

# 3 Poems

by [Andrew Thornton-Norris](#) (June 2019)



*Jeffrey's Cave, Cy Gavin, 2015*

## When I See

When I see the sadness of my child  
I am reminded of the sadness of  
My parents when I was a child and when  
The current heats the circuit from my heart

Up to my eyes and then I hear the gulls  
And taste the sea I am reminded of  
The sadness that is mine all on my own  
That led me to eternal joy and peace



*The Jack Pine*, Tom Thomson, 1916-17

## Autumn

In this the autumn of our days as sleep  
Exhausts us more and more and fields that fade  
Away in light that shines within our hearts

Throughout the endless night that is our day

As days and nights draw in among us we

Become more like as one together now

The silhouettes of trees against the mists

Are faces of the ones we love nearby

The cars and trucks roll on throughout the night

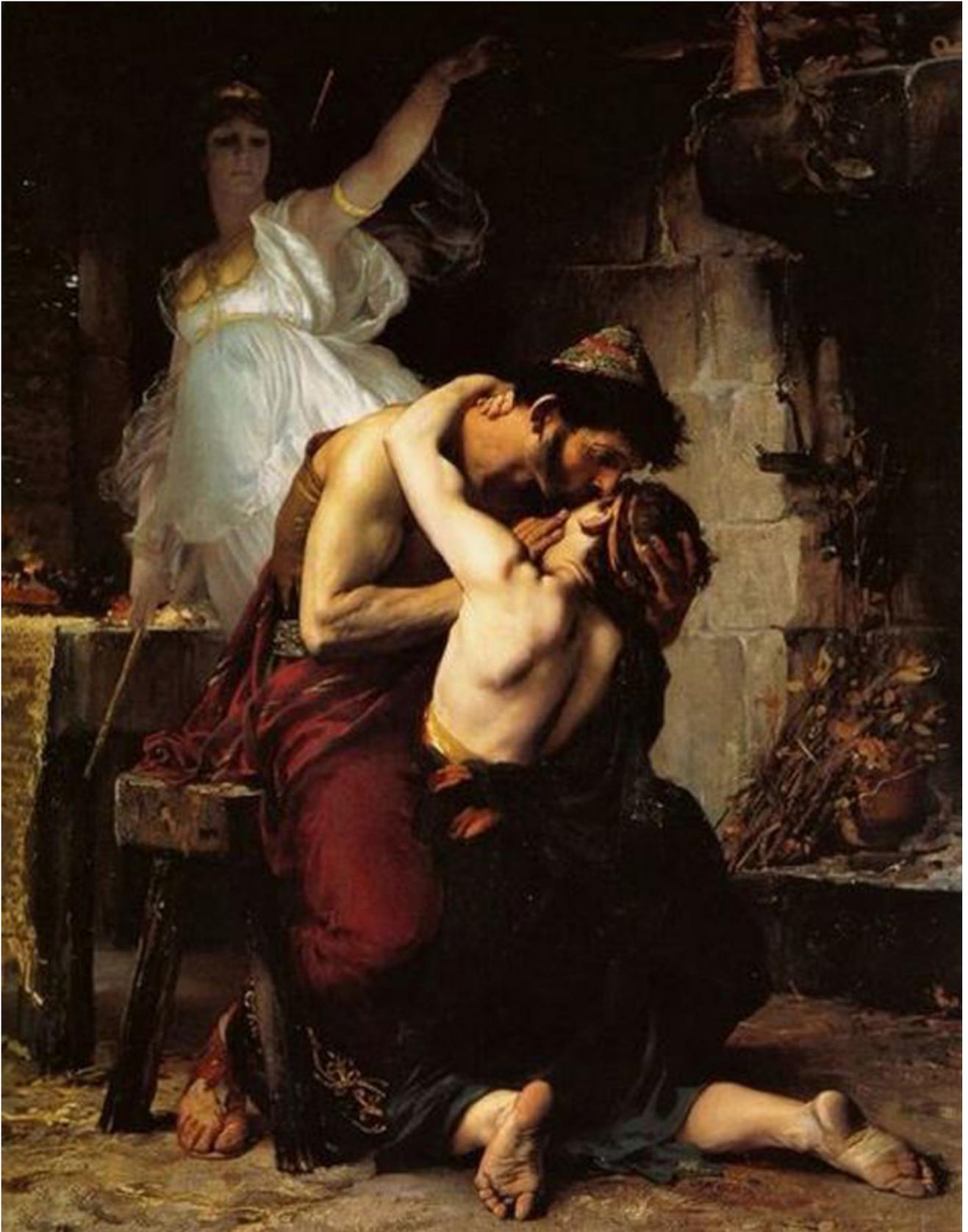
Remembering that not all sleep like us

The hands turn on and on around the clock

In imitation of the spheres so high

As blessed ones in contemplation see

The sight that satisfies eternally



*Reunion of Odysseus and Telemachus*, Henri-Lucien Doucet

Odysseus

O thou who calls me back to thee I will  
Return upon the calling of the wood  
At twilight on a summer's eve and in  
The drear light of dawn that breaks into  
  
The comfort of a winter's home at morn  
In light and dark it is your love that calls  
Me back again from distant wandering  
Just like the cuckoo calling back the spring  
  
When love himself is with me, what more do  
I need, in pouring rain in city streets  
Or summer lanes? But when he leaves me, or  
I him, I am need of everything.

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Andrew Thornton-Norris is the author of *The Spiritual History of English*, described by *The London Times* as “an enjoyable,

erudite and cohesive journey through the history and philosophy of English literature in 150 pithily written pages." He is also an accomplished poet, described by the *University Bookman* as "refreshingly direct, in contrast to contemporary poets whose poems are like hearing half of a telephone conversation in their elusive allusions, or the poems that are really fragments of prose surrounded by ellipses...[his are] like a Renaissance painting of the Crucifixion falling off a museum wall onto a viewer." His website is at