

Poetry Series

**John Christensen**  
**- poems -**

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## John Christensen(January 14,1969)

John was born into a predominantly Hispanic household. His first tongue was Spanish(Castillian) and he has written some poems in this language. He writes what he feels and seldom re-visits his work after it has been done. He is raw and untrained in a classical sense, so his poetry reflects that. He is a writer who dabbles with poems and doesn't fully take himself seriously. He embraces comments and criticism, but seldom reacts to the latter.

# And What Are You Thinking

The car rolls on down a western road  
And she asks him  
'And what are you thinking? '  
He smiles as he gazes  
At luminous white clouds  
In a cornflower sky  
Like a cup of dark blue  
With a splash of milk  
He sees the sinuous road  
Turn to meet them  
And a fawn hiding in plain sight  
Amazed at what she's seeing  
He hears each song she plays  
As if they were for him  
He feels both happy and sad  
At the same time  
And it feels like floating  
Into a cool, soft bed  
The warm sun plays on his skin  
While they pass green scrub trees  
Cactus and purple sage  
He could live in this moment  
With her, forever  
The question is still ringing  
As smiling, he shakes his head gently.  
And says: 'Nothing...'

John Christensen

# Del Rio

Smoke curls in blue-grey wisps

As I sit before the ashtray

My glass is half full

But my heart is empty

I take a drink

The scotch is warm and full

Like a honeyed baritone

A soft flush spreads across my face

And every comforting thing I'd ever known

Is remembered in an instant

Too brief to truly see

Like the scotch

All that remains is a billowy impression

I stare at my couch

With its thick padding and matching pillows

Pressed together like sweethearts

Nestled into one another

My cigarette gives up one last drag

Before I crush it out

I am not bored

Just quiet as warm earth

Everything stands still

In the gentle beige light of my home

And it's good

Outside, the pale, sleepy blue sky

Is an ocean

Full of cottony icebergs

Floating to a dream land

Under my feet, the hard grey parking lot

Reminds me that even the most arduous trek

I have ever taken

Was worth it in the end

I smile as I realize

No matter how far I roam from here

This will always be my destination

And I look forward to it

John Christensen

# Heart Attack (A Sestina)

What angelic chorals sing?  
These messengers of heaven  
Whose words are none of earth  
Rising like mists amid the mountains  
Rolling down to pastoral valleys  
Stirring my fragile heart

My sullen, throbbing heart  
Mumbling, for it can't quite sing  
Its beat more full of valleys  
Than peaks toward heaven  
I miss those tracings in the shape of mountains  
Which anchor me to this earth

Sweet, sweet earth  
How you fill my heart!  
Your noble, snowy mountains  
Rising proudly to sing  
At the feet of heaven  
I long to see your valleys

To lay again in flowered valleys  
Smelling the rich, black earth  
Of my own personal heaven  
Heal you traitorous heart!  
I long to shout, to sing  
Echoing from the mountains

Where are my mountains?  
My rolling valleys?  
The monitor, its dirge to sing  
Strengthening my tether to earth  
Even as my woefully tired heart  
Slips to heaven

To forestall heaven  
I labor to move mountains  
As a constellation of disks record my heart  
Etching flat valleys

Confirming i am still of this earth  
With only a beep to mournfully sing

Each lull-to heaven, then up from the valleys  
Drawn back to mountains and earth  
As I wait for my heart to once again sing

John Christensen

# Poetry (Haiku)

Poetry is Life  
Expressed in grandiose terms  
To say simple things

John Christensen



# The Madness Of Four Lost Lambs

The nascent glow of my corner lamp  
Casts doubt on the walls  
Red shadows, lurid and mellifluous  
Their tone a knell

Forsaken names fall from my shoulders  
Cast upon the floor like bones  
Auguring my destiny  
Their entrails wither in the heat

Vainly, I wail with outstretched hands  
Pleading with the Heavens  
For one moment free of doubt or shame  
Silence echoes the only answer I hear

A knot of chaos wavers before my eyes  
Wavering wildly, as heat off summer streets  
Formless and buzzing like invisible insects  
Just as quickly order reasserts its hold

John Christensen