

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jefferson Carter: Three Poems

Jefferson Carter · Wednesday, July 7th, 2021

LIFE PARTNER

For convenience, I & my life partner
(the woman formerly known as my wife)
have numbered our arguments. Number 3,
you're so negative. Number 8, you're
naive. Number 11, another beer already?
Number 13, you don't listen to me.
But I do. I just don't agree. Now
my life partner's on the couch, watching
Live P.D. She's pleased with the police,
so kind to the miscreants & trailer trash
they apprehend. Of course, they're
kind! They're on camera! Without
looking at me, she holds up three fingers.

My life partner wants to make a deal:
she'll stop storing our broken pepper mill
upright in the spice rack, pepper everywhere
like coarse soot, she'll store the mill
on its side if I stop switching off the light
over the dining-room table whenever
she's in another room. Why? Why
does she need that light on all day?
She raises both fists & opens each one
twice. Number 20, you don't love me.

*

CAT & TRANSIENT

The homeless guy who lowers himself
down beside me on the bench
outside the Co-op? He's generic,
more dirt than human. As if
my father's ill spirit possesses me,

I almost snarl “Hey! I’m eating here,”
 his stink killing my appetite for the bowl
 of organic jackfruit on my lap. I stand,
 ashamed, give him a dollar & walk away
 after dumping the paper bowl
 into a trashcan advertising the pleasures
 of our historic shopping district.
 I swore I’d stop writing about liberal guilt
 & about cats too, but I must confess
 last night, I groomed our little black cat
 with my tongue & watched her perpetually
 startled gold eyes widen as I licked her neck
 & then her belly, inhaling her scent.
 In Japan, childless couples can rent
 a cat by the hour to sniff its belly, which
 smells like the crown of a baby’s head.

*

OR MY SISTER, THE FEMINIST

You told me
 I can’t imagine
 what it’s like
 being a woman.
 But I can imagine
 being a spoon, a loaf
 of bread, a hummingbird,
 even a werewolf,
 in-grown hairs & all.
 Why not a woman?
 Don’t you remember
 the night you woke up
 sobbing & I left
 my bed down the hall
 to hold your hand
 until you fell back to sleep?

Photo credit: Bill Moeller

This entry was posted on Wednesday, July 7th, 2021 at 11:40 am and is filed under [Poetry](#).
 You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a
 response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

