

Poetry Series

Andrew Stimatze
- poems -

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Andrew Stimatze(October 6th,1957)

A musician and artist by heart, a chemist by day and poet by night, my whole life has been an easel. I submit glimpses of color through poetry.

Apology

I didn't set out to impress
Though maybe I did charm
I didn't mean to cause distress
I really meant no harm

I only wanted up to raise
Your spirits in a lull
But now I see you're in a daze
This China-shopping bull

Gently stepping around the toes
Others may have bruised
No excuses, no new woes
Never feeling used

Clumsy me. I've failed it seems
I added to your trouble
No sparkle in your eye now beams
My plan is in the rubble

I'll not have you choose between
Another path and I
I'll not see the tears well up
When it has passed you by

You can laugh and play and sing
All the days we're here
And I will smile and wind the string
To ever bring you near

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Baggage

Stumbling through this life so far I haven't got a clue
How you got to where you are, your dreams or favorite hue.

I wasn't there when growing up the others made you cry.
I didn't lie awake and rank your life in passing by.

But I see now the fruit it bore, the guarded looks and thoughts.
Stopping now and then you ask how it's been tied in knots.

This life is fine and up 'til now it didn't matter one
That there was always someone else, laughing, having fun.

The broken hearts and lies and hurt and sleepless nights all told
Have made us what we are today, tired and feeling old.

But now I find myself in thought 'bout how to set it down.
I'd leave this baggage at the door and good-bye this ol' town.

And what I'd do if one bright day we went away together
Just leave responsibilities to find some nicer weather.

A thousand miles away, I feel the gentle ocean breeze
A vision you, as always, seem to give me weakened knees

Excitement new and closets bare we step from stone to stone.
Every day's a slate that's blank, forgotten back at home.

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Breathe

Lifted spirits with one word
Wiping tears as never occurred
Expose the future free, unbounded
You are far away.

Image soft of light caresses
Waken brightly all my senses
Time no more our life regresses
Stay with me this day.

Linger, slowly fading vision
Return to our daily mission
For your voice now I do listen
There must be a way.

Before the music cold and still
Dies in us, our bitter pill
To save us from the sorrow ill
A song to never play.

I respire fast and deep
No more binding rules to keep
Cross the seas and mountains steep
I'd run if I may.

Close the distance in between
Sweep in arms love's never seen
To kindle fires to flame again
Only one word say.

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Eating Dirt

I want to apologize if I coerced you
into eating dirt when we were kids.
You were young, impressionable
and didn't those mud bowls need lids?
Clay pots they were, for a minute or two,
though lasting much longer took unreasonable care.
And add too much water before they were dry
and they poured through your hands like they weren't even there.

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Legs

Walking down the street today I almost had a fall
My eyes caught hold of amazing legs about 5'8" tall.

I tripped upon a sidewalk crack and almost had a spill
If you'd seen me flailing around you'd have thought me ill.

Once I had my head on straight and realized my plight
I settled down and took a breath and caught myself just right.

And then I tried as best I could to find again somewhere
Those long and tan and slender legs attached to derriere

Found again! Like magnets, they pulled on me to follow
Those gently swaying, pulsing hips are melting me, you know.

An aching boils up in my brain, envelopes my mind, can't think
I see my fingers upon her skin, tracing along the ink.

I'm sweating now. It's not that hot. I can't tear my eyes away.
I've not a care. I'm in ecstasy. Here in my mind we stay.

Wrapped in essence of raptures sweet, of warm and tender kisses
I'm reminded now I'm ten minutes late for picking up the Mrs.

I don't care; it seems so small to walk in blind advances.
Important things should fill our life. I wonder if she dances.

Slowing now, she bends her knee to open auto door.
Into the car she drives away and I'll see her no more.

I will pay for wondering what is up under her mini
As I turn and walk away from brown legs long and skinny

I go back to drudgery, to life so slow and simple.
But I think back from time to time. I'd love to see her dimple.

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Model A

Early up and down the stairs
Cream on oatmeal grandma prepares
Summer's blast will be here soon
"Til then we'll sing a driving tune

You sit there. I'll turn the crank
You smile. The driver's seat is blank
Clunk-a Clunk-a. There it goes
Shade trees rustle. Wind it blows

Tires long gone and windshield, too
But we still enjoy the view
For it is ours and it can fly
Or submarine if we just try

It's just a bucket Model A
Rusted, broken, in disarray
The day you couldn't wait to arrive
When you were old enough to drive

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Think Of Me

Think of me when darkness nears with tingling fingertips.
Remember my hand, gloved and smooth, upon your crimson lips.
Don't forget the time we had, it wasn't all for naught.
The best week of my life it was, a sauna moist and hot.

I didn't start to gain that end, I'd planned another way
Seeing you asleep and calm, my will just melts away.
I watch you careful not to move a curl upon your head.
At first I turn to leave, and then I close the blinds instead.

Glance around before you leave the safety of your car
Could another strong and sure be watching from afar?
Listen closely as you slide the key into the lock
Ponder dark and shadowed car driving up the block.

Behind each tree a figure lurks, a searching, desperate soul
With groping hands, a bearded face, a dagger, hard and cold
Duck inside to close the door and slide the bolt in place
Check the corners of the room with fear upon your face.

You haven't moved, I see. Not yet. So close to memories there.
The bed, the rug, your lacy shirts, your silky underwear.
You kept the blindfold on your eyes so that you wouldn't know
Who it was that filled the streams you thought were dried below.

As I turned to leave that night, you reached for me and sighed
And told me that you'd never let another man inside
Asking, pleading for my name, I will come back when?
As I watch you sleeping, I'm thinking back to then.

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Uncle Bud

I never saw him turn away, or stifle any thought.
Virginia knew him best of all, since back when she was hot.
I was part of the Mercer troupe when summers I'd impose
To visit them in Wichita. "Okay, go pack your clothes."
Trouble he knew well enough with three kids of his own.
In looking back it was quite a feat to open up his home.

For here was yet another boy with worries, faults and questions.
(I wanted him to be my Dad and give me some direction.)
It seemed he knew just what to say and never did I hear
His voice in anger raised one pitch. I didn't have to fear.
He taught me what respect was. He taught me how to ski.
Many things, more than you know, will always be with me.

The joy he had for life and love has traced on me its' pen.
Now I try to carry on 'though I think of way back then.
He wouldn't want us fretting, or swallowed up in pain
He'd have us smile, enjoy each day and show we love again
All our relatives and friends, those we hold so dear
And make the most of every hour of time that we are here.

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