

Poetry Series

# Timothy Goodmansen

- poems -



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Timothy Goodmansen()



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# The Eternal Sleep.

She comes to me sometimes, mostly on the nights I throw my little fit and sleep outside on the grass in my sleeping bag.

I close my eyes and take deep breaths and remember the scent, deep breath and then that scent; like some sort of flower with vanilla extract.

I hear her feet in the tall grass, her foot steps both gentle and fast. She climbs in next to me in my zipped up sleeping bag. I am huddled in the corner, so that she has plenty of room.

'How are you John?' She leans in and whispers in my ear. With the scent of flowers. Flowers, like the ones I used to steal from my mothers flower bed.

I would run outside and eat the petals off of them as fast as I could, so that I wouldn't stop myself because I knew how it upsets her. But the taste and silky feel it left on my tongue made it too tempting.

'John... john? well, aren't you going to kiss me John?' She asks in her childish pout.

'No, Marry, just leave me. Please.'

(I love you more dear.)

She lays her head on my chest, but I can't feel anything. I focus on the smell of flowers.

'Marry, do you remember those nights in my room, how you let me in, how you told me, can we go back to then? '

I fell in love with your words before my fingers ever traced an inch of you.

'Touch me John, please? '

'I can't, marry, You won't be there.'

I close my eyes and focus on the smell of flowers. And imagine myself sinking in

the ground, sinking six feet down. And I imagine what it would be like to be there for eternity, eternity, just her and me.

" Do you still love me John? "

'Go away, please Marry! '

" Touch me John, and let me go."

' No, I don't want to let you go. I just want you to leave. I want to be alone. You know that when I reach for you, and you're not there, you'll disappear.

" We all disappear John. We are born and then we are gone. Just like the night light that flickers off and then on."

' But I need you marry, you know this, you know that I can't stand to be here alone. I won't let you go, and be on my own again.

You were the voice that I spent my days listening to even when everybody was laughing at me. It was you who I couldn't stand to leave me. But you did leave me, marry! '

" Oh, you are such a little boy John. Touch me? "

I am a boy, I am a boy, I am a...

My fingers twitch at my side and she is gone.

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# Sweet Mary

Mary.. Mary, where do you go  
when the world begins to slow  
And the light outside gets low  
and I see you there - mary  
staring out the window

The seasons may change  
but your face remains the same  
(I change too - mary)

Do you go back to your childhood home  
The farm your birthplace - back  
to your mother's warm embrace  
To the smell of your father's hands  
Like homemade wheat and yeast  
a brewery in mid October

And did it trouble your adolescent mind  
to find  
that a father's hands  
weren't always so kind

You ran, didn't you, mary  
but your running was aimless  
So that now at forty  
you find yourself back at the front door  
Of that childhood home

Back to that old door-knocker  
that barely hung on with one loose nail  
and still does... Turn around, mary!

Come back to me... come back to bed

Two leaves blowing in the wind, hath no meaning! - mary

Come back to me... come back to bed

And I will erase

all those  
devilish things he did.

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# For All You Done Lady On The Run

She holds me down

- with her - sad, sad, frown

Red lipstick, white nightgown

- she is the cream - I swirl in thick

She makes me love - sound of coffee drip

I am again - the boy lost in lust

- she is my sin - she is my crutch

I shall never love - love this much

- she pulled me out - of the darkest pit

She clothed my skin - she made me fit

She took me in - when I was lost

- she brought me back from

my darkest thoughts - thoughts of suicide

- a living hell - she made the world

A world worth living well - she is my queen

- my own Jezebel - So I took to pen

Just to write her this - and thank her for

- bringing me back with a kiss

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# My Promise To You

My promise to you

I love you more dear  
This is clear  
I love you more  
than my childhood fear

I love you more - than  
the first cold beer  
As the sun rises  
And I see the trees  
And feel the grass grow  
And my mind and body grows too

I love you more - than  
The sound of rain  
As it whips my window panes  
And the feeling I get  
While in my study

I love you more - than  
These scars, callused hands,  
Sweat dried skin  
That makes me a man

I love you more - than  
My childish daydreams  
When the women  
Use to come to me

I love you more  
yes this is true  
I love you more dear  
than my solitude

I love you more than  
There art stars in the sky  
I love you more  
than me, myself, and I

And I'll keep on  
Loving you  
More and more  
'till the day I die.

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# Starving For Mary

Starving for Mary

I Eat and you leave me. I Drink  
and my thirst for you is gone  
It is in the pit of my stomach  
the memories of you are drawn

I think. And without you  
my thoughts are empty  
My dreams are of you - alone  
You are the season to my ending  
I am the broken arrow

These sunken ribs, boney shins  
are the scars that I must carry  
For the days I've gone without you  
O my sweet Mary

I hunger for your embrace  
I thirst for the day  
That we will again be two  
And it will again be just me & you

For miles and miles - I will creep  
through the blinding snow  
And the lonely streets

Nor will I eat or drink or sleep  
'till one day you come back to me  
And I will drop down to your feet  
And you will look down at me  
At my emaciated face, my weary being

Tell me then... will you leave?

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