



Collected from

AUSTIN HUDSON

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Dedicated to lovers, hopeless romantics,
and people who have no strong opinions
one way or another

OLD FASHIONED, NEW FASHIONED

I can't say I'm up on all the latest dances
and reality TV never entrances
I prefer a little moonlight
with a partner, you and I
I'm an old fashioned,
new fashioned guy

I don't need you home attending to the dishes
I'd much rather that you live out all your wishes
We can do the work together
I'd be glad to tell you why
I'm an old fashioned,
new fashioned guy

The problem with old fashioned is
there are so many things
that weren't so great, and I'd prefer
the world that progress brings
I think that we can live in that
but keep some old things too
like dancing slow to records,
me and you

I don't care if you ever take my name
as long as you still love me all the same
But let's still be romantic
and give the older ways a try
I'm an old fashioned,
new fashioned guy

YOUR CARDIGAN

I could be your cardigan
to wrap you warm and tight.
I could be your comforter
to hold you through the night.
Your favorite doll from childhood,
your confidant through bad or good,
bring me along to where you're stood,
I wanna stand there too.

I wanna be your fork to brush
against your lips all day.
I wanna be your comb to watch
your hair turn old and gray.
Your favorite pair of worn-out shoes,
I'll follow any place you choose,
clung tight to you, you'll never lose,
I'll never go away.

Please place me in your shopping cart,
carve me a slice of your pie chart,
clear out a place within your heart,
I'm ready when you'd like to start.

A BURNING BUILDING

You were a building on fire
your doors locked to keep firemen out while
your beams smoldered and cindered inside
where no-one could see

You spoke like you had all the time in the world
but there's no such thing as plenty of time
for a building on fire
because even while your exterior remains calm
and flames only occasionally break through your windows
the fire is already burning deep inside and the things you wanted
to keep have already caught aflame

You were a building on fire
because someone, somewhere, once told you that
people always evacuate from burning buildings
and being on fire is the best way you know to not let anyone get
back inside

You're burning down slowly and when you do
after all the people have left because there's nothing left to see

and no cheap thrills left from watching the joy of destruction
I'll sift through your ashes, clothes dirty
to help you find the things that are still left
and together we will rebuild.

POEM FOR THE PREMATURELY OLD

Other men will try to scheme
a million different ways
to get you into bed and to
attract and hold your gaze.
But I'm not merely interested
in such a narrow view.
The thing I'd rather try to do
is to grow old with you.

At night I lay in bed and think,
while holding back a yawn,
of driving to the grocery store
left blinker always on.
We'll do a steady twenty under,
straddling both lanes,
ignoring all their honks as we're
comparing phantom pains,
and we'll wonder why they're speeding
and just where they need to go.
The only place we want to be
is holding hands, like so.

We'll break our hips and rest our eyes and
sit out in the garden,
and yell at kids across the street
who'll never beg our pardon
as they laugh and play and wonder why
we're so content just sitting,
content in knowing who we are,
a love so unremitting.

And when our days are done and it is
time for one to die,
we'll be content in knowing
that there is no need to cry
because we spent those waking moments
with the one that we loved best,
watching television wearing
matching knitted vests
complaining of arthritis,
shuffling slowly 'round the house,
as you straighten out my bow tie
and I pick lint off your blouse.

I know this is not sexy.
It does not sound appealing
to think about your golden years,
but girl, if you are feeling

like it might be an adventure,
then let's do the things I've planned,
and know, when it's your time to go,
I'll be there to hold your hand.