

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 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  
□st □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