
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Marcus Omari: Three Poems

Marcus Omari · Wednesday, September 29th, 2021

circling back

You pale green light of beacon —
halo circling faith's Bui adrift at hope's end

celestial chopsticks carefully laid
'cross ocean bowl of cosmic ph?

I hapless brown pelican —
rogue flight circling back for napkins & twilight sauce

for stars fallen behind, for fish long gone
forsaken kisses rescued beneath horizon's lips

We broken course elephant(s) —
swimming circles in ultraviolet sun surf

at play in merciless tides between earth and moon
baiting destiny's treachery with a life worth living

All at a loss —
as to where we were

as to where we all
belonged

*

Fatigue de la Faim

...waited months to cut
the anger from my diet
for fear I would starve
at the thought of you
it was unhealthy i was
unsure how long i
could last on a fast

of love alone sometimes my
heart gets so hungry

*

parisian rain clouds (available for pre-order)

how might I persuade you
to remain open like cracks in brick walkways
gathering rainfall before bus stop overhangs

pink rubber boot'd and umbrella'd
(an artful avoidance)
before le Musée du Luxembourg

late april hazard of memories
to be hopscotched
tippy-toed

an arm outstretched for balance
the loss of bearings captured in a
pas de chat avec plie

how weather graces the graceless
leaves us wet in remembrance
of things we seek shelter from

or run out (in)to play with – how
might I persuade you
to remain open

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