

Poetry Series

Robert Hiers
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Robert Hiers()

Always Kiss Me Goodnight

Always kiss me goodnight
No matter where you are.
And I will kiss you in my mind
Waiting for the nights to come,
when the kisses can be real.

Your kisses nest easily in my heart
And stir the feathers in my soul.
I wish and hope, and run to you
in my dreams.

Always kiss me goodnight.
Please.

Robert Hiers

Between Iron And Silver

Stability with a lustrous shine
A hint of preciousness
Coursing through the stuff of life

Common as folks, rare as star shadows
Forged firmly in the flames of right
Cast into finery, befitting jewels

You are found between iron and silver,
Strong, stable, and beautiful

Inspired by a line in Hannibal, by Thomas Harris: "The most stable elements, Clarice, appear in the middle of the periodic table, roughly between iron and silver. Between iron and silver. That is appropriate for you, I think. "

Robert Hiers

Fear Of A Name

Fear of a name increases fear of the thing itself.
But I haven't been afraid of the thing, only of the name.
I haven't felt free to say the name; for you or for me.
I have been vague.

Words like Maine, Paris, and London, and Italy aren't clear enough.
Wanting a life together, to awaken with you each day
– to love you, to pay attention to you as I want;
These desires can only lead to single question, which only you can answer.

You can choose to turn the page now, or later, or not at all.....

Robert Hiers

Hands Like Feathers

Hands like feathers
Toes on fire
I can't believe I inspire
Feelings like this
In someone as wonderful as you

My heart jumps to see you
In any light, or none at all

Whatever decisions you make
Whatever path you take
When you know what you want from me and from Life
I make you this promise:
I will always be your friend
And I will always, always
Love you.

Robert Hiers

Hope

Hope for a new beginning, headed who knows where?
No need to hope I will round each bend with you –
I'll be there

Hope for refuge, with solace for your hurt –
You can find it here

The familiar darkened theatre, or new experiences together;
Endless conversation or comfortable silence –
I'll be there

Hope for friendship for life, sometimes riding the rollercoaster together –
You can find it here

No judgment for your tears or fears, or for times apart;
Circumstances may change or not –
I'll be there

If you are looking for hope,
You can find it here

I hope

Robert Hiers

I See Your Children In Your Eyes

I see your children in your eyes,
and you in theirs.
As they grow into themselves,
they will not grow apart from you.

They will not become you –
nor, perhaps, what you dream them to be,
but they will carry your lessons and life and heart with them always.

Lessons not consciously learned or taught
will be the most valuable,
and the most lasting.

They will learn most and best from you,
simply being you, changing with the lessons
you continue to learn.

Robert Hiers

I Want To Be With You

I want to be with you,
in the fullness of you.
Sharing the long, slow burn
into the white hot rage.

Burning the tears from your eyes
Branding our souls with the same mark

The hard knots burst in the dying fire;
the fire that rekindles with dreams of itself.

Robert Hiers

I Want To Watch You Sleep

I want to watch you sleep
watch you let go of the last small measure of control
Surrender the last notion of care –
Care for the watching and the watched

I want to hear your last exhalation of the day, and feel
you swallow the first cool liquid breath of night

In your last twitch of consciousness
you know that only I see you
and you smile a small sweet smile
and your lips surrender to me a final
barely yielding
kiss

Robert Hiers

I Want To Watch You Wake

I want to watch you wake -
watch you return to self;
As reason replaces abandon,
Awareness flirts with self-consciousness

I want to see you wake, enthused about the day ahead -
the children, your work, your play, our time together, our time apart
(but not disconnected!) , our love....

I want to wipe the mist from the mirror, and see you there,
Leaving kisses in your wake.

Robert Hiers

If Beauty Was Earned

If beauty was earned by caring,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by strength of spirit,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by generosity,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by quiet introspection,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by joy,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by unselfish love,
you could not be more beautiful.
If beauty was earned by the light behind your eyes,
you could not be more beautiful to me.

Robert Hiers

In My Head

You are in my head
I feel you walking about,
 tentatively touching doorknobs
Lovingly seeking to understand the past, present, and future.
By showing me it is safe to share,
 you are thawing long frozen emotions and instincts
I know I frustrate you
Please be patient with me
I don't want to withhold anything in any moment with you
It is easier when I can look into you eyes
And when I am surrounded by your beauty
Held safe in your arms

Robert Hiers

Italy

I want to watch a Tuscan sunset with you
from the balcony of our room, then
make love to you for hours as the twilight dies slowly away

I want to see your skin glow from the pink and yellow sky,
To press my face into your glowing skin and taste the salt sweet
of the whole of your body

I want to smell the sweet basil perfuming your hair as we stroll
the village gardens, stealing even sweeter kisses
growing more insistent as the sun tracks across the sky

To watch the Italian men gaze just as intently at you, while you,
oblivious to their obvious attraction to your beauty, are entranced by
a meandering rose vine, a stone arch, or, unbelievably, me.

Robert Hiers

Our Hammock

I can picture lying in a hammock with you, watching the seasons change
The catenary curve cradling us together.
The hash marks tattooing our skin are a small price to pay for our cocoon.

With a blanket and cocoa, we would give thanks, exchange gifts, and welcome
the New Year. With silly frozen drinks we would ooh and ah with the fireworks
and the stars. With sweaters on we could watch the birds leave or return, and
hide to watch the neighborhood ghouls.

I want to hold you in the ropes of my own arms, as the ropes of the hammock
encircle us both. As many fiestas and siestas as we have left, I would watch with
you, and celebrate each one
Swaying gently together.

Robert Hiers

Remember Me

Remember I love you

Close your eyes and feel my arms around you

Feel my breath on your neck, my mouth resting on yours

Feel my hands wandering over your body, enjoying each spot, and then moving on

Remember I want to be with you, and that I am in your head, and, I hope, in your heart.

Remember me.

If I knew I would see you in my dreams, I could not stay awake.

Robert Hiers

Sunset

Why does the most golden light cast the longest shadows?

The last sun of evening - gold tinged with pink - the best saved until last.

Simple perfection for a few moments only

But every day holds the possibility - not the promise - of those few moments for those that look for them

I see you as that light in my life

Robert Hiers

Tears

Why would you hide your tears?
Especially from me, who asks only that you be you.

Do you hide your tears from yourself?

Why would you hold back your tears?
Tears do not diminish you, except in the minds of those already weak.

But each droplet is a lesson for those willing to learn.

Why would you hide your tears?
Your tears do not demand action or even understanding,

Do you hide your tears from yourself?

Robert Hiers

The Candles Are Cold

The candles are cold;
Being lit only for you,
their heat has been out too long.

I look at them, willing them to light,
drawing you near in my mind.

I would blaze the trail between us with candles
if that would lead you here;
the only trail I follow, the only path I need.

Robert Hiers

The Catch Light

What is behind the catch light?

Does the shine eclipse or enhance the view of the soul –
or does it merely reveal the sparkles within?

The small patch of light is only seen when you reflect light into my eyes,
just as you project your strength and sweet will into my life.

My eyes reflect dully, but strain to reflect the glow to the source within you.
Time will remove the haze and return the luster.

What is behind the catch light?

Robert Hiers

The Dance

I want to sleep with my head on your chest
My head nestled close to your beating heart
The heartbeats, at once comforting and urgent
Become the rhythm of my life, my song

I'll dance with your heart, and you with mine
Sometimes touching only hands, and sometimes hips
Always guided by the tempo, the measures, the syncopation
Of the two hearts, finding their pace and their tune

Robert Hiers

The Necklace

I watch you; clothed only in your necklace
A wreath of small stones encircles your neck
A row of larger stones nestles in the smooth hollow of your throat
One large stone of brilliant vermillion is resting on your heart.

I watch the heart stone cycle with your breath;
and the more delicate motion of your resting heart.
It moves me, this weightless part/not part of you
I want to catch the tiniest reflection of myself in it –
your heart of hearts.

Robert Hiers

There Is A Line Between Love And Fascination

As fascinating as you are,
I am not lost in fascination
Fascination brings roses,
Love adds the good dirt and everyday dandelions

The line lies between clarity and fantasy; freedom and possession
Fascination resents the changes time brings,
Love alters not when it alteration finds

The line lies between generosity and self; support and insecurity
Fascination finds flaws endearing, but grows resentful in time
Love knowingly accepts flaws as part of the whole

Fascination is blinded by the sparkle in your eyes
Love finds the light behind them

Robert Hiers

Waiting

A dream deferred doesn't have to be a dream denied
Not now can be best, when not ever is the alternative
Timing is everything – just ask Juliet
We can strike while the iron is hot in the white heat of youth
Or we can consider the whys and why nots, and whens and hows of experience
Do we want now, or do we want forever, or will we forever want?

There is a balance to strike
but the knife-edge moves unpredictably
and can strike first.

Sometimes all we can do is make now the best now it can be.
The shinier the now, the more of the glimmer of tomorrow it reflects.

Robert Hiers

Weather

Icy hard hail beats down
Stinging, breaking, denting
Making even existence treacherous

You are warm with your own weather -
Changeable, volatile as a whim -
But with an ever-constant climate of
Tangy breezes and hopeful clouds

You bring the hot brilliant electricity,
the driving rhythm of thunder,
and, after, the cool renewing rain
That makes love grow, and even
possible

Robert Hiers

Where Are You?

Where are you?
Why aren't you here?
Why aren't I there?
Where do you want me?
Do you want me?
You want me?
Want me?
Me?
?

Robert Hiers

You Have A Room In My Heart

You have a room in my heart
A room without walls
A room with sky all around

The breeze blows freely through it
Carrying each passing moment
On gentle gusts of memory

No end is in sight
No hint of a beginning remains
The room was always there, waiting

Robert Hiers