

# GATHER



# COLLECTION

DILLON HAMILTON

Gather Collection

by

Dillon Hamilton

Gather unfaithful friends,  
At arm's length again,  
Rather dim and dark ends,  
Sit down, let's begin,

Gather books or pamphlets,  
Devote to memory,  
Marked margins and leaflets,  
Their subtle devilry,

Gather in like declension,  
In similar distress,  
Engage to lighten tension,  
Morally, more or less,

Gather without the grays,  
Wiser you will be,  
Relating rope that frays,  
Easily breaks at sea,

Gather great warbling youths,  
None may guide your talk,  
Disregard for marveling truths,  
No basis for your walk,

Gather unfaithful friends,  
Echo in your bin,  
Grays know your gruesome ends,  
Your wisdom mighty thin.

Gather at the barrel stove,  
Ragged robes and shoes that rove,  
Tell your merry memories,  
Do not bore us with your theories,  
Of why men left you in the mire,  
Come, bring verity to this fire,

Gather at the barrel stove,  
Share in depths we all have dove,  
Shameful things in shade of trees,  
Shameful things with birds and bees,  
Of our yearnings and desire,  
Come, bring verity to this fire,

Gather at the barrel stove,  
Out of briar and black oak grove,  
You haver-sacked railway lees,  
Sailing tied and gravel seas,  
Of no earnings, nor of hire,  
Come, bring verity to this fire,

Gather at the barrel stove,  
Far from potpourri of clove,  
Likely this night to freeze,  
Rigid world without a breeze,  
Of no neighborhood or shire,  
Come, bring verity to this fire,

Gather at the barrel stove,  
Hear true tales and lies unwove,  
Of unwilling parents to cleave,  
Of unwilling husbands that leave,  
Know these truthful, these liars,  
Come, bring verity to this fire.

Gather flown-over, forgotten,  
Carry prairie land's load,  
People sown between the cotton,  
Shoulder weight of dirt roads,

Bore by all but you alone,  
Feel the creaking joint,  
Store all fat, all grains and bone,  
Store oil to anoint,

Your sons and daughters begotten,  
From prairie lands are goad,  
Coastal wines and breads do beckon,  
Inheritance not owed.

Gather those who know no grief,  
Gently bring them by,  
Never seen a fraud nor thief,  
Never felt a sigh,

Gather them in fields of stone,  
Below a dead bloom,  
Coax toward stale fields not sown,  
One collective tomb,

If you walk a tearless mile,  
In that field of grief,  
If the tearless never smile,  
They have known the Thief,

They have no care for last words,  
Nor epitaphs engrav'd,  
Counting them by fourths and thirds,  
Happiness unscathed,

Take them past family plots,  
Watch their steady gait,  
Does it stutter near the tots?  
Does it gather weight?

Strolling, not even a hitch,  
Near the smallest one,  
Petaled trail leads to a ditch,  
For a fallen son,

Now you've met clear victims,  
Of the Wretched Theft,  
Stuck in homes to fear dictums,  
No parents to have left,

Devote to them this elegy,  
They shall be your grief,  
Careful, tender sympathy,  
They never saw the Thief.

Gather where whiskey and wine tops copper,  
Wisk away the webs around the wells,  
Click of battered billiards  
Splat of heart that fells,  
From the faultless mire of the drunken mind,  
Comes a song inspired by sacrament,  
At the altar box,  
Lament,  
Swig, slosh, swallow never dine,  
Deeper diving with dwindling reserve,  
Rent by hard and artsy knuckles, I,  
Less or more deserve,  
Contemplate the message as I dare depart,  
No hymn do I remember,  
Can't forget the blow,  
Into wool worthy December,  
Let the shiner glow,  
Set against the fruit coming from the steeple,  
Like me, knowing the taste of blood,  
Singing from the Psalter on their own,  
Washed beneath the suds,  
Of bloody fountains, making clean the people.

Gather all aboard the cat,  
Faithful family,  
Leave our land fallow, flat,  
Leave it for the sea,

Man your stations and your posts,  
Keep a careful eye,  
Ne'er deny the rum of hosts,  
Swirl it by and by,

Cut teeth on the edge of waves,  
Work is never soft,  
Find the only work that saves,  
Set it high, aloft,

Toss your dross into the depths,  
Tie it to a weight,  
Pray it sinks toward its death,  
Never to rebate,

Gather all within the veil,  
Faithful family,  
Return to lands low and pale,  
Leave the lively sea.



Gather guilty men of yore,  
Condemn them before the floor,  
Lynch their photos,  
None oppose,  
Feeling righteous at your core.

Gather round the Russian sage,  
Gather round at any age,  
See them dance with humble back,  
Rather than their stings draw rage,

Sweet hexagons they do stack,  
Step along their waggle track,  
Gather round the Russian sage,  
Faithfulness they do not lack,

Bring us saccharine from sage,  
Bring it forth at any age,  
Bring it to our lips to smack,  
As we crush and smell the Russian sage.

Gather gulpers of great Belgians,  
Gather gals and theologians,  
For drinks and taters,  
Ye great debaters,  
Commune not like Corinthians.

Gather first at day's dying,  
Summer leaves lay drying,  
Desperate try to connect,  
With opposite of the Elect,

Over sips of rich lasanta,  
Guessing Disney notes and mantra,  
Stay 'til called away,  
Care not for coming day,

Return for more and wanting,  
More for me, not for flaunting,  
Anything I could e'er offer,  
From my throne I am a scoffer,

Careless with words and looks,  
Lop me with thieves and crooks,  
Wear you down with my file,  
Across the fire for a while,

Others see what I cannot,  
Giving you more than thought,  
Gather again before flame's dying,  
Thin ray upon the dew drying.

## STOP

Gather, rest, rejoice, and groan,  
Before empty tomb and gracious throne,  
You weary and unworthy,  
Before the One who can restore thee,

Gather not for vainglory,  
Your filthy rags could ne'er restore thee,  
Gather and obey in faith,  
A piece of heaven and glimpse of gate,

Gather under Him breathed out,  
Full of assurance and void of doubt,  
Gather humble, and often,  
Our Father's gentle breaths do soften,

Gather boldly under Christ,  
Saints sing of His joy and of His might,  
Gather all you prone to moan,  
Read and treasure His redemptive tome,

Gather, rest, rejoice, and groan,  
Before empty tomb and gracious throne,  
You weary and unworthy,  
Before the One who can restore thee.

Gather in the fall for me,  
For hazelnut and white girl spice,  
Is every barista tattooed twice?  
Sip around Homer and homiletics,  
Speak grandly of botanical aesthetics,  
Chew on Hemingway's body of work,  
Just a few more sips and he's not such a jerk,  
Few have trod this lemming's way,  
Espresso sweats will make you stay,  
For lavender lemonade and white girl spice,  
I'm sure of it now, they're tattooed twice,  
Weird beards abound above their chai,  
Belonging to, I think, decent guys,  
Writer's in their writing coma,  
Don't even ask, there is no Boba!  
Cedar framed poetry does not inspire,  
Better used in a dumpster fire,  
Gather around those flames for free,  
Gather in the fall for me.

Gather where whiskey and wine tops copper,  
Wisk away the webs around the wells,  
Click of battered billiards  
Splat of heart that fells,  
From the faultless mire of the drunken mind,  
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Into wool worthy December,  
Let the shiner glow,  
Set against the fruit coming from the steeple,  
Like me, knowing the taste of blood,  
Singing from the Psalter on their own,  
Washed beneath the suds,  
Of bloody fountains, making clean the people.

Gather in Cross Timbers,  
Celebrate the sound,  
Of welding in November,  
Sparks upon the ground,

Look before the working,  
Eye locked upon bead,  
Joy and mercy lurking,  
Noble, sovereign deed,

Family, friends in rows,  
Ready to alight,  
Wobbled knees, sweaty toes,  
Sacred, bless'd rite,

Simple consummation,  
Kiss, declare, and send,  
To ends of exaltation,  
To Him belongs commend.



Gather guilty men of yore,  
Condemn them before the floor,  
Lynch their photos,  
None oppose,  
Feeling righteous at your core.

Gather now three years on,  
Split between the worked and worried,  
How many masks the neighbors don,  
In my land we're birthed and married,  
Fear gives death to the buried,  
Alive

Gather as we were before our terror,  
Laugh at senile elders before the gate,  
Rift their blatant parody and error,  
Using only nails upon your slate,  
So not they that hear your revelation,  
Ears stuffed, soothed by scoffer's cotton,  
Speak to bystanders, withhold elation,  
Until your emperor offers rotten,  
Wardrobes to wear and cards to carry out,  
Imperial deeds done in the daylight,  
And suffer no dent or end to their clout,  
Serial needs spun out of daytime spite.