THE HOUSE of OUR TIMES



drewseltzwriting.com
Poetry Project 8

THE SMALL HOME:

WE'RE A SMALL PEOPLE IN A SMALL HOUSE

SO, THIS WILL BE A SMALL POEM,

YET IT WON'T CONTAIN THE GRAND GRATITUDE

I HAVE FOR YOU ALL

CAUSE NO HALLS OR WALLS

COULD HOLD THE VAST VARIETY OF BLESSINGS

THAT SPRING FROM MY FAMILY'S FOUNTAIN.

DEDICATED TO THE SEITZ FAMILY





THE CREAKY BACKYARD DECK:

HERE'S TO ALL THE WEIRD NOISES COMING FROM
OUR OLD, RED DECK AT SUNSET,
IT'S A SPECTACULAR VIEW: SUNGLOW, MOUNTAINS, SPRING, +
THE CLOUDS ARE MOVING ALONG
WE SIMPLIFY THE MAKING OF A MEMORY
WE SIMPLY SMILE, LAUGH,
+ PUSH OFF THE WORRIES OF TOMORROW
CAUSE WHY THE HELL NOT?
DEDICATED TO D.L.S.

THE CALENDAR ON THE FRIDGE:

NEXT SATURDAY?

HOW ABOUT MONDAY?

A WEEK FROM NOW?

HOW ABOUT TOMORROW?

CAN I SPEAK FOR THE BOTH OF US?

WE'LL ALWAYS MAKE TIME FOR ONE ANOTHER

CAN I JUST BEGIN TO ASSUME,

THAT NO MATTER THE SEASON,

BUSY OR DULL

THOUGH OUR SCHEDULE MAY BE FULL,

WE'LL ALWAYS MAKE TIME FOR ONE ANOTHER.

DEDICATED TO S.B.L

TENNIS SHOES BY THE DOOR:

TENNIS SHOES NEAR THE DOOR, SHOESTRINGS UNTIED

SMALLER SHOES THAN MINE,

PAIRED UP IN THE CORNER,

RANDOM COMMENTS AND TAKES,

LAUGHS ACROSS THE TABLE,

JUST ONE GLASS FOR US,

CAUSE WERE LIL' ONES

BUT BIG HUGS AS A FAREWELL,

+ THE LIL' TENNIS SHOES WILL BE BACK SOON.

DEDICATED TO SLM.

OVER PRICED CHOP STICKS:

WE'RE COOKING IN THE KITCHEN,
WELL REALLY, IT'S JUST YOU
BUT I'M CLEANING

- + YOU'RE TELLING ME TO STOP FUSSING
- + KNOW WE'RE BOTH CHUCKLING

I ALWAYS TELL PEOPLE "HE'S LIKE MY SON"

- + IT'S TRUE, CAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG
- + YOU'RE THERE FOR ME, LIKE FAMILY
 WE BOTH HAVE A GOOD TIME,
 EVEN IF WE'RE BOTH A LITTLE DUMB.
 DEDICATED TO RAP.

THREE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR:

SO CONSISTENT,
SO PREDICTABLE,
IT'S NICE,
ITS STABLE,
ITS "GOOD", AS YOU WOULD SAY
SO CALM,
SO PRESENT,
YOU'D NEVER MISS ANY MOMENT
YOU'LL BE THERE FOR ME FOR SURE,
WITH THREE SOFT KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.
DEDICATED TO C.C.M.



THE SNAPBACK ON THE COATRACK:

LOOK IF I WAS A BOXER,

WHICH GOD KNOWS I'D BE TERRIBLE AT,

I'D WANT YOU IN MY CORNER

COACHING ME THROUGH THE HITS + BLOWS

WITH YOUR SNAPBACK TURNED BACKWARDS

YELLING AT ME NOT TO QUIT, 'CAUSE I QUIT SO EASILY,

BUT MAYBE WITH YOU IN MY CORNER

I COULD LEARN TO PERSEVERE MORE CONSISTENTLY.

DEDICATED TO T.P.M.



A PAIR OF BABY NIKES:

+ HE'S GETTING HEAVIER,

NOT THAT I'D HAVE TO TELL YOU,

YOU'RE ALREADY SO PROUD OF HIM,

+ YOU SHOULD BE

+ YOU SHOULD BE

PROUD OF YOURSELF,

'CAUSE, YOU'RE A GOOD MOTHER

BUT, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD, I KNEW YOU WOULD BE.

DEDICATED TO B.S.K.

THEY ALMOST FIT IN THE PALMS OF MY TINY HANDS



+ KEYS ON THE HIP:

HOW DOES IT FEEL?

NO. REALLY.

TO SEE YOUR EYES IN ANOTHER?

TO LIVE FOR ANOTHER?

TO KNOW LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

TO BE ABLE TO HOLD THE WHOLE WORLD IN YOUR HANDS?

HOW DOES IT FEEL?

IT MAY BE A WHILE FOR ME.

BUT I'D REALLY LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY

OF HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD KEYS ON THE HIP

BUT NOW YOU HAVE YOUR SON IN YOUR HANDS.

DEDICATED TO A.M.K.



ALL THE WASHED DISHES:

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU FOREVER
SHUFFLES ON THE WOOD FLOORS
SOFT SOCKS IN THE WINTER
+ THE KITCHEN GLIMMERS AFTER DINNER,
AFTER WE'RE DONE DOING THE DISHES TOGETHER
I'VE NEVER HAD A LITTLE SISTER
BEFORE YOU.
DEDICATED TO J.M.B.



THE GOODWILL RECLINER:

DEDICATED TO P.S.N.

I can see them now,
Remember all the poor man's furniture items we had,
Like the scratchy grey couch,
The dented + scratched lamps,
+ most of all the goodwill recliner,
That I can so clearly see you laughing in,
Because something dowdy said,
I'm not a hoarder by any means,
But man, I wish there could be a museum
of the many traded, worn-out items we collected
in our small apartment.

THE MANTLE OVER THE FIREPLACE:

"Can't you do this faith thing on your own?"

"NAH,"

"WHY?"

"WITHOUT FRIENDS LIKE HIM, MY FIRE WOULD HAVE GONE OUT —LONG AGO"

+ I would nod my head in your direction
"Sounds like you're dependent"
"Maybe, but I know I can count on him for
encouragement"
dedicated to a.m.b.



+ THE BIBLE ON THE COFFEE TABLE:

"WHERE'S ALL THOSE CHRISTIANS?"

"THERE'S ONE"

+ AND I POINT IN YOUR DIRECTION

"WHY DO YOU SAY HIM?"

"CAUSE I THINK GOD PUT HIM HERE TO BE MY INSPIRATION" DEDICATED TO A.J.B.



MILK STAINS ON THE DINING TABLE:

It's kinda funny,
We say we're gonna read,
But we end up talking
Till I have to leave for work
But not before
I wipe up the little ring of milk
Your glass left.
Dedicated to p.a.g.



SOFT LIGHT FROM IPHONE NOTIFICATIONS:

TOO COLD HERE, I KNOW

TOO DRY HERE, I KNOW

TOO FAR FROM FAMILY, I KNOW, I KNOW

BUT I REALLY WISH YOU LIVED HERE,

FOR SOME MORE LONG CONVERSATIONS

ABOUT THE NEWEST A24 FILMS

OR DISCOVER MORE ABOUT THE CITY I LIVE IN

+ I KNOW YOU VISIT OFTEN

BUT I'D STILL PREFER IT,

IF YOU BROUGHT YOUR HOME HERE,

INSTEAD OF RECEIVING LATE NIGHT IPHONE NOTIFICATIONS.

DEDICATED TO P.R.H.

A TRUCK IN THE DRIVEWAY, IN THE P.M .:

HEADLIGHTS CROSS OVER THE FRONT WINDOW FRAME
BEFORE YOUR SHOULDERS ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

+ YOU'VE TRAVELED ACROSS THE WORLD

BUT HAVE FEW STORIES TO TELL

YOU'VE BEEN YOU LOVED, POPULAR WITH ALL SORTS OF FOLKS

BUT YOUR HEAD HAS STAYED THE SAME SIZE

YOU'VE ONLY BECOME A BETTER MAN

BUT YOU'RE STILL THE SAME TO ME

WHICH IS A GOOD THING,

'CAUSE, THAT'S ONE MORE FRIEND I GET TO BOAST ABOUT,

JUST A HUMBLE MAN IN HIS SMALL TRUCK

DEDICATED TO G.M.R.

FOLDED COFFEE CUP SLEEVES:

WHAT A PERFECT WAY TO START MY WEEK,

A LITTLE CONVERSATION

A LITTLE LUNCH BREAK,

JUST LIKE THE BOOKSTORE IN THE BASEMENT

OF OUR UNIVERSITY'S CAFETERIA BUILDING

I'M SO GLAD WE KEPT IN TOUCH

TO MEET UP FOR A LITTLE LUNCH

JUST A LITTLE COFFEE

+ IT'S LIKE CATCHING UP WITH FAMILY.

DEDICATED TO J.K.S.



THE ROOF OVER MY HEAD:

I'll always have two homes

I'll always be pulled in two different directions,

In two different states,

Live in two different realities

One:

WITH YOU DRIVING, PLAYING WITH THE VOLUME KNOB
YOUR LEGS IN AN UNDRTHODOX POSITION,
AS WE'RE BOTH NODDING OUR HEADS TO SOME JAM'S
ON OUR WAY TO SOME FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT
(PROBABLY MCDON'S)

+ WE COULD TALK ABOUT ANYTHING, REALLY
GOD, FRIENDS, COMPLAINTS, EXCITEMENTS, + NOW
FATHERHOOD

+ TWO:

ME MISSING THOSE MOMENTS,

SPENDING TIME WITH MY BEST FRIEND :^)

DEDICATED TO M.B.W.

THE CIGARETTES ON MY BOOKSHELF:

YOU'RE FAR TOO KIND,

FAR TOO CONSIDERATE,

BUT TRY YOU'RE BEST TO CONSIDER YOURSELF

SOMETIMES YOUR HUMBLENESS BRINGS YOU

TOO DAMN LOW

DAMNIT, YOU GOT THE BEST QUALITIES OF A FOOL

- + YET EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE WISER EVERY YEAR
- + YOU CONTINUE, TO CONTINUE TO SHARE
- + I would share a cigarette with you anywhere.

 DEDICATED TO M.H.D



SANDALS BY THE CARPET STAIRS:

YOU'RE A BUSY ONE,
HUSTLING TILL YOUR MENTAL LIST IS ALL DONE
BUT YOU KNOW ME FAR TOO WELL,
I AM QUITE CONTENT TO CALL YOU FRIEND,
CAUSE YOU'RE MY ROLE MODEL
IN REACHING ONE'S GOALS.
DEDICATED TO H.J.Y.



THE BACKPACK UNDER THE DESK:

YOUR LIFE IS LOUD IN ALL THE BEST WAYS, + PEOPLE DON'T MIND THE NOISE BECAUSE, IF I MAY BE SO CLICHÉ, YOUR LIFE IS THE SOUND OF MUSIC SO, DAMNIT SLAM THE TABLE,



- + MAKE SOME MUSIC,
- + DON'T STOP TILL YOU LEARN TO BE PROUD OF IT.
 DEDICATED TO M.L.J.

THE POLAROID IN MY NIGHTSTAND:

You're the Best to take photos with, A wide smile shines in the gloss of A polaroid, Laughter vibrates through the film



+ PEOPLE KNOW, THEY'RE A LITTLE JEALOUS CAUSE THEY JUST WEREN'T THERE.

DEDICATED TO T.R.M.

THE CHAIRS UNDER THE KITCHEN LIGHT:

WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN UP ALL THE WORD VOMIT AFTER WE SAT IN THE CHAIRS FOR HOURS TALKING ABOUT TOO MANY THINGS?

I'D SWEAR I WOULD HAVE FALLEN OFF THIS LIFE WITHOUT YOUR TIME SPENT WITH ME,

SO, THANKS FOR ALWAYS SITTING WITH ME,
MAKES THIS WORLD A LITTLE LESS SCARY.
DEDICATED TO J.A.P.



THE DENTED COUCH CUSHION:

YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE AT THE WORST OF TIMES,
TO BE THE BEST

I THINK I ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE MESS,
THAT I'D NEED SOME HELP WITH,
+ YOU WERE ALWAYS WILLING TO HELP ME CLEAN UP
TO VACUUM UNDER THE COUCH, SHAKE THE CUSHIONS OFF
+ TEACH ME TO LEARN TO REST AGAIN,
+ TO BE AT PEACE WITH ONE'S SELF.
DEDICATED TO LEW.



ALL THE STOLEN BEER GLASSES IN THE CABINET:

YOU KNOW WHERE EVERYTHING OF MINE IS,
YOU COULD LOCATE THE HIDDEN + SECRET,
ISN'T THAT WHAT A GOOD FRIEND CAN DO?
YOU COULD FIND IT ALL,
THEN MOCK ME,
+ WE'D LAUGH TOGETHER,
IN SUCH AN EASY STEP, YOU HUMBLE ME,
THAT'S HOW I KNOW OUR FRIENDSHIP IS
A GOD ORDAINED TYPE OF THING.
DEDICATED TO J.L.P.



THE STICKY + GLOSSY COUNTERTOP:

I THINK I WOULD SIT ON THE COUNTERTOP

+ YOU WOULD BE STANDING,

HOLDING SOME COCKTAIL THAT DUSTIN MADE

- + I WOULD ASK SOME DUMB QUESTION THAT ONLY
- CARRIES THE TAIL END OF WISDOM
- + YOU WOULD, IN TURN, LAUGH
- + REPLY WITH SOMETHING SLY AND CLEVER,
- + ONLY CARRIES THE TAIL END OF SOMETHING DUMB
- + I WOULDN'T TRADE THIS MOMENT FOR ANYTHING.
 DEDICATED TO E.A.M.



MY SHEETS:

IF I MAY SAY SO, I'M PRETTY HAPPY RIGHT NOW

+ NOT TOO LONELY

BUT I'M LIVING IN CONSTANT ANTICIPATION

+ I JUST CAN'T WAIT FOR OUR EYES TO MEET

HOPE THERE'S SOME INSTANT, MOVIE-LIKE

CONNECTION

+ If I may get a little risky,
I can't wait for the friction of the sheets
+ Love's warmth between the two of us
With the sunset or rise,
To have the soft, quiet moments with you,
I can't wait to suffer, triumph, + Rest with you

Dedicated to M.F.W. (My future wife)

THE FRONT DOOR:

THANKS FOR HOLDING THE DOOR FOR ME
I KNOW IT TOOK ME AWHILE TO ACCEPT THIS
I THINK I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THE FRIENDS
I KNOW I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THE COMMUNITY
I KNOW I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR YOU THE BLISS
TOOK ME A LITTLE TOO LONG TO REALIZE THIS,
YOU BUILT THIS HOUSE, YOU MADE THIS ROOF OVER MY HEAD
WE'RE I'VE COME TO REST.

DEDICATED TO J.C. (THE CARPENTER)

MY FRIENDS ARE BETTER THAN YOURS:

YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW BUT YOU SAVED MY LIFE ALL THE BACKYARD BARBECUES ALL THE CAR TUNES ALL THE DOORSTEP SHOES ALL THE FREE FOOD MAYBE YOU COULD JUST KNOW: YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER CAUSE. IF YOU EVER READ "VOLUME 19". YOU'D KNOW THAT WITHOUT MY FAMILY + FRIENDS ID BE AT THE BOTTOM OF A RAVINE. OR A CREEK, A RIVER WHATEVER DOESN'T MATTER THE POINT IS, I WOULDN'T BE HERE WITHOUT YOU GOD BLESS. IM SWEARING YOU'RE MY TRUTH + I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT TO PROVE I'M JUST HAPPY TO FINALLY FIND SOME CLARITY IN THIS LITTLE THING CALLED COMMUNITY

DEDICATED TO YOU ALL

THE HOUSE OF OUR TIMES:

DEDICATED TO THE HOUSE

COME IN COME ALL A REGALIA OF SENTIMENTALITIES DREAMS TO REMIND US LAUGHTER TO CALL US BACK FROM PETTY DEBATES + PET PEEVES SO. WITH THE SUN SHINING DOWN IN THE PATCHY BACKYARD IT LIGHTS UP THE MEMORIES: A LIBRARY OF HANDSHAKES. HUGS. + WAVES A COLLECTION OF PISSING OFF + COMING BACK TO LITTLE HABITATS OF FUTURE POLARIODS A FEW YEARS TO REMEMBER FOR THE REST IT'S THE HOUSE OF OUR TIMES COME IN COME ALL A SMALL SMALL WORLD ONLY HANDS TO HOLD + HELP TO GIVE OUT IT'S THE HOUSE OF OUR TIMES + YOU'RE ALL INVITED.



drewseitzwriting.com