

Poetry Series

Cody Simpson
- poems -

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Cody Simpson(April 26,1985)

I'd like to think I've been a poet for a long time, although that's debatable. At any rate, I'm a writer of many things: fiction, essays, philosophy, and obviously poetry. I hail from southeastern Missouri, a section of the world that not suprisingly doesn't produce many poets. I'd like to think that my work is fairly mature for a twenty-two year old, but I guess time will tell on that matter. I hope you enjoy my poetry.

(to Be Read While Listening To Beethoven's "moonlight Sonata")

Blue and empty,
The night devoid of you.
I speak to other worlds
In my walks beside the lake.
The blue, blue waters are crystal clear,
A deep velvet blue in the twilight.

She is gone,
Another world an eternity away.
No longer will our starry nights end
With goose bumps all around,
No rush to the house to get warm
Beneath wool blankets pulled high.

The pond where the ducks swim
Is deserted at night.
A feeling of something lost
Strikes me, guilt of things undone.
The streetlights give a faint glow
To the nocturnal world.

Melancholy through the night,
As hours pass, in earthly limbo.
I cannot imagine an end to night.
I find a bench and sit,
To thoughts of her voice,
Which life as I walk again.

Cody Simpson

Apology For Past Loves

All my years I regret
The women I cannot forget,
The words from ones never known,
And those I wounded to the bone.

Names I care not to recall,
And wishes and lusts of heavenly gall.
I pined for soft-skinned arms at heart,
The care which only women impart.

Again and again arose the ideal
Of her whose love I sought to steal.
Though I never saw her in line or space,
Still memory retains her face.

And if I love again in truth,
Will I repeat the errors of youth?
And when I see my lover's face,
Will the former image be erased?

Cody Simpson

Beyond Death...

I often wonder what is beyond life.
Is there no hope beyond this deadly strife?
Must our death come bearing its arctic knife?
Does that icy fist make your trembling rife?

What have all those who have gone before found?
Is there no secret that goes in the ground?
Do you find silence or just walls of sound?
Must we be to cruel mortality bound?

Is there no reason for living at all?
Why do we rise only for a free fall
Into the freezing arms of death's last call?
What is it like when you enter death's hall?

I have no knowledge of the deep abyss.
I merely live each day in endless bliss.

Cody Simpson

In Remembrance Of Columbia

The faces passing me in the night,
All these streaks of white
Turning pink with the cold,
As I struggle to the bus stop
And sit down on a hard bench
To await my transport.
But the bus doesn't run this late,
And so I have to walk five blocks,
No more faces to see,
Back to my car, parked alone,
Fearful of being mugged.
And when I get home,
The rooms are as empty as the streets,
And the white walls make me scream.

Cody Simpson

Inversion

In the heat of summer,
As the warmth makes me sweat,
I think of our winters
And the clouds greyly set.

A sheer expanse of marble
Between night and day
Hangs fluffy eiderdown
Concealing the rays.

In those terse times
I love beside the fire
Before drags out from nowhere
April's funeral pyre.

Cody Simpson

Our Good King

We gave him a crown,
And with nary a frown,
He took up the golden sceptre.
His robe was tattered,
But that hardly mattered,
For he was channeling a spectre.

He was a false king;
His jesters did not sing,
For the kingdom was full of sorrow.
The ghosts of subjects saw
The serfs within his maw;
What shall be the doctrine tomorrow?

"Oaf! " those fools will say.
"No, he knows the way, "
From others, who know national pride.
"Give him some rope,
And the last rays of hope,
And he'll be happy to plow the way wide."

Gather the party together,
Bid farewell to warm weather,
And send the troops to the snowy North.
Or, no, on second thought,
Away, to where oil's bought:
Our black gold shall pour forth.

Look not over yonder at the fields of dead.
See not, on the horizon, where you are led.
Death, the Void, shall be our untimely end.
Senectus has its way with youth,
There is and never will be truth,
And both are among those the king will rend.

The king, the wise, the conqueror,
Has become power's great usurper.
This odious malefactor is now a statesman.
There is an Empire stretching

To all the peoples now kvetching,
And I suspect that it's nearly Roman.

Cody Simpson

The Darkened Prism

I travel ever more into an endless world of abyss,
Seeking to find any color,
Or simply seeking to fathom the darkness,
To cut apart its dark logic
Into a myriad of infinite spaces.
Yet I cannot, or will not, find any healing light,
Nor any other cure for the night.

I would stalk your night like a phantom,
If there ever were a day.
But it is never-ending;
It is life, and then death,
And then only shadows.
It comes to a stop in its spiral,
Then pulls me down farther
When it jerks
To all-encompassing life again.

And so I live, darkness filling the voids
That light could never find.
An entreaty for aid goes unheard,
For everything is empty,
A rich absence that fills the air
With its thickness-
A dreamy, formless labyrinth
That wants to erase.

Cody Simpson

The Drunken Wood

On we rode through winters long, snows knee-deep,
Lands unknown and uncharted-the clouds cried,
Grey and dull. Lost in trees and limbs that weep,
We roamed fields in circles where black roses died.

Our quest we knew not: perhaps there was none.
A grail is the object of the holy fool.
We traveled where we were led by the Sun,
Tyrant in the sky with its gleaming rule.

The path behind us disappeared as light
Left with sunset, and we were now alone.
The only goal was to survive the night
And come to a place beyond wood and stone.

Then we saw that a new world had been sought,
But all that was found was all that was brought.

Cody Simpson

The Sea Captain's Log

Setting forth on a rugged journey,
Feelings bottled in my chest like
Lost treasures of forgotten cultures,
I look deep within and find no
Odysseus to guide me o'er sea.

Wave-tossed, my crew is weary of wind
And water. Glory! We sail into
A harbor, silent, abandoned, a
Victim of the trade winds. "No more goods
To pawn off on hapless passersby? "

What a sad state, but we sail on, past
Scylla and Charybdis, around
My neck the albatross, seabound, no
Land to be seen, miles of salt and
Stench. A cry goes up from all the men.

Ghosts appear on the waters, floating
On white plumes of smoke. Who dies to-
Day shall be a ghost tomorrow. We
Already appear dead to any-
One watching. Haunted, these spectral hours.

On our fifth day without food, through the
Mist, see a mysterious island.
We can smell death, see bones on its shore.
What choice do we have? In a rowboat,
Old and worn, we close in on our fate.

Cody Simpson

The Spirit

O, wonderful spirit!
Have you come to inspire me?
Or have you come for my soul?
I bow in thine presence,
But wonder of it also;
So, again, I ask thee,
"Why hast thou come here? "

Art thou Lucifer of the saints' old stories?
Art thou God's angel?
Even so may I ask,
Art thou my Lord himself?
All of this I ask,
And receieveth not as yet the answer.

What is there that maketh thee given an answer,
My spirit of vexation?
I am but a man.
My patience waiteth not like thine,
For I am God's folly.
The grave is my destiny;
Therefore thy answer must make haste.

My soul burns like a thousand flames,
As I wait for thine answer.
I mustn't tarry in limbo forever,
But I will not yet away.
My time with thee is like gold of the highest degree:
Precious, yet still not perfect.
And so, as the sun sinks low in the sky,
You begetteth not yet any answer.

O, spirit! I see thy honor,
But giveth me now the answer!
Thy voice is lost upon me,
As is thy wisdom.
Remove thy seal and let legions fly,
As they have in times past.
I say unto thee, great spirit,

That a sword removeth itself not from stone;
Someone plucketh it from stagnance.
Therefore make an effort to utter
Thy great rumble.

Hast thou no words for me?
O, so 'tis it always with you!
Where thine voice is,
Never will I know.
Does it lay in heaven?
Does it rest with Solomon?
Does the Devil's fourth head
Chew on it by Judas?
Ah, never shall I know.

I swear before thee, spirit,
That thou art a god of silence!
Verily, I swear also,
That my fabric wears thin from thee.
Never home will I see again,
Yet the walls of my tomb only,
If I abide with thee.

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The Waxwing Slain

The unseeing waxwing which once was slain
By the false azure of the windowpane
Has picked up his shadow and carried on
Past the wilderness of that crystal lawn.

Drunk on berries, he had mistook the glass
For the heavens through which once he had passed;
The reflections of the cerulean sky
Formed a mirage that fooled the waxwing's eye.

Fallen then back to the snow-covered ground,
Become silent with nary chirp or sound,
The stilled bird lay bleeding upon the white,
Unmoving still as day turned into night.

Thus I rose to the place where once I saw
The waxwing race through the bleak ice's thaw.
I took in my hands that form without breath
And cast it high, that it see not death.

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