

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tanya White: Three Poems

Tanya White · Thursday, April 26th, 2018

### Mean to An End

My *good morning* to the bus driver  
 is met with tight lips refusing to let civility  
 come forward and meet me half way.  
 A thick girl, wearing thin pants  
 worn tired from everyday wear  
 sporting a pig tail at the nape of her neck  
 jutting out like a cactus,  
 –don't dare touch that tender place–  
 snatches the transfer coughed up for the kid directly  
 in front of her.  
 He standing off stupidly to the side.  
*A sucker born...and I started to...*  
*awww, who am I kidding?* I keep my mouth shut.  
 Forgetting...all the good revolutions begin with poets.  
 What a punk!  
 The driver pushes a button, spits up another transfer  
 the thick sis sits  
 clutching her connection, shiny bright bird eyes,  
 just trying to get over.  
     Just trying to get over  
         Just trying to get over

\*

### Royalty Rides the Rapid 7

The Queen rises to the occasion  
 of travel crosstown  
 eyeing her people with wary care  
 as the kneeling  
 bus dips down

With easy command she  
 reprimands the driver

his slight unknown to him  
tossing her transfer  
he looks down

Black brimmed crown  
ashy hands, a long lost smile  
a kingdom flush with mobile acreage  
at the mouth of the river thorazine  
she sits down

She greets each subject by name  
we are common  
all one in the same  
she knows we cannot meet her gaze  
heads bow down

She creates a community  
when she FINALLY exits at the rear  
silently pleading for our allegiance  
we poor peasants avert our eyes  
she steps down

Long live the queen!  
A mantle of expletives round  
her shoulders, match her crown of thorns  
her peoples' prayer— there but for the grace of God  
we ALL fall down

\*

## Portrait of the Artist as a young Girl

I remember being ten years old.  
Valentine's Day.  
I drew a perfect ribbon.

I remember  
the sensation  
the perfect

way it curled  
flat on paper  
yet full of breath

it felt perfect  
it was  
it was perfectly

remembered  
in the body

the moment

like fascia

over

muscle

of memory

a girl being

drawn to draw

the perfect ribbon

remembered

perfectly.

Chasing that

flutter,

forever.

*(Author photo by Willy Sanjuan)*

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