

**WORDS—**  
**A Collection of Poems and Song Lyrics**

**By**  
**P.F Uhler**

## Preface

This volume contains the poems and songs I have written over the past four decades. There is a critical mass at this point, so I am self-publishing it online for others to see. It is still a work in progress and I will be adding to them as time goes on.

The collections of both the poems and songs were written in different places with divergent topics and genres. It has been a sporadic effort, sometimes going for a decade without an inspiration and then several works in a matter of months.

Although I have presented each collection chronologically, the pieces also could be arranged by themes. They are about love and sex, religion, drinking, and social topics—you know, the stuff to stay away from at the holiday table. In addition, although the songs only have lyrics, they can be grouped into genres such as blues, ballads, and songs that would be appropriate in musicals. Some of the songs defy categorization.

I have titled the collection “Words”, after my favorite poem, which is somewhere in the middle. Most of them tell a story about a particular person, or event, or place that is meaningful to me. It is of personal significance and perhaps not interesting or understandable to the reader. To that extent, it can be described as a self-indulgence or an introspection; but most of them are likely to have a broader meaning that can be readily discerned.

I’m sure I will add to them as time goes on, but I felt it was time to put them out. Let me know what you think.

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# Poems

by  
P.F. Uhlir

**Reel Sensation**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

Insatiable lust  
exaggerated  
and X-rated  
actions without emotions

a two dimensional  
two-bit hump  
with promises  
of 3-D satisfaction

the marquees pander  
Pandora's Many Mates  
The Marquis' Grisly Fate  
Casanova's Hungry Date

to what end?  
in which end?

to titillate and arouse  
mutilate the senses  
educate to masturbate  
with fantasies  
hard to relate

libidinous images  
and sexual phantoms  
are all that remain  
to caress your brain  
when the lights come on

San Francisco, CA 1979



**The Infatuation**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

she was a persistent illusion  
borne of lust  
a gnawing temptation  
craving to be realized

I molded her image  
with my mirrored madness  
and sculpted her ethereal charm

she had peerless passion

she was perfect

I was satisfied

but soon  
her delicate charm crumbled  
and fragile image blurred

her sensuous aura  
vanished with the dawn

a comet's gleaming  
shadow leaving  
just  
a trace  
in space

San Francisco, CA 1979



**Unrequited Love**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

A caged lion my love is  
defiant of doubt  
assured of its strength  
proud of its existence

You  
are my ardor's keeper  
and the sustenance of the dreams  
on which I feast

but I am on the inside  
my pent-up passion confined  
by the cruel bars of circumstance

unlock my love  
My Love

Guadalajara, Mexico 1981



# Alone Again

by  
P.F. Uhler

I  
wage battle with time  
unarmed but for my pen  
able to record these thoughts  
in just two dimensions

what constraints!

it's so hard to recall  
all the joys and sorrows that were ours  
the shared intimacies and disappointments  
the lusty love...

now my mind begins to wander  
unfocused  
betrayed  
time's piracy accomplished

alone again

San Diego, CA 1981



**Punk Bunk**  
**By**  
**P.F. Uhler**

He  
was just another  
vasectomy fuck  
filling her void

She  
was just another  
pig on a blanket  
heaving in sweat

They  
grunted in discord

It  
was good

Guadalajara, Mexico 1981





# Pimp's Lullaby

by  
P.F. Uhler

You  
came to me  
like some slum slut in heat  
foraging for a...  
buck

You  
were young and stupid  
of five and dime fame  
pumped  
full of false promises  
and  
misconceptions

but I rescued you  
you  
lucky  
bitch

Washington, DC 1985



**My Greek Tragedies**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

the Unknowns  
and the Unfathomables  
moved in this week

they've been here before  
preying on my menu of fate  
inviting in the Unexpected  
changing my course  
without remorse

next time  
I'll be ready

Alexandria, VA 1985



**Have Yourself a Very Merry Xmas**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

Gifts are bought  
greetings sent  
blessings sought  
paychecks spent

and the pine tree  
slowly  
dies

Alexandria, VA 1985



**The Bachelor Party**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

I take this moment  
to reflect upon the bond  
that brought us here

it is a bond not easily forged  
yet hard to break  
built of shared experience  
and vintage memories  
sealed with sympathy  
and understanding

this binding of our souls  
is not restraining  
nor confining  
but the triumph  
of forthright affection  
and genuine respect

for we are friends

Washington, DC 1987



**Words**  
**by**  
**P.F. Uhler**

I take these words out  
and dust them off

well worn they are  
fallen from so many lips  
passed through so many minds  
reformed so many times

mere words  
common run-of-the-mill types  
stumbling across this white expanse  
in awkward fashion  
egged on by the whip that is my pen  
timidly obeying  
the master  
they've so cunningly enslaved

why persist?  
what compels us to drag them out  
to juggle them about  
to proudly display them as our own?

they belong to no one  
of course  
perennially prostituting themselves  
to salacious fantasies  
and vicious ideologies  
serving altruist and sycophant  
like lyricist and commandant

you see  
we're but lexical junkies  
addicted to seductive symbols  
victimized by artful creations  
constantly searching  
for that next conscious fix

so now



I put my works away

leave the words I used today  
and await  
tomorrow's  
obsession

Washington, DC 1987



**A Poem in Four Acts Purporting to Expound Upon the  
Intrinsic Substance and Meaning of Art  
Without Any Accompanying Music  
Or Other Mitigating Factors**

by  
**P.F. Uhler**

**Act One**

Art deceives  
Art enrages  
Art (gasp!) seduces  
and amuses

**Act Two**

Art is  
a song on a stick  
a book in a vault  
a picture in a purse

**Act Three**

Art is an unnatural act

**Act Four**

Art becomes

(curtain, applause)

San Francisco, CA 1987



**Hard Questions**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

We live on the same planet  
yet our paths do not cross

We speak the same language  
yet we do not communicate

We have years of shared experience  
yet we no longer share

I write  
as only a friend would write  
and I ask hard questions

What have you done with your past?  
How do you see your future?  
Is not the past a part of the present  
and the foundation for the future?  
Have you lost touch with your former self  
or merely those who were a part of it?  
Have you experienced a true rebirth  
or true denial?  
Is your life filled with joy  
or is there just bitterness  
and indifference?

The silence is deafening

San Francisco, CA 1987





**God Breaks the Laws of Nature  
(but remains on the lam)**

by  
**P.F. Uhlir**

God  
is in perpetual motion

God  
has no sex

God's  
yin is yang

God  
is infinite

God  
is a free lunch

Washington, DC 1998



## Remembering Harold

by  
P.F. Uhler

don't gimme no  
apopleptic apocalyptic  
no Haight street hallucinogenics  
no Sun Dance trance

don't need no  
tinseltown televengefulists  
bushleague spinmeisters  
technicolor dream jerks  
or megamedia muggles

my vision  
don't come in no damn bottle  
or in high-school thrills  
from dime-store pills

no sir  
no way

so keep your  
sanctimonious claptrap  
your self-righteous admoneyshuns  
and perverse pandering

I can see just fine

in my own way  
in my own time...

Washington, DC 2000



**psssst**  
**by**  
**P.F. Uhler**

psssst

psssst!

pssst  
hey!  
psssst

hey  
hey yoo!

pssst  
psssst!

yoo wan somma dis?

psssst

psssst!

hey!  
yoo!

psssst  
hey yooo  
kammeer!

wanna buy somma dis?

psssst

pssst  
hey  
psssst!  
hey!

tokkin



to yoo!

hey!  
take a looker!

pssst

psssst

pssst  
hey!  
pssst!

psssst

pssst  
hey man  
pssst!  
yoo defosamthin?

psssst

hey pssst!  
got somthinfoya  
pssst

psssst  
looker!  
pssst

pssst!!!

fukkin' dooshbags...

Washington, DC 2000



**The Lynching**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

THAT'S HIM!!!  
WHO ME???

GET HIM!!!  
WHAT DID I DO???!

KILL HIM!!!  
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN!!!

HANG HIM!!!  
NO NO!!!

BURN HIM!!!  
NO GOD NO!!!!

BURN THE BEAST!!!  
AAAAAYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaa

BURN HIM GOOD!!!!!!

*Daddy, can we go home now?*

Washington, DC 2000



**An Encounter with God under the Shirley Highway**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

beatific apparition  
the essence of innocence  
divine presence incarnate  
spreading searing truth  
amidst this city of lies

He  
is all these things and more  
wending His way  
among us sinners  
the fatuously infatuated  
dispensing His grace  
testing our souls  
making us see

closer and closer He comes  
hiding nothing  
in naked glory  
then face to face

His  
grotesque shape so moving  
abject destitution enriching  
mute silence warning  
of our mortal coil

my moment of truth arrives  
I hand Him my penance  
a dollar  
my gift

an eternal instant passes

and I am forever changed

Arlington, VA 2001



**My Wedding Vows**  
by  
**P.F. Uhlir**

My dear, sweet Love

Like the vastest ocean floor  
reaching to the inner core  
That's how deep for you my love is

Like a comet's endless flight  
on a course that's always right  
That's how long for you my love is

Like the dazzling sun's flame  
that will always burn the same  
That's how hot for you my love is

Like the hardest beam of steel  
that won't bend and that's so real  
That's how strong for you my love is

So deep, so long  
So hot, so strong  
That's how my love for you, My Love, is

I adore you  
and give myself to you forever

Fairfax, VA 2003



# les rêves fous de mon ordinateur américain stupide

by  
P.F. Uhlir

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Washington, DC 2004



**Isms**  
**by**  
**P.F. Uhler**

leggo of my dog ma  
it's old and tired  
can't stand being pushed around  
or made to bend

leggo of my dog ma  
it was young and fresh once  
full of hope and promise  
a beacon of light  
in our past darkness

surely you understand  
a dog like this should be venerated  
respected for what it was  
not for what it has become  
or for what we think it is

after all  
it's my dog ma  
and you can't take it away

Brussels, Belgium 2011



**Virginia**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

The leaves are almost down  
softly whispering their song

I reminisce

it was not always so  
the history lush and verdant  
a mirage of beauty  
manicured to a fault and  
polished to perfection

you were the essence of it then  
a joy to behold and caress  
undeterred  
unflinching  
unfazed

perhaps I have awakened  
and dreamt before  
perhaps I am now dreaming

strands of stories wrapped as gifts  
remembrances past  
or just comforting fictions

I was yours once  
but  
Virginia is for lovers

Louvain-la-neuve, Belgium 2012



# **Songs**

**by  
P.F. Uhlir**

**The Burglar**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

I'm just a soft-hearted burglar  
without a knife  
tryin' to break and enter  
into your life  
you know it's you that I'm after  
to share my life  
so won't you read this letter  
and stop your strife

for I'm the thief who wants your dreams  
and the burglar of your tender heart

I'm doin' time in a prison  
of my device  
wantin' the heart of a woman  
who won't look twice  
but I've made my decision  
I'll pay the price  
so please give me a listen  
it's not a vice

for I'm the thief who wants your dreams  
and the burglar of your tender heart

Alexandria, VA 1984



**I'm Gonna Take You to the Cleaners Baby Blues**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

I woke up this mornin' with a rock in my head  
was a quarter past four had a feelin' of dread  
you'd left me a note by the side of the bed  
I knew what it said tho' it hadn't been read

Refrain

I'm gonna take you to the cleaners baby  
cause you won't treat me like no lady  
I'm gonna take you to the cleaners baby  
and rid my ass o' you

Your lies I surmise with little surprise  
your excuses could win a Pulitzer prize  
but the truth just gets lost behind those big brown eyes  
the eyes of the girl I've grown to despise

(Refrain)

Washington, DC 1984



**The Bar Nun**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

she shake her hip  
she shake her thigh  
she shake her shakers  
'til they make her cry

she shape her lip  
in a sexy sigh  
an' she lift her skirt  
'til it's way up high

but when da boys  
come by to try  
she act as if  
she not know why

'cause she's a bar nun  
yeah a bar nun  
just a bar nun  
to me

she thinks she might  
but she's so uptight  
she won't go down  
without a fight

she's always right  
tho' her mind's so trite  
she's hardly known  
for bein' bright

an' tho' she makes  
the scene each night  
you'll never score  
that sweet delight

cause she's a bar nun  
yeah a bar nun  
just a bar nun  
to me

New York, NY 1985



# Night Crawler Blues

by  
P.F. Uhler

I open my eyes when the sun goes down  
ain't nothin' to do but go into town  
my baby she left just wearin' a frown  
said she won't come back never turn aroun'

## Refrain

I got them night crawler blues  
an' I got nothin' to lose  
you know dem night crawler blues  
got me

my baby she said I'm jes' a low down worm  
ain't no damn way that she'll ever return  
her screamin' an' cussin' jes' made me burn  
a woman like dat I can easily spurn

(refrain)

I roll outta bed 'cause night's fallin' fast  
hit on the bottle to drown out the past  
take two for the road to make the feelin' last  
ready to go with my night crawlin' mask

(refrain)

Washington, DC 1987





**Inner City Blues**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

all my life I've lived in crime  
hit the streets to score a dime  
every day I'm doin' time  
imprisoned in this life of mine

Refrain

inner city is my home  
concrete jungle where I roam  
on this system I've been thrown  
like a dog without a bone

fancy cars and limousines  
famous stars on movie screens  
gorgeous babes and get-rich schemes  
these are all part of my dreams

(refrain)

someday I will find some peace  
inner vision seeks release  
one day I will surely feast  
'til that day I will not cease

(refrain)

Washington, DC 1987



**Whiskey Sour Blues**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

wiltin' with the flowers  
drinkin' whiskey sours  
whilin' 'way the hours  
as time drags on

thinkin' 'bout my baby  
hardly seen her lately  
thinkin' she is thinkin'  
a bit about me

Refrain

you know the blues ain't got the power  
of a double whiskey sour  
no the blues ain't got no power  
over me

can't believe she's left me  
can't believe she'd hurt me  
doesn't seem too likely  
that she'd stay away

somehow I will find her  
'cause I trust my whiskey sour  
an' someday I will guide her  
back on home to me

(refrain)

Cincinnati, OH 1988



**Ivalo**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

rollin' into Ivalo  
thoughts adrift like swirlin' snow  
there's so much that I need to know  
rollin' into Ivalo

Refrain

Ivalo oh Ivalo  
why'd you let me drift here so  
can't you make those feelings go  
cast them out before they grow?

the answer's in your midnight sun  
that brings to light all that's been done  
and everything that's yet to come  
including love that's just begun

(refrain)

your midnight sun has made it plain  
some love brings joy and some brings pain  
with some you lose and some you gain  
the saddest love's the love in vain

(refrain)

rollin' into Ivalo  
thoughts adrift like swirlin' snow  
there's so much that I need to know  
rollin' into Ivalo

Muonio, Finland 1988



**My Special Sauce**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

you know you can suck it an' lick it  
let it drool down your chin  
lap it up baby  
and eat with a grin

Refrain

'cause it's mmmm baby  
oooooh baby  
aaaah...  
my special sauce

I'll serve it for lunch and for dinner  
or a midnight snack  
at less than one calorie  
it won't make you fat

(refrain)

they say it's the best sauce in town  
they ain't foolin' around  
enjoy it for hours  
you won't leave feelin' down

(refrain)

so get down and suck it an' lick it  
feel that cream on your skin  
lap it up baby  
and eat with a grin

(refrain)

Hailuoto, Finland 1988



# Dem B'looga Blini Blooz

by  
P.F. Uhler

you know how you feel  
when the world gets too real  
and your problems seem larger than life?

when your chauffeur leaves town  
and you need a new gown  
and your maid is no longer polite?

## Refrain

it's dem b'looga blini blooz  
when there's no one to use  
an' da blinis no longer amuse

you know how you feel  
when the world gets too real  
and your poodles won't jump on demand?

when your gigolo's late  
and you can't fornicate  
and there's no one for you to command?

(refrain)

you know how you feel  
when the world gets too real  
'cause you've run out of ecstasy pills?

when your drug dealer's pissed  
about payments you've missed  
and your trust fund won't cover the bills?

(refrain)

you know how you feel  
when the world gets too real  
and the tabloids all call you a slime?

when



your lawyers and brokers

turn out to be jokers  
and you can't even borrow a dime?

(refrain)

you know how you feel  
when your world gets too real  
and your pedestal suddenly breaks?

when you first realize  
that you've wallowed in lies  
and your friends are all phonies and fakes?

(refrain)

San Francisco, CA 1989



## The Sculptor

by  
P.F. Uhler

A lump of soft clay  
In my hands I caress  
Primordial substance  
I cannot suppress  
I mold and I shape  
Your traits as they grow  
A pleasure to wait  
As all sculptors know

### Refrain

I am the artist  
you are my art  
I am your sculptor  
The work of my heart

A plain block of wood  
Your edges are rough  
The material's good  
You have the right stuff  
I use all my tools  
Although it's quite clear  
You're nobody's fool  
Have no one to fear

(Refrain)

A nugget of gold  
A gleam in my eye  
Your future is bold  
The limit's the sky  
I forge the soft metal  
So precious yet strong  
You're made of fine mettle  
I'm sure I'm not wrong

(Refrain)

Stafford, VA 1990



# Drastic Plastic

by  
P.F. Uhlir

Drastic plastic  
so fantastic!  
drastic plastic  
drastic plastic  
it's a classic!  
drastic plastic

When your money has run out  
and your baby wears a pout  
use your plastic!  
When you're shopping at the store  
and your bank won't lend you more  
give them plastic!

*(concurrent chant throughout)*

drastic plastic  
so fantastic!  
drastic plastic  
drastic plastic  
it's a classic!  
drastic plastic

## Refrain

drastic plastic  
so fantastic!  
drastic plastic

drastic plastic  
it's a classic!  
drastic plastic

When your breasts are falling down  
and your face is in a frown  
get some plastic!  
If it's implants that you need  
so that others will take heed  
get that plastic!

(refrain)

If you need to make some dough  
to generate cash flow  
sell some plastic!  
Plastic makes the world go 'round  
keeps us all from feelin' down  
'cause it's plastic!



(refrain)



If it's power that's your game  
and all you crave is fame  
look like plastic!  
It's the image you create  
that will make you seem so great  
'cause it's plastic!

(refrain)

You know our nation feeds  
on our false priorities  
'cause we're plastic!  
So our culture spirals lower  
toward that glitter in the gutter  
'cause it's plastic!

Washington, DC 1991



**Drinkin' Scotch on Bourbon Street**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

Ah went on down to New Awleans  
to clarify mah views  
Dat city's got da ways an' means  
to nullify yo' blues  
Ah cruised aroun' de ole French part  
searchin' fo' some clues  
on wheah to cure may achin' heart  
an' lose alla mah bad news

Refrain

Been drinkin' scotch on Bourbon Street  
aroun' some badass bars  
Lookin' fo' somethin' fahn to eat  
some Cajun voodoo dolls

Ah cannot say Ah's had enuf  
to sate mah raw desire  
Keep lookin' fo' some foxy stuff  
to quench mah burnin' fire  
Dis town has got a lotta kicks  
o' dat ya can be sure  
A paradise fo' derelicks  
a place ya CAIN'T be pure!

(refrain)

(repeat first stanza)

New Orleans, LA 1995



**Your Loving Eyes**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

You bring me joy  
and share your gladness  
you make me smile  
and shed my sadness

but what sends me most  
and brings me highs  
is the magic gaze  
of your loving eyes

your loving eyes  
they melt my heart  
they heal the soul  
that's torn apart

I came to you  
so sad and blue  
I needed you  
and you came through

you rescued me  
and made me sane  
it's plain to see  
I'm not the same

your loving eyes  
they melt my heart  
they heal the soul  
that's torn apart

Washington, DC 1998





**Water**  
**by**  
**P.F. Uhler**

flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
(repeat)

water water sun sun  
water stream and water run  
water come and water flow  
round&round&round it go

water steams and waters ice  
ocean tides our souls entice  
water stream and water flow  
round&round&round it go

water is the font of life  
water is the source of strife  
water come and water flow  
round&round&round it go

water makes all live things grow  
water kills in undertow  
water ebbs and waters flow  
round&round&round it go

water air the earth and star  
water is the way we are  
water come and water flow  
round&round&round it go

flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
(repeat)

*(concurrent chant throughout)*

flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
flowing flowing flow flow  
(repeat)

Milan, Italy 2011



**Icky Picky**  
by  
**P.F. Uhler**

picky picky  
icky picky  
I'm so picky  
icky picky

icky icky  
picky icky  
you're so icky  
icky picky

I pick at food  
'n choose my mood  
I must really work  
to be so crude

icky tricky  
quicky tricky  
I'm so tricky  
icky tricky

I'm so hot  
'n your so not  
I'm so hot  
'n your so not

icky dicky  
dicky picky  
you're so icky  
icky dicky

tricky tricky  
quicky tricky  
I'm so tricky  
icky tricky

*Chant*

picky picky  
icky picky  
I'm so picky  
icky picky

picky picky  
icky picky  
I'm so picky  
icky picky

icky icky  
picky icky  
you're so icky  
icky picky

icky icky  
picky icky  
you're so icky  
icky picky

picky picky  
icky picky  
I'm so picky  
icky picky

Alexandria, VA 2012



**Get It On**  
**By**  
**P.F. Uhler**

Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

I live to love and love to live  
I want to love and love to give  
I share my love and dare to live  
I love to love and live to give

Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

I live to love and love to live  
I want to love and love to give  
I share my love and dare to live  
I love to love and live to give

Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on  
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

Beijing, China 2013



## The Ghosts of Jim

by  
P.F. Uhler

I begged, I cried, I hid my pride  
My love for you, you cast aside  
I bared my soul and opened wide  
My love, my goal, was still denied

I heard instead a daily hymn  
A lonely song, the song of Jim

I dreamed of us, my Love, my quest  
I gave my best to pass your test  
But love to you was a just a jest  
You thought of me like all the rest

And what I heard instead was Jim  
The daily song to ghosts of him

Perhaps I'd stayed and passed the grade  
I tried to fix mistakes I made  
Your heart is hard—a heart of jade  
So I must go, my love will fade

And what I heard—a daily hymn—  
That's haunted by the ghosts of Jim

Wuhan, China 2013

