



**From the
Hillside**

a

collection

of

sonnets

by Stephen Moore

From the Hillside

A Collection of Sonnets

Stephen Moore

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Also By Stephen Moore

Cheating Death

Thermopoly

*“I love you,” the first poet wrote,
and by his pen he died,
and dust now gathers on his quills,
all idle by his side.*

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From the Hillside

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Sonnet the First

I lay upon my bed, covered in cold.
The night growing close, closes in. The chill
grips hard, like unrelenting waves that fold
me tight. Mantles born of winters untold
dismay the soul, and test the will.

And far away an angel, in a land
where music ever sounds with blessed lays,
and summer warmth is ever close at hand,
plays upon the harp, runs upon the sand,
and in blest concourse warms her days.

Where is my angel, and how stands she now?
She flies above the clouds and warms her wings.
While I sleep below in cold, she's somehow
free, and I dream of gladful things.



Sonnet the Third

I envy the cat that near the fire sits;
that near the edge of cold and warmth sleeps sound
and, dreaming jungle dreams, she roars in fits,
while the roaring fire sates to emb'ring bits.
She purrs, her dreams will not be found.

I envy the cat that near the fire sleeps
while the wind outside blows blustering cold.
And papa, gathering fuel, the fire keeps.
And in her jungle dreams, she deftly leaps
from crag to leafy forest mould.

She dreams by fire a dream I cannot know,
in images lost to man's searching eye.
She stirs, and purrs, and stands herself to show
her coat, and sleeps then, by and by.



Sonnet the Sixteenth

(the second part)

Kiss me with burning kisses, tender lay
me upon a bed of rose petals. Kiss
the kisses of Aphrodite, and say
you love me, count the ways, and counting play
the airs that bring me to bliss.

Fill me with your fullness, filled with flame.
Feed me on dates and raisins and sweet wine
that flow direct from you. A lover's game
play now with me, your love. Seek we the fame,
and seek we shame beneath our sign.

It is in the dark before the dawning
that I recall the lost and tender fears
we tendered when rising found us yawning
away the sunrise of our years.



Sonnet the Twenty-Seventh

They met in a small room, these friends of Wales,
on David's Day, where Owen's lines were read.
This small island, this chamber, filled with Gaels
brought from far away, from a land where hails
their gods and heroes long, long dead.

The harp was played, sweet music, on David's Day,
and all were taken back, some to a land
they'd never seen nor been, taken away
to a country of heart and blood. Some say
to stand where all lost Welshmen stand.

On St. David's Day, when daffodils bloom,
they meet, this first of March, each year and pay
obeisance, like a bride to Celtic groom.
On David's Day. . . on David's Day.



Sonnet the Thirty-Ninth

A summer wind runs fresh through the elm trees,
above the lilting pace of a brick square,
bonded about with mortared fare, the breeze
breathes an autumn reminder, but a tease;
breathes a summer song, sweet and spare.

Upon my perch, bench-grey in wooded shade
I cast my errant thoughts upon the square.
She sits apart, a pensive springing blade,
a Venus sure upon whom dreams are made.
I sit with mesmer-phallic stare.

I see her all that time will meet my need,
and all my yearnings I pull from the shelf.
I lay them in her bosom and find freed
a dream not her, but of myself.

