

poetry collection — timothy l.l.s.h.

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Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Supernatural (TV 2005)
Relationship:	Dean Winchester & Sam Winchester , Castiel/Dean Winchester
Character:	Sam Winchester , Dean Winchester , Castiel (Supernatural) , Stanford Era Dean Winchester - Character
Additional Tags:	Poetry , SPN poetry renaissance , these are all on my tumblr but i figured i might as well share them here , i haven't done all of the month's prompts but the ones i have done i've liked , Religious Imagery & Symbolism , John Winchester's A+ Parenting
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poetry collection — timothy l.l.s.h.

by [SewingNatural](#)

Summary

A collection of poems I've written based on the month-long poetry event on tumblr.

Roots Like That

Chapter Summary

No warnings that I can think of. Dean-centric poem.

poetry prompt "roots"

Chapter Notes

I feel sorta weird posting poetry on AO3 because I don't know the etiquette but here goes! Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Kept thinking,
On our way out of that
Two-lane town,
Head pressed all tired against
The cold glass of the window where I,
Myself, reflected back half-formed,
Like maybe I was just as real
As that ghost my daddy was chasing after.

Kept thinking
About that oak standing,
Uncertain guardian,
In the courtyard of some
No-name school,
That won't remember me come next semester,
Though I fit right in, with no name,
Myself.

There had been a storm,
Maybe in March, or May, or even April,

Though the letter M fits better for this purpose;
More like a storm.
Anyways, there came a storm,
Like there often does, in these sorta towns;
Ripped up chunks of the very asphalt
We traveled in on, and tossed them bodily
All over the place.

But that tree,
That big, aching thing
That watched me during half-hearted recesses
And stood, solemn, when I beat my knuckles bloody
Against a boy older 'n me
For daring to call my dead momma ugly.
That tree, that did not judge me,
For all my bones and blood and history,
Was no paved road, and did not break
Under the onslaught of the storm.

I found myself unsurprised
Come morning after, when the tree
Still stood in that empty courtyard.
For just the month before –
Some other two-lane town,
Some other no-name school –
I remember learning about the roots of such big things,
And how they hold things to the earth,
And how they kiss the earth,
And how they rest inside the earth, too, like some joining of bodies

So of course that old oak stood, afterwards,
And did not mind the sharp and angry wind
And even drank up the rain
With its coital roots pressed deep into the earth,
And never once considered falling, splintered, in that tempest.
For its roots held it firm, held it steady, held it strong and
In place.
Like it ought to be.
Like it always had, for years and years even,
To grow to that size, and

To grow to that level of serene kind and independent

to grow to that level of severe, kind, un-judgement.

And I,
Myself,
Forehead cool with the damp condensation
Of that ghost-mirror window,
Father beside me and
Brother behind me and
Baby all around and everywhere about me,
Kept thinking, as we drove outta those town's far limits.

Spinning wheels don't grow roots
And neither does the spinning barrel of a loaded pistol,
And neither does a house burned down
And neither does
A nameless boy who sits shotgun,
Father beside him chasing a ghost.

I kept thinking,
Leaving that town and
Leaving that courtyard oak.

I've never known roots like that before.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Kept thinking,
On our way out of that
Two-lane town,
Head pressed all tired against
The cold glass of the window where I,
Myself, reflected back half-formed,
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As that ghost my daddy was chasing after.

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We traveled in on, and tossed them bodily
All over the place.

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I remember learning about the roots of such big things,
And how they hold things to the earth,
And how they kiss the earth,
And how they rest inside the earth, too, like some joining of bodies.

So of course that old oak stood, afterwards,
And did not mind the sharp and angry wind and even drank up the rain
With its coital roots pressed deep into the earth,
And never once considered falling, splintered in that tempest.
For its roots held it firm, held it steady, held it strong and
In place.
Like it ought to be.
Like it always had, for years and years even,
To grow that size, and
To grow to that level of severe, kind, un-judgement.

And I,
Myself,
Forehead cool with the damp condensation

Of that ghost-mirror window,
Father beside me and
Brother behind me and
Baby all around and everywhere about me,
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And neither does the spinning barrel of a loaded pistol,
And neither does a house burned down
And neither does
A nameless boy who sits shotgun,
Father beside him chasing a ghost.

I kept thinking,
Leaving that town and
Leaving that courtyard oak.

I've never seen roots like that before.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

feel free to comment <3

you can find me on tumblr @lovelikesomethingholy

gender as something holy

Chapter Summary

No warnings. Cas-centric.

poetry prompt "gender"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

this body of mine
crawls like ivy in its growth
reaching for the sun and I—

I don't mind so much, its te

these hands — men's hands
not by right of a vessel
but by the glorious fact that
and I, a man,

just as much an angel,
and delighted in both.

for this body that holds me
contained, perhaps, but not
a thing so large in its unknown
brought home in this body
and yet infinite in its wonder

and I, at the end of it all;
a man

an angel

wrong perhaps, if separate,
but combined a thing of sin

not righteous, but then,
did Jesus Himself feel that
to be fully God and fully Man

or is this human pleasure on
in these careful, man's hands

—timothy l.l.s.h.

this body of mine
crawls like ivy in its growth
reaching for the sun and I—

I don't mind so much, its tender humanity.

these hands — men's hands
not by right of a vessel
but by the glorious fact that they are mine
and I, a man,

just as much as an angel,
and delighted in both.

for this body holds me
contained, perhaps, but not imprisoned;
a thing so large in its unknowable size
brought home in this body of finite space
and yet infinite in its wondrous mysteries.

and I, at the end of it all;
a man
an angel
wrong perhaps, if separate, if singular,
but combined a thing of simple Rightness.

not righteous, but then,
did Jesus Himself feel that strange and encompassing euphoria
to be fully God and fully Man,

or is this human pleasure only mine to cradle
in these careful, man's hands?

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

Not sure how much I care about this one, but I do love trans Cas so <3
Feel free to comment! You can talk to me on tumblr @lovelikesomethingholy

the first bite

Chapter Summary

Warnings: vague sexual content, nothing explicit. Cas-centric poem.

poetry prompt "free will / autonomy"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

old enough,
certainly,
to remember that first bite,
though not present, personall
at the humanity
brought low.

dripping ripe juice,
white fruit flesh,
down the corners of curling li
curled smiling,
curled wretched frown
once they realized what they l

once they realized what they had

to push away a Father
so intent on loving them—

old enough,
as well,
to remember that second epiphany

bodies brought close
and dripping.
still biting as the first act;
curling lips, no surprise.
delight though,
so much delight
in the fruit-flesh of ecstasy.

this time humanity bends
with him,
not as a witness, but a partaker
a bleeding-heart lover

a bleeding-heart lover,
lips curling to his body and re

rejoicing and delighting in the

that having even the choice of
was His most generous gift.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

old enough,
certainly,
to remember that first bite,
though not present, personally, to despair
at the humanity
brought low.

dripping ripe juice,
white fruit flesh,
down the corners of curling lips.
curled smiling,
curled wretched frown
once they realized what they had done.

to push away a Father
so intent on loving them—

old enough,
as well,
to remember the second epiphany.

bodies brought close,
and dripping.
still biting as the first act;
curling lips, no surprise.
delight though,
so much delight
in the fruit-flesh of ecstasy.

this time humanity bends
with him,
not as a witness, but a partaker;
a bleeding-heart lover,
lips curling to his body and rejoicing.

rejoicing and delighting in the fact

that having even the choice of Sin
was His most generous gift.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

Religious content written by someone with religious trauma for a show that handles the supernatural and divine? Could *not* be me lmao. Hope you enjoyed and feel free to drop a comment <3

You can reach me on tumblr @lovelikesomethingholy

home: a family on fire

Chapter Summary

Not sure about warnings for this one. Dean-centric poem.

poetry prompt "home"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

First thing I remember most days, it seems
Tongues of fire, licking me up, swallowing
Like my momma always taught me not to b

Guess it don't matter anyhow, anymore.

Momma's the same memory now, blond ha
Sometimes I wonder if the fire started insid
If she always was burning up.

Even when she held me;
Even when she tucked me into that bed.

Sometimes I wonder if she passed that fire
Pressed it quick into my arms, for me to ho
Same way that dad did with Sammy.

Take it and burn;
Take him and run.

I did, anyways.
Took it right up inside me,
Made space for it in my veins.
Gathered everything into my greedy arms a

Guess I've always been holding too tight,
Burning grasp waiting for it all to go up in s

Seizing the flickering lights like if I
Could just keep it from slipping away this t

But what else can you do when home feels

And you,
At the center,
The spark that lit it up.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

First thing I remember most days, it seems like, is flames.
Tongues of fire, licking me up, swallowing big and greedy,
Like my momma always taught me not to be.

Guess it don't matter anyhow, anymore.

Momma's the same memory now, blond hair trailing into that blazing gold.
Sometimes I wonder if the fire started inside her, somehow,
If she was always burning up.

Even when she held me;
Even when she tucked me into that bed.

Sometimes I wonder if she passed that fire to me,
Pressed it quick into my arms, for me to hold,
Same way dad did with Sammy.

Take it and burn;
Take him and run.

I did, anyways.
Took it right up inside me,
Made space for it in my veins.
Gathered everything into my greedy arms and held tight.

Guess I've always been holding too tight,
Burning grasp waiting for it all to go up in smoke.

Seizing the flickering lights like if I
Could just keep it from slipping away this time—

But what else can you do when home feels like a family on fire?

And you,
In the center,
The spark that lit it up.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

I do so love to be Dean-coded and write Dean poems...
Drop a comment if you would like!

You can find me on tumblr @lovelikesomething holy

icarus sympathizer

Chapter Summary

No warnings. Cas-centric destiel poem <3

poetry prompt "Falling"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

there's a whistling in my ears,
like when you're driving Baby w
and the air goes by so fast that i
hard to breathe almost, with the
the way it tickles at your lungs a

thoroughly uncomfortable wher
used to breathing yet, and even
to not breathing when you're su
but the sun was kind on his face
to catch my breath a second tim

and to feel like i was catching m
a thousand times after,
whenever i forgot and glanced o
not remembering the grace of th
and the particular way it adorns

all in all it was a lovely day, i thi
even with the whistling in my ea
catching-of-breath and the love
countenance.

to look over and to think
'oh, i love you'
and to catch my breath and thin
'oh, this is just like falling'
and to hear the whistling in my
the sun loves him
just as i do

and a thousand times more bea

there's a whistling in my ears
like when you're driving Baby with the windows down
and the air goes by so fast that it gets
hard to breathe almost, with the speed,
the way it tickles at your lungs and closes up your throat.

thoroughly uncomfortable when you're not really
used to breathing yet, and even less used
to not breathing when you're supposed to be able to,
but the sun was kind on his face and so it wasn't too bad
to catch my breath a second time.

and to feel like i was catching my breath
a thousand times after,
whenever i forgot and glanced over to the driver's side,
not remembering the grace of the sun
and the particular way it adorns his face like it loves him, specifically.

all in all it was a lovely day, i think,
even with the whistling in my ears and the never-ending
catching-of-breath and the love of the sun unfairly caught on his countenance.

to look over and to think
'oh, i love you'
and to catch my breath and think
'oh, this is just like falling'
and to hear the whistling in my ears and not mind because
the sun loves him
just as i do

and a thousand times more beautifully.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Let me know how you liked it!

You can reach me at @lovelikesomethingholy on tumblr

Highways

Chapter Summary

No warnings, Dean-centric (stanford era)

poetry prompt "Touch"

Chapter Notes

Stanford era Dean is something that can be so personal to me...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I guess the thing they don't really tell you
Between all the Fridays and blood and
Is that there's nothin' lonelier than the

Had no one to tell me, myself.
Cradle to crib to passenger seat of a car
Don't give you much time to learn
About the lonely ways of someone with
Than soul.

No one ever told me.
No one ever told me what happens when
And your baby brother leaves,

And you're leaving too.

Always leavin' the places behind you,
But never escaping.

Sometimes I think about telling someone
Warning them maybe,
Or maybe just trying for some half-heart

I never do, though.

Just pile the change haphazard on the c
Overworked waitress to collect,
'Cause if it's on the counter then I don't
Making contact
And piercing to somewhere inside my h

And I'll toss a thanks for the meal over
And she'll call me honey with a gentle v
Like she knows already, how the Road

Like she knows I'll be curling up in the
And trailing a hand over my own jaw,

Just to feel the touch of a stranger.

I think there's a bit of highway inside u

—timothy l.l.s.h.

I guess the thing they don't really tell you—
Between all the Fridays and blood and a-hundred-miles-to-empty—
Is that there's nothin' lonelier than the Road.

Had no one to tell me, myself.
Cradle to crib to passenger seat of a car
Don't give you much time to learn
About the lonely ways of someone with more highway under their skin
Than soul.

No one ever told me.
No one ever told me what happens when your daddy leaves,
And your baby brother leaves,
And you're leaving too.

Always leavin' the places behind you,
But never escaping.

Sometimes I think about telling someone.
Warning them maybe,
Or maybe just trying for some half-hearted half-desperate conversation.

I never do, though.

Just pile the change haphazard on the counter for some
Overworked waitress to collect,
'Cause if it's on the counter then I don't have to worry about our hands
Making contact
And piercing to somewhere inside my highway-lonely-soul.

And I'll toss a thanks for the meal over my shoulder,
And she'll call me honey with a gentle voice,
Like she knows already, how the Road gets.

Like she knows I'll be curling up in the backseat again tonight
And trailing a hand over my own jaw,

Just to feel the touch of a stranger.

I think there's a bit of highway inside us all, sometimes.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Feel free to comment <3

you can find me on tumblr @lovelikesomethingholy

Cost of Joy

Chapter Summary

Warnings: implied starvation. A Dean-pov poem with Sam there.

poetry prompt "Joy"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There's a certain sort of sound;
Comes along with the scrabbling of sm
On gas station restaurant formica.

Sounds kinda yellow and warm around
Something liquidy in my chest,
Puffed proud 'cause I've just made Sam
Like he hasn't in ages,
And seven-year-olds have that kinda fa

Faces meant to be smiling as often as
Their older brother can manage to make

Grin cracking and peeling open like the

He asks—

▲ 11 01 1 0 .1 . 1 01 10 1 1 10 1 .

All wild in that childish delight,
That fits so keenly on his round apple-cheek
How I even managed to get the tickets,
And I decide then, not to tell him what
Will cost me in about two-weeks time,
When dad's still not back.

'Cause seven-year-olds get real hungry
And real guilty too
And it's better not to worry him about it

Instead I rub my knuckles on his head
A section of the orange that I peeled—
For him, mostly, but for me, too,
'Cause I already feel the two-weeks con-

And once I pop it in my mouth,
And curl it against my teeth till my smile
Orange as the feeling in my chest,
I explain to him that matinees go for a

And he laughs and he laughs and I
Don't have the heart to tell him the cos-

The movie plays at 8 p.m. and I'm glad
What a matinee means, because he smiles
And asks if we can do it again one day

And asks if we can do it again one day.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

There's a certain sort of sound;

Comes along with the scrabbling of small, bare hands
On gas station restaurant formica.

Sounds kinda yellow and warm around the edges.
Something liquidy in my chest,
Puffed proud 'cause I've just made Sammy smile
Like he hasn't in ages,
And seven-year-olds have that kinda face.

Faces meant to be smiling as often as
Their older brother can manage to make them.

Grin cracking and peeling open like the orange on the tabletop.

He asks—
All wild in that childish delight,
That fits so keenly on his round apple-cheeks—
How I even managed to get the tickets,
And I decide then, not to tell him what those tickets
Will cost me in about two-weeks time,
When dad's still not back.

'Cause seven-year-olds get real hungry sometimes
And real guilty too
And it's better not to worry him about it when he's smiling like this.

Instead I rub my knuckles on his head and steal
A section of the orange that I peeled—
For him, mostly, but for me, too,
'Cause I already feel the two-weeks comin' on fast—

And once I pop it in my mouth,

And curl it against my teeth till my smile turns
Orange as the feeling in my chest,
I explain to him that matinees go for a few bucks cheaper.

And he laughs and he laughs and I
Don't have the heart to tell him the cost of that bubbling joy.

The movie plays at 8 p.m. and I'm glad he doesn't know
What a matinee means, because he smiles all the way through it
And asks if we can do it again one day.

—timothy l.l.s.h.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you thought about it!

I'm reachable on tumblr @lovelikesomethingholy

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!