

Poetry Series

Gomer LePoet
- poems -

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Gomer LePoet()

Former IT manager - Musician

The Things

The Things

I am sitting here with a nice glass of wine
Conjuring thoughts of things that are fine
Like the laugh or giggle of a small baby child
Or a purr of a kitten that's been saved from the wild
The stars in the sky when you look up to gaze
On a cool fall evening there are so many ways
You close your eyes and think up new dreams
Of this wonderful world it's more than it seems
For whatever you can imagine it probably is real
The sense of seeing, of hearing, and feel
Drink it all in like this nice glass of wine
Conjuring thoughts of things that are fine

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

The Kiss

The Kiss

your kiss is like a drug to me,
your lips be oh so tender,
I just can't get enough you see,
feel like I'm on a bender,
I kiss your neck, your ear, so sweet,
I breathe your wisp of lavender,
you have swept me off my feet,
take it all in like a scavenger,

collecting all, so I need not worry,
about when you are away,
I yearn for your sweet kiss my love,
every night and day,
I hold you fast in my embrace,
like a changeling seeking out its host,
I tell everyone bout my love for you,
yes, I admit I like to boast,

for you are the only one my love,
the only one of whom I dream,
walking hand in hand in summers sun,
or by nights bright moonbeam,
when you're not here with me,
I know that something is amiss,
then all my fears vanish into night,
when again your lips I kiss

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

Indian Giver

Indian Giver

I have these thoughts, deep inside my soul,
to not pretend, to not cajole,
and yet sometimes, beyond my sight,
I find that I have, this internal fight,
I give away, looking over my shoulder,
for that return of love, of the beholder,
and if for reason, whatever that it be,
this love is not returned, not returned to me,
I take back, what first I deliver,
I guess that makes me, an Indian Giver,
for if it true, there are no strings,
its just for caring and sharing brings,
release of all, selfish thoughts and acts,
I guess I'm no closer, no depth, just facts,
to giving freely, I still must learn,
or my internal hell, will forever burn

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Rainy Day

Rainy Day

It's 6 am and outside it's raining,
Looks like a day for maybe reading a book,
Should go to the gym, keep up my training,
Getting older now it's hard to maintain that look,

The Holidays are approaching way too fast,
and so is the time for paying those taxes,
hurt my arm and now I'm wearing a cast,
trying to pay bills and answering faxes,

Maybe I'll bake some cookies or pie,
might even consider some Hungarian stew, □
feeling kinda sad and I don't know why,
maybe it's because I'm missing you

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Waistin' Time

Waistin' Time

Wake up in the morning,
try to wipe the sleep from my eyes,
all night long its been a-stormin',
lightning crackin' the skies,
listenin' to the radio,
waiting for the sun to shine,
listenin' for that blue bird song,
just waistin' my time

Old man in the moon,
wipe that smile from your face,
there hasn't been any harvest,
feel like I'm runnin' in place,
gotta get a move on,
gotta make up my mind,
gonna have to make a change from
waistin' my time

Take my old suit to the cleaners,
remove the doubt from my day,
you know some people can be leaners,
but that just isn't my way,
gotta get a move on,
gotta make up my mind,
gonna have to make a change from
waistin my time

Since I left that school, couldn't follow the rule,
ain't never going back,
now I realize, they weren't tellin' any lies,
me and KC gotta get back on the track
and stop waistin my time

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Where I Am Going?

Where I am going?

From the pens of wisdom and prolific wit,
Voltaire, Krishnamurti, Schopenhauer, now I sit,
trying to compose words, that can help me explain,
how you bring me such joy, how you bring me such pain,

I feel like I'm tumbling, not understanding my fate,
I reach out to touch you, but you tell me to wait,
where I am going, is a mystery to me,
it's always been that way, yearning to see,

my weary heart and mind are in need of peace,
I'm like a small white dwarf, waiting to release,
all this suppressed energy, exploding in space,
yet I sit here now, with tears on my face,

I feel like I can grasp, understanding Adams' plea,
when he asks the question, "Whatayawantfromme",
so simple, so pure, this inquiry, words flowing,
still with no answer, Where I am going?

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Wisdom Or Wit Part I

Wisdom or Wit Part I

If you came here my friends, sincerely hoping to find,
glimmering words of wisdom, oozing from my mind,
you are in more trouble, more trouble that you think,
for living by my perilous thoughts, will land you in the clink,

Not even smarter than the average bear, there is way to much clatter,
constantly on a no-cal diet, but still my ass gets fatter,
working so hard, watching my money, no, it's not a joke,
working to hard, it's not really funny, and wah-lah, again I'm broke,

I try singing Valkyrie, Wagner blows his mind,
now I'm playing Watchtower, and Hendrix tries to find,
a deeper place to hide his ears, a place I cannot reach,
While Ole Blue Eyes, clears his throat, choking on a peach

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Wisdom Or Wit Part II

Wisdom or Wit Part II

Well here you are again young fool, I see you did not learn,
you're back for more advice from me, it's like watching butter churn,
Krishnamurti says do not expect, you should only observe,
then you will not be disappointed, you'll get exactly what you deserve,
facts or facts most of the time, sometimes however they're lies,
you cannot always believe, even if you have seen with your eyes,
and yet sometimes if you blindly walk, following your heart,
things don't always work out well, but you knew that from the start,
so why in the hell are you following me, unless you have no where to go,
unless you like walking in circles my friend, I say goodbye and you say, hello

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

1968"

1968"

We were headed for disaster,
Our hearts were beating faster,
We were set for action,
Everybody knew we were out of control

□

Braced for a collision,
There was no sane decision,
They were circling the wagons,
Like fire-breathing dragons,
They let out a roar

The smoke was rising higher,
Just like a funeral pyre,
Everything was burning,
The wheels just kept on turning,
History would record it all

They came with sticks swingin',
I kept our ears aringin',
Tempers were exploding,
Lives were imploding,
Was this the end

The dust didn't settle for almost 20 years,
If your waitin' for a medal,
Keep your foot to the pedal,
Remembering it was 1968

□

Now it's just a distant memory,
If you want to make it clearer,
Take a look in the mirror,
Remembering it was 1968

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Another Kiss

Another Kiss

It was a warm early spring day, the sun and clouds exchanging places,
I was working in my yard, sometimes acknowledging smiling faces,
that passed by my white picket fence, in this cozy little town,
people in all kinds of garb, one wearing a bright white gown,
I was down on my padded knees, I was digging in the dirt,
then I saw you saunter up, wearing this flowered, floppy skirt,
I banged my head on the fence post, as I lost my concentration,
stumbling awkwardly to my feet, there was no hesitation,
no, we had not married yet, but our love was no illusion,
everyone who knew us both, came to the same conclusion,
we smiled at each other, in our own very special way,
our eyes were speaking volumes, although no sound was made,
she finally said, I must leave, I'm on my way to school,
I tried to speak, intelligent words, but all I did was drool,
because I was anticipating, the feeling of her lips on mine,
I could feel the tingling in my toes, up and down my spine,
her kisses were always special, filled with special bliss,
I just could not wait anymore, I'm needing Another kiss

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Can I Get Your Attention Please

Can I get Your Attention Please

I like writing, poetry, songs, stories, dissertations and jokes,
and It's probably a real good guess, that so do you folks,
I don't just write, for my own self esteem,
I write for all of you, do you know what I mean? ,
writing allows you to formulate your ideas, your concerns,
your laughter, your passion, your dreams, til it burns,
my main objective though, is to create dialoge,
if no one reads me, I'm like a bump on a log,
I like conversation, varying thoughts and ideas,
I'm just a poet, I'm no genius or whiz,
so please read my thoughts, and give some to me,
tell me that you like it, or that I'm really corny,
but don't leave it there, feel free to continue,
you can send me a message, we can talk til we're blue,
we can become good friends, you just never know,
we could wind up together, on some radio show,
so dropp me a line, leave a message on the wall,
I promise I'll get back, to each of you all,
I hope you don't leave me, all alone in the rain,
just looking for friendship, don't think that's insane,
so Can I get Your Attention Please,
I'm down on my knees, begging you please

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

famous Lines

FAMOUS LINES

□

Things have been really slow, with north winds bringing chill,
trying to find things to say, and I am looking still,
words of wisdom, words of rhyme, words to make us laugh,
I think what I really need, is more writers on my staff,
words that make famous lines, when put end to end,
I am struggling mightily here, to find those lines my friend,
who can forget when tough Clint said, "go ahead, make my day",
I can feel my knees quivering now, while I kneel down to pray,
and Humphrey got to us all, when he offered this famous bid,
who could ever forget those words, "heres looking at you kid",
from governor to mighty robot, Arnold's the best maybe,
remembering the chills when he said, "Hasta la vista, baby",
and from the goofy world of comedy, there are way to many to list,
when Python's Black Knight offered this line, King Arthur was pissed, its only a
flesh wound my good king, I can kill you with this stump,
life is like a box of chocolates, according to Forrest Gump,
now the words are starting to flow, I think I've found a groove,
just one more cup of coffee in me, and I'll be able to prove,
famous lines are said every day, it's just a matter of time,
waiting for someone to discover them, I wish one of them was mine

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

friginfrazzled

FriginFrazzled

I hear the sounds of a loud cymbal crash,
now my teeth, or starting to gnash,
I'm friginfrazzled, that's what I am,
my nerves are on edge, my mind is like spam,
oh I am such a tortured soul,
just wanna go, climb in a hole,
tell everyone to pissupatree,
just quit screwin with me,
I offer my heart, and get kicked in the nutz,
maybe I'm, just a stupid old putz,
I guess I just expect too much,
poor little me, add another crutch,
I see the world, but no one sees me,
maybe it's time, for me to go free,
I seriously doubt, anyone would care,
finding me lifeless, in my long underwear,
or I can return, the way I arrived,
completely naked, all alone inside

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Just Wanna Dance

Just wanna Dance

Please excuse me, don't mean to intrude,
Hope you don't think, that I'm being rude,
But I've been watching you, shake and move,
And I just wanna dance with you,
Yes, I just wanna dance with you

Don't tell me your stories, I won't tell you mine,
No need to get heavy, and make love the grand prize,
There is no reason, to pretend what we're not,
Cause I just wanna dance with you,
Oh I just wanna dance with you

There's no reason, to believe, that we can't be alone,
Together, just we two,
You know there's no reason, to believe, that we can't get along,
Together, me and you

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Magic In The Night

Magic in the Night

There was music everywhere,
there was something in the air that night,
you were snuggled close to me,
everything was oh so right

As we gazed out at the stars,
wondering where I lives will go,
she said "tell me what you think",
I really do want to know"

Is what we see for real?
Or just a moment in time,
is this the magic of the night
or another cruel love crime

Let's take advantage of everything that we feel,
Let's use every moment that we two can steal

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Man On The Hill

Man on the Hill

You see the man on the hill,
he's searching for his thrill,
you know he's been up there all night,
yeah he's been there before,
searchin for the shore,
he just can't see the light,

He tried everything he knew,
to keep his mind off you,
but he just can't get it right,
you know when you said goodbye,
you hurt more than just his pride,
but he just can't get it right, cause he still loves you

You see the man in the cage,
you know he's rummblin with rage,
you see his world has come all undone,
he just doesn't understand,
all the things that he planned,
he's lost his love for havin fun

He gave his love,
but you needed more,
then you said you would never leave,
he gave his heart,
but you let him fall
let him grieve

Gomer LePoet...

note to hear my musical version of this poem go to

Gomer LePoet

More Sweets

More Sweets

I've managed to outdo myself,
I've made a failing grade,
my sweets no longer thinks of me,
its a zero centigrade,
sure, I knew what I did was chancy,
complete collapse was high,
but nothing ventured, nothing gained,
is the motto I go by,
I still hold the view of high regard,
in every single thought,
the chance was taken, I was mistaken,
in what it was I sought,
and now my thoughts blow in the wind,
they are torn and scattered,
any possibility, of this reconcile gone,
as if it really mattered,
I will return again someday, my head held high,
walking busy streets,
until then, I'll mourn in peace,
knowing no more Sweets.

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

☒ One Seems To Notice

☒ One Seems To Notice

Finding the world of poetry, really hard to crack,
writing prolifically, but no one seems to notice,
I'll pay my dues, I'll accept the hardened facts,
I'd gladly except criticism, but no one seems to notice,

Someone please tell me, on just what should I focus,
looking for direction, but no one seems to notice,
should I write about love affairs, or some silly hocus-pocos,
tell me I'm a hack. but no one seems to notice,

I leave messages to Desert Blue Rose, hoping that she'll see,
I'd talk to anyone at all, but no one seems to notice,
I've read her poems diligently, I've shared her fantasy,
her Rapture of a Dream, but no one seems to notice,

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Poetry Or Prose

Poetry or Prose

Is it poetry or prose, now that's a real good question,
if you mix them both together, will it give you indigestion,

many years ago, the old wise and scholarly Hebrew priests,
who created the architecture of surrealistic fantasies, the prose,
it has rhythm, it has rhyme, repetition and imagery but,

the poem is far more like modern music, magic notes you see,
rolling off the tongues of man, almost anyone can be,

a delightful place to rest a weary soul from travel, is the port,
where the changing colors of the sea, and the twinkling of lights
never tire the eye in its colorful prism,

so it is your choice my friend, you can bend, shape and throw it,
make it what you will, be you a proser or a poet

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Something/Sometimes

Something/Sometimes

you've lost your mascara, your running behind,
hump day has passed, now this poem you find,
I was going to write you something, something so sweet,
something that I hoped, would sweep you off of your feet,
but then I realized, just why should you care,
I'm way over here, and your way over there,
you have your own life, and of course I have mine,
I'm just a simple poet, sometimes out of line,
sometimes I say things, things I should not say,
I really have no right, thinking that you might feel this way,
feel the way that I do, sometimes it's so hard,
knowing what I should say, what I should discard,
yes, I know this is fantasy, this is not really real,
yet I cannot help wondering, knowing the way that I feel,
sometimes your dreams, may cause you to feel pain,
if this is a fantasy, why do I stand in the rain? ,
rain that I cause, with the tears that are real,
yes, this is something, sometimes I feel,
I dream of your laughter, I long for your touch,
sometimes my dreams, are just too damn much,
just one sweet kiss, from your ruby red lips,
something, sometimes, just two passing ships,
I'm hoping my ship, has a life jacket on board,
cause I feel I am sinking, playing this Phrygian chord,
I now seen the sun, peeking out at first light,
I made it again, I got through the night,
now I feel happy, I think I should dance,
I saw your reflection, if only a glance

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Sweets Dreams

Sweets Dreams

Just east of the Simi valley,
where they grow delicious grapes,
to turn the buds of aficionado tasters,
served with fruity crepes,
and west of the biggest strip of all,
where fast shakers tend to meet,
is this little town, whose name slips my mind,
on this busy little street,
lives a queen of hearts, princess of mind, maiden of the soul,
who's gentle touch upon my heart,
has turned me all aglow,
she has a way of being funny, but no, she's no ones fool,
far from that lame description,
she's been to finishing school,
yet not overly proper, with sense of reason,
sense of good and kind,
it's been my pleasure, to have met this lady,
and since my heart has pined,
I know that we will never touch, not physically at least,
but she has my heart, she has my mind, she's tamed this ugly beast,
though she will never know, just how much, I dream of her at night,
how much I wish, I could hold her close, and kiss my Sweets goodnight

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Sweets Return Wrap

Sweets Return Wrap

Boy, wouldn't cha know it,
just when you think, you've got control,
you think you understand the situation,
then they make you dig, down, deep in your soul

you think that you've been playin,
the part of your life, and doing it so well,
then you're called out on the carpet,
something's not right here, it's a game called the shell

What the hell, I'll try anything once,
just got to keep an open, mind this time, □
you knucklehead, you big dunce,
it's only rap, all you gotta do is rhyme

the Queen was in her royal tower,
she was just, doing her thing,
you heard there was a power struggle,
all about the money, all you hear is ka-ching

I'll put my game face on, tar under my eyes,
insert my mouthpiece, buckle my chinstrap,
looks like it's going to go 10 rounds,
now you're jammin, to the Sweets Return Wrap

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

The Kings

The Kings

Have you heard the news, the Kings are coming
The drummer boy, he's doing his drumming,
It's the time of year, when we celebrate,
We will have to do, though it's the wrong date,
Most people are smiling and humming carols,
Shop, shop, shopping, reaching in barrels,
To find that perfect thing, for Bobby or Sue,
When searching our hearts is what we need to do,
If Muhammad, Jesus or Krishna is your King,
Thank them all, for giving us voices to sing,
About the freedoms that they, gave to us all,
The hope and the joy, hearing our call,
Bringing us out, out to the light,
Removing us from the darkness of night,
For they gave their lives, so we could be free,
They started it all, they made others see,
So when we celebrate, this wonderful day,
Let us not forget, how it got this way

Gomer...

□

Gomer LePoet

Where's A Cat In My Hat'

Where's a cat in my hat'

I needed to go to the store the other day,
I was in a big hurry, no time to play,
I grabbed my wallet, my keys, and my hat,
and reached down to pet my friendly old cat
The traffic was bad, cars going fast,
took me forever, but I got there at last,
picked up some milk, some butter, some cheese,
grabbed for my hanky as I started to sneeze
I got into line it was terribly long,
I daydreamed a while, recalling a song,
the man at the checkout was starring at me,
I wondered what, what it could be
He said 'something is wrong' there's a tail from your hat,
I patted my head 'I said it's just my old cat',
he looked at me funny so I said to him,
his name is Fluffy, but I call him Jim
He likes to go with me wherever I go,
and I like him with me he puts on a show,
he pats my nose and licks on my head,
he's more than a cat he's my best friend I said
some may think I'm silly for sure,
but I have a hard time walking out of that door,
without my wallet, my keys to my flat,
but most of all my cat in my hat

Gomer..

Gomer LePoet

What The Hell Was That?

What the Hell was That?

I was walkin home late last nite,
I heard this weird noise,
What the hell was that?

Saw a cat drive by on a large motorcyle,
he honked his horn,
What the hell was that?

Saw I guy on the TeleVision,
talking bout his pants on the ground, whao,
What the hell was that?

Reached inside my bluejean pocket,
pulled out a big alligator,
What the hell was that?

On my head was a coonskin hat,
looked like Davy Crockett,
What the hell was that?

My wife said she was leaving me
for a toothless old man, wow,
What the hell was that?

A gorgeous naked woman came to my door,
said she was my lover,
What the hell was that?

Saw a pig the other day, on an elevator
he winked at me,
What the hell was that?
What the hell was that?
What the hell was that?

Gomer LePoet...

When I Get Old

When I get Old

When I get old and my hair falls out
Will you still want me now,
When I get old and my teeth turn south
Will you still want me now,
When I get old and nothing seems to work
Will you still want me now,
When I get old and sometimes act like a jerk,
Will you still want me now,

When I forget where I put my keys,
Will you still want me now,
When I complain about my knees,
Will you still want me now,
When I turn my radio up to loud,
Will you still want me now,
When I break wind in a crowd,
Will you still want me now,

When I'm an old grouch, a royal pain,
Will you still want me now,
When I spill stuff, leaving a stain, '□
Will you still want me now,
When I complain about everything,
Will you still want me now,
When I clog up the drain,
Will you still want me now,

I hope you will remember, when I was a stud,
I pray that you'll forgive, when I am a dud

When I get old

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

World Of Belief I

World of Belief I

I'm sitting here, counting the minutes, until I can once again,
cradle you in my arms, in my world of mystical zen,

brushing away your hair, to reveal the face,
that I kiss with such desire, then fall into a deep embrace,

my world is happy, bright colored balloons, a child's smile,
longing to stay here, for just a little while,

no, make that forever, at least that's what I feel,
I wonder if, there is someday, I can make a deal,

is my skin, so thin, you can see right through it,
if I close my eyes, I know for sure, that I can do it,

If I squint my eyes, really really tight,
I bet you'll be here, with me tonite

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

30 Days

30 Days

A flaw in my personality, can be easily detected,
need lots of attention, or I get dejected,
just really can't stand, the thought of being rejected,
though I may seem cool, calm and collected

so I go out searching, looking for some action,
I hate spinning my wheels, getting no traction,
find me something fancy, new kind of attraction,
I need the whole enchilada, not merely a fraction

no I just can't stand, sitting idly by,
always needing something, I can catch on the fly,
got to keep busy, or my mind will go dry,
then I'll remember that I'm lonely, and I just my cry

Yeah I pretend that I'm tuff, I can take a hard fall,
when the pressure gets high, and my back's against a wall,
and I finally realize, there's just no one to call.
I reach in my pocket, and whip out a Pall Mall

gotta settle my nerves, get under control,
play my guitar real loud, and wait for the patrol,
to wrap me up, and shove me in a hole,
30 days should be enough, to locate my soul

well there's no real beginning, so I guess there's no end,
if your looking to me, for a message to send,
your in the wrong place, sorry my friend,
make up something new, yes I like to pretend

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Bleu Swayed Shoe

Bleu Swayed Shoe

Well I've been knocked down, but I've never been out,
I've been put down, did I just sit and pout,
I've been lied to, called a stupid fool,
stabbed in the back, with a sharp garden tool,
had my eyes poked, by some guy named Moe,
pulled my ear real hard, and stepped on my toe,
finally I said, "Hey, I've had enough",
arched my eyebrows high, and talked real tough,
if you wanna mess with me, you're in for a fight,
I'll get you with my left hook, and then my right,
you've crossed the line, you done bit more than you can chew,
you can kiss your ass goodbye, you scuffed my Bleu Swayed Shoe

well I'll do the time, if you give me one good reason,
didn't kill anybody, never have committed treason,
I pay my taxes, and go to Sunday school,
always have believed, in the golden rule,
ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies,
sure, I've done things, that I really do despise,
but one thing is sure, I never messed a mans kickers, □
except that one time, with all those banjo pickers,
they kept spittin on the floor, I warned them in a nice way,
you need to be more careful, with that nasty old spray,
when they finally hit my foot, what else could I do,
I kicked their hoosier asses, with my Bleu Swayed Shoe

Gomer Lepoet...

Gomer LePoet

Dance With Me

Dance with Me

God knows what a sinner I am, He knows I am a fool,
why does he give me a heart, that breaks so easily,
I can take bones that break, but my tears can fill a pool,
if you walk away from me, I know I will die inside

Please take me into your arms, hold me, hold me tight,
spin me around, like you do with my mind,
dance with me, dance with me all night,
never let my heart, flow out with the tide

In no way am I perfect, I have so many flaws,
needing so bad your inspiration, you give me drive,
dance with me, hold me tight, brace me from the falls,
I haven't been the same since, God knows I tried

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

I Don't Wanna Do This Anymore

I don't wanna do this anymore

We've been friends for such a long time,
We've been lovers too,
But lately somethings missing I find,
Somethings gone wrong and I feel you're blue

I feel you want to spread your wings,
You want to fly away,
All the freedom that it brings,
Maybe we'll be one again someday

Take your time to live your dream,
I'll be with you wherever you are,
Take your ride on a moonbeam,
Make a wish upon a star

I know that we tried, this can't be denied
But I don't wanna do this anymore

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

Manhattan Lady

Manhattan Lady

Strolling aimlessly through the streets of the city,
feeling sad and alone, looking for some pity,
thinking tomorrow will be, just another waste of my time,
going through the motions, another huge mountain to climb, □
running in circles, I keep falling for that same old trick,
and I continuously punish myself, with that same old stick,
I need to find something to inspire me, someone I can trust,
the city bus driving by splashes me, and immediately gets cussed,
why can't I find that someone, someone who really cares,
someone who will listen, not constantly changing chairs,
it seems as though I'm doomed, to feel love nevermore,
then as I along W165th street, someone is struggling with a door,
I see this enchanting lady, her key not working right,
across from Hilltop Park, the Audubon Ballroom said the flashing light,
I asked if I could be of help to her, she smiled and nodded slightly,
She said she came to dance here, she came here almost nightly,
I pushed and shoved and grunted, made sounds of all my might,
finally it opened, it was dark inside, no dancing here tonight,
she smiled at me once again, and thanked me for helping out.
I told her I could sing for her, we could dance and shout,
I sang as loud as I could sing, we danced in circles like a carousel,
we laughed and we talked and that night I fell,
madly in love with this lady, sent to me in a spell,
That night my life changed, no longer was my future shady,
that was the night I fell in love, with this Manhattan lady

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Mein Shaft

Mein Shaft

I know many people, are aware of the book,
when Adolph spoke, the whole world shook,
this tyrant, this madman, thought he had a clue,
the best thing for his world, was to eliminate the Jew.

His only achievement was this book of his fears,
Mein Komph was his struggle, for all of those years,
he penned another describing his craft,
of playing with himself, he called it Mein Shaft

For this book of his, totally explained,
this closed minded fool, was very small brained,
so fondling himself, was what he did best,
how did he happen, we were sleeping? , I guessed

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

My Pal Joey

My Pal Joey

A fine young Italian boy, lived in the Big Apple City,
he really made me laugh, now he's gone, it is such a pity,
brother to seven gorgeous ladies, always needing his help,
got hit by a corporate big shot, he left town, not even a yelp

Maurice the Space Cowboy, this was his imaginary pal,
he really loved all the women, fell in love with every gal,
good lookin and ever so friendly, never a time when he felt alone,
hard working and extremely kind, never an irreverant tone,

his friends have all moved on, most of them married away,
still single and searching for only he knows, every night and day,
moved west to California, trying to enhance his career,
but his agent was of little use, she was never exactly clear

so sad to see you go my friend, I'll miss you more than you know,
your line of "how are you doin", always stole the show,
I hope one day you will return, and even though you don't know me,
yes good luck to you, whatever you do, you'll always be, My Pal Joey

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

My Window

My Window

Staring out my window,
sometimes the view is very wide,
sometimes the view is very small,
How can that be, it's the same window? ,
sometimes my window is CinemaVision,
sometimes my window is TunnelVision,
and sometimes the blinders offer no vision,
how can I be so right, and yet again be so wrong? ,
how can I love so deeply, and yet show such little regard? ,
my world is so incredibly large,
and yet so infinitesimal,
I cannot believe most of the things I can see,
how am I supposed to believe the things I can't? ,
I wish I had answers to some of the troubles of the world,
but it seems I have none, nada, zip, clueless,
I consider my self fairly smart, but obviously I'm quite stupid,
is it me or does the world seem to becoming more difficult?
I can't even understand what is going on outside my window,
how in the hell can I help mankind?

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Mystic Starfall

Mystic Starfall

I'm all aflame, with this burning love call,
this unearthly queen, Mystic Moonfire,
she turns my head, she lifts up my soul,
afraid that her kisses, will take a huge toll,
when you expect most, she fades in the night,
she hides in the darkness, appears in the light,
I need something, something I can hold,
I reach out to touch her, her curtains unfold,
all this time hidden, what a waste, what a crime,
this beautiful maiden, lost beauty in time,
unmasked from behind, her eyes how they shine,
and now they look down, straight into mine,
this incredible beauty, once afraid to appear,
now is most anxious, to show its so clear,
she has been released, the shadows no more,
my Mystic Starfall, a tigress now, a kitten before
Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Open Heart Surgery

Open Heart Surgery

It's probably time, time to check my self in,
my hair's getting long, so are the whiskers on my chin,
sitting here in Disney, lost in Tomorrow Land,
classic signs of depression, feet stuck deep in the sand,
today was just another day, the next one just the same,
going thru the motions, pretending, what a shame,
one moment things seem okay, the next one I'm in panic,
the mind is total null and void, guess that means I'm manic,
try to shake these cobwebs, find some reason or a cause,
needing open heart surgery, pulse just wants to pause,
feelings are disappearing, becoming locked up deep inside,
nothing really matters now, even though I tried,
maybe there is a parallel world, where things work out fine,
but not in this one I'm afraid, can't find connecting line,
just how did this happen, I took my eye off the road,
was bending down to touch someone, then came the overload,
sparks and fire, burning desire, this is what I'm finding,
the Sun was way too bright, my eyes succumbing to the blinding,
have no idea where I will go, it doesn't seem to matter,
hope no one feels hate for me, and all my idle chatter,
next time around I'll get it right, will I still remember you,
don't see how it could be worse, at least I hope that's true,
unless someone can fix, my heart completely broken,
open heart surgery may be too late, I wish that I was jokin'

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

Vasco Damama

Vasco DaMama

In the 15th century, there was this famous man,
if anyone could find things, this man can,
he was of Portuguese bloodlines, whose father was a knight,
raised around royalty, his life was no plight,
yes Vasco DaGama an explorer extraordinaire,
his voyages to Africa made everyone aware,
yes, he was well respected, admired by all,
but there was this constant rumor, echoing the hall,
he had a 3rd cousin, on his mothers side,
when Vasco was questioned, his existence denied,
the rumor has it, that this guy was a goon,
some even referred to him, as the royal bafoon,
he could not find his own ass, with either hand,
much less an island, in an ocean so grand,
it was said he would pretend, to be a Captain of Order,
but wasn't allowed, to take a boat near the water,
yes Pasco DaMama was an insult to his nation,
his family saved up, and sent him on vacation,
they only gave him money, to get one way,
they say he never returned, they never saw him again,
and from that day forward, Vasco had a grin.

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Perly Sunflower

Perly Sunflower

Everyone likes flowers, I mean why not? ,
they're pretty to look at, and smell really good,
they come in all different colors, sizes, and shapes,
I may be wrong, but I think they're even on grapes

Red, White, Blue, Yellow and Pink,
big leaves, small leaves, thorns, pistils and stamens,
bees really love them, Bumble's, sweats and honey,
the magnificent butterfly, and sometimes a bunny

they're good to chew on and they smell fantastic,
at least the bunnies and beetles think so,
It's really hard to pick out a really special flower,
you can run it through your mind for over an hour

but there is one special one, that I've become quite fond of,
It's yellow and brown and reaches out to the sun,
basking in the brilliance of the morning sunlight,
she really stands out, she's such a beautiful sight

I had not paid very much attention to her previously,
I took me a while to really notice, mixed in like that,
then she grabbed my leg one day as I walked by,
I looked at her more closely, she caught my eye

we had a longer conversation that particular day,
we chatted about this and that and everything in between,
there was something special about this one with leaves so curly,
and I decided to name her my Sunflower Perly

we've become much closer over the last few days,
not sure why exactly, just seems to be a connection,
I make sure I stop by everyday to see how she feels,
and she smiles up at me my Perly so real

Gomer LePoet...

Road Trip

Road Trip

the days are getting warmer now,
the sun is staying up later in the day,
the trade are winds blowing, and somehow,
I have to find me another way,

I want to get on my bike and ride,
ride my Harley into the western wind til night,
down I-10 out of Jacksonville, my shiny Elektra Glide,
hair blowing in the breeze, muscles flexing, grip tight,

the road changes to route 90 thru old Baton Rouge, LA,
heading all the way to Houston by sunsets fall,
finding a place to rest my weary soul today,
tomorrow will bring the curtain call,

heading north on 45 up to Dallas, big "D" they say,
now its I-35 to the destination in my mind,
she does not know that I am arriving this day,
I hope in her heart, it's love I find,

we've been friends it seems, like so very long,
never thought this time would ever ever be,
I've written just for her, this very special song,
OK City it says on the sign in front of me,

now I pull up to her place, anticipation I can feel,
taking deep breathe, to gather up my self,
brush the dust off, hoping I can close the deal,
remembering her picture, on my shelf,

she opens the door, with that smile, cuter than a bug,
I stare at her in disbelief, my jaw dropping low,
I reach for her, with my arms wide for loving hug,
her sweet kiss on my lips makes my body glow,

and so this road trip ends with happy heart,
we spent all night talking about the future plans,

never again will we spend a night apart,
melting hearts, as we speak each others name

Gomer LePoet....

Gomer LePoet

Sweetness Of Desire

Sweetness of Desire

I have a fire in my heart, I have fever in my brain,
if I can't find some release, I might just go insane,
I cannot tell my feelings, you will not let me say,
how much I need your touch, more and more each day

my words just want to tumble, fall freely from my tongue,
a burning flame inside me now, just like when I was young,
your sweetness is a mystery, I know nothing of it's feel,
imagination is all I have, I cannot know for real

when I try to tell you, the warmness kept inside,
you say "hush" to me, turn your face and hide,
this pacing animal left inside, rearing on hind legs,
flying mane in the breeze, understanding is what it begs

for the beast is really human, made of flesh and bone,
wanting the touch of skin, wanting to hear the moan,
of gratifying song of love, would be music to his ears,
echoing into the dark, unleashing all the fears

if words or actions cannot be used, how will the idea live,
how can the the love stay kindled, if not allowed to give,
will it wither on the vine, scorched by the eternal fire,
how just once I'd love to feel, your sweetness of desire

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Warm With A Chance For Rain

Warm With a Chance for Rain

They had never been together before,
though they had spent hours exchanging,
thoughts and feelings, desires and more,
anticipation was very high,
as he walked down the street to her house,
he could see her shadow on the window shade,
backdropped by a dim light in the kitchen.
he thought of what he should say to her.
should they embrace? when would be the proper time
to hold her face in his hand and gently kiss her lips?
would the sparks they felt for each other ignite an
internal flame when they first touched, or would there be
too much nervous tension, to relax and be who they had
come to know? If this flame did grow and create a
uncontrollable fire, would the flames consume them
for evermore? Would there be tears of joy and exhalation,
as they explored each other's eyes, bodies, souls, minds?
Caressing every inch of her taut curvaceous body,
breathing in her sweet fragrance, would only heighten
his pleasure sensors. Wanting to please this incredible woman,
this friend, this soul mate, was all that he wanted
since he could remember. He rang the bell.
She answered with a smile that made him melt and his knees
almost buckled underneath him as he said "Hello".

Yes I think it will be very warm
with an extremely good chance for rain.

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

You Got Me Singing The Blues

You got me singing the Blues

Sit down, I've got something to say,
You're asking me, to change my way,
But it seems baby, you're just playin with my heart

Come close, I want to explain,
What you're doing is driving me insane,
Don't know if I can hold out any longer

Won't you please, please tell me why,
You feel the need, to make me cry,
I've always tried to be good to you

If breaking my heart, makes you feel good,
Then by all means, I think that you should,
But someday baby, it will come back to you

You got me singing the blues,
Feel like I'm wearing another man's shoes,
You're driving me mad Little Mama
You got me singing the blues

Gomer...

Gomer LePoet

4 And 20

4 and 20

Jump down, turn around, pick a bale of cotton,
scuse me, while I kiss this guy,
old times there, are not forgotten,
4 and 20 blackbirds, baked in a pie,

now of course, the question has to be,
just what is the point, of all these crazy quotes,
the message seems quite clear you see,
unless you've been too busy, tending to the goats

just why is it mandatory, that have to keep jumping down,
would it not be easier, to stay there all along,
and just what did Jimi mean, why would he kiss a clown,
or did I misunderstand, the meaning of his song

I also take exception, to the fact presented here,
that old times or not forgotten, never fade to black,
hey, I cannot even remember your name my dear,
just who were those jokers, Frick and Frack

Is it really possible to fit all those birds,
under the crust, of just one pie,
and of course the thing that bugs me,
is why, oh why, oh why

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

All Along The Mulberry Bush

yeah the monkey chased the weasel
she chased him for all these days
she just wanted to hold him
and show him the many ways

the ways that she loved him
the ways that she cared
hoping he would let her in
but only if he dared

was it too much to ask
why can't he see her heart
was it too hard of a task
to let her be a part

a part of his secret world
the part that lasts forever
she wants to taste his lips
and never hear the words never

so will this last until the end of days
will she chase him until he finally drops
just how much longer will this go on
until the weasel pops

Gomer LePoet....

Gomer LePoet

Alphabetical Order

Alphabetical Order

amazing are the stars, that fill the eyes of a woman in love,
broken is the heart of a man, who has been turned away,
crowded are the stairways of the souls, searching the fisted glove,
dichotomous minds each separating, between month and day,

emulating the desires, that never seem to be quite filled,
forever left behind in the wake, of the steamy encounters,
gratification comes so close to the edge, of tears that spilled,
humbling the spirit of drive, as she casually saunters

in and out of her trances, thus requiring a special technique,
just as your about to capture, the flag of your quest,
keeping your head above the line, you get just one peek,
lovers separated, never owned, still merely a guest

might as well step into the path, of an oncoming fist,
never was any remote chance, that this would be resolved,
over and over the words are repeated, like reading a list,
permanently bringing injury to the dreamers involved

quietly, you grab your bags of lost promises and regrets,
resolving to the facts, that are right in front of your face,
securing the one of you dreams, don't be placing your bets,
trying to hard, seeking too much, another time, another place

underlining the failures, that are displayed on the page,
verification of these unwanted responses, we certainly don't need,
when oh when, can this heartache release built up rage,
xylem pumping the fluid, will it finally bleed

you're standing there now, with nothing to show for the time,
zanyism is quite commonly blamed for the entire episode.

Gomer Lepoet...

Gomer LePoet

An Audience Of 1

such drama in the words
the King in his fashioned garments
seeks the answers in the theater
from the balcony of lonely hearts

from the mouths of golden birds
grasping relief from the torments
from this evening now til ever after
purchases from the sellers carts

oh ye withered days gone past
whispers in the wind of grand thought
the applause from your eyes is my goal
as I cannot hold you closely in my grasp

tis not a tail of ships tall mast
nor all your dreams that I have sought
for it is the stars dreams ye have stole
hidden in the fur of crawling asp

Gomer LePoet

Another Love Poem

Another Love Poem

I know some of you think, that you've seen enough,
pissing and moaning how their heart has been broken,
makes you wanna puke, all of this gushy stuff,
if they were there right now, you'd give them a pokin'

Well I'm so so sorry, to have to tell you this,
here comes another one, another gushing of love,
I just can't stop it, telling you about my bliss,
how I feel about this, all my love comes from above,

I love children
I love smiles
I love grass
I love sitting in the sun
I love stars
I love clouds
I love mountains
I love a beautiful woman
I love rivers
I love streams
I love fields of lavender
I love thinking bout my dreams
I love flowers
I love trees
I love spiders
I love bees

and on and on and on I can go

Gomer LePoet....

Gomer LePoet

Apology To Meenie

Apology to Meenie

The very audacity of my mind,
too think that you would owe me,
for doing simple things I've done,
heck you don't even know me,

I showed you my rudeness,
I apologize for this,
crawl down on my belly,
and with forked tongue I hiss,

now I'm sure I've won your heart,
this display of childish acts,
I do what I'm really good at,
reacting without facts,

please accept my humble plea,
and yes, I am a dodo,
forgive my bad behavior please,
I stepped in real bad mojo

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

April Fool

April Fool

It was the 1st of April, I had made up my mind,
to take the plunge, leave the worries behind,
I got down on my bended knee, and said this to you
please my love, will you be my bride? ,
my heart was pounding, all nervous inside,
I closed my eyes, crossed my fingers, what more could I do

you looked down at me, and gave me a smile,
every thing froze, for it seemed a long while,
but I could tell by the look in your eyes, the news was bad
you said that you cared, deeply for me,
but marrying me, just could never be,
It knocked me back baby, now I'm going mad

I misunderstood, the signs you see,
got confused, just thinking about me,
I assumed you thought, I was really way to cool
but the things that I thought, were a mere dream,
too much time spent, with my friend Jim Beam,
it's just so obvious now, I'm the April fool

Please don't tell anyone about this,
let me figure out a new plan,
I don't want to be called the April Fool

David Nelson...

Gomer LePoet

Ask Me No Questions

Ask me no questions
and I will never tell you lies
don't look for cherries
inside of blackberry pies
you have all the answers
right there inside your heart
so the only question you should ask
do your words create a piece of art

ask me no questions
and the answer you will not fear
there's no need for perfection
beyond the stratosphere
for the truth lies right here
it's only a moment away
practice by loving everyone
every single solitary day

ask me no questions
unless you seek the truth
like who was that I saw you with
inside the kissing booth
if it was just your reflection
that flashed inside my eye
I must have been walking in a cloud
and now I wonder why

why don't you ask me questions
don't you want to know
how it is inside my world
a wild and crazy show
you see my mind has holes inside
and some have no way out
they lead to nowhere particular
and leave you filled with doubt

Gomer LePoet

Between The Sheets

Between the Sheets

Writing words is usually fairly easy for me,
It always seems, I have something to say,
the final arrangement, however can be,
rather difficult, in almost every conceivable way

a little tweak here, a major change there,
finding the precise way, is a real big thing,
using the right word, or maybe it takes a pair,
to properly explain, just what it is you mean

So sometimes what you see, is not what was meant,
the entire subject, might just completely change,
sometimes I come here, just so I can vent,
and other times, I don't know, just seems strange

sometimes, you can get your message quite clear,
in only a few, well measured lines,
yet other times it can take volumes my dear,
your thoughts can get so tangled in vines

there are times, when you need to read between the lines,
the real meaning, is hidden in there,
others, you'll have to read between the sheets,
but only if you actually care

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Bring Out Your Dead

Bring Out Your Dead

bring out your dead, that's what the collector said,
in a barrel or a box, with or without a pair of socks,
no one shall cry, not interested in where or why

the teacher should never stop learning,
young hearts should never stop yearning

Roll up the streets, can't take those rhythmic beats,
Shut the city down, the senator is a part time clown,
fight the winless fight, keeping low below the light

reaching out to the weary and fallen,
hoping you hear them all callin'

I can't remember when I knew just what was going on
seems I have lost my connection
praying that soon the guilty well be gone
it's time to change, my direction

pull your bootstraps up, on the corner with a paper cup,
dig deeper down, hold your chin up, refuse to frown,
show them all your grit, refusing to ever quit

the schemers will never stop scheming
the dreamers should never stop dreaming

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

Bus Stop

sitting on my trellised
ivy covered deck
each morning
reading my paper
and sipping coffee
within view
of the bus stop
around 7: 45 the local bus
would pull up screeching brakes
and the hiss they make
when they open the door
out stepped this lovely lady
always dressed in an
attractive dress and heels
she worked in the
law office a block away
I don't know what she did
maybe she was a lawyer
or maybe a secretary
or even a receptionist
but she always
had this smile on her face
and a bounce in her step
I looked forward to seeing her
she noticed me one morning
and paused smiling
as if to say
I know you watch me every day
I blushed a little
I knew she couldn't see me very well
so she had no idea
what I looked like
but every day after that morning
as she stepped off the bus
she would glance my way
smile my direction
and sometimes
give a small gesture
it was so kind of her

to put a smile
on this old mans face
it has been 10 years now
she has bloomed
into an even more
beautiful mature woman
I have gotten older
and my early morning
to sit on my deck
is the only thing
I look forward to these days
to see her glance
my direction and smile
we have never spoken
her smile says everything
I want to hear
I love that bus stop

Gomer LePoet

Can You Hear My Scream

I'm just a normal sort of guy
I laugh at funny things,
even things that may be just plain silly
I smile when I see children laughing,
playing, jumping, singing
I cry at movies sometimes,
trying to make sure no one notices
after all I am a tough guy right?
Well, I like to think so,
even if I'm not
I never expected much out of life
to sing, to dance, to hold the hand
of the one I loved
to play with my own children
and never stop the inner child in me
let me dream
let me wish
let me pretend sometimes
I always try not to get too high
not to get too low.
Things have a way of changing
not always for the best,
but bad times will leave
and good times will return as long
as you don't give up
as long as you keep trying
as long as you keep wishing.
Never stop hoping
listen to the music in your soul
it's playing for you
it may not be playing for everyone else
but it is playing for you
listen
hear what it tells you
if you want to be an actor
go be an actor
if you wanna play in a rock and roll band
go play
never stop loving

anything that moves you
anyone who moves you
anyone who makes you think
drink it all
the science the music the beauty
never walk away
admit when you are going in the
wrong direction
even if it is only to yourself
so if you hear me scream
maybe it's because I just
discovered something
something about you
something about me
something about this world
so marvelous
so beautiful
so mysterious
something I will never stop trying
to learn about
and even though I know
I can never learn or understand
it all
I will never stop
trying
reaching
dreaming
and even though you have gone
you are still in
my thoughts
my dreams
my heart
so if you hear me screaming
it is my lonely heart
that will never
can never
let go
of you

Gomer LePoet

Can'T Get You Out Of My Mind

Can't get you out of my mind

There is way, way to much confusion,
I can't get my head straight,
is this just another illusion,
I think it's getting late,
you know we talked about this before,
talked about curbing our emotions,
or did you forget,
I must admit
I can't get you out of my mind, no darlin,
I can't get you out of my mind, no no no

isn't this, isn't this September
I can hardly wait,
I hope, hope that you remember,
it's been a year since our first date,
we walked along underneath the moonlight,
holding hands, wishing on a star,
I won't say won't,
I'm hoping you don't
I can't get you out of my mind, no darlin,
I can't get you out of my mind, no no no

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Cleaning House

throw away the guilty pleasures
remove temptation from your restless mind
erase the sultry miracles of dreamland
clean away every single memory you find
forget the name that moves you
delete his magic words that tugged your heart
find the solution that lends to dilution
it wasn't real a fantasy from the start
this is your mantra
this is your final thought
as you rub your eyes into total darkness
his cries echoing into nothingness

Gomer LePoet

Constant Craving

Constant Craving

Anyone who knows me, knows how much I love to write.
tell sad stories, tell bad jokes, writing late at night,
I have this constant craving, to talk to all my friends,
saying things I want to say, so deep, sometimes I get the bends

sometimes my words are good, sometimes my thoughts are bad,
I mean to entertain the world, make everybody glad,
that they took this winding path, to read my words of rhyme,
not feel disappointed, that they waisted all their time

If I can make just someone happy, make them curl a lip,
make them not feel so guilty, that they ate those chips n dip,
inspire some young new poet, to reach out to my space,
throw out words that bring me joy, yes throw them in my face

I have other poet friends, who inspire me to keep trying,
if I said I do not care, you know that I'd be lying,
heterodynemind comes to mind, the words are so amazing,
I read the poems from her pen, once again I have constant craving

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Crazy Circus (Just A Wrap)

Crazy Circus (just a wrap)

We're runnin' like chickens with our heads cut off, □
Squealing like piggies round the old food trough,
Stuck on a treadmill and we can't get off,
It's a crazy circus

Lost and confused, walkin in a trance,
Common sense needs a second chance,
But time is runnin out gotta change our stance, □
Such a crazy circus

Just lookin' for respect we think we know
But the real truth is you reap what you sow

Under the bigtop we're up on the stage
Spillin' and killin' lost in a rage
Why can't we just turn the page
Of this crazy circus

Strutin' our stuff actin' real cool
Posin' in the mirror ready for a duel
Now who do you think is the real fool
What a crazy circus

The old ringmaster we're the main attraction
Always lookin' for some kind of action
Spinnin' our wheels losin' our traction
In this crazy circus

Just lookin' for respect we act like we know
But the real truth is you reap what you sow

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Death By Love

Death by Love

Well, it has finally happened, I knew it was just a matter of time,
before the walls of Jericho came tumbling down
and crushed my body, my heart, my mind, my soul
our love was not meant to be, there were too many obstacles
the least being the physical distance between us
the most being we were both already spoken for
we had commitments, we had consciences, we both felt guilt,
you more than I, not that that matters at this point,
we knew that this would or could never, be but we played this
dangerous game of chance anyway, reveling in our adoration
for each others thoughts, feelings in this pretend game of house
we had our disagreements, we had our arguments,
we kissed and made up, we laughed together, we cried together,
we were deeply in love with each other without ever touching,
we pretended to make love, we bathed in the affection,
the care, the concern we had for each others real lives
I know you will struggle with your decision to end it,
but it was the right thing for you to do, as you had constant
internal struggles between right and wrong, good and evil.
As for me, I don't have a clue how I will survive without your
gentle ways, your wit, your love touching me every day.
Now I sit here hammering this story out, knowing this day would come,
but yet sit here in total shock that it has actually happened.
Right now I am numb, though there are tears running down
my cheeks and it will just be a matter of time when the
finality of this actually registers inside my pathetic brain,
this is not my fear, my fear is when my heart begins to feel the
emptiness that will be left behind. My world has revolved around
our relationship, growing stronger and stronger with each passing day.
How will I ever find a way to replace the hole that will be left
and will grow until I am left with nothing. Can I survive this?
I really do not know. I am afraid that I will be another victim of
death by love. if not physically, then metaphysically I know.
My world ended when I read your last message. The mind sees it,
understands it, but the heart has not yet received the message.
Should I wait or call 911 now?

Gomer Lepoet...

Gomer LePoet

Disturbing Behavior

Disturbing Behavior

disturbing behavior, is what you'll see from me,
disturbing behavior, is what you'll get from me,
I have only one thing, on this troubled mind,
what next disturbing thing, can this freak show find

obnoxious revealing, of my inner faults and fears,
gentle concealing, of my blow gun darts and spears,
telling you one thing, when I'm meaning something else,
hoping I conceal the truth, releasing my magic spells

cause I am so caught up in me, its all about my wants,
hiding behind my fears, showing artificial fronts

revolting persuasions, is what I try to employ,
persistent evasions, from the truths my ploy,
never giving straight answers, to any questions asked,
have to keep my feelings, yes my fears stay masked

disturbing behavior, is what I'm all about you see,
disturbing behavior, is what you'll always get from me,
there's just one thing, on this troubled mind,
calculating the next disturbing thing in this hollow mind

cause I am so caught up in me, its all about my wants,
hiding behind my fears, showing artificial fronts

David Nelson aka Gomer Lepoet

New song lyrics, get me to the recording booth quickly

Gomer LePoet

Easter Sunday

Easter Sunday

Easter Sunday is the Christian celebration of the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth from his crucifixion on Good Friday.

If you are not a christian or even if you consider yourself to be one, and do not place much belief as to whether or not this event actually took place, but is symbolic in nature, have nothing to be apologetic for. For those of you who do totally believe in this miracle, because your faith says to that you do believe, I will not ever challenge. The more important issue to me, go back two spaces, is Good Friday, as it is called. This day has much more significance to me.

Jesus, no matter how you perceive his person to be, Son of God, or King of the Jews, or a not so normal politician, performed a function, that benefited all of mankind. Whether or not he absolved the sins of man is up to the believers. What he provided mankind, is measurable and unmeasurable at the same time. He was the pioneer of Human Rights. His teachings caused the revolution of thought. His actions stirred the thoughts of a yearning civilization to reach for higher goals. To bring attention of the elitist of the world, that they will be held accountable for their actions, somewhere, sometime. To give a hope to the struggling peoples of this world. For this, I give thanks and will always look inside my heart to find what is right.

There will be those of you who read this, that think I am a total idiot. That I really have no knowledge of what I am speaking. I say to you that you are probably right, but I welcome your thoughts on this, and I feel that this is exactly what I am presenting to you, about the significance of this entire weekend.

Happy Easter everyone, whatever your beliefs.

David Nelson aka Gomer Lepoet

Gomer LePoet

Fear

Fear

my fear is to be left alone, no one to wonder why,
no one to hear my voice, or wonder why I cry,
no one to care, if I will be there, or if I even show,
just left in this sometimes cruel world, will anyone really know,
we come to life a whining mess, held in our mothers arms,
time goes by, friends disappear, our old face no longer charms,
when finally the time has come, for us to leave this place,
will anybody really care, or left to our own disgrace,
my eyes now fill with tears, feeling old and tired,
would anyone remember me, if I just expired,
will I return again someday, in a whole new different light,
once again a whining mess, where day replaces night,
and will I again feel weak and frail, all alone once more,
waiting for the knock of fear, on my trouble minds door

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

I Love You

I Love You

I love you for who you are, you're my constant inspiration,
your never ending kindness, leaves me searching for your lite

I love you for what you do, your spatial imagination,
how you make me feel special, each and every nite

I love you for your wit, you always bring a chuckle,
a word, a look, or just a simple joke

I love you for your kisses, that can make my knees buckle,
I know sometimes I can seem, like a peculiar bloke

I love you for your patience, your way of understanding,
you listen to my rantings, and still know how to smile

I love you for your support, of my poor takeoffs and landings,
my latest brainstorm choices, missed by at least a mile

I love you for more reasons, than this simple man can reason,
you constantly surprise me with your style

I love you because your simple, you can change just like the season,
I'm glad you agreed to keep me, let me stay for just a while

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

I Want

I want

I want to hear your laughs,
I want to hear your sighs,
I want to hear your moans,
I want to look into your eyes

I want to breathe your scent,
I want to taste your taste,
I want to kiss your lips,
to hurry now would surely be a waste

I want to hold you close,
I want to feel your touch,
I want to see your smile,
I want you way too much

I want my mind to reach,
I want my chest to breathe,
I want our worlds as one,
I want you to be my Eve

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Itch In My Brain

Itch in my Brain

There's an itch in my brain, and I just can't scratch it
it's been there now, for almost 14 days
went to see my doctor, he said, just can't explain it
I have looked at it now in over 50 different ways

Do you think it's a tumor, could it be it's a growth
I need to get some rest now, I'm feelin like a putz
no he said, you can eliminate them both
I'm more concerned about the swelling in you nuts

he stared at my crotch, and kind of shook his head
said it looks pretty bad, you might need a transfusion
I grabbed him by the collar, "it's my brain" I said
this whole crotch thing, leaves me in confusion

Well let me take another look, just 1 more time
I must have missed something, though I don't know why
what's that sound I hear, it sounds like a chime
no by jove, I think I've found a fly

there's a fly in my head, is that what's wrong
can you get it out, do I need an operation
sounds like the lyrics to a Todd Rungren song
you need to call someone else, I'm going on vacation

So that's the way it is, that's the way it's going
there's a song in my brain, and my girl has left me cold
so that's the real itch, is my broken hear showing
guess I'm not crazy, just tired and old

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Kissed

I just kissed the lips of an angel
sparkling flashes fill my mind
my love for her spans all time and distance
though she is not here with me
I can feel her presence as I gaze
into the eyes of her reflection in my mind
I kissed her lips and felt the surge
of her warmth and love
her golden hair draped over her shoulder
framed out in her blue squiggly patterned shirt
as the days go by sometimes I wonder
will our love last against these odds
then today she writes me a note
telling me her gentle desires of making love
how her lips touched the reaching tower
how she lowered herself upon
the rigid saddle horn of her lover
excitement filled her voice
and entered my body
as did jealousy and hunger
now I look at her and know
how much I love her
and how desperately
I feel her
want her
need her....

Gomer LePoet

Landscape Of A Lost Soul

thoughts that fill the page
of an empty heart left all alone
wilted sunflowers line the walkway
of a once blossoming future
neither the sun nor the moon
shine on this barren landscape
the eyes of the lost sinners of Dante'
look down but offer
no words no wisdom no care
thrown to the side of the road
like left behind waste
the last ounce of dreams
the final hope
withered away
you made it seem so easy

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Laws Of Motion

Laws Of Motion

Feelin' kind of sassy,
Thinkin' that you're classy,
You've got the world on a string
But then you get in trouble, ☐
Fall out of your bubble,
You just had to have one more fling

Desperate for some reason,
Your mind's commitin' treason,
You feel like you've lost control,
Things are getting' scattered, ☐
As if it really mattered,
You've fallin in a big black hole
☐

Sometimes things get crazy,
the rules are kinda hazy,
You know that there isn't
any secret potion,
When you start movin',
you think you're really groovin',
you know you started somethin'
called the Laws of Motion

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Listening To Bruce

How many times, has it been now,
after searching high and low, somehow,
when I wanted something fresh and new,
I always seems, not surprisingly, to return to you,
with Every little kiss, he first got my attention,
with southern country kind of jazzed, no, not a new invention,
That's just the way it is, and that's the way it was,
sounded really cool, specially if you had a buzz,
He took us down The spirit trail, he left us in the Hot house,
The changes from here, to there, was like from man to mouse,
King of the hill was his special plan, and used his Spider fingers,
he crawled along the Great divide, carefully he lingers,
he was shaking his Shadow hand, tickling ivory to Swan song,
now we have barely touched the surface, still he moves along,
cruising thru the Funhouse, dark as night, searching for his crown,
Listening to Bruce, never gets old, at least not In this town

Gomer LePoet

Listening To Todd

Listening to Todd

It seems like 30 or more, the number now eludes me,
Listening to Todd rock the house, it's a good as it gets,
He asks the question, "Who's a Crybaby Now"? You see,
I think he has me there, climbing all over those frets,

He bends the frequency, to pull on my ears
Sometimes so sweet, it brings me to tears,
I can feel his passion inside, and I can feel mine too,
Is this the way to act? , am I happy, or be I blue

There's an Itch in my brain, and he can't get to it,
I have a free will, and I know how to use it,
Walking carefully now, trying to avoid the mines,
Extremely important, that I keep Parallel lines

He saw the light in her eyes, and chanted "Hello it's me",
We all knew, that Love was the Answer, so plain to see,
So off to your Hideaway, your secret hideaway you go,
It's the Love of the common man, but how could you know

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Little Green Light

Little Green Light

Surfing with the Beach Boys, surfing on the net,
in my little deuce coup, or a shiny new corvette,
stopping for some burgers, or maybe some spaghetti,
riding on a surfboard, or a fancy water jet

stopping at a music site, or a page of porn,
did this all happen, before you were even born,
now you're at the chat site, looking so forlorn,
waiting, waiting, waiting, all you can say is darn

waiting for you girlfriend, or your boyfriend all night,
wondering if they might have, missed the early flight,
then it finally happens, your heart jumps with delight,
right there in front of you, is the flash of little green light

you just cant wait to say, I'm so glad you're here,
like the one on the other side, was sitting very near,
you can sit back now, chat and drink a beer,
that little green light, bringing smiles and good cheer

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Lost In The Light

Lost in the Light

Lost in the light,
the light in your eyes,
hiding the fears,
veiled by your thin disguise

I wonder at the reasons,
you seem frightened by my love,
believe me my only one,
just trust in the one above

everything is right,
our spirits are rising high,
we're gonna make it through,
faith is our ally

I know that we really care,
respect is what we show.
If constant love is what we share,
that constant love will grow

I promise to love you
faithfully my dear,
I'll always hold you close
and kiss away your tears,
as long as we believe
I know we'll find the way,
you know that Jesus is our light
our love proves that it's right

Gomer LePoet

song lyrics from 1996

Gomer LePoet

Mama's Got A Squeeze Box

every night after dinner
mama goes into the parlor
she opens up her case
and pulls out her Horner

she taps her toes
and pulls and pushes
in and out the air moves
as she sits there in the corner

the tunes are reminiscent
of the times gone past
all that's missing is the oompah
all night long and daddy can't sleep

German and Austrian
no yodeling is heard
daddy's wasting his time
trying to count the sheep

cause mama won't stop
the music's in her blood
she likes her squeezebox
poor daddy doesn't so much

Gomer LePoet

Manhattan Lady Reprise (Ballroom Please)

Ballroom Please Manhattan Lady Reprise (a short story)

After returning from my hectic 2 week journey. I showered, dressed, checked my phone messages, and decided to go dancing last Friday night, hoping it wasn't too late and maybe, just maybe I could get real lucky, and catch my Manhattan lady at the Audubon Ballroom, a place she liked to frequent when time permitted, and the place where we met. The ballroom was located across the street from the Hilltop Park on Broadway Ave between W165st and W166st in north Manhattan, just south of the George Washington Bridge, in Washington Heights. I had not talked with Sonya for several weeks because of business matters that required my going out of town, and of course Sonya had her singing career that required an awful lot of her time. We had exchanged voice and emails, but it seemed we just kept missing each other.

The Audubon, built in 1912 doubled as a theater. Over the years it was the site of many opera, pop, rock and roll, stage plays and whatever. One of its biggest employs was as a vaudeville stage in the 1930's. The dance hall with its tables and booths and live entertainment, mostly jazz performer was on the second floor. The building had one of those old operator required elevators. Although it could be manipulated most easily without the assistance of a trained operator, on Friday and Saturday nights it was usually manned by one of the elders of the performers there. Many times it was still operated by one of the old Vaudeville comedians who could hardly even walk at this point in his life, but still was sharp as a tack when it came to comedy. As I got on the elevator I knew from the previous hundred or more times I had entered this elevator, I was going to have to play the game with Jimmy the operator. He asked, of course knowing there were only 2 floors, "what floor sir? ". I reciprocated with my customary answer of "Ballroom please". Of course Jimmy's response, the only response he ever gave, "I'm sorry sir, I did not know I was crowding you", was greeted with the usual chuckle from the crowd in the elevator. It was the routine, it was a cool routine, and I love it and old Jimmy too.

Jimmy opened the elevator door, and there in all her beauty and charm was my Manhattan Lady. She glanced up at me as I exited the elevator, and gave me that perfect smile that was her trademark. The world was good again. I was good again.

Gomer LePoet

Me And My Guitar

Me and My Guitar

we are as one, the sum of the two wholes,
sometimes we're happy, sometimes we're sad,
when I am happy, Lester, that's the name of my guitar,
plays joyful, bouncy little tunes, that can bring a smile.
When I am sad, the dark phrygian sounds pour out that
emulate the death march of a requiem mass, or the crying
sounds of the blues ala Clapton, BB King, Stevie Ray,
Johnny Winter, Robert Cray, Gary Moore just to name a few.

Blues seem to be the best blend of music. It can be played at almost
any tempo. It can be straight forward 1,3,5 chordal progressions or my
favorite is more of a jazz fusion, up tempo, with lots of flat 5's.
Anyway the blues style is so versatile that almost anything goes.
Even the Dan (Steely Dan) had a song "show biz kids" that was a blues
song that used only 3 chords thru the entire song but with the jazz flavorings
that they added you would have thought more was going on.

It seems these days, a lot of blues are flowing from my guitar.
Guess that kinda tells you where my head and heart are.
I'm going through one of those phases that we all seem to go through,
where "the shit has hit the fan" is dominant in my life. I just have to
keep ducking, and I keep a large beach towel close at hand. It is also,
as one of my friends told me, if tears were words, then there would be a lot
to say these days. Hmmm. I seem to be talking a lot the last few days.
Don't know that I have said anything. Certainly nothing of significance.
Just a lot of incoherent rambling and annoying my poet brothers and sisters.

Well I think I can feel another tune coming out, so I better pick up old
Lester, and we can dance the dance of fools one more time.
And a 1 and a 2 and a 3

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Nice Hawaiian Punch

Nice Hawaiian Punch

I was standin there you see,
I wusn't expectin nutten,
when she double sucker-punched me in the gut
my belly revolted badly,
fowl words were on the button,
civil conversations like a pairing knife cut

It's been in the works you see,
we've been beggin for a fight,
the pressure is too much for you to take
so when I wasn't lookin',
first you threw a left and then a right,
and that is why now my belly ache

now the truth is setting in,
my waves have settled down,
a big mistake has reared it's ugly head,
my world will be in sorrow,
my presence banished from this town,
a nice Hawaiian punch the pain I dread

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

No Badge Of Courage

I have never been in war
I have never had the desire
to take the life of another human
nor did I ever have this desire
to trod through mountainous
or sand blown desserts
or any hot steamy jungle
dodging bullets and poisonous insects
or snakes like the two step of Vietnam
a snake so named because that
was usually the number of steps
a man could walk before falling
after he had been bitten by one

no I have never had the desire
to carry a 50 lb pack on my back
in sweltering or freezing conditions
pursuing a frightened kid or worse yet
a crazy kid wanting to kill me in
the name of his chosen god

yet, I somehow feel incomplete,
I have had friends who endeared
these conditions, some who never
returned to their friends, familys
except in a wooden box

but I feel that I never fulfilled my obligations
in wake of this Memorial/Veterans day
I once again have this feeling of sadness
this feeling I never put my life on the line
to defend a creed, a purpose, a need
of other peoples who needed help
to fight the indignities of killings
tortures, slavery

to defend them in their reach for
justice, freedom, humanity.

So all I can do I guess is do what
I do every year about this time,
thank these brave men and women
who sacrifice their time, their lives
to help keep this and other nations
safer, humane, with dreams of the future
may whoever your chosen God or belief
protect you from harm today
in the hopes that tomorrow will be better

Gomer LePoet

No Reads, No Reviews

No Reads, No Reviews

This piece is for me, this piece is between me and my one true love.

This is my way of letting things come from my heart. I must write.

There is no need to put the rest of you through this sappy love gooey shit. You've seen it all, You've read it all, There will be nothing new here to any of you, so do not waste your time. Go read something by someone who has something to say, I'm just gonna sit here and dump my heart and cry like a child. So I have tittled this no reads, no reviews

You see, I've just lost my very best friend, and the only woman I have truly known real love for. It is so funny, and yet so sad, knowing that we never met, never touched, never kissed. Yet we both had such incredible concerns and cares for each other. I felt like I had known this woman my entire life though we only met 8 months ago. Huh. I say met, we we did not meet. Maybe metaphysically we did, but not in life as we know it. It started all innocent enough. I knew she was already married, so we were just friends, at first. In all this time, we never missed a day saying hello, how are you my friend? Did you sleep well? What are you doing to day? Sharing thoughts, ideas, laughter, occasionally some tears. We ended this relationship, when we both realized that we were in love with other. And that lasted all of 2 hours. We ended this relationship over and over and with the same result each and every time. We could not stand to be away from each other even though we both knew it was wrong. I wanted to do the right thing and leave her life. But I was weak. As much as I knew this had to end and I was causing her mental anguish, I just could not let go. She was just as bad. We argued, she said goodbye, she came back, we cried.

We loved deeper with each incident. But she had a husband, and she could not leave him, and I did not want to mess up her life. I do not think our love could have overridden the guilt had we done something like ran away with each other. I wanted to so badly, but I could not ask her to do that, and I know she would not have the done anything so mean to someone. She was a caring, kind, thoughtful person. Did I tell you she was my best friend? These special qualities or what made her my best friend and the woman I fell so deeply in love with. Her guilt has finally reached its apex, and she has said goodbye to me for what I honestly hope is the last time. Feeling the pain in her heart for her husband and me is just too much, and I am not going to contact her this time. I will be strong. I will do what is right. I will learn how to live with my own pain, but I cannot any longer be a part and cause of her pain. This is why I am writing this story and posting it here on this site. I know she will read it. She always read my poetry and praised my abilities. She was the driving force behind many of my

pieces. She gave me strength, unfortunately she was giving me her strength too often. I took that from her. Now I want to give it back.

Goodbye my Friend, Goodbye my love

David

Gomer LePoet

On My Face

On My Face

Got something you want to say, write it on my face,
Want me to know what u did today, write it on my face,
Searching for Jupiter tonite, look out into space,
Hoping to make things seem right, write it on my face

Advancements, promotions, just write it on my face,
Untimely demotions, you can write it on my face,
Directions to your house warming, write it on my face,
Comments you feel harming, dont leave them on my face

Mouth speaking out of turn, leaving egg on my face,
You wanting me to return, leave it on my face,
Severe pain deep down inside, write it on my face,
Trying very hard, very hard to hide, don't write it on my face

Old friends echoes from the past, write in on my face,
New friends added to the cast, write that on my face,
Dreams wished and never reached, you can see that on my face,
Hearts broken, promises breached, see the tears run down my face

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Powder Line

Powder Line

my mind is hazy because the hour is late,
plus I've consumed way too much wine,
Love telling stories to anyone who listens,
is it time, for just one more line,

white powder not for the baby's behind,
not to be used for old sweaty feet,
motivate the senses that have gone lazy,
150 bucks on the street,

be very careful, about who you tell,
some can't wait, to drive a thorn in your back,
you just might find, your own private hell,
smokes worse yet, they come by the pack

So just where exactly, do you mark the line,
just how large is the mess in your life,
I suggest, you take a long long look,
the Powder line can cut like a knife

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Séance De Mise En Forme Intense (Intense Workout)

Séance de mise en forme intense (Intense Workout)

I try to workout diligently, at least 3 times a week,
the muscles are tight and strong, I'm certainly no geek,
I pump the iron, walk the track, listen to my tunes,
but lately I've been distracted, watching for ms June

She's quite the lovely lady, recently moved to this place,
she is French, with sweet accent, puts smiles on my face,
vous êtes l'homme élégant she says to me, her eyes sparkle bright,
I have no idea what that means, so I just smile with delight

sometimes she reaches out, and touches me on my arm,
de tels forts muscles she says, and this makes me warm,
I need to study French I guess, so I won't look the fool,
for all I know, there is a chance, she is calling me a tool

the thing that's bad about this all, is I work out way too long,
trying to impress this girl, make her think I am King Kong,
now my muscles are getting sore, I'm working way to hard,
if I keep this up much more, I'll be searching for my doctor's card

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Styx And Stones

Styx and Stones

Styx and Stones, can break your bones,
they can leave you with cuts and bruises
a broken heart, can go on and on
it's sad, when somebody loses

the things that they love,
the things that define them,
the things so dear to their heart
they fill you with lies,
right in front of you eyes,
they think they're so damn smart

porcupine quills, over-due bills,
are more things that can give you pain
but a stab in the back, or hung on the rack,
will leave more than a mark or a stain

smiles from heaven above,
smiles from the one you love,
smiles from a complete stranger
kisses in a dish,
kisses when you wish,
look for warnings of danger

Styx and Stones, mortgages and loans,
the fat cats are still getting fatter
they scoff and pretend, they've been honest to the end,
while sneaking a bun off your platter

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

The Burning Bush

Fire falling from the sky
did it come from the place called Heaven
it has left us wondering why
the ancients say that it took seven

the prophets were they mere mortal men
or so much more we can't explain
to wonder about this earth back when
the possibilities tear at my brain

was the Father from the far deep space
an ancient alien in his ship of time
did he bring us to this place
profess his laws against every crime

handed down on tablets of clay
when all done shove comes to push
these things I think of every day
was that my master in the burning bush

Gomer LePoet

The Request (Part 1 Of 2)

The Request (part 1 of 2)

I need you in here, and I need you right now,
yes sir boss, what is it that you need,
I need an application, I want you to show me how,
give me the information, and I'll take the lead

I need this application, to do anything I want,
anything at all, is that what you really mean,
thats what I said, and in every kind of font,
this is going to be tough, is this for the Queen

I don't want to hear, that this can't be done,
I'm just not sure, where exactly do I start,
you're supposed to be the wiz, they say you are the one,
I am very good, but your information is short

I want every whistle, every bell, I want the best,
I'm still not sure, just what you want, can you tell me more,
just run along, and start it now, quit being such a pest,
I just need the information, I'm not trying to be a bore

why can't you just do it, why do you make this fuss,
I cannot reach the stars, if I don't know my destination,
I want it by tomorrow, now I've go to catch a bus,
but, please, please listen to me

(to be continued)

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

The Voice

The Voice

Echoing through those electronic hills,
fancy gadgets providing mental thrills,
he seeks out a soul he's never before heard,
not one single sound, not one single word,

the mind was stretching out to find a clue,
of what should be expected, a sound so true,
when it finally broke through after a quiet ring,
the ear were astonished to hear angels sing,

a child-like whisper stirred visions of light,
leave the head spinning, the beam so bright,
The Voice that was heard was joy in his mind,
charging particles of dew drops, ties that bind,

never envisioned, no never expected,
scattering thoughts that need be collected,
knowing not where the next step would go,
The Voice speaking out, the words softly flow

Gomer Lepoet...

Gomer LePoet

The Voice Returns

The Voice Returns

My God I'm so lucky, I've heard it again,
waves slicing through, the clamor of distance,
so hard to describe, the feelings within,
when the softness comes through, I have no resistance

it is the clarity of knowledge, the soul of laughter,
caressing my heart, it rolls through my brain,
such a free spirit, like from the hereafter,
the Voice once again, feel my tachyons drain

the magic of wonders, the wonders of magic,
allowing the register, of sound to emit,
letting it go by unheard, would be tragic,
smoke fills the eye, of that one final hit

has this gone past, the true reason of life,
wanting the sweetness, to fill up my mind,
hearing the drummer, the marcher with fife,
I'll follow the Voice, maybe one day I'll find

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Thought Stealers

Thought Stealers

Hey you, yeah you over there, what is wrong with you,
you know I had that idea first, my idea was fresh and new,
no one else had ever given thought, not even close I say,
not Shelley, not Keats, not Poe, now you've taken that away

you know that really annoys me, all the hard work I've done,
using words never heard before, no not by anyone,
in all this time of written words, not even the Sumerians,
oh I suppose there is chance, maybe by some Bavarians

well now you know I must report you, to the ones in charge,
just who is that now, is it Carol, or Bob or George,
there must be some word police, someone I must tell,
I just cannot think of anyone, oh what the hell

I'm gonna come see each one of you, make sure that you're not cheatin,
if I catch you in the act, you're gonna get a beatin',
cause it ain't fair to the rest of us, the ones who think shit up,
while you just wait for no one to look, then you stick it in your cup

So let this be fair warning, I'll not tell you again,
if I catch you stealing thoughts, I'll punch you on the chin,
I'll take your write away from you, put it behind doors that shut,
and when I can get the chance, I'll use it to wipe my butt

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

True Believer

True Believer

Living in a vacuum, marking my time,
searching for some answers, a reason or rhyme,
I'm not a true believer,
but I'm sorry for my sins,
confused by my emotions,
free because of him

I know you're out there somewhere,
just a matter of time,
when we'll be together,
I'll be yours and you'll be mine,
I'll be a true believer,
when you're lying in my arms,
confused by my emotions,
and all her many charms,

I don't wanna be the one, who says that they're sorry,
Please don't let me be the one, crying every night,
I don't wanna be the one, who says that they're lonely,
Please don't let me be the one, crying every night,

go where you wanna go,
do what you wanna do,
be what you wanna be,
say what you wanna say,
because it's right

I know you're out there somewhere,
just a matter of time,
when we'll be together,
I'll be yours and you'll be mine,
I'll be a true believer,
when I'm lying in your arms,
confused by my emotions,
and all her many charms,

Gomer LePoet...

this is a song that I have recorded. To hear the music version of this poem go to

Gomer LePoet

Tu Me Manques Terriblement (I Miss You Terribly)

Tu me manques terriblement (I miss you terribly)

Missing you, wishing I was there right now, Kissing you,
hold your hand in mine, and dance round and round,
then I'll hold you in my arms forever more,

Feelin blue, wishin I was standing right there next to you,
look into your eyes, I'm mesmerized,
never ever wanna let you go

How things got this way I will never know,
But when I close my eyes I can feel our love grow

Tell me dear, If I was to take you away from here,
make you every dream, so very clear,
I'll do anything anything, you ask me too

Every word, every word you've spoken I have heard,
I'll climb any mountain, you've got my word,
I just wanna be your lover man

How things got this way I will never know,
But when I close my eyes I can feel our love grow.

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Wailin On The Blues

Wailin on the Blues

Well my guitar is wailin, solid bluesy growl,
I look up at the moon, and all I can do is howl,
bend those notes bittersweet, if blues is what you like,
my soul is deep in pain tonite, stand up closer to the mike,
pour my heart to anyone, who is listening and understands,
wish I had my friends here with me, hammerin their baby grands,
cause when you're feeling all alone, music can help you grieve,
got nothing in my pockets, got nothing up my sleeve,
but I do have this friend of mine, he's always here with me,
he helps when the times are bad, takes real good care of me,
I call my friend Lester, yes he's built by Mr. Paul,
six hot electric burning wires, just waiting for the call,
BB and all his friends, would be very very proud,
and when I hit that echo box, I'll drive right through the crowd,
don't know if things will turn out good, not sure what that means,
I'm wishing that the Oak City lady, sleeps real well tonight,
don't know if I'll still be here, when comes the first daylight,
Got a huge amount of wailing, pulling me down to the ground,
crank me up just one more notch, could be lifeless when I'm found

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Without You

Without You

I yearn for times gone by so much,
I yearn for your sweet loving touch,
I yearn to have my faith returned to me

I miss those little things we did,
you laughed and played like a little kid,
when will my lost smile return you see

my heart is empty, without you in my life,
my days are so lonely, my nights are oh so cold,
I pray somehow, someday, my dreams will return,
until then, I'll try to make it thru, without you

I dream of skies so soft and blue,
but mostly I dream of you,
just trying to find my way thru it all

I rush back home from where I've been,
running and thinking of you again,
hoping that I have not missed your call

my heart is empty, without you in my life,
my days are so lonely, my nights are oh so cold,
I pray somehow, someday, my dreams will return,
until then, I'll try to make it thru, without you

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Wut-A-Meenie

Wut-A-Meenie

She was always making things up, she thought I was a weenie,
always playing tricks on me, she was such a meenie,
I thought I was a friend of hers, but I am such a dodo,
she probably put doggie do, in my chocolate Yoho,

I sent her cards of friendship, but she never opened mail,
guess she flushed them down the tubes, sent them out to sail,
guess I cannot blame her, this was her choice to make,
I am just an old fart, and probably a big mistake,

for I have no rights here, no reason to expect,
that she would even give a glance, should show her more respect,
I over stepped my boundry here, although the sin was teeney,
I was the bad guy here, yes I was the real meenie

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle went to town, at least that's what they say,
I heard he never made it there, he was rolling in the hay,
with Mrs Sims fine young daughter, she had a real nice pair,
of Siamese Pot Bellied Pigs, with long blond flowing hair

They sometimes referred to him, as the Doodle Meister,
he was known around this town, as the village heister,
he would steal candy bars, just stick them in his pocket,
and for young Sally Sims, he even stole a locket

The sheriff of this little berg, caught up with him one day,
made him dropp his droopy drawers, put it on display,
milky ways and muskateers, tumbled to the ground,
and when he made him spread his cheeks, you won't believe what he found

A carton of cigs, a jar of olives, and some candied yams,
a pound of pasta, a TV guide, and 2 cans of deviled hams,
the sheriff put the cuffs on him, and threw him in the wagon,
somehow he managed to escape, like Puff the Magic Dragon

Gomer LePoet...

Gomer LePoet

Your Mistake

Your Mistake

I got this from Sister Hazel,
before she left this town,
five young lads from gainsville,
jumpin up and down

asked if I would join them,
out on the weary road,
you know this is what I wanted,
to carry this heavy load

you said that you would wait,
wait for my return,
not sure if that's a good idea,
for that I have concern

you are such a brave soul,
you give more than you take,
I don't want to be the one,
who you call your mistake

I am the cosmic traveler,
from moon to star I jump,
going where the beams may lead,
could wind up in the dump

yes it worries me that you concede,
your future is as stake,
no I don't want to be the one,
that you call your mistake

Gomer LePoet

Gomer LePoet

Your Secrets' Safe With Me

Your Secrets' Safe With Me

Your secrets' safe with me, I will not tell a soul,
you can rely on me, I will take it to my grave,
my lips cannot be tricked, to reveal your inner thoughts,
my heart cannot divulge, that which has been entrusted to me,
even if vestal virgins seek me out to coerce me,
my hands staked to a tree,
my garments ripped away from my body,
while verbal daggers are thrust upon me,
ghostly images do not frighten me,
they are only creatures that once were,
releases of fractured mind fragments seeking sanctuary

Your secrets' safe with me, under human laws not to be repeated,
you can rely on me, to stand tall in the faces of beasts,
there forked tongues wagging in the nite,
bolts of lightning extending through their eyes,
promises of eternal gratification trumpeted to my ears,
not Zeus nor Neptune nor Hercules could ever bring me fear,
for I have the power of the truth, I am the power of the truth,
but only if can stay vigilant to the cause,
only if I can stay true to my queen,
my honor, my soul, my life I owe to my queen,
your secrets' safe with me beyond the end of time,
your secrets' safe with me...

David Nelson

Gomer LePoet