

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Doug Mathewson: Three Poems

Doug Mathewson · Wednesday, July 20th, 2016

Doug Mathewson works from home in Connecticut as a writer, editor and photographer. Most recently his work has appeared in *Bartleby Snopes*, *The Boston Literary Magazine*, *Bop Dead City*, *Cloud City*, *Jersey Devil*, *Rocky Mountain Revival*, and the anthology *Scabies*. He is senior editor for *Blink-Ink*, a quarterly journal of fifty word fiction.

A Second Note

Spence wasn't going to do it, no way.

Such a selfish thing, her eating all those pills in that road side motel, and nobody sure why since the police kept her note.

His sister-in-law only and never a damned thing more to him.

Older brother Larry has six more years in Mohawk Correctional Facility way upstate New York and no week-end funeral pass even for his wife.

Spence knew he had to head the family and be a man about it.

First step was to forge a note to get himself out of school.

Reprieve

Unexpected early dismissal from jury duty
left me on my own
midday midweek midtown
used book store cafe near the court tantalized me in
juror parking was free so I still had ten bucks
clerk with race-car tattoos and vertical hair
took my six of my dollars
for a poetry book and a scone
scone was pear and almonds
book was Richard Garcia
both were great
reading and eating in a sunny spot
playing out my own alternate lives
with sailor me lost at sea

when cowboy me moved to town
disco me died too young
astronaut me who never took off
royal me without a throne
monastic me who suffered alone
the afternoon was passing
time to head home
the evening was still open
for us to decide who to be

breathless

you exhale long
and I, in your arms
inhale deeply of
oxygen depleted exhalation
and get so dizzy
lying close.

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