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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## A. D. Winans: Three Poems

AD Winans · Wednesday, September 30th, 2015

A. D. Winans is a native San Francisco poet and writer. He is the author of over sixty books and chapbooks of poetry and prose. His work has appeared internationally in over 1,500 literary magazines, newspapers, and anthologies. He edited and published the acclaimed Second Coming Magazine/Press from 1972-89 during which which time he produced the 1980 Second Coming Poetry and Music Festival honoring the poet Josephine Miles and Blues legend John Lee Hooker.

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### Winter Poem

It's been in the thirties  
Two nights in a row  
And I'm sitting here freezing  
My butt off with a hacking cough  
Waiting for the power company  
To come and fix the problem  
But it isn't so bad  
When you consider 9/11  
Hurricane Katrina  
And the war in Afghanistan  
Which has nothing and yet everything  
To do with this poem

Thirty-degree nights won't kill you  
But they don't bring comfort either  
The trouble with being single  
The trouble with being seventy  
Is knowing you could die alone  
And go unnoticed for weeks  
With nothing but rotting flesh  
To tell your story  
And a few poems to remember  
You by

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## Success Is an Illusion

this one time friend of mine  
 got published in Europe  
 was sought after at readings  
 interviewed for the position of editor  
 at Lost Cause Magazine

his phone calls ceased  
 but my mail box was flooded  
 with daily poems

this man is a fine poet  
 but bits and pieces of success  
 went to his head  
 like when you have high blood pressure  
 and rise to fast from bed

he will wind up teaching  
 at the Famous Writer's School  
 he will be willed Ferlinghetti's hat  
 watch the papers look for the movie  
 the circus is coming to town

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## Rain Poem

the rain beats a rhythm  
 against the windshield  
 the wipers flail helplessly  
 like a fish out of water

demons to the left of me  
 demons to the right of me  
 demons in front of me  
 demons in back of me

my brain a barbecue pit  
 feeds on the rolling thunder  
 spits out bits and pieces of poems  
 words of emptiness words of despair  
 shadow creatures lay mutilated  
 in nearby ditches

a Highway Patrol car  
 speeds past me  
 its red light flashing  
 the sky black  
 as a groom's tuxedo

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