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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Rhys Langston Podell: Three Los Angeles Poems

Rhys Langston Podell · Friday, February 11th, 2022

### Rosarito Beach, April 2017

the view between  
hustling children, eyes up, hawking *chicle*  
while my conscious consumption  
says “no” between sign language  
and two silent tongues

is a rehearsal  
not faltered reconnaissance,  
choosing the words to order,  
utilitarian, though friendly

and my vacation is not a work day,  
this half-searching for  
convenient *asada* and arbitrage

so traffic back to the hotel  
fails to be an endearing reminder of  
home and slow escapism,

here where crossers and passers  
walk the freeways frankly

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### The Virgil, February 2020

silent backstage migraine  
before the doors pound  
the head does  
evasive maneuvering, protectionist  
like huffing and  
puffing legal remedies  
at the state level

there is a furnace here

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a shower filled with  
amplification, a clove of  
steel-smelling binges

perhaps not very important  
depersonalization  
but I am waiting  
to be an act,  
call to attention myself  
as displacement  
in matured liberal arts  
terms gone the way of  
booking agent delivery

Black comics in a white novel  
space, hard juxtaposition  
in smooth vowels

I laugh exiting the  
bleaching lights  
to praise  
unwound after a tight 15

my mother was an audience  
now that I am of age  
to own my frankness  
and I am here for the color  
she gave me

the anise liqueur and mulita  
with merch money  
dimming pain  
now buzzing  
and the woman who is subletting my  
personal involvement drives me  
to my bed and  
work order form

tomorrow if the headache doesn't leave  
my exuberance will flicker  
in its stead  
either way

\*

## **Barnsdall, March 2020**

reclaiming mind against the dictum  
*charge your phone* on a hill  
in an art park

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as a public health crisis

echoing siren on the unseen boulevard  
below in the same arrhythmia  
undiagnosed at this moment, personal nationalism  
corporally broaching my subject,

on a predicate's edges  
to fall like I am jumping  
into a retweet about  
rock-bottom healthcare

not the specialist I am, no  
bespoke regicide hotline  
with a high deductible upheaval  
electing for broken electronics,

I will schedule therapy once  
played enough quartets of snark  
and I plant my bare feet  
far from my initial thoughts' street view;

to see now  
all metaphor unbecoming

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