

Poetry Series

Sam Howard
- poems -

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Sam Howard(12-12-1979)

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here are four things i know.

one. you are easily tricked.

two. greedy people know this.

three. you are most likely tricked by religion.

four. greedy people know this.

Sam Howard

Childhood

Place:

Kentucky, where they found coal.

Time:

The decadent end of a millenium.

Scene:

A boy emerges from thicket of pine and poppy branches
to find himself near the limit of a mountainside,

god makes a cameo as the valley below.

you know who appears as the copperhead in the dead leaves.

Sam Howard

Door Is Closing

these lines are openings
these lines are openings

there is an explanation but the facts are scarce
someone like you would keep these things
in a place safe and sound
someone like you could sleep while the bombs fell all around.

i am a tripod and the camera is god
the lens is the skin of the the rams shaking rod
the flash lights the sky and my irony is shaken

these lines are openings
and the wall is filled with cracks
you came here for the openings
crawling thru the cracks

you've seen it once you've seen it all
don't forget to call

this place is more than fine for anything
on your mind
i like the way you calm my mind
when you're around
there is hardly any other sound.

these lines are openings
these lines are opening up
these times are closing up
and letting go and the times
are closing and opening
so fast that you can't find
an opening, you have to
stand so close just to find an opening

Sam Howard

Fun With Words

a swallows' tail flitters fitfully against a hollow nail
you are obsequy, gracefully random obesity
a mouse's nose twitches in the starlight of capricity
a dog barks, God pisses when it rains

Sam Howard

Guys Guy

i am standing on a street, there is concrete and there is grass,
there are bottles and there is plastic, fragmented,
lesser parts of something that was whole, something
once that was and now is not, the pieces rest,
the essence lives in a trailer beset by limestone
yards, dirt and sandstone and the rainwater makes
lines in the driveway that you barely feel when you
drive across them in your air conditioning because
rubber trumps gravel and gravel trumps dirt
but nothing changes the fact of your scent
the closeness of your sweat
and the moisture of underarms,
please, i am still waiting on the e-mail
that derides odor and classifies scent,
forward to my desk the results of the
white trash millennial fest
so i might label a man a man
and a woman a test.

Sam Howard

If You Stumble Upon This You Are Chosen

If you stumble upon this you are chosen.
do not hesitate to declare yourself a king
or a queen
or a supreme dictator of all peoples
living within your realm.
princes and dukes and earls do not concern you.
You are a branch higher than them.
If you feel apprehensive google 'the bee's knee's'
and contemplate the origin of this term.
If you still feel less than regal i am sorry for the mix up,
sometimes even the cosmos will mislead you.

Sam Howard

I'M Not Fond Of Names

i am so tired
that my atoms have let go
of their orbits
now my aura has
sagged,
like lies always do.

God is laughing in a boiler room,
a roach burning his lips,
he has stretched his break
three millenia too long
and the bossman is pissed.

I'm riding an ant
thru the desert of chance
when i find you in a grain
and swallow all your pain.

Sam Howard

Macrocosm

The macrocosm has come to rest upon my chest
I'll empty pots of bloods for this
Like milk inside the eyes of babes
I nourish you as you feast.

There is art and there is not
There are things that I have made.

Here are the children of my cum,
The ones that carry my smell on their breath.
They wait to devour me,
Their youth is strength.
During a game they will realize
My throat is paper thin.

Sam Howard

Oakville

The wombats are roosted beside your bed,

we grope gently out of respect.

There's some loose time lying on your nightstand,

quite nimbly I dip in my toe and your eyes become old.

We've been laid up here for years you spit out to me and

right now I can distinctly see the Indian ancestry

that runs thru your cheeks and into your nose so I say squaw

but it sounds random and strange and not serendipitous at all,

your eyes are still old but its your youth I crave.

Its just a delay you assure me,

a space-time lag

where certain impurities come to rest,

here in the abstract you're at your best.

Sam Howard