

Collection of Nature Poems

Hoofbeats

Hoofbeats in my chest;
thundering on my ribcage,
untamable, wildly raging
against the bold unrest.

Rustica

A bold rural red
is how I see the world
and peeking through the snow
a vixens fervent fur
speaks multitudes for the
rain-stained traveler.

Life's Magician

There's a little tin bucket the size of my palm
that's filled with sunflower seeds
This small rusted bucket sits on my bookshelf
as I save them for a summer day
I save them for a day when I don't have to fear
the wild flowers with calloused fingers
as they whisper to me the different ways
the ways in which they grew
I don't have to be intimidated by the Cedar pines
while they demand the sun for their own
selfish lives
Over time these sunflowers will grow tall
taller than those pines
Maybe I'll climb up to their golden petals
and mock those wildflowers
Maybe I'll sleep on their gentle leaves
as my sunflowers sway in the breeze
like ripples of gold across an evergreen sea
But for now I smile because in front of me
Theres a little tin bucket filled with sunflower seeds

My Horse is the Mundane Kind

With golden rays the sun seeps in
like the mystic steeds of the Sun god,
these horses in the world are a sin;
and horses that bleed ichor are awed.

My horse is of the mundane kind,

just dirt brown, and sweaty, and tired.
The gods of the golden horses find
that Earth's horses are poorly sired.

My horse however bleeds silver, not gold.
Her hooves shake the emerald trees,
and, like a storm, she's uncontrollable,
a beautiful weapon with pure expertise.

While the golden horses paw their sun thin,
My mare strums her's like a violin.

What is is About the Dark

What is it about the dark?
Its not the coldness that it brings
because the coldness is inside of
humans lost fears.

It is the way the darkness soaks
the rattling noise into its skin.
Against the silence of the day,
night croons, the devil and its sin.

Solace

Hello sun, good morning sun,
I made a promise to your rays unique.
I promised to rise with a hearty yawn
and meet you at the mountain peak.

Your bed-head of rose colored paint
creates fragments as dew drops gently to its selected pool.
Your golden rays stretch to the sky in restraint.
Don't be worried nor frightened, don't let your fears rule

your joy and glee, your warmth and solace.
For you, O sun, are the morning light,
From the darkest depths of godly Tartarus
Your flames flickering to burn and bite.

But you don't hurt me, my sun, my love,
my heart starts beating when you rise
and even though you tower above,
I see myself in your golden eyes.

Rain

It's the quiet before the heavy rain.
Where the dry ends—where saturation sinks.
For a moment, I've lost my drowning pain.

I count the stars as the night blanket inks
my fervid skin with letters from the moon,
and I answer her words as the night thinks.

I can feel the rain bring the cold cocoon
of icy droplets as they shatter on me,
and they shatter the sun streaming in soon.

But I get back up, a tsunami.
And return to gazing, gazing in vain.
Wait and listen for the thundering sea,

but it was gone as quick as it came.
It's the quiet before the heavy rain.

Trees

The leaves are grass and the grass are leaves
And for some creatures
the grasses are trees.