

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Philomene Long: Four Poems

Philomene Long · Wednesday, June 5th, 2019

LOVE, YOU ARE GREEN AND DARK

Love,
You are green and dark
The field I walked as a child
Slowly, slowly the snow
My favorite word was
Far, far
And the stars
How I had to close my eyes
Before they came too close
And the snow
You are
Green
Like snow
And far
Love, love
In our solitude
Even the sun will abandon us
Put off the naming of things
We'll do it together

*

IN PEGARTY'S BURGUNDY ROOM

Cracked glass mirrors
Cast rainbows
Her eyes
Green windows}
In the golden night
Remembering a sunset
She looks to
A far away moon
Velvet curtains sway
With the slightest breeze

Before the slow California sky
 High on her wall
 A portrait she has painted
 Of a small red doll
 It has her own smile
 Her paintings have
 The simplest line
 Even the joyous shoelace
 Lately I have come to this room
 To sit in her wine velvet chair
 I come to tell her
 "I find it dangerous to be a poet
 I will soon to be sprawled in vacant lots
 In every gutter of this town
 I wish to be as far from my body as possible"
 Cracking, my voice spills
 Into her mirrors
 Her palms open
 Like narrow paths
 The mountains are not far away
 Her open palms
 The comfort of this room
 Do not come into the world's eyes
 To the crowd beneath her window
 Roaring with confidence and greed
 There have been others
 And there will be more
 But none like she

*

I WRITE AS THE MUSE REQUIRES

I step inside the poem.
 I can barely see in the mirror
 Which is her sky
 Through its cracks
 (Let me say this carefully)
 I see her poets—
 Their diamond eyes
 Their lips of black velvet
 But they are not enough to save
 The world from falling, falling
 Nevertheless
 She exacts yet another death
 Naked, they lie face down
 Before a greater silence
 A greater blackness
 I cry out to them

But they do not hear my wailing
 Nor do I
 I speak to myself with an
 Alphabet that flows
 Thick like blood
 At the edge of darkness
 I no longer know
 What I have lost
 Then finally—
 The poem's agony of light

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CATACLYSM

The Universe is about to crack,
 could we perhaps,
 Let it relax,
 Plug up it's nostrils,
 Put back it's scab,
 Stop it from oozing,
 It's got loose of its veins,
 It won't stop and it won't go.
 It's doing something else.
 Is there a fire coming out
 of your fingertips too?

These poems by Philomene Long, who passed away in 2007, were submitted by her twin sister. Pegarty Long is a producer and director, known for the films *An Irish Vampire in Hollywood* (2013) and *Incision* (1999). Pegarty has continued to share Philomene's fine poems whenever possible. Here are four of Philomene's finest. (Featured photo of the author by Pegarty Long.)

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