

ESCAPE FROM THE CROOKED CASTLE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

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EDITED BY CAROLYN, ELITE AUTHORS

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DEDICATION

To my sisters, Emily and Ashley, and to my grandfather, Elton, for making sure that I always remember who loves me.

PREFACE

The oldest footprint I could find of any of the poems in this book is August 29, 2017. On that day I created the documents for both “Ephemeral” and “Gladiator” in my phone’s notebook. I did not write those two poems on that day, though. “Ephemeral” comes from my seventeenth year on earth: 2016.

The poems you are about to read are from a time in my life when, despite what I would have told anyone, I was making mistakes, growing, and learning about how to deal with reality. During this time, I found out that many of my views were quite naive and needed updating. Thus, I want to take you along on my journey; maybe it will help you.

I have organized the book into three parts: Romance, Healing, and Nature. I put Romance first because that is where the journey began. I thought that life was all about romantic love and that once I found it, I was set. As you can imagine, that was absolutely incorrect. I found that romance is not only the highs of infatuation but also the lows of heartache and heartbreak.

Next comes Healing, because after the roller-coaster ride of romance and other life struggles, I needed the stability of healing. It takes longer than any of us are prepared for, and it is so much harder than we are told. It is, however, worth the pain. It is where I discovered how to be happy with myself and that true love comes from friends and family.

I ended with Nature because where I have found true peace and stability is in writing about, traveling through, and interacting with nature. I have found that it is a place that reminds me of what truly matters and gives me the clarity to deal with that which does not.

I would like to thank everyone who has been a part of my journey so far. I hope that you find something worth keeping close to you in these words.

PART I

ROMANCE

1:00 A.M.

Your name echoes in my mind
to the rhythm of my favorite song;
I felt it in the beat of your heart.
On your chest rested my palm
as our lips hovered just out of reach
long after the sun was gone.
The streetlamp bathed your face in a soft golden light.
Our minds were on one thing and running wild.
We knew it was not goodbye,
but it took our everything to say good night.

B A B E

“Babe.”

It may seem unimportant, unconscious,
even mundane,
but my heart flutters when you
say my new name.

It feels so foreign, so great.

Words have never made me feel this way.

Now that you came,

I'd like you to stay.

So, for the rest of our days,
promise you'll call me “Babe.”

THE LITTLE BRIGHT LIGHT

I watch the little light
intently.

Its shine is brighter
than any I've seen before.
It doesn't fool me;
I know it is weak.

A flick of a switch,
a blown fuse,
a terribly, perfectly placed droplet of water
could extinguish the light
and any trace that it ever was.

I want to protect it,
but it takes two.
So I can only hope as
intently
I watch the little light.

EPHEMERAL

hair like fire
dancing in the night
skin like snow
a white-hot blight
burning blue eyes
like a blowtorch's light
you're seared in my mind
till the end of time

i'm looking through the dim glow
thinking, "did i even matter?"
i look back
and wonder if you remember
that first night
we drove past my house
i fell into your opal gaze
your lips were on mine
hearts beating fast
like an electric blaze

i wish i could forget
but you've branded my brain
i flew too close to the sun
and that's when i felt the pain
i had to let you go
had to douse you in the rain

we burned bright and fast
an ephemeral fire
swallowed in the blast
on a downward spiral

i held on tight
but you let go
now there's no more light

we were our everything for those days
nothing else mattered
there we were safe
your hand in mine
down that country lane

on top of the world
we ruled everything
a kingdom to ourselves
that went up in flame...

