Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mark Statman: Three Poems

Mark Statman · Wednesday, July 1st, 2020

el adios de siempre

the pins were dropping everywhere
as if
there was no future
to speak of anymore
that this was a circle
or a cube
or a glass jar
in which we'd put
some fireflies
or some sparks of stone
or a god
once worshipped

moved by the earth
and of it
our sadness
grows
lengthening
not so much like a dream
but a trial
by cold and wind
an enormous burden
someone has to carry
as a perfect fact
of what shouldn't
happen in life

last century I
almost wanted to give up
thought maybe all my life
was coming apart

except it didn't
and now it won't

I can say that because
that's what's left
to believe
my belief is fear-proof
my fears can't touch
our future

*

destination

this isn't destiny the
way the word means though
destined might take us
all the way to the
mid-day meal
I think it
should be on the porch or
patio it's good to
eat outside we'll have
meat and tortillas someone
might have a mezcal or a
beer others lemonade
or water

can you believe
we live like this
is it what we were
coming to those years ago
in the plans though
not as I remember them

I remember sleepy towns
dusty towns as we
drank the beer the
mezcal I don't
remember thinking
this is where I'm going

*

you should have seen

how all the
young girls were
dancing in a
circle together they
were
holding hands they
were

flowers or autumn they
were dancing in they with
each other
there
was no music
we could
see only how
their skirts
moved their
arms moved
their
bodies
moved they
were in
their own
circle their
own world
their own
lives they
trapped
us they
enchanted
us we
who
disappeared
in the
end

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