

Poems I Admit

by Andrew Horsfall

The Same to You

For her I dragged the stars in view,
And painted skies to make them blue,
I will not do the same for you,
I will not be at all the same to you.

In the Margins

Where a night meets a day, colors wrap around contours, in tangential pageantry.
Where a field meets a wood, air and tree paramours, consecrate the blackberries.
Where a sea meets a land, beaches play out metaphors, of time past and constancy.
Where a soul meets a soul, at the edge of mine and yours, I live these analogies.

A Tune

We played clerks and connoisseurs,
And held umbrellas and the doors,
And held a quintessential tune,
To sum-up our shared afternoon:

Tea shop.
Raindrop.
Don't Stop.

Book store.
Downpour.
Love more.

Dance Lessons

Let's go dancing badly, almost late into the night.
You can fall on me, and I will often stumble too.
But let's keep at the practice, and slowly get it right,
Because my heart is sometimes given clumsily to you.

On Desires

"Delight in me" said God, and I despaired,

Of ever loving you without some guilt.
Then He drew you and church, and then compared.
Now I boldly love! - It's why I'm built!

On Arguments

With hundreds of acres of lilac distilled;
Though it take undefined hours of toil;
To elixir sweet and pungent to refresh,
The blush of cross endeavor on your cheek;
Would be a fitting task to put my heart,
To work; to demonstrate affection's truth;
But it would be cheap spent and fully waste,
If not first, by strong discourse, I've put the redness in your face.

Spring!

Rain turns the world into to myriad greens.
And makes garden parties a waterproof test.
I had on a t-shirt and worn old jeans.
Only pajamas covered the rest.
You put a hat on from New Orleans,
And wrapped in the rest of your Sunday Best,
And, humming the tune of Killer Queen,
came to the downpour over dressed.

And that's what I love about April.

Under The Dome

Catch up mosses in your hair
As you, reclining towards the sky,
Ask quiet questions to me there,
Not wanting any real reply
Besides "I'm here, and glad to share
Your green grown bed and spring-time air."

Concerns

Admittedly, I worry when it snows,
That Old Winter gives more than he owes,
To the Saplings in the orchard rows.

Now that stunted orchard only grows,
Easily picked apples, and it shows,
That a man can reap the care he sows.

The Moon

Darling, be done with heart break.
Offer it back to the moon.
And let me take what it won't take,
When I come to visit you soon.

Instead be encouraged with new things.
Offer yourself to the day.
Sing me the song that the sun sings,
To carry when I go away.

Just Shut Up, Marie

Don't mention cake to the masses,
They'll probably leave you alone.
I know they all look like dumb asses,
but it only takes one to throw the first stone.

If We Are Alone

We try hard to make it by.
So I volunteer a lie.
Maybe we're good enough to fly,
Homemade Kites alone,
Without being shown.
Without a sun filled sky.