

Scraps of Verse

by Andrew Horsfall

Chocolate

Infidelity is a chocolate word,
But monogamy can be as absurd.

To Hope

I know brief rain makes deserts bloom,
And rings, though strong, are not a fate;
And Life has left behind his tomb,
So curses now have little weight.

A Key

Come in my front door,
Be my guest at ease.
Sit down and talk for,
Hours as you please.

Come in my back door,
With my closest kin.
Never again wonder:
You have entered in.

Autumn

Walk in the dusk of fall with me,
When the trees hold festivals,
To learn their secret recipes,
Of colorants and texturals.

Pen Pals

I found a letter half-way written, sittin' on an upper shelf.
I made it better with an ending, sending it full of myself.

Catch Me

Follow me out doors, into the wild land,

Seeing no me there, hearing no soft sound.
Poems of new paths, written in the sand,
Outline the way I'm, taking to be found.

Eternity

I cut our names in a beech tree,
To circle, heart, our unity,
And show a Christian irony:
Scars make the best eternity.

Eskimo Kisses

I think the nose, of Eskimos,
Takes up to much attention.
Kiss differently, and you will see,
More than my lips will mention!

About a Summer Afternoon

Lets tiptoe in the grass between light barked trees,
So we don't snap the stupor of the bumble bees,
And trade poems soft spoken as cricket's knees.

Your dress hem will catch in the faintest breeze,
That only comes to say that even air can tease,
But impresses on you that truly all's at ease.

Some Comparisons

Locks and puzzles.
Are the same thing.
Keys are the clues that refuse to be found.

Jokes and proverbs.
Have the same ring.
Wit is a treasure box paradox bound.

I'm Lost

I sometimes lose myself in you.
Is that good? Depends on who,
You are. It can depend on, too,

Just what is meant by losing.

Because, to turn the meaning 'round,
Make where I'm lost be where I'm found.
That will make the statement sound,
Like begging to be choosing.

On the Radio

Time grows dark at the appropriate hour.
Angels fall to the plane of our fight.
Waves crash out from a radio tower.
Slow strobe pulses of a musical light.
Sound replaces any visual power.
We're not bruised in the grip of the night.

For a Summer Evening

Can you see the furthest star,
from that verdured balcony?
Does my voice come up that far?
Is there more room in your tree?

On Morning

Good morning, Love! This softly spoken phrase,
Is not used just to introduce the day.
Mornings describe love, and vise-verse praise,
Casts light on morning. Both look good that way.

On Morning 2

"Good morning fair Sunshine," the Earth said, "I'm old!
Past my prime, faded, wrinkled, out-dated, and cold."
And he replied, burning her fog into mirth,
"remember, dear World, that each morning's a birth!"

A Rebuff To A Poet

I know that this success has you elated.
But truth be told, your po'm is overrated.
The one-word-change refrain that you inserted
Is something you'd despise if it was blurted

Out by some other boy. It must be stated:
You only like the phrases you've converted.

But since I hoped your content was redeeming
I found myself embarrassed, finished, screaming,
"The thing is all one thought reiterated:
The progress of one evening, overstated!"
If you think this is lit'rature, you're dreaming.
Nothing else I've read is so much hated.

Rat Traps

The aftermath of rat traps make me mad!
It isn't math at all! It's always one!
There isn't any sharing in the dying!

I'm Thankful

For coffee in mugs
For passionate hugs
For rest found on rugs
I'm thankful.

Tower City Christmas

A hot air balloon; with a boat for a basket
And elves in the ropes stringing lights more fantastic,
Than anything dreamt in all Edison's years;
Comes alongside two, pedaling,
And never quite settling,
For anything less than the Wright Brother's throne.

Chalk Drawing

If you make your mark in chalk on concrete, you will be forgotten when it rains.
If I practice my art with enthusiastic eyes, I can move the people that see me.
They are all kind not to trample your work, but they don't look on your dreams.
My dreams are in colored dust on the ground. What do you see or not see?

Response To An Epitath

The birds!
I'm sorry. You were saying words are strong.

I was distracted by a sparrow song.
And how he urges spring to move along.
I fear I've gone and made your theory wrong.
But I know what you mean,
And they say-

The wind!
I'm sorry. Words. Yes you will have the last.
But please, while hating me move your pen fast.
And as you trample my grave, mind the grass,
For it stays here when both of us have passed.
And wind has come to clean,
Words away.

Money Money

Dis girl, girl; got class, class.
Up in her tower she the very las'
of the fairy tale. But she not fo sale.
It's da hardest thang, but I will prevail.

Dis hair, hair. A rope, rope.
Worth more of my green than all the dope
in Columbia. Let me up on the
Hair dat hang like gold on ya.

Gimme some o dat. Money-money.

Secrets

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But words will never hurt me.
Except one said inside your head,
But tragically not set free
To find some rest in the small nest
That my right ear wants to be.
Instead it dies behind your eyes,
As looking close I can see,
And beg as well for you to tell
Me why you keep it from me.

The Good Old Days

Can you remember running hard and out of breath,
Chasing dreams you couldn't catch,
Always hoping, almost holding the whole world?

Can you remember laughing hard and out of breath,
Spilling burdens off your chest,
When a hardship holds an irony that's grand?

Can you remember crying hard and out of breath,
Mourning after sudden death,
Catching up to those who ran ahead so well?

Friends and Lovers

Would you your advice please lend?
Which is better in the end:
A lover or a loving friend?
Give me reasons that won't bend.

She's my new moon. She's the sun,
Reflected in the other one.
Must I choose one and one shun,
Or ill lit paths between them run?