

When Summer turns to Autumn and Autumn to Winter

poems by R.M. Haas

A Love Poem you Known't About

your rugby-aching head rests
on a pillow on my lap
and light of ruby-red
soothes sore eyes.

and small plastic-heavy sounds
click the night away
I jump from planes and die
a thousand tiny-deaths,
ones and zeros.

your battle-bruised shoulders sigh
and I wish I could do more
than run fingers like wind
through your summer-gentle hair.

and across the room there waits
reddish goblin-eyes as you sleep
and I forget my legs and together
we sink into early-morning tomorrow,
ones and zeros.

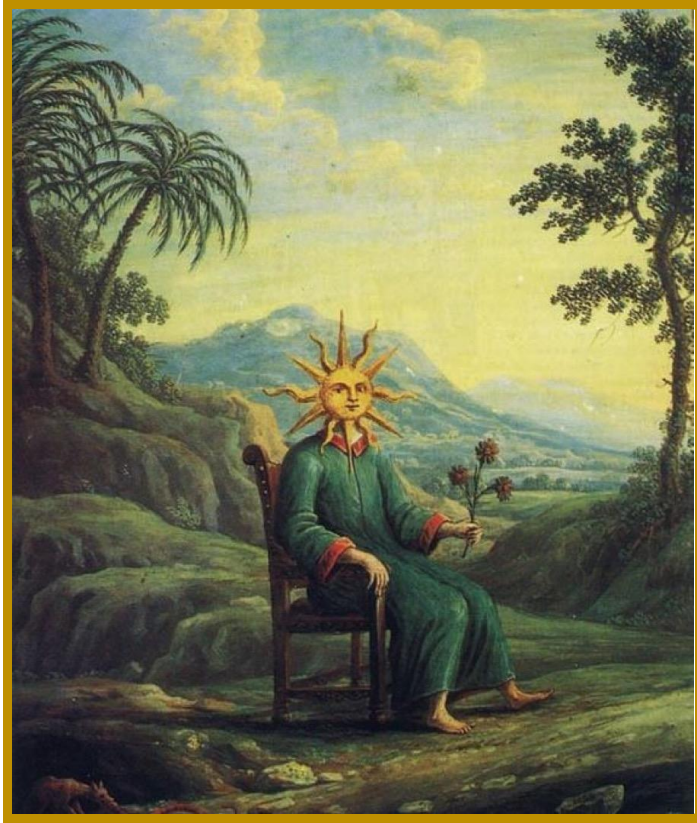
I've a Mind

How bad indeed
can one short life
time be, the trees
are turning wiser
&their colors age

I've a mind for
a certain set of
eyes, they sneak
around the room
&nest near to me

many-color beds
come up for the
winter, not like
relatives visiting
&in preparation

reaching a hand
up, fingers held
are grounded in
worlds far from
¬ film fears



then time spent well is spent thinking
of your soft touch that gave no new
thrill to me, having been touched before
—yet still indeed melts into my skin like
wax and burns oft
to remind me, gently hot.

and words spoke softly are lost surely
your laugh cannot stay here with me
as no new sensation—yet somehow it
remains stuck like honey or syrup, no
washing will get rid
and god forbid it ever did.

and god forbid god ever heard the
swears I swore to myself, to want
not to need not to miss naught, and
yet—

Sonnet to Summer

A room to ourselves, but as guests we were quiet
A night to ourselves, for each hour a kiss.
My heart in my chest it did cause a riot
When your skin touched mine in that dark abyss.

Often I've stopped, to look at the trees
In the so-lovely light of the month of June.
The first basket full of garden snap peas,
A cold mountain lake turned man into prune.

Sole light in the room, a soft glowing salt crystal
And yet how you teased me, like nights at the bar
No threat you held to me, much less than a pistol
And yet how you played me, an unstrung guitar.

Now each night for weeks I have tiredly brooded
over just how sorely that Summer concluded.

muchneeded restitchening

Need I no more company than all of my problems,
one night into six and a week turns soon after
one gives to uncertainty all of his trust.

Nothing much holds me down, so whiskey must
bear the weight of my ascent into the rafters,
with no more company than all of my problems.

Digging teeth of steel, nipping heels, rarely bite them,
but to a low end comes a night full of laughter
when one gives to uncertainty all of his trust.

Chewing and spitting steel teeth make their bust,
of chiseled pink quartz of an unwilling actor,
need I no more company than all of my problems.

Feel the weight shifting under all of the small ends
to all of the questions I shouldn't have asked her,
when one gave to uncertainty all of his trust.

I bury my problems and burn all my trust
to heat this sad house, my head, this disaster.
Need I no more company than all of my problems,
as I give way to uncertainty with all of my trust.

Moving at Speed

I am the hope of all the English majors left in Buffalo, Wyoming.
I am the one who's out there
who hasn't yet had his or her time
who might have just the right words—
buried somewhere, deep under layers of soggy leaves in the gutters
after spring has thawed some and revealed the raked piles of autumn's winds.
It's late at night, maybe nine, and there's a train pulling into a well-lit station.
Only words disembark, most of them dressed as poems
but some of them as angrily sobbed
and some as prose that could change the world
and others brood darkly and hit with the impact of a large motor vehicle—
moving at speed.

I have seen not a soul except from a distance,
as folks cross the square through fresh snow as it glistens.
And those who live with me seventy feet in the air
This morning are quiet or not even there.
In comfort the coffee pot whispers and grumbles
A snowy morning quiet, a joy no more humble.

– 2021.