

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Luis Campos: Three Poems

Luis Campos · Wednesday, May 14th, 2014

Award-winning poet Luís Campos is a native of the Dominican Republic and served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. A member of the original Venice Poetry Workshop, which began in 1969, he has been published in the *Los Angeles Times*, *VENICE 13*, *Bachy*, and other publications.

\*\*\*\*\*

### AT THE HOSPITAL

Are you a relative?  
She's in Room 412,  
Mental Health Clinic;  
the attendant will unlock  
the elevator door.  
Do not discuss unpleasant subjects,  
Do not ask difficult questions,  
visit ends at 9:00 –

If she cries, comfort and reassure her,  
let her know that she's loved –  
do not use words such as suicide  
or income tax,  
do not keep looking at your watch,  
it may be necessary to repeat what you say,  
it may be necessary to repeat what you say...

if the patient is depressed  
do not attempt stand-up comedy,  
maintain a hopeful attitude,  
but don't cite examples  
of crazy people that have recovered.  
Do not use the word 'nut' for any reason.  
Should violence occur, hum the secret word  
which today is 'mantra.'

Enjoy your visit and drink as much water as you wish.

\*\*\*

## ANDRES

The phone rings... it's Mitch,  
Andrés is dead from bullet wounds  
after being held up in his taxi...

Sunday, in Whittier,  
we gather at the Jewish funeral parlor...  
at the pulpit, a man who had never met Andrés  
recites a pre-packaged eulogy...

the roses I brought  
fall next to the coffin,  
traditional small loose rocks  
are on many of the tombstones –  
tears slide closer to the dirt...

Back to the Santa Ana freeway –  
in Hollywood we meet at Tony Torres'  
for a noisy, stoned farewell  
to the tune of Puerto Rican bongoes  
& rum...

the black taxi driver gets drunk,  
David and I play chess...

large tokes & small conversation.

\*\*\*

## SHOOTING ON W. 92ND ST.

### 1

New York City —  
an I.R.T. production,  
featuring franks & sauerkraut,  
with green stop lights  
and Italian ice.

Apt. 8-E,  
the actor-director wears overalls,  
the leading lady's nipples  
are not star-shaped.

Lights, camera, distraction...

"Quiet on the set!"  
For the take, the first transvestite

lights up an oregano joint,  
the second one sucks  
on a Marlboro...

I am a Konica —

Downstairs for the dog attack sequence,  
a trained Doberman at \$100.00 a snarl...

“Let’s try it again!”  
a fake plastic arm  
& 57 varieties of blood

## 2

Back to the apartment, scene 48, take 3,  
on the bed the two male cops  
kiss full on the mouth  
as the transvestites romp...

“I had him by the balls!”  
one reminisces  
and forgets the next line.

“Cut!” – All faces sweat,  
the room is New York hot...  
“Nine o’clock call tomorrow,  
everyone on time!”

We ride to the Village to see the rushes,  
we enter the basement studio  
past an iron gate & four locks.

*Featured photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher*

This entry was posted on Wednesday, May 14th, 2014 at 8:10 am and is filed under [Fiction](#), [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.