

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Adesh Kaur: Screen Names

Adesh Kaur · Thursday, April 4th, 2013

Adesh Kaur recently curated and co-edited, *I'll Have Wednesday* (Bologna Press), a book of poems and prose. She has been published in *The Juice Bar*, *I'll Have Wednesday*, and is the author of nine chapbooks (To See The Unseen Press). She recently wrote the lyrics for a new album, *just cuz...* with Baz.

SCREEN NAME: CREA8IVE

This is an insignificant poem. I went on a date, in a restaurant on the boulevard not far from my apartment. The man across the table made an effort to ask the great questions of life while I chewed my falafel. I wished my kids would call. After years of love, I emptied out my pocket into the garbage, did the laundry and got divorced, four times. I drove home, put on sweat pants, and turned on the TV.

LOVER

He will walk sideways into my laugh and remove his glasses to stare at the poems in my shoes. He will pay the check, leave a cash tip and I shall follow him home.

HOME EC

A heart bomb grounded my father, the pilot. Mother, determined to go back to work, wore her nurse's whites and took death and dying by the hand. It was 1968 and my boyfriend and I would lie on top

of my comforter, feeling each other's bodies
 like new mothers count toes and suck
 on baby fingers. My boyfriend unhooked
 my bra, a white Maidenform
 with three clasps in the back,
 I was embarrassed with gratitude.
 When mother came home, my boyfriend
 and I acted normal and sat in the family room.
 He watched "The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show" and
 I read Plato. "A true pilot must of necessity
 pay attention to the seasons, the heavens, the winds,
 and everything proper to the craft if he is really
 to rule a ship." Mother made us grilled Velveeta
 Cheese sandwiches and Campbell's Tomato Soup,
 the thrill of a newly opened bra in each bite
 of the Saltine Crackers crumbled on top.
 I memorized the forms of the heavens
 and the immortality of the soul. Mother said,
 "It's time you learned to cook."

QUINOA

O, indeed, reassuring me day out-started.
 Day-o planned to the Nth, my quill, my pavement,
 my daemon, and me.
 Hummin' glory days of I, I, I but alas and
 crimeiny, ill winds thru the door. -Hi, mom.
 Got any quinoa?
 -Honey one, rest whilst I go to the Incan
 nation. invent, cull, and dig. Kill virgins,
 cross State Troupers,
 and bring forth gold whilst the muse gets a divorce.
 And I will serviette thou the perfect platter
 of a different mom.
 -Hey Missy, lookie here. Famous peoples
 in the paper. -Fa and begone, you squidget you.
 I am no thing
 but a mom. -Hail to thee unhaled, Bam Bam.
 Besides, it looks like your stripping
 days are over.

MISS MINNESOTA

-Dizzy, Bam Bam? -Aye, nothin' workin'.
 No vacuumin', no dishwashin', no shavin' crotch....
 I lie to stayish
 down home on my floor to write.

Oyez, my house is a mess. I can't breathe.

I am humanish.

-Virgo, get a grip. -'Scuse me? I am no
wheres and it tastes like chicken.

Go tell my children

with their hungry groans that I am drinking

books and things are pretty tough for

a Miss Minnesota.

Soft! The smell of genius sounds

just like chocolate. I choose to buy

a vowel here.

o-o-o-o-o-o. -So, Missy, what does

that get ya now, eh?

-A purple cow.

We are proud to premiere these poems in Cultural Weekly.

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