



Billy's Blap

Billy Barone
learned to play
the trombone,
but so sadly, each time he blew,
a horrible *BLAP!*
would come out,
loud and flat.
A bad *BLAP!* was all he could do.

He has turned 53,
still he waits,
patiently,
as he sits with his horn on his lap.
Because sometime,
some day,
they might ask him to play
when they need a most horrible *BLAP!*

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Gift of Clay

I'm giving you this bowl I made
in pottery class today.
You're lucky to receive it—
it's my first thing made of clay!
But it's really not a bowl so much,
more like a paperweight.
Or maybe it's an ashtray
or a really lumpy plate.
Or else I made a sculpture,
or a coaster that's not flat.

Well, once you find out what it is,
then yes, I gave you *that!*



Green Beans and Syrup

I eat green beans with syrup.
I like them best that way.
I stand them in the sticky stuff
to see how long they'll stay.
I paint my plate with syruped beans
and make a brown Monet.
I fly the dripping war-plane beans.
They swoop! It's bomb's away!
So I eat green beans with syrup
and I like them best that way.
Though I don't like how green beans taste
at least it's fun to play.

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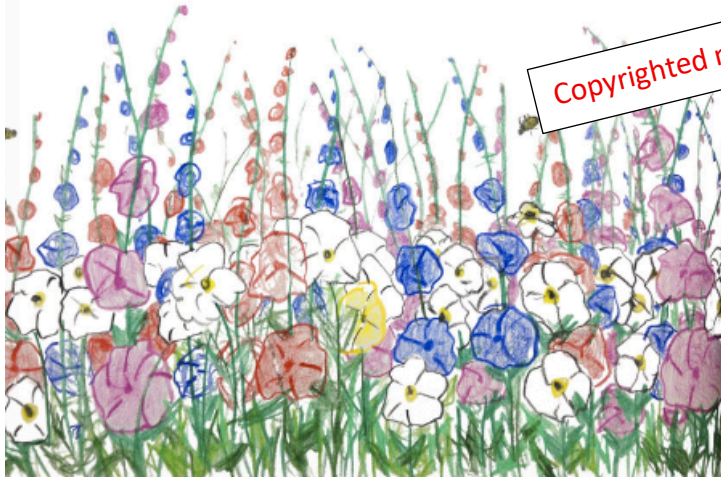
Summer Garden

It's summer in the garden
and I'm nestled here alone,
deep in the drifts of golden scents
the breeze has gently blown.
I have wandered world's away
though I am still at home.

The hollyhocks and daisies
paint a vibrant canopy.
Bold and joyful, hues aglow,
they wear their jewels for me.
Sweet-song birds and humming bees
make soothing melody.

It's summer in the flowers.
The soft heat lays serene.
The large, white clouds that idle by
flow in a quiet stream.
Oh, I could spend a lifetime here
and never need a dream.

There are so many ways to spend
a day this big and rich.
But nothing's quite like summer's bloom
and nowhere's nice as this.



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