

Poetry Series

Thomas Leathandrum
- poems -

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Thomas Leathandrum()

A gentleman in his retirement years.

Drawn To The Mountain

drawn to the mountain
like a teenager to a ipod
to a txt
to a tweet
to a facebook profile
peer pressure to conquer familiarity
fears
and secrets
our mountains demand conquering
like a daughter to her mother for her pregnancy
like a son to his father for his sexuality
with every and character typed
message placed
and timeline photo shared
our tormentors are demons
are released from our mountains
as companions together
mothers are more than friends
fathers more than bankers

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Forgive The Ordain

wife to wife
husband to husband
the modern marriage
in the year twenty-thirteen

the choirs sing out
the bells ring to tell all
praise the alternative relations
forgive the ordain

clergymen grinch
the church pullers sway
christians turn in their graves
intolerant of their sins

the historians among us question
who are the son and who are the daughters
their lineage ancestry pedigree
and where are they record on the family tree

Thomas Leathandrum

I Saw My Father, In Silhouette

I saw my father, in silhouette - on the wall.
It's been 50 years, since i'd seen him - that tall.
He said; I came to see you - tonight.
He said; it just seemed - right.,
I said; hello dad, please don't - fall.
I said; it's good to see you - glad you called.

I can only stay for a short while - he said.
You look good my son, sitting on the bed.
With frosted eyes; he stared - for a time.
He said; don't be frightened - I said; I'm fine.

He asked; where's your brother - my son John.
Dad I said; do you not remember, he's gone.
Gone; the word, stuck on his tongue - gone so young.
Dad I said; John went with you - you went together.
Dad I said; I love you and John, love you both - forever.□

Thomas Leathandrum