

THESE WORDS ARE YOURS

COLLECTED POEMS
LEE GUNDERSHEIMER

For all that inspired

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AN EDUCATION

At a certain point the metaphors no longer mean as much
The roads not taken, the best and worst of seasons long gone
Its not that troubadours shouldn't sing nor the roses need fog
Yet the search for someone somehow giving voice to your language of love
Filling in those blanks- defining and referencing each time you look them up
Happens.

Yes, because the sum is two, one and one divides begging problem solving
Breaking apart to compound and fracture or ratio the percentage most likely
Multitudes will choose to graph, statistically chart the probability of outcomes
But in the day to day miracle of how to find meaning that adds up
Us having met, given it our best, and calculating the odds correctly
Works.

The evolution of the events that caused the beginning of the reason
That we have migrated grouping into a social experiment symbiosis
Though an uncontrolled study susceptible to scientific scrutiny
Would be thrown out of any global inquiry into the exact theoretical norms
We continue, thereby head scratches later even experts must agree that love
Exists.

Years from now when the few who still strive to preserve the past
To prove empires of right change little that is wrong
Shifting continents of centuries are still seconds of minutes
The falling back to move forward only to relearn the mistakes
Our years, our lives, must, will, let's make them be
Different.

YOU

My devil of a dog once turned up a songbird
Was it a sparrow? If it wouldn't seem far fetched,
I'd say a Chick-a-dee, But there it was, shivering.
The dirt bed and brambles of bush peeled back
It's one eye comprehending- attempting the sense of
Endless flutter snookered to but lying on one side
Flight's expansiveness, monumental migratory days, one tumbling
upon another
The offering of soaring free
Now just a glimpse of sky with a shock of beast pawing with a piercing
howl.
Was it fear, numbness of a pain now overwhelming?
Or the realization that it will all come to this.

Had he batted it down with his paw like the bees
Or had it chanced into the yard from a far fated fall.
Pinheads of angels questions never matter when time is crystal
One moment more and the tale would be told.
I lifted him gently with the shudder of a live breath inhand
The ill planned rescue feebly placing it but outside the fence.

Then as if the heaven's trumpeted and a choir swelled
It righted itself, leaning left then right, head shaking from a dream,
Wings unfurled, testing their feather with a strut, strut, hop, leap and
away.

If the song of one's life has been written, then it is all in the playing.
If you can keep the count, and pitch perfectly into the hearing.
The art of things, the bob and weave of attempting elusivity,

Is ours once we experience the tiny
moments of simplicity
that transcend
extraordinary.

disappearing ink

all the wonder, magic, our life, as together is
outside helicopters scurrying to the scene of some crash
the clockwork of a morning's commute
the pigeon that I dubbed a morning dove cooing
its nest carved out of my winter-bare air conditioner ledge
her home will be swept away next month
this city no longer seems mine
your worst nightmare
crammed into a tiny apartment
solitary confinement amidst millions
when the greatest possibility
a symphony, strings quivering
forever wanting to be sound
the nights of sweet sweat soaked sheets
instead will pass on by
the tease of a stranger who will remain so
can there be anything more fleeting
than awaking from a dream of what might be
pounded into another day of just not right.

GPS

Every once in awhile
I feel like your son
I get the urge to chatter on
about this and that

About how lucky I am that I have you all that you do for me and how good it makes me feel to have you in my life and that sometimes I worry that you are going to wake up and realize that I am just okay and not this way cool guy you often make me feel that I am okay not all the time sometimes you make me feel like I am a bit of a slob which I guess I am but most of the time you make me feel more clooney than george and it does make me feel warm from my toes to my nose and I know that I when I get this feeling I should tell you more and somehow I think I will and then I'll be damned I don't know why I don't blurt it out one thing or another takes over the kids interrupt or the conversation shifts or maybe I am just too much like my father who never could say what was really and truly on his mind

So from now on I will try and slow down,
like your daughter
But say more,
It would be hard to say less,
And tell you what a gift
you are to me.

I smile when I am in your car
You are approaching your home
And I know
that is you

first date fear

there are wonders
like them electrons
in junior high
science class
they call them
something else now
even science
moves on
the bits and bites
randomness
what causes
your smile
dazzling
to appear
onscreen
one week
the next
moves on
it takes every
little thing to fall
just right
jackpot
or else the
kindness
spent in the
effort to
somehow
connect
disappears
like them
microscopic
atoms
still there
only now
its called
middle school
when did that
happen
who decided
to give it
a different
name now

will it touch you softly

will it touch you softly
on the back of your neck
or close some door
as I search through another's
love language
line after line
so deeply felt
so completely
as if in one breath
all feeling possible
leaps from the page,
a fearless dancer who
has become music
and must, right now
here I am-soar
an idea in motion
no worry if
a partner is there

I think of your concern
of where we both are
way too soon and
can I make room
you're reading Naruda
and I should be running.

You are reading love poems?
was there ever one written
coldly, rationally, calmly
the bottom line
things to do
(it can wait)
places to go
(yet I sit and do this)
people to see
(it is all in the who)

I am searching for one thought
sent there by your want to remember
the beauty of what you once read
which, I do have to laugh
is all that I hope you feel
or so I surmise

EQUATING ERROR

A = a thing called antimatter they say
There is a name to the can't be seen?
That actually is there if you/believe those² that claim
{ lies betwixt the distance between of galaxies
The space that is most of space}
Therefore > or = Two
Particles cannot be predicted
Nothing is certain leaves uncertainty

A year of grieving over
to find that the tear
in our equation is
Unsolvable
Delete does not erase there
is no return or shift or command
or option
There is a key to escape

Calculate all the possibilities
Run the numbers
Is there enough memory
or even a known language
that can definitively predict
the odds of it working
how many variables
what is the constant
even accounting
both sides must balance

In the tiniest of time
no measure great enough
defying decimal place
Just after and before
the thought that follows
The idea that eureka
Exists the hope that is
Solution.

rapture

rapture
biblical
far
from
ecclesiastic
sweaty
knocked
knead
fat
lipped

strawberries
yogurt
home
sweet
killed
time
fitting
my
life
on
for
size

huge
between
your
flesh
of
a
desire
to
dream
and
need
to
shut
down
and
protect

THE COLORS I SWEAR LEPT

the colors I swar lept
what's up with that
bill clinton
i would in a heartbeat
a theatre of desire
without a mouse
silence
i love a moment
onstage
i live to work

its in the details
let it speak to you
and others will hear
move me like jazz
i want that man
my dentist
don't ask me why
just do

my ben
my moll
my neil
my emm
my butchy
was a good day
fucking tough night

let me walk
the woods
the water
sit and sing a bit
to myself
music plays
i hear it always
keeping time
from flying
away

have a rash
got no hair

can't eat
stay back
stay away
silk and satin
specially sewn
milkshakes
a word here
or there
i don't know how
i could possibly
make it through
yet here it comes
not quick enough
still slow and steady
a slow pan
in a Hitchcock
the water clears
as the surface nears
gather the shit up
all we've brung
'cause the day has come
home is ours again

for deb, all her words borrowed

BIRTHDAY CAKE

a single drop of icy water sliding slick stone
comes to mind
tracing the skin teasing north of your jeans
faintly sandalwood
or one of those freaky deakies
scents lit up in head shops
when black lights
were pop
when I could swear
I knew (or wished) a chick
with motorcycle boots and a one inch zipper
and those elephant bells
hair like that momma poppa
so when I see you
it was so
I could one day
find you

your voice owns its own accent
as if the street is where words work
but then a sort of cello mellow cushion
will cradle the coarseness and like
your smile
shakes up the etched in sketch
sometime soft hardness
wow a butterfinger burst
childhood is full of glee
or didn't it seem to be?
gonna be half a century
but with you
it is sugar
baby

EASTER SUNDAY

A resurrection
Is celebrated.
Clearly we differ.
Detente most days.
Purity of spirit
Limitless love
That we share.
Today
healing
waiting to
be well
A realization
took hold
A rising
Of a kind
has occurred.
Together
we have
each
bestowed
A renewed
spirit
A rebirth
of the soul.
Lifted up
My heart
cries
Hallelujah.

ENDLESS GIFT, YOURS

Not such a romantic thought death
is until one considers the sharing
Not demise- the all before the after.
Lucky to be the fortunate one
to have shared the caring
performed as you provide nurturing
concerts of the breakfast before
teaching the makings of music
feeding each as if yours and yours
as if all moments are a mastered class
in a fabulous feast gratefully savored.

I am gifted even on your day by the
comfort that your hand I will hold even
if only in my heart of hearts if far away
right up until we see what you have already
shown me over and over until over never
fear the firelight in each smile the depth of each
touch is what is real and true and has no

IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

I could lie and claim it was your wisdom
Or that I have seen what you can do to canvas
But tonight it was your hands
Leaves curled onto each other
And all I behaved not to touch

I could say it was wonderful to see you
Or that I admired what you were wearing
But it was not knowing whether the sting
the promise of a border uncrossed
a pinch separating was palpable for you

I could hope that years later a couple
of meals, movies, perhaps a wedding or two
deep desire to experience each other still invited
chaperoning, sitting just as real
possibility's perfume lingering impossibly
still strong, still along.

I could admire the performance
For its innocence and profound imperfection
But the truth is I won't remember much
Except having you
Along/side
Duality/Certain
Simultaneously/Separated
Anticipation/Comfort
Butterflied/Belonging

SALAD DAYS

Your mother
asked me to leave
Your step mother
did not Want to meet
Your father
heard we don't Seem to work
And has never
asked why

All of your friends concur
In their Critique of me
Bolivia will taunt- again?
do you actually mean it mom
I hope this is The last time
Violet'll be
sad, not because of me
actually More loss
Beckett will wail
because he feels
so strongly about
everything Even a stone
And part of him just mourns

And then there is you
Unable to go a day without feeling
like this is all A big sham on some level
Therefore it is.

So Chalk us up.
Like a postcard From China
Arriving yesterday for your kids
What will the mythology be
When you Explain our why not

Will you say with the same conviction
He was just too Fill
in the blank

VIS VIVA

When two
Thingamajiggers
Act or bump up against
Each other
Causing heat or
Some kind of
Change
In one or another or
The Pair

Try to explain it
The Greeks
Meaning Aristotle
First came up with it
Though
It's been a happening
Since
There was a since

A force
Through a distance
Space which is all
Pulls or pushes
Against nature
Itself
Somehow

That part is not
For sure
We know but we
Don't know
We can see
Though it can't
Be seen

But your entire
Universe
Exists
Because One
Randomly
Or is it
Touches another
Becoming
Two

STOP AND WONDER

Stop and wonder
How many have come before
Of many nations, walks of life
And how many more after
We will meet someday
Saying I was there too
And so were you.
Embrace as brother
sister - more than many
All as one.
Stop and wonder

A sidewalk poem

THESE WORDS ARE YOURS

These words are yours
I do not own since
I did not create them
All we do is arrange
Choosing what comes
Before and after
If right to use
This world is theirs
We cannot own
What was not ours
We can only share
Leave for others and
Author with great care

A sidewalk poem

tall tales

I have actually dreamed of a warrior Sioux
holding the mane of the horse that chose him as a young brave
an appaloosa who knows him as he knows all that is
the mountains bow down to allow us up
and the great rivers bend to carry us far
the wind whispers our name for all to hear
there goes "even before all that came first"
look out for "right now that always has been"

If pressed to describe how you have made me feel
It is kicking up dust headlong across that prairie
and the locals have long given up
don't even try taking the rider from the ride
for they became one even before
all that was and always will be.

THE LANGUAGE OF THAT YESTERDAY

Overalls and bell bottoms
Laughter drowning a stadium full
Enough to last not quite a lifetime but darn close
A shot snapped, the candid crowd's cheers not celebrating their freeze-framed
private, hide in plain site joy
Who knew freshmen flirts
Could float past years of life lived
And ka bam ala kazam anew
As if the earliest birds asleep in amber
Caught mid-flight, kept suspended
Might be gifted new wind and miraculous wings beating again and again
carrying us soaring
Up and out and over and past until we can only see what was there all the time
far away
Now near
Tomorrow's sky calling us in the language of that yesterday.

COMPOSED

When the notes sing
When the rhymes align
Them big band horns
Rise up and shine
The melody flies
Slip slipping slides
And the groove gets gone
Risen from the sky
I heard your song
And I swear to Jesus
Ain't possible it wasn't
There for all time

I SIT HERE INVISIBLE

I sit here invisible
Invited but not really a part
No one feels that I was
Yours a speed bump
A hiccup
I think of knowing you were gone
Before even knowing
I think of loving you
No better than any of the others
But completely
Did you ever for a moment
Feel your life was whole
In my arms
I wonder how often
Your touch was more
Than what so many others here had
And felt
Was there a clinging tighter
Grasping
No thought of letting go

I WAS READ

In a white stucco
Square chappel
cul de saced
Dropped somewerehow
Northern New Jersey
Off a Alt route
Exit then uturn
A beginning or end
Or both
Started and stopped

My navigation
System said right
Lost in the rain
The phone said left
Who do I trust
Let go and listen
My future battling
Itself

There was no way

This was going to be
The place to find
Direction
Too shabby
Ramshackled
Dorthea Lange
Archway entrance
Like them Vegas
Drive by churches
Painted Clouds overhead
Butterfly wallpaper
Floral wainscoating
Gift shop complete
With handmade angels

That breaks my heart
I heard myself say
As she took my hand

There will be another
Yet to meet
Eyes shut she spoke
To herself but there
Were many she heard

There I was
Maybe not king
Let's say squire
Of the skeptics
Hearing that
My father was sorry
My wife loved
Beyond reason
It is an L - Lynn?
For Rynn
Who was depressed
And a flute hmmm
Somewhere a flute
And yesterday I met
A student who played

And then I left my body
When she said
Why do I hear Elton John
And tiny dancer
Was In the room
And I had not met you
But there you were
And it was as if
Hope had flown
Right out the box
That so many
Truths had
Tumbled from
And as I left
To return home
I thought
No going back
From here

SITTING IN A ROOMFULL OF LESBIANS

Sitting in a roomfull of lesbians
Watching your exlover perform
Did I ever for a moment ever
Think those would be things that I would say
I am fat again
So often in my life
My weight was greater than my
Capacity for joy
You would so understand that
Are you able to giggle still
Feel as gleeful
Eyes open to a day with such a grin
You had a creamsicle sweet smile

AMORATEUR

	Amorateur	
		The derivation is disputed
	Dependent	
Where one's earth became	Home	
		The emotion overwhelming
	Passion	
For some for others	Heartfelt	
		Spiritually it gestures into
	Grace	
f you are lucky enough	Blessed	
		I am all of these and more
	Fortunate	
My boon is your	Love	

LAST YEAR'S VALENTINE

