

BLUE
SEASONS

New Poems

AUSTIN HUDSON

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First Edition, 2019

ISBN 978-0-359-34702-5

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Dedicated to you

(yes, you)

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THE POP SONGS HAVE IT WRONG

The pop songs have it wrong.
I did not love you at first sight and,
speaking frankly,
I doubt it happens like that at all.
If it does happen, it happens
like lightning striking a person:
only rarely
and mostly to the outstanding.
No, I love you as a verb --
you know, an action word --
like 'trying', as in the sentence,
"I am trying to not get mad at you
for doing the thing I asked you
not to do just a minute ago,"
or like 'thinking', as in the sentence,
"I am thinking about how much easier
this would be without you here
messing it up,"
or like 'praying', as in the sentence,
"I am praying you never leave
because I love you, I need you,
I'm sorry."
The books and movies have it wrong too.

Loving you isn't easy,
it's hard work, and like most hard work,
there are times I would rather work
somewhere else
because doing so would ask less of me today,
but I have done lots of
easy things in my life, and,
in the completion of which have found
that so few of them are
satisfying
in the way
that the truly difficult things are.

I'll tell you who has it right:
the elderly.

The couple who first met each other
about the same time that God
got interested in landscaping
and have fought and scrapped for
every inch they've taken with each other.

They'll tell you how hard it is
to fight for those little inches
while still devotedly
miraculously
holding hands.

A PERSONAL KIND OF CHAOS

We all want to be loved.
Even the most hardened and cynical
at one point cried out from the cradle
for the warmth of familiar touch.
Some even held onto that feeling and
attached capital letters to it,
making it LOVE,
the warm release into another's arms
and another's bed
and while I'm among those to whom
this LOVE can feel perfectly suitable,
I worry that to LOVE
and to love,
and to be loved,
are different entirely.
My body will accept an entanglement
(and has, before, accepted them in times
where love was in an entirely different zip code)
but that cannot be satisfactory
and it cannot be enough
for even as a blanket can warm you,
it cannot change you,
only comfort you for the times when you are
wrapped up in it.

What I want
(what we want)
is to be loved.
Loved in the way
a child can love a toy with dings
and dents
and scrapes.
I want to be seen as I am:
lonely
neurotic
complicated
and loved not in spite of,
but because of,
those defects.
I see you
the mess, the wreck
and I know your broken parts
because I recognize some of them
as my own.
I do not wish to change them
or sort them
or hide them in a closet
but instead investigate them closely
turn the pieces over in my smooth hand
and handle off the rough edges
with care and time.
If we are all to be messes,
let them be familiar ones

like the countertops at home which
to an outside observer
are inscrutable
but to those who dwell within
are simply our own personal kind of chaos.

BLANKET FORT

Let's build a blanket fort,
just you and I
Nothing else worked,
let's give this thing a try
We don't have to talk
Just let moments roll by
I won't mind if you laugh
I don't mind if you cry

I'll grab all the pillows,
you strip all the beds
Silk stars at our feet and
silk stars overhead
If you want, we can use
the good linens instead?
Put your hand in my hand,
use my chest for your bed

Hide your body in blankets,
dry your eyes on the walls
You can whisper me secrets
or say little at all

I'll ask of you nothing,
I'll come at your call
to this fortress so gentle
if ever you fall.

MY WAYWARD PATH

I've looked under rock and
turned over every stone
and regretted some of the things
I've had to do,
but I don't regret the doing
or the stones I've had to turn
because those stones have formed
my wayward path to you.

SNEAK OUTSIDE

Sneak outside for just a minute, babe,
he won't even see you go
because I really need to see you
more than you will ever know
We can just meet out the front door,
I need you more than words can say
So sneak outside, my darling girl,
come sneak outside, just sneak away

I know your days can be so draining
because he always is so near
and so upset when you're not with him
and you surely hold him dear
But I love you too, my sweetness,
like gold beaches love the sea,
so sneak away from him, my ocean,
sneak and share a kiss with me

Sneak outside for just a minute, love,
he won't even see you go
Put the boy down for his bedtime,
meet me in our porch's glow

He may be our son and shining star
but I'm your ship and you're my bay,
so sneak outside, my darling girl,
come sneak outside, just sneak away