

THE HELLO POEMS

by Sean Tierney

Some of the poems I shared
on my HelloPoetry page.

Otherwise unpublished.
20??

I'M A FART

I never trusted the one night
rushes, the *let's go flying cause my feet
are bored*. If we're gonna find
anything we're gonna find it right
the fuck here.

SATYAGRAHA

My watering can-
clogged with a frog.

Glaring through the
nozzle like Gandhi with
a fistful of salt.

What is he protesting
so stubbornly?

The jalapenos or my
tickling him
with a pine needle?

ADMIRING YOUR STUFF

The ceramic plate with the multi-colored horses
on it. Drinking at a stream the glaze makes
realer than the three flecks of grass. Like in life,
the ground going unsung until it cracks.

MAY I JOIN YOU?

By reading this
you've invited me

and you can't
take it back

but don't worry
I brought
flowers

(tulips)

BESET

It hurts the heart and stomach
on days like today when you strap on
your climbing gear and still can't
get over the damn thing.

ZEN ALL WRONG

“Like Dogen said,
how the moon and sky
can reflect on the water
without getting wet,”

is what I say
when someone asks me
to do something
I don't want
to do.

EVEN-HANDED SUN

By the kitchen window
staring at my hands
in the light.

The sink, dish soap and bowl
are in the light.

If the light were on my hands
alone, I might dwell
a little longer
on my troubles, but I think
I'll wash the bowl
instead.

THE SUNSET WITCH

The sunset witch
stole my arms
on a hot night
when the sky
was dirty
like the back
of a refrigerator
and all I can do
is stare
at the many
doors
in my life
that'll never be
opened
again.

A HOUSE

A house settling
in sand as soft as
angel feathers
might just
leave a chimney
tombstone.

EITHER YOU READ IT OR YOU DON'T

We fill our lungs with rope
like a snake might its tail. Or two cons
at the gallows tie the other's
noose.

*I just want to hang out
with you.*

AERONAUTIC

When I hear the word
aeronautic
I think of a golf green
and three men
standing very far away
from each other.

One is fiddling with
a penny and the other two
handkerchiefs.

A HISTORY OF ILLNESS

It moves
like a low spider
on the knoll.

Under your feet
and into your
pocket.

It stays
like ice
on the road.

THE TWOS

Here comes *the one*
down a flight of spiraling stairs.
She sees you and your buddy.
She picks *him*.
She introduces you to her less than
breathtaking friend
and you live together
for three years.

A couple of twos.

THE HERMIT LIVES AGAIN

If you're looking for me,
and I mean me, be patient.

I sweep the sand and leaves
and walk backwards.

GRAVEYARD

It was raining, yes,
but oddly,
in the sunshine,
like from a distant cloud.

I spoke with your stone
and we agreed,
I shouldn't come around
so much.

ONE AT A DIME

Happy with the way the lawn green,
fence fending off the blue.

UNITED DESPERATION

Her pale legs
and knees brown
with soil
from a yard in Vermont.

It wasn't our yard
and they weren't our friends.

A stolen cucumber.

WHY DID DOLPHY HAVE TO DIE?

Even Mingus cut him off,

dressing distaste in playfulness,
like so many do.

Lifting pencils from lines
to cut corners off.

Cutting frays from edges
to make shorter of.

FROM BEYOND

The complicated way
a dream has
of telling you nothing
you didn't know.

SATURN!

There should be more
poems about space, much bigger
than your sorry heart.

Like Saturn!

Like that time he
choked you and it left the prettiest
blue ring.

OH, YOU KNOW ME

I will descend
into my fantasy,
my arm chair,
my daily bread.

Elevate
the space I dwell
while half asleep
at the wheel.

Until you're real.

Then continue to
until you're gone.

SURVEY

They made you
my enemy. A generation
on the page with lines
to check like little more
than wood to burn.

POETRY CLASS

Write a line, then draw a line
through it.

WITH THE FAT FINGERS OF A CHILD

How do you capture that moment before
the crow appears? Before the feeding cardinal
flees in a huff?

I want that last bite
of seed

and to make it my
prisoner.

WORD DOCUMENTARY

It's 11:53.

Like
I'm living
in a cake
and trying
to eat it.

It's 11:54.

THE BOY WHO CRIED SILENTLY

Pulling teeth from his calf like the tangle of weeds
in my watermelon patch.

Wondering how the hell they got so long
and how much longer.