Cultural Daily

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Rob Plath: Three Poems

Rob Plath · Wednesday, November 18th, 2020

a good raw poem

a good raw poem is much needed at times of literary freeze it's a zippo lighter flame on high beneath the frozen sack of black juice in yr torso it's a keg tap on yr spleen don't ever fucking knock the good raw poem one day when yr literary vision is full of cataracts you'll scream for the edge of a good raw poem to slide across yr corneas let some goddamn light in

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the temper

once when i was eight my father was driving us to long beach to visit some aunts and uncles

it was a hot june morning when we got to the town. my father stopped at a bakery to get a box of pastries

as we pulled away from the curb a man cut us off

my father zoomed thru cars to catch up to him he pulled right next to the man at a red light & asked my mother to roll the window all the way down then he screamed over her, "i've got kids in the backseat, you stupid fuck. i'll get out & break yr fucking head open, you motherfucker!" the guy kept his head straight and didn't look over

we were all silent

the light changed & my father punched the gas pedal & the car jumped forward

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rattle

i read a bukowski letter where he said that he had 6 teeth extracted that same day one of them being a tough motherfucker to pull poor bukowski at 45, sitting at the rattling typewriter w/ 6 empty sockets like bullet holes screaming in his skull & tonight i imagine those half-dozen busted teeth i imagine cupping them in my palms & listening to the click of chips of bone as i shake them together i feel terrible pain & wonderful luck tonight, bukowski i feel the beautiful ancient roots in my hands

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