tell about the flock abandoned.
It seems the sheep had left their shepherd,
not through a sense of loss or even want.
They had discarded him in view of sheer neglect,
he was not fit to lead, no flock be his again.

He played, the Cantadora did recap,
with rats and other vermin of great detriment.
It seems those creatures did provide sheer praise,
the painful lack of which the woolies could not feel.
So, for the pleasure of a short lived Mozart tune
embracing treason was the logic of the day.

Down by the creek they had assembled in the light
of a full moon and to the murmur of the water.
Not being bright but rather fluffy and of beauty,
they were unanimous at once in condemnation.
'He who can not accept the logic of a passion
to fellow creatures does forfeit his right to life',
thus all the sheep did nod and burped a silent Baaah,
and with the signal that had been sent from above
one million glow worms led the dance of sudden freedom.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Lounge

You lie with me, my love,
be still I say
and do not speak
while I begin
to bathe your twins
in warmth and pheromones.

Your hands now rest
so gingerly
upon my back,
carressing,
pink nails
singing their tactile song.

Oh yes, I will,
hand roaming finds
its hopeful way,
to where new eagerness resides
and greets with glee.
A welcome,
moist with promises
and timid lust
that treads with care
onto two lips of velvet.

Where whispers live
and soon will speak
in tongues
that taste
and understand.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Lovely Frigate Bird From My Past

I was the captain standing on the bridge
surrounded by the waters of the sea,
on the horizon, on a lonely granite ridge
remained the memory of all it was to be.

Confined to clouds that would descend at random times
to write the pages of a tiny, wrinkled soul,
a soul of melancholy, whispering fine rhymes
and searching for a flower, pole to pole.

A frigate bird, excited and confused,
flew in from starboard, landing on the sail,
he seemed to smile, the feathers near his beak amused,
then caught his breath and said, 'my Captain, I have mail.'

'Well, I'll be'.... perhaps another fleeting thought
crossed just beneath a shock of icy hair,
what could it be that this fine feathered creature brought?
It was an airmail letter, trembling lightly in the air.

I had been standing now for hours (I am fit) ,
but something told me it was time to take a rest,
Bacardi crates make perfect chairs on which to sit,
I took the specs from the small pocket of my vest.

'Holy Poseidon', it was something from my past,
so many miles, so many years and still it found.....
I watched the hemp how it now fluttered on the mast
and there were drops that fell, right near me, to the ground.

The hand was soft and had drawn one small heart of ink,
down near the bottom of each page, as if to say
that crossing oceans and the times there is a link,
I have a ticket for this journey, may I stay?

It was sheer arrogance of me, I know it well,
as it resides within the attic of my mind,
though hard for others, I can always, always tell
that it competes with my desire to be kind.

'The old Romantic', said my Auntie way back then,
'a hardened shell surrounds the softness of cream cheese, '
I'd told her off, of course, that chubby mother hen,
and here I stood, reading a letter in the breeze.

Well, I revised my thoughts and asked the bird to wait,
composing words that were the real thing, at last.
And now it was, on the high ocean, getting late,
I sent a message, filled with hope into my past.

I framed the pages with a hundred little bees,
all making honey just to sweeten human lives,
I wrote that I was in no mood to taunt and tease,
and that I knew about all husbands and all wives.

The title was, if you will bear with me a minute:
An Invitation To The Spirit Of A Friend,
the rest was easy, all the other meanings in it
were just myself, and I was happy in the end.

And then I went back to the stern end of my ship,
washed both my hands with salty waters from the sea,
dried them with care (it wouldn't do if they did drip) ,
if she said yes to holding hands across the sea.

Here on the bridge there was no other who could steer,
this foolish ship, it was MY odyssey alright,
and from the bottom of the topmast I could hear
a mermaid's song that filled the stillness of the night.

The Moon had nodded off, and rested on a cloud,
a planet, so oblivious to fate
the voice so full of love, though hardly loud,
was singing just for me, there, sitting on my crate.

I dreamed of leaves of Elms on frosty streets,
then with a startle I awoke, when it was Dawn,
I felt like Auden or his kindred spirit Keats,
but it was silent and the Mermaid's voice had gone.

The Low Fat Doctor

'It's your cholesterol', the specialist said wisely,
'we humans cannot eat fat meat and all those eggs,
so many heart attacks and strokes are caused precisely
by modern fatty foods, yes sir! ' - I was perplexed.

'But don't we need the stuff for daily proper thinking,
and for our hormones to be made again from scratch?
How could those scientists all over think of linking
our fatty foods to mankind's scourge, could they not match
another reason such as starches and our sweets
and hyperinsulin production as a cause?

Or are you saying, Doc, it is what someone eats
that it will kill him in the end, what if it was
not food but stress of our helter -skelter living,
you know, that common personality type A?

'Cause if you tell me that from now I must be giving
a giant berth to steaks and pork chops to obey
the rules of Medicine, not Nature's own prescription,
I would point out that I'm a peasant from the farm,
who's read the books that say that an Egyptian,
who ate low fat would find the diet did him harm.
They lost their teeth, their health and later at age fifty
would dropp quite dead into the ground from hearts so tired.
It stands to reason that they did ignore their thrifty
survival gene that should be ever more admired,
and ate their cereals and grains and crispy bread.
The author stated that their bodies were in need
of all the nutrients from animals, well-fed.
And are you telling me you know that we indeed
watch the cholesterol that nourishes the mind,
without enough of it we're senile and forget,
drift into Alzheimer's, get deaf and maybe blind? '

The doctor said: 'If we had only met
some time ago when you were in your prime!
I could have taught you to prevent the rage of age,
your Doc's before me did commit a real crime.
But let us start your life by writing a new page.'

I left the clinic shortly after this tall tale,
and just reminded him before I closed the door
that if my memory would ever really fail
I would remember still my doctors from before.
That since the fifties he had been our family quack
had been a guest on our farm, delivered babies
but, just in leaving I did say I won't be back
from what I saw he might have caught the blasted rabies.

When I got home I did remember all his words
about cholesterol and fat for man from beast.
I told the Misses that the Doc had told me turds
and to prepare a real farmer's full fat feast.
So she and grandma got the fatback from the freezer,
chunks of lard and fatty sausage with some eggs,
cups of cream with parsley for the oldest geezer
which was grandpa who was still quick on his legs.
Lots of butter on the veggies and the bread
fresh-picked berries in thick cream, a shot of liquor,
when the phone rang, said the doctor, he was dead
he had died of a cholesterol-starved ticker.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Madness Of Trying To Be A Poet

I am a private person
when it comes to cars.
I pick her up through liberation
from the merchant crook
and we are married
on the journey home.

And, thus it follows that
no other mortal gets to,
(and this includes all kings)
put hands upon her steering,
'cause she is mine, alone.

Though on that day it happened
that I typed a poem on P/H,
the Gallic Gremlin came and,
like a flash, blink of 'des yeux'
it ate each word, yes, a cochon.

And on the way, armed with a pen
and writing paper, she was asked
to drive as words came tumbling,
and needed to be written, once again.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Malitan

The malitan came to this town
and played for kids the foreign clown.
He pulled the pin so suddenly
and made them all be gone and free.
The elders watched. The elders prayed.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Man Who Went North To Get A Hat

I heard. And at first light I leave,
Siberian fox may be the best,
I know a babushka near Vlad
she'll stitch it into something very warm,
and it will frame your lovely face
so that your deepsea eyes will peek
to let me sleep in vivid dreams
about the essence of what all the gods believe.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mask

Free as a bird she said we'd be
kindred our spirits, happy and free.
Colourful feathers, warm blooded birds,
vapours of pride and the silence of words.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mighty Pen

One day the pen sat at the desk
inside a house, the town of esk.
All pens, by nature, are inclined
to lie in wait until the mind
wakes from its slumber ready for
routine activity and more.
And when it happens it is quick
the pen, shaped like a fancy stick
must spring to action in a blink
while just above the mind must think.
Thus, like the talons of a hen
the mind must have its trusty pen.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Milky Way

It was the first time
that I had decided
this life was not for me.
I stood on top
of an old castle's citadel.
And tried with honour
and determination's help
to just let go. To just let go.
The crowd below,
though not invited
was licking lips
and softly grinning.
They were beginning
to shout the word,
just one sweet word
it spelled out 'Jump'.
So, to oblige,
not be a nuisance,
I closed my eyes
and did imagine
that, in the valley
of my dreams
there was a hope
which would be waiting,
and it was called
by a good name,
it was the milk
yes, do not doubt it,
it was the milk of
human kindness.
And all of it
was surely there
to welcome me,
perhaps I was
the human honey.
There never was
no talk of blindness.

The Mine

He called her 'Silly-Putty'
since that September morning.
He'd clamped his iron fist
around her eager ankle.
She'd cried her tears of rage
into the river far below.

They had, against all odds,
made a great life together,
there, in that coal-dust town
where Black and White united
against the signal from canaries.

Rich men in suits, so far away,
in towers made of ivory and chrome
are always busy counting dough
while clippings of new funerals
go out with all the other trash.

It seemed they always suffocated,
perhaps in cold, slow motion.
And he had been the foreman
when they married in the Spring.

They found his note, deep in the shaft.
It read 'I'm sorry, them's the breaks.'
It had been scribbled with a steady hand.

Today she finds sustaining comfort,
and, pleasantly, a memory of bitter-sweet.
With her new man of fifty years,
who's always brought the bird,
canary-yellow, short of beak
back home to her. He never wrote a note.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mirror

A mirror hung upon a wall.
A man, quite handsome, also tall
stepped up to look inside the glass
and gave himself the nod, the pass.

He saw exquisite, handsome features
superior to all other creatures.
Black hair and pearl white teeth to smile
Amana suit completes the style.

His nails were short and manicured
flat stomach muscles had endured
so many sessions of the crunches
and, from inside, Martini lunches.

Two diamonds hung from his sleeves
and maple golden rings, like leaves
adorned pink ears and looked expensive
his jewellery was quite extensive

and in addition, on his arms
two Rolexes, with loud alarms.
He stood and looked from head to toes
but did not know a mirror shows

to all the world just your outside
what counts is all the things you hide.

For Mahnaz whose poem inspired me as much as she does

Herbert Nehrlich

The Missing Elf

It was upon a time
when little boy named Poo
had ventured out to climb
into the City Zoo.

He went inside the cage
that housed a dozen monkeys
they flew into a rage
and woke the sleeping donkeys.

So Poo went to the lions
and pulled their mangy mane
what saved him was defiance
they thought he was insane.

Next door there lived the snakes
he thought they looked exciting
he soon came down with shakes
and some of them were biting.

He left the bloomin' zoo
there wasn't any action
at home, inside his loo
he got his satisfaction.

He pondered why it was
that he could not discover
his own genetic laws
and why he had to hover

and follow other boys
a shadowy reflection
he envied them their toys
and later the erection

of towers made from blocks
and teddybears with eyes
he felt that life's hard knocks
were hitting certain guys

he clung for many years
to others whom he hated
but never lost his fears
like Sigmund Freud has stated

he did not have a soul
specific to himself
it's likely someone stole
his godforsaken elf.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Missionary

I met a missionary the other day.
He floated into the reception,
with an invisible entourage
of holiness and altruistic pride.

Wrapped in a thousand dollar suit
he handed each of us a form
that read 'My Offerings', in bold,
and gave a choice of 100 or more.

He talked about the poverty,
the illness and much death
that had engulfed the lot
of all African states.

And how we all must give,
reach deep into our pockets
to prevent the pestilence
from Hell to ruin God's work.

'Don't let His children perish,
reach deep inside my son',
he said with cultured voice,
while showing pearly whites

and breathing soothing nothings
of urgency at me.

No time to waste it seems,
consulting his Longines

'I must be off now, truly,
but cannot leave without your gift,
the poor are waiting for you
who is inspired by his God.'

We're looking for a final cure
to end all poverty in Africa',
these words, articulated
with urgency, fortissimo

brought back the memory
of smiling ladies, blue-haired
and happily accepting
all coins and notes from all.

Cures for all ills and sins,
injustice and mean spirits
would make the world into
a place to please our God.

I told him then and there
that cures for death and illness
will not be found by those
whose love is on the money.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Missionary's Weapon

The missionary stood,
out in the clearing,
as if frozen, motionless.
Two lions had arrived,
the midday sun was hot,
he saw a group of zebras,
grazing on dead grass,
and a herd of wildebeest,
crossing a dry river bed,
two vultures circling overhead.

He looked up to the sky,
but only saw a cloud of gnats,
where God does live,
he prayed an expedited prayer
and made his point that time
indeed was of the essence.

There was no answer, none.
No lightning and no thunder,
no sign to frighten them,
he felt his sphincter squirm,
and said his pater noster,
and even hurled the words
Pax vobiscum at them.
It was the signal for the beasts
to come closer, while licking
and smacking lips and tongues.

So, as a final gesture, this man,
a man of God who felt abandoned,
got on the toes of brown-stained Colorados,
and yelled at them, as loudly, and
convincingly as time and nerves allowed.
'You dirty rotten scoundrels go away! '
'I am a man of God', and worse.

And God, who likes it when the words
and deeds get hairy, and lively,

sent down a message to the cats.

Once home again, his learned colleagues,
all eager to prepare themselves,
for life among the predators on earth,
were quite astonished when they heard
about the secret weapon, that had saved
his life and would come handy for them all.

'When I threw shit at them, my brethren,
it was as if the clouds had parted,
and not my cheeks, they jumped
and turned and ran away at once.'

'And where', the bishop asked,
'where, pray tell, did you obtain the weapon? '
'Oh, there was plenty, father, really,
and it kept coming like a sign from heaven.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mistake

Admitting diagnosis was
a major heart attack.
She did receive the best of care
and died that night.

No one had thought to check her lungs.
A giant clot
full of fibrinogen and more
rang in her doom.

Note:

A blood clot is a plug of platelets
bound up in a network of
insoluble fibrin molecules.
It can be a killer.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Morality Of Euthanasia

So does Philosophy then, suffer from
the superficiality of its apparent softness?
Or do you find it harsh, my friend, and cold,
its objectivity a front to trivialise all human feeling.
Thus it is not a question of 'Can man reason? '
nor, 'Can man talk? ' but rather, 'Can man suffer? '"

I suspect that rights are really notions, misconceived
and threatening the happiness of many, if not most.
It is the greatest number that must be pleased
as, after all, we are but slaves of pain and pleasure
shuttling as we do, between the two.

Perhaps this can explain our morbid fascination
with euthanasia, or nicely stated, assisted death.
Could it not be the grand solution for all final illness?
Or is it a false compassion, behind which one can hide
those hidden homicidal impulses, a God complex
all wrapped inside the pages of their own psychopathology.

The taking of a life is but philosophy of murder,
and its attraction grows from seed to deed in minutes,
there is the prospect irresistible, of pain and pleasure
which, in the end will wipe it clean, the slate of morals
to give then to the greatest number, the hope of happiness.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mormon

Who discovered the surgeon's sham
when he cut on the working class man
and what was inherently wrong
in a man so chipper and strong
he came in and they put him out
and the nurse said he was a Kraut
who had checked in quite full of doubt
then the scalpel went in too deep
put the man in eternal sleep
when the autopsy was all done
the result was that there was none
of the usual conditions there
so the saga was never fair.
Thus the patient was defeated
with a blade that was deep-seated
they wrote in his hospital chart
'he died of an impacted part'
As a mormon with fourteen wives
he did not have several lives
but twenty rambunctious kiddoes
and fourteen religious widows.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mother Of All Tides

And as the sounds
of liquids gushing
subsided, a hum
was clearly heard.
So like the foreign chant
of devils' disciples,
all hoarse in voice
made of persuasiveness,
bold continuity,
like beating one's own fingers
of shrill dissonance
against the cave's own pane,
demanding passage
into the benevolence
of darkness with its drops
of syrup, borne by shooting stars:
Do come inside!
The sounds rose high,
moist air convulsing now
fresh waves, oscilloscopes,
on which soft velvet rode astride,
and with a whimper it gave way,
the portal fell, admitting troops
of agile fishes to the sea,
where all was soon consumed
by spikes of lightning speed
and by the weeping mother of all tides.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Mousetrap

A mouse looked through a tiny crack
to see the farmer and his spouse
who opened what she had brought back
from shopping back here to the house.

'What food might be in that small bag? '
the mouse thought then he saw the trap
his shoulders now began to sag
he quickly donned his outdoor cap

to see his friends there on the farm.
'Mousetrap' he yelled, 'it's in the house',
There now was reason for alarm
the chicken said, 'shush, Mister Mouse

it is of great concern to you
but personally I could not care',
returned to scratching in the poo
so Mouse went to the pig, 'I dare'

said porky 'to include all mice
into my prayers every day
that this despicable device
shall be defect, so let me pray.'

Next on his walk he met the cow
who was in a peculiar mood
she said 'I'll ask you, truly, how
it matters to my bovine food? '

The utterly dejected mouse
now bravely raised his hairy chin
went through the den into the house
to pay the piper for his sin.

At midnight then a sound was heard
it was a loud and nasty click
the farmer said 'It works, my word',
the wife, though felt a little sick.

And in the dark the farmers wife
who still was up and wide awake
now took a look (armed with a knife)
but failed to see the six-foot snake.

The snake was caught right at the tail
and very angry, so he bit
the woman who began to wail
a cobra bite! That would be it.

The farmer raced his four-wheel-drive
into the hospital at speed
she was more dead now than alive
the Reaper waited, yes, indeed.

They sent her home three days from then
though there she did develop fever
the man went to the chicken pen
and chopped the chicken with a cleaver.

The chicken soup at first did strengthen
and perk her up and there was hope
but in the end it served to lengthen
the struggle, and she could not cope.

So, friends and neighbours came to sit
and help the farmer lift her mood
as they succeeded bit by bit
the farmer went to get some food.

He butchered his beloved pig
to feed the helpers of his bride
their appetites were pretty big
that morning though, the woman died.

The funeral attracted dozens
about two hundred full of grief
and from a distance aunts and cousins,
for food he served the cow, all beef.

The mouse now sat behind the crack

great sadness flooded from his eyes
he thought that in the odd attack
on friends and neighbours it is wise

to just assume that we are all
inside the boat that God has made
and that together we shall fall
mowed down by the Grim Reaper's blade.

That day the mouse made one more pledge
to help wherever he was able
a mouse who lives right near the edge
can be of help in any stable

and with this logic, in return
all creatures can be faced with danger
don't say it's none of my concern
no living thing should be a stranger.

The barn was stocked again with cows
and pigs and goats and even sheep
a fresh young woman ran the house
and in the pantry, sound asleep

was one proud mouse, still in his dream
he smacked his lips and rolled his eyes
for breakfast it was cheese with cream
and later broccoli and fries.

The gods had said that they were willing
to let the animals survive
and no more butchering and killing
a nouveau age would soon arrive.

All farmers turned to growing crops
for vegetarian fare which was
now mandatory, no more chops
and no more meat, nor eeh's and aaw's.

As you can see a great solution
was found inside a mouse's brain
the pathway to its execution

was short and didn't cause much pain.

I wonder, can we human sinners
look out for others, foe or friend
or must a few of us be winners
who will be lonely in the end?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Nap

She stretched her legs in the green grass
surrounded by fresh bovine gas
you know, they always chew their cud
and wander through the grass and mud.

She slept, due to the Beaujolais
had been too tipsy then to play.
But when she opened both her eyes
(she'd dreamed about those handsome guys) ,

a cow was standing very close
and, udderly, the thought arose
that...well, you know what girls do think
she sat up straight, forgot to blink
and shouted, though it did not rhyme:
'Please gentlemen, one at a time.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Narrow Ledge

I like it
when you pour,
it seems
that all
just flows
straight
from the heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

The New Car Deal

'But do not come to Daddy,
crying, come Monday morning
expecting to pay what I offer you
right here and now, so come,
do sign the papers if you know
what's good for you and me.'

'I want to shop around to see
what deal can be arranged
to suit me best, I must look out
for number one, surely you know,
a customer does have the right? '

'Well, once again, this deal is,
to put it bluntly, for today, and not
for any other time that follows.
I'm in a mood to help you out,
I like you, frankly and I know
that you will send me all your friends,
so trust me, Sir, I'm doing what is best
for all of us, and also, I could tell....
the truth is, that you may be, so I notice
a bit embarrassed with that old jalopy.'

'So what is the exact and final figure,
counting the trade of Cedric here,
and all the costs on road and for the Kaiser,
insurance which you kindly offered,
in other words, how much will be enough? '

'Now that's more like it, the thinking man,
you know, so many of my customers are,
to put it mildly, so ignorant, don't get me wrong,
I like them all, but it is always such a pleasure
to deal with someone who can think like you.
So, I suggest we get the papers done right now,
I'll call your banker with the final figures then,
and you go home and celebrate the deal,
no need to worry, I will handle it from here.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The New Pope - Who Is He

Well, as I tried to tell you
the Pope would be elected
by money, not by value
or pious thoughts detected.
So Cardinal Sir Joe
from old Bavaria's woods
who's still a real pro
he must have had the goods.
He joined the Hitler Youth
in nineteenfortyone
but don't forget the truth
he didn't join for fun.
It was the current law
all youths had to belong
and Joseph's father saw
that the Horst Wessel Song
was not to be denied
and only all the Jews
(who tried to run and hide)
were able to refuse
they couldn't if they wanted
no German would permit it
as they were chased and taunted
as if they were dim-witted.
So when he was fourteen
he joined 10 million others
and if he was not keen
they went after the mothers
a blue-eyed boy, a German
pledge life, no hesitation
eliminate all vermin
and always live the celebration
of Hitler's rule and his grand plans
the purity of race perfection
to choose: It's David or Hans
it was a natural selection.
And Ratzki, our latest Pope
sat in the plant in the Deep South
he manned a cannon full of hope

and said Heil Hitler with his mouth.
Protecting BMW cars
and workers' jobs and lives and limb
it's reminiscent of the Czars
so that was Joseph, now blame him
for all atrocities of fighting
for concentration camps to boot
for Rommel's end and for the sighting
of mushroom clouds, oh what a hoot!
He may have whispered to the Fuehrer
how to proceed with Stalingrad
we know he did admire Duerer
perhaps he saw Adolph as God?
And April twenty was the day
when Hitler saw the light at first
a Happy Birthday and Hooray
the Nazi bubble's never burst.

The Polish Pope did like old Joe
was he a Nazi-Goon at heart
the Vatican was in the know
and did they like the Fuehrer's art
I smell intrigue like glowing embers
the flames are fanned by nasty men
why don't they ask one who remembers
instead of 'ones' give only 'ten'
I pity you who criticise
the German Pope with snow-white hair
you are too stupid to be wise
and too pathetic to be fair.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Nicer

He intimated that he had
penultimate authority,
though never did he say so.
And what they call in television
a 'nicer', he would be
impeccably, conservatively dressed,
with matching body language
and a butterfly bow tie.

The two of us appeared to be
exchanging pleasantries,
with faces from the film called
Misery Loves Company.

And in the end, when I could feel
a dozen newly-hatched gray hairs
make their appearance, laterally
I left the temple of this moneychanger
and sniffed the air for penthouse scents.

Now at the mercy of the hands of power,
with just one task to master, only once.
It was manipulation of the thumb
and took an effort like the raising of
the battleship called Arizona.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Night Is Black My Friend

And once again, I linger.
Dark is the night
in Southern lands
but finding it, unerringly
is what the gods decreed
will be unalienable, just for me
a right that sprang from lust
and fleeting pheromones,
I brought him, Mr. Wilkinson
the only one to trust,
he smiles upon achieving it,
a work of art so plain
that it is overlooked by most
perhaps without tradition
from pasts when one denied
one's own desires in the heat
of dull and hopeless nights.
Uh, uh still rings so true
and when it comes, this special day
my very last, I shall demand
the answer from the vicar or the Pope,
I need to know before I go, indeed
if God has given either even one small taste.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Night My Father Died

I wasn't home that stormy night
the fragrance of pink Frangipani had
forever captured me, that bittersweet
magician of soft velvet, alight
against the moon of southern seas,
my night was balmy though,
a thousand patient stars, so far
from distant cousins of the ancient home.

There were commitments here, you see
all flights were often booked, way in advance.
And come to think of it, what would it do
it was God's work to call him home at last
I'd be, to put it bluntly, in the way.

A tiny yet so icy hand had touched my face,
communication from the edge, but why choose me?
The night then blossomed through soft music, and a trance
descended on our little island from above.
In foam-flecked rhythm swayed small waves, in lusty dance
and I had grown some tender roots, a sign of love.

Across the miles he fought old lungs that would not breathe
a sign of certainty the candle had been burned,
those plastic lenses stared at all who had been trapped
oh what an irony to see the clever hands
of Doctor Cataract as he was widely known.

And he had commandeered my father's favourite chair,
though there was little in the way that Dad could do.
Or was there? All could see unhappiness, and that he turned
but it was only the last gesture as he raised
a yellowed and too bony, heavy hand, as if to say
'it is embarrassing to me for you to stay'.

So many worlds away, in Polynesian blues
beneath those lovely Frangipani blossom trees,
I could not know who had been sad and who had cried.
Perhaps the Gods will always get their precious dues.

I was not there that night when my old father died.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Night Pot

If you get old in Germany,
and in the night you have to pee,
remember, they have a tradition
to master this nocturnal mission,
a pot of porcelain is placed
under the bed, the handle faced
toward the user, who then drags
the implement, and two small rags
from under into open view,
this doubles as convenient loo.
It saves you running, mad and madder
downstairs while bearing a full bladder,
the outhouse also harbours spiders
and other shady, insect hidiers.
The dunny (it's the Aussie loo)
is for the day, one for the crew
the other for the upper classes
and for their privileged fat asses.
The night pot though is not well known
and rare the family to own
such practical and handy catcher,
I think the British Lady Thatcher
was given one by Chancellor Schmidt
who also used the thing for sh**t.
One CAVEAT, I need to mention,
when using pots, do pay attention,
your aim depends upon the length
and also on your felon's strength.
Once finished, shake with some finesse
thus you prevent the smallest mess.
But, when you slide the pot again
beneath the bed, first push and then
assess position so it stands
at most the distance of two hands
away from clumsy, tripping toes,
believe you me, I'm one who knows.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Nightgown

It was their wedding night
and things would be alright.
As they undressed she said
please, love, do turn your head.
But what she saw was small
and wrinkled, it was all
that she could have tonight
and how could things be right?
'It's miniscule, my friend,
I want a happy end',
to which he, coolly, said
'you should have turned your head.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Nirwana Cave

I am a wanderer, I hike
the world around me, and all per pedes,
they did suggest a mountainbike,
some even said a big Mercedes.

One day I had just left a ridge,
and saw the valley far below,
a copse of shrubs made up a bridge
reminding me of Manchukuo.

'Twas slippery on the Iliac Crest,
an Inny sat there, beautiful,
perhaps a very tiny nest
to suit a biomolecule.

Innominate, they called this range,
formidable in its size,
to me this region still was strange
each stop revealed a new surprise.

Mons Pubis said the sign in pink,
or was it Fuchsia, can't recall
it seemed I had now reached the brink
of the volcano, one could fall,

as soft conditions now prevailed
a bit of moisture on the ground,
but what a sight, all treasures paled
it was Nirwana I had found.

A cave, well hidden though from view
was open and I stooped to see,
and there I stood, without a clue
of what this treasure meant to me.

And, as you read this card, my friend
I've settled here, as a recluse.
To stay in peace until the end
it's something I would always choose.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Oak Was Strangely Neutral

A frosty morning of new Spring,
just before the ancient copper bell
commenced its plaintiff sounds
sending them from the monastery
into the countryside, to sinners,
their contemplation while listening
to the first song of the lark,
and watching, with lustful eyes
as the milkmaid crossed the bridge,
hurrying toward the barn and docile cows,
hawthorn and a thousand suns of dandelion,
painting the meadow now, while waiting
for the shadows of the oaks and firs,
and the stringy hair of weeping willows,
standing, swaying as if to speak
and let all know about this great uncertainty
of life, here in the hidden valley,
where just one hamlet stood, a shabby
though romantic cedar shack, a dusty glass
attempting to reflect the sagging chimney
that sat, in awkward pose amongst the moss,
and had been good enough to build a nest
to house the happy couple, the noisy Crows.
She sat, so deep in thought and filled with silence,
she never heard the halting steps, or heard
the stifled cry, which signaled a completion,
an answer for one man that suited only one,
he would have hesitated in his praise for others,
there was a sudden raw finality buried within
himself and his demented choice, but then,
he would not know, no wisdom was to flow
into a future he had tied and roughly dropped
amidst the singing of the lark and of the bell
still calling from within the ancient monastery,
and, close, the hamlet's stony face, below
home to the busy chatter of the happy Crows.
At last she saw, he hung, strangely in pose
dead eyes still open, nodding now as if to say
Yes it was proper though I would not recommend

to anyone, or you, a lovely girl who dreams,
to follow me into a world without a rationale.
No words were spoken yet she understood
and watched for hours, with her hopeful eyes
for just the smallest sign from him, suspended
from the majesty of that indifferent oak,
but it was not to be, he could not move his head
from side to side, and if there was a whisper
it was never heard, that day by any living soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Old Recluse

Those frigid mornings by the creek
pull gently on my peasant's blouse.
A rainbow trout is what I seek
the favourite breakfast of my spouse.

A baby's dummy, full of booze
adorns my lips to ward off ills
a form of wanton self-abuse
the doctor says and gives me pills.

Things finally came to a head
she wouldn't cook the blasted trout.
And when she went alone to bed
I threw the little woman out.

For forty-seven happy years
I've lived here with my bootleg juice
until today. A few hot tears
rolled down the face of this recluse.

Herbert Nehrlich

The One

It was not my idea,
to meet with you.
I did, though things
were helter skelter,
as you know.
I needed teeth,
and slimming down,
I'd let myself relax
and go, all caused by stress
with eating sausages
and bread,
and Sauerbraten too,
potato dumplings, made at home,
all shirts had shrunk,
due to a lack of skill
and here you were,
demanding that I show!

I was a feather on the very day
when you insisted that we meet,
and to appease you I said Yeah,
I'll pick up a small part
and it is close enough
so let us meet for tea,
or coffee, whatever turns you on.
No alcohol as I do drive,
so it was set, that awkward date
and it was tempting to retreat.

I saw you, standing there,
first thoughts are true my mother said,
we met and you, a stranger placed
a kiss upon my lips. Yes I was stunned.
You handed me a diary of sorts
and it was small and made of gold,
the H was carved into the title page
and you had touched with dewey hands
the first few pages, to initiate.
And then you told me what it meant

and what it was. I could not really speak.
At the kaleidoscope, in the pitch dark,
I took the liberty to say I seek,
and I was lost without, and up the creek.
It was an avalanche from there, I think
bizarre is not the word that does explain,
yet we are lingering and tethering on the brink
while feeling all of it and laughing at the pain.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

The One Tear You May Miss

Your heart keeps beating in your chest,
incessantly. And thank you, God.
The only time it gets to rest
is when it's working, which is odd.

So many things attack the heart,
from poisons to a lack of care.
It takes some knowledge to be smart
and give it always its fair share.

The nutrients that drive your system
are not an option to ignore.
Believe me, those who often miss them
live to their fifties, not much more.

Coenzyme-Q, Potassium, Juice,
the B-complex and lots of C,
there really is no good excuse
to do without to a degree.

No need to learn biology,
the names of chemicals as such,
to forestall any misery
apply the rules with golden touch.

Just eat thy food as God intended
and stay away from modern things.
The age of common sense has ended,
we do not know what this one brings.

To keep your health become a shaker,
and question all, get educated,
and when it's time to meet your maker
your body will be A-1 rated.

A tiny warning though I'll add:
About the heart, its biggest foe
is one small germ which is quite mad.
equipped to kill just like a pro.

The favourite place for him to hide
and send his scouts down to your valves,
is in the gums, so deep inside
that nothing gets them, pills or salves.

So, if you have postponed attending
the dentist due to inborn fear,
remember that the most heart-rending
result will be an early tear.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Operation

Slowly, meticulously breathing
withdraws his hand with the small blade
a bleeder now, nipped in the bud
compartment syndrome is a maybe.
The men in green now throw their gloves
discard the status symbols quickly
into the lounge, still full of buzz
that lung was so far gone, sweet Jesus.
Malignancy plus metal jacket, hollow point.
Oh, comfy chairs, be pleased we're coming
and light my fire, kiss the camel
in through the mouth, out through your nostrils
some day the bell may toll for us,
but, worry not, we are the Gods,
there's neither destiny, nor death.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Origin Of The Holy See

The story, folks, may now be told.
'Twas the winter, bloody cold
and Joseph and Maria had
picked out a name for the young lad
who now was really overdue,
they wandered hither, fro and to
in search of good accommodation
where they could make a few day's station.
The Inn was full or so they shouted
the real reason they were outed
was that they had no ready cash
also their clothes were not too flash.
But worst of all was, can you guess
they had American Express!

Not every merchant will accept
regardless if the bearer wept
this card because the company
takes a big cut from you and me.
So Joseph quickly volunteered
but they declined as he had feared
and with Maria now expanding
they had to do an urgent landing
her cervix was dilated well
young Jesus cracking now the shell.
Oh Joseph I can feel the danger,
please let us stop here, at this manger.
And thus it happened, blame the Yanks
God's son was born, do NOT give thanks
to modern banking and to greed
first thing he did was that he peed.
The pee was endless, (no small wee)
and did create the Holy See.
And ever since it's said, to wit,
if undecided, piss on it.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Other Terrorists

Today, my friends, I'm telling you
something that's shocking, though quite true.
The governments are making lists
of middle-Eastern terrorists.

There's talk about a policy
that doesn't make much sense to me.
It's shoot to kill the ones who look
like Mister (perhaps Mrs.) Crook.

There is a war on foreign soil,
which may relate a bit to oil,
but it appears that people think
our freedom hovers on the brink

of irreversible destruction.
This thought derives from smart deduction
by leaders in those lofty places.
They do not show their sinful faces

out on the foreign battlefield,
but keep a tally on the yield
of freshly killed, some friend, some foe,
a man named Dumbsgeld, whom we know

sends letters to the next of kin
then settles back to nurse his gin.
He likes the action of all war,
the blood and guts, this thing called gore,

it's entertainment at its best,
America, you shall be blessed!
In all the helter-skelter fighting,
which may be utterly exciting,

it is, to me, a glaring error
that no one sees the Psycho-Terror.
For fifty years we have been told
to put all eggs and meat on hold.

What started out as one big false
hypothesis, without the balls
to stand up on its own two legs,
was Ancel Keys' dislike of eggs.

He saw that people died like flies
and told the world his great surprise,
that all our ancestors had been
in their nutrition full of sin.

He singled out cholesterol,
there was no other cause at all.
And ever since that fateful day
the people, they were asked to pay.

In goods and money, and in lives.
So many left behind their wives.
Yes, Psycho-Terror then was used
to keep the masses unamused

and shaking in their trusting boots
while busy doctors in cahoots
were practicing sheer genocide,
inside the country, far and wide.

Cholesterol, that sacred core
had been declared to be the whore
who comes and leaves her pestilence
the answer would be drugs and stents.

Destruction of a needed essence
affects the years of people's presence
in health to spend their time on earth
as they are programmed right at birth.

The folly of all interference
though not all clear at first appearance,
will, in the end suggest an answer:
This worldwide treatment causes cancer.

You take away the system tools

repair becomes too much to ask.
Though history will judge those fools
we need to take them NOW to task.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Ouch (Children)

Doctor, doctor, how do you do?
Come and meet Skippy, the gray kangaroo.
Skippy and Joey, the one in the pouch,
Joey fell out and she now has an ouch.

Would you be kind Sir,
and fix Joey's ouch?
In the future she'll mind her,
once back in the pouch.

So the doc had a look
at the terrible gash.
Fifteen stitches it took
but was done in a flash.

Since the cut was positioned
in the Joey's pouch flap,
the smart doctor envisioned
that there would be no gap.

So he put in a zipper
for the future offspring.
Mum exclaimed 'What a ripper',
'twas a wonderful thing.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pact - Hippo/Bandicoot

A teensie weensie bandicoot
was chewing on a comfrey root.
The bandicoot had inflammation
brought on by frequent mastication
of fructose, glucose and cigars
and now and then a bar of Mars.
As you may know, all bandicoots
wear dark hippopotamus boots,
they trade in spiders, insects who
due to their size will never do
and hippo's gladly will exchange
for grass and hay straight from the range,
as hippo's eat a lot of grass
transforming some of it to gas.

So, usually quite late at night
the hippo's, hungry for a bite,
meet on the banks the bandicoots,
(the ones who wear those hippo boots) .
It is amazing what a small
and muscular, not very tall,
a rodent-like quick critter can
transport in weight, more than a man.

The bandicoot is very vain,
as half his small reptilian brain
is taken up with pride of species,
the other half contains just feces.
So, boots are on the shopping list
and here the hippo will assist.
That's how in nature things could go
but rest assured, it isn't so.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Past - A Return

It was a bed of leaves,
skunk cabbage to be exact.
The urges have it, someone said
at that re-union in the smallest of,
and rustiest of towns, whoppeee.

Goddammit all those claps and straps,
a temperate climate does not make allowance
for urgency, I bless the tropics, truly
where barely seconds are required to
give in or take her up on sudden weakness.

So, on a bed of fragrant if not pleasant green observers
we reminisced and told each other about time,
how it had cheated us and raced ahead to brag
about the years when we were struggling to pass.
So we made up for it, felt guilty in the morning.

But at a whim we sat at breakfast, holding hands
we fed each other country sausage and farm eggs
and in our eyes we saw the past as if we lived there
until we did, had been transported back in time.
I licked her fingers then, all ten, and one by one,
we closed our eyes and all the world did go away.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Peacepipe

If I were chicken I would blame it on the hormones.
The androgens and company, and the testosterones.
A freshly, not quite baked but budding poet,
head swelled with accolades, and did he know it!

The chemicals were multiplying, masses
accumulated, but there were some asses
who seemed to be producing something good
which, as detractors had barged in and truly could
stay on the site as idiosyncratic competition
so it was time to target some and go out fishing.

All this, mind you, takes place upon a lower level
and is invisible to fishermen but not the Devil.
A hook is cast toward the unsuspecting
a bit of tissue torn as if one were dissecting
and then cacatum hits the fan so all can see
and hear and read and wallow in the misery.

A target came within the sights one early morn
of obvious talent, likely pretty, also foreign-born
and once the shot rang out, the hook had gone
what followed was complacency that carried on.

False pride and stubbornness as well as guilt
prevented that one small but necessary tilt
of this crazed windmill with the Kaiser's colours
'twas not to be, dumbfounded there he stands and hollers.

Perhaps she will bestow her innate grace
and rise above insulting comments to her face
so in the hope that writing these few lines
will bring us poetry like noble, aging wines
and end forever any hint of animosity
as does befit all spirits that are truly free.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pelican (For Children)

A pelican sat by the pier
was waiting for some fish
he searched afar, he searched anear
and made a secret wish.

He sat there one entire day
just hoping that his wishes
would be received without delay
so he could eat his fishes.

But fishermen came from the city
and cast their lines and nets
they caught so many, what a pity
to feed them to their pets.

And when the sun sank in the surf
and night was fast approaching
the pelican thought that on his turf
there ought to be no poaching.

So, with the speed of Pelicans
he ruffled all his feathers
and looked just like the Taliban
the king of Afghan weather.

Went over to the city slickers
and showed his giant beak
which did result in dirty nickers
he said: 'It's fish I seek'.

Then shook his head in sudden rage
so everything went flying
and gobbled quickly, at this stage
the catch that he'd been eyeing.

When he was full he turned around
slipped quickly into waves
and swam, then lifted off the ground
just thinking that the Braves

would always rule the world of food
and that a handsome Pelican
was always in the happy mood
to take the fish away from man.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Perfumed Donkey

A donkey stood inside his box,
and, looking down saw four white socks.
As just that day the donkey's teacher
had said that socks ain't donkey features.

So he went out to find a cure
in knee-deep liquid cow manure.
He first went to, and then went fro
and soon he looked, behold and lo,

like other donkeys, yet his feet
no longer were so clean and neat.
There also was that funny smell,
not liked by others, he could tell.

So off he went to get advice
straight from the wisest of the guys,
which was the oldest of the lions
and if you look beyond the science

and see just basic lion drives
you could be one who soon arrives
at what a wise but hungry beast,
one who was asked, to say the least,

to solve a problem that had started
when, due to socks, he had departed
the safety of his cozy barn.
I'm telling you, this is no yarn.

Well, back now to the lion's den
the females set the table then.
The father of the clan now burped,
it's when the appetite was curbed

too long out in the desert sun.
And they had not had one good run
of antelopes and wildebeest,
so this was great, a donkey feast

had wandered in right from the town.
Yet, suddenly, a mammoth frown
did occupy the old one's features,
he sniffed and shouted 'Of all creatures

this donkey causes instant running
of tearducts, phew, this smell is stunning.
My appetite has gone forever'.
The donkey who had thought he'd never

escape from this predicament,
turned right around and home he went.
Arrived back on the farm, one piece,
ignored the taunts of nasty geese,

sarcastic comments from his mates.
He never went through any gates
to leave the farm for any reason,
no matter what the current season.

He also took a lengthy dip
inside the shit, he'd never skip
that daily ritual which had kept him
alive when they would not accept him.

So for the rest of all his days
he stayed that way, would not erase
the odour that had fooled a king.
And, if you want to hear him sing,

like others do inside their showers,
turn west and listen, at all hours
a happy donkey sings his tune.
And, with approval, smiles the moon.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Perpetrator

He was a stubborn one,
no one could tell him things,
and, like a cranky Swiss,
he made new rules for man,
which, naturally, applied as well
to those who would be fine
inside hot kitchens and near stoves,
a boy at heart, he'd overcome
the 'vulgar' side of human life,
he shunned all words and gestures,
the innocence of eyes and fleeting touch,
and saw all films in black and lily white,
yet when she stuffed his ancient pipe
with loving hands, he felt a stir,
she'd lit the fire deep inside his heart,
and melted ice and granite stone
so it became a lava pump at last,
hot molten endocrine abyss,
it filled a void so vast, and overflowed
and for a century the flesh was weak and glowed.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Petition

'Will you, Sir, sign this petition..
yes I see you're going fishing,
but this matter must be solved
so you need to get involved.'

'What the hell could be so pressing
that you have the people guessing,
going 'round with your petition,
holy woman on a mission?

'It concerns the Forum Plaza,
which, at times, resembles Gaza.
Cogno-midgets wander in
sticky pus runs from their chin.
Dreaming of that one erection
harbouring full-blown infection.
Spit their poisons at creators
masquerade as alligators.
Let us throw them in a kettle,
wait until the stem cells settle,
scoop the surface of the scum
seal the mess inside a drum,
bury it in outer space
thus create a peaceful place.'

'I can see your brilliant logic
this disease is haemorrhagic.
I shall sign a thousand times,
tell me, girl, do you like rhymes? '

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pharmacist

Oh, John says Julie, please come by
to meet my parents, don't be shy.
A dinner has been planned, hooray
and late at night we two can play.
What do you mean, my feathered dove
is it your promise to make love?

Oh yes, she says, when they retire
we'll set my waterbed on fire.
He smiles and pictures for himself
the nighttime show with his sweet elf.

That afternoon, he stops to buy
some condoms from the serious guy
behind the counter of the store
where for your money you get more.

The pharmacist can see at once
that boy has never shot his guns.
So he explains and takes the time
to prime him for the weekend crime.

One takes this rubber, then one strips
he preaches, gives him many tips.
Be sweet and charming to the girl
and, by all means, give it a whirl!

The boy shows at the stately home
his car a vision of sheer chrome.
As dinner has been called they go
into the dining room below.

Once introduced the boy sits down
head bowed and on his face a frown.
He offers quickly to say grace
and further lowers his young face.

Now fifteen minutes, which it took
is much too long in my own book.

He failed to give a single sign,
ignored the maid who served the wine.

At last his girl approached his ear
and whispered, please my precious, dear
I did not realise you were
God-fearing, yet did it occur
that everyone is starved and must
eat this good food until they bust?

He answered, whispering as well,
I wish I had been called to Hell.
We haven't even hugged and kissed.
Your Dad, he is a pharmacist!

Herbert Nehrlich

The Photo

A photo graces the green tree
for all the world to come and see,
the combs silently her hair
while the old moon can only stare.
Now torn between the posted size
the loveliness of poet's eyes
and such wholistic solitude
he chooses all of her, and nude.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pianoplayer

He sat, the window was wide open
in front of the piano he despised,
condemned to practice ten defiant fingers
by parents, old and cruel and estranged.

He'd told his mates he would be playing,
though unbeknownst it was a player -unit,
with rolls of paper turning air into sweet music,
and when the time was right he sat,

with head and shoulders in plain vision from the street,
and played Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt
and Orpheus, even Bach and Haydn.
A deafening applause moved him to stand, and bow,
they clearly had been shocked, 'we didn't know'!

and when the last of the three rolls had done its thing
he closed the lid as his own symbol of 'good-bye'.
He sat and basked in admiration from his peers
which slowly penetrated to his inner soul,
when an old blackbird landed on the window sill
and started laughing uncontrollably, at him.

It sounded so much like a Kookaburra though,
and it is known that they possess musical ears.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pig That Said Onk

I knew a pig that loved to wallow
inside the swamp's Northeastern hollow.
The pig had legs and grunted 'onk'
and all the beasts did like the donk.
But there was something pretty bleak
about the sow, she sure did reek.
When all the Longhorns left in fright
and flies were dying in the night,
it was the time that God's own nose
detected all the fumes that rose.
He sent his lightning strike to earth
and death was followed by a birth.
A rose was born and pleased the masses
and gone was evil and her gasses.
It often happens that a cell
becomes aberrant and unwell.
And soon the organs fall apart
kaputt is now the applectart.
How sad that those who emanate
the odours of a rotten state
cannot themselves smell their own stench
I shall not say the word in French.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pile Of Poo

A bus trip through the Northern Beaches,
it slowed to fifty near the houses,
the dark haired lady, one who teaches
about the past and thus arouses
historic curiosity,
explains how Caesar and his troup
fought vicious animosity.

My eyes are heavy from the vino
imbibed with other tourist groups,
so late last night, that Bardolino,
the bus now stopped to let a cow
get to the other side to eat.
Superb, this scenery but how
she talks about defeat
of Roman power in those days?
Who cares, my eyes now start to wander.

Across the potholed, dusty road,
a picket fence of purple hue,
in front of which a wagonload
of fly-attracting bovine poo
is being shovelled, bit by bit
onto the garden soil by one
with scrumptious looking olive skin,
a broad-rimmed hat repels the sun
and beads of sweat run off her chin.

Blue overalls accentuating
a promised figure, age nineteen,
she glances briefly at the waiting
green tourist bus she must have seen
a hundred times before this day.

Was there a spark that flew just now,
all eyes are busy with the drama
of how the local Holstein cow
has left the scene. The panorama
of barren foothills with no grass

has caught her eye. And, udder-swinging,
she disappears, her bovine ass
gets smaller. Sparks anew are bringing
me back to those blue overalls.

And now, we lock alerted eyes,
perception of the highest order,
reptilian urge I realise
that we will soon drive through the border
and leave this Italy behind.

A sense of loss, it comes and sweeps
this fool who will not ever find
the courage now, instead he weeps
inside about his loss already
when fading in the growing distance,
in this small town of white spaghetti,
the beauty NODS her lovely head,
thus melting all of my resistance
I sit and stare, and think I'm dead.

It was at dusk on July 30
when, tired and with one torn shoe
I wandered in, alone and dirty
until I saw the pile of poo.
I can't remember if my nerves
did fail or threatened mutiny
if ancient, dusty mem'ry serves
one half of me said 'turn and flee'.
The other half, however, lusted
with brightly burning inner fire
the choice was either to get busted
for stark display of my desire,
perhaps get thrown inside a jail
or shot at by a jealous lover.
The question was, succeed or fail.

New confidence began to hover
above me like an angel now.
With sudden flair I jumped the fence,
at last I know exactly how
to handle this. She looked so tense,

I took her hand and said in German
that I had come to marry her.
Now nervous, I produced a sermon
that had her listen, not a stir
was seen or felt, I kept her hand
in mine and looked into her eyes.
That's where I stood, in foreign land,
in seventy-one, when a surprise
transformed her pupils that had stared,
they softened and two tiny tears
rolled down her cheeks as if they cared
about those words of mine, new fears
emerged from my left-sided brain.
I heard the music of Franz Liszt
undoubtedly, I was insane.
But no, it happened and she kissed
me on the cheek the right
then on the left and right again.
The hope however that she might
approach the centre where we men
do have the sentry for our heart
was premature, perhaps she would
dismiss me like a foreign tart,
(I think she was convinced she should) .

Three decades later she confessed
that of those words in seventy-one
she'd understood, truly, at best
the melody but, sadly, none
of any meaning or specific,
yet all of what I said that day
was felt by her to sound terrific
and filed inside her soul to stay.

So, here we are, unloading poo
in our garden, by that fence.
You look at me, I look at you
and nothing else makes too much sense.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Piper On Everest

At last I've made it
to the roof of
our crazy world.
No higher goal
can be attained,
there is no mountain
that could offer
a nobler summit.

And swaying now,
a bit, how odd
that lack of air
can make me slow
and stagger
in the snow
and unforgiving
cruelty of Everest.

We were thirteen,
experienced,
mountaineers:
Hamburger Yank,
Know-all Kraut,
Vin Rouge Frog,
Olive Mafioso,
Feta Greek,
Herring Swede,
Vegemite Aussie,
Borscht The Russki,
Taco Mexicano,
Blubber Inuit,
Ancient Hunzakut,
Kibbutz Stein,
and
Darky Washington.

Just three of us,
and by sheer luck,
came down again

that day in May.
(None meant to stay) .
And come to think
about the top
and why we climbed
and did not stop,
all puzzled still,
we conquered
not a mountain
but a fear
within ourselves.

The Piper did collect.
And, in the end
it was, for some,
the final show.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Plagiarist

He made, each day, another list
some late at night when he got pissed,
a thousand books strewn all around
new phrases of old masters found.
Of course, he chose some quite obscure
no soul would be exactly sure
of déjà- vu, and thus assume
that in that little cranial room
a wordsmith's shop was resident
where bold and truly competent
creations could be made from scratch,
each day another brilliant batch.
One day the Vicar stopped to read
he said, my son, you have, indeed
extracted morsels with much skill
it must have given you much thrill.
I take it, words like pre-exist
would never plague a plagiarist?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Plato Pledge

They had agreed, in fact it was a pledge.
To honour all commandments, also those
they still were unaware of. Near the edge
was, on her left, (he rested in a pose)
of the French mime, his name...was it Marcel?
He'd freeze into time's endless absolutes;
a casual observer then could never tell
if there could be a human, sleeping near those boots.

They'd known, deep down, that fragrance might be bliss,
and vowed that, simply, nearness would suffice.
Allowed was one low decibel and fleeting kiss,
they drifted off, he dreaming of crushed ice,
she travelled back to distant, stormy, drooling days,
but a confounder also occupied
their resting place, in sly and hidden ways,
it was a Queen where, truly, King was specified
and even breathing took up valuable space.

It was a valiant effort, that much must be said.
At half past three she scratched her flushed and sleeping face.
A touch of elbow to his still and dreaming head
and there was silence as they breathed each other's skin.

She was the first to place her hand upon his chest.
There was the thought but now dismissed about a sin.
He ventured home and laid his head upon her breast,
the world had stopped right then and did suspend the time.
Though they kept sleeping against reason and all rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pleasures Of Kindred Spirits

A dog finds always a good reason
to scratch with pleasure, during season.
All other times he sharpens claws
and licks the daylight off his paws.
If there is time between those pleasures
he concentrates on other treasures.
We fellows, too, (if we could bend)
would lick or fondle our small friend.

Lest you did miss the real meaning
let me point out that, after weaning,
worldwide each precious little boy
is fascinated by his toy.
The one that God placed with great care
into the crotch for boys to wear.
We differ from the dog in gait
but for good reason call him mate.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Polarbear's Ways

It was just one more time
that he would pack his gear
and quickly kiss her lips
before he vanished in the night,
a lonely shadow in the snow.
And by his side his Greenland mutt
with blue Siberian eyes and playful face.

They'd get their skin this time,
such shame of failure in the past,
it hurt until today, this night a promise.

When dawn awoke to chase the midnight sun
a heavy silence had descended.
And from the valley to the foaming sea
cold tufts of winter's breath just hung
as if reluctant to disperse into the sky.

A lone and bloodied Greenland dog,
three-legged, grimacing in pain
arrived at home, all strength had gone
his master now at peace, not to return.
He died, out on the cruel ice of lethal paws
because he did not know the ways of polar bears.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Pope Visits

Pope Benedikt, he flew first class
prepared his Sydney Morning Mass.
The plane went high, passed Planet Mars
that's where the Pope gave out cigars.
He lit his Cuban with his Bic
and told the Captain 'heels must click'.

In Rome the Pope eats Sauerkraut
it makes his bones and structures stout,
he keeps, next to his bed a kitten
because with pussycats he's smitten.
Describing her, as coarse of hair
and agile fingers, no compare.
Her tongue, sandpaper like a cow
she knows and executes the how.
He misses her, she had to stay
while Master Pope did go away.

Down Under though (no, not Valhalla) ,
they gave him Cecil, the Koala.
He sat, just like the pussycat
not on a special koala mat
but on his Holiness's crotch
while he partook of potent Scotch.

The press was hushed this morning though,
a ban on information flow,
it seems that Bendikt had stroked
and scratched and pulled and tugged and poked,
until the little bear went mad
the end result was pretty sad.

The good part is that as the Pope
he neither needs or uses dope,
nor would he have a real use
of certain structures, a recluse
he watches films and that is that
and dreams of his old pussycat.

The Postage Stamp

A postage stamp, handsome and male
in a drawer, was fast growing stale.
When two fingers reached in
took him out of the tin,
he was shaking and looked rather pale.

Now two lips and a tongue from above
smacked right down on him – was this love? -
and before he stuck
he considered his luck
but was grabbed by a hand, dressed in glove.

Well – the kiss had intoxicated
his being, all flat and serrated.
So he puckered his lip
BUT was sent on a trip.
Thus the end turned out rather ill-fated.

And you wonder whether it's true
that your fate always gives you a clue?
It's the pleasures you miss
if you wait for the kiss
and the aftereffect
of the glue.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Postman

Mama let the postman in
took him to her bed,
postman left her with a grin
this is what he said:
Putting letters in a slot
is a postman's life
but this morning I was hot,
ditto for this wife.
Mama let the postman out
Dad came home for lunch,
she undercooked his Sauerkraut,
it happened: the big crunch.
Dad was strangely in a mood,
his soldier at attention
asked her, 'Honey, see this dude
trapped by his extension.'
Mama said, 'I wish you'd wait
wait until ten thirty
I'll be in a ready state
to get down and dirty.'
Dinner saw them drinking wine
way too many glasses,
twenty minutes after nine
all thoughts of crevasses
had become a silly dream
soon the two were snoring,
letting peaches and sweet cream
fall onto the flooring.
Morning came and hubby did
race to be on time
Postman made another bid
and here ends the rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Power Of Nothing

Inside a tree a squirrel sat,
he was well-nourished, even fat.
He spotted then the owl who, wise,
was sought out by the forest's guys
if information was the need.
And of all critters owls, indeed
do have a comprehensive brain
(it is the reason they are vain) .

The squirrel asked about the snow, '
the weight of flakes he aimed to know.
'Each snowflake' said the owl 'weighs naught,
that's what experience has taught.'

The squirrel, who would sit for hours
to sharpen observation powers:
'How could this be my learned friend,
snow must weigh something, in the end?
Last winter, as I watched it snow,
the ground came closer from below
and as I sat here in the tree
I was positioned thus to see
how more and more the snow would rise
to white and pretty looking highs.
Each branch received a goodly portion
and some would bend into distortion.
The weight of sixteen million flakes
is, from my view, just what it takes
to snap my perch like some thin twig,
so tell me wise owl, with a wig
what made it break if snow weighs nil!
Kindly explain this if you will.'

'yes, it can be' the owl proclaimed,
her words were with intention aimed
at all the critters.'Now and then
and once a year, and then again,
a bit of nothing will suffice
to crush a solid block of ice,

or fell a tree of strapping strength
and cut in half the height and length
of things that live with us each day.
It is a price they have to pay.'

'A bit of nothing thus can cause
the overturning of great laws,
of physics, chemistry and maths,
of Bunsen burners, acid baths.
There is no use to whine and fret,
it's what you get. It's what you get.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Preacher

There once was a preacher named Mack.
He was tall and exceedingly black.
He was caught with a maid
in a state sponsored raid
put inside and he hasn't been back.

You might ask what became of the maid,
she'd been given some much needed aid.
By the bishop from Rome
who did stay at her home
and you guessed it, she ended up laid.

Thus it shows that the flesh is quite weak
and that God has forgotten the meek.
I suggest that all maids
don't get caught in those raids
with a bishop it's even more bleak

Herbert Nehrlich

The Price Of It

There was a mean, pathetic man,
much substance he had not.
He only counted one true fan
but that prevented not

his mad attacks on those who can
create true poetry.
I think he might just be deranged,
how else could one explain

the frequent trouble he arranged
as if he were insane?
As time went by the people saw
what really was behind him,

that was the trigger for the raw
sheer hatred that did blind him.
He stood in a great market place
where thousands were assembled

and showed his venom-spitting face
so that the masses trembled.
And then he urged his enemy
to find an airtight room

and douse himself with Zyklon B
and there await his doom.
Our times aren't what they used to be,
some people know no rules.

These low lives do not seem to see
that even blatant fools
have to account for what they say,
and this fool made an error,

it isn't ever quite okay
to dabble in sheer terror.
The crack of dawn had just begun,
a car pulled up. The Mail? ? ?

Oh no, it was a man with gun,
the fool went off to jail.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Promised Spot

My hand had travelled slowly to the promised spot.
It was a cautious journey, marked by sweaty hesitation.
And now a question over should I or not
give into wetness and its tingling sensation.
The depth of it, the promise of its green,
two velvet borders of a softness white as snow,
the murkey colour wedged so tightly in between,
the sound of distant splashing told me 'GO'.
The temperature was midsummerwarm and more,
the drops caressed my hand like honeydew,
I moved my index finger slowly back and fore,
this seemed to start the pleasant feeling all anew.
So, take the plunge I told myself, go head in first.
I did. Surprised my tongue with saltiness so sweet,
that upon impulse I had quickly quenched my thirst.
Inside my loins there was the stirring of the beat,
my heart was happy to have landed near the shore,
it sent its lifeblood to the muscles of my thighs.
I saw the friendly wave, immersed myself some more.
It was the lifeguard of the lake in Camp Horizon.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Rating Game On P/H

There is so much debating
on this well-travelled forum
about the poets' rating
and less about decorum.
The ones that have no readers
or fans of any kind
sound just like heavy bleeders
with one big axe to grind.
The make those strange excuses
about what counts, what not
imagine some great uses
for work that's posted but
and when they look at hits
and see much empty space
they might just get the shits
and would like to erase
some nasty evidence
they do not realise
that they and their great friends
have lows and sometimes highs
and that their work is read
by few if any others
Why don't they go to bed
and read it to their mothers.
The ratings are a joke
presented by the layman
it's just as if a bloke
was rated by a gay man.
So, stop your silly fretting
the ones mean zilch and zero
instead you could be getting
the label of a hero
by giving out some tens
and let them know you did
to roosters and to hens
it will surprise you kid.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Real Racists

A racist is one who intends
to harm others in that he sends
clear signals to the world around
in kinesthetic and in sound.

The aim of course, must be to harm,
cause in society alarm.

The perpetrator points to traits
and -using words- he slyly baits
his fellow citizens so that
they'll don their prejudicial hat.

No question that bad mouthing can
do damage to the average man.
Consensus though is hard to reach
and even scholars, those who teach
are in a quandary to define
exactly where to draw the line.

Just as important, it is true
is what racism means to you.
Let's state that you would seek as mates
tall people from the Northern states
or folks of alabaster skin?
And that you treasure next of skin
who educate themselves and slave
from cradle right into the grave.
Or that your touchy nose will sneeze
at odours that remind of cheese,
say, all the citizens of Rome
use brushes, razors but no comb,
that Inuits stew every night
in their own sweat and think it right,
to offer to a guest their wives?
Must we condemn their wayward lives?

Ah, Savages, a fertile matter
a gender issue, when to batter
is not a question to arise,

for man is lazy, strong and wise.

All Germans, generations back
(though none were Savages or black)
would beat the living smithereens
out of their toddlers and their teens.

By saying this I'm judged by some
who tend to be, well....challenged, dumb
and ignorant of clever thinking;
they go around their colleagues winking
and pointing fingers at those humans
who stand erect and whose bright lumens
throw light upon the differences
that we observe with our senses.

And while they may be unaware
of what is proper, true and fair,
they have what we must call intent
to foist a vile predicament
upon the few who seem to differ
by using their perverted sniffer
to seek them out and then condemn
and spit them skyward like green phlegm.

I am convinced that you can see
that some are born in misery
and that there are but two main groups
(surrounded by their moron troops) :
the ones who parrot what they hear,
the others will instill plain fear
in order to incite a hate
which may just soothe their envy state.

Equipped with mediocre parts,
not up to science, even arts,
he sets his sights on tearing down
and he is called the RACIST CLOWN.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Recluse

'Hepatomegaly, my friend',
the doctor said to the recluse,
'will turn cirrhosis in the end,
lay off that godforsaken booze.'

But Albert, the recluse went back
into the park that was his home.
He'd built himself a little shack
complete with a small garden gnome.

Inside a hollowed-out old tree
he kept a stash of Moonshine's best,
and battled there his misery,
a cough had settled in his chest.

The doctor was a silly fool,
he had not helped him in his plight.
Had sat there on his shiny stool
and squeezed his liver very tight.

Of course, like any good recluse
this one decided on his own
that he would keep his right to choose
and later on, could get a clone.

Thus he would live inside the park
forever and another day,
and drink until the sky was dark.
From doctors he would stay away.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Re-Union In The Forest

A little bell had rung,
and in the meadow
the sound of birds,
perhaps a nightingale,
by name of Florence
made all the shadows
and darkened places
safe again for you.

You stood before me
and nudged me just below
my left meniscus,
with your bare leg,
so smooth, with just a hint of
after-shower cream
and we were moving closer,
I guessed because of
the frigid wind that blew
out of the Yucca Valley,
you held me close and I could
feel your breasts, so unencumbered
and braless, firm but soft
and lightly teasing all the hairs
of mine, while still allowing
the beating of your heart
to resonate with upper ribs.

I briefly wondered if they could,
in such a situation, the valves
of both our hearts, communicate.
Surely, they would be able to
become acquainted with each other
through touch, and their benign
and somewhat plaintiff sounds
of music, to be cherished.

I kissed you then, thinking it was
the thing to do, most certainly
it would be most appropriate,

and yes you gave me re-assurance
through your answer, another bell
had now begun to ring, doucement
so say the French, who know
about these things and more.

The silver moon had gone to bed
and so had Florence and her friends,
a grunt of a whole family of pigs,
the little guys so cute and striped,
passed within meters of our tree,
the wind had given up on all its kindness
and filled the gaps between us tightly,
a groan was heard from an old oak
and scratching sounds descended,
leaves were tumbling onto her arched neck.

It seemed as if we had been waiting
for something else to happen here, and now
tonight, this night, but for the life of me
I could not put my finger onto it.
I did recall, of course, that it had been
some forty years since last we met.
We kissed the same still, but there was
an item missing, blow me, if I knew.

Her knee was resting where she'd nudged me
still, and it felt nice. We were together,
and we stood to wait for something other,
when I became aware of new sensations.
A silly thought, though quickly now dismissed
that she had grown because her nudge had now
reached to the edge of lands that I had, plum,
forgotten, and recognition came at once.

And, so it happened, in that forest, under trees,
the moon had now returned and two could hear
the melody of that lone nightingale, so undisturbed
by other birds, a silence had arrived and stayed,
the family of porkers stood in awe, near the old oak
a reprimand by Dad to one striped guy for smacking
and there we were, back from the brink of a dementia,

the night was saved and nothing had been left behind.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Rh Factor

A man of positive R H
asked a young lady to engage
in matrimony under God,
which, in its haste was rather odd.

The lady was the youngest one
of Doctor BC Mahajan.
She was, just like the Doc, astute,
and quite astonishingly cute.

But then, in matters of the heart
she proved herself extremely smart.
She'd go for walks with any suitor,
most recently it was a tutor,

from Manipal by name Dinesh.
He was a handsome boy, and fresh!
The girl (her name stays confidential) ,
performed a long and consequential

examination, not by prose,
but through the nostrils of her nose.
Distracting with melodious tones,
she sniffed the fellows' pheromones.

And if this triggered a reaction,
a quick and violent contraction
of what surrounds her charming mouth,
she'd send the bumbling hopeful south.

One day she'd walked along the creek
with Adrian, a rather meek
and scrawny lad with seborrhea
(hailed from the land of Mamma Mia) ,

he smelled like *Allium Sativa*,
and wore green *Lodens* from Geneva.
Thus she decided it was prudent
to check the innards of this student.

Up to the lab by elevator,
she was a clever operator.
All tests proved rather optimistic,
they showed the boy to be autistic,

a trifle though, it would be simple
to hush it up; there was a pimple
that graced the candidate's small nose,
it was the size of a large rose.

So, all in all the lad was healthy
but not, by any standards, wealthy,
just one small test was still expected,
a crucial one she had selected,

and when results at last came in,
they wiped her never-ending grin
off in a second. She could see
a union it could never be.

His blood, most likely due to noodles,
showed patterns similar to doodles.
It was a factor widely known
and capable to (all alone)

....screw up her plans to have a litter.
It was the end, and it was bitter.

Herbert Nehrlich

The River Flows

Fires started fires lit,
groping shyly, tat-for-tit,
waves of heat within the earth
Mount Vesuvius, giving birth
lava flows and singes hair
naked now the duffel pair,
fever making little swimmers
passage water slowly simmers
spaseruption at high speed
Kinsey asking: 'Someone wee'd? '
Molecules briefly asunder
Oppenheimer's violent thunder,
It is good that no one knows
just for whom this river flows.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Roachkiller

I sat at my computer then
out in the soundproof little den
was munching on some Gouda cheese
when like a small but ugly tease
a roach of rather stout dimension
was looking at me, there was tension
in him and me, we both could feel it
I grabbed a book, and to conceal it
hid it behind my aching back
while getting ready to attack.
But when I moved the slightest bit
he eyed me, waiting for the hit
there was a brain inside that roach
he used it on my first approach
sidestepping, hiding in the shade
where is that stupid can of Raid?
At last I threw the book at him
to put an end to life and limb
of this so uninvited guest
it's always when you try your best
that something happens to derail
the best-laid plans and then you fail.
The roach went home to tell his wife
that he avoided nasty strife
by being smarter than that man
I'm working on a better plan.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Rose Of Darkness

' A rose', the Cantadora said to me
'is the most precious flower on this earth.'
She took my hand and led me out, 'so come and see',
her whisper fading as the mountain range gave birth
to all the brilliance surely only God could muster,
an orange glow of gold and hidden rainbows,
illuminating warmly now a cluster
of cirrus clouds, puffed up like wild volcanoes.

' Is this what roses look like', asking rather shyly,
I was a man who had been happy in the cave,
for centuries of darkness. She said wryly
' Oh, no my child, remember what I gave
to you when Hermit placed the kiss of life on you,
and you could hear and see and smell its glow
you must have wondered why the colour blue
was mixed inside the fragrance, it was so.
It was a rose as red as is your own red blood,
and born a symbol of your ancient soul.
When we created you from dust and sacred mud
only the rose could make your mind and body whole.
Go now, my child, the world is sorely ready,
and do not ever leave your rose in other hands.
Go spread the word of old traditions and our heady
but genuine gospel through the foreign lands.'

And she raised my arm up to her wrinkled face
and kissed the rose and then my cheeks, soon turned away.
Quite ill-prepared I felt, and why the one of grace
had pushed me out into the light, I could not say.

I never saw the Cantadora 'til I died,
when they returned me to the old familiar cave.
She came and hugged me, then pronounced 'It is the pride
that makes the world and all its people misbehave.'

Well, I was happy to be back inside the dark,
where ragged edges and those stalagmites abound,
and where the forces of our souls could re-embark

on needful duties while entranced by the sweet sound
of silent melodies that resonate inside.

And while I sat and smiled amidst the resting crew
of lovely spirits in chiffon, to choose my bride,
there was awareness of a farewell and to-do
out by the exit to exotic worlds outside.

Another rose is leaving now, once it was I,
perhaps the day will come when harmony can live
out in the world of people and no other shy
ambassador would have to go and give
of his own soul to end the troubles and the wars.
The Cantadora says perfection will not come
wherever people are the likeness of brash whores.
She came inside then and my rose began to hum.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Russian Bride

He had, at last decided
that she would have to go,
his Russian bride, the trophy
who had willingly become
his bride, you should have seen
the envy, he had been the king.
The day the card arrived, so green,
permission to remain forever
in the land of greatest freedom
she'd packed her single bag
and left, at dawn, to seek her liberty.
He'd been awake and trapped
her on the steps to the garage,
quickly his necktie snuffed her life.
They never missed her anywhere,
no friends or family at home,
no one to cry, or call her name.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Russian Paradise

Once on a time, there lived a kind
and pretty girl, completely blind
outside the town of Maladise,
inside a shack of tiny size.

Her grandpa who was without hearing
had cut the trees to make a clearing,
built them a home with his own skills.
Down in the valley, near the hills,

there lived a woman who was lame,
she got around with a steel frame.
But in the bitter cold and wind
she stayed inside, told God she'd sinned.

And only in the early Spring
would she go out to laugh and sing.
A maiden who was nearly fifty,
known in the region as quite thrifty,

was still a virgin, also grumpy,
she grew, with age, a rather lumpy
and quite expensive blubber rump.
Her brother (hunchback) had a hump.

One day God sent disgusting weather
to them, so they did get together
to have a rational discussion,
when someone knocked, a bearded Russian

announced his suffering from thirst.
He was, in many years, the first
who'd wandered through to say G' Day.
He drank, then spoke 'I will not stay,

your homes have been by God selected,
he will destroy what you've erected.
I urge you, come without delay,
but for my donkey bring some hay.'

And down the path of no return
they hobbled, looking rather stern,
the Russian told them of a land
where from the seaside with its sand

a rainbow reached to all the mountains,
creating many happy fountains
that irrigated all the fields.
And, that the crops returned their yields

in bounty and the year around,
that life itself came from the ground.
They listened with anticipation,
lost their initial hesitation.

The lame one asked if they'd be healed,
it had not helped when she had kneeled
and asked her God to make her whole.
The bearded one said 'our role
is to bring peace and harmony
to all the people, make them free,
and, though you might think this is odd,
at home we do not have a God.'

And they went on when, by the creek,
a mangy dog said 'life is bleak,
I lost my teeth and cannot eat,
but I am hopeful, now we meet,
I wonder, could I join you guys? '

They passed the town of Maladise.
Because the Russian had explained
that nothing happy could be gained
by rubbing sick and aging shoulders
with Christians, in a town of boulders
that kept all visitors from peeping,
'some day these people will be reaping
what they deserve for being greedy
and shutting doors on all the needy.'

A bench nearby was occupied

by a young man, and at his side
were piles of papers, full of writing,
he told them none was too exciting.

He was a poet unsuccessful,
had brought a rope to end this stressful
and unrewarding, cruel life.
He'd been abandoned by his wife.

Without awaiting a decision
he joined them on their sorry mission.
When evening fell they found a cave,
the toothless dog was very brave,
and checked the shelter outside in,
reported back with a wide grin,
and they unpacked their few utensils.

Meanwhile the poet grabbed his pencils
and papers to create a piece.
He wrote and scribbled, crossed his t's.
The cave was cold like many are,
the Russian talked about his Czar,
the virgin's teeth began to shatter,
the poet asked 'what is the matter? '

And later on they snuggled close,
she slept, the poet did compose,
and in the morning they awoke,
the bearded one told them a joke:

He said 'with this menagerie,
I say how wondrous it would be
if our writer could create
a play there on that desk of slate.

A pleasant story for us all,
but we must hurry, it is Fall,
and I can smell the coming snow,
so, on the road let's get this show.'

The poet smiled and showed his stuff,
'I do not understand enough

of human frailty nor of plays,
but while you slept I did amaze
my friend here, who will be my bride,
and for my poetry a guide.'

He read what he that night had written
and all of them were truly smitten.
And right away it was agreed
that this was wonderful, indeed.

They spent the winter in the cave,
in hopes their efforts would then pave
the way to end their misery.
The play was called 'Just Let Us Be',
and when the sunshine came in Spring
they heard the pretty robins sing,
and played the play so many times
that all of them recalled their rhymes.

And in late March they hit the road,
each carrying their own small load,
went to the nearby Russian border,
marched to the Czar, in perfect order.

The little girl, completely blind,
the grandpa, deaf, was right behind,
the ugly woman, old and lame,
the virgin, pregnant, with no shame,
the brother with the hunchback hump,
the dog, as quick as Forrest Gump,
the Russian followed by the poet.
And there they stood, and now you know it.

The Czar, a man of worldly charm,
regarded them, then raised his arm:
' Welcome to the land of Russia,
built to the model of old Prussia,
we've killed all communists and spies,
our land is now called Paradise.
We wage no wars, allow no crime,
and hardly work, thus have much time,
you'll find that everyone relaxes,

and not a soul pays any taxes.
Our lifestyle is, by all, adored,
although, at times, we do get bored.

I understand you have a play,
let me invite you here today
to take the stage and do present
what your young 'Tolstoi' here has penned.'
They did just that and the whole nation
gave them an outstanding ovation.
The Czar was moved and shed three tears,
he said 'As this day's evening nears
you are invited to my castle,
and you shall never have a hassle
in this or any other state,
as I, the Czar, say you are great.'

And word got our across the sea
to where the people think they're free.
Before they saw the setting sun
the Prez had sent his Air Force One,
he whisked them to the USA,
to there present their famous play.

They were besieged by accolades
and driven in long motorcades
down Pennsylvania Avenue,
were then escorted by a crew
of Secret Service Personnel
up to the White House, where a bell
was rung to tell the lounging Prez
to listen to what Laura says.

She said 'It is the bell, Commander',
he answered 'Shall I now meander
down to the gate to let them in? '
You know the rest, it would embarrass
the ruling force up on the terrace.

All lights came on, the stage was lit
and all the actors did their bit.
Applause was long and would not stop,

then George and Rummy sauntered up
to the assembled talent group.
Big Rummy said they should recoup
and watch it on the VCR.
And then they talked about the Czar,
and how it was that both big guys
would call their country Paradise.
The poet started a discussion
about Iraq, that they were crushing
the spirit of the Muslim folks.
So Rummy countered, 'No more jokes',
and thus the night was truly finished.

Their spirits high, no hopes diminished.
They slept up in the Northern Hall,
and, in the morning, dog and all
were taken by big Cadillacs
back to the Airport to relax
until the giant Russian Flyer
did land, the Prez said 'Ball of Fire,
you have enriched our way of life,
and, on behalf of my smart wife,
I hereby give you all the gold
that the Afghanis had on hold.
And Howard's plane, called the Spruce Goose
will follow you, it's what I choose
to send the riches to your home,
right in the great city of Rome.'
They quickly gave their destination
to the Spruce pilot, by dictation,
through walkie-talkie to the plane.
And when they left this somewhat sane
but wealthy land they felt relieved,
and proud of what they had achieved.

And in the cool days of September
she did give birth (you might remember)
to a most scrumptious looking girl.
(Their Irish doctor's name was Earl) ,
and, as you know, how doctors are,
he sent a message to the Czar.

So, in the midst of happy hour
the Czar arrived with a pink flower,
he held the newborn in his arms
and was so taken by her charms
that he declared her his Czaresse,
a splendid honour, as you'd guess.
As time went by the girl grew big,
and once, while polishing a twig
to make some simple willow whips,
a boy, while whistling with his lips,
came up to her and said ' I am
the only son of the great man.'

The wedding was in early May
and all enjoyed the famous play.
To all you girls and all you guys:
Thus is the life in Paradise.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sadness Of Being Sad

'So what, my learned friend,
makes men get sad inside,
out of the blue the blues descend
and muscle in just like a pushy bride.'

'It is not known as yet to science,
if purpose did beget all sadness
some think perhaps it is defiance
which in itself prevents much madness.'

'But Doctor, have you not been sad
yourself in your adventurous long life,
I can imagine that you would be glad
when passing tests and being saved from strife.'

'Oh no young man, I don't believe that men
need ever let themselves be sucked inside
conventional behaviour which comes when
common sense itself has gone on a long ride.'

'I do not know exactly what you mean by that,
perhaps you could elaborate for me
I know my lady who just happens to be fat
is always melancholy as a girl can only be,
it is, I know, a type of sadness that she brought
into the marriage with her healthy appetite
but I, the dummy was the one who thought
that married life would somehow get things right.
And as for me, my face just sags in certain scenes
(I cry when no one sees me, for the losers)
of movies out of Hollywood, the silver screen
it even gets me down when I see boozers
down in the alley, bearing wrinkled paper bag
with that cheap stuff inside it makes me really sad
just yesterday they put a cardboard tag
on one of them, who had passed out so bad
that no revival could make matters come out well
they took him off in that big hearse, it was good-bye,
it all just saddens me but tell me how to tell

that my own attitude is maybe just a lie?
Sometimes I think that I don't really give a shit
and rub my hands together when a bum falls down
or when a Yank, an Arab terrorist or Brit
who fight for freedom in the world's most hated town
when one of those gets blown to bits and smithereens
I'll have another drink and watch a better show
so I implore you Doc, interpret what it means
as you can tell I am a man who wants to know.'

'Now listen here you bleeding heart, you make me mad,
I have no time for altruists and worrywarts
I cannot help those souls who simply must be sad
when a cheap hussy in a back alley aborts
or when a drunk has done his liver one last deed
which ends up looking like a football without air
and I will see to it that losers do not breed
but, that means only that I basically don't care.
So, if you want to know about the subject sadness
I would advise that you acquire a thick skin
which will enable you to wallow in your madness
and don't you ever think that madness is a sin.
You may, of course for any personal pastime
access the chemistry of humanoid emotions
you would then study that the serotonin chime
will send a nasty comment, packaged in devotion
over to dopamine, which would unravel all
only to find that an ad hominem has landed
and that those bastardly transmitters have the gall
to wage their war at large and need to be disbanded.
It is a game and nothing else, this life of ours
so take the bottle that will please your tongue the most
and when the day comes that the universe devours
you and some others you will turn into your ghost.
But do not choose to recognise that sadness counts
it does not matter, so be happy and look out
for those few morsels within reach, it's what amounts
to your noblesse, it gives you what I call the clout.
Shall I go on, my friend, or have I made my point
if not I would suggest a set of ECT's*
but would you happen to be carrying a joint
it is an excellent prevention from disease.'

'Well here you are Professor, what a little fad,
you must be one of us to smoke that happy weed,
I will admit that I am now so bloody sad
that I must hurry to my dealer, I'm in need.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sale

Hans Dralle owned a little pig
Though it was cute, it was not big.
The pig spent all his day just scratching
one morning when the boys were thatching
he rubbed against some hives his skin
they did contain mad bees within.

With supersonic, silent speed
the bees appeared just as he peed.
They stung him here, they stung him there
the piglet thought it was unfair
but as he stood and let them sting
the farmer came and said 'I'll bring
this pig inside the barn
to weigh this jolly piece of charm
while we were working he expanded
just what the meat market demanded.'

'What is the going price for this? '
'Five hundred notes is what it is.'
The buyer went with happy thought
and liked the porker he'd just bought.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Saliva Project

I write today to tell a tale,
about the mountain range called Hale.
It was, as often can be seen
a mix of features, thus a scene
straight from the book of destiny
this time it was all about me.

I am, to introduce myself,
a tiny creature, not an elf.
I was created by the gods
to ascertain why certain bods
seem so adored by casual folk,
let me proceed, this is no joke.

To find the secret of the ages
in human beings, fancy gauges
are useless, it remains for me
to sniff, to listen and to see.

Thus, on the day that God forgot,
I felt my earlobes getting hot.
Assignment was to check in toto
not climate change and things Kyoto
but one complete and willing thing,
this one was not a dingeling.

Five toes and bones spread through the feet
a lot of tendons yet to meet.
And arches, hairless, looking weak
I left and spotted one big cheek.

This was a distance from the toes
but sometimes an assignment goes
astray a bit due to some factors
like pheromones and bold detractors.

I went, employing frantic speed
from feet to buns and up, indeed
soon all the features were quite clear

I'd write about them, folks would hear
the story as was known to nerds
in super scientific words.

I am no nerd, and thus I ventured,
aware this project was not censored,
I loved the fragrance and the taste
and, even in this time of haste
I knew that I had found my God,
though it was ludicrous and odd.

The hell with laws and with conventions,
and rash, ulterior intentions,
I did what any spirit, free,
would do to be or not to be.

I salivated, starting at
the toes and their cutaneous fat.
Then covered the delicious skin
while wearing a contented grin.

Much later I arrived and stared
inside my head I then compared,
but had to chuck my thoughts away
good taste compelled my soul to stay.

Needless to say I was dismissed,
I had abandoned, even kissed
a piece of work, the enemy
they let me go, but I was free.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Santa Incident

It was just before dawn
when St. Nick did arrive
as he stifled a yawn
took a swig to revive
put the bottle away
and with head over heels
crashing down, come what may
(you don't know how it feels) .

As he landed below
in the ashes and fire
he shook off the fresh snow
and brushed off his attire.
He discovered a snag
in the pants near the crotch
quick he stuffed in a rag
and then had some more Scotch.

Now awakened from snores
she came down to the hall
as cold drafts hurt her pores
she then saw that a tall
rather round bearded man
stood in front of the tree
so she called out to Stan
bring the rifle to me
there's a man in the house
and she grabbed the umbrella
heard the steps of her spouse
started hitting the fella
who defended himself
and called up to the sky
for some help from an elf
but when Stan heard the cry
he did lunge in the den
at that moment they'd tripped
and she clucked like a hen
now her nightie was ripped
and his pants had torn more

he was pinning her now
to the carpeted floor.

Now, the size of a cow
is compared to old Stan
rather small and he worked
as a Klabauterman.

Thus he twisted and jerked
'til old Nick had enough
he had beaten the crap
out of Nick's inner stuff.

So St. Nick took a nap
until Easter and past
in the end he went back
and they all were aghast.

So today, with his sack
he goes round and around,
you can always be sure
he can never be found
in a house on his tour
and he wears Levis jeans
to protect against snags
it is also a means
to discourage the fags.

So, the fakes at the Malls
that will sit with the kids
are St. Nicks without balls
they belong in the Ritz.
And the real McCoy
far beyond recognition
brings so many a toy
in the ancient tradition.

In the house of Big Stan
he still snores like a boar
since St. Nick is no fan
he will go there no more.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sauerkraut Study

Hear ye, hear ye what I'm about
to tell you about Sauerkraut.
The latest study has revealed
that Cabbage grown out in the field
is later, through long fermentation
turned into what the German nation
has long considered its proud flag.

Lest you all think that I would brag
it's this fine Kraut that keeps your breasts
in splendid shape, like honoured guests.
Malignancies that venture in
are turned away with a sly grin,
the juices of that special stuff
can stand their ground and huff and puff.

They do protect your DNA
and chase the cancer cells away.
Though epidemiology
is what's observed, what people see
it's not firm proof as black and white
but chances are they might be right.

Though I myself have not been blessed
with lovely nipples or a breast
I eat my Kraut two days a week
and add a stalk of pungent leek
some seeds of caraway on top
then go and tend my cabbage crop.

As God had mentioned years ago
an illness can be such a blow
but if you listen, he will teach
about the remedy for each.
No plant is growing for no reason
that's why we have a growing season,
eat foods that stop you getting ill
and do not trust the doctor's pill
make Sauerkraut one of your staples,

they even eat the stuff in Naples.

This poem is dedicated to Sherrie,
whose corpus callosum is well-
functioning in both directions.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sauna Meeting

For those of you who do not know
it may come as a sudden blow,
each Kraut municipality
is fond of hydrotherapy.

Your feet may take you down the path
into a well-attended bath.
There's steam and dry, a red hot tub
and girls who practice rub-a-dub.

If saunabathing is your thing
a towel is what you must bring.
No speedos ready to conceal
that stuff they call Das Glockenspiel.

Birch branches just to beat the skin
bring out the sweat, not keep it in.
And, now and then, a ladle will
throw water, which may make you ill.

So, let me tell you of the time
when I, still young and in my prime,
was there, reclining and excreting
my toxins when a sudden meeting

took place between my eyes and hers,
while resting on the bench of firs.
She was a novice, I could tell,
and had a very lovely shell.

I watched, with scientific awe
the region home to the old bra,
as perspiration ran and trickled
it very likely must have tickled.

It went, due to a true excess
down to the belly, oh God bless!
Then disappeared into some brush
her face, meanwhile, began to flush.

I think it was a combination
between a sense of sheer elation
and modesty she did possess
but all of this was just a guess.

While I was wondering about
the fellow who had mentioned gout,
and tried to concentrate on sweat
a voice rang out, 'I'm glad we met,

I see that you are very skilled
as well you must be iron-willed.
I was so shocked to see you dive
into the cold, come out alive,

I could not bring myself to dunk
unless perhaps if roaring drunk.
I ask you, Sir, would a massage
to complement this great lavage

be helpful to a girl like me? '
'Of course, massaging sets you free
and gets the body in great shape,
if you permit, this is the nape

where knowing fingers start the act
from here, and this is a known fact
it must be left to the masseur
which route to take and which detour.'

She trusted me (it is my face) ,
I showed her how, and just in case
more time was needed to persuade
her body, I said 'I'm afraid

that it's impossible to know
what's going on, inside, below
the surface of your lovely skin
it really is a bit akin

to working in the dark while hoping

that all the kneading, stretching, groping
may heal the body and the mind,
here, let me work on your behind.'

She had, it must be said just once
the most delicious smooth-skin buns,
I wished for two more seeing eyes
which I would use to supervise

the structures wearing each a button
it made me see myself as glutton,
but hell, you don't live twice my boy,
and I have never acted coy.

We spent some time inside, exceeded
the time allotted while I kneaded
those parts that lacked in circulation
I showed her plain consideration.

Due to the heat inside the room
some devils were preparing doom
for two who would be DE-hydrated
which makes the brain itself sedated.

Heat stroke can meet you very quick
and it would get you really sick.
Well, we leaned back and simply rested,
I mentioned that she was big-breasted,

and soon my head did slide with ease
from sternum down to pointed knees.
This was because she still perspired
though loss of fluid made her tired.

I knew we had to leave this heat
so up we went before defeat
would bring disaster in no time,
the rest is elsewhere, not in rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Schlongpump (Limerick)

Fifty years she had lived with the geezer,
he was ninety and still an old teaser.
He kept saying his EX
wanted twice daily sex.
Soon they put the old man in the freezer.

Gave a speech, at the service, the EX,
she revealed all his skills and his specs.
Seems a very small fold
had a pin in its hold,
all surrounded by spinifex.

Then she opened her crocodile purse.
Said she worked as a home duty nurse.
Here, she said, is the pump
that he used on his sump
and each day I would help him rehearse.

All the people were really curious.
Sister, isn't this thing rather spurious,
if you pump up his schlong
will it grow fat and long?
In the box the old geezer was furious.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Scorpion

A scorpion once needed to cross
a raging river's perils.
He sat with patience on the moss,
observing all the ferals.

A beaver with his tools came by
and was about to leave.
The scorpion, who was never shy,
said: 'Hold your horses, Steve.'

'I need a lift across this river,
so can I hitch a ride? '
The beaver felt a sudden shiver
and scratched his furry hide.

'Well, I don't know, you are a stinger,
you'll sting me and I'll drown.'
The scorpion raised his middle finger
and said: 'You are a clown.'

'Why would I sting you while you swim,
with me, as precious guest?
I would be dumb and witted dim,
so help me, you'll be blessed.'

And off they went into the waves,
the beaver pulling strongly,
and thinking to himself, 'the braves
will sure be treated wrongly.'

But maybe not, this pessimist,
was so by nature, building dams.
And as they swam into the mist,
through river crabs and Northern clams,

the sting came down with lightning force,
right in the beaver's tail.
They sank and there was no remorse,
his muscles had to fail.

So with his last remaining breath
he asked the stinger: 'Don't you see
that you will cause our certain death? '
'Yes', said the scorpion, 'that's just me.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Scotch Cure

It's treponema pallidum
a tiny, sly and viscious pip
it lives in front or near the bum
and once you take a little nip
of what is known as fornication
both warmth and moisture pave the way
thus pathogens get validation
they settle in, intend to stay.
A smallish sore that will not heal
will soon appear upon your shaft
at first you think, 'well, no big deal',
then comes the time when no one laughed
as full-blown lues has now squatted
and treponema starts to travel
the time that Nature has allotted
is still enough to let unravel
your life and health, it's a disease
that does not care about your standing
it makes you sick and ill at ease
you praise the doctor as he's handing
you a syringe with penicillin
though only touches you with glove
you see the needle but are willing
to let him aim and quickly shove
it in your upper outer cheek
from where it wanders off at speed
throughout you bloodstream, there to seek
all damaged cells, they are in need
of therapeutic intervention
and in the end when you've endured
this modern medicine attention
you will in only days be cured.

But will you learn from this disaster
when next the urge gets to your crotch
perhaps the words from your own master
should be considered, have a Scotch.
The reasons being that the liquor
will occupy your horny mind

will fire up and warm your ticker
while other parts relax you find
that leaning back inside your chair
is far less worry and less work
if for your health you truly care
just have a few, don't be a jerk
no bugs will come inside you thus
and those that may have slipped inside
will be discouraged, that's a plus
remember, Scotch will save your hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Second Computer

If you just own a single computer
and its gender is given as neuter,
you should buy it a friend
yes! Because in the end
it can be for its buddy a tutor.

If you HAVE to add on to your house,
throw out the TV and the spouse.....
should one harddrive fall ill
do not give it a pill
'cause the other will do mouse-to-mouse.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sexy Patient

I shall auscultate your lung,
from left to right to hear....
then you stick out your lovely tongue
and speak into my ear.

I must quickly ascertain
how deaf you just may be
don't mind about your brain
now come and take a pee.

I watch so I don't miss
the strength of the outflow
please do not call it piss
it's what I need to now.
Saliva, call it spit
and samples of your wax
palpate (of course) each tit
and say, Hey Doc, relax!
I quit, hand in my stamp
it was your body, true
I'll join a Nudist Camp
to keep away from you!

Herbert Nehrlich

The Shadow Of My Death

I felt a presence,
somewhere behind
no sound was heard
no breath was felt
no ghost in sight.

Yet something was
so near me I could sense
its purpose in this night.

Perhaps the film
with Charles from Poland,
had stirred something
inside my soul,
I had accepted that he,
Bronson, affected me
in curious ways.
'And miles to go,
before I sleep',
it was the signal
to a mind of innocence,
now scripting him
to maim and kill.

So, in my quiet desperation
I laughed out loud,
then shrugged my shoulders,
and whistled my most favourite,
'Allons enfants de la patrie',
but it was not the breath of joy
or carefree walking in the dark
that stopped to say Hello.

The window of the Bridal Shop,
reflecting gaily and with glitter,
the one who had accompanied
this lonely wanderer, it was
the one and only, the inevitable
it was the Shadow of My Death.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Shallow Grave Near Koenigsberg

Ivan had outnumbered them,
a quarter million sent to blow away
a worn and tired handful of
young boys who long had run
out of excuses and, good ammunition.

Blood painted a new canvas on
the spiteful ruins embalmed in smoke,
where women now were herded out,
half falling up the stony steps,
their fate hung heavy, like a dress of snow.

A group of heavy breathing SS officers,
had laid to rest a dozen soldier boys.
Inside of craters, shallow under guard
with shouts of 'byistro' and 'dowaii'.
One grave had just been finished smooth,

but there was something, noticed by them all
a lock of light blond hair, reflecting in the sun
whose rays had stolen now a fleeting glimpse,
the hair stood up, a golden tuft of grass
calling the one who wore a Matron's uniform.

A burst of bullets could not stop the Frau,
she knelt there at the makeshift grave,
and gently buried the essential heart and soul
while hesitatingly, two rivers of her precious tears
rolled down into the ashes of the village soil.

Oh, you, why did you have to die, my soldier boy,
when far away from here, a mother will be told,
there will not be a happy end to tragedy,
and she will weep until the very day she dies.
It was the war, the Kaiser said, would sure be over,
before the coloured leaves came tumbling from the trees.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Short Load

Just twenty clicks on Friday after work,
the stubby shorts, my T-shirt of Desire,
I need the exercise to stay within some reason
we now have summer here, the temperature is up.

And in between I had, while no one looked and snooped,
created one more poem for the week to post,
I'd do the typing with my usual two fingers,
and watch the ratings of the trolls for entertainment.

There was the news to watch at first when I got home
the Yanks were killing one good woman who was down,
then dinner beckoned and was bloodwurst with Dijon,
until at last I sat in my most worn out chair.

'Oh, dear, did you by any chance tonight,
with usual and disturbing speed grab my blue shorts? '
'I washed them quickly, ' came the answer from the spouse,
'the shortest load so you can wear them early morning.'

Thus I found out to my considered 'Au Chagrin',
that even short loads eat all words that I create
the world will never know the meaning of this classic,
but I assure you that the rating would be twenty.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Short War

They were the dark days,
of nineteen-sixty-seven,
he heard the call, so deafening,
though it did not affect him,
as these people were not his,
but questions did not then arise,
nor later, between the dreams
of joining up with Les Légionnaires,
daredevils with great skills,
and license, to kill the evildoers.

It wasn't much, his effort, really
the gratitude demanded extra,
protection of a guest from foreign lands,
six days, officially, really seven though,
it was concluded in a heap of hollow words.

On a green bus, the journey home,
clutching on jean-clad knees
a cardboard satchel bearing proof
of everlasting and historic glory,
the signatures of General Dayan
and garlic breathing Yitzak Rabin,
a little thing to show the grandkids,
at various times and ages, again,
and then perhaps again once more.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Singing Bat

A bird was caught inside a trap
which closed its claws with a loud snap.
The snap was heard by Fritz the cat
who had been stalking a young bat.

The bat was hanging from a tree
had wrapped around a twig his knee.
'AHA', the cat now saw the bird
it was a finch, and it occurred

to Fritz the cat that here was food
enough to lift a feline's mood.
He'd eat the bird right in the trap
and afterward take a short nap.

The finch had lifted up his wing
and, full of love, began to sing.
He figured if this day meant death
he'd entertain with his last breath.

The cat was just about to eat
when that sweet voice, now in defeat,
sang, in e-flat the Lorelei
and Fritz the cat began to cry.

And if you know a thing or two
perhaps from visits to the Zoo:
A cat can either eat or cry,
not both. And trapped birds cannot fly.

The bat, who had observed the drama
in upside-down-like panorama,
approached because this tearful issue
required help and Kleenex tissue.

The closest thing to tissue though
is bat-wing skin and if you blow
across the tears toward the wing
a bat will likely start to sing.

And, right away, that's what transpired,
the bat sang loudly. And inspired
the cat to see him as a meal,
complete with musical appeal.

The bat soon sang of Mother Goose,
predictably, tied his own noose.
Was eaten by the hungry cat,
it's Nature's way when cat eats bat.

When Fritzie got up from his nap
he let the finch out of the trap.
The finch who saw a hungry eye
began to sing the Lorelei.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Single Bed

Each night I fall asleep,
it is the true intent
to pull the sheets
up to my chin
and count those
cuddly little lambs.
Back in the days
when I was young,
a bachelor sought
now and then
by some, for fun
or weekend company.
I slept alone
except for rare occasions,
and I then was known
both to my shrink
and to my aging Mum,
for counting until dawn,
the numbers grew
soon reached infinity.

All this changed drastically,
she placed her French valise
next to the single bed
and dropped her things,
until she stood,
agent provocateur,
so close I smelled
her pubic hair.
Twas the intent I think
and we got hitched,
her dress was cut
by giant scissors
so it seemed,
a décolleté of sorts,
well those dimensions
scared the minister
into a dozen stumbles,
and he stuttered saying

'hold your peace'.
They did of course,
I do raise pitbull dogs
and this bestows
a measure of respect
in the community.

Now, what I came to say
is that I never count
or even think of sheep,
no, nevermore,
she wraps her arms
around my waist
as would a lady in distress
on the Titanic as she sinks,
tis not because of LOVE,
she told me, when I asked,
she has a phobia of sorts,
'bout falling out of bed.
That's why she wraps her arms
and smothers me
with twins size 38 Big C
entangles legs with varicosities,
and shoves her pubic bone
into my little guy with force
comparable to Navarone
and in the morning she
demands to get the bone.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Skinny Pig (A Fable)

A weaner pig of good demeanour
was never meant to stay a weaner,
the usual fare is grains and slop
with human dinner scraps on top.

This pig, I must present this loosely,
though eating often, and profusely,
it failed to gain a single pound
while all his siblings grew to round
and chubby specimens indeed.

The farmer, in this time of need,
consulted with a local vet
who told him 'Matey, do not fret,
tomorrow I shall bring some pills,
they'll cure all culinary ills.'

The vet, who'd flunked all science courses
and specialised in mini horses,
brought over a supply of booster.
All this was noted by the rooster
whose job it was to ascertain
all goings-on and it was plain
that something edible had come.

You see, the rooster was not dumb.
The pills were left up on the ledge
placed, by mistake, close to the edge;
before the day turned into night
the pigs had had their final bite,
the box was knocked clear to the ground
which made an auditory sound.

The rooster, born with special ears,
did not embrace nocturnal fears,
and, always in the mood for food,
went there to fetch for his small brood
as many pills as he could fit
into his feathers bit by bit,

then made his way back to the coop
where they would chat and then re-group.

Though roosters do possess good ears,
their eyes lack magnifying tears,
these are as you may have been told,
well worth their liquid weight in gold.

That night, the moon had been in hiding,
on Tuesdays he was often riding
from North to South, and East to West
with starlets sitting on his chest.
Huge clouds gave lift and transportation
which cut on earth illumination.

The rooster, fully laden now,
ran smack into the farmer's plow!
The impact knocked him for a loop,
he made it back though to the coop.

Most of the pills had stayed behind
(this happens when you're nearly blind) ,
next morning a huge hive of bees,
while minding all their Q's and P's,
they hovered near the farmers chickens...
as you can tell, the plot now thickens.

Attracted by exotic fragrance,
the honeybees, a hive of vagrants,
now landed for a little sample,
which was, due to the rather ample
amount the rooster had left lying,
a feast, as well as edifying.

The farmer, feeding all his critters,
inspecting hooves and size of litters,
was searching on the window sills
for the big box of wonder pills.

In vain, he shouted 'who's the thief,
I'll find you and will cause you grief, ',
he had, by chance, not by design,

not closed the door so that the swine,
the skinny one escaped at once,
all wiggly but with bony buns.

He came, of course, upon the bees,
(this all took place near poplar trees) ,
most of the hive had now retreated
into the poplars where, once seated,
they'd snooze to help assimilation
guarded by sentries at their station.

The sentries sounded the alarm,
this pig could be potential harm,
and even though they'd had their fill
they'd never share a single pill.

So, with a vengeance they descended
upon the pig, which, undefended,
just stood his ground right where he was,
now being stung without a pause.

Some fifteenhundred times in all,
but now they heard the farmer call
and, stingerless, all bees with queen
flew off and left behind a scene
that had the farmer soon in stitches
and scratching boxershorts and britches.

The pig, intent on sheer survival
had felt and seen the prompt arrival
of fluid from the depths within,
it filled the space beneath his skin
and hailed from his adrenal glands
in a response to new demands.

Adrenalin would save the piggy
who recently had looked like Twiggy,
the other pigs had joined, were staring,
the mother now was even glaring:
The youngster stung by all the bees
was not just bigger but obese!

In fact the sow looked rather skinny
and all the beautiful but mini
and happy horses stod in awe
at the big miracle they saw.

The farmer, too was quite impressed.
God had been kind and duly blessed
him through the vet's exotic pills,
which seemingly could cure all ills.

What bothered him for many years
(is not concerning rooster tears) ,
why pills would work just by their presence.
You can't explain this to no peasants.

;

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sleuce Into Rubicon Springs

She remembered well from the night before
how he rowed, all upstream, lacking paddle and oar,
further slowing occurred through eruptions of batter
what remained stayed to dry as particulate matter.
Though no trace would be seen by the unaided eye
just a whiff of its soul, to the swordfish a fly,
it will cling to the pores and with patience await
the great gush of Good Day as it crowds through the gate,
with production increasing due to androgens' might
there are portals so keen they will swallow the night,
to the end of the sleuce is the way of the ship
as small breakers of foam slowly drip from her lip.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Slotmachine

I wish I were a slotmachine
inside a fancy club
All chrome and colours to be seen
the pride of any pub.
But wait until I tell you more
the best is all those coins
a callgirl yes, but not a whore
with big receptive loins.
And as they slip inside of me
orgastic I become
an ancient geezer, drinking tea
he lets me have some rum.
I keep the bigger part of dough
those are casino rules
and never say 'I told you so',
to drunkards and old fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Smart Fly

A fly, born lazy, had been starving
when in the pantry, Bob was carving
a big Virginia Air-Smoked Ham.
He also had prepared a lamb.
The odour woke his appetite
and, as he circled near the light
he did create a clever plan
to take advantage of the man.
With utmost patience he then entered
into the pants whereas were centred
the jewels of a generation,
(he had received no invitation) .
At first he buzzed and then he bit
fly venom caused an ugly zit,
and then he raced from side to side
with pubic hairs his only guide.
The buzzing and the strange attention
disturbed the man, I need to mention
that Bob had truly not suspected
that flies could enter his protected
and isolated dangling things,
but life is strange and sometimes brings
the unexpected small surprise
and afterwards we can be wise.
So, Bob who itched and almost burned
ran from the pantry, quite concerned,
he had, last Sunday at a dance
made eyes and then a bold advance
to someone who was a good looker
she could have been a common hooker!
He hurried now to Doctor Knapp
to see if he had caught the clap
or something even more exotic
in need of strong antibiotic.
The doc examined him, of course
and said you're healthy as a horse.
But when he got back to the house
he glimpsed the shadow of a mouse
the fly and his invited guests

had stuffed their bellies to their chests
there was a bone, clean as a whistle
a single hair, a trace of gristle
both lamb and ham had all been eaten
and Bob had thoroughly been beaten.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Smell Came Back

Once upon a time
there was a meeting of
all the animals
in the forest.
They met, happily,
under the giant oaks
for shade and
protection
and comfort
and,
above all,
because
it seemed to be
the right thing to do.
You know,
oakey dokey.

One of the creatures,
an older one,
with long fur,
and pretentious lips,
and very long horns,
suddenly stood up,
stretched, nodded
and let out
the loudest,
most disgusting
FART.

Now, mind you,
even the most
vile, malodorous
cloud of viciousness
will dissipate
rather rapidly
in the open air.
It's called
airing out.

So, no harm done.
Right?

Yet, when the same
creature,
the older one,
with long fur
and pretentious lips
and very long horns,
came back
at the next meeting
she wasn't welcome
at all.
By anyone.
At all.

But she also
had,
being older,
very bad ears.
So she was
the last one
to get the hint.

And she,
being older,
with long fur,
and having
bad ears,
and pretentious lips,
and very long horns,
also was suffering,
or perhaps enjoying
a poor sense
of smell.
So she never knew
about the rotten
and smelly
interior.

But it was
another shortcoming

and they all
knew it
and they all
told her.

And finally,
the penny dropped,
right before
her next
FART.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Smoker

You have an overwhelming need
to smoke that foul tobacco weed
you ruin your lungs when you inhale
it makes your facial skin so pale
you pay much money for the stuff
and never know when it's enough
it's an addiction now my dear
all due respect to you, I fear
that for a cure it is too late
says me, your whiskey-drinking mate.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Soapbox

Each morning he would wander to the park,
to sit beneath the lantern and to greet
the crowd that had come out just after dark.
They stood around the donut shop to eat
a fix of sugar mixed with jelly, to revive;
he'd rise above the crowd and gave his speech
and praised the Lord that he had kept them all alive.

His name was John but they would simply call him Teach.
A vagrant who had slept in the small shed
had painted a foul word onto the box,
he kept the brushes and the paint under his bed
his mates had baptised him the big Madeira Fox.

Soapbox now ruined he climbed the bench to start his spiel,
though there was something quite disturbing in the air,
a voice rang out and called the fellow a Schlemiel
he was unkempt and carried beetles in his hair.

They found it fascinating how the vagrant talked
and that he smelled of something strange from every pore,
they followed him wherever the man walked
in hot pursuit of the charisma of a whore.

Now at a loss, the one called Teach just stood and stared.
Was this a sign of the beginning of the end
and were the times that they in happiness had shared
a silly dream and did he have a single friend?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Softness....

He dreamed about it then,
and during waking hours
his thoughts would drift
into the copse of fragile trees
whence pheromones would lead
his silver pointed star
up to the dizzy heights
and there he felt at home,
supported by the softness of her flesh.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Specialist

A purple scribble, his referral,
GP to specialist in haematology,
a minor glitch had reared its head
and bumped the noisy bells
of -surely- premature alarm.

He knew that feeling fine did count
as badly needed comfort for them both.
He whistled then, to hide, at least for now
all thoughts of doom from her. She smiled,
though only with her Roman nose and lips.
Preserving privacy of ageing hazel eyes.

The doc was running late, would they just sit,
fill out the form and help yourselves to those brochures,
time would be soon, she'd call his name at once.
He was afflicted with a bothersome condition,
an angry bladder with no patience, none at all.
Would always focus on the nearest public loo
preventive medicine as sober strategy.

A flash of white was gone again, it would be soon,
the place was silent and devoid of other souls.
It was the coffee that now gurgled in his groin
and drove him up to reach the safety just in time.
It would not budge for this old man though he was strong,
with bulging biceps well conditioned, mocking age .
The out of order note had fallen to the floor,
and now the doctor called his name, there, by the door.

He was an arrogamus, full of high conceit.
And held his nose as though the stench was something new,
and all in all it was a meaningless melée,
the brief encounter of a dissonant to do.
He died that week, alone and in the night,
no hands to hold but dreaming of the shame,
that pissy aneurism, up there in his brain
had been elusive to the vague and probing eyes.
But to the doctor it was really all the same.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Spider Said

And God looked down upon the earth,
to ask of me what I would do, this time,
he knew, of course, the misery of Oz,
how they had won, through a conspiracy
hatched in the comfort zone of foreign lands.
'The meek' he said, they shall inherit all,
he did not like aggression or deceit.
nor did I have a bloomin' thing to lose,
nor was my soul in fear of heaven's sudden wrath,
thus it was time to let the raw emotions go,
I will consider without fear or trepidation
the guillotine, the rope or lethal slugs,
a sharpened hatchet, a machete, freshly honed,
Saddam's own drill to use through auditory paths.
There are so many ways to pay the price, my friend,
and he will pay, of that be sure, that in the end
revenge is sweeter than forgiveness, any day.
The spider said as he got up from bed at dawn
'it shall be done and if it kills me, it's a go.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Stage Poet

The curtains now depart
and silence does replace
the whispers of true art
his voice subdues its pace.

He speaks in melodies
intense, in soothing tone,
and on a golden fleece
fine words are resting prone.

No ear can now ignore
what man and God created,
received by every pore
all souls become sedated.

Eyelids soon fail to carry
the simple load of lashes,
at first they blink and tarry
remember happy bashes.

Each limb feels warm and pleasant
'umm' goes the beating heart,
from Priest to simple Peasant
they float, for this is art.

Sweet sounds drift through the layers
of human skin and bones,
as all become keen players
and copy precious tones.

A poet in hypnosis
holds many thousand hands,
walks through a sweet psychosis
that mankind understands.

A poet uses senses
deep eyes, sharp ears and lips
he walks through all defenses
and sleeps on lonely ships.

You see a true reflection
inside your glass of wine,
firm stare in your direction
as if to say 'you're mine'.

A metronome of fingers
blood rhythm of the ages
the music always lingers
no words shall live in cages.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Stalinoids

The Grisvolds did have certain rules,
her name was Beth and his was Jules.
Inside the house no one wore shoes
and Jules himself would always choose
what anyone was meant to say,
the motto was, you must obey.

Both Jules and Beth had been quite normal,
their dinner parties fun but formal,
but years had taken their own toll
perhaps due to the Demerol
that they had made a sweet routine
in any case, they'd make a scene
each time their dopamine requested
though guests then felt themselves molested.

Jules had a list of proper words,
both for the peasants and the nerds,
hung on the walls and also printed
on place mats, thus they slyly hinted
that treason was not tolerated.

Once this was fleetingly debated
in scholarly and noisy fashion,
but Jules and Beth, their faces ashen
threw out the Vicar since their rules
were broken by this king of fools.

It soon spread through the neighbourhood
that anyone who could and would
defy the special etiquette
of Jules and Beth would quickly get
the notice not to re-appear;
word quickly reached each person's ear.

Today, the house is quite deserted
as all have made a true, concerted
and easy effort to avoid
the family named Stalinoid.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Stockbroker

The ledge felt quite intrusive,
his bony legs and scrawny ass
had chosen just to sit a bit.
He was unsure, since 10 o'clock
when all results were flashed
upon the giant screen inside
his chances had been wiped.
Just be a man, he'd whisperd then
to no one but his shadow
but face it on two knowing legs
it seemed a thing of honour
and courage that had never lived
inside his brilliant mind
so he continued just to sit
until the crowd would tire
of craning lustful necks to him
and darkness would drift by.
He needed nothing but a quick
and final execution
the logic sat right next to him
the courage lay below.
He wondered briefly, would the gods
deny eternal life
acknowledge him as a lost soul
and countless thoughts traversed his mind
and cluttered his resolve
a soft breath wind came from the North
and wrapped him snug and tightly
it re-assured him, left no doubt
with grace he bowed his head
and tumbled down in his cocoon
just floating, in slow motion
until he reached new destinies
in welcome kiss of darkness.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Stoopesse

The weight was way too much.
As time went on without reprieve
her spinal column bent,
toward the ground, each day
a little more, although she tried
to prop herself up with some phrases
and quotes from learned books
and fabricated hints of greatness
and acceptance by her brilliant peers.
It was, she knew it too, to no avail.
And when the stoop had reached,
by mid-July, the very ground at last
she did the only thing now left to her,
she flung the excrements left by
the horses and the cows, and dogs
at passers-by, to show them she was there
and to be never rose again
and was condemned, for all eternity
to clean the streets of poo and leaves
the latter had come down in an attempt
to cover her and make her go away.
It was a pitiful existence, yes it was.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Stork And The Single Girl

A bird with feathers and long legs
is known to people as a stork.
The question whether storks lay eggs
was settled once, back in New York.

A lady had put sugar cubes
at home, out on the window sill
she was attractive, had great boobs,
but on some mornings did feel ill.

The cubes were to improve her chance
of getting lucky, have a kiddo.
Each morning she would quickly glance
out to the ledge. She was a widow.

She figured that she could succeed
without the services of males,
by giving the old stork a feed,
they say cubed sugar never fails.

Lo and behold, late Fall was mild,
all eaten were the sugar lumps.
The neighbours knew she was with child,
a girl gets pregnant if she humps.

Yet, they adored her, like a daughter,
her spouse had died the year before
from fluoridated drinking water.
They do not use it anymore.

A single girl without a man,
a bottleneck without a cork.
Yet it is obvious one can
become a mother through the stork.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Story Of My Grandma

It was a comfortable chair, her son taped the arms for her.
Sitting by the window and watching real life unfold
in the magnifying mirrors attached to the half of
the half timber, screwed in tight and polished with spit,
the latter to keep fog from spoiling the view, which it would.
It was always a bit embarrassing when she spit-polished,
as a rule she would wait until the obedient son came for his visit,
the obligatory once over of fixtures, heating system and her.
All eyes would watch him unbolt the heavy oak door, re-bolt
and fight off the trusty dog Strolch who was just testing his strength.
Husband, long underground, feeding his long loved worms,
had brought this trick back from the Bismarck, spit was the thing,
they used it for their sea goggles, for real when the ship went down,
even further than it was ever meant to be. Shot through the lung,
he had brought back only a couple dozen days, all numbered,
in the orderly writing of a true German soldier, officer, actually.
So when he did put the spoon down at last she had to learn
how to entertain herself, thus she became the town observer.
And she would nod off regularly, and get into states where
she would be neither awake nor asleep, and this proved to be
ideal for dreaming, and mostly for traveling and adventures.
Chairbound, so to speak, she spent countless hours in it,
needless to say, many thousands of trumpet like farts penetrated
the top and deeper layers of the fabric, but that was okay,
after all, no one could expect her to unload them at a more decent place.
And then, it was in the heat of summer, daughter-in-law came,
brought the latest from her garden, a true variety of veggies,
of which only the cabbage was of more than passing interest.
Cooked cabbage, raw and shredded cabbage and of course,
no German would resist the attraction of Sauerkraut, which needed to
be prepared, placed in shallow but large pan, there to ferment,
ready in 3 weeks, warm draft-free location desired. Yes, it was,
curiously, the perfect place for it, under the chair, kept undisturbed
by the black dress which hung, loosely, down to the ground.
Fermentation is smelly business, but culinary perfection and so,
the mixture of various vapours, released intermittently, but very
regularly, proved to be, as grandma was fond of remarking, so
AROMATIC, nothing that would bother anyone as no visitors
were ever expected or encouraged, only the son, who did,

by his own admission, suffer noticeably during his, what he called daily constitutionals. Made him sneeze and sometimes gag a bit. Life went on, water under the bridge showed in mirror number one, and the post war recovery was taking place, things happened, new-fangled Schtoff she called it, for she was from the old school. Postman, who would stop even when nothing had arrived at his shop, just to chat, nice chap, good family and what a disaster with that, well...floozy of a girl, he couldn't have known, though, none of the seven kids turned out either, could have told you that, a shame, well, that fateful day in April, he came up the stairs, sneezed twice and brushed the late spring snow off his uniform, flashing a paper, white, with red borders, numbers, scribbles and holes, stamped all in blue and green, it was the new LOTTO, a way to get rich, if God willed it, and grandma got ALL excited for the first time since that day when the Bismarck caved in and went to the Devil. OTTO was the name of all first born males in the family, back to, well exactly to the day when Attila the Hun faced his mad father-in-law, name of Segestes, and one of the family tried to intervene, sadly, fellow named Ottokar, he was the first one to have his head chopped. No, not off, but salad like, they were a bit touchy during those days. Six numbers out of 49, she had grasped that principle immediately, and set to work when the Postman had gone to recruit others. So grandma unscrewed her blue ink fountain pen, settled back and waited for action. Each person passing by, was saddled with a certain individual age, and that could be guessed with some degree of true accuracy, and then entered into the number field, between the blue, the green and the red lines and scribbles. And this she did, with care. Come Monday morning, the Postman appeared in the right mirror, running as if the Kaiser's tax collectors were chasing him for his gold, he was also yelling, but not coherently or intelligibly enough, strangely, until he had reached her chair, holding on to the taped arm and stepping onto the hem of her black skirt, and tipping the sauerkraut over, and over, but never mind he was saying because grandma had, against all odds, and in spite of all reason, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, cross my heart and hope to die, she had won the big one! 'One cool million', whispered the bearer of good news and then, also sadly, he did cross his heart and did die, right there, in front of the old, comfortable chair, his head in the scum and juice of the spilled Sauerkraut, half-fermented and aromatic, but he was beyond caring. So, ladies and gentlemen, my grandmother had become, virtually overnight, a celebrity, well known she had been, well respected and sought after she was de novo. Fittingly, she started granting the same

type of thing that the pope and kings and queens gave. Grandma, in all her beauty, with that freshly spruced up black dress, had become the Audience Queen, which meant, of course, that her subjects would, by appointment only, line up in front of that chair, near the new batch of ripening Sauerkraut.

Years passed. A new dress had been tailored and the chair had received a face lift, no more tape, and arm protectors in green.

By the time grandma died the family had grown to a formidable, loud mouthed and prominent size, there were 46 grandchildren, 37 great grandchildren, eleven living children as well as countless nieces, nephews and friends of the family, all of whom, without exception, did turn up at the funeral, as if she could care at that time, but I guess money does make strange cemetery fellows.

Seeing the masses in black, with black armbands for emphasis, I was beginning to practice my limited math skills, dividing the rather princely sum of 1 million.

I needn't have fretted.

We all had a wonderful wake, with no rude awakening at all, I ended up with a hot 100 grand, as the sweet old lady did, contrary to convention and expectations, did not, never had, believed in equality, or *égalité*, as she was fond of saying.

So I took my 100 big ones and left the country, before anything would get the bright idea of following 'hot-on-my-heels', and that was the story, as it happened, I later heard from my Aunt Hulda that things had quieted down after a few months and that she still loved me, but no one else did, after all.....

Promptly, and with great pleasure and remarkable generosity, I had the bottle shop ship a case of Australia's finest to her, in plain wrapper of course.

I think she shared some with Fritz and I am glad I am not such a bad guy, after all. Aunt Hulda would have known.

And she said so, didn't she?

Herbert Nehrlich

The Suffocation Of Mr. Heimlich

A worm who lived inside a leaf
was stolen by a hungry thief.
Inside a lettuce he'd resided
just when the Lord himself decided
that he would make the bumpy journey
into the house of an attorney.

You see, the thief had still more plans
the lawyer had gone to a dance
and in the leisure of the night
he turned the switch of the big light.
While opening the safe with skill
the worm inside the leaf felt ill.

He sensed that this would be the day
that for his thieving he would pay.
And as you know, the worm was too
a parasite, a true filou!
He lived inside a lettuce leaf
and thus, fit the description 'thief'.

When all the riches had been packed
the thief considered that he lacked
the energy to cart away
the takings of this special day.
The kitchen's fridge contained salami,
as well as cheese and hot pastrami.

He grabbed a roll and smothered it
with mayonnaise and just a bit
of mustard from the town Dijon
and then he said, Voilà, and Bon.
He placed the leaf next to the meat
and, hurriedly began to eat.

As you can tell without a doubt,
this criminal was not a Kraut.
He had a mind that lacked precision
and suffered from inferior vision.

That's why he never was aware
of frightened worm eyes and their stare.

Inside the gullet it was tight,
and suddenly the hefty bite
got stuck before it could proceed
quicksmart the worm now took the lead.
He stopped right at the stomach's portal
took out his tools and felt immortal.

He stitched the entrance tightly shut
and then escaped into the gut.
The thief succumbed to suffocation
due to the life-saving creation.
Be this for all of you a guide,
you eat a sandwich? Look inside.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Sunday Incident

I must report an incident that has disturbed
and troubled me, in fact I needed to partake
of two small tablets of diazepam just to pull through.
It was on Sunday, at the crack of one new dawn.

As is the custom in our family, since Bismarck's day,
the captain of the ship is privileged to be the first
to plop his gluteals onto the seat of seashell novelty,
while looking through the pages of the weekend rag
to gain true incidental courage, meaning to distract
and thus allow a gentle peristalsis to take hold
all with the goal of slow and thorough evacuation.

This was a Sunday like the rest of them, a trifle sad
due to the fact that ugly Monday would not be too far.
However, it had been arranged (perhaps ordained)
by higher beings in advance, reasons quite unknown
the lever, made of shiny lightweight alloy and attached
to a convenient spot right near the cistern's upper edge,
this trusted lever marked Caroma, it had failed to work!

No torrents of a navy blue deluge would take away
the proceeds of largely digested meals of recent days.
They sat, some floating, some still in explorer mode
refusing to go on to meet their home and final destiny.

I'd always looked at them, the moment of departure
when suddenly an unexpected but by now familiar force
would turn this placid little lake into a circulating undertow,
relentlessly like phagocytes gone mad, engulfing all
accompanied by howls of porcelain winds and sonic baritone.

I fiddled as you all would have, a schedule did await
and youngish voices were intent to form a noisy queue,
though we observe a proper pecking order on all days.
The fiddling had imparted a small twist and then, a finger's tap
brought instant action and functional relief, here comes the flush,
I mumbled it, more to myself than to the travelling mass.

There was a burst inside my cranial vault, of purplish dopamine
which triggered quickly the appropriate response, it was of joy.
But the excitement saw my eyes stray from the blue
thus missing the fanfare of my usual view-the-loo, do you?

At last I left the melancholy place to drown my sorrow
under that silly water-saving ninety dollar showerhead.
I realized, in a most painful moment of a forced-upon futility
that they were gone for good and I had missed the chance
the only one to ever seal the bond and utter my good-byes.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Swim

Under a starlit sky,
he watched her strip,
then test the water
with a foot so white
it seemed to be of chalk.
Then she was gone
and reappeared, her locks
pressed tightly to her skull,
he saw the flicker of her eyes
and then there was a second moon,
she swam, breaststroke, away,
a thought about the rocket came
two moonlit cheeks would stay
inside his mind's two eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Tallest Poppy

America, you have the weird
pot-smoking ones, those with a beard.
They wear the swastika with pride
take their own boneheads for a ride.

It is an illness you must fight
inalienable is your right.
As with the devil you debate
you know what makes your country great.

Star-spangled banner on your blouse
and keeping clean the nation's house.
And do ignore the envy's frown
don't let them pull this poppy down.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Taste Of A Macrophage

I have always liked her fingers,
they were short but not banana like.
Impressed I'd be if any finger lingers
just after testing leakage in the dike.

Times have a habit of converting sense
replacing it with bovine oddities.
There was no need to use a focal lens
to find the spring where Cantadora pees.

The times are seven during cyclic days.
And in between there's ample time for taste.
So many roads would lead to Rome, so many ways
a soul that prides itself for being chaste.

She wrote to say that she had done the deed.
A little shy at first but full of rage
There was an instinct though, an inner need
she said the finger tasted like....a macrophage.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Telegram

There was that knock again,
disturbing her, who needed rest,
the telegram had made her faint
and the two soldiers had supported
and talked to her, a chaplain would,
by morning, be the one who'd been
in situations such as this, since sixty-three,
they left her in her cold and clammy shell,
to take the numbness into bed with her.

Who'd knock this time of night,
for heaven's sake, it was enough,
can sudden widows get some sleep,
or do they have to die as well, dear God?
She'd had it now, downstairs, she ripped
the solid door near off its hinges,
standing there in his pyjamas, striped,
she'd always loved them, since that day
when he had teased her out of them for fun
and holy moly games of something sweet
and so profound that it had shattered all
that Mrs. Jorgenson had known and taught,
so here she stood, now face to face
with her own man who'd been declared
by the official war machine as truly, really dead.

He swept her up before she hit Italian slate
and carried her upstairs as someone would
a trophy of the greatest worth, a treasure.
And then, before the witness of the smiling moon,
he started peeling, once again and then he said:
I've always loved those stars and stripes on you,
we wouldn't, though, now overdo the loyalty, my sweet.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Tent With The Broken Zipper

Sick of the misery of Lent
he'd taken, from his shed the tent.
And stocked his car with beer and food -
in minutes he was in the mood.

As you may know, the Autobahn
brings out in vehicles the brawn.
No limits to the foot of lead
a big mistake - and you are dead.

After the Pass, the Autostrada
he overtook a coughing Lada,
then blasted into Italy
where winds are warm and thoughts are free.

The sun was setting in the West
as he had reached the golden crest
of what they call a sage-kissed dune
the sky brought out the Southern moon.

Being a clean and proper German
he liked to stay away from vermin,
and zippers are supposed to keep
the bugs away while you're asleep.

But here, I must admit, the Kraut
(who stood quite tall and rather stout)
was very tight, a Scot at heart,
and, while his tent, a piece of art

looked colourful and also spacious,
thus overall quite efficacious,
the zipper had not been a test
of German craftsmen at their best.

He carried in his green wetskins
a giant box of safety pins.
They'd served to seal the quarters tight
though not as well as zippers might.

He had been driving at top speed
and was exhausted and in need
of restful and unfettered sleep.
He settled back and counted sheep.

He had, to lock up for the night
pulled in the tent flaps very tight.
Placed quickly safety pins of chrome
onto the front door of his home.

Now, German brewers have the key
to make the population pee.
The friend this story does describe
enroute had managed to imbibe

a dozen of the beer ' Blue Ribbon',
a potent brew, and I'm not fibbin'.
His bladder made him sit up straight
where he considered now his fate.

Reluctantly, took one by one
the pins until they all were done.
Proceeded then (he was a German)
to put them back, in case of vermin.

Outside he found a friendly tree
to stand beneath and have a pee.
The night air was a trifle cool
mosquitoes hovered, quick and cruel.

He hurried to remove each pin
until at last he stumbled in.
As you can guess, (he was a teacher)
he now repeated the procedure.

And in the morning, close to noon
he lay inside, like a ballon.
The little bugs had found their way
into the tent where they could stay.

And eighty little grey mosquitoes

who are the insect world's banditos,
had stung him into every pore
and later on had come for more.

The alcohol his skin had shed
did draw the mozzies to his bed.
I'll tell you, when those buggers drink
you normally don't sleep a wink.

But, being stout and kinesthetic
the beer had been an anesthetic,
not for the insects but the man
he now got up to find the can.

He figured since he was inside,
with mozzie-stung and itching hide
he'd skip the ritual of the pins
and grab instead one of the tins

He filled the tin which did attract
a million mozzies to the act.
Headfirst they dove into the clear
aroma-laden pee and beer.

I swear the Little Fellow grinned
as he now got his second wind.
Revenge was within easy reach
here on that warm Italian beach.

He drowned them all inside the yellow,
which spurted from the trusted fellow
and by the time that nightfall broke
he'd hired a Sicilian bloke,

who called himself Signore Skipper
and soon replaced the faulty zipper.
And now you know the outs and ins
of tents with eighty safety pins.

While improvising may appeal,
it's got its own achilles heel.

The Terminator

He swept into the hall
where poets had assembled
by the thousands.
Bearing a stack of papers
well-worn and stark with ink
and thoughts of strange emotions
conceived inside the darkness
of God-given convolutions.
and eager, much too eager
to want out of their confines.

'You turkeys', he began,
'I hold here, in my gifted hand
four categories, one of dreck
the others I judge kindly
though many ought to go
and cry on Nature's shoulder
while reminiscing of the time,
the briefest of all moments
when words were flowing
unhindered onto paper
and hope of global recognition
confirming utter talent hung
as tufts of fresh pink clouds
in front of shining eyes.

This is a playground, children,
and some of you, a few
do have what is required here,
to earn participation rights
which does apply to rainy days as well.
I see that going down the slide
or playing in the sand with toys
does have prerequisites, it does!
So, in an effort to convey true fairness
into this little world of recreation
I will remain with you, your referee.

It shall be mandatory for all who come

to check with me and prove their worth.
That way we will be able to, through me,
to separate the chaff from those few berries.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Test Of Loyalty

He stood, oak walking stick
and trusted Shepherd by his side.
It was a view not for mere mortals,
life was not stingy with rewards,
such as this view from Obersalzberg.
He'd baptised it Wolfsschanze,
with which he had expressed the thought
that it would make a launching ramp
for the great wolf, son of the old eagle.

Today was graduation for ten officers,
Sturmstaffel, also called SS,
they'd demonstrate the ultimate of all:
Life for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland.

The training had been tough and cruel
for man and beast, all Shepherd dogs,
each candidate was given a male pup
to raise, from weaning time, with utmost care
to teach the tricks a German dog should know,
until the very day they'd stand before their god.

The presentation was an eye-pleasing success,
the Fuehrer watched as dog and man performed,
until the Obersturmbannfuehrer's sharp command,
they froze in place, awaiting graduation.

Then, Adolf Hitler, undisputed leader of the Reich,
he raised his arm in a salute, and with a voice
both soft and urgent gave the ultimate command:

'Use only both your hands and your new combat knife,
and cut the throat of your companion here and now,
it is the final test of loyalty to me.'

There was a deadly silence then, an eagle hovered
above the valley, boyed by rising currents,
and as it watched, the ten cadets reached down to touch
their charges by the neck, with grim determination.

Ten pairs of trusting eyes looked at their masters,
as love flowed from within to meet the blue-eyed tears,
and death that day could not be understood.
Perhaps the Fuehrer would explain it all, one day

Herbert Nehrlich

The Thing Of Pop

Week after week
they slept together
perhaps to seek
a common tether
the love of sharing
one's own covers
a gentle caring
but not as lovers.
The warning came
some years ago
the public shame
took off some glow
he paid a sum
not as a bribe
and then plaid dumb
he would describe
the payoff as
some well-intentioned
(with pizzazz)
and never mentioned
public service
to help the boy
so young and nervous
buy one nice toy
perhaps a doll
that looked the part
but not at all
a work of art.
He had not learned
from past mistakes
was not concerned
about high stakes
trusted his riches
to bail him out
bad-mouth the bitches
who were about
to point the finger
at a freak
popman and singer

you do reek
of pedophilia
of molesting
just tell us will ya
at night when resting
have company
of innocence
pretend it be
the sleep of friends.
And tell me will
you now retire
you've had your fill
and to admire
a weirdo who
would grace a cage
monkeys like you
create a rage.
So go away
hide in your lair
while we will pray
so you won't share
the same blue sky
with us again
your kind of guy
shames decent men.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Three Hairs Of Anton K.

Three hairs grew upon Anton's head
they slept each night in Anton's bed.
He groomed the hairs with special care
and wore them with a certain flair.
All of the brothers and one cousin
had fallen out, some by the dozen
it was assumed to be genetic
though in appearance kinesthetic.

Anton had once lived by the sea,
fresh air helped his arthritic knee
but when he reached age twenty-nine
he noticed a dynamic line
had settled on his frontal bone
and seemed particularly prone
to move with stealth and speed as well
onto the top, now one could tell
that he would follow in the steps
of his own favourite uncle Sepps.
Who lived to entertain the folks
with (somewhat funny) bald man's jokes.

Now Anton's mother always uttered
that lots of curls made you look cluttered
and that one's assets needed care
which would apply to human hair.
Well, Anton had a small adventure,
while at the beach his lower denture
fell into hot and sticky sand
so Anton plunged a frantic hand
to save from loss his plastic fangs
when from the ocean's waters sprang
a wind of some ferocity.

It troubled Anton's healthy knee
but what was worse is that it blew
his hair right off to Timbuktu!
Or so it seemed, he lost a lot
of happy hairs and then the plot.

To save what could be done with reason
he stayed inside throughout the season
and if the slightest little breeze
came through the windows like a wheeze
he'd hide inside his featherbed
and covered, gently, there his head.

Soon all his hairs had taken leave
and it was late, one New Year's Eve
that he decided to elope
to give his hair a bit of hope.
Now down to three he named one fellow,
he'd always liked the name Othello.
The others he called Dave and Howard
thus one for brave and one for coward.
So Anton moved into the city
which for his knee was a great pity.
But if he was to keep his hair
he was in need of savoir faire.

The movers took the heavy gear
while Anton sat and had a beer.
The work was dusty and they sweated
so one hung up a freshly wetted
large towel onto a big fan.
All hell broke loose, oh man, oh man!
The fan designed to cool the air
propelled the towel to his hair
and due to Newton's clever law
inertia is what Anton saw.
The towel, really keen to fly
caused Anton's hazel eyes to cry.
It ripped Othello, Dave and Howard
(which had just recently been showered) ,
clean off the frontal bone like that.
Now silence reigned while Anton sat
and contemplated what to do
(the movers mentioned superglue) .

They say emergencies can make
a worm into a rattlesnake,
thus Anton raced with his three hairs

down to the street, three flights of stairs.
Soon pulled into the parking lot
where it was summer and quite hot.
The hospital was known to free
sick people from their misery.
He took the lift and found a doc
and promised him Big Pharma stock
if he could rescue and restore
the life of his three hairs once more.
And so he did, it was a given
that any doctor would feel driven
by promises of lots of loot.
He gave each hair a brand new root
and signed a written warranty
(the contents were revealed to me)
but no one was to ever know
how he had made each hair to grow
because the doc's own lovely wife
had built a business for life.
The company was very big
their only product was the WIG.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Time Machine

It must have been a holy man who left
the gadget at my door that governs time.
And using it feels eerily like theft,
which in my eyes sure qualifies as crime.

I use it now to peek and even fly
into the future looking at the sights;
last night I hovered back and had to cry,
it looked so pitiful from lofty heights.

There is a switch that lets a person stay
in case he likes the future goings on.
For me, my many friends, it is a Nay
I'd rather die in my next marathon.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Tonsil Streptococcus

I met a frog the other night
he asked if could spare some time,
it seemed that I, a human, might
be able to reverse a crime.

A princess had been at the weir,
drank water from the river's edge.
She saw a man and said 'my dear',
I like you and can make the pledge

that if I kiss you, you shall be
a prince and suited thus to wed,
not that dumb girl but pretty me,
and sleep inside my Royal bed.'

He offered quickly her his cheek
and she bestowed a little peck,
and in the darkness, near the creek
he shrank! It started at the neck.

She tricked him, made of him a frog,
and he did not enjoy the change,
'would you', he said, 'sit on that log
and I will kiss you to arrange

the transformation to a man,
it's all I ever want to be.'
The kiss took place, and right to plan
the frog turned man. However, me

I had been changed into a critter
that can't be seen with naked eyes.
My home is near the kitty's litter
and in the socks of college guys.

I am a streptococcus bug!
My duty is to make you sick,
I come in stealth, give you a hug
and that is not my only trick.

My cousin Staph has different tastes
he takes to blood and worn out skin,
we both enjoy to leave our wastes
and live without or live within.

Now, having been so badly tricked
I do accept my destiny,
my wounds have long been superlicked
from now I bring you misery.

Though one exception did occur,
I found the tonsils of a lady,
to whom from now I shall refer
as keeper of a very shady

and, warm and soft and mucoid home,
that's where I live now, no one knows,
once a big man, today a gnome,
she breathes and a kind wind blows.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Tractor Fire

It was decided that the shed
- an eyesore - had to go,
so, after rolling out of bed
at 5, I'd start the show.

A careful fire now, to burn
the boards, dismantled, one by one.
I use the tractor - push and turn,
support beams fall - I'm having fun.

When suddenly my front wheels stick
deep in the ground, I try reverse.
I may, if this fails, have to dig,
so now I start to yell and curse.

The fire, fuelled by roof tar,
is getting closer by the minute!
I'm trying! - something is bizarre,
it's sticky mud and I am in it.

'So get the hose ', I yell out loud,
'and call the neighbour, hurry, kids! '
there's just a trickle coming out,
it's getting hot, I lose my wits.

As Maurice comes with his John Deere
and chain and hooks and other gear,
the flames have reached the tractor tyre.
I pray that God would douse the fire.

Accelerate, now pull and yank
but nothing moves, it's getting hot.
My eyes are on the petrol tank,
I wonder 'will I now blow up? '

At last the efforts are succeeding
and all the wheels are slowly turning.
With Maurice and his monster leading
it's high time 'cause my seat is burning!

And so we saved the day, yes Mister.
The damage was a half-burned tyre,
a charcoaled seat, a rear-end blister,
but we escaped - and WHAT a fire!

The fire engines screaming in,
with lights a-flashing, sirens, tooting,
they're knocking down the garbage bin,
the trucks look shiny, high fallutin'.

The chief is known to us - a local.
He asks what I will not forget,
presents himself, high-pitched and vocal:
'So, put it out?' - I say 'You bet!'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Translator

He sits and sweats
over those words
at last he gets
what all the nerds
could not because
the text submitted
all of it was
directly pitted
against the skills
of average minds.
They tried and tried
for days on end
at last they cried
when a kind friend
showed how it's done
by taking brains
and having fun
as you make gains
though it's essential
that you be fluent
not just tangential
or congruent
in not just one
no, you need two
one could be Hun
the other Sioux
it matters little
which ones they are
so save your spittle
go to a bar
and have a drink
forget translations
if you do think
that all those nations
are bumblebees
with tiny minds
then humbleknees
and bent behinds
would be so fitting

for those who
while merely sitting
don't have a clue.
So overall
it does require
a bit of gall
and a small fire
inside a brain
that knows and can
as you are vain
you're not the man.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Trip To Rome

I sit and entertain my books,
and they respond in kind
the spouse has lost her youthful looks
much grown has her behind.
All facial muscles have retired
behind a bunch of wrinkles
the face that I once had admired
now looks like dough and sprinkles.
The sprinkles being brownish spots
that can be slightly bleached
my hand that holds forget-me-nots
belongs to a big, beached
and blubber-bound and aging whale
though that is not the issue
a human being who is male
who's reaching for a tissue
to blot the tears from bright blue eyes
because of this depressive
and now completed mean surprise
that's making me aggressive.
The photo album proves me right
there once was real beauty
today I dim the ceiling light
and do my decent duty
I pay the bills and mow the grass
and bring the bacon home
at night I sit on my fat ass
read brochures about Rome.
We wanted to vacation there
she bought a brand new dress
it probably would not be fair
to cancel, would he bless
I mean of course the bloody Pope
that just elected Kraut
what if he gave us fresh new hope
they say he has much clout
with God himself who said one time
that he made woman, also man
into exquisitely sublime

true copies of himself (he can)
so personally I think
that he'd be shocked at her visage
and grab her at the brink
perform a miracle (mirage)
and give her back to me
then we would travel to the spa
in Lourdes, which is not free
to resurrect what fills the bra
and some more nips and tugs
we might get all my money's worth
eliminate all bugs
so that the years still on this earth
will be for me more pleasant.
She asked just now about the trip
and looks like an old peasant
stands by the door, hand on big hip
and smiles when she opines
'I think we ought to ask the Pope
if he can straighten spines,
and also, (we can always hope)
would he erase those lines
that double chin and flabby arms
the ingrown nails and bunions
if God would just restore your charms
and stop you eating onions
and most of all, I'd pray quite hard
if they would grow your hair
and cut those many pounds of lard
and change you from a pear
to what I married years ago
you once were really handsome
let's give those Catholics a go
and hold the Pope to ransom.'

We went to Rome, the Pope had died
we took the holy dips
sat in the lobby where she cried
and I had a few nips.
No one would talk or understand
our marital dilemma
and while we listened to the Band

I said: 'My dearest Emma,
we've come this far and I did look
at all the Southern Belles
and even bought that Playboy book
that the hotel here sells.
I'm now convinced that on this globe
there is no better spouse
so would you slip into your robe
but first take off your blouse.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Troupers' Balls

Wisconsin, well known for its cheese
(and in the winter folks do freeze) ,
is also home to womenfolk
who tell a mean erotic joke,
most of the maidens carry much
in solidarity as such
to bovine friends, two shapely bumps
(the sight will melt the fiercest grumps) .

One day, the sun was kissing grasses
and (somewhat speckled) Holstein asses,
when teacher Zelda went to town
in a light pink, revealing gown.

The forecast had been for some flurries
and Zelda always frets and hurries,
so it was really no surprise
that local trooper's eagle eyes
detected her just as she slid
around the turn right where he hid.

Zelda was blond and, for a fact
quite handsome and extremely stacked,
she pulled, as ordered to the side
with eight foot ditches as her guide.

'You are', she whispered, ' handing me
what must, (you see, I guessed it) , be
the ticket to the Troupers' Ball
Wisconsin's Pride, held in the Fall.'

'Oh no', the officer declared
as he took out and then prepared
the book containing many blanks
of papers rarely getting thanks.

'Wisconsin Cops use protocols
but are not known for having balls.'

A sudden silence had descended
the trouper left, that's how it ended.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Trout

There once was a fellow named Ted
he was fond of his waterless bed.
While he slept someone came
and took exquisite aim
at the wee one who's called Mister Ed.

Though the bullet glanced off at the glans
he took refuge which gave him a chance,
then he went for a break
to the Mulberry Lake
and made good and appropriate plans.

But the road was now peppered with mines,
and policemen were there giving fines.
he was armed to the chin
so he pulled out the pin
and he sprayed them with pink turpentine.

Then he lit a small Everstrike match
yelled 'my enemies, come please and catch',
but the match was blown out
by a high flying trout
well the day wasn't quite up to scratch.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Two Oaks

He was old. Even for an oak tree.
So ancient that he could not remember
which wars had ended one way or else
and when he saw his first belcher of smoke,
the automobile. Think of the memories.

Thousands of couples, on the bench
or in the bushes if they were a bit in a rush,
so many birds hatching from the nests,
some of them perishing, so sadly,
seasons that would bring differences,
no snow storm was entirely the same
as last year's, and the day when it happened,
lightning struck and split off the biggest branch,
a real worry, but then, the rain had put out
the fire and cooled things down again.

Ah, yes, time, there was so much of it,
one good enough reason to postpone,
even to temporarily forget the scrumptious one,
a stately she-oak, just across the creek,
it was love, of course, no question at all,
and God, in his infallible foresight and wisdom,
had not allowed a single competitor to settle,
in all these year, actually centuries, by now.

So, he had always excused his inaction,
which was mostly shyness, needless to say,
with the widely accepted belief that oaks,
all oaks, male and better, lived long lives.
Very long lives. There would be time.

Catastrophe struck. A Northeastern, bad one,
coming down, howling as all get-out,
from the Yukon Territory, scaring the wits
out of the Fraser Valley and its creatures,
had split off the upper outer branch,
right where the best leaves hung and prospered,
and the very next day, the governor, an idiot

with no understanding of Nature or much else
had declared whatever it is these no good bimbos
with their van Heusen shirts and pomade hair,
their concerned facial expressions, had declared
the state to be an emergency state of affairs.

Which meant, and it had almost killed the old oak,
that anything posing a danger to the people,
those under his mandate and protection,
had to be eliminated. Killed. Taken away.

So, a couple blue overalls came in the morning,
in their logging truck by International Harvester,
and they cut her down without a kind word
or an apology to anyone or anything.

The old oak became very rigid, his bark got brittle,
many of his leaves fell unceremoniously, down,
he stopped making his pleasant creaking noises
which he was always sure that she had liked,
and he just stood there, clearly at the end of his wits.

And then, when the robins began to sing one morning,
in the early days of Spring, he stopped attending to
the rings, a mandatory chore for all trees. He stopped.
Which led to a situation where the same blue overalls,
with the same truck, and with their two Stihl chainsaws,
came again. They were clearing things at first, mainly
because the old oak was so gigantic, having been fully
and gargantuanly fully grown during the thirty year war,
but after lunch, which they partook in right under his
westernmost branch, they started on him. Cut him down.

Cut him up, bite size peaces for an airtight Canadian
or Oregon woodstove, perhaps. Funny thing is that,
throughout the entire ordeal, the oak didn't moan,
or groan, it seemed as if he was not only ready,
but exceedingly happy to go. Yes sireee.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Two Of Us - What A Pair We Were

So soft, I thought it was a feather
your touch was full of love yet
I wanted more, a grip of strength
with probing fingers bearing signals
of you who conquers all and me,
yet you were shy, and so afraid
to enter into uncharted territory,
where one might be consumed
by all-forbidden fires. It was said
that only lust could kill the meek.

So, we just lay, top of the morn
on that soft featherbed, and dwelled
on heated breaths of perspiration
in greed and guilt and total silence.

And fell so quickly victim to a slumber
that cradled both of us and gave us dreams,
to then awake our feather hands
and ready loins as if it all were only
gray smoke in golden mirrors from the past.

In which we happily immersed our hungry souls
to find a foreign land that was created
for you and me, with showers and small places
to hide and bide the time to a new high,
until the fragrance of our hot and molten lava
engulfed our spirits which had posed that night
as bodies of Eroticon, the ever-swollen river
where friendly fishes smiled and floated slowly by.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Unicorn

And on the day
my son was born
they caught, in France
a unicorn.
They placed it on
the Guillotine
because the French
are always keen
to make a spectacle
of things
by chopping heads
off queens and kings.
But, with this little unicorn
they had the choice
to cut the horn
or, à la mode, take off the head
which would ensure
the beast is dead.
Two hundred judges
now discussed
while all the people
yelled in frust.
And in the end
with Gallic scorn
la liberté pour unicorn.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Verdict *

What will you do then Sir Martin, Sir Martin
Obama is going to steal the whole show.
Maybe you'd join him in screaming and fartin'
geezer with sprue and his spirits so low.
None of his scheming and bribing effective
Palin, the dumbbell inciting the crowd
both standing still and their faces reflective,
losers are losers, for crying out loud.
Think of the windbag, she'd take ammunition
just be prepared is her motto from school,
reading he comicstrips, second edition
praising the ways of the rancid old fool.
Oh what a duo, they thought they could do it
trick all the people, for most of the time,
greed and deceit marked their way and they blew it,
Yanks did the deed and prevented a crime.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Verdict Was Passed

Well my faith was completely restored,
when the judge called the verdict today,
it is not that a party has scored
but that those full of badness must pay.

He was warned in the first little trial
to own up and declare himself bust,
yet he turned up the heat on the dial
as the lies, one by one, bit the dust.

It took long and it bothered my nerves,
there was patience required of all,
in the end we had no more reserves
but it is justice to watch the swine fall.

As the criminal trial goes ahead,
they will nail him with real hard steel
and his new and more permanent bed
is in jail, and he cannot appeal!

I would stand at the morning's first light,
when they cover your head with a cloth,
I would watch and remember the sight
and come back to the flame like a moth.

You have failed to be human and good,
have forfeited your right on this earth,
as for me, I am sure that a hood
like yourself was a villain at birth.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Vicar Of Syracuse

When times got tough in Syracuse
the local Vicar turned to booze.
His cellar guarded by two Spaniels,
was filled with ten year old Jack Daniels.

So, in the evening he would
dress up in robe and outdoor hood
and wander to the House of God.
Not one observer found this odd
as, clearly they could see him carry
the Bible, leather-bound by Mary.

And so it was, by all assumed,
that this well-dressed and neatly groomed,
this man of God would read His word
and that is what the mob preferred.

They paid him to prepare their souls
for distant times, when other roles
would be assigned by the creator,
who did expect all priests to cater
to needs of spiritual dimensions
and find a balance for those tensions
that do reside inside man's chest
as Satan's uninvited guest.

On Sunday mornings they would come,
in droves, a thousand and then some,
to hear the word of God, again.
Proceedings started right at ten.

The incident I want to share
(God did encourage me to bear
true witness to that sinful service)
took place when a dishevelled, nervous,
unshaven Vicar did ascend
while carrying his learned friend,
God's book up to the pulpit's top,
where he then burped and mumbled STOP.

A holy hush soon had affected
the congregation and selected
parts of the outside world as well.
Though faces from the depths of Hell
would be inside and very near:
to tempt, disrupt and interfere
with God's own plans for humankind,
they sowed their seeds inside the mind.

The sermon had begun just then:
'Dear ladies and you gentlemen,
I find you on this day in May
inside this House of God to pray.
I am aware you've congregated
to hear my lengthy, overrated
but practical and useful speech,
which, as it always does, would teach
to those of you with open hearts
as well as gigolos and tarts
what is expected of us humans.

However, I must say the lumens
that from this lantern emanate,
do represent a sorry state;
Try as I might, I cannot see
MY NOTES, I also need to pee,
and must be careful not to pass
on my descent some sewer gas! '

You could have heard the smallest pin
dropp into the collection tin!
They sat and waited, as in trance
perhaps the priest would change his plans?

Then lightning struck the ancient bell
which prompted its lead-copper shell
to play its melody from Heaven.
The time was twenty to eleven.

A voice resounded from the spire
(but did originate much higher) ,

'My sheep, I am your only God,
and, some of you may find it odd
that I have come to speak to you,
Perhaps you have received a clue
from the behaviour of your priest,
who loves the spirit made by yeast
and, once again, has spent the night
with Jack. He's higher than a kite! '

The folks were silent and in awe
and now expected that His law
would, without merci, strike their father,
when God spoke up, ' I shall not bother
to punish someone who lies prone,
we do take care of all our own.'

And, with the flick of his small finger
he told the Vicar not to linger
and caused his liver to defuse
two hundred grams of potent booze.

The sermon then commenced, oh yes.
The Vicar, eager to confess,
and grateful to his Lord of course,
talked, at great length about remorse.

Meanwhile, God left, back to his Heaven,
it was two minutes to eleven.
Though no one knew that a tradition
had been in place since Prohibition.
In his recliner God leaned back
An angel served him ice-cold Jack.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Vicar's Laxative

There once was a Vicar named Groom
he was raised with a true silver spoon.
And at bedtime he'd take
for his haemorrhoids' sake
a large dish of a stew made from prune.

When the sun said 'good night' to the moon
and arranged itself like a balloon
he would run to the loo
without further ado
and discharged juice of prune very soon.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Vicar's Sterile Donkeys

A donkey who was eating grass
is called by local farmers ASS.
I took a fancy to a male
this poem will now tell the tale.

The local Vicar owned some land
the soil was clay with mixed-in sand.
The grass did please the vicar's critters
but not his twenty sterile shitters.

You see, a donkey can and will
eat seeds and greens to get his fill.
He looks quite normal in most ways
though shiftiness befalls his gaze.

With lust he gawks at horse and pony
aware that he's a real phony.
But through a quirk of Nature's laws
he's smitten with some fatal flaws.

And that, my eager little reader
allows no ass to be a breeder.
All horses, cows and wildebeests
just do enjoy their solemn feasts

and pay no mind to eunuch's calls,
who do not worship useless balls.
For those who know a little more
about these critters and their lore

you'd notice that all donkeys tend
to hover near that schizoid bend
which does result from utter frust,
caused by an impotence of lust.

Plain English calls it being cranky
as donkeys can't play hanky-panky.
I knew all this, the man of God
had lectured me, with a small nod.

And, being kind, an altruist
who had been laid and often kissed
I had decided to spend much
of my spare time with him, a touch

of human love and frequent presence
unequaled by all local peasants.
I trained the fellow how to sit,
and where to take a leak and shit.

He learned quite easily but could
recall not much of what he should,
the brain inside that big boned head
seemed very sleepy, maybe dead.

So, I changed tactics and began
to implement a clever plan.
I'd train the donkey now to race
from my old farm to Byron's place.

At night, of course so none would know
and we'd be ready for the show
when folks came from the smallest towns
to watch the circus with its clowns

and see the produce from the farms,
then wrestle with their sunburned arms
but what they all had come to see
was horses racing from the tree

that ancient willow near the lake,
the winner then would take the cake.
The distance was two miles and back
three dozen horses lined the track.

I mounted Hector, now his name
and whispered that eternal shame
would here befall not us, oh no,
by now my donkey was a pro.

The starting pistol sounded loudly

the two of us departed proudly.
The snickering came to my ears
yet windspeed now produced some tears

in Hectors eyes and mine as well,
we went like flying bats from Hell!
Half way to the big turnaround
my donkey dropped me on the ground.

I sat there, shattered were my dreams
when he returned, among the screams
and picked me up with one quick scoop
I think by then we led the group.

Needless to say, we won, (two length) ,
the judge admired Hector's strength
and praised the animal's IQ
because he knew just what to do!

'To dropp that hunk of German lard
was a decision only hard
and clever thinking could provide,
you gained such speed and won the ride.'

There was no etiquette or rule
that could find fault with any fool
who'd figure out a way to win
And Hector stood there, with his grin.

He'd shown them all, the upper classes
that in this world, quite often asses
will master a peculiar task.
It works that way, so do not ask.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Village Idiot -Or Modern Political Correctness

...and thus it came to pass,
the one they called the 'village idiot',
a gentle, friendly, somewhat pudgy
but always smiling growing teen.
They had deprived him of O-two
the oxygen his body needed
when he was born in that small house.
One day, the constable was making
his usual rounds through dusty streets,
he heard a the words 'you village idiot',
so loudly uttered by a round
and quite colossal hunk of jello,
'I should not think in those mean terms',
he told himself, but then again,
it helped him with his vital duties.
Now, quite annoyed that someone would
use this foul language here today,
he placed his cuffs around her wrists
took her away into the jail.
The judge found that the term was not,
as people had assumed them lately,
correct in useage so he found
the tub of lard so very guilty
(that's how he thought of her inside) ,
and on that sunny day in May
he threw the book of rules at her,
which landed on her eighteen chins
and spun her on her hefty heels
right into jail for her comeuppance.
She never knew and never learned.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Vip Visitor

The Queen had visitors that day,
'twas Howard, John, head of Down Under.
She asked him 'would it be okay
if prior to the storm and thunder
which is expected early eve
that you and I, the Royal Queen
take with the carriage our leave,
to make the rounds and thus be seen.
The commoners enjoy the sight.
So they went off, 8 shiny horses
she talked and Howard thought he might
bring up the subject of divorces
because he was a nosy man.
The Queen was steering with much skill
when suddenly, near number ten
the leading horse, his name was Will
released a cloud of toxic gas
which, in the company of thunder
had come out of the horse's ass
and scared the Aussie from Down Under.
'Oh, pardon me', the Queen exclaimed
' it is an unexpected force',
says Howard: 'Do not be ashamed,
at first I thought it was the horse.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Vulgar Poet

I do abhor vulgarity
and most of your profanity.
It cheapens you beyond belief
it is as if you'd take the leaf
that God plucked from the holy tree
and flaunted IT, for all to see.
No need, I say to act too chaste
but, pardon me, you are poor taste,
it's not that poems do offend-
your tongue has gone around the bend.
And should old fate bring punishment
you'd notice great astonishment
in truth, if our paths did cross
I'd use a piece of dental floss
and hang you from the tree of shame,
into its bark I'd carve your name.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Wake

The Gods announced my funeral
I was too shocked to shake.
Went on my knees and asked if I
could just attend the wake.

The answer was 'why do you ask? '
they sent it down by lightning.
I took a sip from my small flask
and felt the black noose tight'ning.

I said 'I could just skip the show,
would make the coffin lighter',
though I expected a big No
I am no brave old fighter.

They questioned whether I could find
a proper substitute
to take my place, leave me behind,
the query was astute.

I made a man of barley straw
and placed him in the box,
dressed in my suit, not in the raw
gave him my dotted socks.

I ended up, how did they know
next to the man of straw
a little voice came, like a blow
'you broke the Lord's own law! '

Well never mind, I did observe
the wake from my cloud ten,
the one that housed the men of nerve
we heard the speeches then.

Turned out the wake drew every friend
they drank my grapefruit wine.
You wonder if HE'd ever send
me back, would I decline?

St. Peter came, he made his rounds
he looked at me and said
'your time on these here, holy grounds
is only while you're dead'.

'I talked to God about the trick
you pulled and meant to sell,
if you don't pray you'll - in the nick
of time end up in Hell.'

Herbert Nehrlich

The Watcher

I watch as you dance
with that Brylcreem Man.
It is not just a glance
soon it WILL hit the fan.

You, the one with the dimples
and the ravishing hips,
he, his face full of pimples,
you with lovely red lips.

He, the peacock Juan,
you the Ballerina.
He is now coming on,
I will rip out his wiener.

I am only just twenty,
but I know about life.
With experience aplenty,
and I carry a knife.

Did I go 'round the bend
at the moment he kissed her?
No, he was my best friend
and the girl was my sister.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Waterdragon Returned

A tiny ripple spread, a gentle mood,
one could not tell the water's depth at all,
a waterlily floated silently, and nude,
she heard the strapping waterdragon's call.

As he approached she swung her leafy hips
from side to side as if to say Hello,
far in the distance one could see departing ships
en route to the great cognac city of Bordeaux.

He spoke, a clear and timid voice there in the heat.
She cocked her pretty head to show she was,
perhaps from boredom, not opposed to meet
a dragon with a lot of warts and sharpened claws.

'I wonder, Madam, may I rest awhile with you,
I find you quite attractive and your colours match,
the heat can be formidable when our skies are blue
and I am truly buggered from this morning's catch.'

She nodded, and a carp swam off in hurried strides
in the direction of the weathered weir,
where fishermen had stretched brown squirrel hides
while waiting in the shade, and drinking beer.

She worried often, knowing that life can be pain,
and pollywogs were her most favourite lot,
she had the run of this big lake in the floodplain,
though from the air she was so tiny, just a little dot.

Birds liked her, calling in when breezes cooled the air,
the youngsters even sat, supported by her skirt,
to gossip and to learn and, in the end, simply to share
a measure of the day's adventures and the hurt.

She knew the souls of toddlers and they did in turn,
the fishes and the frogs as well as feathered ones,
bring out to her some branches of the warming fern
when chills came to the waters in the land of Huns.

There was among the animals a great deal of respect
for Mama Lily and she kind of ruled the roost,
then suddenly she checked what her reflection would reflect
the day the dragon stopped her, to be introduced.

Her colour changed a little and it wasn't due to sun,
was there a devil that had come to cause her grief,
he started talking now and told her that he would be seeking fun
and that his visit to the lake would not be brief.

It was a peaceful valley lake, there in the lower plains
and Lily spent some time with him that season.
Then came the westerlies quite sudden and the cold September rains
that's when the dragon had to leave. He gave no reason.

A thousand moons went by and life went on, there on the pretty lake
when with a splash a bumblebee fell in the water,
Lily was startled and still dreaming, just a tiny bit awake,
nearby swam slowly and with grace her oldest daughter.

And with a cricket's plaintiff call there was an end now to her dream
but the whisper of a name did fill the air,
from the depths that were unknown, from a strange artesian stream
came a hairy dragon looking like a bear.

All the birds came down to sing now and the fishes swam around,
they had seen that one of theirs had now come home.
Three gray Mallards marked the space with their own feathers in the ground,
forty beavers, helped by Muskrats built a dome.

They would meet there every Sunday, all the critters and the birds
and for years the chatter echoed through the pines,
it is said both kindred spirits never did run out of words
and they live there where the sun forever shines.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Waters Of Love

Love can flow gently
Trickling around the heart,
Grassing bare patches of hurt
With moistest of words, well meant.

But love can cascade
Drenching the unwary soul
And setting strong traps
In which many wholly
Are caught, and alive, drown

Yet the gentlest of
Spring's afternoon rain sends
Refreshment onto bowed heads
With gestures of kindness, gained

From waters of Love.
Seen by some as hot heavy
Tears of God's angels
Cleaning heart's forests with green
Showered lovingly from above.

A Co-Production by:

Fay Slimm

and

Herbert Nehrlich

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Herbert Nehrlich

The Wealthy Blowfly

My safe was hidden in the wall,
I had cemented it inside,
but in that year, in early Fall
I tagged along for a brief ride
in a Mercedes six-point-nine.

Was hooked on it in nothing flat
I whispered to her 'you'll be mine',
and started counting dough at that.
So, after working with the pick
retrieved the safe to grab the gold
I looked inside, poked with a stick
to scrape the dust off and the mould.

And then I saw him, all intact,
a blowfly of a hefty size.
Just sitting there, though dead, in fact
he looked at me with saddened eyes.
One foot was sitting on a pile,
all notes of high denomination.
I counted them and in a while
a most unusual sensation
took hold of me and then I learned,
that this big fly had been delirious
'cause when his life had been adjourned,
he sat upon a pile, I'm serious
of riches and could claim to be
the rightful owner, rather clever.
He never worried about me
and was the richest blowfly ever.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Wedding

There once was a teacher named Steph
it's spelled with 'ph' not with 'f',
she moved in with son Greg
When she boiled her first egg
she was named the Elijo Chef.

Then they went for a ride in his car,
not too fast she said, and not too far.
But his foot weighed a ton
(well, like father, like son?)
so the father likes Hedy Lamarr.

Well, not really, the name fit the rhyme
Greg's old man likes pure lemon and lime,
so my Kelly McGillis
beats his stupid Bruce Willis,
and her boobs are the envy of time.

There is much that could BE ascertained,
and debated in depth and explained.
But not far from the tree
falls the apple, you see
and an apple should NOT be restrained.

I regret that I'm going to miss
this great wedding, the start of all bliss.
It's not really the food
nor the heartwarming mood,
it's the prospect of one little kiss.

I have heard that the bride will consent
and, for reasons of fairness relent,
a small peck on the cheek
for the aged and the meek
is a proper and kind compliment.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Welcome Visitor

He has, indeed, with luck perhaps
managed to grow an inch above my head.
The stewardess who walked with him,
as they de-planed was duly smitten
the modern business class for those who can.

Yes, he reminds of days gone by, a while ago,
though skills are different now, it's all computers.
High tech, a basketful of gadgets comes a-visiting,
and soon we talk of salaries, as paid down in La Jolla.

Comparing, in the dim light of the lounge,
teeth looking good and just a hint of belly,
can hold his drink and likes variety,
maturity has come, at last to roost.

I now await the day that distances are blah,
two hours for a continental crossing,
we must do lunch and dinner, and a whole lot more,
though thirteen thousand miles is not for pigeons.

So, off he went again, the pride of those who wave,
we trust the system and the pilot looked the part,
a bit of wind and one small thought of men with guns,
it will be good to hear the telephone at dawn.

Herbert Nehrlich

The West Hasn'T Been Won

To win the West
I think it's wise
let's say it's best
to realise
that I stay quiet
in this endeavour,
prevent a riot
(which shows I'm clever)
well let us say
that all the urges
and interim galactic vibes
remind me of Stalinist purges
when he got rid of all those tribes.
The West was won
when crazy fellows
equipped with gun
and Scottish bellows
stood up to arrows
of savage louts
cut out their marrows
bashed in their snouts.
So I am thinking
that Western regions
require blinking
and strict allegiance
Await the show,
the puffs of smoke
then I will know
it ain't a joke.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Wind At His Back

He liked walking
among the subtle shades,
the striking nuances
of colours,
the seemingly
countless hues
and the distant sounds
of the jungle,
with its dangers,
known and unknown.

This was part of his life,
his DNA
had been imprinted
with the love,
the unquestioning acceptance
of the wild.
And, for all of his short life
the wind
had always been at his back.

The morning sun in his eyes,
he made swift progress,
it was hard going to climb this hill,
Elephant Mountain they called it
and it soon lived up to its name.

A mother and calf were feeding,
their backs turned, contented giants.
He venture closer, being downwind
and some 70 meters away,

when she turned,
rigidity gripped her body,
ears spread wide,
eyes glowering,
she started trumpeting
and charged,
at maximum speed.

Brave by tradition he called her bluff,
wildly waving his arms,
facing her
in crazy-eyed determination.
She was not to be persuaded
and,
as she caught up with him
she used her trunk
to lift, then toss him,
helpless bundle,
into the tall grass
where he lay still.

Her tusks raised,
she stepped forward
and stabbed them down,
twice.

His eyes closed,
at first from
the piercing pain
and, minutes later
from death.

It was his life
and he would,
gladly,
live it all again.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Winding Road

Bergfreiheit township
was near the rainy forest
of prickly thistles.

We did our thing there
with heavy motorcycles
and local sheilas.

Our teachers loved us
they never had to worry
our grades were perfect.

And then, one morning
it was before the sunrise
two hit a tree and perished.

It was the last day
of the school year at Easter
dad came to fetch him.

The school director
whose job it was to tell him
was pale and crying.

The cops reported
that bone-white brain was hanging
on that big willow.

The weekend after
our gang of eight big racers
broke a new record.

When my friend Eggie
flew off my Heinkel Scooter
he first went flying.

We then collided
some minutes after launching
on terra firma.

It seemed like ages
he landed on my back then
we were so crazy.

Twenty years later
we held a class re-union
were reminiscing.

In Eggie's Porsche
we raced right by the willow
slid 'round the corner.

Where was the devil
who had claimed two of ours
he must have missed us.

Herbert Nehrlich

The Young Philosopher

I kiss your noble forehead now
where precious thoughts hide near your brow,
they're neither sold nor are they bought
though some are very finely wrought.
It must be said that on the whole
no daylight shines into my soul.
If you are fond of some prestige
you'll know the term Noblesse oblige
which has to do with Herr Nobel
his forehead had attached a bell,
so, I suggest I do the same
the bell will feature my full name
and you, when time is on your side
could peek in first and then decide
to enter and then stay awhile
and being a true xenophile
this would indeed be up your alley
which, in the end will make all tally.
Feel free and check for any thought
that could perhaps be sold or bought
and don't forget all this is free
for those who look inside of me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Them (Rev.)

His fingers probe,
crave all of her,
wet thoughts to come,
the silence of the Camelot
brings arctic air
to settle on
delicious stickiness,
as kisses flow between
soft twins to form
magnetic bonds
of lace and promises
where fishes gasp
for welcome pheromones
fall off the living wall,
scooped by the hands of love
and fed to hungry lips,
shared without conscious thought,
then cared for briefly by
two lusty tongues
that wander off again
but have a promised plan
to seek her dew of love
and his, which complements
all silly words that did,
if one looks to the past
came true and rose
like tulips of the plains
to moist and greedy lips
where droplets cling to skin
aglow with lava burn
a fire deep within
fed by a meteor,
sent by a cloudless sky.

He pauses now,
no time will wait for them,
though essences abound
engulf the mountain tops
the twins beyond the sea,

reason suspends itself
by way of willing flesh
the circle closes now,
surrounds a felon's skin
made velvety,
and glistening again
to glide into a rising tide
unknown to all
and to the infidels,
to mediocre souls
and man's indifference,
his inhumanity to man.

Two souls have met
without regard to Gods,
to devils of the deep,
and, like the waking touch,
their fingers intertwined,
they will remain
a delta force par excellence,
saliva's salty kiss
mixed with the heat of night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Then She Died

She knew today would be the day.
Much hope had been her sole companion,
the whispering of agile things
in starched white blouses, earnest hats,
so suddenly adrift and near
from corridors of mixed emotions,
where laughter meets its triste opponent.
An arrogance of confidence prevailed,
which could and did on most of these occasions
devour the small vestiges of such competence,
that faith and suits from London tailors
had been successful in deceiving
all those whose time had come but for good reason
were ill-inclined, though ill but not inclined
to throw the towel, no instead, they sought a cure.

Now under ordinary circumstance no man would think,
that, once your 'use-by-date' has passed and God has deemed
that you have used up all your heartbeats and your breaths,
why man would be presumptuous in his vision
of being able to ignore our maker's wishes.
Is it the oh-so-human trait of being of a mind
to be a tinkler and a tamperer and one who would exploit
all glaring differences between the incognito
and the aggression aimed at his own fellow man?

There are so many and such highly skilled procedures,
and tons of pills and potions, tinctures and smart creams.
There are the budgets proudly read behind closed doors
and mammoth hospitals where sanity won't enter.
And, yes they do, make no mistake about this fact,
proclaim their science and the holiness of it.
Few are alert enough to recognise distraction,
all chrome that glitters also hums and thus persuades
the victims of the greatest con on this big earth,
that it were feasible and needs to be applied.

Lest you agree with those few doubters and agnostics,
that nothing can and no one will come to your aid

with tools that work or medicines that cure.
What is the truth then, you may ask with anxious passion,
are we not curing illness, even death in man,
have we not added years through miracles of science
to mankind's span that was near thirty-five, not more?
And does our screening not save millions from demise,
you surely jest when you dismiss and shun white coats.

To which my answer is a hearty, half-forced laughter,
we have been given, each, a number which is firm
and will not yield to the pretense of intervention.
The heart contains this counter, named the Cyclic Ogler,
its click is final though it does not make a sound.

Now getting restless in the room that was reserved
for those whose next of kin had asked for the remark
to be displayed upon the chart for all to read:
'Do Not Resuscitate', as no one saw a point
in prolongation of a life so close to death.
It was a question though of budgetary reasons,
as recommended by insurers of good sense.
Why interfere with Mother Nature's normal flow?
Yes, why indeed, this was the question that divided
the dying patient in the ward's most lonely room.
And those who dealt with thousand illnesses at once.
In both the need to rise and conquer all the heavens
was of a strength that moved no mountains but much doubt.

The door now opened very softly and two caps,
all white and starchy breathed their whispers to the bed.
(It is quite easy to imagine chests are moving
when we resist the end of life and will not see
that which reminds us of our mortal, final weakness) .
They had decided that the time had still not come
and went again at early dusk to ascertain,
when like a ghost she sat up tall in her small bed
and said in tones that meant no nonsense and no kindness.

'I do not see how any living person can
in this most boring room that's fit only for Death,
be in a mood to make her earnest preparations
to meet her maker, still in time for the first supper.

I do intend to do what God himself decided,
and time is running and an early night is calling.
So, hear my voice you girls, I only have one plea:
Do close the door and let the old girl die in peace! '

Herbert Nehrlich

Then What Is Poetry?

I've studied much Philosophy
and Art, I had advisors,
felt pains and struggles, misery
spring up like little geysirs.

All sound and language, imagery
was there for me to see,
was shown by others openly
it was the golden key.

A mirror had been put in place
presenting my own heart,
reflected back at moderate pace
deciphering MY art.

What was impossible to do
a stranger here presents:
my innermost and ah, so true
my soul's predicaments.

Confusion leaves, not to return
and loneliness abates,
another mind, free to concern
itself with secret states.

Herbert Nehrlich

Theo - A Limerick For You

I wonder if poetesse Theo
is a Libra or even a Leo.
She will currently need
both to uplift indeed
her good heart, so she'll sing sole mio.

Many docs do forbid a small nip,
may I give you a personal tip
have a glass with your meal
and then judge how you feel,
some physicians know really zip.

There's a substance you ought to ingest
it's coenzyme Q-10, it's the best.
It will boost your IQ
and your energy too,
go ahead, Theo, give it a test.

I enjoy what you write, as you know.
It has substance and also a glow.
Never mind the small fry,
they don't really know why
it's us oldsters who will steal the show.

Herbert Nehrlich

There

I saw tall ships today.
Sailing.
Leaving the harbour.
If I hurry now -
would they take me there?

Herbert Nehrlich

These Words Were Meant For You

I stopped my car today.
'Twas early hours.
And pulled the window down
thus to be heard.

And I just HAD to have
a word with her,
as she was walking.
'Hello, excuse me,
would you wait for me? '
She'd kept on walking,
quite oblivious
to things of urgency.

I tried my smile
and it ignited only
bemusement,
mixed with little bits of
pink impatience.
It wasn't possible
to stem the flow,
although the words I uttered
were - though bold - but few.

I told her then and there,
that I'd not seen
a woman of such beauty,
for many moons,
then quickly left,
embarrassed like a man.

And as she slowly shrank
into my mirror,
she first stood still,
then gave a tiny wave.

I'll say these words
soon to my own girl,
but spread the message

of her spirit where I can.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thieves*

Do you perform, my well-armed friends,
a certain service for the folks back home?
Perhaps you're chosen just to make amends
in foreign lands from Timbuktu to Rome?

They call you servicemen, not soldiers bearing arms,
and if a bullet finds its way to knock you down,
they use endearing terms and state-owned charms
as if you FELL because you're such a clown.

I'll call you killers though, because you do take lives,
you murder other men and celebrate,
then send your letters home to fretting wives
about the latest and the current state.

Thou shalt not kill, is part of what your kind believes,
yet this is waived if there is hate or foreign oil,
you sneak into their land like midnight thieves
and keep the pride and righteousness well on the boil.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thinking About You

All the cells within my brain
have now caught your virus.
When they think they try in vain
to override desires.
Of love and lust
and frequent touch.
I guess I must not think so much.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thinking Of Jodilee

I have been tugging
on the strings of your heart.
I'm thinking of mugging
(which may not be smart) ,
that scrumptious pink flower
who lives in that shoe
in the morning wee hour
I'll be coming for you.
I will show you some fire
it is part of me now
it is called male desire
you will wonder just how
I could feed it to you
do not worry my dear
and just stay in your shoe
take a six-pack of beer
and two beanbags as chairs
with the laces tied shut
we will leave all the cares
outside of our hut
but since this is a poem
and the people have eyes
even some, since we know 'em
would be envious guys
I will stop until later
when I get to the shoe
well, 'til then alligator
I am longing for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thirty-Eight C

God, will you help me just today?

I am confronted by a velvet skinned young maiden.
Or should I say presented with her by the grace of...YOU?
Her skin is softer than your own chamois
when it's been soaked in Wolf Blass Chardonnay.
Size 38, a C you know it means to me
that I will have both hands full just to taste
extravagance right in the land of plenty.
You only gave me, Lord, such paltry set of tools,
those hands that reach to her and test her soul's own water.
I am a breast man, as you know, so I will surely drool
and nibble gently, take my time for our sweet journey.
But tell me Lord, what should I do when sweetness
and scrumptious mounds of womanhood beguile me?
There are so many other regions that YOU thought of.
And that draw me; will you consider making time stand still for now?
I could then tear myself away from velvet breasts,
perhaps keep one hot hand upon the biggest nipple,
then cruise to other valleys and some luscious meadows,
with wondrous eyes of childhood and with awe.
How can I kiss her delicate and ruby
manuka-sweet and cherry-ripened lips,
to then depart from your extreme creation
from titillation and the promised bliss?
To find the softest spot in this warm body
I do not need to have you guide me, God.
You have equipped me with your usual foresight
with searching tongue and one more useful feature.
So, on my way I am, I thank you God, for giving
such loveliness and beauty to this sinner.
You made the parts that fit but wisely kept your hand
away from our most private, lustful moments,
so that the pleasure of two sweating bodies
is ours to have and love and keep within ourselves.
I've found it now, and did I mention velvet,
or silk or satin, nothing comes that close.
She said it was her softest spot and God knew
that she was right and then He closed his eyes.

And I don't care about atomic bombs or mayhem,
of frank starvation or the wrath of Hell.
I'm drinking at the fountain of creation
and will remain there under this soft spell.

Herbert Nehrlich

This Christmas

Just once before I die I would
so love to see a lot of smiling faces,
each morning when I board the city bus.

Mind you, there is no pressing need
for outright reverence or admiration.
I am completely able to interpret all
nuances of your now familiar lines
crows' feet and ordinary wrinkles are,
what I have stared into, each working day.

So let me draw conclusions as I wish
as I lean back against the grimy, shiny seat,
wrapped like a Christmas gift from God
inside my salt and pepper London-tailored suit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Those Promises To Keep

It's lazy dazy, says my ambidextrous Terrier,
Jack Russells do behave in wondrous ways.
Those Sundays never are the more the merrier,
I much prefer my ordinary days.

A Monday is a sign from our God
that work is needed just to pay the bills.
On Tuesdays we may find it rather odd
that all the aches at last have yielded to their pills.

Wow, Wednesday triggers thoughts, just two more days
and Thursday is my favourite, I just wait.
I really put the effort in, in countless ways
to be prepared and also worthy, after eight.

I love those Saturdays as well because they show
that time is plenty and the morning is for sleep,
but bloody Sundays do remind me that I owe
and that I signed for all those promises to keep.

Herbert Nehrlich

Those Puppies

The bitch was overdue.
No vet could be afforded
and the cries were growing,
ever louder, it was high time.
The oldest boy assumed,
with such an air of competence,
today's authority, he wiped away
the doubts of everyone, and lit
a cigarette that smelled so sweet,
then pulled out of his pocket a flask,
all shiny stainless steel, a mirror
perhaps of post-pubescent soul?

They all were guilty to the third degree.
And should have stopped him then,
before he killed them all, except the one.
But, no one had the guts to take the job
and not a single sound was heard
in protest of the bloodless slaughter.
His nicotine-stained fingers were,
that night, the forceps, used to maim
and kill, but not with kindness, no.

It was indifference that had befallen
and made its bed inside his mind,
he only had to lean into the down
to gather strength again and to go on
from deeds of misadventure to the awe
of being free to take your own sweet life
and hold it out to dry its melancholy tears,
and then, so near the end let go of it
and watch it flutter with uncertainty,
and with the grimace of despair, so brave
into its pre-ordained oblivion, after all.

The one survived and lived to see the day
when they took flowers to his marble stone,
if dogs could read we would now know
what all those golden letters said,

though there are times where, for us all
our lips must both stay stiff and also silent.

Herbert Nehrlich

Those Three Little Words

There are three little words
that did not emerge
when the crisis arrived
like a flock of black birds,
though that morning heard a vocabulary
of thousands of meaningless bits
as she went down the stairs I only whispered 'Mary'
but she left for a new world, of glamour and glitz.
She was tired of mucking the cowbarn and more,
was no farmer, this girl, born and bred in the city
I am sure that I was, to her, just a big bore
now I lost my best worker, which is a great pity.

Well, today I have come to the simple conclusion
that she would have, I could have, we should have stayed close,
if I had at the time known that utter illusion
is to love like lifeblood and the reason she chose
to just walk out that day and never turn back,
is the lack of the wisdom contained in my head
as they sat on my tongue as I watched Mary pack
and those three little words, they were never said.

Herbert Nehrlich

Those Unfortunate Ones

There once was a fat one with tits
who was missing some cognitive bits
but she could not resist
to try dancing the twist
never knew 'bout the its and the it's.

I have met some who knew not to spell
some were turned down at Taco Bell
they were simply too dumb
and their brain was the bum
they write its' - it's the its who can tell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughtfulness

I wake with you,
the thought of skin,
of knowing hands
and lustrous hair
that falls and frames
me, as we kiss,
your softness,
touching barely
not a tease
a brush with love
I like each one
inside, to roam,
a palate's dream
bathed lovingly
with time a distant thought.

Yes, please, I ask,
replenish you to me,
there's always more,
you say, and all for me,
'twas natural from then,
the day we knew
you nurse me well.
The morning's Dew
prepared to please
a taste of bliss
Six equals two.

The wrath of grapes
attempts to stir,
to sabotage
the peace
and ambience
of a lover's night.
It fails,
there must be words,
barrage deletes collage
though he is still,
and listens to her voice

as true love will.
New glitches come,
brought in by gnomes,
and angry gremlins
from a lazy past,
they penetrate
the open mind
and settle deep within
to take the reins
and throttle mares
and mustangs
slyly from behind.

They must prevail,
no glass will live
through times
of meteoric storms,
yet those that are,
have mustered it,
blessed by
and now consumed
by the profundity
of genuine love,
they will emerge,
still wet
from skirmishes
of fragrances inhaled,
and tastes beheld,
of melting with
the core of two
to fuse,
and form a bond
not to be torn
by careless hands.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughts ** (For Blaubeere)

Sleep my sweet love,
I watch,
I dare not touch
though there is need
and man's own repertoire
supplies it all, indeed
yet there is talk, ce soir
about incessant greed
which cannot be fulfilled
nor would our cries be stilled.

You reached.
I took your hand
and I shall hold it
to the very day we wed,
a silver band
forged with a pit
back to the day when
you would ask me to be fed.

Twas so bizarre,
I said 'To Wit',
I taste your finger
on my tongue
that's where we are.

So may I ask
do you confirm
that it will never really pay
to wait and squirm.
Remove the mask
climb up a rung
and give your vows
on this azure and fateful day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughts By Eugen Roth

A man, sweat dripping from his brow
earns his first bread and now knows how.
From bread to ham the step is small
and now the appetite wants all.

A lobster sits upon his table
expensive bubbly, he is able.
The rich get to this upper stage
arriving on their final page.

They see that there is nothing else
beyond the luxury of smells.
He reminisces of the bread
before he reaches it, drops dead.

Note: This was inspired by Eugen Roth's Lebensleiter. It is a loose translation thereof.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughts For My Best Friend Cra

It was the little lines and grooves,
the pores in soft, pigmented skin
the memory of taste and touch
that reared its pesky head,
as if to say, I am still here.
Like Eros, it had perched itself
on top, its gaze to all horizons
that could be seen from there,
Mount Pectoralis always was
base camp for future thoughts,
and for the reminiscence of the heart.

He asked himself, when twilight rose
from misty valley to his mountain top
if demons did exist in the thin air,
and monsters, big and small
would come to join and gladly share
the tranquil sweetness of their melody.

And he decided then, before the night's descent,
that what they had would easily transcend
the threat of evil and its sibling called despair.
And when the forest came alive that lonely night
he knew it would, due to its nature, never end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughts Of A Boy

It throws a great shadow
I said to no one in particular,
it was the eden of the night
and I never really had outgrown,
or leave behind as Mother said I would,
that fear of pitch black places and,
neither gods nor ghosts would ever,
in my lifetime at least, talk me,
coerce me or shock me out of it.

A flapping of substantial wings
invisible to me and those who lay
deep in the ground, partly devoured
by stoic and ill-mannered worms.

So, here I stand, behind the biggest one,
of hundreds, planted at a time
when it was thought that they would lend,
impart much needed majesty and style
to God's still acres, resting place for souls.

I had, like aunts and uncles who have gone
before me, a special liking for the stuff,
distilled downriver at Big Wilhelm's mill,
I reminisce, right at the source, concealed
from ghosts and gods alike, yet still afraid.

Souls never leave the ground, they do not rise
up to the afterlife, it's all a crock!
They flutter, batlike over marble rocks
and have no hearing and no genuine seeing eyes.

Yet they could take me, a small boy and make me pay
for all the sins I would commit in later life,
that's why I hide inside the juniper and pray,
armed with a capgun and a double bladed knife.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thoughts On Wednesday

I offer purple lemonade
to Ted and also to our Trade,
for praising what some see as crime
my postings, most of which in rhyme.
It never ceases to amaze
that some have just veneer and glaze,
they stand and say they will debate
they call you names (and sometimes Mate)
but when it comes then to the crunch
they may have gone to grab some lunch.
Malont of course must do his chores
like doing dishes, mopping floors,
if Momma rings her little bell
he runs (avoiding Holy Hell)
so you can see, that he declines
all contact with those verbal mines,
and then, there is that little matter
that he will see things on a platter
of quality and intellect
and rightfully he may suspect
conspiracy and sheer intrigue,
which lives outside his little league.
Deep down, he knows about IQ
about the taming of the shrew
and that is why a little man
will brag as often as he can.
As if assertion were a tool
to make a poet of a fool

Herbert Nehrlich

Three Limericks

There once was a poet named Stu,
he would write 'til his fingers turned blue.
When he searched for a rhyme
he committed a crime,
they said only free-versing for you.

In the greatest of rivers, the Nile
lived a six meter crocodile.
A reptilian purist
he would eat only tourists
you could tell when he had, by his smile.

My great uncle Dan is no more
he would sleep standing up and would snore.
With his mouth open wide
a huge roach crawled inside
and it left through the open back door.

Herbert Nehrlich

Three Limericks For My Friend Jerry H.

He had gone on a date with Miss Lilly,
with high hopes to make use of his Willie.
But the size of a toe
made Miss Lilly say NO,
'Twas the little toe, looking quite silly.

In the back of a beetle Vee Dub,
Mister Sorenson called her a cub.
She resented the term
'You can keep all your sperm,
and there won't be no rub-a-dub- dub.'

People wear too much make-up to hide
the true natue they harbour inside.
I'll advise you to be
what you wish them to see,
taking only yourself for a ride.

Herbert Nehrlich

Three New Limericks

A fellow with cowboy boots
was with Satan himself in cahoots.
Though he had a thick hide,
when you looked deep inside
you would find only shallow roots.

I was dreaming of flowers in May,
the blue sky of a wonderful day.
It was surely no joke
that it snowed when I woke.....
on a frosty November day.

I once knew a loyal gray kitten,
who was always around and so smitten,
that it never occurred
when I found a new bird
for no reason I'd bitten my kitten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Three-Pointed-Star

It is the gullwing, without a doubt,
that sweet 300 - twohundred horses
the silver star adorns the snout
the symbol of tremendous forces.

The red of fire engine, it's mandatory,
for contrast from the Pullman,
its silver lining warming the garage,
the sixpointthree a trifle agricultural,

and fastest of them all, pneumatic cushions,
the sixpointnine, tan leather, walnut dash,
it takes them on, the lot of them, and grins
it's all a matter of much confidence and arrogance.

Only the gullwing needs its rhyme to show its reason
with such charisma and so filled with harmony
the others are just vehicles for any season
they lift your spirits as they listen just to me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Thrill Me With A Beep

Whether awake
or soundly asleep,
it's the cream on the cake
if you send me a beep.

Herbert Nehrlich

Through The Valleys Of The Shadows

He slipped in when I opened
the outer screen door, to let
a bit of that balmy Spring air,
laden with pollen and bits
of indescribable matter,
inside. He didn't seem to mind
the stench of extinguished Gauloise,
stale John Boags and worn pheromones,
he just sat on the linen hamper,
flashed a mischievous grin,
and said, simply 'I'm Death, howdy'.

I didn't have the heart to inquire,
what exactly was his business,
or his 'mission', at this inconvenient time.
Supplies had run out and I was no Rocky,
which stands for Rockefeller, one of.
So it happened that not even a sprout
of a conversation ever developed,
cat must have got his tongue badly.

In a sudden subliminal fit of nervousness
I tripped over Gentleman Jack, teardrops
of Tennessee rolled onto the carpet,
swallowed up at once, stained, like my soul.
A raised eyebrow of silence spoke to me,
and without breathing or a heartbeat,
I became aware that all cranial activity
had, indeed, been not suspended but,
in the interest of a Universal Intelligence

had been extinguished and sent to the hole,
black hole that is. It was educational,
stimulating to observe the final moments,
and I was just glad that it had been deemed,
by those who are in supreme command,
that I was to walk with him, that fellow
with his mischievous grin, through the
valleys of the shadows, toward infinity.

Herbert Nehrlich

Throw Hazelbutt Out - Keep P/H Clean!

There once was an imbecile Brit
who produced nothing more than plain shit.
It was hazel in hue
and the texture of sprue
all his poofter friends thought it was it.

As you know Hazelbutt likes to flash
his well used and malodorous gash,
he has spent many times
for those paedophile crimes
in the slammer inspite of his rash.

He has learned to be used as a whore
even teachers thought he was a bore.
With no talent to win
and a very small pin
he let out an inaudible roar.

Scotland Yard took him off in a cart.
To the school of the oil paintings and art,
when they tested him there
he experienced a tear
in his rectum. Created a fart.

That is all, dear beloved he could
under stress and much promise (you would)
give to those who would judge
so they gave him a fudge
just before they tied on the black hood.

'Take the trash and burn all at the stake,
use a pitchfork, a broom and a rake,
let the fire burn hot,
though of substance he's not
he was nothing much more than a flake.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Throwing In The Towel

It's pleasing just to hear your voice,
because it is more than a noise.
Most humans are so ignorant
they run away at one small hint
of truth that is not quite pc
their minds are never really free.

So, when you say that you are scared
it means you worry how they fared
those many millions so abused,
it shocked you, yes left you confused.

Factoids not facts are news today
those falsehoods that may sound okay
they're told until you've memorised
the message that they have devised.

Just know that they don't ever care
they have a soul like Bush and Blair.
You, stupid human can be screwed
when Mister Greed is in the mood.

Take fluoride and it dulls your mind
you may stay beautiful and kind
but likely will consign the thinking
to those who'd never be seen drinking
the evil toxin halogen,
but will you throw the towel in?

Herbert Nehrlich

Tide And Time

'Were you thinking of me
when you wrote those lines? '
You asked me, my love
with the casual voice
that just wants to make conversation.

So I told you about my sadness.

Sadness that there are:
Not enough flowers
nor genuine words
and not enough kisses
in this world for YOU.

So you reminded me
that there was not enough time
in our lives
to grow enough flowers
or to coin genuine words
to describe our love.

And then YOU kissed me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tiefgruendiges Zum Geburtstag (Schwester Erika)

Auf dass Du immer schaust
und auf Dein Schicksal baust,
bleib Dir im Herzen treu
nur so trennst Du die Spreu
von dem was nichtig sei.
Gedanken sind nur frei
wo Weisheit wohnt und lebt
und ueber Taelern schwebt,
sie singt die Melodie
und bringt uns Harmonie.
Manch' Blume liebt das Licht
und sieht die Sonne nicht,
doch waechst fuer jedes Leid
ein Kraut aus fremdem Neid.
Was ist es das uns heilt,
es ist die Zeit. Sie eilt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tilting And Dykes

I am not REALLY tilting at windmills.
As a Dutchman I have to have, always,
one finger in the hole of the dyke,
it's an old tradition and one the rest of,
the vast majority of the world's people
ought to take to heart, now and for all times.

When the Don pushed his armoured horse
and his stout marrow-bone frame against it,
the whole assembly toppled over, fell, landed
and with its last bit of strength, the whirring blades
somehow managed to chop chop part of it,
our wall of security called the Dyke over here.

Fixed all but a small, recalcitrant finger-sized hole,
the curse of a tradition by now, and a national,
even international, maybe global or universal symbol,
the hole, like the hole in the bucket, a pretty song.
I know, I know, you've been wondering all this time,
and yes it is the third finger, nothing else will do.

Herbert Nehrlich

Timbuktu

He had, as Shakespeare said
at last he'd had it.
He closed the book to make
as clean a sweep as he could do.
It would, he hoped, clear up the ache
allow him access to his favourite brew,
but then, he slammed three hundred pages
half of the volume, down with a loud bang.
And saw too late (it's how our brain engages) ,
the spider who was there, scout of a spider gang.
From the remains he made a postage stamp,
serrated, flat and pregnant with strong glue,
then used his tongue, it was a trifle damp
and sent his sorrow to the town of Timbuktu.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time

They say it flies.
And is quite indistinguishable
from money.
Just like the tide,
it cannot, will not wait
for man.
Without a doubt, however,
allowances are made
for man to take the role
as he desires
to mimic the supremacy
of being master
of it, and thus, his destiny.

Perhaps you would
reveal, if not in time
then when, my dear
why you did not see fit
to share with me,
not lovely looks
and soothing words.
But, blow me down
to make me see
why you could not
with simple grace
give me your time of day.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time - A New Lease?

Of all the things now in this world
I ask you God, could you arrange
that my own body, being hurled
through time and space, into a strange
and distant, unknown universe
if you would, kindly leave the space
regarding, though, my private hearse
which will appear in any case
due to your failure to consider
that overpopulation will
discriminate against the bidder
such as myself, so you must kill
I ask you, would you stop the time
for me and ninety special friends
if so, I'll dedicate this rhyme
to you, I'll also make amends
and make this world a place of peace
so tell me soon what you've decided
what I would want is a new lease
give it to me and I'll be guided
by ten commandments handed down
by you to give us good behaviour
the change requires a small noun
called time, to you my saviour.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time (Limerick)

There is little of time we receive
and it never will grant a reprieve.
If you take some, as such
now and then (but not much) ,
you will never have time up your sleeve.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time Games

Yes it is true time must (for man) keep marching on,
there is no room for hesitation or arrears,
yet I have found by chance the all surpassing con:
it's touch and fondling and the love of salty tears.
I'll let you think on this my plain and dullard friends,
while you keep soldiering for bread and cheddar cheese,
for you it is the circus clown who always ends
the silly laughter and the aim is just to please.
Who is omnipotent to make up laws and rules
who would be free to hand out penalties to man?
It may be God who takes us all to be his fools
you can be sure to be your God, (well, if you can) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Time Must End

Time has a habit in these parts
to show that it's been crafted
from tardiness and irresponsibility.
Its unexpectedness akin to farts
and when it devastates, one's shafted
yet many do regard it a facility.

Which it is not, because, my friend
when need is greatest it will fail,
by playing with its punctuality,
a child of time, anaemic, also pale
will in the final, very end
just take its life to kill its misery
and once it goes things will be bleak
without the time you're up the creek.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time**

Your pubic hairs did tickle,
there on the grassy slope
I say all time is fickle
it never talks of hope.

We touched and talked for hours
the minutes oozed to ground
surrounded by fine flowers
we held what we had found.

Today we're reminiscing
how precious each short day
somehow a kiss is missing
our past has gone away.

We never knew to treasure
each moment that we had
our souls have stored the pleasure
of that we must be glad.

I hold you, my sweet lover
now knowing the above,
let's stay beneath this cover
make babies and make love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Time?

Accept the past,
sadness,
tears.
Suffering and
shameful things.

And remember,
it all began
with
nothing
but dreams
and hope.

You gave,
though not your best,
to reach
your lofty goals.
Now it is time
for you,
at last
to look into your mirror
and smile.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tinkle

She saw him
in the paddock,
had put his tools
and wire down,
to take a breather.
While doing that
he let the old fellow,
trusty appendage,
have his relief,
and rain fell unto ground
that had expected
but given up
its long-held hope
some thoughts ago.

It strangely,
unexpectedly
turned her,
the lady of the church
into a salivating,
and humming,
scaredy bird
of sexual titillation.

She turned her
modest shoes,
a pair of
hand-me-down
green Birkenstocks
toward the temple.

And when the tinkling ceased
one was aware of
the urgent patter of
those pious feet.
All sounds then stopped
inside the sanctuary,
where thoughts
and small perceptions

can be measured,
only to be judged
by dire threats
of fire and
damnation.

She smiled then,
at the thought of
putting out the fire
by sensual drops
of welcome rain,
so seldom seen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tipple

The word they used in High Society was tipple.
And fashion asked to show one pouting nipple.
A mumu was the custom as it was a modern isle
no undies and a simple pullstring was the style.
To shade the nipple they all wore a wide-brimmed hat
and in the tropics all the sexy women are quite fat.
Thus the logistics of a union, picked by race
too short would leave the option, sitting on a face.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tirasumi Pine

Tiramisu cupcakes, torte and all
then meander to the Mall,
take in crumbs and bourbon cream
marvel at the centre seam,
petals of the softest silk
thinking of the freshest milk,
licking lips for distant times
thinking lemons, quinces, limes,
more saliva, heaven's nog
silly posture, it's a frog!
Eyeballs bulging nostrils burn
taking all and each will learn.
Say peruse and not pursue
magnet's force and tasty dew.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tired Already?

God blends, amends
and likes it when our sense
which quite occasionally depends
on odds and ends
calls peace and once again makes friends.

Admire the fire
rise from the mire
burning bright and ever higher
of mateship's proud attire.
Yet baby friendship quickly may expire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tis

It's not what you hear,
it's not what you see.
Love blooms in a climate of intimacy.

It is what you smell
it is when you touch
that you're drawn to her pheromones as such.

When time matters not
when you're wishing for more
you may be in LOVE to the very last pore.

Herbert Nehrlich

'Tis Love

I want to thank you,
for being here,
to let me hold you
through the night.

For smiling
and for returning
timid kisses,
for holding hands,
and not complaining
about my sweaty palm,
for putting chores
into another life;
and for suspending time,
but mind you,
there is no thanks,
no gratitude,
no 'preciation for
establishing,
especially,
with much considered care,
a pecking order
in your life.
And placing me
so high
that I can touch
the rafters,
swing,
hanging high
and shout
for all the world,
and for the heavens
to hear
the story
of a
Happy Man.

Forgive my
caprioles,

and most especially
my monkey grin,
I'll tone them down,
those wavey decibels,
and then,
I'll reach for you,
and with the strength
that only LOVE can bring,
I'll lift you,
and bring you close,
until our lips just touch.

I trust we are,
together on our perch,
a trifle asymmetrical,
to those who would
look up in awe
at what can be
no less.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tis Our Love Now

Of all the things that need to grow
this plant must be allowed to thrive
we watch and nurture and we KNOW
that LOVE itself has come alive,
to utter doubts and low esteem
is just a deal we often strike
with forces that may end our dream
it's not the finger in the dyke
that will decide, for in the end
YOU shall wear flowers in your hair
and drape them as we then suspend
around my face, where lips will share
and time will lose its innate might
as forces far beyond our reach
grant licence to defy the night
to watch as clouds move to impeach
their sinister and envious shades
four hands and arms may now embrace
and as the past's reflection fades
we hold, our eyes are keen to face
what surely must have been ordained.
Of all the things that need to grow
through caring hands and minds has gained
tis true, there is no doubt, we know
our LOVE has risen from the earth
and, like a mantle of sweet dew
held tight while sharing its own birth
with US, I KNOW and so do YOU.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tit For Tat

A pussycat once saw a bat
hung from the tree, that it was at
thought pussycat, who purred and sat
that any bat which hung like that
might be at that a kind of rat
perhaps a mouse, which is less fat
so when the cat just stared and sat
the bat-like rat looked down and spat
into the eye of pussycat
the pussycat thought 'what a brat'
that he would be regretting that
the cat put on his Sunday hat
and used the feline prayer mat
to hide behind while tit for tat
the pussycat devoured the bat.

Herbert Nehrlich

To A Teen

Tom's buddy ran a secret lab,
made funny little pills.
The gift he had was of the gab:
'My uppers cure all ills.'

He drove his shiny Yellow Cab
through Walla Walla's hills,
meticulously keeping tab
on all the moonshine stills.

One day a patron took a stab
thus wiping all his bills,
they laid him on a concrete slab,
don't choose this life. It kills.

Herbert Nehrlich

To Die With You

You know, sweet lips, I would have
if time and circumstance had granted
the opportunity to be immersed
in death, your death, to share with you.

I've often dreamed that in a room
with panorama windows and red flowers
there would be at least five of us
ready to go, not by their own volition
but by the edict of sheer Providence.

We'd die together, something quite akin
to noisy barbeques and get togethers
only this thing would be for good,
no backing out, no second thoughts.

But it was not to be my love, there was
well, ample opportunity and no restriction
but I was not allowed to take the step
to die with you because I was a goddamned chicken!

Herbert Nehrlich

To Dr. Bill Hirzy

He's climbed that stony hill
a man with seeing eyes
who thinks and ponders still
the oh, so common lies.
And looking to the yonder
I know this doctor will
with care and childlike wonder
attend to what is ill.
A man who never swallows
the modern greedy pill
who's filled in many hollows...
A Happy Birthday, Bill!

Herbert Nehrlich

To Julie (M-Rated)

When a girl reaches age twenty-one
and has learned to appreciate fun,
it is time that her Dad
stop surveilling the lad,
any damage's already been done.

May the Gods always watch over you
in this world, which resembles a zoo.
If you do need a pill
when you crest that steep hill,
do consider a life in a shoe.

So, forget all the years of the past.
When you cut that big cake then, at last.
To the guests you be nice,
cut your Dad a small slice.
May your day be an earth-shaking blast!

Herbert Nehrlich

To Liam - From Wil, The Teddybear

To introduce myself: I'm Wil.
I hope you like my hair!
And, should you find I fit the bill,
I'll be your special bear.

I'm well-behaved and can be quiet.
I sleep all night in one position.
I'm not too choosy with my diet.
Like reading books or going fishing.

So, here I am - respected Master-
your other half (and that's not silly) ,
but to avoid a big disaster
I ask you: Please don't call me Willy!

And may we always stand together,
united in our loyalty.
Two birds made from a common feather:
LIAM and WIL - that's royalty.

Herbert Nehrlich

To Mister Clean

' But Mister Sheen
this is not clean!
It's you I've used
I'm not amused
have you lost power
perhaps turned sour? '

'Oh no my child,
even the mild
unscented version
without immersion
will clean all spots
If your'e a Klotz
and have no skills
you'll use 'no frills
the cleaner Sheen',
by that I mean
partake of me
I am the key
to cleanliness
and godliness.'

Debate is good,
as oft it would
bring out the truth
Up in Duluth
this one took place
where slow the pace
and things are dirty
in minus thirty.
(Sheen had his quota
in Minnesota) .
He tried to sell
his fresh-clean smell
a fragrant flower
with cleaning power.
But both were freezing
she started sneezing
when he suggested

(perhaps you guessed it)
they check the bedding
for in the heading
upon the label
it states 'Im able
to clean the covers
as used by lovers'.

And in the morn
she felt newborn
and vowed to keep
the still asleep
sweet Mister Sheen
to keep things clean.

Herbert Nehrlich

To My Little Pommygirl

I think about you,
now and then,
and then
again.

I do not tell
this
cloak and dagger game
to anyone,
not even
to myself.

I wonder
what you may,
or may not be
into,
today
or any day
that God allows
the sun to shine
onto your
fragrant curls.

Some days
I wake,
unsure about
the source
of that electric spark,
the worrywort that
I am not
and I could never be,
that tiny stab
inside my heart,
I put it down
as just
a random bubble
of pure oxygen
and nothing more
sinister,

NO.

I will not tell
about this,
cloak and dagger game,
to anyone,
not even to myself.

The day will come
when secrets fade
into thin air,
accompanied by one,
a precious but spent soul,
drained now,
and to the end of time,
of God's own energy.

He knows,
my fervent wish
is to bequeath
all of its might
to you,
to you alone,
so you may live,
another day
perhaps until the birds
and butterflies
ride peacefully
through mangrove swamps
and stillness rules.

But do not worry.
I will never tell.
Not even tell myself.

Herbert Nehrlich

To Sally

Five days must be a long long time
a few more dates, it's not a crime.
It was, I say, for sure, your turn
each post is capable to earn
a prompt and relevant reply
that is, unless you're slow and shy!
A poem was dispatched to you
meanwhile, nearby, Australia Zoo
a friend while diving died at sea
it shattered many, also me.
So, write, sweet girl, you don't offend
I always have an ear to lend.

I can't take credit for this, it was sent to me
by John W. Hall for posting in his name.

Herbert Nehrlich

To See Venice And Die

I fully realise, my Lord
that I have been to Venice
but if you would not mind
please hold your horses.

I've yet to visit places that
you, in your generosity
have made for us during creation.
But let me tell you first

about the Rocky Mountaineer,
the Blue Train from Pretoria
to Kapstadt, oops, it is Capetown,
the Indian-Pacific goes
from Perth to Sydney and retour.

The Orient Express, from London
and here we go again, to Venice,
so I will schedule this one last
and settle in on what is known
as the Transsiberian Railway,
Beijing to Moscow, of all places.

They say that passengers must take
their living food supply like pigs,
and chickens, turkeys, even geese.

Those frequent incidents on tracks
that have seen better days and trains,
snow slides and other nice disasters
are to be figured in to any journey.

With any luck I shall be longer than expected
and then, before you call me home
there still is Venice, and after that? .

Herbert Nehrlich

To The Bitter Woman

Of all the men I've known named Jerry
among the nuts he is the berry.
His love writes notes to me signed Allie
ye Gods will surely keep a tally
of all the goings-on, they will
step in to stop the one who's ill
and full of unexploded hate,
do stay away from my good mate
and find a victim for yourself
on the Salvation Army shelf.
Don't wash your undies on the streets
you may not have the eye that meets
what others easily discern
go back inside, clean up and earn
respect first from yourself and then
from other women and their men.

Herbert Nehrlich

To The Last Drop

It was the last one,
falling slowly
but with grace
just prior to
the touchdown
on green earth
there was
for reasons
quite unknown
and so unknowable
a change of heart
within
the bosom
of this raindrop.
And no one will
not even Gods
be wet or wise.

Herbert Nehrlich

To The New Wimp In Town

We have a new clown in this town
whose ragged old nickers are brown
all the writing is limp
as if penned by a wimp
and it won't earn a cap and gown.

Herbert Nehrlich

To William Mowell (Visitor)

To William Mowell I do say
would you go back to church and pray.
Your poems are so very odd
that only Lucifer or God
could take the time to look and see
your crappy, lousy misery.
I do suggest you do refrain
from coming here to spread your pain,
if hanging from the tallest tree
is not for you (as it could be) ,
I say go drown your many sorrows
in all your asinine tomorrows.
Fred Gold (a relative perhaps?)
is one of those demented chaps,
you take up space and take up time
but cannot write a single rhyme.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tod

If a man sees another man die
he'll be sad and he might even cry.
Though his thinking will be
'thank you God, it ain't me, '
it's a taste of the final Good-Bye.

It's from kindnesss that this is just so.
We all know that we WILL have to go.
But to make for less fuss
He does break it to us
in instalments, as quid pro quo.

Herbert Nehrlich

Today's Bd Poem

I wrote a poem without preambles,
the subject was those prickly brambles.
I dedicate it now to you
so wear it if it fits. The shoe.
It's writ for Mahnaz,
and for Mary and Sherrie,
and, with further pizzazz,
there is Andrew and Jerry,
AJS and Ern'stine
and that scrumptious young teen,
and, as not to forget
our lovely Raynette.
So I'll let you now be
friendly wave to JC.

Herbert Nehrlich

Todd

There once was a student named Todd.
He was always improving his bod.
Though by nothing impressed
he was building a chest
that received the big nod from his God.

Herbert Nehrlich

Toes

I'm going to paint my toes today
while I sit in the sand of Victoria Bay.
Should the sand find the paint it will surely stick
who would try to take off every grain with a pick?
So my toes will be dark, like in gunmetal blue
and I'll post a small photomontage to you,
By the way, I have found that all painted toes
may be written about in cute rhyme or in prose,
though I question and ask that you share your delight
in your word that this all is inherently right.
Real men don't eat quiche but they paint their own toes?
May I paint at least one like a ruby red rose?

Herbert Nehrlich

Together

Silence again,
gone, the artificial voice
across the sea
that ferried her,
in spirit
and (eyes closed)
in flesh
to my left ear
where it is
redirected
to the hemisphere
that was so smitten
on the day
we met.
No, there is little need
for brash analysis,
please hush, left brain
it matters not,
a grinder's tool
will always blow
unwanted dust
into the atmosphere.
Hush also little boy,
we must not spill
a single dropp of this,
a precious sap
that sticks
to hungry lips
a hygroscope
invisible
it oozes
onto limbs
and speaks
those sad and hopeful words,
words bathed
in salivary dew
and clothed
in formal wear,
we must be strong,

there's comfort
in the spider's web,
there may be time
to extricate
to walk the path
lined by tall trees
like dreams
they sway
and nod
but silence
is the night.
She waits
a chill descends
from barren hills
it lingers briefly
near the river's banks
then
charged with
frigid thoughts
it penetrates
to reach
but not caress her skin.
She stands,
she will not be
the new mirage
nor wife of Lot,
tis now quite obsolete,
the time has gone
into the bin
where Nature finds
and mixes them anew,
intrigues
and heartache plots,
she will not turn
nor stand,
and as she feels
the steady beat
of their big heart
she knows,
two hands release
her face
and clasp,

still wet with tears
each other,
two conspirators,
no force would now,
could ever persevere
to hurt and interfere.
Steps rush,
still timid
and restrained
empiricism pained
until the marker
on the moonlit road.
Oh blow me down
as he exclaims
her voice is heard,
the air is still
the river has become
a sea of calm
and in the cold of night
they find their heart,
lips pressed
and bodies held
in silent awe,
until they part
and read
that they are one,
and born to share
deep in their eyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tom And I - Our Hysterectomy

The latest news, from Ocean Shores
although I'm sure you've heard such lores,
is so she can, in comfort, pee
she'll have a hysterectomy.
She may tell folks a sordid tale
through telephone or through the mail
that someone beat the stuffing out
and who is guilty? It's the Kraut!

Well, she had noticed for some time
that pelvic organs will not climb
once sagging, upwards from the knee;
she needs a hysterectomy.

First doctor was a woman Les,
it's hubby's well-considered guess,
she ruled with such an iron fist
that she would not explain the gist,
and when they asked what will be done
she said to take a hike. What fun! .

The second one was slightly dark,
his bite was sly, so was his bark.
Trained in the jungles by Mandela,
turned out to be an Indian fella.

He did suggest to use a mesh
to keep inside that female flesh.
Like gutterguard it then would serve
the man may be a covert perve?

Then, finally they found their man.
He wears a bowtie, yet he can
do all the latest of the skills
and is no fan of modern pills.

You know about the waiting lists
when patients hammer with their fists,
on tables, counters doctors' ears,

for months and, oftentimes, for years?

Well, luck was smiling and he took
a bit of pity, got his book
and wrote her name there near the top
he left then, always on the hop.

November 14th is the date
that she will enter dreamtime state
and then his scalpels cut and scrape
to get her snatch in better shape.

Three days in hospital they say
then they will be awaiting pay,
and after that we may be there
to take her home into the lair.

Six weeks the doctor says to pamper
her day and night. There may be damper
at home for all their daily meals
perhaps the lad will catch some eels.

She will be lighter, that's expected,
although it may not be detected
by casual looks, perhaps the scale
will tell its own revealing tale.

It is suggested not to send
fresh flowers or Swiss Chocolate Blend,
please spare a thought for Tom and me
it's OUR hysterectomy!

VB or Bourbon may be nice,
we do have plenty Maytag ice.
When slaving here, with dogs and birds
out in the yard removing turds,
and weeding, cleaning gutters, floors
as you can see we WILL have chores!

We need to be refreshed to run
two households and it must be done.
This is the end of latest news

about a woman's P's and Q's.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tom Did Not Make It

And it rained so much that Spring day
that all the angels did run out of tears.
Tom was a tiny little tomato plant,
a real runt, cute but with a hunchback,
a rough and tumble looking coat
of tiny hairs, white prematurely,
sprouting from the green stems of Roma.
It was his last chance, parched lips
and withered roots, curled up, in the open
were at their wits' end with worry,
'water' they cried, and a merciful God heard.
Hell it had been, sheer purgatory,
furnace-like Arizona desert winds,
bringing the occasional locust, dehydrated
and pale with fear, but ravenous and cruel
and Tom stood, like a lone soldier
as straight and sturdy as his condition allowed,
among the grasses and the lower class weeds.
Thistles mocked him over his spindly arms,
snails spat their slow-flying slime in disgust,
and male desert rats lifted fat and hairy legs
to spray and mark their territory, God, where are you?
And so Tom had toughened early, he was strong
and he had courage, passed on from the Grosse Lisses,
and he stood there, listening to the endless whine of those
who were really nothing, worthless in the end,
he was fed up and in his desperate struggle,
swaying on weak knees and leaning onto an oleander
for support and for friendship in this time of need.

And now the rain. It changed life as he knew it,
it chased humility into the spinifex valleys,
it woke up all those who had only prayed,
but had not believed, hope was a penalty to them,
and Tom stretched until his joints cracked,
he would survive, yes, the Gods had listened
and had been kind, he would never forget.

And when the rains ceased and only the few trees,

looking a bit worse for wear but upbeat as well,
allowed thousands of drops to roll off their leaves
little Tom, handsome and homely, a real tomato,
began to change, and he started singing softly,
only the tune had changed, it was a new melody,
fit for a new life and for a more fitting attitude.
His eyes swept across the greening landscape
and they loathed what they saw, all had blurred,
and a new clarity taken its place, a revelation.
Grasses and Herbs, Thistles and Weeds,
had tasted from the waters of cockiness,
and they had been poisoned for life, marked
and condemned to the death they had so narrowly
and so righteously and perhaps unknowingly
escaped, and that only by the grace of their Gods.
Tom now despised them and he pushed over,
with viciousness and pleasure the old Oleander,
who was, after all, a cripple no longer required,
he sneered at all those who had prayed with him,
stood with him on their own spindly legs,
he raised his chin to avoid their miserable faces,
yes, the sun was what he now needed, giver of life.

And thus it was that Tom fell asleep, with his chin,
that pedigreed square tomatochin, so colourful,
exposed to the full and fearful rays of the sun,
mind you all, the Arizona Sun, one like no other
and the sun did her best to help him grow in strength,
through photosynthesis and the rays of A, B and C.

And, when sunset came in the desert, it was beautiful
and hauntingly so, only Tom had burned to a crisp
and he never got to see it, and he never ever heard
what the thistles, the grasses and the weeds talked about,
when they looked over at Oleander who was on the mend
and when they talked about the handsome Tom, once their friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tomatoes Are Berries

Too much wine will, at first, make you merry
(it is best to slow down on the Sherry) .

As from grapes they make wine
would you come and taste mine?

Each tomato I use is a berry!

After stomping them all we can do,
while the yeasts are fermenting the brew,
is to lick off our toes
like our forefather pros.
And perhaps play the Didgeridoo.

Soon the yeasts from our feet will create
an advanced and delicious new state.
Bloody Mary-like juice,
and for regular use
for you folks and for me and my mate.

Just to tell you myself what I mean,
there's a substance called Lycopene.
It will help you to pee
keep from cancer you free.
It's a berry but never a bean.

Note:

Yes, tomatoes are indeed berries.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tonight (A Rebutt Poem)

Tonight....

I look for you again,
and when I find you
I shall swoop
bald eagle like
sharp talons gently
securely
claim the prize
that Nature has,
in her astonishment
as well
earmarked
in the appendix of
her master plan.
You are, indeed
my breath,
each beat
a drum's sweet symphony,
olfactory
so pleased by you,
fine perfumes
rise from apocrines
into my soul,
Schneiderian folds
straight passage
to the mind,
pituitary style,
swift messengers
despatched
through rivers red
so many stops to make,
adrenals too,
constrict
and dew from Cowper's
just to tease
and ultimately please,
addicted,
frazzled telomeres
in handsome genes

yes you may drink
and lick my wounds
as I do yours
we step
with agile feet
back from the brink
and brace our eyes
to dive into the flood
where no one hears our cries.
Tis right, I say
fatigue must wait
for yet another century,
I court
forever brave,
would be,
if asked
your new devoted slave,
yet here we are,
have travelled
brief but far,
have knitted from pure silk
a web,
tis ours now,
you tidied it,
wiped off the dust
and placed soft cushions
near the fireplace,
I read the plaque
etched in the granite stone
For Love And Lust,
and WELCOME
is the word,
we utter it
in unison,
then whisper
as we kiss
there is
a spot of moisture
on your face,
oh yes,
there is as well on mine.

Tonsillectomy

Sits assistant in the chair,
on his lap with thick blond hair
slumps a boy, mouth open wide,
one strong hand on either side.

Tiny squirts of toxic badness
into fabric mask of madness,
ethyl chloride puts you under,
ether brings the out cold yonder.

Scalpel made of stainless steel
slightly curved to let him peel
tonsil tissue from the crypts,
just a touch of solid stypts.

Gets the little bleeders quiet
they can make for quite a riot,
peel and cut with gentle hands,
that is what his task demands.

Adenoidal, rotten tissue
now becomes the final issue,
ring-nosed pliers, one quick squeeze,
patient fights with two strong knees.

Bit more ether, there you go,
almost time to end this show.
Cauterise and Cauterise!
So - you don't get a surprise

in the middle of the night
when the staff nurse gets a fright.
Figures are, I'm realistic
from the global net statistic

during days of this technique
it was scary to be sick!
Two thousand patients opened wide
and of those children, one has died.

Herbert Nehrlich

Too Much, But I Will Welcome You

She wore a starched and stiff,
turn off in type to real men,
a uniform prescribed as if
they would be happy on a scale from one to ten
with just a five, if that.

No cap at least, like they would wear
on wards, the ones that laid their hands
on thin as well as those who dared be fat
all in the name of altruistic patient care,
no one could know the origin of those demands.

Oh yes, the Lab, it did demand real respect,
all samples went to ground there to be screened,
they'd look in microscopes, they'd measure and dissect
until the clock for lunch or end of dayshift intervened.

I took her home one day and used impatient hands
to rip the fabric of her bosom in a rage,
I think that youth is when no youngster understands
that life can never be a limelight covered stage.

Today, when candles light the ruby red of wine
and hasty hands have given way to gentle touch,
I may not realise the treasure that is mine
but it is clear that I've been given way too much.

Herbert Nehrlich

Too Old

So they sat on a beach, in reflection
talked of medicine's fatal direction.
Disagreement set in
when she said with a grin
We have got what is called an erection.

Herbert Nehrlich

Toot

It is quite indisputable
that those hootable
and perhaps irrefutable
terms cannot be suitable.

A man must be prepared to meet his brother in a suit,
when they chips have fallen quickly in that family dispute,
He will squirm and kick and scream as if he had things to refute
I shall rip and snort of course because I could not give a hoot.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tooth Mobility

There once was a lady from Greece
she suffered from badly worn teeth.
Her incisors were loose
she was long in the tooth
and she lisped when she said 'pretty please'.

Well her dentist was overly rough
and he always talked off the cuff.
So she took to the booze
which would hopefully soothe
all her teeth and she drank in the buff.

When her hubby suggested adventures
he had made lots of dough in debentures
On the wild coral seas
she would need a few teeth
so she got herself beautiful dentures.

Oh the ship and the breeze off the sea
and the captain addressed her as 'thee'
in a storm the ship sank
and this writer must thank
the survivor, a captain van Zee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Torn

He sat out in the afternoon,
the sun was fading, though
he did not notice,
a question had,
in sheer tenacity
breached borders
normally in place
inside his busy mind.

He knew, of course,
that men think with their heads,
it is what sets them well apart
from those whose tears
and innate fears
make mockery of thought,
whose logic pre-presumes
that all convention
and all etiquette is doomed
before it is conceived
by imbeciles in suits.

His puzzle was,
in simple terms
that he had been besieged
by lust, or so he named it
for her human flesh,
while through the night
and for all hours of each day
his eyes went sanpaku,
retreating well, in part
into the upper reaches of
and underneath the sockets
in a vain attempt to dwell
inside the mind of her,
where all that made her
what he treasured so
resided in platonic peace,
he feared a lack of room,
of plain capacity

to hold both entities,
and he was torn between
and turned salto mortale like
onto his head.

He shook it slowly
and concluded sadly
that it was the one and not
the other that would supersede
opposing force.....
then, a shadow settled on
his hairy face,
it was an image he adored,
and as she sat
upon his knee
he felt her soften
and make room
and so they probed,
until the answer came,
it trickled,
oozed and then
like Mount Vesuvius
it did draw a line,
and there,
in hieroglyphs
the answer stood.
And all was good.

Herbert Nehrlich

Touch

They say the best of tales
are never really told,
and that it never fails
that everyone gets old,
there are so many rules
including those of Moses
it is not only fools
who bring her fragrant roses.
Regardless, what is true
is that the tender touch
in place for me and you
is what I treasure much.

Herbert Nehrlich

Touch Talk

Touch Talk

And there they were,
thrust into outer space
and hanging on for life
with sheer tenacity.
Each had their hacienda
cook pots and cutlery
some bulging boxes
of those precious photographs,
and tolerance of habits
which would normally annoy.

All packaged with great care
and wrapped inside a picket fence.

A casual glance would judge
routine, in autopilot mode.
Then Priappollus struck,
his heavy hand pulled hard
to stretch the bow of emu hide
and fire in midflight, his arrow,
his largest and most polished,
it penetrated air by slicing molecules,
dropping their pieces from the sky
like silly insects singed by
fires of Prometheus, who could part
the clouds and send his sizzling rays
to powder granite and to boil the sea.

He was, as many found to their chagrin
a son to the great God of The Eternal Flame,
born to a barren mother, chosen to be wild.

He spared the huts and barely burned the tips
of the entire picket fence, converting them
into a flock of docile sticks, which, still erect,
had grasped the meaning of the winds of change.

All else was left in place, and time resumed
its rather useless and relentless march of greed,
the river flows, one hears the pounding sea
but there is trouble now in Eden, yes, indeed.

Words hardly used are flung at others and oneself,
from 'just emotions' over 'rationale for what',
the stone stands proud and flaunts philosophy for all
though it is clear that it will need a mason's skill.

Has all been torn like useless stuffing from a bra,
do we upend what has been dear and kept the peace?
What claws of selfishness can wipe a summer's pain
to plunge headfirst into the bush, is it insane?

Gluteal parts have been much pinched, there might be clots
no answers came albeit their calls disturbed the night,
they met clandestinely each with forget-me-nots,
and in the morning they said Yes! And they were right.

Herbert Nehrlich

Touching

Were you an octopus
I'd hold your hands.
Each one means love to me.
Who understands
what love can be for you
or...well, for me
it is the two of us.
Taste of the dew.

Herbert Nehrlich

Toxic Texan, Krazy Kraut And Total Tony

Alarming research shows
that baby boys born
to mothers exposed to
phthalates had
smaller penises
and wanted to play with
tea sets and dolls.
Other signs were actual
feminisation
of the genitals.

Phthalates, which are
in widespread use
to make plastics more pliable,
were found in
nearly 90% of babies tested.

Chemicals used as
flame retardants,
found in half the
blood samples in the study,
are believed to have
similar properties as
a (banned) group of
chemicals known as
PCBs (polychlorobiphenyls) .

Yet a major effort is
underway to help expand
the market for these
new chemicals.
Gender Benders, they are called.
Sperm count is down,
genital malformations,
breasts in boys,
global increase in
cancer incidence,
which shows most
beautifully

in France,
where a 63 % jump
has occurred
in just twenty years.

Yes, you say, how tragic.
Your indignation shows,
strongly before breakfast
and has faded into
indifference by lunch.
Profits for chemical giants,
wealth for all,
don't be a communist.

There can be few
greater betrayals than
for a Government
to sacrifice the health of
babies and small children
to boost the profits of
foreign firms.

How is it then, that the world
stands idly by, while
a letter, jointly signed
by Schroeder, Bush,
Chirak and Blair
is sent to the
European Parliament,
expressing grave concern
over the continued
monitoring of
over 100,000 chemicals,
currently in use.

Perhaps it is futile,
since we have little knowledge
of what the properties
of these poisons really are.

If they manage to enlist
the help of great Johnny,

Howard that is, Prime Minister
of Down Under,
they could ask him to add
a fitting Postscript:
'She'll be right, mate.'

I am indebted to information
provided by Zeus Information Service,
a brilliant organisation for the people,
for the facts and the nudge.
Some quotes are verbatim,
and the words of
Geoffrey Lean, Daily Mail 9-9-05

Herbert Nehrlich

Tracks

Snowflakes fall
in silence.
As not to wake
the beating heart
of Winter Wonderland.

All rabbits do appreciate
that foxes leave
clear tracks.
So, if a hare
is on the trail
behind the fox
it is a give-away.

All other times
it's back to
fox eats rabbit.
Such a habit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Trainstation

I see you, standing in the station's light, my mother
a frigid wind blows, cruel accomplice of the night
your loving arms hold tightly now my little brother
a few stray glances linger, leave our sorry plight.

I see your shivers, mother, it is not just cold,
you know that parting is a bitter little death.
There comes a time, you said, for all to leave the fold,
you seem so fragile now and small and out of breath.

But now you smile to me, a trick to lift the mood,
it is the misty smile of camouflage, you weep.
It's early evening and folks appear subdued,
the stationmaster's whistle lets my brother sleep.

White, silver gray your hair, tied in a formal bun
and much too thin inside your flimsy overcoat,
yet now you joke with me, we're having so much fun
it is hilarious, that man looks like a goat.

And only now your face gets dark and very gray
a thousand moths disturb the light with crazy joy.
There is so little that the two of us can say,
the final whistle blows then, 'come back soon my boy.'

And as the train pulls out and gathers farewell speed
I can see her standing, brave face and oh, so small,
while I must leave to fight my battles and indeed
some thirty years did pass, I did return that Fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

Transitory

They said that she was old,
her puckered lips reminded
of the sphincter muscle,
all velvety, pursestring, and pale.
Feline with, I suppose, nine lives.

Once proud in their protuberance
of sassy nipples, seemingly stuck-on,
at last they sag in sadness and despair.
So many folds and creases,
lifeless wrinkles of the mind,
a tribute now to those who follow,
so fresh and young of blood.

Yes, it was all a sham,
the visit on this planet.
Nothing but transitory bliss
of wildly wilting flowers,
soon discarded with the hopes
and tribulations of futility.

Eternity, sweet promise of the universe,
no atom ever dies to lose its way.
And as we fade there will remain
the mist of precious souls,
like weightless whispers
in silent motion and burned
with utmost care, and gently
by the morning sun.

Herbert Nehrlich

Translation - Poem By Hilde Domin Bitte

Immersed into the waters,
washed,
and soaked
down to the fibres
of the heart
by the Deluge.

The wish
to occupy the land
this side of tear-filled borders
is of no use.

The wish to celebrate
the bloom of Spring
and to be spared
is of no use.

Of use is just the hope
that she, de Dove
will bring
the olive branch.

And that the fruit
be colourful
just as its blossoms.

That still its leaves
make up a shining crown
upon the earth.

And that we shall be freed,
released from the Deluge
and from the Lion's den.

Be sent,
as hurt and healed
into the custody of self.
In perpetuity.

Translation Rilke's Herbsttag (Autumn Day)

Lord, it is time, a lengthy summer ends,
so throw your shadow onto sundial clocks,
as I await the forest winds you send,
command all fruits to ripen, full and well
and give to them two days of southern sun
to thus ensure perfection as they swell
in luscious sweetness, soon thy wine be done.

For those without a house, I say, oh hear
you shall not build and, if you are alone
no soul will come to you because of fear
and as you wander through the avenues of stone,
long nights you lay awake as you compose,
write letters as within you something grieves.
As tired eyes desire, soon, to close
you watch there, on the streets, the drifting leaves.

Herbert Nehrlich

Translation, Rilke Die Erblindende (Losing Her Sight)

She sat there, like the others, having tea,
it seemed she held her cup a different way,
not like the others, it was clear to see.
She smiled, it almost hurt, but once that day.

When they arose and started talking
meandering through rooms, as if by chance,
I looked at her, they laughed as she was walking,
she followed them, too slowly, as in trance.

But hesitating now as if somehow expected
to sing before a crowd, with much at stake,
her smiling eyes alight as they reflected
an inner brightness, coming from a lake.

She followed, hesitating, as it took awhile,
as if some hurdles, to be conquered soon,
and that, advancing still in single file
she surely would be flying and not walking, soon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Trans-Oesophageal Echocardiogram

Poetry is when you can put
a camera down the feed tube,
call it TOE for trans-esophageal
and then you look at the heart from behind.
It'll tell you a few things
but it won't allow you to look into the
heart of a human being.
For that, you'll have to,
well, you have to....

Herbert Nehrlich

Travel

They'd sent my cases to the city of Helsinki
reducing me to one pyjama and a Haines
she thought I was Australian and kinky
and tied around my ankles stainless chains.

No doubt she was a real looker and a Finn
no need for glasses as she saw what was to see.
There was much juvenile desire to get in
the call came early and it set my spirits free.

I shall, for reasons that are clear to all who read
not set my foot inside the tarmac of the Finns.
It is too precious, as an effervescent seed
to drip to bitumen, a sentinel of sins.

Herbert Nehrlich

Treacle

And as dawn breaks
we shift, yawning,
stretching tingly limbs
and as a shy farewell
to the warmth of our cheeks
we watch in awe, and stir
beneath purple sheets,
as treacle finds its hopeful way
down to the secret place
where we met and tasted of
Schlaraffenland, the pineal spot
Dreamtime indeed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tree Giraffe

There once lived a spindly giraffe
it was made of some high-flying stuff
when its legs got arthritis
and his eyes blepharitis
he had lost all his reasons to laugh.

As he could neither stand up nor see
any leaves that he needed to be
he climbed up and remained
and no longer complained
to this day he still lives in that tree.

This giraffe was a she, not a he
as the story is told with some glee
you may ask how it grew
well, she had not a loo
and she truly was all up her tree.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tree Surgeon

It must come down said she who knows,
a handyman is needed.
With crafty Stihl, and he must climb
up to the very top.
Because the cyclone has no heart
and lightning can be cruel.
So, screw the green and all those leaves
and, NO you are too old.
If you do climb up to the top
and bumblebees come near you
you would fall down and break the thing
although it's German made.
And this expense is all we need,
I looked and saw the saw
in Gerold's shop with giant blade
and straight-lace, link-chink chain.
And when I asked what if I fall
and break my sturdy neck,
she smiled and answered
never mind, we are with Great Prudential.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tree Thieves

At five AM, last Saturday
we went to get a Christmas tree.
Out in the forest, with the Jeep,
the path was muddy, ruts were deep.

We'd brought a hatchet and a saw
the two of us, just me an Pa,
and when we found a specimen
tall and majestic like Big Ben

we hurried out into the snow
to wrap up this illegal show.
The noise was very faint at first
(and Pa was busy quenching thirst) ,

the window down, there was a noise,
it well could be the Council boys.
Though God has grown all trees for man
the council had imposed a ban.

I saw a glimpse of their big ute
and now the echo of Toot-Toot,
put her in gear while Pa held tight
the tree to keep it out of sight.

Accelerate a Five-Point-Seven
it's quite akin to life in Heaven.
The Rover followed, going fast
we wondered who would finish last.

There was the dropp and then the river
my Pa was drowning out the shiver
with Uncle Jack's from stainless flask
while I was busy with the task.

Straight in we went, the bank was steep
and to the bottom went our Jeep.
We drove for nearly one whole hour
and marvelled at those tons of power.

But there was one, though minor flaw
(and I agree here with my Pa) :
Our fancy and expensive stereo
which pipes in classics from Ontario

to me is part of life's conception,
it did not give us best reception!
(Though it returned when we emerged) ,
the sun had come since we submerged

and snow was falling in the hills
to hide the tracks of untold thrills.
In leisure we got home at ten
and never saw the council men.

We stayed indoors for two, three days
and placed the tree into its base,
when through the letterbox came in
the local rag to hit the bin.

But on the cover we could see
that thieves who stole a Christmas tree
had drowned and divers were on site.
They'd search each day until the night.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tribute To.....Rock Of Ages (By Rachel)

Just for you my arms are wide,
Nothing further need I hide.
Standing soldier now I see,
Bringing lava flow from me.
Shining cleft to beckon you,
Come and sample nature's dew.

Herbert Nehrlich

Trickle II

An eager tongue,
(termites beware) ,
it braved again
old spinifex,
to reach the font,
there always was
a trickle to be had,
refresh me, nectar
of another God!
The entrance closed,
like latex lips
and drew in to its depth
just to initiate
exploratory moods
while guiding him
through gooey tentacles
into the darkness
of soft stalagtites,
bathed in the balm
of Cantadora's loft,
He did not need,
nor wait for further signs,
it was what never could,
or would have been
the stuff that promises
are made of in this life.
The mix was more exotic then,
as heavy cream and treacle,
which is subservient to
the queen of saccharides,
Molasses seals the fate,
it sticks to all,
it trickles down,
toward the secret place,
sweet nectar of
another God.

Herbert Nehrlich

Triple Haiku

A single dragon
can slay a lot of people,
with halitosis.

Proof of the pudding
is hypothetical if
trouts are in the milk.

With perfect recall
you never have to worry
about your future.

Herbert Nehrlich

Triple Limerick

When the angels shed tears it is raining.
When it thunders it's devils in training.
When you sit on the pot
(in a hurry or not) ,
you'll be freeing things better by straining.

Saw a fellow (an old human being) ,
at a Casuarina tree, peeing.
His companion, a dog,
raised his leg on a log,
he was blind and his eyes weren't seeing.

You may ask what I'm smoking or using,
I'd reply that I'm partial to boozing.
Once they call me a hearse
it's too late for a verse,
until then may my words be amusing.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tropical Storm

No it wasn't what I thought.
No angel tears came down
from heaven, no other liquids
from that forsaken place,
where devils live and fry.
A storm had flooded
all houses in my street
and drops fell onto sleepers
seemingly from heaven.
And all were glad about
the current lack of interest
from those above, for now.
It's good to keep your mouth
and ears as well as eyes
completely shut, while resting
under covers. In a deluge.

Herbert Nehrlich

Troubled World

Rumours have it that they aim
to control the power game.
Conquer all and take the gold
through extremely quick and bold
strikes into the heart of man,
while talking of the aimed for ban
of weapons to subdue and maim,
they have no shame, they have no shame.

Who is at fault here you may ask,
but finding out - a useless task,
what's clear beyond the slightest doubt
is that old George and Tony shout
to the soldiers in the trenches
and the geezers on park benches:
'Let's defend our liberty,
enslaving others makes us free.
Our presence on all foreign soil
is to protect from thieves their oil.'

And intellectual deduction
finds weaponry of mass destruction,
which needs to be, unless deployed,
by righteous people now destroyed.
But suicide bombers don't make sense,
they help install on their own friends
explosives to blow up and kill,
(an oxymoron if you will) ,
since they assume that Allah's love
shines down on them from up above,
that they'll be welcomed by his side
upon arrival from their ride.

I do remember on that Sunday
when they displayed Crocodile Dundee
at Movie House Jerusalem.
Two figures came, blew all of them
into the sky, so full of sun.
All that was left - a blameless gun.

Will those of you who find the answer,
the cure for this expanding cancer,
speak up but not with hollow words?
The time will come when singing birds
will once again be what we cherish.
If man does nothing, man will perish.

Herbert Nehrlich

True Aussie Racism

There once was a young, male recruit,
he was smart rather tall, also cute.

At the first interview
he was told: 'It is true,
your credentials, they really compute.'

But a test is still needed to know
if enforcement can give you a go.
Shoot five Abos today
and three beards as they pray
and a rabbit by means of crossbow.'

'I shall do, Captain, just as you say.
Right this moment I'll be on my way.
May I ask why the hare? '
'Well, your question is fair
you can start in your job straightaway.'

Note: Huge strides have been made in Australian society to overcome racism.
Huge strides are needed still.

Herbert Nehrlich

Truffle Archie

Young Archie's problem was the size
of his gigantic nose,
the midwife did not realise
that even one of those
could cause much unexpected strife
much worse than any breech,
when Archie thought he'd get a life
he seemed so out of reach.
Her skilled and clever bony hands
were searching for the boy,
a birth is tricky and demands
that on does not annoy
the Goddess of all new creation,
and speed is of the essence.
So to avoid an operation,
which scares us simple peasants,
one can't quite dilly or dally.

So back to unborn baby Archie,
the midwife's name was Auntie Sally,
she wore a uniform so starchy
that, when she stripped for bed at night,
it stood all by itself and served
as a deterrent, giving fright
to Peeping Toms who had the nerve
to hang around and get their kicks.
Aunt Sally was a high-skilled nurse
who knew all of obstretics' tricks
and rarely did she see a hearse.

Well, now the situation changed,
the stethoscope reported trouble.
A pulse would be declared 'deranged',
at under ninety, 'on the double! '
yelled Sally, elbows both inside.
And now, at last she felt his nose
and told the patient 'open wide',
and 'push again, I think he owes
a very quick, successful ride,

I've never been in so much strife'.
And now a giant fleshy hook
(the father fainted near his wife) ,
which Sally pulled and yanked, it took
all of her strength to set him free.
Then he was out and started crying,
the others laughed, they all could see,
that with this monster he'd be eyeing
the great divide between the two.
Because it was of such dimension,
that, if it ever further grew
it would require intervention.

Young Archie lived in Southern France,
he did love life and was accepted.
Although they wouldn't let him dance,
(it was a truce and well he kept it) ,
he did like music, did the shuffles
at home on his big wine estate,
his wealth grew through the local Truffles,
it was his birthright and his fate
to go out into wild boar's plains,
there point his sniffer to the ground,
the yield would then require chains
and six strong Clydesdales, homeward bound.
He soon amassed enormous riches
and all because he had a nose.
Some said he had betrayed his britches,
but Archie said: 'It's God who chose.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Truffles

He will never beg,
as it has been scripted,
by the superior laws,
he will simply drift,
like a log in the sea,
wood too hard to be used
to feed fires that ward off cold,
too much salt they say,
dulls the Stihl, makes a sound
and no one would even think
to look up when drifters come,
they have their ways, they move
when clouds are stagnant, cumulus
or funny shaped, I wonder though,
would gods be at the wheel,
to send those bums into the world,
they're proud and will not fret,
they'll take, and use both hands,
and stuff the truffles into snouts
without a second's hesitation, after all

Herbert Nehrlich

Trust

A hand when offered you in peace
has all the trappings of a lease.
So many paragraphs in place
fine print, well hidden from your face.

You know, of course, that contracts tend
to follow you right to the end.
So, take the hand that's offered you
with caution, as you ought to do.

And when a man applauds your action
it may be nothing but distraction,
so, if he makes you swell with pride
he may intend to skin your hide.

And to avoid the sting of shame
trust only one. He bears your name.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tsunami

'twas early morning at the house,
a breeze was toying with the trees.
Inside the pantry lived a mouse,
who nibbled there on Allan's cheese.

Up on the glowing fireplace,
sat Cole the turkey, he had shat
onto the cat's sleep-drunken face,
who now, in turn got up and spat
a wad of ugly, greenish slime
precisely on the old wind chime,
which was the perch for Mr. Crow,
who, black and shiny, mumbled 'NO'.
And now the orchestra woke up,
while in the kitchen with a cup
the boss was seen in company:
A goat from his menagerie.
A mountain goat like Edelweiss,
with lovely hair and soulful eyes
was taking in the various species,
then, with the dustpan cleaned up faeces.

'Twas feeding time now and their cries
awakened all the house-poo flies,
who clean up shit then look for more.
Then, in the neighbourhood a cat,
who lusted after Turkey Cole
and would have liked to, after that
take on the one who, black as coal
looked like he had some flesh on bones.
And further down, a giant dog
spoke up in high-pitched plaintiff tones,
his barking then woke in the log
the long-haired wombat and his wife.
In short, within so little time
the neighbourhood was quite alive,
poo flies were eating now the slime,
the cat had stepped in Cole's gray cacca,
and Al, the Crow, still on the chime..

the boss was facing some hard yakka.

When suddenly a sound was heard
that no one could identify.
And then they saw it! Oh, my word!
The ocean water seemed to fly
in their direction, and at speed.
Was this the song of Loreley?
Was this the end? It was indeed.

As Huxley said, it is quite clear,
that those whose end is getting near
will do their best to either find
a partner who is sweet and kind,
and do an in-depth exploration,
a final deathbed fornication.
Or, failing that, to eat a creature
with a substantial fatty feature,
so Fred the mouse ate all the cheese,
there were three flies, so he grabbed these
with lightning he died
rolled over and lay on his side.

Cole saw the crow and quickly thought
that from the back he looked so scrumptious,
perhaps he would prove quite rambunctious,
but he would force him if he fought.

The cat looked at the wombat's fur
and thought it may yet be a her.
The dog who saw the cat jump wombat,
tore off his chain, went into combat.

And boss and beauty from the mountains?
They jumped in bed like dormant fountains,
and did what made the only sense:
Got naked quickly like close friends.

'As you can see', said Allan, 'wisdom
in every species plays a role.'
When for the last time Lizzie kissed him
the tidal wave came - got 'em all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tulips For You

I had, for reasons of expediency
done all my chores, took out the files
to weed old wisdom and the silverfish
out of my life, it had been overdue.

Thus, time ran out and slammed the hollow door,
taking all pens and pencils, every one
I, in my youthful drive to clean the slate
had shredded all remaining paper. It was done.

The poem I was set to write for you, it must
wait for another time, perhaps you're fine to wait?
Meanwhile may I present a little treat today:
One hundred hectares, yes, a sea of tulip kisses,
guarded by windmills and a dike not made from clay.
You'll get to meet Hans Brinker, all in stone
and see the fossil of his clever finger bone.
And while you count in Dutch the tulips in the sea,
I'll write a lovely limerick for you, from little me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tumescence

We wake to yet another day of silly lessons,
would that we really could ignore them all,
wallow instead in happy effervescence
and hope he has a chance to stand up tall.
A man's appendage is, in fact, his only essence,
he grooms and frets to see it ready to engage,
but after climbing many mountains and small crescents
he must be cognizant of something we call middle age.
And here, it's love that generates a luminescence,
it floods with golden rays the human skin,
it also triggers a good measure of tumescence
which paves the way and does allow a tiny grin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Turdus Migratorius

A robin, breasted red may sing
if male, he likes to have a fling,
with other robins, out of nest
where he appreciates a breast
and structures, soft and erogenic
to please his rather androgenic
hormonal mediated mind

A robin so they say, loves blind
thus it would matter that there be
appendages, like breasts, a vee
but colour, no my feathered friend,
but, breast is bestest, in the end.

Herbert Nehrlich

Turkey (Half-Grown Children)

Stood a turkey in the rain
dreaming of his home in Spain.
Where he would not have to face
vermin from the Banty race.
Vermin asked him 'can you take it,
or perhaps you only fake it,
I'm the king of this barnyard.'
Turkey now thought extra hard,
he could dish it out, no doubt
turkeys never had much clout
nor a brain with which to think
so he gave the boy a wink
told him 'every Banty Rooster
needs, just to survive, a booster,
step aside, I need the space...'
Rooster spat him in the face.
Moral is that Banty Chickens
spit at turkeys like the dickens.

Herbert Nehrlich

Turkey In The Freezer

A man whose birthday had just come
was given by his son (a bum)
a parrot with an attitude,
his language was considered rude.

The man, a genuine optimist
now tried for his ventriloquist
to find a happy compromise
the bird played deaf, which wasn't wise.

One day, the vicar had stopped in
and witnessed this strange bird of sin.
He said, 'my son may God be kind
this language makes me deaf and blind.'

The vicar gone, the bird just raved
and acted utterly depraved.
Well, patience sometimes wears quite thin
so now he grabbed him by the chin
and yelled 'you sewer-mouthed old geezer,
you're going, head first, in the freezer.'

For twenty seconds there was heard
a string of insults from the bird.
But then, a silence did descend
as if the bird was near the end.

Now worried, yanking on the door
not knowing what there was in store
he did regard with kinder eyes
his parrot who was still and wise.

'Oh master, my apologies
I am so sorry, pretty please,
I shall, from now, each single day
serve you and love you, if I may.'

The man, astonished at the change,
could not quite grasp this sudden, strange

and revolutionary shift,
perhaps it was, from God a gift?

But happy now, he said, 'my friend,
I figured that you'd reached the end
but I am fair and quite forgiving,
so, welcome back, among the living.'

The parrot smiled his crooked smile
and thought about this for awhile
and added 'Master, what's the word
on that there lifeless turkeybird? '

Herbert Nehrlich

'Twas The First One, Ruthie!

Of all the things that happened there
there's one I do remember
far sweeter than a French éclair,
the first was in September.

Herbert Nehrlich

'Twas True Love**

White man had fouled the land of ice and snow,
his home,
their poisons driven off the caribou,
the whales
and fish to feed them all,
there would not ever be
a Native to return,
big cities had their charm
though not for wolves.

Born in a litter of fourteen,
the biggest, and a friend
to brother Selso, as the runt
he'd miss the sea
and would be searching
far, for a new home.

The Inuits called him Tireganierk***,
which translates into Fox,
due to his hunting skill
all instincts served him well.

Teeray stayed well behind,
and lived off scraps,
swept in from passing boats,
life was no joy
and food was scarce,
he aged at twice the speed,
and lost a dozen teeth
when brother Selso came
to take all but his hide.

His fur was nearly white,
when all the settlers had gone south,
the mills had closed
and no one sailed the Hudson
or the inland fjords,
when, minutes before dawn,
he spotted her, a scent

that perked his ears,
assaulted his fine nose
and made him crouch,
one paw raised just a tad,
she was a stranger,
and of great beauty, true,
he'd turn and run, avoiding her,
but she had none of it and growled,
then crossed the path
to stand before him, proud.

He sniffed, she nuzzled him,
and licked his ear,
he kept his jaws clamped tight,
she need not see his teeth,
his unkempt fur and burrs
that stuck to his long tail,
his head held low,
it was submissive
in its way, if brief,
they turned and followed
the frozen path
that led to permafrost
up near the ridge
where Hudson had his grave.

It took just days, they stayed
within opposing scents,
and touched, and licked,
he'd watch her pee
and growl his friendly growl,
then rub his flank against her chest.

She always was the one that found
and then prepared the bed,
where they would rest,
while leaning to the other hard,
and when the season came,
the last small herd of caribou
had gone, to find new land
they mated, on the frozen moss,
and there was peace,

and no conditions would be laid
or even thought, they did,
in human terms, experience love,
he, much her senior,
she, a lithe and hungry lass,
and when the litter came they knew,
it would be time to say goodbye,
their real home was ice and snow.

'Twas a cold and foggy night,
a freighter bearing flags of Norse
had sheltered in the bay,
its sailors drunk with two-proof rum,
and Teeray had been first,
to scout, then carry, one by one
the little guys into the hold,
beneath a tarpolin the farthest
they could go, far from the stern.

He knew they'd get to Iceland soon,
't would be a home of frost,
of tundras and of ancient trees,
where wolves were welcome
and allowed to hunt, to make a life.
And there they stayed,
Teeray passed on while holding
her soft paw, the little guys had grown
and carried on, with pride
and with their parents' love.

Note:

Tireganierk was called Teeray by the Inuits.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tweed Head Taxi

A lady from Upper Tweed Heads
had some trouble one day with the Feds.
Seems her taxes were high
and the bill made her cry
then the doc did prescribe her some meds.

On her way back from Doc's little clinic
she felt faint and a bit nicotinic.
Said the driver, no smokes
but I'll tell you some jokes.
But the lady was really a cynic.

Driver Allan did tell her the best,
even one that was hairy of chest.
Well he lifted her mood
and she cooked him some food,
he had needed, no question, a rest.

Though the rest was a short one, because
even taxis must follow some laws.
Off he went just before
there would be something more.
And that is, in a gist, how it was.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tweet

There once was a fellow named Pete,
he liked having a very clean sheet.
Seems that birds from the sky
dropped some things from up high,
he was forced to delet and delete.

Came the cop from the Lyrical Beat,
checked the paper, you now, the clean sheet.
All the droppings had gone
so he let out a yawn
and said, life is so just, tweet, tweet, tweet.

Herbert Nehrlich

Twelve Light Limericks

A young lady had travelled from Pisa,
but had failed to arrange for a visa.
So they turned her around
on the technical ground
that she wasn't the Mona Lisa.

A young man from the city of Kotten,
had befriended and now was besotten
by a fisherman's girl
with the good name of Merle.
She was cute but she always smelled rotten

He went out with his Golden Retriever,
who caught, down by the creek, a gray beaver.
So they roasted the meat
and ate all but the feet,
in the morning they both had a fever.

At the edge of a lake stood a stork
who was partial to frogs, not to pork.
Said the smart frog, a nerd
I am REALLY a bird
and you MUST eat a bird with a fork.

Down our street lives a fellow named Miser.
He is said to have gotten no wiser.
After forty-two years
he was still in arrears
with no kids and a very slow riser.

A fellow named Frederick Wentzel
had a habit of licking his pencil.
He was sure it would glide
for a much better ride
with the lead being wet in the stencil.

At the station were waiting two fags.
Sitting patiently, reading their mags.
With a bag in each hand

do you, Sir, understand
how each boarded the train with three bags?

Jeremiah was handsome and fit,
though he liked the occasional hit
of a high grade cocain
for emotional pain,
but it ate away all of his wit.

Said the doctor my dear Mrs. Riah
if you drink so much Belgian biah
you can surely expect
as an aftereffect
lots of foam and the diarrhea.

Said the vicar of Rome after dinner
I have BEEN a most terrible sinner.
But I cannot decline
when it comes to good wine,
that's the reason I'm not getting thinner.

She was serving the plumber some tea,
which he promptly then spilled on his knee.
Since the tea was quite hot
she brought over a pot
just to soothe it of course, not to pee.

Can I BE, said the lady, your friend,
you are truly to me a God-send,
but this pact must be chaste
and not even a taste
can be shared (that's unless we pretend) .

Herbert Nehrlich

Twenty-Five Years....Next To Alice

Sending out an invitation
to attend a special meeting
where astute deliberation
is at home, however fleeting
as a common, simple act,
ergo those who are intact
in their cranial cognition
carefully weigh their position
just before they do attend,
those unlikely to offend
party crashers uninvited
get their little heads excited
and they pack their bag of tricks
to collect perverted kicks.
Since they do not have the brains
they can make no real gains
in a rational discussion
even with applied concussion
to the numbskulls that they wear,
it won't work, since nothing's there.
All exposed and recognised
still they act as if surprised
isolated by their hate
they go into aggro state,
hide behind a cedar tree
and throw stones at all the free
balanced and congenial neighbours
hiding bowie knives and sabers.
What if God could take the time
(after reading this great rhyme) ,
to come down and tell those souls
that they ought to change their goals,
that in life what counts is kindness
and that bigotry and blindness
lead to strife and bitter feelings
and that man, in all his dealings
with his fellow be a friend
which, of course, is just a blend
of one's heart and soul combined

human beings must be kind
only kindness is the key
for the spirit to be free.

Well, as you know, our God has tried
what I suggest, though they have lied
while shaking in their boots that day
and promising to work and pray
their minds were scheming new distress
that's why the world is in a mess.

And in the end what counts on earth
is whether one is good, from birth
and stays that way, all without malice
it is like 'living next to Alice.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Twiggy

Twas just a little twig,
torn from the trunk
a victim of the storm.
When raging winds
chased clouds of snow
from Yukon's fields
into the continent,
there was no time
though much resolve
to stick to the old trunk,
a hundred years it had,
with pride
stood tall
shrugged off the wars,
the droughts
and now the Yukon ice,
the twig let go
as if to say
tis someone else's show.

And as it tumbled
through the city's smog,
it faced its sudden death,
and with a shrug
it braced itself
and shut its cortex down....

She wore a gown,
of such exquisite lace
that he took note
and followed her,
in weightless flight
until she landed in the shrubs.
He watched,
suspended in a fork
of a she-oak,
saw dewdrops fall
and tears of joy
and touches deep,

and when he woke
there was no sound,
though he was sure
that Paradise on earth,
it had been found.

Herbert Nehrlich

Twilight Dreams

At night, when sleep takes over and the mind goes numb,
the Sandman makes his rounds and leaves again,
when moon and stars rule skies, when one small crumb
keeps tickling you on your well-wrinkled skin, it's then
the time has come when thoughts drift through the drapes
and hover just above your restless feather pillow.
Their colours are elusive, fuzzy are their shapes,
yet they originate from your own private willow,
the home to all of your creative imagery.
These thoughts connect with you when Gods of twilight rule,
but fleeting as they are, you must, before they flee
accept them gratefully. And, do not be a fool!
Quick, write them down now on a waiting pad,
and in the morning they will greet you with a smile.
Others may think that after all you have gone mad.
Only YOU will be content and, in a while,
after brekkie maybe, write the day's first poem.
And do remember that all thoughts live in that tree,
if they ask, you simply say 'that's where I grow 'em',
I always welcome twilight thoughts, they are for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Twilight Thoughts

In the twilight hours
in the life of a man
when the spirit sours
as it must, 'cause it can
there comes realisation
of the yin and the yang
and the urgent sensation
that the song that he sang
through the decades of strife
and the nights full of bliss
when the meaning of life
was enshrined in a kiss
as he looks to the past
to a million decisions
and to those who were cast
in odd roles without vision.
And he takes a deep breath
as the brilliance sinks in
that the sight of one's death
and the Reaper's sly grin
wakes the force of a need
to convey to the masses
that the truth shows indeed
we are ignorant asses
though we think that we know
as we strut our stuff
and proceed with the flow
always clever and tough.
But the youngsters are like
all ignorant fools
as they say 'take a hike',
and embrace their dumb rules
seeing war as exciting
have no concept of love
act as if constant fighting
was ordained from above.
Of the three score and ten
only five are enlightened
though this talks about men

as in women a heightened
sense of softness resides.
Let us look at a mother
she's a woman who hides
not her love for another
she will patch up and mend
and at night fluff your pillow
she will walk as your friend
to the lovely old willow.
So, the gist of the thought
of my own twilight years
is that those who have fought
the occasional tears
over all the missed chances
and all the spilled hate,
over silly old dances
and pathetic debate
will have learned that a mother
is the one who will say
'please be kind to each other,
let your world be okay.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Twins Observed

Man was created with the genes to harbour sins
inside his mind to be released when opportune,
My soul was pure until I heard about the twins
I tell my heart that we shall meet them very soon.
But will they gaze away, admire distant sights?
Will there be gremlins hiding, sabotaging hope?
And douse all optimism, turn off all the lights?
'Sun, ' said the Moon when it was time to hit the sack
'I shall be watchful now and brighten up the dark,
sleep well and dream until the morning, then come back
it is the moment when the wolves no longer bark.'
'Well thank thee, Sire, ' said the Sun, I treasure sleep,
though I observe you miss so many evil deeds,
your light is dim and there are wolves that look like sheep
they hide their crimes in heavy brush and prickly weeds.'
'There must be laughter', said the Moon 'and salty tears,
we must not judge and measure man by Heaven's rules,
and when that Saturday, the fateful moment nears
I will be watching in particular, two fools'.
'And so will, I have been watching them converse,
may I keep company to you, I beg you please,
they've never met and how could he be really hers
surely it must be nothing but a silly tease? '
'I beg to differ', said the Moon, 'I see their grins
and hear sweet whispers as they pass through cyberspace
there was some talk about the powers of some twins
and it was mentioned that they sometimes dress in lace.'
'Just like a movie', said the Sun, 'watched from above,
we are so privileged but may not interfere,
and tell me, Moon, what do you know about this LOVE? '
'Just hold my hand and warm me up, you silly dear.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Twist

Twist

Who was it then who said you are
with us or if you're not you are with them.
Yes it was George, they call him now the Czar,
he spits, he coughs he throws big specks of phlegm.

You choose my dear, if they are dear to you,
go join them now, they wait for your assist,
but as of now you have for me the lethal flu,
it was a fling of course but what a silly twist.

Herbert Nehrlich

Twist In The Black Forest

It's the peppermint twist
and those were the days
it was dark when we kissed
in the Black Forest Haze.

Could you ever forget
how your dad greeted us
as he sat on the stairs,
I went home on the bus?

Oh those childish times,
we obeyed all the rules
as I write down these rhymes
I can tell we were fools.

When I next travel south
to the Forest's green fringe
could I borrow your mouth,
can we go on a binge?

Just to make up for those
days of innocent touch
I will bring you a rose
reminiscence as such.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Black Nipples

I had a Nanny who was black
she loved to look at me and whack
the living daylights out of me
to set, she said my dark soul free.

I had a younger brother too,
when he was small he would turn blue
the doctor said he needed air
my Nanny, though would simply bare

her ample bosom on one side
then tell the boy to open wide.
She was convinced and lectured others
that something lacks in certain mothers,

and Nannies from the Master Race
did have the substance to replace
the nutrient, a missing link
and then she sat there, sent a wink

to me the one who salivated
at those two somewhat overrated
but to a kid humongous bags.
Forgotten were the constant nags

and all the hours at attention
like soldiers, which I need to mention.
She'd been a slave just years before
and left that country's foreign shore,

once in the good old USA
she learned to find the jobs that pay.
Not only did she rake it in
she let us have it on the chin.

And like a sergeant in a drill
she gave us kids a constant chill.
Her little slaves, she called us often
I waited for her heart to soften

but in the end I was content
that in this life some things are meant
to be ignored and substituted
by pleasure genes and their deep-rooted
erotic mindset which, like ripples
are mesmerised by two black nipples.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Boys

Two boys, good friends,
named Fat and Dumb
defied the trends
that had become
a way of life
for all their peers.
It caused much strife
and silent fears.

They bucked convention,
as one was Fat,
went to detention,
boy Dumb did that.

And finally,
they'd had enough,
so to be free
they made a tough
but oh, so logical decision.

They packed two bags
for their next mission,
dressed in old rags
and left their land
for unknown regions.

You'll understand
that all allegiance
between obese
and slow of mind
is like a fleece
for one's behind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Brothers

A man who was r e a l l y conceited,
who in church was the one to stay seated,
said I do as I please
with the greatest of ease.
He was stubborn and never got treated.

But his brother, who fought for his nation
was no hero before liberation,
all the medals he got.....
well they looked really hot...
but they did reek of desperation.

When the day came the brothers would die,
the conceited one started to cry.
He had hoped that his death
would not alter his breath.
But the soldier said, simply, good bye.

On the stone of the first it is written:
He was proud and especially smitten,
and the other one read:
This poor soldier is dead,
missed by all and his Persian kitten.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Buddies Meet At God's Acres

Midnight had come,
although without me,
I lay asleep
in Dreamland
by Futon.
The date was February,
the seventh,
counting dateline,
to thus adjust
for overseas
and older friends.

We were, the two
of us, like once
upon a time that
saw us both,
as young
and strapping,
we stood,
me leaning
on my father's
marble stone,
he facing me
and pointing,
touching,
prodding,
with his
butcher's finger
into my chest.
And thus he spoke:
'It is the seven,
that is my number',
to which,
confused
I did reply:
'Is it the lucky
one for you,
the seven,
as it is for many? '

He did not speak
for many moments,
just gazed at me
with sad black lashes,
then, with a nod
he shook his head
just like the man,
you know, the black
and revolutionary
Doc, the name is Luther,
Martin, yes,
he rose to heights
that stretched his frame
beyond all expectation,
and shouted now,
top of his voice,
'It is my number,
not my luck! '

I had sat up
in nuisance sweat,
and never found
my way
back into sleep
that fateful night.
But daylight
would erase
all traces of
this foolishness.

But my friend Robert,
what a guy!
He always was a talker,
he did not send
or call
or write,
was incommunicado,
there was a note,
laconic words,
so lonely in the box,
it did not beg,

ask to be read
but showed
its awful presence.

That night at twelve,
he prodded me,
to reach my heart
with fingers,
that had just lost
some of their blood
and said their last good-bye.
He died alone,
it was his time
and had the manners
and the love
to pause
and say Farewell.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Bullets

You slut, I found you in the gutter
with nothing in the way of money,
just needlemarks and drugs and clutter
you looked at me and mumbled 'Honey'.

I took you in and gave you food
drew you a bath and dressed you well
at first you seemed a bit subdued
but later sprang from your hard shell.

You took advantage of my age
because you smelled my many riches
today I flew into a rage
just thinking of the many bitches

who tried your sordid game and failed
but why, I ask you, why you too?
I was the one with whom you sailed
around the world to Timbuktu.

You told me on the steps of Rome
how much you loved me above all,
you mentioned that no nicer gnome
had been adored by one so tall

we made a funny couple, thus
one short one tall, but both in love
and now, what triggered all this fuss
just when I called you my sweet dove?

It is not often that this works,
where ancient geezers who are rich
co-incidentally though jerks
they never think there is a glitch.

I taped your covert conversation
with my own chauffeur, whom I trusted
what a tremendous aberration
that he is one who's also lusted

for your hot body, just like me,
but I am a great problem solver
if you did think I'd set you free
just have a look at this revolver,

the caliber is thirty-eight
no, do not move, I shall not miss
for an escape it is too late,
so here you are, take this and this.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Drunks

Two swaying figures wandered down the street
fluorescent shirts said 'SHATTER BOMB' in red.
They had escaped the detox clinic prematurely,
and still digested their diazepam, taking sweet time.
He'd picked her right away, what lovely hair, so blond
blue eyes and velvet skin, washed Levis jeans.
Her place was huge, a breezy balcony due south
there would be bliss between the two, 'twas destiny.

Not anyone could tell or really cared about the fact
that when you have two bombs in close proximity
you need to worry over ticking clocks, and not just one,
and if the day arrives when birds and squirrels hold their breaths,
as if it were a clear prerequisite before the blow.
Then we remember that there always was a dual risk
and one that blows will be the trigger for it all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Faces

My alternate face,
including the nose,
is, in any case
(and I say this for those
who don't know me as yet) ,
just a shade more at ease.

When the two of us met
in a midsummer breeze,
we disliked each other,
really, hate is the word.
Although brother to brother,
recognition was blurred.

At a loss to explain
this discrepancy now.
It is really a pain
that I can't figure how
the two faces could blend,
as this ought to be done.
We would both, in the end
re-unite into one.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Fleas

A flea sat in the poodle's hair
because he had been stationed there.
His mother left to bug a cat
that's where she stayed and soon got fat.
One day the master brought some spray
just when the poodle meant to play.
He sprayed them both to kill the fleas
but through the window came a breeze.
It turned the vapours right around
and soon he fell down to the ground.
The fleas however were unscathed
until they were quite roughly bathed
inside a tub of foul solution
that had come from an institution
where poisons do originate
to give all fleas with death a date.

I sometimes wonder whether we
should have the only right to be.
Though, as a rule a flea is hiding
it could mean that he's law-abiding
and lives his life with honesty
so leave him be, if you ask me.

The little flea was left alive
to rest inside the hair and thrive.
He never figured out the reason
that poodles do not, with the season
lose hair and shed like other mutts
(that's why they get those razor cuts) .
But in the end he didn't care,
lived by the motto laissez-faire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Good Souls

There was Mary of course and Deana,
(true mens sano in corpore sana) ,
as my Dad used to say
do not waste your dismay
on the members of Pollyanna.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Poets Meet In Queensland Heat

My travels on that day
had led me to Dan Murphy.
The biggest liquor store
in all of our Down Under.

For scientific reasons
I needed to elucidate
exactly what medicinal
and nutritive concoctions
were being sold to man.
A matter for my social conscience.
I took some samples,
by the case of course,
there would be ample time
throughout the season
to test in vivo, most of them.

And share the findings only
after a thorough evaluation.
Which does require some repeats,
you know, it's like Koch's Postulates.

The next short stop would be
the Russian Deli, highly recommended.
I wandered over, with the thought
that also, on that day a haircut
was badly needed, so I looked
and spotted a clean Barber Shop.

Two gentlemen were drifting past,
one with a mop of hair, a youngster.
The other must have bugged the man
who then had cut and shaved to spite.
Remembering my training from the past
I thought, hold on this could perhaps
be Saywell, the great poet from Tweed Heads.
He'd mentioned briefly something about Buddha.
Was there a symbolism here, in Tweed?

Well, yes it was, and I did skip the Barber,
we had some thirty-six in Celsius today
so it would pay to keep some insulation
on top, who cares about the colour.

Uncanny instinct drew us into the shade
of a small meeting place with pretty staff,
we talked while tasty, and ice cold Victoria Bitter
facilitated a proper atmosphere.

Too short, we did exchange ideas,
I walked away with a small book
of poetry, all written by the man.
And when we meet again, my friend
we shall not only smile but also have
a bit more time, as Mr. Glen Fittock
and Jack have promised to attend.

It's nice when souls can meet who seem
to know and recognise each other
perhaps from ages past, when ghosts
and spirits had the run of all the world
and when the universe was still okay.
I even think that they had a supply
of VB Bitter, since the taste is so familiar.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Robins

Up on the mountain's barren top it stands,
majestic in its height, weighed down by snow.
And dreams of distant cousins in those lands
where only wealth and hapless migrants go.

Strong branches guarding twigs and wind-swept nests,
still green, the sign of hope for all to see,
late in the season, like a pair of guests
two robins see the world from their own tree.

It was a race to grow the feathered down
before the winter's icy breath would sweep
as Nature's force, descending from the crown,
where families of birds and beetles sleep.

And there it stands, snow-covered and divine,
with not a thought for those whose lives would be
a tragedy without this mighty pine,
it dreams of sunshine and the Coral Sea.

Spring brings the music of the Nightingale,
as icicles soon shatter on the ground.
Two robins, seeking mystery, set sail.
The palm trees of the South they never found.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Sleeps

Please God, accept this little rhyme
it is in payment for your time,
your expertise is needed now
as only You would see the how
of changing universal things
So please send me, on angels' wings
a message of your quick decision
though let me tell you of my vision:
Two sleeps until that lovely day
(yes, I remember how to pray) ,
I'd be in debt of course to You
if all the hours, minutes flew
so you would have to somewhat fiddle
with time itself, it is no riddle
to You, my Lord, that WE do long
to hold our hands and sing our song,
You did not place into my genes
the patience of old mangosteens,
thus it would be appreciated
if you stood up and simply stated
that time move swiftly for two days
WE'd be so grateful, give You praise.
Though, there is just a little matter
to add to the above, the latter,
come Saturday You'd please be kind
and slowly, carefully unwind
the cogs inside the Heaven's clock
and let my Liebling and I rock.
'Twould be sooo good to put the brakes
on every minute, as it wakes,
I think there would be no objection
as time itself would lack direction
were it not for Your holy plan
bestowed on animal and man.
To make it easier for You
I would reduce, out of the blue
progress by one thousand percent
this what WE have truLY meant
to ask you, in the sky above,

it is a matter of pure love

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Tears With Names

I had been busy with those things
that are so crucial to us all,
attending to them just as if
life itself would cease to be.

I always fret, because of fear
that, somehow I may not
be up to it, to slay the dragons
in the raging sea.

Harsh words escape at speed,
they travel so unerringly
and find her lovely ears,
ring tones that never fail.

A tiny tear had squeezed itself
out of her leading lacrimal, the right
left handed persons cry
first from the right, as if I didn't know.

I spotted it and focused angry eyes
and reddened face, then raised
the clean and proper digit, number two
to point to Nature's quirk as if to say:

How quaint and out of place this is,
grown women do not cry, I did
though silently present a case
a silly stance, a mood too far.

The tear had left her loving eye
and watching it asked me to cry,
it rolled, though small of body size
along her nose, then jumped a bit

to reach, with eagerness I guess
her lips, where tears should never be,
and where, in better times I had received
the treatment, full of passion all gone wild.

I stood my ground, as after all it was my place
to nip strange customs in the bud, for later times,
to let a precedent grow up to rule the fool
would cause great dissonance to all our lovely chimes.

A shadow flicked across her cheeks
as yet another tear had left her eye,
they met just as sheer gravity let go
and fell onto the neck and rolled from there

onto a chest that has no equal to compare.
My voice gone hoarse, I felt it in my throat
I leaned much closer just to have a better look.
I would have hung myself with pleasure on this hook.

She carried much though it would never be a grudge,
'two tears in all, it was a tear for you and me,
they bear our names and may I be for us the judge
our tiny tears turn into kisses, you shall see.'

For C

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Things

Two things will make the little Felon wilt:
Much alcohol and unrepentant guilt.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Toads

Outside the village, near the road
sat two. One gray, one purple toad.
Said one, your skin is full of warts
and you wear spotted undershorts!

They eyed each other then to see
if they perhaps had H I V.
Soon they decided it was dumb
to groom one's wrinkled skin and bum.

They laughed about the folks who had
no warts and thus were, surely, mad.
Why would you change the way you are?
Each toad is, naturally, a star.

They travelled slowly to New York.
Where they encountered a small stork.
The stork expected I must say
a better quality entrée.

He sent them on their merry way
not knowing that the toads were gay.
The stork resided in Big Apple
attended there each day the Chapel.

And Rev'rend Falwell had decreed
that there was now a pressing need
to rid the world in God's own name
of those who spread their legs in shame.

He was (and that's what saved the two) ,
a little slow, of low I Q.
Meanwhile the toads had hitched a ride
while hanging from the slippery side

of a big Chrysler five-point-seven,
which was the closest thing to heaven
that toads could ever hope to use
though it is something gays would choose.

'twas nearly dusk when they drove in
the driveway with a slight wheelspin.
He stood there in Bermuda shorts
both Texas legs were full of warts.

They did not kiss the President
because it would have, could have meant
that they endorsed his policy
a prospect they could not foresee.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Unicorns And A Rose

And near the forest stood a rose,
now spotted by two unicorns.
As rose observed the creatures pose
it flashed in anger all its thorns.

The unicorns began to sing
and spread, bilaterally, a wing.
The king of flowers, known as rose
said 'what a weird and ugly nose! '

Both unicorns got raging mad
which made the situation bad.
Attacking quickly now the rose,
they soon collided, nose on nose.

And in the shuffle both felt faint
(you see, all roses have a saint) ,
and neither did regain their spark
until the forest was too dark.

Try as it might, a unicorn
can't see in darkness. It is born
nightblind (it lacks the carotene) .
The two gave up and left the scene.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two Will Twist

I met a girl the other day.
Brunette of hair,
soft olive skin,
straight Roman nose,
coal-fire eyes,
saliva lips,
majestic boobs,
go-easy hips,
baby-ass thighs,
threadbarest jeans,
percheron ass.

She greeted me
what lovely smile,
of glistening teeth,
though there was
something quite amiss.

One half of her
high cheekbone cheek
was bulging out
as if it hid
a fugitive
or trojan horse
it was so strange!

But soon I found
that when she talked
fate did permit
a glimpse.
She had a second
one in there
two tongues can't
live together.

Herbert Nehrlich

Two's Company

Today I AM so full of spunk
that I would like to share:
there's something on a woman's trunk
that wasn't always there.
So I am here to really praise
the female breast, one just has two.
Let me describe them in a phrase,
so others, that's including you,
can be aware of crucial facts.
It keeps one's thought process intact.

A soft, delicious roundness starts
at pectoralis muscle's reach.
To look at them, it almost smarts,
the texture at the base is peach.
It curves quite gently from all sides
to culminate toward the nipple.
The colour changes at a ripple
of tissue borders, as this slides
from alveolar dark temptation
to tiny, glandular white skin.
My eyes go through a strange sensation
when looking from the top, and in
the so-called cleavage, the divide
that keeps them both within their places.
Lest one might go to override
the other. Have there been cases?
Enough of this now, just to say,
of all the female body features,
there's nothing scrumptious more than they,
these lovely sweet, delicious creatures.
Did you expect me to write more?
I'm sorry weather's turning cool,
my writing swam away before.
It was when I began to drool.

Herbert Nehrlich

Tyrolean Nuns

On the evening of his death he was so happy, it is true
that not one of them suspected or presumed
a malfunction or an illness, even doctors had no clue
that the old father of the clan was simply doomed.

He was stout and overbearing, with a voice like distant thunder
and he stalked around the acreage like a king.
What a let-down to an icon who is buried six foot under,
I remember that the news came like a sting.

Fourteen sons he left to battle over tantalising riches,
there was only one true method they would choose.
All the screeching and the warnings from their individual bitches
who would sit at home and cry the bloody blues,

would not matter one iota, heads would come off very soon
'til the one true heir was left to get the gold,
and at sundown they would battle in the light of the full moon,
and the servants count the heads as off they rolled.

And that night they counted slowly, thirteen heads fell into mud
and the youngest of the brothers wiped his sword.
There was silence in the courtyard and the grounds were drenched with blood
and the warrior was grinning looking bored.

Then the moon left to recover his own sanity again,
the survivor was surrounded by fourteen,
they all promised to obey and to forget their previous men
but the gods that day were simply very mean.

Thus an army of Etruscans had surrounded them at once
and their arrows were the very deadly kind.
They killed all of them, no mercy yet two visitors with guns
had been staying at the castle and behind

an old juniper they hid, shaking wildly like dead leaves
though the cards were clearly stacked to help them out.
And they stayed within the shadows, very quiet just like thieves,
when the voice of the head soldier yelled 'Come Out '.

So they stepped into the open, dressed in white and raven black,
'twas their habit as 'Tyrolean Sister Nuns',
wisely choosing to look humble and avoiding an attack,
they had hidden in their garments their big guns.

Now the army had dismounted, all then joined the nuns in praising
God, who was the only one, knew of the treasure,
they decided then that this had been an utterly amazing,
unexpected but successful and rare pleasure.

And they gave the run-down castle and all land to the believers
who did promise that they'd build a monastery.
If you ever ask yourself about Tyrolean achievers,
how they got so rich and stayed so very merry.

Then you know now how those things in the beginning,
can look dicey, also scary and remote.
Rest assured though that there are a dozen nuns (and all are grinning)
in that castle, all surrounded by a moat.

Herbert Nehrlich

Udder Budder

A frog, with bulbous eyes and green
was in the mornings often seen
out in the barn when Farmer Fritz
was busy milking bovine tits.

One morning Fritz had kicked the bucket
and yelled a word that rhymes with locket,
he left to get, inside the house,
a new container from his spouse.

While Fritz was gone, the other bucket
was standing there, and, like a rocket,
the frog jumped in to have a drink.
He drank but soon began to sink.

In panic, he swam ever quicker,
placed great demands upon his ticker,
yet he could see (he had a brain)
that efforts might well be in vain.

He started then to feel defeated,
adrenals badly overheated,
and vertigo had gripped his head.
Deep down he knew he'd soon be dead.

He prayed for the return of Fritz
when he laid eyes on mammoth tits.
Half-conscious now, he'd never known
that Mother Nature could have grown

a set of such delicious whoppers.
I must inser here, frogs are hoppers
and do not carry real boobs,
not round, oblong or shaped like cubes.

So he, a young pubescent male
now felt a stirring in his tail.
By tail I mean the small utensil,
about the size of a short pencil

that hung below his belly button
and was the colour of fresh cotton.
Now focused on the mammaries,
his 'tail' wagged wildly near his knees.

He kept his frog eyes on the udder,
and soon the milk had turned to budder.

Herbert Nehrlich

Udders

Once upon a time a cow
who had a flaxen-coloured brow
sat in the barn when time had come
to milk all cows, she felt so numb
that they did call the local vet
who told them not to go and fret.

But all of them knew that no udder
could be relieved without a shudder
so, sitting down, right in the shit
one must have access to the tit.

The farmer's wife convinced the cow
that of the essence time was now,
and thus, while feeding on the fudder
the cows were emptying their udder.

Herbert Nehrlich

Uffe Ravnskov - Happy Birthday

A physician about to retire,
and whose conscience was never for hire,
took the big cannons on
re the diet-heart con.
And the learned ones called him a liar.

A clear thinker he surely persisted,
to point out (on occasion ham-fisted) ,
that the Bogeyman was,
like the Wizard of Oz,
just a figment, though properly listed.

And they ranted and raved and accused.
At conventions they preached and they boozed.
'Don't eat bacon and ham,
fatty burgers and lamb',
Dr. Uffe was somewhat amused.

He created a little foundation
to enlighten today's generation
on the truth of the matter,
but they called him 'Mad Hatter'
and denied him a standing ovation.

But the Skeptics grew quick, like a fungus,
swelled by rain to a rather humongous
and formidable force,
who -devoid of remorse-
raise our flexor pollicis longus.

What this world needs is more pioneers,
who don't harbour conventional fears.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, my friend,
may you find, in the end,
that the world will, at last, be all ears.

As you know, you have always been right.
You have stood up to money and might.
I admire a man

who will do what he can
and who never would run from a fight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Uffhaengen Das Gesindel!

Ich suche ihm 'nen dicken Ast
der sein Gewicht kann tragen.
Er wollte gerne in den Knast,
jetzt geht's ihm an den Kragen.

Herbert Nehrlich

Uh, Uh

I thought I would,
and could.
And should.
But found I don't,
can't,
and won't.
It always seems to be
the difference
between
your thoughts
and what you say.

Herbert Nehrlich

Ultimatum

I threw a dart which had
attached an ultimatum.
Three days in all, and
not an hour more.
But when the sun had set
a revelation dawned,
the crucial answer was,
dear friend in need,
just blowing in the wind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Uncertainty

It was an awkward day,
I could not tell at all
and she, the pretty one,
she did not send a hint,
although she'd smiled,
and winked,
and nodded,
which made her locks fall down,
a bit to my chagrin,
they covered precious skin
space to be marked,
reserved
for later,
if and when
she'd say OKAY,
you really need not ask,
you must be sure about
what generations have
and doubtless will
accept
as laissez faire,
so kiss the maiden now,
she may not mind!

Time led us on,
and circumstances seemed
to be
what was,
for us
at least
a promised plea,
we kissed,
and hugged,
we snuggled
on the featherbed,
and in the end of ends,
I did not know
for sure,
although I bet

my very life,
it would be right,
and
we would be
a pair
of doves.
Or wolves,
it matters not
but we would be,
just us.

Herbert Nehrlich

Unconditional

'Lay down your arms',
was the command.
As Doenitz hesitated
his men stood silent
their features wooden,
still willing though
to give their all
at his command.

The Fuehrer dead,
the news had travelled
as bad news does
with lightning speed.
Or was it bad
perhaps they would
go home and sleep
for thirty days
of total silence
where not one bomb
or bloody Mauser
would ever dare
to speak out loud.

But here was Ivan,
no sense of humour,
300 thousand had
been lost to take
Berlin at last,
what would be fair
the doubt hung heavy
all cloaked in fear
so close to terror.

Sharp fingernails
were cutting through
their owners' flesh
and breathing stopped
as heartbeats stumbled.

These guys were Russkis
who raped and killed
and drank without
an end in sight.
What cruel quirk
what shameless trick
of fate, so undeserved.

And now the word
'Konetz', the Russian says
they understand
it means the end
and for the first
historic time
the German soldiers
carry out the wishes
of a 'subhuman creature'.
Though happily
and shedding, as they drop
their deadly weapons,
ingrained indoctrination.
They briefly wonder, though
about the meaning
of 'buystro, tovarishtshi'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Under The Moulin Rouge

She said to meet at noon,
under the shade of Moulin Rouge,
where he, the master had once stood,
though swaying, full of straight Pernod,
he'd slur his speech, of course
but was immensely proud he had created
the label for his drink, Pernod Fils.
The sons of what or whom? Monsieur Pernod
did have a wife though all his interests lay
on stony fields near le village Quimper,
where stout and handsome peasants toiled
to grow those sweet, exotic plants,
he'd go and stand among the rows to see,
and taste the virgin crop by rubbing leaves
between his ladyfingers and the sapphire ring
until a whiff of strong absynthe emerged,
he'd lick it all and offer to his learned friends
a taste of what they knew would please the gods.
And with the fingers of the hand, still wet
from what would grow into Pernod, or Pernod Fils,
he'd fondle les garçons inside the cellar's vault.
They'd use the essence from great vats to dab
and thus refresh their sacred parts, it was routine,
he'd spend the night and on occasion weekends at the lab
and they would eat their onion salad with sardine.
She was too punctual and he hurried from the square,
her arms flew up and waved as if to greet a god,
he thought she looked like a still growing Bartlett pear,
she would not do he thought, his feelings were too odd.

Herbert Nehrlich

Under The Staircase

The staircase had been built
by craftsmen of great skill
that had endured the strife
when Martin Luther nailed
his thoughts onto the church..

Beneath the oaken steps,
there was a hiding place
quite dark and musty
and away from prying eyes.

It was the birthplace of
what I would call today
carnal infatuation.
Do not, I say, ask for details,

I'd blush with extra histamine
images from the time
have always been suppressed,
though they will never fade

for any of the keen participants.
But for some forty years at least
I used to think we were unique.
Today I truly know we are.

Herbert Nehrlich

Undies

People come into our lives.

Some smile,

some growl

and others

have no time.

But there is the

rare occasion when

through twist of fate

or meeting of minds,

two hands reach out.

One finding the heart

and one relocating

in the crotch.

And, when they leave again

we are left,

strangely befuddled

with the

lingery of

memories.

Herbert Nehrlich

Unnoticed

The stem had fallen off
lay on the ground.
All petals drooped at first
but saw no choice.
The heel of time
soon stepped
upon it all
and life had gone.

Herbert Nehrlich

Unshakable Belief

He talked about his faith, his very own belief,
as if it were infallible, all else would bring us grief.
Yet faith itself involves a risk, it simply is a hope
of what we wish would happen, though with failure we can't cope.
How can a hope be set in stone, unshakable it be
God sits in judgment on his throne and sees the misery.

Herbert Nehrlich

Untergang

Die kleine Fotze sieht mich an
und zieht mich doch in ihren Bann.
Das Fleisch ist weich und rosarot
ein Zeichen fuer den nahen Tod.
Mein Schwanz dringt ein, es ist soweit
nur Jubel, Trubel, Heiterkeit.
Doch das ist Irrsinn, denn er schwimmt
den Sinn des Lebens mit sich nimmt.
Es ist doch alles scheissegal
die Welt geht unter, allemal.

Herbert Nehrlich

Upp Yoors

I've never understood those bores
who flash at me their middle digit.
And say, ungracefully, 'up yours'
while keeping their small digit rigid.
So, do they want me on all fours?
I do suspect they own a midget,
perhaps afflicted with small sores?
Vulgarity is often frigid
which presupposes bolted doors.
My friends, I own a double-digit.

Herbert Nehrlich

Upside Down

Well known to most in Medicine
is, that infarcts can do you in.
They stipulate that arteries
are to this human plague the keys.
Cholesterol will stop the flow
by making plaque from head to toe
but mostly in the coronaries
of Thelmas, Adrians and Harrys.
No blood gets past the barricade
you are in trouble, I'm afraid.
When muscle gets no oxygen
it screams at firsts, then packs it in.
Or so the theory in use....

Well, listen, I've got different views.
The plug that is the cause of it
is nothing good, which I admit,
it's truly pathological
a foreign presence if you will.
But, mark my words and see me frown
they've got the meatpie upside down.
And I propose the heart that fails
has in itself gone off the rails.
And that the only consequence
is debris, which makes lots of sense.
To craft a bypass, place a stent
may pay the surgeon's townhouse rent.
But since it doesn't treat the cause
(I hear your boo's and eeh's and ahh's) ,
the patient's life is still the same
but, as a player in this game
he's been convinced there was a need....

Perhaps, I've sown a little seed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Urge To Smoke

Said the man he would walk twenty miles
for a camel but two giant piles
hung and dragged through the dust
so he knew that he must
stay at home in the British Isles.

But the smokefree times drove him bananas
and in corpore sano mens sanas
was the old Latin quote
that his grandfather wrote,
and had printed on all his bandannas.

Herbert Nehrlich

Urteil 8.5.2008

Nur noch drei Stunden bis der Richter spricht,
der Mann dem Wahrheit doch das Leben praegt,
ein faires Urteil muss es geben aber nicht
in Wochen denn wir warten schon so lang
in tiefem Schwarz wird er vor allen steh'n,
er der vor Menschen unsere Justicia traegt.

Wo die Verbrecher eine kleine Luecke seh'n,
gibt es ein Zeichen und es kommt der Drang
die grosse Luege weiter zu erheben
zwei Gangster und ein Affe ziehen hier am Strang,
sie wollen Geld und nur als Diebe leben.

Ich sitze hier als treuer Antipod,
die Stunden laufen langsam durch das All,
wir warten heute auf den schnellen Tod
den Tod der Luege, das auf jeden Fall.

Kein Mann kann sagen dass er ehrlich lebt
wenn er die Hand in fremde Taschen steckt,
und sie, die eifrig und mit Gott ihr Glueck erstrebt
hat Gier und Neid zwei Herzen hier verdreht.

Und truege ich ein Fuenkchen fuer die zwei
zwei Schweine die mir sagten: Du, verrecke
ich waere sicher gerne noch dabei
wenn man sie aufhaengt oben an der Decke.

Herbert Nehrlich

Valpolicella

I saw you in that bottle.
The more I looked
the more I drank
the more you stripped
your flimsy clothes.
Glassbottomboat,
I am the captain,
let no man see
what I must have.
Why is it then
that, when I tip
my bottle up
that you don't come
with open arms
and wine-soaked breasts,
not on the nose
but fully blessed
by being fully
saturated,
obliterated to the world
and mine to swallow
in one gulp.
Though I'm afraid
that time will tell
an altogether different tale,
While I don't mind
to drink it all
will I still find you
in green mist
or was this all
a bold deception,
meanspirited and devil's wrath,
This image might be
on the rocks.
It could be
my love's paradox.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vatertag

Am Vatertag ging's ab nach Buxtehude,
wir hatten Bier und alles andere dabei.
Doch auf dem Weg stand ganz allein ein kleiner Jude
es war ein Unfall und es gab den letzten Schrei.
Als alter Nazi muss ich sagen, Adolf war
der grosse Fuehrer, den die Menschheit sah als Gott,
denn heute geht es und das ist uns allen klar,
querfeld und ohne eine Karte, Hueh und Hott.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vatertag Bayrischer Art

Ja, heute ist der Vatertag
da kann der Papa trinken,
die Mama die stoehnt oh und ach
nach Bier muss Papa stinken.

Zwei Zwiebeln und der Lauch vom Knob,
Bratwuerstchen und ein Maass,
Stets wenn der papa einen hob
kommt hintenraus viel Gas.

Ein Mann braucht eine gute Frau,
die Arbeit kann nicht warten,
und wird der Ehemann mal blau
dann werkelt sie im Garten.

Gott hat die Menschen so kreierte
dass man sie kann vergleichen,
mit Loewen, wo der Loew' sich ziert
sie jagt und er geht seichen.

Drum lasst uns alle froehlich sein
wir heben uns're Glaeser
ein echter Mann trinkt niemals Wein,
vom Lech bis hoch zur Weser.

Das Bier ist unser fluessig' Brot
man braucht dafuer kaum Zaehne
mit Gerstensaft ist man im Lot,
Gott will's dass ich's erwaehn

Herbert Nehrlich

V-Day Overseas

Being that you are, this year
not only out of town but far,
so far away for Valentine,
I got myself in gear and bought
a card, it was a pretty one,
sat down, a Foster's by my side
and words were gonna flow
onto the pre-drawn lines.

I sat all day and half the night
but nothing came, my tongue
was tied onto itself, my eyes
bloodshot and gritty now
just needed sleep, I was,
as well all out of beer
and there was not the time
to send the card to you.

So, I don't really give a carp
what everybody thinks,
I love the little lady still
and call her secretly
the number thirteen D,
which does not quite refer
to any garment size at all,
so put your tongue back in
and let me yabber a bit more.

I wrote the blooming envelope,
addressing it PAR AVION,
like they had stipulated,
seems the French invented mail,
and not the Yanks on the Prairie,
by then the Post had closed,
'twas Friday night and me
I'd be in outhouse penal colony
for sheer neglect and total lack
of LOVE, a lie should you ask ME,
so I was just about to get the diary

where all our private numbers live,
but (kid you not) twas not to be.

A foreign voice Allooooh, Allooh?
Then followed by a nasal Nooh.
They had not heard of her,
would I be able to provide details,
like house and height, shoe size I guess
so they could punch it in to their
système de la recherche
per'aps tomorrroh would be bien?

That's how I snapped that Friday night,
last night my LOVE, I do regret
that we will need a brand new telephone,
a coffee table and the Grecian Vase,
I did not tip the driver, he was way too slow
but heck, I made it, and I brought this card.
It is for you and I just thought you'd smile
to hold my Valentine close to your boobs
and here I am, a trifle out of place.

Oh yes, I nodded off and dreamed of you,
and thought you might, well thanks,
I needed that, you taste like wine
and forest berries, just like you do
at home, and...can we go somewhere
those folks are staring love, perhaps
well, where exactly do you stay,
it's a hotel, of course, and would there be
an even chance that they provide
a bed of decent size, not that I mind
to sleep out in the hall, what do you think?

Yes, dear I shall be quiet, shut it now,
you still taste sweet, Lambrusco like?
Ohhm, ahh, this is OKAYYYYYYY,
I'll catch the lights but where's the bloody switch?

Herbert Nehrlich

Velvet

Blue velvet hath no shrubs or trees
which, in the end, would make me sneeze.
No obstacles. no single hair
a slightly blushing, human pear.

Herbert Nehrlich

Verdict

With only a bouquet
of dead straw flowers
in the Sicilian vase,
he wept alone,
next to his bottle,
unopened, yet.
A chill as company.

There was no memory
of having cried,
as women say,
your eyes out,
ever.
'Til now.

The doctor had,
rushed and dishevelled,
clipboard in hand,
thrown accusations
and poison arrows
at his chest.
To let him know,
third-party like,
what had been
so unfortunately
diagnosed today.

He staggered out
at last,
the corridor was misty.
Fickle spirits
saw him home,
and left him there,
to his misère.

He had forgotten
to remember
how much time
they'd said,

or had they?

Another wave
came over him,
again there was
no warning.
And, perhaps,
no valid reason.

And so,
he sat alone,
next to his
topless bottle.
And there
he cried and cried.
When it was done
and empty
he leaned
back in his chair
and died.

Herbert Nehrlich

Versoehnung

Wenn man noch eine Mutter hat
so zaehlt man zu denjen'jen
die wie das Madenkind vom Blatt
ist eine von den wen'jen
die selber immer mehr ergraut
doch mitspielt bei den Faxen
die ihr von Hause so vertraut,
in Thueringen und Sachsen.

Die Funken flogen hin und her
und schnell kam es zum Feuer,
alsbaldigst fiel es beiden schwer
und guter Rat war teuer.
'Zigeuner seid Ihr, faules Pack! '
Solch Worte oeffnen Wunden
und wie ein Schottendudelsack
begleitet er fuer Stunden
die schmerzende Erinnerung,
'was will die alte Tante.
ich zaehle auch, bin selbst noch jung
und keine Abgesandte
von Voelkern des Nomadenseins,
ich stamme aus der Sippe!
Gewissen? Ja, ich habe eins,
nun steh ich auf der Klippe
und sage mir bei Hitz' und Kaelt':
Ich ruf sie an die Olle,
und wenn ein kluges Urteil faellt
ich morgen nicht mehr schmolle.
Und wenn das Echo froehlich schalle
dann seien wir zufrieden.
Des Teufel's Torheit, wie sie walle
wird letztlich doch vermieden.

Ich reiche Dir nicht eine Hand,
Du sollst sie beide haben.
Wir loeschen diesen boesen Brand
bevor sie uns begraben.'

Viagra Falls

He wanted, doubtless, show her who he was
impress her with a feat that raised the bar
to unknown heights, so he prepared a drum,
a barrel, sourced from vintners in Vermont,
inside he placed a cushion and some wool
outlined the thing with Bilroth super heavy gauze.
He would not really travel very far
and after a good slug of Beenleigh Rum
it seemed that there were voices that would taunt
and others shouting what a blastin' fool.

They got up to the Falls at seven ten
unpacked, she looked quite pale around the cheeks
he told the boy to count and tell him when
he'd joined them then and there, the Niagara Freaks.
The barrel left the summit as it plunged into the sky
he tumbled in its bowels as he would,
the wife had silently waved her goodbye
the boy just stood and pondered if he really could.

They left together, him at eighty easy clicks
she, snuggled to his chest, lips to his hair,
out loud she said I've always been a connoisseur of dicks
and this one does me fine, if I would dare compare,
he went inside his drum down these forbidden falls,
I say it ain't the thing that I would ever choose.

But really, it is true my fellow had huge balls
and he was always apt to pay his carnal dues
though nature interfered, she sent conflicting calls
and George would listen as his belly grew in size
it was too short and he went down Viagra Falls
the boy took over and perhaps deserved the prize.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vice*

He is all of those things
and descendant of kings,
he would steal lie or cheat
in an effort to meet
all the lust in the flesh
as he rises, so fresh,
in the morning of dreams
bursting modesty's seams.
As to rights he'll accept
either crude or inept
a small wave will suffice
it's all filed under 'VICE'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vicious Indifference

It was a day full of tristesse.
The birds knew it,
dogs, wolves and roaches
sensed it,
yet, the one chosen
to die,
was in its
own daydream.

It had been,
over the centuries,
a nice enough
existence.
Watching
and waiting,
participating,
in all that life had
to offer.

The word was proud
of itself,
and what
it stood for.
At one time
it had even
considered
to ask for that
little 'von',
which would be a sign
of nobility.

But, everyone,
everywhere,
even the bad people
were in awe,
and thus, in agreement
that there was
an integrity,
and a bit of godliness

in the term,
and that it was,
by all indications,
and with the wisdom
of empiricism,
an indispensable word.

Humane.
And when the day came,
where tristesse itself
paid a visit,
perhaps in a vain effort
to alleviate
any suffering
to come about,
there was
no big drama,
no explosion of
a man-made bomb.
No missiles were fired.

Just a brief crack of thunder,
and the word humane
was no more.
Killed by,
it was later found,
through a committee
sent from Heaven,
a monster named
Vicious Indifference.

But, as sometimes happens,
the committee had
no executive powers,
and left after the verdict
had been delivered
to the local priest,
who had to be disturbed,
pulled out of bed
by his cohabitating
housekeeper.

Later that night,
both the housekeeper
and the priest,
were seen
entering, what some
in the congregation
secretly had baptised
The Kingdom Of Bacchus,
and that's where they spent
the days until it was
high time for the
Sunday Sermon.

Meanwhile,
in the absence of
objections
or common sense,
the people had agreed
that Vicious Indifference
be the new Mayor,
and by democratic
global extrapolation,
the new leader.

It was expected
that the priest would,
without delay,
make the appropriate
announcement,
on Sunday,
from the height
and authority of
the pulpit.

He did his best,
having forgotten his
spectacles
in the Kingdom,
to decipher a
hastily scribbled
note,

but he did
what was required.

Tristesse left that day,
in the afternoon,
its own nature,
which was sadness,
was unable to withstand
what the new order
stood for.

Nothing was the same,
nor would it ever be,
again.

No.

Only the priest,
whose stipend
was immediately
increased,
drastically,
and whose life
did change for the better
through the
abolition of
celibacy,
and all other restrictions,
deemed unnecessary
by his Highness,
the new Emperor,
only the Man of God
felt that nothing
untoward
had happened.

And God?
He cursed
the day he had,
in a fit of
malic acidosis,
decreed that
Heaven could not
interfere.

He would have liked to,
as he had felt like that
on countless previous
occasions,
when unspeakable sins
were committed,
and he had to watch.

But then, he said
to himself,
in a whisper,
that 'a word is a word',
referring to his decree,
not to the word that had
been murdered.
And he found
that indifference,
at this time,
and any other time,
was, indeed
heavenly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vintage

There comes a time
when wine does show
its well-earned age
it must, needless to say
first be conceived
in perfect harmony
with all the whiskers
of a gray tradition.

You hesitate at first,
how could one take
and thoughtlessly consume
the vintage of a skin
so withered in the storms
of what they call,
ah, shamefully, your life.

Is it not wise to just observe,
to have and hold for evermore,
what man has always sought
with constant, fretful longing?

As many die the death of time
they go into their doom without
the wisdom of what could have been,
partaking never of the mind.

It's all it takes to share the fruit
you must however shake the hand
that feeds the emptiness in you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Virtue Of Selfishness

If Tadpoles did not change their spots
to join the world of frogs,
if useless debris turns to clots
and jams internal cogs,
if babies stayed the size they are
so cuddly and so sweet,
if Fred the Drunkard left his car
and walked home on his feet,
if Jews stopped hating all the gentiles
and Germans got some humour,
if Wallstreet could forget percentiles
and corporate greed and rumours,
if doctors had the guts to go
back to when lives were prized,
if politicians were to know
their egos, oversized,
if all thy neighbours could be human
and clean their own backyard,
then, in the words of Harry Truman
we would at last be smart.

So if you read this look again,
make sure you'd pick as friend
who on a scale from one to ten,
would be a perfect blend
of all that you consider good,
and God's own wisdom too.
And once you're confident you could
become the real you,
you may relax with your shy grin
and turn the other jowl,
it is not others that do sin,
just ask the wise old owl.

If you regard yourself above
the rest of all mankind,
if all you are is truth and love
and if the world is blind,
then worry not about the others,

they may become your fans,
perhaps the fault lies with their mothers
who'd go off to the dance
and left their charges to themselves
or to a babysitter,
which keeps away the kindly elves
and glorifies just glitter.
If substance and integrity
are absent in a man
you're left with window dressing, see
and with the 'Also Ran'.
But do beware and do not aim
your finger at your foes,
a weed who feels eternal shame
may yet become a rose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Virus

A virus, although not alive
may unexpectedly arrive.
The doctor thinks your system fights
with antibodies' secret rites
yet that is utterly untrue
let me present the facts to you.

A virus needs another cell
to reproduce its shell from hell.
And as it's ready to proceed
undresses for the evil deed
a fever comes, a searing flame
goes to the centre of the game.

Each virus carries tiny shreds
in place of what we know as heads.
These telomeres, like little dicks
perform the replication tricks.

The fever flame gets hot at speed
at one-0-one it will indeed
just circumcise the telomeres
there is no time for viral tears.

Remember, thus, if fever strikes
one needs to do the things one likes.
Suppressing fever though is wrong
you'll see, the virus won't stay long.

.

Herbert Nehrlich

Visitor

I sat up straight.
'Twas in the night.
Though not afraid,
my chest was tight.

I'd felt a gentle, loving touch
upon my ribs, by knowing hands.
And it had startled me so much,
my heart, whipped by adrenal glands,
first skipped, then jumped, then settled back,
as it had recognised those fingers:
Well manicured, and with a knack
to touch just briefly, make it linger.
Imprint then in your DNA
their carnal message for my soul.
And, once received the print will stay,
await a future when its role
as maître d' of all caresses,
may be required to instill
sheer confidence when under dresses.
Those digits cause a certain thrill.

It took me minutes to receive
all of this message, half awake.
This loving touch was no reprieve,
but, if not real was it fake?
And then the shutters of my eyes
snapped up, so I obtained good vision.
Just emptiness in bold disguise
was present, so, for a decision
of what had happened in my sleep,
when loving hands had wandered over,
perhaps with promises to keep?
I think that in my search for clover
the quatre feuille, four lucky petals,
its secret could then be revealed.
So when this puzzle finally settles,
that day, when both my lips are sealed-
as sadness wraps around my chest.

She left so many moons ago.
As for tonight, she was a guest,
just in my dream.
I miss her so.

Herbert Nehrlich

Visitor*

She wore fat shoulder pads,
a corset made of steel,
in school, most of the lads
were in it for the feel.
With lust inside their eyes
saliva on fresh lips,
they argued about size
and took those frequent nips.
One day she came to school
went to the ladies' loo,
and like a dimwit fool
I never thought of you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Visitors

The boy in the bed of his parents
a treat happened once in a year,
as he slept with the fragrance of mother
while his elders were drinking much beer.

As the party of four little aunties
came a-peeking to utter their Aahs
he pretended, he knew they were seeking
all the innocent beauty of Oz.

And he slept the great sleep of the just,
with the feeling of unending love,
he'd been taught that you do what you must
and you 'd never require a shove.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vitamin Dreams

Her dream was interrupted then
as smartly dressed Italian men
surrounded her in the soft sand.
She'd offered one of them her hand,
he let her sip from his Campari
just as the African Safari
had dropped her in the King's domain.
A growl was heard, there would be pain
but only drilling noises heard,
she could not understand a word.
He wore a rather stupid mask
and it was clear that her new task
was just to follow, 'PUSH' they shouted
and as she howed between the sprouted
petunia flowers there was wind,
as through the cockpit Satan grinned.
She urged the captain 'stay awake'
then switched the oven dial to Bake.
There was a crowd to say Farewell
and, dust to dust, she felt unwell.
Out of the ground sprang four black stallions
then she went back to her Italians.

Awoke and found the little pills,
the sun was smiling onto hills,
a boy was leading his two oxen
the pills contained much pyridoxine.

The moral is, you take B-six
your dreaming brain gets one big fix.
And if you take a hefty dose
you'll dream in poetry, not prose.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vive La Différence

When I have stashed away
that last bundle of greenbacks,
supervised the chauffeur in his task
of polishing my luxurious motorcar
and talked via the satellite
to the skipper of the presidential yacht,
a feeling of dead calm then overcomes,
just as I realise that this world may well be
a better place, and all because
I made a difference in the lives of just a few.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vive Le Vin Rouge

The highest levels
of resveratrol,
a miracle substance
available to consumers
occur in
red wines.

The molecule,
which is found,
highly concentrated
in the skins of grapes,
is extremely insoluble.

Red wine is made
from grapes processed
with their skins, and
alcohol helps extract it.

And because the wine
is stored in dark,
light-proof bottles,
corked to keep oxygen out,
the resveratrol is preserved.

Resveratrol is, no doubt
an agent that will prolong life.
A true life-extender,
so follow the leaders,
drink du vin rouge,
not du vin blanc.
And live to eat and drink,
not eat and drink to live.

Herbert Nehrlich

Von Heidecker

The softness of his words arrived
as if their eagerness could ever matter,
upon repatriation they would die, of course
give way to fresher blood and the banality
of things like honour and the Fatherland.

There would be, as a matter of consideration,
the French who never had attracted glory
their word for dusk was what they'd need to hear
it is the time between the wolf and then, the dog.

It was the pleasure of the company of self
that made their final minutes what they were to be.
It was a teamwork of eight Walthers, one command,
their war was over then, his words did matter not.

Herbert Nehrlich

Vor Der Kaserne

Von der alten Gaslaterne
draussen vor der Grosskaserne
hing, im Angesicht der Sterne
eine Nutte, doch nicht gerne.

Hatte sie doch viel geritten,
erst mit Zweiten, dann mit Dritten.
Hielt sich nie an gute Sitten,
reagierte nicht auf Bitten.

Sie war eine kleine Dicke,
die da hing am starken Stricke.
Starr die Augen und die Blicke,
nur der Kopf weiss dass ich nicke.

Herbert Nehrlich

Voting For?

Lest you folks think I might be a fan of the man
I am not, I am not, I am not,
it's not gender or race or the obvious tan
(which remark will stir some people's pot) .
I would NOT give my vote for Obama, oh no
as I've studied in depth Alan Pease,
but the option the herd seems to find so gung-ho
makes me look at the face so like cheese.
Does he stash in his cheek some formidable nuts
for the time after mushrooms have blown?
Let us hope that the folks will soon kick their false butts
and take back their great land as their own.
Let the black fellow run all the things in DC
for one term of his natural life,
ask the people to listen, to feel and to see
pass their vote on such things as pro-life.

It is not for the clowns and the figureheads, mate
to decide how a man makes his bed,
we the people must govern this promising state
as the men, our great forefathers said.
In the end we can't lose if we stay on the ball
but we must be quite ready to strike,
once we follow the lead of Hans Brinker we fall
let us build a much sturdier dyke.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wacko

I'd placed her there with utmost care.
She lay supine and had some wine
a Bardolino, 'tinto vino'
inside her button, I was the glutton
who had admired, and later sired
a new idea, better than beer.
I was The Don, she turned me on
while watching Telly, I sucked her belly
kept pouring wine, said she was mine
and while she smoked, she joked and joked
I think my vice did not entice
she loved tobacco, I was the wacko.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wait

Tonight,
I shall wait
as long as it would take,
if weeks or months,
it matters not.
But I will only wait
until the Moon goes home
then I will know.
Oh, I so wish
to be
the Moon.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wait For Me

A most exquisite purple flower
was waiting for a summer shower.
It had not rained in many days
and only hot and burning rays
were lavished on the tiny flora
but prayer to the Cantadora
was not rewarded with success
it seemed that spirits could care less.

For forty days and forty nights
the flower kept within her sights
all clouds in hopes that they would cry
but nothing happened, time went by.

On Christmas day the rains then started
but many plants had gone, departed
the purple flower had held up
projected from her petals' cup
a message written in dark green
it was precise and could be seen
in Heaven and, of course, in Hell
and when at last the raindrops fell
God read the message he could see
it said, 'dear God, please wait for me.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Waiting Be Damned

I saw as well, a flying fox
he rode the rainbow, trailing musk
and did you know a fox wears sox
to keep the chill well off at dusk.
Photovoltaic molecules
are carried high by glowing worms

and only Lucifer's own fools
meet infrared on shaky terms.
A new year dawns, let fly my wishes
and like a tree that grew within
say welcome to the million fishes
and bear the waiting with a grin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wake Up With You

I always knew
that some day
I would find you
and love you.

And it came true
perhaps against
all odds of reason
but it came true.

And every morn'
I am a happy man
simply because
I can wake up
to you.

Oh, that things
could last
forever,
and beyond.

The day
must come
when God
himself
will call you
so that he
can have you
there, with him
each morning
when he wakes
again.

I don't begrudge
because I know
the why of it,
but not the when.

Though I will not,

that fateful day
wake up
without you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wakey, Wakey

Wakey, Wakey, it is five,
covers yanked while you're not looking.
Time to stretch and feel alive,
in the oven bread is cooking.

Coffee's waiting for you, Tootsie
and a very small surprise.
As I tickle now your footsie
wanders in our own sunrise.

Now she's gone back under cover,
messy hair she needs to hide.
Friends, if you have your own lover
you'd look at mine like I - with pride.

Well, I cave in and prop her pillow,
a tray comes from the kitchen cupboard,
she sits there like a fragile willow
I rush around like Mother Hubbard.

The bread is ready, golden corn.
I picked them early while you snoozed.
The fog was rising in our morn.
I thought you'd like it, be amused.

And let me tell you how entrancing
you are, just sitting in your T-shirt
we could go -after brekkie- dancing,
could have a little bitty wee flirt?

Now the surprise, straight from the oven.
So close your eyes you lovely Honey,
your favourite! I know you'll love 'em -
they're sweet like you, my Anzac Bunny.

Their day was only just beginning.

Herbert Nehrlich

Waking On Sunday

I wake when she disturbs the layers of soft feather,
my inner man is rushing to and fro
she makes excuses, 'look at this fine weather',
I nod but briefly, wishing her to go.

Those mongrel dogs get all excited once again
bear no respect for sleepers, none at all.
Next door the happy message from the Leghorn hen
that she has laid an egg for Master Ben.

A moped scares the birds out of their nest
while ugly crows sit on the gutter, spreading scorn,
today is Sunday and the Lord says man should rest
I'm drifting off, was that the postman's yellow horn?

Well no, it ain't the postie, he still sleeps,
must be that pimple-covered kid, the pastor's son.
He does reside on a fine street devoid of creeps
but comes to visit here, dear Lord give me a gun.

I sink again, and with the help of God
resume deep slumber, catching that forgotten dream.
When bells are ringing, very loudly, which is odd
it's only 10, a bit too early it would seem.

Oh no, it is, a diesel truck at that,
ice cream for all, a song is played for free.
The silly clown, falsetto voice and hat
makes me jump out of bed, I do go pee.

Out of my window, in a tall and golden arch
to show the bastards what I think of their IQ,
when from the alley comes a group of men who march
in floppy uniforms, like monkeys from the zoo.

A trumpeteer who leads the charge toward my home
is only young and has capacity to blow
I have no doubt that they can hear him clear in Rome
two aging drummers complement this noisy show.

I make a breakfast fit for Gods and Jack Lalanne
a dozen eggs soon cover slices of fat beef.
Moroccan coffee helps to drive away the pain
yet there is inner strong demand for more relief.

So I stand up and in pyjamas face the crowd
out near the picket fence (which is a work of art) .
And then release a clear and present, also loud
staccato thirty second and delicious fart.

Herbert Nehrlich

Walkabout

Where the hell is the devil today?
Has he gone on a walkabout, say?
Yes, the devil is male
he lives in the detail
and for me, he's the sommelier.

Herbert Nehrlich

Walking With You

This morning, standing in the bath
I saw my image frown,
the dream had been about the path
and whether up meant down.

Soft grass beneath our painted toes
the feeling was divine,
soon we would rest, reciting prose
and have a glass of wine.

But endless was this journey's road
meandering through meadows
we carried with us a small load
but many heavy shadows.

And, like the twig in a tall tree
torn by the winds to fall
toward the earth, through gravity
we also hear the call.

And while it flew, it did pretend
to be a feathered bird,
attempting to control descent
his song was never heard.

Today, we leave the path and turn
toward the distant hills,
the road is paved with rocks and fern
and few if any frills.

Up to the summit signposts say,
tis where the sun resides,
pick up your feet and praise the day
you learned about the tides.

It is the Moon that rules the sea,
no fishes tame the waves
dark spirits hide in every tree
white angels live in caves.

The path is steep, the journey long
our feet are cut by stones
there is a will in us, so strong
that it will nourish bones.

It is the sun, that we must reach,
we leave all bags behind
a man's prerogative to preach-
new glasses for the blind.

What do we have, we shed our weights
and struggle up each slope,
our breath too short to hold debates
clasped hands are filled with hope.

So, do not ask, for it is true
that we can overcome
all obstacles as we pursue
the calling of our drum.

Our drum, it is not known to all,
is what arose from LOVE,
two hearts as ONE, our own atoll
touched on, hereinabove.

Herbert Nehrlich

Walls

Some Yankee supermarket malls
may be surrounded by stone walls.
And in between the Malls and walls
you'll find the male and female stalls.
In one of them they flash their balls
the other one is used by dolls.
The sanctuary of these halls
is sought by all when Nature calls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Walnut Girl

The Postie came,
he limped along
the street, up from
the beachfront.

The brown that bit him
he had killed but
some bad venom
had destroyed
soft tissue in
the ankle region.
He now sings out,
when stepping
over the habitat
'Oh, snakes alive',
so far he has been lucky
in our lucky country.

Today he handed me,
an envelope, all blue.
It came from overseas
sent by a poetesse
who is a veritable bundle
of pleasant sunshine
you know the type (?) .

Inside the card, there was
a photograph of two,
a strapping boy
and posing with him
was his mother.

I am still searching for the
proper adjective
that would describe
her adequately.
Will let you know
when that time comes
and words like lovely

and whatever else
can be replaced
to set the record straight.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wanderlied Rennsteig

Goethe redete so often
von den grossen unverhofften
ploetzlich fliegenden Kartoffeln
fuetterte sie dann allen Stoffeln.
Apfel dieser Teutschen Erde
dass aus dir ne Knolle werde,
vollgetankt mit Solaninen
isst man keine Apfelsinen.

Herbert Nehrlich

War Memoirs

Over at the river's bank
stands my buddy, Mellow Frank,
thinking of the German Tank
that he observed right where it sank
they saved the captain, what a crank
he chewed tobacco and he stank
with two policemen at his flank
the one a colonel, just by rank
his stare was serious, almost blank
the younger cop, looked like he shrank
from the 3 stars of higher rank
his name tag showed him to be Hank
the captain of the ship said 'WanK'
he'd set his sail at Bitterlenk.

Herbert Nehrlich

War Separation

They say our world is truly round
and that the borders are not real,
as in the airspace can be found
God's promise and his lone appeal.

The clouds do travel far and wide,
helped by the clever winds of change,
give shelter to the moon to hide
and cry their tears onto the range.

Life-giving as it is for crops,
it cleans all bird and insect wings,
but is it true that falling drops
are sparkling, tumbling, happy things?

And if they are, once they arrive
to visit roots and thirsty flowers,
they rest a bit but stay alive
until the early morning hours.

When in the village can be seen
the Sandman as he aims to leave
and Dawn rolls in to change the scene
the Moon wipes tears off with his sleeve.

A magic mist now rises sweetly
from rooftops, cotton-candy-blue,
a million raindrops drifting neatly
returning gladly, to renew.

My love, the war still has some life,
a raucous ocean separates
me from the one to be my wife,
God, breathe some sense into those states!

Until we meet again, I say
go find the biggest darkest cloud.
The one that's travelled a long way,
stand under it and wish out loud

that twelve bright drops come straight from me,
then kiss each one, yes, kiss them all.
They'll rise as Dew then to be free
and I'll be waiting as they fall.

Herbert Nehrlich

War Tales

He stood with his starched collar and he preached
this war is mankind's history's profound
and holy duty, never mind the many bleached
and brittle bones that cover here the battleground.

A private stood and raised a shaky voice:

' Lieutenant, should we mourn the many dead? '

The answer was, of course, 'you men have once been boys',
and then he shot the little soldier in the head.

Herbert Nehrlich

War Thoughts

Roland cannot go to school,
his brother needs the trousers,
for shorts the weather is too cool
no clothes for rabblers.

The war was won by others, yup
the piper must be paid
I'll go around with paper cup
no longer so afraid.

We did respond to his Sieg Heil
yes all of us were proud
my brother walked the final mile
the cannon shot was loud.

Mankind has surely, truly learned
from all atrocities,
perhaps so many bodies burned
for man to have his peace.

Herbert Nehrlich

Warfare

Language, religion,
poverty, greed
are the causes
of many an
inhuman deed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Warm Thighs

It matters not, my friend to me just who you are,
a reputation of acclaim preceded you,
like Doktor Faustus wearing robes, a modern Czar,
you make me shiver as I feel the secret dew.

As for myself, I did enjoy the lustful tone
of sagging springs inside the mattress as you drummed.
I say that Phallus, then as rigid as a bone
would hear the farewell of Carmina as she hummed.

The song of honeysuckle, as it spills with ease
to be awaited by a tremulous, moist tongue.
Oh Priapeia, let us rest beneath tall trees
and taste of waters where the nightingale has sung.

Immersed in streams like rowdy hooligans in May,
with silver pouches bursting wildly at the seams,
in steeped grace both hands embracing as they pray
warmed by soft thighs and extraordinary dreams.

Herbert Nehrlich

Was There Something Better Out There?

Do not, I say stand here in judgement of my life,
it is not you who has the privilege to rule
you may approach me in the darkness with a knife
and plunge your dagger through my heart, I be the fool.

Yes, I admit, there is convention to uphold,
no citizen may fail to tend the plants,
no renegade is welcome here, he may be bold
and sing his hippie songs and silly chants.

But listen folks, and listen well and good,
we shall not waver in our course for it is right,
there is a ghost who wears a scythe and a black hood
he comes to reap fresh human blood deep in the night.

We have a bond that neither man nor god can break
tis Nature's way to guarantee her games of chance
and in our morning when we touch, still half awake
a beaming smile just follows easily the first glance

Herbert Nehrlich

Wasted Haikus

Little minds singing
hollow pendulums swinging
low-octane pinging.

Fuel injection
upon further reflection
still imperfection.

The land is barren
in the great subsaharan
I am the Baron.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wasteland

There once was a poetry page
that let poets of any old age
post their works in plain sight
and await overnight
for a critical (m) ass to engage.

Things went smooth like a baby's pink bum
one could hear oftentimes a slow hum
when the moon was a cheese
fully round just to please
one could sense in the distance the drum.

It was conquera and dividay*
some young pimpleface came to display
seven truckloads of crap
just to be on the map
quite akin to a prêt-à-porter.

It was usually just a dumb bloke
made of blackberry timber, not oak.
With a mind numbing need
to be spilling his seed
like a multileaf French artichoke.

No one read his concoctions at that,
and why would you if someone had shat
on your sidewalk at noon
an entire platoon
it is hardly a pink pussycat.

(* the pronunciation of the Latin divide)

Herbert Nehrlich

Watchers

No, my friends and enemies,
(I do not like that word) ,
this is by no means an appeal
and nothing you have heard
about the present situation
that is allowed to smoulder
has been effective to create
support for ailing spines
I think that those who cannot stand
to speak some truthful lines
ought to reflect of who they are
when entering debate
or from behind the fence they throw
turd-pebbles with much glee,
I want to tell them what I think
perhaps it ain't just me.
You, those who idly sit and watch
when justice is perverted
and move no finger, feel no need
when truth has been deserted
you do remind me of the crowd
who stood and watched her stripped and raped,
her killing in the street
it makes me wonder what has shaped
your conscience, is it hidden?
The saying goes that evil things
will happen everywhere
if good men just sit back and smile
as if they were not there.

No ratings wanted

Herbert Nehrlich

Watching The Convention

There they sit and judge the fellow as they wear their funny hats
stab the ones who dare take on the evil crowd,
dirty pool and smug expressions reminiscent of sly rats
these are people and their vileness is allowed.
Grab the power, do whatever it will take them to succeed
it's America whose future is at stake,
spend the money of your children just to satisfy your greed
let the country follow blindly an old fake.
You the people, have a duty, and a chance that won't repeat
make your peace with your old friends around the globe,
without allies you will perish in a terrible defeat
all your guns cannot protect a xenophobe.
Watch the Empire expanding, it is China at the top
it will pull the rug of dollars very soon,
then you falter and you struggle, you abandon being cop
it is coming, dear Americans, High Noon!
I predict that you will crumble, I remind you now of Rome
send your children not to Baghdad but to school,
bring your soldiers and your dollars and your many talents home
do not vote for that old geezer, he's a fool

Herbert Nehrlich

Waterfall

A waterfall is where much water
falls, by the laws of gravity.
But in itself it is a daughter
to a deluge, that's when they free
the overwhelming, naked forces,
namely when all the angels pee.
Light showers have much other sources
as they are made from countless tears,
shed by the ones who are quite dead
who live on clouds and show their fears
about the world and how, instead
of being good and true and kind,
worshipping him, their only God,
they lie and steal, stab from behind,
something that even Gods find odd.

Wherever in the world you search,
from Amazon right to the Gobi,
in the bordello or the church,
to Hashishsmokers in Nairobi,
you'll find all waterfalls in regions
where people live and do their sinning
and where exists no fond allegiance
with higher beings, but the grinning
dark fellow from the underground.

But, in the desert and the mountains
you will not find them just because
those isolated spots have fountains
of wisdom and they live by laws,
divinely given by Creation.

Thus it is clear that waterfalls
are tools to wreak annihilation
on those who do ignore His calls.
So watch, wherever you may roam,
the beauty of a waterfall
has hidden meaning in the foam,
and punishment will be for all.

Herbert Nehrlich

Waterloo

Combine, assemble all, you bad men now
to do your dirty deeds, chop down the tallest poppies.
Your dreams of victory, you teach each other how
a mob of little fish, in principle kills bigger guppies,
and it is true that even lions are defeated
by smelly desert hounds or hordes of fire ants.
But let me tell you that the good will not stay seated,
they will stand up, to face the bastards and their stance,
and by necessity we need association
to take a forceful and decisive final swipe,
perhaps we can succeed in blocking copulation
of those whose evil has progressed to overripe
to sacrifice that what is good and true in man.
The struggle would be a contemptible affair
so let us wipe their silly grins off, while we can
and watch them fall unpitied and to rot right there.

Herbert Nehrlich

Waterslide

I watched you go,
slide down the waterfall,
your headlights leading
perky
and your legs apart,
all wrapped
and held together
like a package
from the Vatican,
where ruby red
means celibacy,
by the most beautiful
of bums
these eyes have ever seen.

Will you remind me
to apply
tomorrow
for the annual pass,
so I can sit
behind you
real close?
Ride out the times of strife
and watch your back,
what do you say,
they'll close the slide
the end of May.

Herbert Nehrlich

Watery Escape

You stood there, next to me,
the rain came down as if to say, just go,
and off we went, you on my bony back,
we swam with fishes, crabs and a small gigolo
a seahorse coloured green with little eyes, all black.
We reached the island worn but full of sap,
and underwater we had opportunity to pee.
Only a seagull and a frigate took the rap.

Herbert Nehrlich

We

I have not asked in many years
though all my friends and learned peers
pick willy-nilly so it seems
a Valentine straight from their dreams.
Of course, good etiquette demands
that those who've claimed another's hands
be on the list for chocolates
and maybe for some other bits
a Beaujolais, Valpolicella
the onus is on the good fella
and shops stay open to fulfill
big wishes and to stuff the till.
It seems that one declares his pick
it's just like putting one's small tick
to activate computerware
and BINGO, says the card 'I Care',
it has become a bland routine
but is essential in the scene.
I will, this year take an old feather,
of goose, though still uncertain whether
the one whose LOVE is my great hope
will want me writing, I'm a dope
and often feel a trifle timid
instead of going for the limit.
Well, I shall write from my own heart
some words will lift me, others smart,
and, in the end she'll understand
that she can have my sweaty hand
and if she wants, the rest of me
which would confirm the promise WE.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Are Germans

We always need a portrait on the wall.
Without it any wall looks simply bare,
the living room, the kitchen and the hall
adorned by men of salt and pepper hair.

Now I could be the Kaiser
or young Adolf in suit,
some older and wiser,
even Mozart cum flute.

It's the curse of our nation
we must have on our walls,
as a bold decoration
not the portraits of dolls
but of those who were chosen
dressed in army attire,
with a smile that is frozen
but the eyes full of fire.

You ask why such traditions,
my reply be astute:
Let those men call the missions,
we are here to salute.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Are The Ones

Kent State.
We shoot students don't we?

Vietnam.
We do divide and conquer, don't we?

Afghanistan.
God sent Americans, asked them to kill.

Iraq.
We nurtured him and did he ever grow!
Then came the time to act.
We toppled what had fast become a plague.
We launched a purge,
and, later on, a surge.

The World.

We are the new gendarmes.
Soldiers of righteousness.
We carry bibles and big guns
to make the world a better place.

We are the chosen ones.
Please show your proof
of membership,
a good portfolio will do.
But nothing less.

Dedicated to the thousands of American lives sacrificed for nothing.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Are Waging A Nuclear War As We Speak

They send them still to foreign lands,
with blessings of the folks who stay;
uplifting this, that wave of hands
the faithful citizens will pray.
Yes, once there was a time of need
when barons, filled with utter lust,
would mount their threatening stampede
to smash all living things to dust.

Defend thyself, says the good book,
it also mentions eye for eye
it's man whose reason undertook
to see the other fellow die.

Americans, you've got it made
your birthright by the Gods bestowed.
While Texas slumbers in the shade
you all have been severely snowed.

Have you, my Yankee friends been told
about the chemical D U?
Uranium has been cheaply sold
to field commanders leading you.

Oh no, you say, we must protect
our way of life, our profit margin!
Grossly obese, we stand erect,
prevent the enemy from barging
through borders fought for by our kin
and rape our women, cut our men,
with God and righteousness we'll win
destroy mankind's carcinogen.

We lose our boys on foreign soil
'Beware', the devil brags,
we smell the fragrance of cheap oil
and count the bodybags.

Unmatched today is Yankee Might,

we could just flip a switch
and set their very core alight
it's simply privilege!
How many bombs would be enough
to level desert regions?
The mushroom cloud would make it tough
yet we could pledge allegiance.

The children and the innocent
is what must guide our action,
God-fearing men who represent
humanity's top fraction,
we would not lose a single life
by playing carpetbomber,
and not again would any wife
sit down with an embalmer.

Well, let me tell you, son of sheep,
you have been sleeping soundly,
THEY had no promises to keep
but I condemn YOU, roundly.
Atomic warfare has been on
for just on sixteen years,
our nation's innocence long gone
among a sea of fears.

It's not enough to shower those
who do not dance your tune,
in Hollywood you too can pose
with hero Daniel Boon.

Uranium dust, you scatter it
among the ruins and castles,
your soldiers do inhale the shit
they say it ain't no hassle.

Make babies with a single eye
and tumours and leukemia,
condemn the families who cry
succumbing to toxemia.

DEPLETED means the stuff is weak

and will not be sufficient
to cause the sperm to spawn a freak,
meanwhile you are commissioned
to carry out with heavy pride
all that your land requires,
dumb, on a rollercoaster ride
until all life expires.

Uranium will yet kill us all,
it's what your kind is gifting
to generations soon to fall
while toxic clouds are drifting.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Can Judge The Heart Of A Man By His Treatment Of Animals

And as fate quickly kills
I don't know if you can,
in this world and its ills
how a down to earth man
treats the big and the small
all the critters that live
as he stands there, so tall
still so eager to give.

We can judge who he was
using science and art
that this hunter from Oz
had a pure golden heart.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Pretend

Sometimes we do pretend, we lie in other words.
We speak, a mix, a silly blend, we are like flightless birds.
No courage lives within, we are the dull and meek,
unable to stand up and face the demons that we seek.
So we are nothing in this world, the meaning of all things,
and what is worse is that our pretense has no wings.
We are exposed as what we are and what we ever hope to be,
and all the people see the faceless and a hapless misery.
You stand alone, propped up by shame and inner weakness, yet you think
that it is others who would sin and who would push you to the brink.
Look into glass, they make a mirror that reflects the real you,
then ask yourself to spend a day inside another person's shoe.

Herbert Nehrlich

We Touch

You woke me
when you withdrew
your hand.
In twilight
of our trance
my heart turned cold
as it received
an urgent call..
a bond had torn
and the significance
of it was still unknown.
We had,
as kindred souls
turned lovers
through the grace
of Camelot,
the God of Destiny,
combined
the workings
and the huge anatomy
of our hearts
into a single drum,
and found,
that space had taken on
a new identity,
there was a need,
coercive of affinity,
to shape,
and to compress
as to allow
the closeness of
a trillion molecules
as they would dance
and frolic
through the valleys
and the hills,
leaving brief shadows
and a lover's kiss.
There was,

in heated nights
the strange illusion
of a changing time,
we would manipulate
and save
those precious moments
when both sap
and dew
combined
to share in thought
and talk,
and thus relive
the pleasure
of
a wondrous memory.
It did expand small space
and modified
brief fragments of sheer bliss
into a solid base
from which we'd draw
at times,
our needy smiles.
Twas Nature's twist
that wove the fabric
of a silver net
which welcomed US,
through new exotic rules
whose tentacles reached out
to practice sweet restraint,
to tie a thousand
welcome knots
that bound our souls
into a pink cocoon
of all the senses
to infinity.
Thank you my LOVE,
we sleep again,
and as we breathe
the glow of harmony
surrounds
our naked skins
until we wake.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weapons Of Mass Destruction

'I must say that today
the biological enemies
are microscopic and
submicroscopic.....'

However, since we are
talking about
'weapons of mass destruction'
we ought to give credit
where credit is due.
Our real enemies are
the powers that aim to
make us dependent,
the merchants who try to
sell health care as a
pro-active entity rather than a
'reactive' one.

They offer free examinations
and they manipulate
long- established laboratory values,
all in the name of more profit.
They go hunting for potential
new patients and persuade them
that they need treatment or
'preventive' measures.

They deliver 'health care' to
the eager, brainwashed consumer
like the milkman delivers milk.
But they are often empty-handed.

They do not owe you anything
but they promise much.
Weapons of mass destruction
are hard to find in Iraq,
in Modern Medicine they are
abundant (if cosmetically enhanced) .

Weasel

Death took the time to weasel in,
he lives in my insides.
And every now and then a grin
peeks out and quickly hides.

And when I laugh at your new joke,
he holds on to my ribs.
Each night my liver gets a soak,
and Death is Mister Fibs.

One day he shakes his frosted beard
and sharpens his big sickle.
With pitch -black gown he looks so weird,
my life's not worth a nickel.

He cuts right through the organ group
and severs the aorta,
I've reached the tunnel of my loop,
ante porta.

I wonder why the moon stands by
so idle, unconcerned.
Into the vast and star-lit sky
drifts smoke when I am burned.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weather

Today the sun shines,
then some clouds,
it cannot always be the same.
What I don't like about the weather
is we the people aren't allowed
to have some input - what a shame!

No consultation, consideration,
just titillation, exasperation,
and consternation, then desperation.

As thunder follows lightning strikes
I am not asked, it's just not done,
and all the while these climate spikes
can get you down or may be fun.

And when the Gods want you to pay
they punish you - they even may
condemn you if you're innocent:
The honest soul needs to repent.
And that reminds me, I hear thunder
the weather's better here -Down Under.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weeds

I understand what mountains
the frigid wind is blowing from.
All smoke from placid chimneys
must billow in directions pre-ordained.
Weeds are not candles in the wind,
what are they then, you ask, my child,
a weed may be a plant of unknown
unknoweable and undiscovered virtues.
A flower in disguise, an unloved flower?
And who would be the one to separate
the flowers from the weeds in any garden?
And why, my child and all who do believe
a garden without weeds, it seems to me
is like a House of God without its share of sinners.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weekend Haiku

It's so refreshing
to be without the bastards
perhaps they've left now?

A Sunday ev'ning
in peace and company of
some real poets.

Oh God, please chase them
from here to fields of hatred
that's what they cherish.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weevil

I dreamed about my giant shoes
one morning when I had the blues
I put them on and laced them tight
soon I felt ready for a fight.

When down the road I strode with joy
I was approached by a small boy.
He pointed at the tree-lined street
and then looked down on my two feet.

The street was covered with much vermin
a priest stood there and spoke his sermon.
It seemed as if the world had changed
from almost sane to quite deranged.

The vermin moved their ugly legs
the boy said that they might lay eggs
and overpopulate the town
and that we ought to put them down.

So I, who was the volunteer,
I put my giant shoes in gear.
And trampled all the sordid creatures
until they'd lost their ugly features.

The priest and even the small boy
came running, smiling, full of joy.
The world had now been cleaned of evil
except perhaps for one small weevil.

Oh, that our dreams could be fulfilled
and goodness onto man be willed.
So if you ever get the blues
you must put on your giant shoes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weihnachten

Advent, Advent, es brennt ein Licht
im Bettchen schlaeft der kleine Wicht.
Der Weihnachtsmann kommt kurz vorbei
nach Mitternacht, so gegen zwei.
Schneefloekchen taumeln wie im Traum
Frau Holle laechelt, zaudert kaum.
Zwei Pferde ziehen, dampfen, schnauben
am Weihnachtsbaum ruhen zwei Tauben.
Die Kueche liefert ein Aroma
dort baeckt sie Stollen, uns're Oma.
Und am Kamin da sitzt der Vater
und pflegt mit Whiskey seinen Kater.
Und unentwegt schallt's durch das Haus
wann kommt denn nun der Santa Claus?
Fern von der Kirche toenen Lieder
geniess die Zeit, sie kommt nie wieder.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weinstein

He handed over
to the brown uniform
his card that said
Weinstein, David.
A non-descript
and little man,
short-sighted
like so many,
dishevelled beard,
black suit and socks
that ugly hat
and clever face.

Somehow he had not made
it onto Schindler's List,
but rumours were
that Buchenwald was kind,
plenty of skills demanded
fresh air, the same that Luther,
so many moons ago, had breathed.

He did have assets, too
sixteen full fillings,
all pure gold.
A Swiss accordion
and fiddle made in Klingenthal.

They did appreciate it all,
and when he went into the showers
to refresh and be reborn
the commandant and friends
had Asbach Uralt, neat,
in celebration of a world
that had now reached the final summit
and would remain in God's own place
until the Devil donned the emperor's own clothes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Welcome

From a cold and exhausting long trip
on Her Majesty's Post Office ship
after Customs they cleared
hand in hand they appeared.
Funny couple, they looked rather hip.

Introduced her as Mrs. B.
He then smiled and said 'THEO', that's me.
We bring greetings and laughter
and we hope to, hereafter
have a NEW home, my auntie and me.

They brought greetings and laughter and love
and the gentle appeal of a dove
as we share their delight
and their mischief, so bright,
as they twinkle like stars from above.

So I asked Mrs. B. for advice
on a problem unique to us guys.
And she tilted her head
and sat up in her bed,
said you need to look into her eyes.

There you'll find all your questions indeed,
the appropriate answers you need.
To confirm what you see
you must ask her to be
your kind spirit that just has been freed.

And she rambled on into the night,
about love and what's wrong and what's right.
Now we know that she's wise
but before the sunrise
I said BEBO and turned off the light.

Do you wonder who sent Mrs. B.
and her nephew named Theo to me?
'Twas a beautiful friend

who'd decided to send
a small piece of her heart and a key.

Herbert Nehrlich

Welcome Back Ostbf Jerry H.!!!

He is back with one foot and his voice can be heard
and the poets are gathering hope,
neither candlestickmaker or elderly nerd
have traversed this most slippery slope.

'What heart' said the surgeon, 'it is worth to be saved
let us sharpen our scalpels with care',
special training for orderlies (Jerry was shaved)
but they left him his cranial hair.

It was tough on his maiden, she stood up so well
he is fortunate and he's aware,
at one time he stood up and was playing Bill Tell
but the apple turned out a Bosc pear.

It's a road full of potholes and mozzies abound
to attack if the bats don't succeed,
it is said that our friend will again be quite sound
it's the genes, they are tops in this breed.

Welcome back, my dear friend, it is great to observe
that you peeked in and strained at your bit,
there is one more small hill and a mild hairpin curve
but you're safe from the snakes in the pit.

I look forward to Heil and to other remarks
so do many as you can expect
we have gathered a gaggle of forum gray sharks
they are waiting for you to dissect.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well Deserved, Tara

An ipod for Tara is the least they can do
but I'm sorry that no one would give me a clue.
Did she win it in England or the world as a stage
was her poem a lovesong or expression of rage?

There are few who send tingles across oceans of foam
from their gray and depressing small chambers at home.
But this girl is a treasure that has stayed in the shade
to watch regiments march until all prayers fade.

I do wish I could be that tall angel who would
serve and always protect her the best that I could.
I would hover and watch there at ten thousand feet
and my thoughts would be dreaming that some day we'll meet.

Now, I hope you don't get here an impression that's wrong
it's poetic in nature, like a nightingale's song.
As my mentor old Johann, used to ponti-fi-cate
do not keep in your praise, it will soon be too late.

Herbert Nehrlich

We'LI Miss You

In the back of the hearse
reciting fresh verse
I was sitting and watching him go
he had finally left
but to me it was theft
by some weird and disgusting old pro.

When I last ate his bread
he had said he'd be dead
by the time I would visit him soon,
well the gods took him in
and he went with a grin
and he'd always admired the moon.

So to act as if time
had averted all crime
I now sit at my house and lean back
go to hell and remain
do not tell me you're sane
and above all, I don't need your flack.

We'll unload you my dad
dump you into a sad
and disturbingly lonesome crevasse
let you die there without
your expected home crowd
no one saves your deceiving old ass.

As I looke from afar
at that rusty old car
I have doubts as to getting the loot
no one knew that this would
as all honest things should
but I privately gave not a hoot.

So I told my old Dad
that if only we had
all the tools to prolong his damn life,
we'd have slaved day and night

with that someone who might
save you if not in debt to your wife.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well, Ain'T It True?

All skies are endless,
oceans deep
and we have promises to keep.

My beach umbrella
ain't for fools.
I say this fella sticks with pools.

Don't trust ye gods
they have been paid.
I don't need angels to get laid.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well, Hi There!

And sipping from his favourite wine
the sky now parted and a sign
fell down, its name was ominous
was it from a Miss Sourpuss?

Or was the matter a mistake
he slept while she was wide awake?
Her sunnies had the deepest tint
but he was sure he got the hint.

Of all the creatures, blessed be
the one who holds the purple key.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well, Well, Well.....

He could be I must say quite a clown
But he'd bought me a 'dressing gown'
Tis from Harrods my dear
But they hadn't (I fear)
Your big size, so got you an eiderdown! !

There are poets and wonderful folks
some write poetry others crack jokes
In the end it's like legs
Or like chickens' small eggs
There's some what will like em - that's blokes! !

She was shopping and spending big money
which to her was amusing and funny
though the spouse at the house
was allowed a small grouse
when she'd bought a GOLD bowl for her bunny! !

There is silence at dawn just for you
clouds of gray with the promise of blue
may I kiss you my sweet
from your mouth to your feet
'Cos I've got nothing better to do.....

In the mist of the Cornish coast
she was up, eating blueberry toast.
Looking smashing at dawn
she was best in the morn',
that's the time of the day she loved most.

There was a young fellow named Rubes
who recycled old radio tubes.
He worked night and all day
and the reason, I say
is he wanted to make rubber boobs.

Note: These six Limericks wer created in a co-operative effort between myself and a lovely poet from the cold shores of England who decided, at the last minute, to post her name as a co-author thusly:

F*&^5%%#

All comments must therefore be addressed to either myself or to
F*&^5%%#.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well..... (No Haiku)

She felt the expansion underwater
and opened her legs
wider
to accommodate him
inside her velvet cave.
She slid easily
up and down,
closer and closer
to the warmth of his body
and
soon the fishies burst free,
chasing each other
up into the far ends of the cave.

They left the water
and 'retired
to the Estuary's Dry rooms
where he proceeded to explore her
wonderfully warm and moist cave
with his tongue,
retrieving a few fishies in the process.

They decided to visit the next room then
to flush clean the passage,
utilising the help Nature provides.
This caused giggles
and felt like a baptism to him,
twas HERs, cumming out of her
and he tasted it gingerly with his tongue.

She then sat on his chest
and slowly caressed
his areolas,
still wet and engorged.
Having exhausted this resource,
they retired to the bed linens
and used their tongues
to explore and cover all
in saliva mixed with other juices.

Herbert Nehrlich

Well?

What if the world
was made up of
the lovely people.
I could name names
and point them out.
But what the heck
it matters not,
for in the end
they've gone to buy
make-up mascara
to fool the world.
I've only got
myself, at that.

Herbert Nehrlich

Weller's Logs

They carried
all the logs,
just one by one,
down to the village,
off the top of
Weller's Mountain.

There was an accident,
when one, with clumsy feet
slipped in the mud
and, instantly, the log,
now free and full of glee,
rolled down to join the others.

It stunned them all, and
with the wisdom of the ages
they heaved them once again
onto sore shoulders,
to carry all up to the top.

With loud applause and laughter,
raucous, echoing in victory,
all logs, but one by one
were nudged to start their journey
down to the valley, independently,
it was a man-made thought
which stood the test of ages.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wer Reitet So Spaet....

The winds had died, an omen, this full moon
he clutched the boy and pleaded with his mount,
but in the end, so motherloving soon
they'd lost against the Devil's final count.

Der Wind nun schwaecher doch ein voller Mond,
Orakel, laufe schneller liebes Ross
er hielt das Kind mit Zaertlichkeit, betont
bis dass der Teufel seine Todespfeile schoss.

Herbert Nehrlich

West Bank Worries

I do remember you, Sharron.
You waved and danced when,
you and yours at last had won,
and in those heady days 'twas you
who stated, adamantly, that.....
the Westbank would be populated,
those words must have been true
back then, so who was it that spat
into a settlement and uttered those
ill-fated and destructive high commands,
some think it may have been a rat
as rats exist all over, in all lands
but rats are always rats and never men.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wetzlar - The Turks

It was cold in early December,
and so frozen their little feet
I have sworn to forget to remember
it's at night, in my dreams, that we meet.

Herbert Nehrlich

What A Woman

It was Marlene, no doubt
in that sweet dream.

I had been felled by gout
(too much sweet cream) .

She was my aunt of sorts
straight from Berlin
my medical cohorts
envied my sin.

I rested in the grass
ears were carressed
by fragrant milky mass,
her lovely breasts.

She had the kindest hands
and smelled of age
four-seven-eleven stands
on that old stage.

She sang of human things
and broke my heart
but both our souls have wings
so we depart.

And in another life
we shall just kiss
will she then be my wife
for star-struck bliss?

Herbert Nehrlich

What About Eggs?

So here he was, to plead and beg
permission for just one damn egg.
The doctor after he had measured
had told him if he truly treasured
his life he would forego from then
what drops out of the lowly hen.

'Cholesterol', he had declared
(as if he really, deep-down cared)
'will shorten life and hasten death
you eat it it will take your breath.'

'But Doc, what happened to my Pa
he was a judge, worked in the law
and ran a hobbyfarm as well
in Illinois, Township of Bell,
he ate a dozen eggs, drank cream
and in the evening Jim Beam
shortribs and lard, liver and brain
he hit a hundred, and was sane.

And I have heard that every cell
makes constantly a waxy gel
it is essential to survival
but has, in modern days, a rival.
It should be mankind's greatest goal
to re-invent cholesterol.

It is the chemicals invented
by scientists and those demented
technologists who change our food
into concoctions, quickly brewed
and falsified and overheated
until the goodness is defeated.

Creating illness in the masses
and sitting on their larded asses
and counting all the dirty money,
to then retire where it's sunny.'

'You're out of line, and also sick
your heart is weak, could in the nick
of time be either saved or killed
I'll ask the nurse if she has billed
you for my services so far
and off I am to my own Bar.

But, listen here, I kid you not
what you have heard is mostly rot
eat cereals and chicken legs
but never, ever do eat eggs.'

The patient now had seen the light
and knew that this could not be right
he said, in leaving, 'listen Doc
all that you say is poppycock.'

The doc dropped dead on Christmas day
was found by nurse and midwife Fay
he sat beneath his ceiling fan
and had been eating his All-Bran.

The patient lived to ninety-five
was thankful to be still alive
his motto had been 'Dog Eat Dog,
'and in the evening some grog'.

Herbert Nehrlich

What About Mary

There is the family.
A dozen kids and more,
a husband second to
she thinks, a global bet,
and snow in wintertime,
the usual malfunction
of the Ford distributor
and those inferior plugs,
on that important way to school
and classes for the grown-ups,
with keen anticipation
plus a salary of dreams
and useless tests of blood
as well as other things,
the need to fret is gone
it has been buried by
what grandpa would have called
the ostrich syndrome.

She is too smart to really postpone
all those moronic blinks,
those writings on the walls
of sterile surgeries,
and rubber-gloved ideas.

Herbert Nehrlich

What About McCain?

McCain, McCain it must now be plain
you ain't gonna make it this year.
You can try the whole process all over again
but you may have passed over, I fear.
I don't know how Obama will run the big show,
he's a trifle too sunburned for me,
there is one thing, that I and a lot of folks know
there is strife in the land of the free.
In a country whose people are gentle and kind
and can snap at the sound of a switch
it is time, lest all justice will quickly go blind
and the place will be run by the rich.
Look inside, love your own, keep defenses alert
but for soil overseas do not care
let them play with their toys, let them eat their own dirt
do not flinch if they come with their dare.
You can be to the world what no others achieved
due to riches within your own souls,
it's a challenge and something that can be achieved
will you make it each citizen's goals?

Never mind who will be in the White House so soon
it's the people who should make the rules,
send recalcitrants up to the far away moon
you don't need any blood sucking fools.
Shall we wait for your deeds as we watch from afar
as you claim what was rightfully yours?
Have a look at the past, but ignore the old Czar,
look at France, and at Louis Quatorze.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Constitution!

A man when ill will undergo a change
his thinking often suffers, becomes strange.
His voicebox, though gains rapidly in strength
and he will bore us all when talking at great length.

You see, he says the doctors had to work all night
and given up on him, they never thought he might
pull through this crisis as no human would succeed,
but he has triumphed over destiny. Indeed.

Professor X. who'd flown his jet from Aberdeen
was joined by specialists from Mayo on the scene.
They stood in groups to say that nothing could be done;
he was a goner, would they all excuse the pun.

Both kidneys failed but then snapped out of it by eight,
his skin a portrait of a biliverdin green,
with half the liver gone things didn't look too great,
he ran a fever that had not before been seen.

There was a party of the bastards Golden Staph
and funny squiggles on the echocardiograph.
And he himself was floating up there in the air
to watch his passing and the folks who didn't care.

They turned the switches when his heart at last gave in.
This was a battle that no specialists could win.
He'd cheated death so many times and no one had
been in a pickle such as this one, it was baaad!

I think that something in our heads wants to impress,
just look how big I am how clever and how strong.
Though most have been and gotten out of such a mess,
first chance we get we'll make you listen to our song.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Could It Be ****

Maybe some day
you could fill in:
my confidante.
She died last year
dear cousin Rose,
now reads my poems
from a better place.
She asked incessantly,
her ears were huge
and she had hazel eyes,
a pure romantic
she would dwell,
no, wallow in the tales
of love gone wild
or died a sudden death.

Was a Diana fan,
kept all the magazines
and framed her face,
each one a new coiffure,
she cried when Terri died
in Pennsylvania, she was snuffed,
she even liked the Pope,
he had a lovely smile
and Polish eyes, and hands
that showed an inner strength
and gentleness of heart,
she'd probe me, testing me
through subtle subterfuge
called Beaujolais, Vin Superieur,
though I held still and sealed
my lips right past the lengthy one
that she placed on them, always did,
her boobs were huge, a nephew said,
impertinent and from the other clan,
that she was driven through each day
by jet propulsion boobs, well now
I never did subscribe to calling names
as women are my favourite things,

and boobs are fine if worn by dames.

I've always left it at the size, so silly
to discuss and point with fingers
when the time could well be better spent.
I told her, had to,
about my greatest LOVE,
and how she'd found me (well it beats me still)
and that it had upended sanity and sense
due to the fire in its belly and its speed.

I did admit, it was a sermon really,
that I had seen all LOVE
as coming back
from living matter
as reflection,
to ones mind,
that I was wrong of course until the very day
when I fell almost to my knees,
I was, I saw
and deep inside my little ego
mouthed the words
that I'd been chosen,
surely logic proved a point.

I did not falter,
though I swayed,
a stalky weed
and felt my skin aglow
and readying to burn,
I took the hand
now offered (let me come with you)
and staggered
clumsily and drunken
to the turn.

Yet I was sober
when the angels led me down
into the waters
of a sea of salty tears,
then I immersed
into the soul beneath the gown

and heard the whispers
that a human rarely hears.

I thought of Shakespeare
and of Romeo and Juliet,
and wondered briefly
whether he had truly known
and from the day,
it was the thirteenth that we met
it has been precious
just to watch how it has grown.

I have been loathe
I told my confidante,
to speak
three little words
that men and women like to hear,
but now I yabber
and the words escape my beak,
it was a matter of me
finding the right ear.

I felt first LOVE way back in school,
she had black hair,
and was pedantic as a teacher,
to extremes
I loved her skin,
she wore short sleeves,
her arms were bare
and she was company
in very early dreams.

Today I know
why it makes sense
to be on earth,
it is the search perhaps,
to bring a flower home,
there is much beauty in
the act of giving birth
yet it is easy
to remain a common gnome.

You'd find me huddle,
so I told my confidante
was never one
to sweat together,
needed space,
those were the early days,
I was a dilettante
these days I breathe with her
and touch her lovely face.

As you can see, she sealed my lips
when first we kissed,
we have a LOVE
that must be nurtured and caressed
for some this LOVE
would be a spirit in the mist
but for the lucky ones
they know they have been blessed.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Could It Be?

At birth it is a rather small
and barely visible at all
identifier for the folks
and butt at times for silly jokes.

It grows, of course, in later years
and on occasion it appears
that it will stand up to attention
though few will point to it or mention
this feat of physiology
some girls do ask 'how can this be? '

The decades take their deadly toll
and if you were to have a poll
you'd keep the size of middle years
because, that's when those little gears
still function freely, cog on cog
and rarely get into a bog.

It's funny, says the narrative
that what starts small can grow so stiff
only to shrink to tiny size.
It must be said that God was wise.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Dilemma?

A big elephant sat in my sauerkraut soup
and a rainbow trout swam in my milk.
I got rid of the mammal in one single swoop
then got dressed in my Sunday School silk.

Said the fish with his dull and concupiscent eyes
'drink your milk, man and learn to relax, '
I was Ikarus though and must take to the skies
where the sun will soon melt all my wax.

Herbert Nehrlich

What I Think Of You (By Rachel)

I think of you
somewhat
as a bank building,
tall and well-built
and
beautiful but with
very few openings.
There are two windows
for withdrawals,
and four windows
for deposits;
there are no doors.

There is
an immense computer
running data inside
and a staff of many
to interconnect
and to process
information.

There is
a very large storehouse
with knowledge,
memories,
literature,
scientific papers,
ancient stories
and poetry
and more;
well-catalogued
for easy access.

There is also
a large furnace
so that nothing
gets cold in
the physical plant
(as it's known in bureauracracies) .

Since everything is
contained
and somewhat rigid,
the building reacts well
to some soft touches
and needs them
whether this is obvious or not.

There is a plan
and a structure for defense
against
the dangerous world
which can be activated.

This is somewhat how I see you;
you know that I have
immense respect
for all the knowledge
and connections you have.
Do you call them synaptic?
And would you be
able
and willing
to create a door
for little me?

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Herbert Nehrlich

What Is It?

Dungbeetles eat it.
It fertilises gardens.
Smells to high heaven.

Worlds would not exist
without the putrid droppings
all done in private.

Which means that goodness
might be dependent on it
can't live without it.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Is Poetry

Poetry is not
what some suppose in error
to be emotions.

Emotions flowing
is grease for human actions
and life's search engine.

Excess emotions
result in overflow then,
not poetry though.

The poet's soul is
a special gift from Heaven,
few strings attached though.

Poets are good souls,
their work be great or simple,
Judged by the people.

Herbert Nehrlich

What Price Kindness

Even before the crack of dawn
I would be in the barn, yawning
but ready to do the essentials.
Susie, the Jersey, cantankerous,
tough, tail-happy and accurate,
but supplier of rich life-giving milk.
On that Sunday, the 4th of July, 1976,
the fateful day for my very own
bicentennial baby, due soon,
I was in lone command of the barn.

It wouldn't be long now, she had,
experienced giver of new life,
pronounced herself 'over-proof'.
Waiting upstairs, lounging in bed.

Hurrying now, one bucket aside,
one more to milk with hasty fingers,
and perhaps there was time for
a leisurely, but brief brekkie in bed.

Murphy's law, with impeccable timing,
allows a very good sized rat, gray,
to fall into and start swimming in
panic, hoping, praying the rat's prayer.
No time today for this foolishness,
dammit, no TIME, well let me see.

Quickly, ungentlemanly, gingerly,
fishing out is what I do, now,
saving lives is always on, or is it?
Pathetic he looks, white beard,
not unlike a wet rag of evil spirit,
thief of the night, respecter of nothing,
with a brain to match my instinct.

Off he hobbles, unhurried, unafraid,
now that he has seen a miracle,
performed for his soul, dark as it is.

Mocking me now, the grain bin,
it's on the way, after all, one mouthful,
and freedom beckons from the hayloft.

No one is watching, not a soul, human or
anything else capable of laughter and
indignation, the earthenware bowl is huge,
all the rest of Susie's gift will be awaiting
those who need it. After all, it is Sunday.
The fourth of July. What's a little bit of
human kindness on a day like this?

Herbert Nehrlich

What The.....?

I climbed the path
up to the church
and, once inside
did get a special time
with Bishop Gluckeeny.
But when his hand
came through the drapes
to touch my knee,
I lost all faith in God
and his menagerie.

Herbert Nehrlich

What To Eat

For brekkie it is lamb
for lunch Black Forest Ham
and oysters from the Bay
twelve eggs in a soufflé.

My friends all made their wills,
they swallow many pills
to keep in better nick
but they are always sick.

Watch what the doctor takes
it's crab and fatty steaks
if so, then he may be
in years, right here for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

What? ? ? ?

Is it something I said
or a fart in your head?
I am sure it is you
who can't live in a shoe.

It is always a shame
when the air is the same
not enough though for breath
and a friendship's quick death.

Herbert Nehrlich

When It Hits The Fan

Who of you clever poets will
hand me the recipe right now
to cure the malady that makes me ill,
it only takes a trifle of know-how.

You see, the fan is going round and round
and much excreta hit its silver blade,
foul odours and weird colours still abound,
I have been waiting for the stench to fade.

It seems that newly-pooped cacatum comes
out of the source that was its origin
I'm sitting here and twiddle my two thumbs
and wonder, modestly, if I can win.

Herbert Nehrlich

When Two Are One

He was enthralled,
attracted to her heat
and to her heart,
could not explain it though
in simple human speak.
They'd met, somewhat by chance,
and nodded, as if in unison,
she took his hands
and planted a moist kiss
right onto doubtful lips,
she tied his hands or so it seemed
behind her back,
and let his fingertips descend
to her delicious crease
while pressing forward
gently with her loins,
he felt her cheek
she'd be complaining soon
about the coming whisker burn,
and then her tongue, saliva wet
probed into lips to open
and to venture deep inside,
and finding his;
it had been long,
too long
since early days,
when dormitories meant
you'd snatch a fleeting kiss.
They slobbered now,
or so he thought,
saliva flowed
and dribbled,
where he caught it
on her upturned chin,
he licked her face
in case there were
more drops
to mop and claim his own.

They spent the day, again
and met
clandestine like,
two eager spies,
down by the river
where the boaties meet,
an angler,
armed with silly tools
would stand and try
to catch a simple fish,
by reeling in
and casting,
endlessly,
as if this dull routine
could ever fool a fish.
They found a spot,
checked for the usual ants,
preferred a bit of shade
which soon was found,
at the conclusion of
a search for parks
which only took them
here,
then there,
then here again,
as if this dull routine
could find
the perfect nest.

Well armed with rugs
and drink,
sandwiches made
with loving hands
at home,
of Latvian Liverwurst
and Lockyer Valley Camembert.

They kissed of course,
and touched
and talked
which seemed to be
all due at once,

she fed him
and he licked
her fingers
as she offered them,
it was a heat
that threatened to consume
perhaps all rationale,
scent of a woman
on his lips,
his cheeks
and now applied
to where it ought to go,
saliva bathed his eyes,
hands cradled
and the rise was felt,
though time
his fickle felon's mate
would be constrained,
they'd be two connoisseurs,
and slowed the pace,
by tasting all,
and moving back,
and forth
then in and out,
but just a teasing inch,
whereby he reassured
that there would be
no little fishes
making it,
into the trusted place,
they'd keep
a proper distance
though would brush
and stroke
the entrance to her cave,
and move,
while lips
would baby-like caress
the twins,
who also had been touched
by dew from deep within.

Then they would rest,
his was the thigh
between her legs
and touching
just enough
to signal to
the pubic bone,
which he explained
was called the symphysis,
a proper name
not doing justice though,
and this he knew.

They'd talked,
and touched on many themes,
though shyness did still hang
about, this was their real life
and not the phone,
or Gmail,
she'd brought his list,
the one that they decided
not to send to Santa,
as it would have brought a halt
to holidays for all.

She loved him,
that was clear
and it was love
that fell on them
when tiny drops of rain
were sent
by unknown angels,
that premier night
down by the boardwalk's moon.

She'd readily agreed,
the list was fine
and he could sense
her awe,
well hidden right behind
a clear curiosity,
they'd snuggle close

and he would watch,
at least a single time,
and when she came
would be there, free
and ready to take in
all that was given
in the fiery heat
of lava flow,
he'd waited all his life,
and had been coy,
he would not talk
to mates,
or long-haired friends
about his wish,
the longing would
he reckoned,
heal the wound at last.

He knew he would not sleep,
that night
and when it came
he would be high on scent,
and bathe his palate
and his trusted tongue
until the earth was doomed
or the Grim Reaper
called him home.

She did not drink,
as such,
but had a taste
for Cabernet Merlot,
it mixes well
and leaves no stains
inside,
he helped her find
a very private place,
where there was peace
and ample time,
and opportunity,
as well as ambiguity,
inside their dizzy minds.

They had decided
when the raindrops fell,
that theirs was one huge heart
shared by their love,
that speech would be
the lifting of a veil,
and that they'd know
the tasks,
why questions still remained,
that there would always be
an obligation of sheer honesty,
so when she crouched
he kneeled behind
and held her naked thighs
to be there
close, forever close
and there they shared
and they were one,
just simply one.

For My Gem

Herbert Nehrlich

When Will I Grow?

She winked at me,
and I, the country boy
just stared
and tilted
to the right
as if to hear
a certain note
too big to fit
the normal way
into my ear.

She wore a dress
that said
Back
in the back,
and Front
over...well...
those, you know
small elevations,
little buds
of late September,
as they hardened
since the end of May.

I went to fiddle then,
eyes down
two fingers up,
the temple being what
there was to know,
somewhere inside
there was the wisdom
of it all,
but I was dumb
and let another
make the call.

Herbert Nehrlich

When Willows Weep

A river always likes to flow
downhill - from up to down -
its water somehow seems to know
to find the nearest town.

The fishes aren't quite so smart,
they often swim uphill,
but this can be quite slow and hard,
though using tail and gill
makes up for lack of proper thinking
and also keeps the fish from sinking.

Could you explain to me why it's so,
that rivers don't stay home?
Who did invent the constant flow
that makes the river roam?

It's restlessness, you say my friend,
that it's like smoke that billows.
And why do all the rivers tend
to have their weeping willows?

Because, my dear, the willows weep
their tears straight into streams.
They do have promises to keep
it isn't what it seems.

I think that happy rivers must
have tears to keep from gloating.
They also tend to settle dust,
stirred up from too much boating.

So, rivers flow with fishes in it,
and happy waves are normal.
But weeping willows, every minute
shed tears to keep things formal.

When weeping willows finally die
and no more tears come down,

the rivers rise from low to high
and flooding comes to town.

So each things has its usefulness.
Its role, which was designed
by higher powers who see this
as bag balm for the mind.

And man has never learned to stay
away from interfering
with Nature's Laws and Nature's Ways,
that's why the disappearing
of trees and rivers, fish and man
is something that we should,
prevent by doing what we can:
And nothing would be good.

Herbert Nehrlich

When You Wake Up

Good Morning to my Darling Flower!
I trust you slept and rested well.
Your bedtime in the early hour
is not advised, so let me tell
you all my thoughts in just one phrase...
I dreamed about you while you slept:
We were alone, deep in a maze,
where promises are always kept.
Of all the words that people use
to complicate their lives, no end,
we need but few and no excuse
to be a true and loving friend.
So here they are, and none mean more
we give them freely from within:
I love you now and evermore,
your heart was open - you let me in.

Herbert Nehrlich

When You Wake Up Ii

While you were sleeping, little flower
I hold your hand tight from Down Under.
I kept you up 'til late the hour

And I could feel you drift away,
to Dreamland, though your hand held tight.
There's so much I would like to say
to you about us, and I might
just have the guts and all the time,
that's needed for this strange event.
Some day, and not through verse and rhyme,
but to your face, my lovely friend.
I often wonder, my sweetpea
if I am worthy of you even.
I question still why it would be
that you are staying and not leaving.

So, let me pledge my love to you:
I'll be THERE in real life,
with mountain pack and climbing shoe,
bring from the Alps
your Edelweiss.

If I cannot procure you one,
because of lack of skills or fitness.
Then you can just ignore me, Hon,
so take my pledge, with God as witness.
'Cause nothing less than that rare flower
will do you justice, my sweet berry,
I'll make it if it's in my power.
The flower and my love I'll carry.

If we could share a common shell
and live together very close,
it would be nice and cozy, well...
like lovely petals of a rose.

But even that is far apart,
a fine line separates us still.

The answer would be that our heart
would have to be a common mill.
To pump for two and be our own,
so we would never be alone.
We'd share the lot, our lives are one,
two entities now joined forever.
How would you like that, my sweet Hon?
We'd never part again,
forever.

Dedicated to my good Aussie friend Wombat, who can only travel so far.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Children Never Cry

I dreamed again,
about Big Ben,
how London reeled
its fate seemed sealed.

There was a bridge
up near a ridge
which you could climb
if you had time.

'What is the use',
I asked sleep drunk,
of the rotund and
helpful monk.

'It leads you to
the golden shoe,
you slip inside,
go for a ride.'

'Where to, my friend,
where will they send
me from the shoe
endorsed by you? '

'Please understand,
it's Yonderland,
a land so free
where you can be

where children thrive
truly alive
where they may sigh
but never cry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Did You Go?

It was a German train.
They always leave on time.
The platform had a sprinkling
of weary travellers, that stood around,
and I was one of them.

My destination was Berlin.
An interview with, what to me
seemed the Almighty God himself.
At issue was whether I'd get in
the course, that at the time was
Free Philosophy.
Departure time was two minutes to twelve.

A medium plug of chewing gum
adorned my seat.
Graffiti on the window said 'Fick dich',
an ad praised the advantages of meat,
and beer was pictured of the famous Lich.

I settled back, the uni catalogue
in hand,
around the wrist the lucky copper band,
and off we went after the whistle blew.
My interview? I didn't have a clue.

And, rolling into Berlin Central Station:
'All please would REmain
seated until train stops'
my eyes were bored and ventured
through the glass.
I saw some tourists from a foreign nation
and green, bestarched, officious looking cops.

A train pulled out to leave this
busy town,
apparently it was a CCE.
I was about to get my suitcase down,
when an alert went from my eyes to me.

And no one would believe me
- perhaps YOU would? -
my trusty eyes were right,
did not deceive me.

A face of such angelic charme
was looking at me,
no it searched my face!
I sat there torn between
a heatwave and alarm.

My soul however knew she was MY face.

My panic started when I knew that her caboose
was going to the Eastern section.
And so my destiny it was that day
to lose
that lovely being to the wrong direction.
Nothing could be done,
that much I knew.

That was in 63 when JFK was there,
I didn't get to see him, I was busy.
The interview went well
(although I wasn't REALLY there) ,
I thought about her and it made me dizzy.

Today, there comes the odd occasion
when she appears
for just a tiny second and a fraction.
My right brain does not need persuasion
that with her eyes this angel beckoned,
and that it wasn't just a train-of-thought reflection.

For: Her

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Have All The....

Where have all the flowers gone,
tulips grinning,
where has Toymir led me on
through his staffing?
When will flowers look at us
shyly reaching
take them with us on the bus
always teaching.

Where have all the good guys gone
handsome, bright and full of love
don't ask me, I don't know,
don't ask me evermore.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Ill Winds Blow

I sat, in peace, in my recliner
and nursed a purple, blue-green shiner.
Across the hall the Maytag churned,
reminding me of when we turned
in the Tornado upside down,
not far from Penn State's Germantown.
We twisted until black and blue
inside an atmospheric stew.

As I observe the laundry spinning
I ask that you forgive my grinning.
The day that the Tornado whipped
my soldier's body, they were shipped
to Vietnam, where many died.
So this ill wind did save my hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Is Hairy Wombat?

Has anyone seen Hairy, he is known
by forests of soft fur, and fully grown.
Last time I saw him, it was late at night,
I think he swayed a bit, in the moonlight.
Well, if you see him let him know P/H is sad
that he has since retired; as a stubborn lad
he would not tolerate the silly rules,
no wombat that I know will gladly suffer fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Were You?

I think it is a fretful day
when someone has to go away.
You put your foot inside your snout
and someone else will pull it out.
Not in an effort to assist
oh no because he may be pissed,
not alcoholicly perhaps
but, well you know those certain chaps.
He points the finger after picking
his nostrils and you hear it ticking.
The bomb of ice from Lake Observe.
You look and then you lose your nerve
to put up with pathetic shit
and then you know this must be it.

Only one question does remain
where were you when they brought the pain
to that small country, so surrounded
when desert devils duly hounded
the people who had seen enough?
Perhaps you were not really tough?
I did not see you there, so sorry,
today it is too late to worry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Where Will The Children Go

When bombs of hate explode
and bits of bodies fly
in one more episode
of hatred, some will cry.

But others sit up high
and speak with forked tongue
they keep their powder dry
watch commoners be hung.

The poet said it best
who did observe the preachers
who dream of being blessed
and function as our teachers.

He said that they drink wine
from crystal in the shade
then sway but rise and shine
to speak pure lemonade.

As Goethe said so clearly
where wine goes in the snout
no matter if we dearly
just hope, what does come out

is strange and lacks conviction
as thoughts are scrambled now
this pitiful addiction
is common and shows how

old Heine spoke of water
that's given in return
by those whose only daughter
is seldom of concern

lest people miss the essence
the booze is not to blame
it is an obvious presence,
the drunkenness of shame.

It's power from the masses
extracted by deceiving
by egomaniac asses
while we can do the grieving.

When all the ropes are torn
and only blank spots show
a new age will be born,
where will the children go?

Herbert Nehrlich

While Hubby Slept

While hubby slept, she, with a smile
let in her lover through the gate.
He was a vet and doggie style
was always subject to debate.
They groomed the poodle every day
until he looked like Martins' Dean,
the dog would always get his way
and she would bring the vaseline.
They clipped the hair, it was soo coarse!
And powdered all the skin and then,
with gentleness and little force
the spirit went into the den.
There were two caves, one was quite small,
but dogs explore, with tongue and nose,
they also love to fetch a ball
and squirt with the small garden hose.
Oh, God, the sound of hubby's voice!
It calls for quick, decisive action,
inside the rainforest, a choice
all hearts runs by ejection fraction.

Herbert Nehrlich

While You Sleep

Your lights are out now, I can feel it.
Your world follows a different drummer.
But while you sleep, let me reveal it:
What I'm too shy to say this summer.
Your eyebrows, nose and chin and ears,
your lashes, dimples, eyes with tears,
your lovely lips, your neck and throat,
the rest stays covered -undercoat.
It's all so perfect, a delight.
And now you're resting in your night.
So, different shores have different sounds,
it takes long ties to fashion bounds,
I'm sending you some ESP
to buzz your head just like a bee,
to land so softly on your lips
and make repeated tasty dips.
To drink your nectar and be merry
you lovely, sweet Manukaberry.

Herbert Nehrlich

Whispers And Murmurs

Red-glowing sun
lights up your life
heats your inside
nowhere to hide.

Go with the moon
cheddar its cheese
surrounded by stars
don't leave me yet, please.

Promises, deep
reached, only young
no time to weep
songs never sung.

Broccoli green
blueberry blue
purple lips seen
looks good on you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Whisps

Throughout each night it drifts
and settles like the dust of vital thoughts.
Yet unbeknownst to consciousness it hides
but lingers on to wait for its own time.
Communication at a level much the same,
as ghosts and figures of the underworld's free spirits
occurs with little recognised reliability.
Though access is the privilege of few.
Invaluable, painful in its openness,
it must inform, one barely needs to hear.
It deals in hunches, also called plain intuition,
like body language for the well and conscious mind.
Interpretation needs no fancy special skills,
all meaning is symbolic, almost clear.
However, no one who pretends a certain fondness
for it is very truthful, as it opens up
Pandora's Box, which is a tightly guarded,
and private last vestige of our ego.
Not only does it yank the covers off our limbs,
it strips all shreds of clothing to expose
our inner selves to others with a vengeance.
The skeletons now tumble from the closets,
a detailed view of genitals is given.
It graduates to public defecation
and gobbles up the dignity of all.
It is not witchcraft, voodoo or clairvoyance,
just inborn talents of our subterranean mind,
becomes of value only to determine who
is playing fair and straight with us.
And with themselves.

Herbert Nehrlich

White Ladies

The lady was in lilywhite
her dress was very very tight,
she asked me if I had a plan
if not, to ask my inner man.

My inner man said let's play dizzy
or simply say that we are busy
white ladies, wed to undertakers
are not like early-rising bakers

They are akin to common vultures
and can be found in many cultures.
So when at dawn a lady knocks
she wants to put you in a box.

But please be careful, they can flirt
by raising upward their white skirt.
And soon they ask the question 'when'
just answer you prefer black men.

Herbert Nehrlich

White Spots On The Brain

They told me to go out and sit
in the park across the street.
'Bloomin' Alzheimer', they cried,
voices subdued, of course.
So I took my teddy and went,
after all I must be grateful, very,
as they have taken me in, at last.
No one would, at the time, no one.
Doc said that I was really losing it,
losing what? I think he meant the years,
as we get older we do, of course.
Must be a new doc though, never seen him,
and my daughter keeps remarrying,
though I cannot seem to remember
weddings and I do love parties.
Looked for my Lederhosen this evening,
right after brekkie, also Lucille is not home,
she must have gone visiting again.
Things are not what they once were,
not at all, no one seems to have time
not five minutes can they spare for me,
or for each other. Teachers don't either.
They dropp you the moment you leave school,
you would think that they take their walks
down the same street, say Hello when they,
after all, I was a top pupil not so long ago,
see me and how well I am doing, with,
you know, the house and how I have taken in
my daughter and her ever-changing husbands,
yes it has paid off this learning and I feel like,
really have the damn urge to thank them,
there is Herr Nolle, especially, and Frau Meise,
sie war doch schon immer a very good woman,
Nolle of course kept correcting my English,
und das war schon gut, but sometimes I get
the languages mixed up, jawohl, Herr Bauer.
So here we are, my favourite bench, pine needles,
the song of Nachtigallen, a squirrel on that branch,
und was ist? So I ask you, are you lonely as well,

as I am at times, thinking your life has gone by,
way too fast. And in reality, time has stood still,
there are plenty years left, this life has just begun!
Wait, Mama, there are sounds coming from there,
inside the blackberries, I can hear clearly now,
there is Linda, Michael, Jerry, even Raynette,
all led by Allen and that incorrigible Uriah,
who is arguing with Lawrence over the name Larry,
and, wearing those beautiful flowers there is Tiffany,
followed by a very rare one, with forget-me-nots,
woven into her braids, Chrissie, Jodilee must have done,
boy, this makes me happy, I do hope they all speak,
English I mean, sonst ist was los, I admit, in this
confusion nowadays, the fast pace, I sometimes forget.
Doc (a new one again) wanted to put me on statins,
crazy fool must have fake degrees, I love my cholesterol,
my fatback with parsley and Southern Greens, no,
no sireee, it's just one of those things, a bit of genesis,
from being genetically modified before birth, in the womb,
that's what causes all those newfangled situations.
So, I must go now, really, also my teddy (Slobodan) ,
I best hide him under the Haynes T-shirt, they sometimes,
say always, do not understand my generation, so there.
It has been rather nice to have that chat with you and,
if it's okay with you, and God willing, I will, no shall see you
tomorrow, shucks, we will need to study for the exam,
Chernchen wird boese, that's for sure, so off we are.

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Is Arguing?

The substance called ascorbic acid
is ordinarily quite placid.

A potent anti-oxidant
it cannot be a sycophant.

You see, a sycophant will try
to flatter you, then steal your pie.

AA will give but never take
so be advised, the chemist spake.

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Judges The Judges?

To those who are so quick to judge
they often do not see their smudge
and deem themselves close to the greats
then walk around like heavyweights.

I say, put on my moccasins
and throw your own into the bins
then walk the road that I selected
respect the signs that were erected
and after many, endless moons
you'll come upon a town of ruins.

You will not know what all this means
and see a tower, one that leans
perhaps you open now your mouth,
when someone says, 'my man, go South.'

And suddenly, you find that you
should wear a certain type of shoe.
You now feel lost and scratch your beard
this mess is something you had feared.

And no one in that foreign land
will come and hold your shaky hand.
All talent is like silent thunder,
so much does concentrate Down Under.

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Pays

The impotents and pitiful they walked in single file
and sucked the perspiration off the sly bibliophile.
Brown uniforms and swastikas now rowing 'cross the Nile
we simply must take charge of them and holler our Sieg Heil.

No novel intipiculum can ever pay my way,
man has, in his basilicum, found ample time to pray.
Throws values to silicium, where everyone is gay.
Ye Gods have lost the plot my friend, the Devil wants to play.

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Promised

I'll see you, was the sound she heard
when death came without mercy in the night,
and all was dark, there was no sign of light,
no shadow of the hoped for silver lining.
The tunnel led to outer space, in a straight line
ascending swiftly, through forces unknown.

She'd known of course, signs had been there
for quite some time, though it was not,
as others had assured her, a sweet serenade
oh no, dear friends, she did not miss your grins,
smirks of relief, that day the focus would be hers.

That night she did appear to him, who sat and read,
while laughing now and then, she had been right,
Sacks was to him a new companion, male at that
and it was really all he had, now she had gone.
The clock, its dancing gnomes alive, in Loden green,
announced the hour, it was late, time to be sad.

She, a million miles away, she spent her time
to keep the places tidy, helped the others out,
and listened to the never-ending stories every night
of lives that never had been lived despite those years,
of humans that were skin and bones, but had no flesh,
and one could hear the hollowness inside, she too was sad.

She'd promised, though words were never heard,
and they were fine without convention or veneer,
she liked the views up there which reached so very far,
and on their special days she'd peek and wear a smile,
at his great earnestness and how he carried on.
Twice, right at first, she felt a chill and shed a tear.

The leap year came and he walked home and drove a nail
into the frame above her door to hang it there,
a bunch of numbers and predictions for the time;
calendars had been her thing, she was the first in late July.

He marked important dates in blue, when tax was due,
a dozen birthdays and the special one in pretty pink
and then he slept with her last pillow, navy blue,
that night it was his time, and peacefully he died.

She waited there, all groomed and filled with joy,
she'd fix his pallor, she would show her man around,
and when he woke she took the hand of her dear boy
they walked away tuned in to music without sound.

She brought it up as it had troubled her good mind,
it was the taste he never liked of those ground nuts,
made into butter it would nauseate in-kind,
then there were cigs for those who loved their blood and guts.

He drew her close so that their cheeks could re-unite,
sweetheart you watched me do my duty from above,
(he gave a nibble to her ear and a small bite)
there is for us a single word and that spells LOVE.

And from the depth of Heaven's forests they could hear,
the sounds of Figaro, they stood, there in the sun
it was a marriage made in Heaven, a nadir
between two spirits who had seen it all and won.

To CR, whose only fault is a love of peanut butter.

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Would Have Guessed?

My grandma had a special guest,
he had been told, 'young man, go West, '
by folks who knew whereof they spoke,
they also liked this handsome bloke.

They went to church where he confessed,
the Priest said 'son you shall be blessed',
but unbeknownst, quick like a rocket
he picked the Holy Father's pocket.

And stayed behind to help claen up,
then pocketed a golden cup.
Also a case of Beaujolais.
Who would have guessed? What can I say?

At grandma's house he helped himself
to trinkets from the loungeroom shelf.
He emptied then the cookie jar
and drank the brandy from her bar.

The night was dark when he proceeded
to drink the wine his body needed.
The cyanide blew up his chest -
wrong label, damn, who could have guessed!

My grandma heard the dying sounds,
which woke the chickens and the hounds.
And, being guilty, so she reckoned
she knew she mustn't waste a second.

You see, she'd recognised how black
his soul must be. She did not lack
an attitude of laissez-faire,
she thought about it, would she dare?

So, when the thieving, robbing feller
was resting, she went to the cellar.
She switched the labels on the wine,
with cyanide, straight from the mine.

A Hessian bag of giant size
hid him from neighbours' prying eyes.
She dragged him to the Harvest shed
and dumped him where the sign said 'SHRED'.

Went back inside her cosy nest,
dear God, my Lord, who would have guessed.
The village thought he'd gone away
and Grandma drank the Beaujolais.

You heard about the leprechaun,
the closet with the skeleton?
Next poem I shall tell the rest,
but, honestly, who could have guessed? ? ?

Herbert Nehrlich

Who Would Vote For Old Brittlebones?

Could it possibly, really be true?
that it matters not just what you do?
Blue of collar or white
it will be as of right
that you choose from your mates the IQ.

Take the man who has reigned with his fiddle
with a pin for a brain in the middle
made decisions at once
with a face like a dunce
each new day was for Dubya a riddle.

Who would vote for a man of such might
in the chandelier he's a dim light,
Let me tell you my friends
you could pick up the Bends
just descending to that lofty height.

He attracts the severely neglected,
that's the ones who the gods have rejected.
There they sit and they stare
with no brainstorm to share
as no gray cells were ever detected.

Just a word about brittlebones Cane,
he is close to the edge though still vain,
as he dances his dance
in high hopes of a chance
he's oblivious to all the disdain.

You remember the words of Da Gama?
I am here he pronounced, without drama.
And he died on the day
that his Lord came to say
there will be a black man named Obama.

Just to clarify, God wrote quatrains,
he had Gallic blue blood in his veins.
Nostradamus he was

and he wrote 'there is cause,
that your time is all up John McCain.'

Herbert Nehrlich

Whose Bloody Business?

Logic said.
I was to follow my head.
Not my heart or
the whispers
of little old witches.
My brain said
that it had all the facts
at disposal.
And, that its job was to think.

My heart was more timid,
so it accepted that it was
to beat only,
and to mind its
own bloody business.

Yet, at night sometimes,
my heart cried,
tiny tears of blood,
which were real
but didn't attract any stares.
And my heart realised
that its priorities were
different from those of the brain.
And that there was no one to judge.

So, it turned out
as it always does,
when the crossroads
appear out of nowhere.
You choose with your head,
laughing about it
as you step right into it.

And, across the miles
and years of fulfilled expectations,
you notice, one night,
and it wakes you
from your righteous sleep:

A rumble.
And with ears hardened by pain,
ears that stifle a yawn,
you listen at last.

And only your heart can tell you
if there is still time.

Herbert Nehrlich

Why Beetles Hibernate

Under rotten vegetation
beetles practice fornication.
Daylight bothers beetles' eyes
that's why God made bovine pies.

If you think that bugs find yummy
cowpies sitting in their tummy
think again, it's just for sex
exercise for hairy legs.

Do you know why moss and grasses
hide those little beetle asses?
It is simple, if your jewel
due to Nature's rather cruel

sense of humour were so tiny
that you wouldn't call it Heini
would you flash the little digger
knowing that it should be bigger?

Insects hide for valid reasons
during three of just four seasons
in the winter when they snivel,
ice and snow can cause to shrivel

further shrinking due to freezing
leading soon to tasteless teasing,
thus they stay inside their station
celebrating hibernation.

Herbert Nehrlich

Why Humans Must Propagate

A million years ago our Lord
made both umbilicus and chord,
from which he then through careful honing
and metamorphous deep cell cloning
fleshed out the skeleton per se
and made (taste of Gethsemaneh)
two living creatures off his plan,
at first a woman, then a man.

To minimise the daily schooling
he issued a decree, a ruling,
you may dear children, eat of all
the things that grow from Spring to Fall,
enjoy the citrus and the berries,
the cucumbers and sour cherries
but leave the apples on the trees!

They listened with a lazy ease
then Adam asked why apples be
forbidden and left on the tree.
The apple, said their Father must
be seen as objects of a lust
which is a trait that critters carry
that leads to urges just to marry
and propagate the species proper,
all males have what I call a stopper
but do not clutter your small minds...
I've given you a pair of blinds
which are the lids close to your eyes
to keep out raunchy views and flies.

Well, Eve and Adam sat and wondered
and thought about it, even pondered
what punishment God would bestow,
they felt a burning need to now.

God said, touch the forbidden fruit

(while chewing on a rhubarb root)
and all my wrath be on your head,
in fact I may just strike you dead!

Forbidden fruit said Eve to Adam,
oh yes, he answered, precious madam,
perhaps we try a piece tonight
right after God turns out the light.

The garden, Eden it was named,
had never hosted someone shamed
or disobedient to the laws
but this proved an unusual cause,
so in the end they shared a sliver
and right away felt a big shiver
as if the powers had observed
the sin, which Eve, the rather curved
and well endowed female creation
had instigated at their station.

And lightning struck their hut with power
and God himself came in the hour
to mete out punishment at once.
You shall be married, and have sons
and daughters, each will come with pain
and leave upon your heart a stain!

He showed them quickly to the door
no Eden, now forevermore,
you go and populate the earth
each dozen moons you will give birth.

Adam and Eve went down the road,
evicted from their Mother Lode,
and soon found shelter in a town
where someone handed Eve a gown.

It seems that nudity offended
and laws had quickly been amended.
The noted that their God had fibbed
that genders all were even-ribbed,
and they were not the first created,

all these and stuff were well debated.

And on a night with a full moon,
while Eve was humming an old tune,
dear Adam's brain caught two small ripples,
he had laid eyes upon her nipples.

You understand, dear reader, clearly
that God did love his children dearly.
He found though that they did not heed
his orders, during times of need.

If you have children rest assured
that God himself who has endured
the consequences of behaviour
and he, of course, was the big Saviour.

So, if you wonder why not praying
or Eden chores....? what I am saying
is logic told our God to order
that folks go out beyond the border
and take a woman with two swellings
then find the coziest of dwellings
and fornicate with fruits forbidden
which in the darkness may be hidden.

Man's hope and woman's obligation
is that they practice fornication,
which means God's own predicament
initially was heaven-sent.

Herbert Nehrlich

Why Me?

You asked the other day, my sweet,
just what it was that had attracted me
to you, who felt a common fish within a school
of many, swimming aimless circles in the raging sea.

I thought about your query, nothing really seemed to fit,
perhaps it was the lot, sum total of it all.
You know, the body parts, the spirit and the soul.
The answer could suffice, I think but really wouldn't meet
the standards you expect from me, so let me overrule,
which now I've done, the carnal stuff and every dangling bit
and concentrate on what would be the quintessential of the whole.
which, in an instant, separates the body fat from being short or tall.

So, here I am, my love, all yours, and please ignore the grin,
I thought perhaps you'd be in need of Sir Gillette?
Allow me to preside and carry out this menial routine.
It will take hours to create perfection though.
When all is done there shall be silkiness and sheen
down to that freckle on your pretty little toe.

It is the taste, and then, the fragrance of your skin.

Herbert Nehrlich

Why, Then?

Thank you Adrienne,
it was nice to see the 'one'.
All of us, at one time
or another,
will be cowards.
Backstabbers
and
people of no significance.
And no one seems to
wonder
why.
But,
no one will be able
to hide.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wicked Witch

She flew into a rage, red-faced,
and yelled 'Oh Hansel, will you take it out!
It is no more a matter of your finger,
and times of innocence have well and truly passed.'

But Gretel, who was standing guard behind the tree,
now, overwhelmed by what she saw, she closed her eyes.
Re-writing history, she thought, would it suffice
to have events stashed into memory's remotest regions.
Or was there an entitlement for all to know this truth?

The teller of the story had been shackled
by decency and spiderweb convention.
What really happened must now be imagined,
the moral being that an object, pointing
through iron bars to be assessed
for size and functionality,
may well appear to be what it is not.
And have you wondered why
they call her 'wicked witch'?

Herbert Nehrlich

Widowmakers

Considered a delicious catch
the girl went to the football match.
She dreamed of having ten big babies
she itched, it was a case of scabies.
She had a million in her snatch.

The doctor gave her a prescription
he wrote it in some weird encryption
he gave instructions on the use
and showed her how to light the fuse.
I think the doctor was Egyptian.

She lit the fuse and watched the Lakers
she offered sharing, but no takers
thus by this most convenient means
she blew herself to smithereens.
The doctor called them widowmakers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wienas

I have known some astute ballerinas,
at the dance they would act like hyenas.
If you bought them a drink,
they'd go nudge, nudge, wink, wink
and then call our best friends little wienas.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wild Roses

A rose stood at the forest's edge
and shook its noble leaves,
when from the nearby sturdy hedge
the echo of dry heaves
was heard by those three passing boars
who'd paused near that small rose.
They'd lifted one of their short fours
and sprayed her on the nose.
It seems that many passers-by
would pick this forest junction
to briefly stop and then let fly,
relieving through this function
internal pressures to the ground.
And humans did the same,
they often brought some city hound,
to them, it seemed a game.
First sniff, then shoot, then sniff again,
the stench proved quite disgusting.
The question posed itself, just when
her petals would be rusting.
Since every rose contains some steel
to stand up to bad weather
all damages can quickly heal,
a rose is like a feather,
but when it comes to being used
by living things that need to pee,
few flowers would be too amused
to live in forests, less than free.
So our rose consulted mother,
who lived behind a pine,
Mum said they do piss on each other,
'those humans, they are swine,
they do not recognise us beauties
because their eyes have been corrupted,
they go about their greedy duties.
Your cousin, when she was adopted
by people from the river city,
she was well-soaked with liquid pooh!
Poor child just died and what a pity,

I hope it happens not to you.'
They talked some more, as roses will,
about those humans and discussed
the liquids that made roses ill,
and why all native flowers must
have fragrant air come from inside.
'It's a defence against those creeps
who stop and leak where we reside.'
A rose thus treated sometimes weeps.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wild Strawberries

I woke to this razzamataz,
down the street where my lovely Mahnaz
had her beautiful flat
and a picky old brat
who had, daily, the male order blaaahs.

He was known in the street as a nerd,
who had somehow been given this bird
she was pretty and smart
and a work of great art
she was shaken and never quite stirred.

Like a real delicious Martini
with a hubby but lacking bambini
she then thought it her duty
to disguise her great beauty
so she turned into Mrs. Houdini.

As for me I went back to my bed
and the words of the priest 'I thee wed'
sang a tune in my ears
then it triggered two tears
and I went to my Hemi instead.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wild Turkey

The turkey is 50 percent in all,
aged well and then bottled late in the Fall.
It's wilder than sex, well I could be wrong
quite soft on the tongue, but a trifle more strong
then the fruits of the forest, just like peaches and cream
and the very word GOBBLE makes a wonderful dream.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wild Turkey*

Every turkey needs two feathered wings
just to fly over people and things.
Although people can fly
with big birds in the sky
they'll have Turkey, the Wild one for kings.

She said 'hair of the dog' (it was Heather) ,
too much Turkey, she's under the weather.
While the boys fly the plane
they are feeling no pain
but the hair has turned into a feather.

Every bird needs a cushion of air,
as to wings, they are great as a pair,
as the bourbon goes in
and the bird sports a grin
they now fly on a wing and a prayer.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wilhelm Tell - Honoured

The other year, on a short visit
Dad of my spouse asked, ' boy, how is it
your mirror shows but one visage,
but I come with an entourage
of personalities to fill
the Mormon church up on the hill.

There is the one who wears the cap
for thinking, he has much on tap,
and the religious man of cloth,
the one who's simply known as sloth,
a studious fellow, name of nerd,
the monk who doesn't say a word,
a merchant who has sticky fingers,
the sex fiend always loves and lingers,
so many personalities,
your mirror shows me in ONE piece.'

I told him that we knew all that,
that many pounds of body fat
had changed the image in the glass,
that he should look now at his ass.
And sure enough, he saw the light
(he wasn't really all that bright) ,
but in the mirror it showed clearly
that it consisted of, well...nearly
six layers of glu-tee-al blubber,
arranged as such like tyre rubber.
So I assured him that this mass,
in common language known as 'ass'
would represent his talents well.
And if he thought of Wilhelm Tell
who had the same idea to grapple,
we'd get a Washingtonian apple
and place it on the bifurcation,
then in the name of this great nation,
I would, myself, shoot off the arrow,
while he would kneel in the old barrow.

And thus, we had our little fun,
he always trusted this old Hun.
His wife remarked that it was smart
to have him crouch in the old cart,
that way, she mused, that gravity
allowed the jewels to hang free.
She also said that Tell was Swiss
but she would give the game a miss.

Herbert Nehrlich

Will Evil Win?

It seems that reason has just left the states,
an atmosphere of loss replaced by doom,
inside the minds of minders and their mates
the bristles falling quickly off the broom.

America will get what it most fears
as history has taught the tale of Rome,
few will applaud the change, but shed their tears
when faced with the new team, a palindrome.

Those who have brains and saw the writing on the wall
will be defeated once again by men of greed,
soon other nations will be standing very tall
and Yankee Doodle plays the music as they bleed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Will O'The Whisp

When weeping willows wonder
whether weevils want
wild wishy-washy women
weaving with willingness,
whose whining
whips willing whimsicality,
wild wedge-wood weak warbler waste,
wallows, while witty wombats
win weird wealthy wallabies
wandering wankers, weak-willed,
weasels, wicked woodworkers,
'wimpish wire-worms wilt wantonly.

Herbert Nehrlich

Will You Keep Me?

Yes, it is me
who looks at You
from the oddest places and strangest faces
as I just happen to be
only near You to see
you go through life's mysterious paces.

In your coffee cup though
it's unbearably hot,
as I swim to and fro:
Will you drink me or not?

In the night I am flying
through mountains of ice,
always looking and searching
for the one Edelweiss.

As you found me inside you,
chamber locked from within
I will welcome your presence
and I'll have my own grin.

So, I ask you in shyness:
Will you let me stay longer?
(Feel like calling you 'Highness'
if it makes my case stronger) .

I will still look at you
from the watering can.
If You tell me 'I do'
I will stay as your man.

Herbert Nehrlich

Will You?

I fall asleep at night, with ease
alone, and captain of my sheets.
The other pillow still remains
unused, 'tis sad though, I can say.

She left and took
her trinquets
her mink,
a thousand shoes,
twelve plastic cards,
an album of rare stamps,
nylons from Bon Marché,
the Merc,
false nails,
ten boob supports,
coupons and files,
Aunt Hulda's coins,
both Sonys
and a wad of cash.

She'd come
some day
for photos
of the brats,
and us,
of the reunions
and the trip to Spain.

I kept the Satin sheets,
her pillow
and the pumicestone.

I wake alone,
I dream
and drool
but
never touch
what cradled her,
withstood the gel,

the overnight renew
and hops inside
to help attain
a perfect sleep.

And then,
there came the day
when I awoke
from lethargy,
put on my thongs
and went
for city walkabout.

Eyes must be trained
and mine were not,
they'd learned
to sleep
and let the world
and all its women pass.

Until the day
that she,
whom I describe
as a blue flower
of the very special kind.

Exquisite plant,
she winked.
I kid you not.
Her lashes were
not false,
a reassurance
of the kind
that men,
becoming set
in their own ways
and (really) stale,
would take
as cash in hand
to pay for inner peace.

We spent

what turned into
a silent avalanche,
to be averted
yet unwilling to comply.

She touched,
I did return
and there was heat
and laughter
all the same,
and there was need.

I have removed
at once,
the pillow
from the past.

Its place,
now occupied
with timid pride
and hope
that cries its tears
and laughs its joys,
by stubby shorts
and Bond's Y-type,
a bright Hawaiian shirt
and one small handkerchief.

It smells of HER,
a scent
to kill all doubts
just for
a little while.

And there is room
in case she comes.
And a new pillow
and the real things
in life.

Herbert Nehrlich

Winter

As winter comes again this year,
its breath turns dewdrops into ice.
Out in the forest freeze the deer
our houses, refuges for mice.

The snow brings happiness and joy
for many girls and every boy,
with grace and silence it descends,
for autumn storms it makes amends.

The farmer leaves alone his soil
and Mr. Chevron brings the oil
to heat the inside of your house
and keep you warm, also the spouse.

Before you know, the winter must
pack up, it sends a final gust.
And when you hear the robins sing
your heart fills with the warmth of Spring.

And this procedure comes each year
ye Gods must have a special reason.
From what I've seen it does appear
that winter is my favourite season.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wishes

If wishes had flippers I'd certainly flip
salty kisses (true rippers) on each ruby red lip.
If wishes were swallows I would fly to your nest
I would hide in the hollows for a look and a rest.
But if wishes were futile and sweet words never heard
I would dream of a nubile and delicious young bird.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wishes **

If wishes were sparrows
they'd fly from the barn
as the mind's little arrows
and they'd tell a great yarn.

If you wish deep inside you
for a miracle gift
you have no one to guide you
to just hold you and lift

all your hopes to the heavens
where the gods sit and think
where the nines and the sevens
as the lucky ones wink,

you must harbour your wishes
be convinced without doubt
for, if wishes were fishes
you would be the king trout.

Herbert Nehrlich

With Child

By the time she reads this
I'll be in Alabama.
I ate the ham and pasta stew
and cleaned the fridge
of all those tings desirable.

But it was hot and I am poor.
You are my cousin, (never met) ,
and ought to understand,
and scold me not, you know
I have to feed not one but two.

By the time you read this
I'll be in Alabama.
The fellow was so nice
and took my bag up to the bus.
I am in love again, dear cousin
are you happy? Because I think
we both could be the flowers
of magic deserts rolling spinifex forever.

Herbert Nehrlich

With Child**

Night has now come
I sit, a happy man.
The hike was long
and she is now with child.
More rest the nanny said
and keep the spirits mild.

A single sheet of silk
I tucked it round her skin
when will there be her milk
I ask with my sly grin.

I gaze upon her dress
it hangs, all neat and still
she's naked, and I bless
man's liking of a thrill.

Her breath, life's oxygen
is silent in its smile
her hair still holds a pin
perhaps Italophile?

I watch her sleep until
my heart says go and hold
and in I go and will
be taken in her fold.

There is no greater joy
no portrait could reveal
the LOVE of a small boy
the kiss shall be the seal.

Herbert Nehrlich

With Respect Sir You Ain'T Got It

It's you and I,
or you and me,
and he and she
consider her,
it all depends
on loose-knit rules
which, picked upon
by stupid fools
makes up a language
not phonetic
and prostituted
by pathetic
but loud and pushy
men with papers
in frames, inside
their heads just vapours
of immature
and quite inferior.
Foul excrement
fills the interior
allowing nothing
but cheap shots
from primitive
and well-cracked pots
cognition can
proceed on levels
that normal humans
left behind
in early childhood
yet the devils
of faulty genes
that make their kind
cannot be changed
it is not prudent
to even try,
if you're deranged
to take the plunge
become a student
the one thing

you can do is cry
when they all see
the dingeling
who smokes the weed
and feels the high
but not to be
is your true fate
which, to the world
it has indeed
been now revealed
that on your plate
a moron's portion
much too big
and if you steeled
resolve and nerves
and used contortions
you still would fail
I am afraid
that once inferior
blocks are used
to build a man, then
nothing hale
could come of it.
Though misfits
keep the world amused
and thus contribute
their small bit
It makes you wonder
why creation
would so divide
the chaff from grain
is it for simple
titillation
perhaps I will, at that
go ponder
about the rationale,
the vain
intent to see the
other side
and if I find
a truth I shall
go through the land

and lecture to
the deaf and blind
in homes and schools
to any mind
but not to you
or other fools
because you wouldn't
understand.

Herbert Nehrlich

With Tools Like These.....

As darkness fell, out in the shed
the tools and spiders went to bed.
Said, with a sigh, the brickie's Hammer
'I am the king', but, with a stammer,
the Saw objected, 'I can cut
while you sit on your shiny butt.'
The Hammer, in no mood for tales,
said 'I can drive a thousand nails
into a wall of steel or wood
it's something that you never could.'
The Saw now bared his freshly honed
one hundred teeth and then intoned
'let's see first thing, which tool he grabs
you go to bed, I'll work my abs.'
And in the morning, both were fools,
the farmer didn't need his tools.
The Saw attacked the Hammer madly
and hurt his wooden handle badly,
he sawed to cut him down to size
but did experience a surprise.
A pin, quite long, of hardened steel
did interrupt the Saws quick meal.
It was the handle's metal centre
and not designed for saws to enter.
It gave the Hammer added strength
and occupied the handle's length.
There was no time for Saw to slow
his chewing movements, to and fro.
As a result his teeth bit in
and lost some substance to the pin.
Some other tools suggested that
the two give up their ugly spat.
'You need to save the teeth', said Wires
the farmer though, now got the pliers.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wombat Stew

A wombat rested in the shade
a breeze rose off the Murray,
he sipped some Mango Lemonade
and was not in a hurry.

A dingo, on his way to town
came on the Wombat snoozing,
he put his library books down
and gave him a good bruising.

One of the books was titled STEW
and Dingo thought he'd make it,
he took the laces off his shoe
and asked if he should bake it.

The wombat, frozen now with fear,
and tied to a small boulder,
said, please Sir Dingo, be a dear
and grabbed him by the shoulder.

But Dingoes can be cold as ice
he made a deep depression
into the ground, then whistled twice
now ready for the session.

A Platypus came from the stream:
'what are you up to Dingo?
Would you prefer some heavy cream?
The Dingo answered 'BINGO'.

So Platypus went to obtain
sweet cream from a fat Tailor*,
the Tailor cried due to the pain
the Wombat grew still paler.

He brought the cream and placed it at
the bank of the old Murray,
and as you know, all tailor fat
gets feet into a hurry.

The Dingo slipped and slid around
he could not find his bearing,
soon Platypus had him unbound
(the Wombat) who was swearing.

The Platypus advised the bear**
to leave the place and wander
and raise his scruffy wombat hair
in what is called Down Under.

And ever since, no wombat will
be drinking lemonade,
near Platypus (known as spoonbill)
down in a gumtree's shade.***

* Tailor is a good eating fish
** Wombats can be considered bears
*** Gumtrees are Eucalypts

Herbert Nehrlich

Wombats **

It's Father's day today,
his wife, known everywhere
as Mother Wombat
reminded him, which was
he thought, a kind
and happy thing to do.
He stretched his hairy legs
and scratched, which is
of course a wombat habit,
scratching underbellies,
hairy folds around the crotch,
and scratching loosened up
the peristaltic moves
that would, with sound
initiate itself at once.

We do, my friends, you may
not know this, pay me mind,
lay cubes of turds upon
the roof, which keeps the flies,
all acid rain and objects
from the sky, outside,
the house that wombat built,
that's what the kids do say,
though God made every log,
and oversaw the hollowing,
the shaping of it all,
no logs are found with ease
that would be suitable,
to serve as toilet rooms,
for those occasions, scheduled
or by random moods decreed,
when what is in be blown
out to the world around.

Proud bunch these wombats are,
no other creature can,
no matter what (and they do try)
lay sigmoid eggs whose edges are

not round, but fair and square.

The lack of proper space,
of neat facilities for dumping waste
mandates a novel way to lay
each day, the spent and well digested,
and pleasant mass of coloured stuff,
up on the very roof that keeps the rain
and, well you know, the critters out.

In time this grows and grows, and grows
until the cold wind blows and shows,
the imminent arrival of the Fairy Snow,
each part of every wombat, and each toe
must be protected from the elements,
and here the cleverness of a unique design
reaps heavy benefits to all, (you like this line?) .

So many days of wombat poo, each day anew,
piled up to make the roof an insulated one,
it's rated R thirteen by industry and trade
and will not fall or slide (up to a ton)
unless a human comes and brings his sharpened spade.

Inside the log, the family sits on the bed,
a lichen blanket covers all and smiles abound
as Father Wombat climbs to see the sights
and add a bit of insulation, once again
then he returns and Mother says, turn off the lights.

Herbert Nehrlich

Women

I've always been infatuated,
with understated, overrated
as well as those opinionated
yet seldom too sophisticated,
perhaps a bit domesticated
occasionally intoxicated
but not routinely perforated
with homely and unsaturated
and openly decaffeinated
of wildebeest's savannah-gated
(which gets my innards titillated)
a member of the dreamer's gender
of skin so soft and lips so tender
that all the days in my calendar
will never ever justice render
but hide the raspy voice of splendor
oh yes, I hasten to surrender,
not as a cheap and sly pretender
but proud and merciless offender.
So many fishes in the sea
a thousand little waves for me.
I do not long to own the key
as freedom is not liberty
though hire me as consignee
to dwell within the booboisie
all power of my pedigree
will hold me up to speak to thee
all lasses dance around my tree
and pout their little lips at me.
Alive I never shall retire
it is their essence I admire
etheric oils that keep the fire
and flaming tongues to tempt a friar
a dress of ruffled Biedermeier
It is the scent that I desire.

Herbert Nehrlich

Women Are Apples - Men Are Wine

Oh women, you apples on trees!
Only courted by honey bees
The best of you are at the top
few men have the guts to climb up.

The fear of them falling to ground
and staying there, never be found.
So many look under the tree
pick the fallen ones only to see
that the ones at the top are in wait
for the right one to come, not too late.

But the courage required to climb
and the journey that takes so much time
and the fear of a slip
are the reasons they skip
the best apples so high on their own,
(No bad apples are ever alone) .

And men, you delectable grapes
come in sizes, surprises and shapes.
While you dream of a romp
it's the women who stomp
all the crap out of you, nasty sinner
only then will they take you to dinner.

With some patience and skill
they eventually will
make the grapes of you men in to wine
then to take some small sips
with their ruby red lips
let you mumble the words 'you are mine'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Word Games

If dreams were horses
and horses for courses
were literal sources
for budding new forces
and poets' divorces
then to spell is to tell
you must do it well
if you think you can sell
your own self (but you fell)
to avoid the loud bell
and embarrassment's hell.
Have some self-esteem
do not idly make steam
if you can't see the beam
in your eye it may seem
that you are your own team
sadly lacking the cream.
When with big boys you play
just remember to stay
in the section marked 'gay'
as your peers make you pay
you will not have your say
only shrivel away.

Herbert Nehrlich

Word Nostalgia

'Ceasefire' was used in 1918.
'Sex', as an act in twenty-nine,
Forty-seven 'Wonderbra's seen,
'Love-in', 'Acid' and the 'Miniskirt' line,
was in sixty-five, that's fourteen years
after 'Brainwashing' and then 'Fast Food'
anyone think that we are in arrears,
or is mankind constantly in the mood
to make up new words like 'concerted drive',
change language and meaning to be rather hollow
'Old Fogey' and 'Underwhelmed' and 'Jive',
And 'Dipples', 'Recliner Pumpkins' to follow.
Aussie expressions: 'Kangarooing the Dyke'
And public servants, each day a new word,
then New York's invention of 'Talk into the Mike'.
Gotta go now, she's waiting, my 'Beaut of a Bird'.

Herbert Nehrlich

Words

Like little men with purple feet
though some with floppy ears,
they move with poise and innate grace
through common mists
and yellow fog,
possessed of restless souls
and driven by exotic sounds.
These are the words we know,
like hands across a gorge
which, cruelly, demands the toll
of sacrifice from those who pass.
The resonance of utter specificity
which shuns all shame of mediocrity,
lays open welcome laws and rules.
And,
with time and honoured gestures of sheer class
it wipes away impertinence and fools.

Herbert Nehrlich

Words For Nothingness

Is it barbs you send
sharp arrows launched
with deadly aim
and righteous accuracy?

Your words are heard
by ears all used to tunes
from Sound of Music, though
not saber rattling, not at all.

I plead with you, if I still may
to give me words that soothe,
as they pass subtle salivary glands
and drool and bathe in wisdom
like wooly weanlings,
blissfully baring balsam
of soul and sultry sensorium.

Voice vowels echo
the thoughts of consonants,
consummating orgastically
with hot and tingling tongues
until they hatch and metamorphe
into the meaning of our nothingness.

Herbert Nehrlich

Words That Trickle

He felt as if her very words,
each syllable enforcing such
had taken on the task of sonic speech
a function not unlike a lingering touch,
which leisurely released its hold
and trickled down as shallow breaths
immersing him to depths from which
a pink expansive force would send,
in pulses, a staccato of bold tics,
a stirring of erythrocytes, as they traverse
each vessel, hitting soon the wall
and finding fragrant petals open wide
to welcome lingual determined oscillation,
as lava flowing hotly, crossing flesh
meets shy demands of two insatiable souls.

Herbert Nehrlich

Words*

Like feathers covering wild birds
there is a haze around some words.
Inside my heart a burning blaze
makes puffs of hesitance and haze.
Yet, birds and words and feathers do
give open ears a welcome clue.
Be not concerned, the rains are mild,
come, run with me, into the wild.
Where Lupus lives we can be brave
and light a candle in our cave.

Herbert Nehrlich

Words**

Some will bring words,
lay them upon the table
and wave their arms
as if to say, just have a look!

I turn away, of course,
quite unprepared,
what should I say?
I tell the truth because I must,
I say that words will not suffice.

Herbert Nehrlich

Working Sucks

A single ray of sun was peeking
through dusty drapes in my old flat,
downstairs the landlord's hussy shrieking,
she was as dumb as she was fat.
It was that time of day again
when duty calls and sleep still clings,
across the tracks a loud Big Ben
I'm out of bed get in my things,
and stumble down the cluttered stairs.
The smell of cabbage and tamales
and grunts and groans of wild affairs,
I pass the place of Jim Gonzales.
The door flips open and his head
with greasy hair and comedones,
he beckons me, 'let's go instead
of to your house of human bones
down to the gang they've got a plan
of very good and juicy specs,
it's time you did become a fan
of our leader, Waco Tex.'
So, what the hell, I figured, once
would give me something else to do
I knew they had high powered guns
and really did not have a clue
but I was greedy like the rest
who wouldn't grab his neighbour's gold
and if they put me to the test
I would just do what I was told.
So, that same night we robbed the bank
I was the driver waiting there
while Tex and George as well as Frank
went in through ducts to get their share.
It took some time and while I waited
a cop came up and started talking.
I told him that I was elated
to see him here, instead of walking
his beat because I was quite bored,
my boss was finishing his taxes
while I was sitting here, ignored

he'd make some calls and send some faxes
but that is life and I get paid.
The copper nodded and then sat
next to myself, a serenade
was coming from the radio at
precisely 9 p.m. which was
the pick-up time we had agreed on.
Perhaps I ought to, with my claws
get rid of him who here had peed on
this party that would get us rich.

.
And then the copper said 'My boy,
I am not one of those dumb pigs
I've watched you and it is a joy
to sit with you, smoke three four cigs
and introduce myself to you
a future partner in your deal
let's wait for your exclusive crew
oh, what a night, oh what a spiel.'

And so it came that all the loot
had to be split into not four
but five, because of this astute
policeman who had smelled a score.
So, fourteen million was the take
it was enough to go to Rio
we took new names, they were all fake
I'm writing this, Oh, sole mio
from Biggs' old place where he first stayed
it overlooks the cardboard shacks
at night when all the noises fade,
and Rio crims roam 'round in packs
we sit on our big balcony,
sip whiskey or some other beverage
and know that we are truly free.
Those millions give your life some leverage.
And our copper's been elected
as body guard to keep strange men
away from us, he has detected
no one who lives near the Big Ben.

World Hunger

The door was open
and she came in.
A litre can,
sealed at one end
she looked so nice.
Her words
were uttered now,
with sad
and downcast eyes.

'We need much money
to help the poor,
downtrodden,
not their fault,
the children die
they have no food
no water, only flies.'

There are so many,
millions really,
they hardly eat
but always breed
one wonders,
skies are black
they block the sun
but rest at night
and polish little wings.

She had some photos,
colour shots
of black on black
and scrawny dogs.

I showed her mine,
of gleaming guns
machetes and grenades,
of mobile phones
and German beer
and Playboy magazines.

Her quick reply
was that George Bush
was conquering
the world.
And wanted all
the black folks dead
for new democracy.

I pointed out that
little oil
was ever found
in jungles
and Condoleeza
was not white
that Rumsfeld would
have answers.

Elated thus,
she left my house
a new spring
in her step.
I didn't think
that Rumsfeld had
solutions
for, the dead
and dying Africans
and nor did I
but who would know,
perhaps the many flies?
And then it came
to me, at night
it's not for us to know
we cannot hope
to stop this plague.
But could they
help themselves?

Herbert Nehrlich

World Vision

To heal the sick he said, the lord's ways are mysterious.
And off he went without my personal donation.
The papers couldn't print it soon enough, the healings,
and what a wonderful true servant of the Lord.

Papua New Guinea was the target of his powers,
there was a dying need in them there golden hills,
so many blind and deaf and otherwise afflicted,
the Lord would surely touch their souls and make them whole.

And there was mention of the treasurer's own brother,
who was a man of heart involved in all this healing stuff,
he had a vision for the suffering God's children,
he had a vision for the future of the people.

The blind can see, the deaf do hear, so were his words,
when he came back, with early notice by the tabloids.
Apparent healings had been done in Jesus' name
and so much more was to be planned for through his grace.

So, will you help me with some funds for these poor devils,
and ask your friends to reach much deeper inside theirs,
we cannot leave these people, our Lord's own children,
to their demise and suffering lives one minute longer.

He drove a car that was of modesty pretensions,
and wore the garb that made some local people weep,
but business class and Hilton was essential.
And holy water was in bottles for their sleep.

I wrote a lengthy article before their late return,
and challenged that I see one lousy, single cure.
That's confidential he replied, this day and age
one cannot show the goodness of ones God-Almighty heart.

We then discussed things after they had stormed
into my surgery, while waving the newspaper,
but no convincing evidence was up their poker sleeves,
and then they left to see a sick mother at home.

You charities out in this world, you want my money.
Just lay your cards where I can see them, marks and all.
And at the outside chance that you would be fair dinkum
I'll be your banker and your pilot, your accountant.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wormboy

His mother saw her little worm
squeeze through the door of their dirt home
he wiggled, stretched, she saw him squirm
upon his head a brownish dome.
'And where might YOU', she said to him
'desire to elope to slyly? '
'Up to that treeline, at the rim',
said junior softly and quite shyly.
The mother thought for one brief second
remembering that weird disaster
which happened there, when freedom beckoned
to her own mate, her earthworm master.
He had ascended to the range
where cooling breezes blow you dry
and thought it rather odd, well strange
as he observed those beasts that fly
that none of them paid scant attention
to him who looked so fat and plump
they seemed to hold a bird convention
so Master worm sat by a stump
unwrapped the sandwich he had brought
was just about to take two bites
when he looked up, as he'd been taught
to watch the show of aerial kites.
He never heard the howling sound
a buzzard doing superspeed
the sandwich dropped onto the ground
(would later nourish one green weed) ,
and beak and worm were thus united
into the stomach he descended
and never ever was he sighted
in Wormwood Valley, where he ended.

So mother worm did one great wiggle
propelled her son into their lair
the boy had time for one quick giggle
he did not think this treatment fair.
So later when his mother slept
he quickly left, no steps were heard

that evening his mother wept
up on the ridge, a happy bird.

So, if you are a little creeper
it pays you to obey your Mum
'cause after all she is your keeper,
and little worms are rather dumb.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wortspiele

Das mit dem Haar ist gelogen
und der Schniedel ist auch nicht gebogen,
doch die Zaehne die wackeln
wie die Haare bei Dackeln
und er sitzt und beachtet die Wogen
die im Meer so schoen schaeumen
und bei Nacht wird er traeumen
denn im Leben da wird man betrogen.
Alle Goetter im Himmel
haben wirklich 'n Fimmel
und im Menschengewimmel
riecht man manchmal den Schimmel
ja der Mensch der wird ranzig
wenn er nicht mehr ganz zwanzig,
nur er sehnt sich zurueck
an verlorenes Glueck.

Herbert Nehrlich

Would I?

You asked, would I discard you
by tomorrow,
after making love to you today?

Though I do not comprehend
your sorrow,
I feel like saying 'everything's
okay'.

Yet I'll say more to you
my sweet:

After making love to you today
I 'll think of ways to love you
once again,
tomorrow.

That is unless you do dispose of me today.

And will you tell me
if you are discarded,
dropped, even dumped by
ignoramuses?

I will find the bits of you and,
resuming what I started,
wear them and keep all our
promises.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wrinkles

He traced her lines,
you know the little precious ones
that she finds horrible,
and has, in sheer despair
spent a small fortune to erase,
how can you, so said he
wipe out the signs of time,
it is our destiny, and Nature's way
cross linking is what does occur,
she glared at him as if to say
that men need to accept
a share of guilt in this,
that *modus operandi*
a testament to time, gone by.
Not idly though, he said.

He slid, with total ease
into the linger mode,
and spent sufficient time
at each small curve and dip;
saliva may restore the look,
its healing properties been known
for centuries. She smiled,
and a small patch of rouge
appeared, a little princess flush.

The hours drifted by behind the shades,
not sure about the rationale of this,
the picture of insatiability,
which was, now at the hint of Dawn,
transformed by androgens and such,
he took the time to ascertain
that she would be aware,
(trance held her tight) ,
of the now urgent need
to venture to the depths of this.

All regions would be subject to
the stresses of free radicals,

(though not the human kind) ,
and he would volunteer to go
and see, observe, inspect,
as the computer says, fix all
selected items and restore,
he was a man whose conscience taught
the need for thoroughness in things
that did concern the heart,
and all of that, you know, romantic stuff.

It was, he later found, a task
that would ensure the need
for maintenance AND for repair,
a lifetime of new blemishes and marks.

And when the time came that he felt
how so much subcutaneous fat had gone,
which took away the suppleness of youth,
he used his backed-up files,
which were composed of livid memories.

Herbert Nehrlich

Writer's Block

Yet, I shall not accept my fate:
Consigned by God to ruminate.
Old cobwebs is what one will find
up in the attic of my mind.
Dustbins of gold and diamonds,
sweet music for all sycophants.
Pink water lillies do exude,
on stagnant waters, tranquil mood.
Immersed in morning's precious mist,
devoid of words, mosquito-kissed.
I have, my Lord, still more to give
I'll prove it if you let me live.

Herbert Nehrlich

Wrong Lover

Yes, I would. Slowly imperceptibly
ooze up your legs, tasting your skin,
every pore would be reason to pause.
And pause I would. Exploring the depth of
the stratum germinativum, wow that did,
I would hope, impress you, it's Latin,
higher and higher I would travel,
thinking of that sob local boy who,
in some shameful and ridiculous way
has managed to catch your eye.

I can do better. I have money.
I have style, and class and books.
There is no hope for those poor wretches,
they may have muscles now,
but nothing that would last.

So let me climb that ladder of my lust.
Once we get married it will come to you as well.
So, do not fall for what is seen as 'down-to-earth',
it's only the aristocracts who you ought to love.

Herbert Nehrlich

X Marks The Spot

He used to drive us crazy,
incessantly he would
spit out those dull clichés,
calling them, for lack of
what you could call a better
and more appropriate term,
colloquialisms, which sounded,
to uninitiated ears, like communism.

That night when Grandma died
he told her that the shirt she wore
would be her last and that no shirt
had pockets if it was your final garb.

He turned to our solemn faces and,
earnestly, eyes semi-shut, pronounced
that she had surely dropped her spoon,
and then he grabbed a can of Lager
from the neutral fridge and burped
X marks the spot, it was the moment
I did notice that she wore the very X
as was her habit, today as if it were
not really her last on earth, I liked her,
meaning my grandma and her wonderbra.

Herbert Nehrlich

Xanthelasma

I am so devastated,
about an old aversion
to XANTHELASMA,
on the lids, to me it is
the smell of death,
dull fragments straight from Hell,
but it is I who fails.

Herbert Nehrlich

Xenosillyputtpills

If drugs can make well people ill
I ask you why ingest a pill?
Ill persons cannot be made well
by drugs as far as I can tell.
What is behind the doctors' script,
the illness destined to be nipped
before it kills the silly fool?
Look back, into the doctor's school,
they taught all sciences and more
and how to fix a nasty sore,
take out those bits of obsolescence
and fiddle with the body's essence.
Through magnifiers we detect
the enemy and then select
the proper medicine to fight
'till evil spirits see the light.
We cut and burn and radiate
mend bones by screwing in a plate,
and we are good at scaring folks
we tell them not to eat those yolks,
to stay away from fatty beef
lest heart and liver come to grief.
We study all the workings of
each organ, also Korsakov
and how those greats named certain ills
which we now treat with fancy pills.
Deep down we know that molecules
are really our bodies' mules,
of all the ones that Nature makes
in shades of colours and opaques,
a portion is for us essential
to live and reach our best potential.

And illness strikes when we neglect
to show our system some respect.
So it makes sense to look at food
and show the proper attitude,
treat illness following the laws
of Nature, once we know the cause.

Sadly, this is a silly dream,
to you, my friend, it may well seem
that healing needs high tech and skill
and always an expensive pill.

Now let me add why this is so
your doctor wants to be a pro.
He passed his tests to graduate
makes money in quintuplicate
but never ever took a class
on food and drink or bodymass.

Nutrition cannot make much dough
and might disturb the magic show
Imagine, telling Mrs. Flynn
to take a certain vitamin
or add some fish and olive oil,
grow veggies in organic soil
and eat two eggs each day and more
buy wisely at the grocery store
and make variety your goal
to nourish body, mind and soul.

Don't fall for screening if you're well
and pass on medicines from Hell,
but most importantly, your health
may be a factor in the wealth
of those who cure all mankind's ills
with xenosillyputty pills.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yabberings

We speak in riddles
but listen in abundance
it's man who fiddles.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yankee Fred

A friend of mine, the name is Yank,
he lives alone in a big house.
Companionwise he owns a poodle,
who's more compliant than a spouse.

His name is Fred, he is a thinker
and good with both his hands.
He loves to potter and to tinker,
does what his heart demands.

He often sits, while sipping brandy,
with clipboard, watched by poodle,
and draws on it, he is no dandy
but call him Yankee Doodle.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yeah

The rains are early, animals are happy.
Yet, don't they realise they're seeing tears of angels?
So much to cry about and, oh, so little joy,
those tears may wash away the dust of hatred.
And if we drowned in tears, we would not know
that every dropp has come for us, to wash away
those stains of misery and bloodymindedness.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yeah.....

Attraction is
the
beckoning
of
senses,
on lower floors
of mantrabreath,
where falls
and whitecaps
meet
to mingle
on
wet
and wondrous
tips
and hoods
of velvet
with a touch of silk.

There may be
milk,
to nurture
and to soothe
sonora valley,
berry cave
twin peaks
a
mantle
keeping warmth
rejecting vibes
and
xeno scribes
so soft
and smooth.
Praised
oft
by Dukes,
green rivers
tasty cukes,

sliced thin
and come
within.

Herbert Nehrlich

Years Cannot Erase

I see you still, just standing,
soft shoulders, slightly drooped.
It was a German train of punctuality,
a trait one did expect but not that day.
A little longer was not in the cards.

Although prepared to take the awkwardness
of a departure from the comfy present
into a future of wholly unknoweable dimension,
no tears were visible or felt, not yet.
And not a tad of melancholy seen.

As doors clanged shut, a whistle urges
when, like a gesture, no an apparition,
a ray of sunshine, just a single one
had overcome the glassy dome and settled
upon your face, where sadness now resided.

Angelic features, bathed in golden orange glow,
have stayed with me for forty years and more.
And when we met again your presence was the same,
well-age regret hung in the air like stale lavender.
It left us suddenly and vowed not to return.
Unspoken promises remain, though no farewells.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yellow Ribbon

Now my ship comes in
over the horizon.
I've been hiding
in the wild blue yonder,
where I did some thinking
and surmising.
Now the time has come
to finally wonder
whether storm clouds
all have blown away,
and my sun is
shining by the bay.
So, my eyes are straining
hard to see:
even ONE small
yellow ribbon
there for me.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yep

An echo from the dark green shore
now permeates each open pore,
from murky depths and plankton's slime
a spark ignites of active lime.
And takes the meaning to new heights
by turning off essential lights.
The bunker, once the wherewithall
was nothing but a musty stall.
It saved the mind from toothless cats
while making peace with starving rats.
Please do not fret, let fate decide
which of the Devil's beasts you ride.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yep, Still Thinking About You

I know, I know.
Chrysanthemums do grow.
I've caught the breeze my love
that fans the flames,
a male and horny dove
above the games.

I could not give a wee
about the crap,
but will you send to me
your nectar' sap?

I shall, without due haste
look for your sign
a Google cut and paste,
a single line.

It matters not, of course
they say the thought
is in the Trojan Horse.
Perhaps for naught.

So many years have come
only to fade
inside a shade of rum
and lemonade.

I talk a heavy spiel,
just to impress.
But my Achilles Heel
is YOURS to bless.

I would pay all I own
to make the time
and point ole Baldur's bone
into my wine.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes

You have your arms
around me.
My lips caress the softness of your face.
No words are spoken
as we listen
to the wisdom of our hearts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes William (Lederer)

So today is the fourth of July,
I shall wear, after lunch my new tie.
There has been a small rumour
about losing their humour
coming down with a sty in the eye.

I once knew a young communist
who kept open his eyes when he kissed.
From New York to La Jolla
he found much paranoia
so he wrote to the man named Bill Frist.

'If the people are always afraid
and attention, unduly, is paid
to those accents in words
and to left-thinking nerds
then a spade is no longer a spade.'

But the senator was too right wing,
and he ordered a nationwide sting.
They decided to keep
those who acted like sheep
as they looked at the loyalty thing.

And the leaders, who acted so cool
passed a new educational rule,
thus the schools had to teach
that you modeled your speech
after what's his name, who was a fool.

And it worked, there was so much less tension
since they outlawed forever dissension.
As for clothes, no more drag
they would all wear the flag
with the stars and the stripes, I should mention.

Then they conquered those foreign oil wells,
while their soldiers went through a few hells.
And while Wallstreet was buying

many mothers were crying
while the scaremonger preaches and sells.

And, one day, when they'd reached a conclusion
which had sprung from a cozy collusion
they had burned those who spoke
and rejected a yoke.
Now the world had become an illusion.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes, Is It? (Haiku)

So, what is envy?
Is it the child of hatred,
or simply nothing?

.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes, Size Does

Mary had a fiancée
she called him Jack the Ripper,
because the fellow liked to play
all day with his own zipper.

When Mary found that it was not
the zipper he admired,
Jack searched all day for the small tot
until he grew too tired.

He held a magnifying glass
inside and lit his Zippo,
but all he did was burn his ass
and still there was no hippo.

Jack's grandma had instilled in him
that he would grow a beaver,
his brother, just a trifle dim
had married in a fever.

His brother's wife had come at night
and reached beneath the covers,
she thought it might be quite alright
if they became two lovers.

Jack did wake up and asked the ghost
might you be freezing cold,
he would, he said, play perfect host
and do as he was told.

She slipped inside the featherbed
and both were wide awake.
When suddenly young Jacko said
let's please play patty-cake.

It would, he knew keep arm and hand
and muscles in condition,
the girl then left, I understand,
she failed in this, her mission.

Next night the spiel repeated, true
and Jack had thought a little,
had sought advice from his own crew
and soon he noticed spittle,

which ran down from his double chin
and landed on his chest,
one party did expect a pin
to find the proper nest.

Soon both were sweating in pursuit
but it was like Houdini,
it might have been quite stout and cute
and not a little wienie.

At four Am, she left again
her hair and gown in tatters,
a beaver may not grow on men,
but it is size that matters.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes, You

Spit, my man, you have a need,
venom from your inner matter.
I shall tolerate, indeed
all the sounds and then the patter
of the tiny, hurried feet
that accompany your stresses,
chills and fever, welcome heat,
looking up to He who blesses
and who hears my kindly words.
Emperors in purple dresses
fly away like drunken birds.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes, You Girl

So, watch this space
there will be more,
and, just in case
others adore
the one who is
by way of soul
in this small quiz
her luscious whole.
I shall reveal
in time that's due.
I broke the seal
only for you.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yes, You, Rachel

And like a tiny seed
sown by two unknown hands,
it grew.

The rains were late,
and scarce that year,
yet there was beauty
as a dozen tiny leaves,
dark green and curled
reached up to see the sky
and heavy scents of rose
and Lilly of the valley
form sheets of dew
condensing time
as petals spread their thighs
to welcome Spring,
its sap of life
which folds its wings
upon itself
to dwell inside,
where love resides.

It is so easy for us all
to understand how love,
love at first sight
will swoop on us,
at random
and in force,
which brings
a mock tranquility
to dress the emperor
who has no clothes.

The miracle occurs when two,
who spent their lives
in sanctioned company
would speak of LOVE.

Yesword

The Yes word.
I really do not
give a flying yesword
as to what there is to do
that is considered right.
If I give it
it means only one thing:
You can have it all.

No half-assed stuff,
ever.

If you can say the word
the world will have
ceased to be a problem.
Or, who could give a
flying Yesword.

You are NOT replacable.
Not remotely.
Not any other way.
Clones
are coming.
None to this
address, please.

YOU.

It is you or nothing.

Not to worry if
it ain't doable....

Herbert Nehrlich

Yogget

A solitary piece of yogget
stuck to his shoes and that,
in itself, together with its odour,
it laid the groundwork to
and led to the undoing of
the one who had, without good reason,
gone 'round the neighbourhood,
at night and in the daylight,
to kill and maim, and then to burn
the bodies in a private ceremony.
It took but one detective, ready now
to take retirement tomorrow,
to scratch his silver stubbles,
inset his eye of glass,
(shot out by caliber HP-22)
and do some serious thinking.
He was the only one who knew about
not only yogget but the rest of it,
newfangled gadgets big as life.
The chief had intimated that there would
be a small bonus for the one and only
who solved the crime that could
and would, without a doubt, lead to
promotion as clear proof of his devotion.
And within days, they pulled it off the shelves,
this yogget. And I for one, I never did
find out the real meaning and the essence
of what that bloomin' yogget actually was.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yolanda

I stopped right at the scene of tragedy.
She stood, head bowed, long neck, wings drooping,
and motionless until she saw my face.
Damn, it was obvious, he had been truly slaughtered,
gray feathers drifting in the morning breeze.
Some into bushes, others flying into sunlight.
She looked into my eyes with a profoundness,
a depth that I could only freeze in helpless awe.

And there was blood, so much red blood,
the body was so flat and changed, so strange,
no longer bore the features of a goose.
And all was silent. Birds were clearly absent,
or mourning one of theirs, though more a cousin.
High in the sky a jet of happy tourists
went on its ignorant and careless superjourney.

At last I left, with nausea and grievous shock, companions.
And it was midnight when I put up tired feet,
and leaning back in my recliner of cow leather
I stuffed a pillow snug behind my lower back.
And, yes it was, the label had instructions
for washing goose-down pillows in the home,
a wave of bitterness and nauseated hiccups
stayed with my thoughts until the Sandman closed my eyes.

At dawn's first light, while listening to the stereo,
they saw me going down the road at a good clip.
I had to see her but I scolded my own face,
into the mirror, yelling 'have you lost your marbles? '

The sun was hot at noon, I saw her at the turn
and stopped some distance, feeling foolish and extreme,
she looked again but had no fire in her pupils,
just all the sadness that two eyes could ever know.

So, I sat down within a foot of Mrs. Goose,
not knowing what the blazes this would do for me,
we sat for many hours, undisturbed, in trance

when she said something, meant, I thought for my own ears.

Not understanding the strange language of a goose,
I felt replying was the proper thing to do,
so I confessed to her my overwhelming sorrow
and told her what a great white mate he must have been.

And that I hated that big brute of a mad driver
who broke her heart that morning on their short-cut home,
she did convey that he was guarding her safe crossing
and saved her feathers with no thought to his own life.

Then it got cold and Mrs. Goose inched a bit closer,
I felt her warmth and sensed her broken, beating heart,
though something stopped my willing hand from reaching over,
now I was thinking of logistics and of reason.

Tried to explain that there was nothing we could do,
her mate was gone and life would surely just go on,
and fully conscious of impractical scenarios
suggested that she travel home with me.

She nodded sadly but my efforts were in vain,
and all the nudging, and persuading and the coaxing
was met with silence once again, she would not leave.
This went all night but clever diplomatic skills
had no effect and then I tried to share my sandwich,
she would not eat the smallest morsel and I wondered
would she be willing to invite her own death here.

I got so tired and was questioning my mind,
perhaps I'd snapped from someone else's bird-brain-grief,
thus a tiny bit of altruistic anger
had started re-creating all my strategy.

Quickly I grabbed her, clamping feathers and both legs
then wrapped my leather jacket 'round the struggling bundle,
now in the car, doors closed and windows quickly raised,
just one brief look to see that she would be okay.

And I have never been confronted by a light

that burned so softly with such energy, deep down.
Inside those eyes, that had no lashes and no brows,
her tears beat mine by only bloody milliseconds.

'I understand', I said, 'I am so very sorry',
then went across to gather up her dead man's body,
had sat her on the seat and used for him the jacket.
He rode the long way home right next to Mrs. Goose.

She fell asleep somewhat, although he didn't know
and had one wing draped over him for added warmth.
Another Dawn had broken when we did the deed,
right near the barn and facing all the pretty roses
of our garden, is where Mr. Goose was buried.
And it was right she told me with her tearless eyes,
'cause he was home and so was she and so was I.

For many years it was Yolanda, as we named her
who brought such joy to me quite early every morning,
she'd come to greet me with a salad of goose words
and we would walk together, down to feed the cows.

And, while the chores for all my creatures took their time,
she'd stand right next to hubby's wooden cross in silence.
So deep in thought, and reminiscing, later chatty.
I never ever met a woman of such soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yolanda Remembered

When I wrote about
the new song,
my thoughts had drifted
to my oldest friend,
my downy-feathered softie,
Yolanda, who has been
in God's earth for years,
right near the barn,
where hubby rests as well,
and when I check, at night
and make my rounds
to see that all my critters
are safe in their straw beds,
I pause, because I hear,
each night, the chatter
of two souls so long departed,
and, hurrying inside
I feel my heart, it pounds
and seems too heavy for my chest
no doubt it needs to be,
to generate this warmth
that floods, like a deluge
throughout my hairy chest.
Oh yes, Yolanda, precious goose,
we never picked a name for him!
There was no time,
and we must learn
to be prepared
as there may come a day
when you, my love are called,
though I am praying every day
that you be given by the gods
a minute just to kiss my lips good-bye.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yolinda's Depression

Yolinda often was depressed
she then stayed home, inside her nest.
To help her illness she used gin
it quickly did restore her grin
but alcohol's welcome effect
was not expected to correct
her melancholy disposition
thus it required repetition.
She managed thus for many years
depression and some other fears.
And on her deathbed she required
the liquid she so much admired.
It helped, this time she drank a quart
before she left for God's resort.

Herbert Nehrlich

Yorkshire

The terrier loved perverted fun,
knew lousy weather, little sun.
His stubby legs could barely run
so he made up the game of 'one'.

For yonks he spent his lonely nights
on his computer, using bytes.
Soon, Carpal Tunnel got his wrists
thus grew the pile of unmarked lists

of names of poets he could hate
and from the shadows he would rate.
He did not know that his malaise
could have been cured in simple ways.

A vitamin, it's called B-Six
is for the tunnel a great fix,
as for the terrier's misery,
he lacked the vitamin called D.

Which can be taken through the hide,
but, sunshine's lacking countrywide.
Thus, things were looking rather bleak,
his brain, quite tiny, sprang a leak.

And no more 'Ones' were ever seen
on Poemhunter's happy scene.

Herbert Nehrlich

You

The very word may be too much,
one knows one's own identity
to do what seems appropriate
and somewhat lucrative, of course.

Will you tell me, my childhood friend
just who I am, and then you could,
with tears of laughter in your eyes,
reveal the innermost and purple secrets
of your ageing heart. Yes it is me!

I do not care but hug the floor with trepidation,
you will be fine, it is the thought that makes me wild,
no matter what I shall be there, in all that's free,
I would forever hold you tight my precious child.

Herbert Nehrlich

You - The Dark Blue Sea

Sweetheart your eyes look just a trifle stressed to me.
Tis late and you may miss the Sandman on his route,
I do suggest you take a quick and final pee
and in the morning I will wake you with a shout.

I do remember the fine music of your snores
when I was watching over you, the precious one,
I could have kissed the lot, a trillion of your pores
and I was smitten with the tones, excuse the pun.

So let me take you to the covers made for you
and place the sheets around your shoulders and your breasts,
you do recall when lily white turned pretty blue
and we were frantic in our status of mere guests?

If you don't mind, I'll sit and watch you here all night,
much as I'd want to be attached to you, your hide,
I've closed the drapes and doused the Oodnadatta light
and in the morning you may call me to your side.

There is no woman who would draw my eyes away
we are created to belong, it's only YOU
I am as sorry that today is not the day
as you, my LOVE, and I await the words 'I Flew'.

This will be havoc for some quarters and for US
they may consider shooting down the silver bird,
but let them criticise and swear, and make a fuss
I'll let you read again, right here, what it inferred.

When we say FLY we will sit up with a huge smile,
you may grow wings but let the bird take you to me,
and at ARRIVALS I'll be wogging down the aisle
like a small tide in search of you, the dark blue sea.

Herbert Nehrlich

You (Of Course)

I took
a taste of you,
my tongue rejoiced,
a look into your soul
my eyes were stunned,
my hands then touched
your skin,
they whispered into my
now eager ears,
my ears sent little sounds
into my heart,
within a beat it blinked
and shouted YES.

Herbert Nehrlich

You **

You are the raindrops
that caress my face,
the breeze, in from the sea
that wakes the flowerboy
your hands are velvet skin
a steeple for my face
where fingers slyly dip
replenishing....

And later,
there is joy
and silence
deep within,
where snowflakes fall
on mossy ground
and mix with dew,
a happy heart
sustains
and all is one,
like molten lava flows
into the raging sea
to stay
and leave
the taste of love

Herbert Nehrlich

You Asked

A gentleman asked
why we do what we do.
Is it that we have basked
under firmament blue,
where the miniature puffs
of a silver-lined sky
oversea all the huffs
of the genuine guy.

It is goodness in others
as it brings its reflection
to one's sisters and brothers
a tradition's selection.

As the echo comes back
to a welcoming few
you are on the right track,
nothing further to do.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Asked *

You asked my love,
about the time
when you were not,
but it would not be long,
you kissed me,
a kind four second peck
my lips were as surprised
as I.

'Twas a gesture though,
it meant Good Day.

The sun set near the coast
and we were now observed
by beams of le fromage,
and smiling waves,
perhaps they giggled, eh?
Some drops of rain fell
gently and you knew it first,
our scent would now be changed
enriched by salt and sand
as silence came and walked
right next to you and me,
I thought I heard a drum
as you were deep in thought
I could have walked
until the sun would peek
again, perhaps you could have too.

The warming rays felt kind,
a gentle touch, so much like
your warm fingers in the night,
'twas another day
and there was love, the word
itself unique and open to abuse,
it had arrived,
without fanfare
but it was not
to be denied.

Much later there would be
another kiss,
estranged from those

that folks would call routine.
Its taste was of saliva
and of promises,
there would be thousands
yet to come
It seemed that every atom,
each lovely molecule
sought access to
our warm embrace
and to our eager tongues.
Who would have ever thought
that flutters of those wings
could get to Manitou
who oversees all love
close to the waters of the sea,
persuade him to make one
of two distinct and separate hearts,
and now we have our drum,
wherein we snuggle
in the cold of night
and other times,
you asked my love,
what do we love about
and of ourselves,
I, in my naiveté,
propped your eyes,
and, certainly the twins,
and yes your skin,
so soft,
and then your scent,
mixed with the sand
and salt,
but you just smiled
and kissed me
longer,
and my own lips
were not surprised.
It was, of course
intangibles, you said,
or did you intimate
that we could not explain,
so, we concluded,

walking once again,
watched by the moon,
(yes Le Fromage) ,
and teased by raindrops
and the scent
of you and I.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Comin' Back?

You are the Mars bar in
the lion's cage.

The speck in the ionosphere,
and the bright bubble
that went down the drain.

You once were the soap
with the unique fragrance,
but I was dumb.

I salivated all over you,
got you most thoroughly wet
and you slipped
through my fingers.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Did, Mal

It must be said, though you,
Mal Rosenbaum would not
agree that folks should be
informed of your activities.
You did, with not a sliver of
that human hesitation,
you gave, more than you had
and it was futile to speak up,
you ate the bread they threw
out back into the bins,
obtained cheap mustard from
the markets on weekends,
they said you did your thing,
did what no person could expect,
and when they closed the lid
on what the city does provide
in modern coffins for the likes
of you and Turkish freaks,
they had the paper on their desk,
it read cardiac insufficiency,
brought on by malnutrition .
You made a difference, my friend.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Fell

You fell, my child,
I hope that little graze
on your chinnie-old chin
is not too serious.

Come here, my sweet
and sit with me.
Soon it will be
too late for this formality
And for the snooze
that you and grandpa,
since time began
did carry out
in sheer defiance
of what they said
and what they still,
in pitiful deliverance
believe with naiveté.

And let me, kindly,
hold your hand,
no, not to play
the game of patty-cake.
I want to hold it
until hell does freeze,
until the end of time,
the wherewithall,
descends upon
the you's and also me.

And will you, kindly,
forgive the world
and also me,
for being weak
and so accepting
in defeat?

And my I hug you
for the time

that we have left.
I cannot promise
now or ever
that the world
will once again
be right, my dear.
I am so sorry.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Give

And when you give the sweetest of
what any human can
I shall be standing there,
head tucked,
lips pursed,
limbs tight,
eyes bright
and promises of dew
I have for you
essentials of myself,
and like a sensuous elf
you hold me close,
your thighs now cradle mine
and rivulets find ways
to run for countless days
into my soul,
I into yours.

You give
and I will gladly take,
for you were made
and I was thought
to be your spirit
and I'd be
the red erythrocytes,
the genuine love
and what will be
the final touches,
do love me?

Herbert Nehrlich

You Left

And when you left it was just utter smithereens,
adorning all those places we had made it once,
or twice or more and often, with abject abandon
I do remember cruddy details but will you?
So does it matter then who left the bliss we had
or what the reasons were that drowned our sacred spirits
just ask yourself, I think not is the answer,
who gives a flying, as they say in lazy circles.
Yes, you were skinny, to the point of anorexia,
yet left a whole inside the carpet so gigantic
that all my sins and bleak omissions fit inside
to search for fragrances of you that may have lingered.

I'm coming after you, my chiffon-clad pyjamas,
as there is nothing else that I would rather do,
it is the chase they say and not the catch of prey
that keeps adrenalin alive and on the roll.

So, if you turn just once, my dearly, sweet departed
you will receive the treatment of the wife called Lot
and I will hasten to your rescue if they let me
it's up to Gods now, I will pray for you in earnest.

And with your looks my sweet, I figure I'll be doomed
it is like letting your own dog loose in the forest,
there will be things that could be labelled as temptations
and once initiated, homelife will have changed.

So when you left, my sweet, I laid down on your pillow
and dreamed the dream that we once shared in paradise
it's when we sat beneath the understanding willow
and started weaving our unbreakable love ties.

I am still resting here and dreaming but not eating
my breath has ceased as of the afternoon today
yet, after all the pain and sorrow it keeps beating
it asks to hold your hand again, so if I may...?

You May Drip On Me

I ask you what's a man to do,
myself, I wouldn't have a clue.
She looks exactly like Godiva
and teases me with her saliva.

Mind you, no person should be hung
for using, lavishly her tongue
or his. In fact once they're entangled
they do get soaked, at first though, spangled.

I think that spit has pheromones
which resonate mysterious tones.
Like crystals flaunting fragile beauty
her glands perform a double duty.

Now let me tell you one more fact,
this lady has been labelled 'stacked'!
And any male whose blood is red
and, as a baby, who was fed

from overflowing lactic glands
will reminisce, you understand,
in his desire to go back
and give each side a proper smack.

Hear ye, I say she won't allow
diversions, saying 'kiss me now! ',
and as for me, the love-struck fool
I do consent, and soon we drool.

And come to think, we plumb forgot
that kissing deeply makes you hot.
In our case, this did not work.
For one, I was a real jerk,

I let her be the great dictator
instead of playing fornicator.
No children ever graced our table
although the marriage remained stable.

Until last year, when I was keen
and used a drug called atropine.
It did confuse her salivation
and brought to life a new sensation.

Next day she took my hand and led
me to the big communal bed.
We did what we had sorely missed
and afterwards we REALLY kissed.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Ran?

I heard you ran today, my love
to be at home a little quicker.
The day was triste - YOU were the sun,
you waited for the screen to flicker.

You sound like me when I can't wait
to be with you, and with each other.
It's reminiscent of a date
with cautious guidance from your mother.

Had I been there to see you run,
I'd come to you in seconds
to pick you up and carry on,
you'd like it much mereckons.

Over the threshold we would go.
You - in my arms, far from the ground.
We'd tell each other 'love you so',
you wouldn't hear another sound.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Speak I Answer

Sometimes, love is a very quiet breeze
Gently swaying May cherry blossom boughs.
Pink cotton candy drifts cool waves and tease,
Softening paired footfalls on stony paths
To forgiving ground, where, as if by chance,
Eyes meet, lock and know the hearts tidal roar
Of secret aching need in one seismic glance.

Sometimes, one misses quiet breezes,
and does not see the swaying blossoms.
And does not taste the cotton candy
until the roar of Tsunami, urgently knocks,
and joins, as if by chance, the aching hearts.
And eyes that meet are hands that grasp,
and closeness locks the hearts in one,
where time and tide respectfully
will stand back for eternity.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Touch Like No Other

You touch me,
lightly
with deft fingers
some would say,
learned behaviour
Doktor Freud,
you tire not,
and cover miles and miles
of often hairy hide,
seemingly at will
and with the aid
of time,
and thoughts
that reach beyond
convention's drab,
your digits are,
though I would not condone
the sharing of
this sweet phenomenon,
possessed,
not of a talent
or of the want,
the need and
of an innate lust.

No, these were made,
created by the gods
due to an urgent need
a sense of balance
disarrayed,
and slipping back
into the dark abyss
from whence all evil comes.

You knead,
you stroke and use
the layman's tools,
you speak of petrissage,
and stand in silence

for the man whose old
and withered hand seems to
betray, the man above,
creator, as he's known. To wit.

You brush, the smile upon your face
is mischievous, and makes the felon stand
as if it would or could just take,
betray the trust of peasants under God,
the dufflebag stirs quickly and expands,
when Kookaburras sing,
when stories sell like Latvian cheese
mist hangs above the BAR
its pewter edges lean
though missing is the sheen.

I will one day be free of envy and of death,
to share the snow,
shoes ring the swan
and flakes descend,
to land on gentle feet,
white feathers hide
and swim
above the silt
in tepid salt
so deep within.
Your fingers squeeze,
and poke,
a gentle tease
explores the folds
and stays,
drawn into caves
where bats have been
and, long ago,
the tide would come
and sweep the little ones
into the lap of nights,
of carnal bloom
and sibling rights,
she strikes,
a sister's grace,
a brother's impish pace,

and growth occurs
as God had laid the rules
when on the promised day
twelve fragile roots
fuse into one
defying bless-ed fools
and hatch as they still pray.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Wait

I shall, some foggy day, commence
the march to your Canossa, quick of stride,
and when I get to within inches of your fence
I'll plan the little deed, to take your hide.

And cut into small strips your DNA,
with care I shall then yield the stainless blade
it is the Devil's method, if one will not pay,
reserved for members of the Scum Brigade.

Night falls each day and vultures like sunset
they'll fight each other over every piece,
it is a fitting recognition, one to get
in place of any glory, such as verdigris.

There will be dust and dirt, the excrements of time,
though none will give you welcome, none at all.
You chose to live a life of smut and crime,
and it was left to me to make you fall.

They would not beam you up, even to Hell,
the universe denied you any space,
you had no human substance and no shell,
and no one will recall your swinish face.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Want Me?

And would you tell me, Lord
why some of us can die
without the hassles and the pains,
Cheyne-Stokes type breathing
and the full awareness
of it all until it ends?

I know I'd be concerned about
the stoppage of the flow
of life-preserving oxygen
into my lungs and all,

how could you then expect me
to accept a heart of stone
to take the place of my old faithful,
and, even more importantly
if you would think about
the effort that it took,
the skill and diligence
to make
a human being.

One like me, with idiosyncrasies,
a mind full of ideas and facts.

Remember, too, abdominals, obliques
and muscles for the marathon.
I beg you, God, to kindly reconsider.
It seems like such a waste!

Herbert Nehrlich

You Wash

I saw you
by the mountain stream,
at dawn.
You stood
and simply washed,
while pale-faced twins
regarded me,
who was
well hidden
in the forest's trees.

My heart stood still,
fell into silent mode,
so deep in love
that it can never
be undone.

It's been
a thousand dawns
that I have stood
to see you there.
In love but filled with fear.

While you,
oblivious to me,
just stand there,
in the icy waters.
And simply wash.

Herbert Nehrlich

You Will Leave

There once was a fruitcake named Onk
who sat in the loo at St. Bonk.
Where she farted and shat
on the bishop's own mat
they declared her a smelly old donk.

She had been from the premises chased.
And her memory duly erased
she's both chicken and shit
with no obvious tit
and on septic cadaver she's based.

If she stays I will ring her dumb bell
as she is but an empty old shell
an AK-forty-seven
will send her to heaven
thye will scatter her straight down to hell.

Herbert Nehrlich

You**

You are a portrait painted strictly for the gods,
a poem, with the words made of pure gold.
A heavy symphony that beats the usual odds
and I shall come to you, my hat in hand but bold.
You taste like pudding with a topping of sweet cream
a cherry burgundy to kill the better kind,
we'd make a small but many-scented lustful dream
and stroke your love machine inside a precious mind.

Herbert Nehrlich

You*****

Tranquillity and Love lost in the clouds
soon will descend again as morning dew.
Come, hold my hand and stand with me
I'll whisper little words to you.
And hope you will to me.

Herbert Nehrlich

You'D Never Guess

Last night I wore my purple dress
the doorbell rang, you'd never guess
who walked in with a bunch of flowers
and all his charismatic powers.

Let me describe him, here's a clue:
His hair is silver, almost blue.
They say he has a crooked schlong
an eager one, don't get me wrong.

I'm not the target any more
his wife, they say, is still quite sore.
Well, this is crazy, here we are
and he unwraps this black cigar.

Moves closer, smiles his smile and winks,
I wonder if he really thinks...
but I must tell someone, confess
because, well, um, you'd never guess,

he smelled like a distillery
my thoughts were all with Hillary.
His cell phone rang, he grew a frown
and whispered 'Darling, dropp this gown',

Oh, no, I shall do no such thing
with any man who wears a ring,
But then he talked of good old times
how everyone commits those crimes,

and that he loved me as his honey
and did I need some extra money.
'I have a slushfund with no less,
a million dollars from the mess

when we were finished with our tour
I did alright there, that's for sure.'
And in the blink of his blue eyes
before my brain could realise

he moved around like a Houdini
undressed and put on a bikini.
I tell you, it was quite a scene
the man was wearing greenback green.

The garment had been stitched together
a thousand notes and one lone feather.
But what amazed me, can you guess
a body part, shaped like an S

was pointing now in my direction
no way it could escape detection.
As you would know, I was quite nervous
since he had brought the Secret Service.

They briefed me now, called me Monique
all classified. I felt so weak,
then they went out but would you guess
he grabbed me quick, ripped off my dress!

That did it, what a clumsy jerk,
and now his Heini went beserk,
I prayed so God would intervene
when rescue came onto the scene.

While I was fighting off the beast
there was a knock, it was the priest.
Had come to pray with him and bless
his tool, made up of stem cells, yes.

I then decided that this mess
was weird enough, you'll never guess
what happened then, blink of an eye,
that's just before I went bye-bye.

The priest had taken off his habit
and donned two ears, those of a rabbit,
the two of them sat close together
and now perused that ostrich feather.

I pinched my buttocks just in case

I had been dreaming of this place
and found that this was real life,
I hurried home to my sweet wife.

She uses a much better brand
and buys them in the Fatherland.
'Cigars', she says, 'of quality
come from a country that is free.'

And Cuban sticks are way too humble
you touch them and they start to crumble.
A White House intern won't play chess
but, then again....you'd never guess.

Herbert Nehrlich

Young Again *

If I were young again
I'd hold your hand
on Sunday hikes,
you'd comfort me
while I pretend
to comfort you,
the forest trees
can scare a bit,
and back in town
it's quite okay,
my mates are fine
with Indian brides,
I always was your Winnetou,
remember when
you helped to pick
the feathers for the chief?
Grandma was livid though,
new featherbeds were due
for the arrivals to the clan,
you were my favourite,
a joy to chase, to tease,
and then we grew,
and grew, I looked at you
and saw the buds I'd read about,
they made you wear a top,
which we discarded
while playing in the river,
or when we made a home
up in the loft of Herr Fallou,
the crazy French who'd stayed
and let his troops go home,
without him, back in forty-five,
all just because he fell in love,
and married into gold and land.
Two hundred thousand cherry trees,
a true plantation, with its weekend house,
I let you climb the ladder first,
so I could look, I think you knew,
and then we'd grown too old,

your mother said, for cousins
of the upper class to smooch,
and they kept evil eyes on us,
but love outsmarts old folks,
as if they had forgotten their own past,
we read all books inside the library
yet still checked out a ton to take away,
then came the study time at university
and it was Mother, bless her heart
who said the famous words that day:
Your cousin Gina is a genius at math,
why don't you study with her, boy?
It was the day that I observed you in the bath
there were some bubbles in your tub, I missed the toy.
If you were young again with me,
I'd hold your hand,
on Sunday hikes.
And I would blow
a thousand bubbles in your bath.

For My Sandpit Companion

Herbert Nehrlich

Young Farmers

I'd spent so many summers on my uncle's farm
and loved to feel the roots of rightful, old tradition.
Our day began when Mr. Sandman passed and the alarm
was getting ready to convey programmed decision
to him, my rival brother and myself at 1/2 past three.

We did the chores involving the menagerie
of cows and pigs and horses, chickens, geese.
Who all had spent the night to manufacture and then drop
their multicoloured excrements up to their knees.
We laboured, mucking with enthusiasm and non-stop.

Sucking the morning's freshest, slightly soiled warm egg
before the real breakfast of much hearty nature beckoned,
fresh cream drawn from the silver separator keg
and ham and sausages, fatback, we always reckoned,
that, if the Life of Reilly needed new inventing
it would be found with ease on our favourite farm.
And, come to think of it, bet anyone, the devil, on repenting
his evil life, would gladly, happily fall for the charm
of country life in nineteenfifty, when the world was good,
when greed had stayed in castles and in Roman spires,
when man was kind to man and knew he would
be well and happy, healthy, free to sire
enduring decency in future generations.
And those, my friend, those were the days,
when basic goodness never rested on sensations
of goods and services and prostituting yeahs and nays.

Herbert Nehrlich

Young Poets

To the young poets flaunting their stuff,
please don't post any stuff that's too rough.
Read the work of old geezers,
they are real crowd pleasers
and keep reading until it's enough.

Then sit down in your favourite chair,
if you need to, start scratching your hair.
When the words tumble out
with a whisper or shout,
you can post it, we MAY treat you fair.

And remember the girls in your life,
the wild ones or even your wife.
If she has an IQ,
she will proofread for you
with her wonderful spellcheckerknife.

Herbert Nehrlich

Young Talent

Have you heard of a girl named Norina?
She's a poet and just fourteen.
Not an Artist, nor Ballerina,
but a poet with talent, and keen.

Take a look at her contributions:
they are lovely and meaningful, sweet.
If you're talking of elocution,
she's truly and well on the beat.

In the years to come,
I am saying the word:
She will be a voice -
a voice to be heard!

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Account Sir

A clap of thunder, oh so timely
reminds me of those problems unresolved
though shaking I was not
inside my muddy boots.

Damn right I am still standing,
and will remain so for the time
it takes to execute the next,
perhaps a devastating one,
this strike of lightning, which appears
to be the maestro of the orchestra.

Who then, I ask, might be the players,
will I be spared by joining from afar?
I multiply that figure by the seconds
and when thunder comes it may be late
too late to gain immunity from all.
The only question still remaining
is the one I will not even ask,
if I am struck what will it be for me,
and in the end, who might be watching.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Hand

I'd gladly sacrifice them all,
the fire engine and the teddybear,
one of the 38 peacemaker colts
and fourteen cowboy suits,
the spinning top from Grandma
and the skis, as well as those contraptions
that would cut into the leather of our boots,
we'd float across the ice; the Bowie knife
at fourteen years, and then the twenty-two,
three speeds, it was the envy of all bikes,
I can't remember all, though it was grand,
I still get wobbly in the knees at Christmas time.
For you, my love, I'd give them all,
I'd also though reluctantly abandon it,
the other colt, for being close to you,
in fact for holding your delicious little hand.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Mother

I wonder if you know, you busy boy
how luck has favoured you, yes you were pampered.
She lives her life with functions so impaired
her toothless jaw set hard in stern determination.

There has not been a single day or night
that she would let her thoughts stray for too long
away from you to news and other trivia
it is her nature to be there for you alone.

And if you cannot see that room inside your heart
reserved for her, with all the comfort you would find
in place for one long lifetime unconditional and true
then time has come for you to think outside your mind.

The day will come that you shall stand beside her grave
perhaps a tear or two start rolling down your cheek
while words come easy then, if you are all alone
she will then listen to the words you've never said.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Pillow

I never told you this before,
but at the hospital they gave
a bit of sodium pentothal,
it was the Swiss one,
you know, the one that says
Natrium Pent., well whatever,
it's coming out now like,
I think, the coins in the Casino,
the thoughts racing each other
just like the noisy silver nickels,
in all these years when you,
because of her condition
did take your trips each Fall
and stayed for three, four weeks.
When I came back from Sea Tac
(no I will not use that fancy name)
after dropping you outside
I'd fabricate a reason for myself
to make the night an early one,
and all the nights became the same,
it served to shorten all those weeks
until the time would come again
where I would hit I-5, due South
to pick you up bearing a box of
(I knew you'd smile at that) , a box
of Oreo Cookies and another one
of those delectable Fig Newtons.
Then we'd go home and open
a big one from the cellar, Bardolino.
ice cold of course, inspite of Pierre.
We'd snuggle, watch a show like
Archie Bunker or The Dukes of Hazzard,
and you would ask about your pillow,
why it seemed so wrinkled, and how
those crumbs were everywhere.
Today I'll tell you all my secrets, true,
it was the pheromones that in the end
did help me while the time away, oy yes.

Your Question About Poetry

You asked if my poetic skills
would be what an emetic fills
namely a basin of foul smelling
regurgitate, there is no telling
what someone sees in poetry
for me it's what the gods decree
somewhere the talent lies and sleeps
until the time comes where he keeps
it under wraps no longer, hidden
and out it comes, at times unbidden.
Poetic skills are not for all
some do prefer the shopping Mall
but those who can appreciate
and joyfully do contemplate
a poem as it lives and loves
the subject can be hawks or doves
those are the ones with open hearts
and they take in this art of arts.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Sentinel

I love it much, the little sentinel,
it wears a hood of silken pink,
if punishment would be the friggin Hell
I'd stay on site and send a connaisseur's own wink.
It does not mind to have its hood slipped down
for purposes of carnal negligée,
the silly grin you see says, get me, see (?) no gown.
I am the guardian of the Royal Passageway.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Tears

They were, though I was never sure
tears of deep mysteries,
like slow, lethargic geysers
they arose from deep within,
where little chambers
draped with velvet doors
are filled with thoughts
and smiles of yesterday.
At first it startled me
when drops fell on my chest,
the naked skin
that you had kissed
and with your lovely hands
caressed again,
I held your other hand
and felt a need to hold
perhaps to cradle you
to shield you from such pain.
But soon, I knew,
rejoiced and squeezed
your twins,
as if to say
WE are okay, my LOVE.
And in that night
I would have let you cry
until the morning broke,
collecting all your tears
and waiting patiently
for you to turn to me
and smile your lovely smile.
Then we could kiss
and taste the salt
which is the essence
of ourselves
and let our tongues enjoy
a tête-à-tête
and all be well.

Your Thought

And now we dream.
Like bits of foam,
small tufts float by
borne by a friendly breeze.
And meet at the horizon
where tall trees may touch
while idle, cirrus clouds.
Small porkers ride the wind
and roses grow to shade the sun,
a thousand fishes dripping wet
parade the local mall,
where God and twenty angels dine
on submarines and cherry coke.
Cold rain now rises from the ground
and takes the clay to pave the Milky Way,
we dream the night away,
we stir and fidget endlessly
and wake, moist hands still clasped,
there is no sound but we can hear
the mystery, it sings the song
of the impossible sweet dream.

We must not listen though,
while steady beats inside our drum
can reassure the mind,
we soon must talk and touch.
And love, it is not blind.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Time

Silently, with awkward patience, leads the clock's metallic hand,
round and round, to all its stations, twelve in number, still and bland.
Take your eyes now off the action, tend your garden or your home
quickly slips another fraction, OFF, why not a metronome?
Tireless your heart is beating, oxygen flows in and fades,
go, my friend, another meeting, this time it's the Everglades.
Take with hands the gods once gave you, never mind those hungry eyes
see the clock, it cannot save you, soon you say your quick goodbyes.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Time Is Up

They're coming now.
You sleep last night,
the one with no repeat?
Or did you fret and cry
as deep inside your mind
the wheels were turning
to find a way, to flee.
And your amygdala,
it never throws the towel
until the battle is truly lost.
There is no mercy
and nightmares do come true,
nor does it help, my boy
that many pray for you.
No man should have the right
to take another's life
farewell, young man
there will be life
perhaps
with human kindness.

Herbert Nehrlich

Your Vital Test

They said it was,
no doubt about it
the Factor H,
so very crucial
it is a product
of just one acid
called Methionine.
Like Drano, brrrrr,
it scours and eats
the lining of all vessels.
Thus wrecks the roads
that bring new food
and oxygen and life,
to everywhere and nowhere.
It has been found
that Factor H
will tell about
your chances of
and prospects for
survival. It is your life.
So do pay heed
and look at yours
but never trust
your doctor, NO,
unless you know him
as a friend
and one who grasps
the real thing.
To live a life
of many years
there's no need
now to invest,
in worldly goods
and precious gold
just have the one
your vital test,
the Homocysteine,
it's called The Factor,
yes, Factor H,

and now you know.
All else is secondary,
worse, it is like dirt
that's turned to dust.

Herbert Nehrlich

You'Re Coming (By Rachel)

She had him in her power
(hard putty in her hands) ,
Though words of mouth may rule at times
The silent mouth commands.

She tickled with her eager tongue,
And watched him writhe and burn
But time was running out now at the
point of no return.

She lightens up and takes her time
Delayed payoff is better
And makes the grand finale be
Wet and wet and wetter

She senses now the wall's been breached
The flood is set to spring.
Her pleasure's tied to his for now
As kites are tied with string.

She tightens lips and tenses tongue
To raise the pleasure dome
The dam has burst, his time has come
Delicious taste comes home.

She swallows hard and then again
And keeps him deep inside
For when your love is rated ten
You savor the big tide.

The mood is peaceful now, it is
She's warmed and ready now
A nap is needed, yes it is
And then her turn comes round.

This is Rachel's companion poem to 'She Does'

Herbert Nehrlich

Yup

At first there was some titillation
then, hush my darling, fornication,
describing it, as a sensation
I'd say it is infatuation.
You ask me now, what it may be
you notice a dysharmony
I answer, if I were a glove
you'd be inside me as my love.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zaehne -English And German Versions

Im Alter, moechte ich erwaehnen
hat man 'ne Last mit seinen Zaehnen.
Am Anfang wackeln sie beim Kauen
bei Maennern weniger als Frauen.

Ein wenig spaeter kommen Schmerzen,
man nimmt sie etwas mehr zu Herzen.
Der Zahnarzt sticht mir seiner Sonde
tief in das Fleisch, wobei die blonde

und weissbetuchte Dame lacht,
was innerlich die Wut entfacht.
Jetzt kommt er mit der grossen Zange
und spritzt 'ne Loesung in die Wange.

Und dann, nur zwei Minuten spaeter
wird er zum boesen Uebeltaeter,
erfasst mit uebergrossem Eifer
mit seinem hochpolierten Greifer

den schoenen alten Backenzahn.
Und reisst ihn dann (was soll der Wahn?) ,
mit aller ihm gegeb'nen Kraft
heraus, da spritzt der rote Saft.

Er sagt mit angenehmer Stimme
'der naechste Zahn ist erst der Schlimme,
er hat 'ne Wurzel bis zum Kropf,
den fass ich gleich bei seinem Zopf.

Sie koennen es mir ruhig glauben
und werden es mir auch erlauben,
dass beide meiner grossen Knie
den Brustkorb druecken wenn ich zieh.

Das wird gemacht nur zu dem Zwecke
dass ich nicht lande an der Decke.
Denn manchmal ist ein Zahn so listig
dass er den Doktor macht ballistik.'

Beim dritten Zahn da rief ich Nein,
ich will kein Opfer hier mehr sein.
Der Zahnarzt laechelte nur matt
'Bei zwanzig kriegt man hier Rabatt.'

So zog er alle meine Zaehne.
Und immer wenn ich heute gaehne
sieht man nichts weisses weit und breit,
nur einer blieb - der Zahn der Zeit.

Teeth

Age brings quite a few surprises
and they come in strange disguises.
Teeth are what we often feel
in conjunction with a meal.

First they start to slightly wiggle
which produces a small giggle.
Later they will cause some pain
which you hope will fade - in vain.

Dentists like to stick their probes
into swollen painful lobes
near the teeth that do offend
while their blond assistants tend

to belittle when we suffer
(Oh I wish I were much tougher) ,
while the heat of inner fires
starts, I see gigantic pliers

and he shoots a vile solution
in my cheek. The execution
cannot be too far behind.
I can feel him grope and find

number one with his bright tool.
Me? I'm trapped inside a fool.
Now he places both his feet,
shoes and all (his socks look neat)

onto my fast-breathing chest,
while I'm hoping for the best.
And explains in pleasant voice
that he does have little choice.

Doesn't want to hurt my feeling,
but above us is the ceiling.
On occasion when a tooth
doesn't want to come out smooth,

will let go like a small rocket
once it breaks from its own socket.
'Now', he says, 'comes number two,
that's the bad one, I will do

what I can to get the root,
which is anchored near your boot.'
Minutes later, number three,
I'm exhausted, need to pee,

try to get a small reprieve,
Doc says 'you may not take leave,
many more await their fate,
twenty gives you discount, mate.'

Pulled them all, but one in front
when I yawn (let me be blunt) ,
people don't see any white
little ones do get a fright.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zatopek

Sebastian Coe is running close
to Zatopek, the Marathon
a race that hits you on the nose
you either have it or you're done.

Says Emil ' Do yoo ssink ve are
today too slow, mine friend or vot? '
Sebastian, running on hot tar
says 'Emil, I am very hot! '

But no one knew that Zatopek
had up his sleeve a dirty trick
they were, that moment, neck-on-neck
when Emil gave himself a kick.

Accelerating like a rabbit
and never looking back at all
had been a clever Emil habit,
he'd watch opponents trip and fall.

So, Coe now thought that Emil could
outrun the fastest of gazelles
became depressed as many would
crossed off his list the Finish bells.

Thus Zatopek won many races
in Finland and the other regions
he beat the best, and all the aces.
Swore to himself total allegiance.

I was the one so fortunate
to share a few of Praha's best.
The local Pilsner, that was it
and, for a moment, we were blessed.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zimbabwe

I sleep and dream about the superficial
and personal, thus pleasing drivell
as you must know, one cannot pay attention
and be worried so unduly and with care
inside the soul where all the world is now in view
Its' an omnipotent that God should have appointed.

At present it's Zimbabwe, country of the blacks
where genocide has taken hold and stayed.
What else is new they say, it's just a habit
that keeps recurring and there is no need to worry.

I only dream about the one thing that keeps waking
and shaking me, when soggy with the sweats
of white knight nights recurs in colour, three dimensions,
when a Jack Russell sat beside his murdered master
so full of grief and mortal wounding to his heart.
How can we stand and look due East where things are quiet
and if you can, I know that dog will not,
when hostile bullets struck his master and he died
it killed his spirit and his heart and loyal soul.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zum 47sten Jahrestag - Trinkspruch

Auf einem Bein steht man nicht gut
und Zato weiss was doch gut tut,
und steht man zweibeinig am Boden
dann trinkt man nicht auf einen Hoden,
denn wie gesagt, die Symmetrie
die zielt stets auf das and're Knie.
So rate ich Dir trink im Duette
dann gehst Du happier in's Bette.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zum Geburtstag

Der Geburtstag von unser'm Gerhard,
der so lustig sein kann wie Heinz Erhardt
ist am heutigen Tag
was an Umstaenden lag,
diese finden so oft in der Nacht statt.

An dem weissen Bart kann man erkennen,
dass das letzte, so wichtige, Rennen
ist schon viele Jahr' her,
als er, stark wie ein Baer -
jetzo kann er darueber nur flennen.

So, wir wuenschen ihm heute das Beste,
hochbetuchte und freundliche Gaeste.
Doch es hilft hier kein Fluchen
denn beleibt macht der Kuchen,
aber feiern muss jeder die Feste.

Also soll der Cousin namens Koch,
der beliebt ist wie noch und noch,
alles Gute bekommen
wie die Braven und Frommen
denn verdient hat er's immer. Doch!

Herbert Nehrlich

Zum Geburtstag - Meiner Mutter

Wer eine Mutter hat die lacht
und selbst sich manche Freude macht,
die morgens aufsteht und erst gaeht
und dann so nebenbei erwaeht
dass unsre Welt 'ne schoene ist.
Und dass die ziemlich kurze Frist
die uns gegeben, reichen muss
sonst waer' es eine harte Nuss.

Natuerlich muessen Zeichen kommen,
von Kindern, anderen und Frommen,
die Positives in sich tragen.
Man will nur immer wieder fragen
warum sie soviel klagt und schimpft,
es ist als waere man geimpft,
als Kind, und dieser Impfstoff bleibt,
wie er im Blut herum sich treibt.

Er hat was Negatives inne
drum sage ich, in diesem Sinne
man lasse Freude in die Herzen
das daempft, und treibt sie weg, die Schmerzen.

Dies soll nun keine Predigt sein,
von so weit weg schon gar nicht, nein!
Wie damals als der kleine Pfaffe
von Tueren sprach, auf dass man schaffe
den Schritt, auch zoegernd durch die Schwelle
denn nebenan ist's sonnig, gelle!

Man sagt dass mit den Jahren immer
die Menschheit und die Erd' wird schlimmer
und dass sogar das Wetter wechselt
vergiss nur nicht, es wird gehaeckselt
und Spreu vom Weizen schoen getrennt
das Leben, es beginnt im Lent
und bringt uns Sommer und den Winter,
das sagte schon der Sachse Ginter.

Man nehme es, mit einer Prise
Gewuerzgemisch, wobei man diese
gibt in die Lebenssuppe schoen.
Sind Bohnen drin gibt's auch Getoen
so, kurz gesagt, man richtet an
fuer Kind und Frau sowie den Mann
was man im Lauf der Jahre isst.
Ein Mensch genieisst, der Teufel frisst
und deshalb haben wir Manieren
und unterscheiden uns von Tieren.

Nach dieser Kleinphilosophie
send' von uns allen ich von hie
die besten Wuensche fuer den Tag
der oft noch wiederkommen mag
setz Dich gemuetlich in den Sessel
ein andrer hoert den Kaffeekessel.

Ein schoenes Stueck der Sahnetorte
dann spricht der Juengling ein paar Worte
und lass Dir schoen den Tag versuessen
so schliess ich also, mit den Gruessen
die herzliche Gedanken bringen
und, hoerst Du es, von fern das Singen?

Herbert Nehrlich

Zum Geburtstag-Meiner Schwester Erika

Im Schwarzwald, wo die Tannen steh'n
im Winter kalte Winde weh'n
hat Erika ein Heim gefunden
wo ihre Seele kann gesunden.
Nicht leicht hat mancher es im Leben
trotz allem Optimismus eben
es geht so wie die Goetter's wollen
sie sagen wie die Wuerfel rollen.
Wie schoen wenn sich zwei liebe Seelen
nach Jahren, jetzt mit vollen Kehlen
das eine oder andre Lied
ganz locker, nicht in Reih und Glied
vorsingen ohne falsche Scham.

Bei Milch ist obendrauf der Rahm
und, gut geschuetzt sitzt still darunter
die Hauptsubstanz, auch immer munter.
So ist das Leben bei der Liebe,
ach wenn sie immer bei uns bliebe!
Die Worte seien Euch zur Ehre
bis ich in Deutschland wiederkehre
wuensch ich und auch die ganze Truppe
dass immer Fleisch sei in der Suppe.
Nun feiert schoen, esst guten Kuchen
ich wuerde gern den Flug schon buchen.

Noch viele Jahre sein beschieden
Euch beiden Schwaben, dort im Sieden,
wo Berge Taeler uberragen,
auch moecht' ich hoeren keine Klagen.
Heut am Geburtstag, dies in Kuerze
vergiss nicht, Gerhard traegt die Schuerze.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zum Jahreswechsel

Die Welt traemt langsam vor sich hin
und ueberlegt ob sich ein Sinn
aus diesem Wirrwarr wohl entpuppe.
Ob eine Fliege in der Suppe
eventuell ein Hundehaar
dem Freudschen ego Menschenpaar
ganz vorne steht und auch regiert
Polypleudie, nun schon zu viert!

Wir liegen an der Jahresscheide
bemalen Asphalt weiss mit Kreide.
Doch kommt der Bulldog namens Zeit
und brummt, ihr Leut', gleich ist's soweit.
Geschubst, gestossen und gerollt
die ersten sind's, obwohl geschmollt
die wegen krasser, bunter Luegen
sich in die neue Hoelle fuegen.

Wo ist mein Gott, so fragen alle,
sogar das Schwein bei Bauer Dralle.
Es hat geschrien als es am Spiess
wo es der Herrgott toeten liess.
Wie fremd Du bist, Gerechtigkeit
als Zirruswoelkchen, weit und breit
wie eine Feder, leise taumelt
wenn wieder eine Seele baumelt.

Ich glaube sehr dass uns're Goetter
nichts and'res sind als fromme Spoetter.
Allwissend. Wir sind's die da glauben
und lassen uns, wie dumme Tauben
auf Reisen schicken ohne Fragen;
doch sollten je wir hoeflich fragen
was denn der Sinn des Daseins sei
dann ist das Leben schon vorbei.

Als Fazit stelle ich nun heute
die Depression vor, liebe Leute.
Nur Schwermut kann die Menschheit retten

kann Kirch' und Schule an uns ketten.
Es gibt kein Individuum,
denn, es ist wahr, der Mensch ist dumm.

English Version:

The world in salty salivation
now wallows in deliberation,
determined in its leftist leaning
to learn about a hidden meaning.
A fly inside a tasty soup
a hair of dog formed as a loop
the pair by Freud, an ego trip
who is the captain of this ship?

Supine, we wait at year's swift end
paint chalky doodles near the bend
of Father Time's huge, scruffy dog,
it keeps for us the final log.
We're pushed and shoved, at last we roll
the tune stems from a superior soul.
We fit right in, polyploidy
all chromosomes shall now be free.

Where is my God? They all inquire,
HE let the pig roast in the fire.
How strange you, are Justitia
a cirrus cloud, a swastika.
A feather floats in curious ways
through forests, where a body sways.

I do believe that Gods are just
sarcastic maniacs, and they must
send humans off to do their bidding
like doves who fly while they are ridding
themselves of guilt and other matters.
Yet when they ask, things are in tatters,
their lives are over in an hour
Thus is the force of godly power.

Today, I introduce depression

to save us all through sheer confession.
We can eliminate all pains
by wrapping ourselves in chains.
As church and school look up to God
and wait in patience for the nod,
it is a true fait accompli
that man can never ever be
of many parts the final sum.
Because our man is only dumb.

Herbert Nehrlich

Zuma Beach

I dreamed about an Easterbunny
on Zuma Beach, where it was sunny.
She would have graced big city malls
and told me she liked Matzo Balls.
By which she meant those oval eggs
that hang off males, between the legs.
Though dark of skin her real home
was not the Southern town of Rome.

Hugh Hefner was her dear old dad
he'd started this attractive fad.
Down in Australia they have bunnies
surrounding little shacks called dunnies.
They are the ones whose nether hole
has been designed the novel role
of laying eggs, some green some yellow
for white man and the coloured fellow.

Back to the bunny at my feet,
she said that she was glad to meet
a hunk like me, so well endowed
and might she, kindly, be allowed
to cuddle up close to my skin
where we could share in wicked sin.

I saw the sadness in her eyes
and, being better than those guys
who would have jumped at this small chance
I did remain in mental trance
until those bunnyhands caressed
the little curlies on my chest.
Such loneliness and such despair
it was so cruel and unfair,
of God to make her in creation
and then prevent all fornication,
thus someone had to give her aid
that's how on Zuma I got laid.

