

Poetry Series

Matthew Roeser
- poems -

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Matthew Roeser()

Another Silly Love Poem

Where have I to run to find you?
Where is the place of your hiding?
Why is my beloved so well hidden?
Or is it I that am lost?
You have caught me up with your kiss.
So why do you flee as if stricken?
Torture can only bear so much fruit before it slays its prisoner.
Set me rejoicing.
Do not let my desperate pleas goes unanswered.
There is only so much my heart can bear.

Matthew Roeser

Decay

Life's bits and pieces have floated downstream
Now begins renewal
The reuptake of nutrients and minerals

Fish will return
Pond skippers. Trout, tadpole
Crayfish, mayflies, dragonflies

All skipping, hopping, crawling, darting
In, out and around currents
Of water, wind and sun

A magnetic pull feeding tender youth
Beauty, truth and nobility
Have I half dreamt it?

Or is the Great Return arrived?
The dawn came and went
Leaving behind mid morning

Brilliant sun, a sky bluer, smiles
Gifted grass and wildflowers
All flowing as one into the one

The Great River
To dive into the clear cold mountain snow melted water
That is my only task for the day.

Matthew Roeser

From This Place Of Repose I Can See All Of Heaven And Earth

There on your side of the valley there are wandering disciples searching under every rock,
sifting through every pile, on each limb, behind each hiding place and yet there prayers go
unanswered.

Why have you come here if not to take up their cause and grant them beneficent reign?

Why have you equipped them with insight and longing?

I see there empty places and feel their thirst, hear their songs of joy even so.
What a remarkable bunch. How they persist.

Why are you here if not to let them find the dial? To grasp the handle?
To use the balancing scale and weigh their souls and all of creation.
Hang them not in your briar patch.

Free us and let us be off on the grand experimental journey to the other side of the hidden valley.

Matthew Roeser

I Am My Father's Son And Daughter

On the eve of your graduation
We sat mirroring each other
Each lost
Each found

Sitting on cold steel warmed by hearts
A tailgate of remembrance
At dawn's edge I dreamed a dream
Of before the great birth

A son who shone a sun
A woven life
As me but not
Of me but not

You were across the room
At times I shouted to deaf ears
Other times it was you shouting
But always love waved

Always love thirsted
And always together we drank
Tonight we drink again
And tip cans ice cold to our lips

The lips that whispered
That yelled, shouted, laughed and
Fed off the fever that we had become
Through the crucible

That gave me to you and you to me
Tomorrow one journey ends
Another begins
Long ago and far away

A man loved a woman
A woman loved a man
Come run away with me
Today, forever and always

As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be
I awaken, a witness to a dream
That has become real.

Matthew Roeser

In Satan's Palace

Drinking bad beer if there is such a thing
What is this place?
But I know a guy
Who can a get a plane to el salvador
To go surfing
Really?
He knows somebody who knows a guy
That works for the Airline
You go with him and he
Can get you a ticket.
Surf me up.

Matthew Roeser

Is It God Or Mammon?

The sun in the sky
Tells him he still has time
He closes his eyes
Immersing in Adam's first dawn
Enraptured is he
Could Eve ever be so fair?
Could she be so bold?
As the mountain or the hawks
That dare to reach to heaven?
He brings the dawn cycle to his lips
Drinking in cold liquid sky
A cooling breeze
And simplicity of a chair
On a deck in the sun
The only sound the wind
Bright blue birds, naked insects and the voice
And he wonders
Is it God
Or mammon?

Matthew Roeser

Knowing Ourselves Is Our Greatest Adventure

The darkness that spreads along the line
To divide the foamy white sea of light
Dive, dive back into the black
Your foul deeds of crushing bone and blood
Pushed into the ocean
Bathed in good works too
driven by guilt
The two exist side by side
Mirroring the one with the other
When it struck
It struck atom to atom
Melding two as one
To exist side by side
Shoulder to shoulder
With halting hands we feel
Along the line
That dwells in our spirit
To reach across the line
Breaking through the forbidden
We choose which line to cross
Every moment a new vice or virtue
Every moment a new frontier
To conquer and know the wilderness
Of ourselves is our greatest adventure

Matthew Roeser

Love's Finale

I want to feel exceptionally strong
So I'll expose the paper dolls
And massage the cloudy chaos

Until the sun drips free
Running down your back
Saturating the swirls and spirals that cover your skin

And keeps protected the hidden secrets you share
With no one but your one true lover
Who alone can unravel the tangled web of your heart.

Matthew Roeser

Marvelous

Marvelous, what a word,
A marvelous word
Marvelous should be my name
With a name like that
I could be Mardi Gras king instead of just Matt
I could tame lions
Or enter contests of skill
Walk on elephant backs
Or levitate at will
And I'd never once take out the trash
I'd hire a service
And pay in cash
I'd fly from town to town
in a giant floating ship
The only problem
As far as I can see
Finding Friends
Who are as marvelous as me.

Matthew Roeser

Ode To A Heart

Curse you tiny heart
so nasty and small
I'll stuff it in my knapsack
or nail it to my wall.

Matthew Roeser

Oh, Sweet Lips

Oh sweet lips
Kiss me
Where are you?
In the dark
In the light
Black and red
White and grey
Making water out of clay
You have a hundred
He has none
We have a wife
We have a son
We have fire
We have fun
We have death
We have the one

Matthew Roeser

Out

I feel out

out
among the summer fireflies
that no longer fly in Philly
or even care that they are no longer flying

out
in stone sole less shoes
slapping against cold gray slabs
running always alarmingly away

out
amidst the soggy veterans
stuck marching in ricochet gear
so distracted while we goose the throttle with everything she's got

out
in the boney backyard
staring toward soft 60 watt glow
your face framed in glass sainted, beatific, reverential

out
even when crowded in subway sausage thick
buttons popping with smooth casual allure
soft hands floating in silken air

out
with your tangled black haired irises staring
less at last we meet
and know too much for tears

Matthew Roeser

Q Is For Question

I am storm

I am rage

Oh great one

Where do you find yourself?

Lost among the androids?

Coupled with the beasts?

Numbered with the misogynists?

Is it here you will find me?

Dashed on the rocks below?

Or chained to the stone?

Beaten as a plowshare?

I dove beneath the surface and

Found your drunken party

Found the knob

That is Control

an elephant seated

On my chest

Pumped in

and amplified,

The network is an illusion

Of green and black

If I do stretch out my hand

It will find nothing but empty space

Matthew Roeser

Sandaled Apostles Never Freeze

He sans socks
rocks the cocks
A cooked burnt lip sticker smokes
I watch him with his large clothes sack
His are too new impossibly blue
one rolled up high
the other too long drags
where are you going my south of the border friend?
to water
to dust
to rake
to rust
in too lax back alley rules
we have a become a depot of sorts
gathered at the margins
fed stuffed sausage and dirt
we who all have mouths to feed
bread and water
blood and beer
once we were children too
solidarity
the Ute's wary and worried
danced the new dance
and feasted on hard steel
The others came
striking out
striking rich
agitation hems all in
a solitary man
toting laundry with every sandaled step
pulsing habitat for blessed relief
more rules to confuse but hunger obeys its own
we who have left out native lands
loved ones not love left behind
how will I judge or condemn
the ones I am supposed to fear
to hate?
his are the same dreams
of every mother's son

dreams of family and fire
warm and well-fed
more than this I can allow
in my shallow life
to welcome to a new world
brown to black to yellow to white
tempered steel to blue
now forged fire red
A symbol of the blood
soon to be spilt
for the lying sacrificial lamb. □

Matthew Roeser

Sleep On Good Night

The night sighs
while I say my prayers
stacking them as cord wood
to burn on the altar of God

silence bends around me
coaxing ghostly thoughts
that are tapestries woven
to tempt and prod

yet black is the true color
whose absence proves costly
much it is we have lost
but still more do we have to lose

if I dream tonight
let it be of you
for you are the last honest man in town
you aren't afraid of the dark
shock wild and be a friend
I'll come out when all is quiet
until then sleep on good night

Matthew Roeser

Springtime In The Rockies

Oh, New spring
Solid rivers have sprung

Melted out of madness
We have once more

Died and resurrected
Seeking ever, forever

While a handful of young boys
Toughen each other
With rocks thrown on river's edge
Scattering the flock

As we wander
And wonder at our hearts

Overhead blue skies fall
On lengthened shadowself

All day long I think of us
What may have been

Too late we have seen through
Each others masks

To hide our pieces and
Bury found heart rocks in
The soil of tempered glass

Shattering diminishes us all
But eventually hope discovers itself
And hands long neglected

Open and close
And gently find the secret.

Matthew Roeser

The Dream

I dreamt last night
Arms open heart vaulting
I was the wind and you were the sea strong
I crawled across your openness
As you leaped and danced stargold and green
I shadowed your glow softly
Washing tender lipblossoms in foamy whiteness
Your secret hips upward
Petal kisses lightly splashing
Embracing our angelspot with laughing deep
Namehearts singing voices never heard
We freewinged along
Catching soulsilver wishes with joined hands
Swimming with naked joy
At last reaching dawnland
We are the question lingering on each others lips.

Matthew Roeser

The Heiress

They were all covered in it
thick and clingy,
cloying wax
white cream laced and tilled

streak lone racer streak
tipped with long slick rails
past brown wrapped paper trees
in fire red coats of honor
made in some overseas sweatshop
I believe in ruin and the karma of being a follower
a dedicated party line to the cool and his gang

Watch as they make their subtle blitzkrieg on the mountain
all is well with fur wrapped excess
To catch one more powdered wave
is the Heiress's desire.

Matthew Roeser

The Last Waltz

When 's the last time you saw a movie
And lost yourself in time?
The elegance of the word
Translated into vision

An image sunk in
An elephantine blackback
We crowd at the door
Waiting for your stupid response

I can't die fast enough
Or live hard enough
Wasted effort
Wasted breathe

I account for no one
I am a bastard
I am sea mist
And you are a energy vampire

Why do I give?
Another dead black crow
Another spent and empty cartridge
So give me what you got

It will never be enough
So suck it and unzip your dress
And let's climb all over each other
On this kitchen table

Matthew Roeser

The Love For A Daughter

I look at you
With your petunia eyes
And candy ribbon mouth
A smile like the first snow
Rejoicing dance footed
Drawn like cradles
Candled to the winds
While paper cranes follow you
Watching to see if they can learn
The mystery of your becoming

Matthew Roeser

The Woman Who Fell To Earth

The first time I laid eyes on you I knew
I knew from the way you moved your jaw
The way you looked around and lifted your arms
The way your shoulders slumped because of
What they did to you
I didn't even know who they were
Or your name

But I saw you
You were blue and brown and gray
And white
all struggle and squishy
You drew great breaths though
Huge inhalations that sucked in
Everything around you
Then you exhaled them all

But not me
Because I saw you
And I came with a secret
I whispered it to you
And you froze
You looked at me and asked
'You can see me? '

YES, I sang
And then you slid away
But I followed and drew you pictures
I wrote great big swooping letters in the sky
That only you could see.
I wore bright colors that only you could hear
I danced just for you
And it worked

You lifted up rising
Rising you swam
Swimming you shook
And then you drew a breath
Slow and deliberate

The first one
You took it all in
I watched

You rose higher and higher
I sang out to you
Don't forget me
But you were already gone
I sat for a long time puzzled
Then a distant spot appeared
It grew bigger and bigger
Until I saw it was you

You had wings
You were tall and brilliant white and gold
You laughed and the heavens shook
You smiled and hearts gathered
You touched and the world held its breath
Waiting
At last you are here

I am he, I said
I know who you are, you replied
Then you bent down and whispered
Your secret
And lifting up I grew
With outstretched wings
I Too rose up and springing
Into the wind
Together
The earth drew away
And nightfall faded

Matthew Roeser

Upward

Catch me upward like a leaf on the wind
Love comes this way so very rare
Sweep me up in your palm and gently
Set me down in your lap
On the morrow's eve again catch me upward like a leaf on the wind
Let us be lost together searching for the breath of our beloved till dawn breaks in
on us
and finds us naked and thirsty from one another.

Matthew Roeser

Walk On

She grabs at him
He grabs at her
You want to be there
But when you ask
The answer fires no
So you walk
Or ride
Whatever your prerogative maybe
Still
She strikes a pose
For the younger
And who only knows
As rain dots the known
Ok I submit
and the refrain?
Go on you'll
Enjoy it
And I'll walk on

Matthew Roeser

What I Came For

I came to capture the moment
When glass fractured
at the instant of the stones impact
When the first snowflake touched your tongue
When fist first met bone
And the pavement came crashing hard
When desire first yielded to desire
And flesh met flesh
When the first tear fell
'Cause you found the rumor true
When the mirror cry escaped at last
Wed to glory, joy and pain
When you witnessed the first step
When temptation first offered itself to deliverance
And discovery met a crack that birthed a demon
I came so that I may know
Of blood and anguish
Of betrayal and hate
Ecstasy and contentment
Angels and devils
Hail and fire
And lines that can not be but are crossed
I came for it all
To be it all
To live it all and I will not
Settle for anything less.
That is what I came for.

Matthew Roeser

When They Asked Me To Come Here

When they asked me to come here
I should have said no
Shut up in a room too small

Unable to fully move my limbs
Unable to even reach
To strangle myself

So forced to endure
the tiny people
with all the room in the world
to do as they please.
to dance, to sing, to play their games

to run amok
slit the duck
bark the dog
knife the hog
mar the sky
crack the sea
burn the margins
so none may see
their ruby red slippers

they even pull my hair and
kick me in the shins
Maybe if I lie here still enough
they'll think I'm dead.

Matthew Roeser

Winter's Long Night

A shudder on a winter's day
Where the ice sticks in keyholes
and the sky dreams in blue

when the bird, child down
squats in King Richard's haven
all along the sympathetic node

a hilltop of nervous energy
chilly responses to cure
the searing secrets

a manipulation of white marble and steel
and a little dog's desire for a cozy fireplace
this house creaks of bone and blood
where only door mice drift in and out

while we sing in our rocking chairs
songs of high seas and pirate double crosses
that will always get there before we do.

Matthew Roeser

Yeah Well, It's Like That

Yes, well its like that
Sometimes

A room in a house
Needs things
Like paint
The color □
□glossary
That guides the viewer
A small token perhaps
But the colors I choose
Fade as a schoolboy crush
□lowly and not without an aching
The lost parts of my life
Also fade as outworn paint colors
But the questions still remain
□ways questions
Birds without roosting perches
They grow up sideways
Not quite right
□ways
□
□a
□ state
□
Colors are birds□are □e
Why is a fruitless endeavor
Oh, but how it occupies the time
□b much time
Hours without days
□ays without answers
Color in constant search
□without
□ist □without
Residing within basic chemicals
Add here subtract there
Its just a matter of combining
Until it gets you where
□ou want to go

Maybe if answers were colors
We could just paint them on
Then when we tire of purple
Or red, yellow or blue
We simply take out a brush
Why not?
Yeah well sometimes its like that

Matthew Roeser