

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Tyree Daye: Two Poems

Tyree Daye · Wednesday, June 3rd, 2020

To: All Poets

From: Northeastern North Carolina

It's just getting hot,
dogwoods showering our shoulders with flowers.

I saw dead baby birds on a trail
so I know new life has arrived

lost in the survival of pine and ash. I'll say it plainly—
we need you down here.

Yesterday, my uncle put a nail through his thumb
working for the same white man he's worked for since sixth grade.

Last night his blood fell on the bathroom floor and made a star
he couldn't follow.

He needs to hear your poems.

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Field Notes on Beginning

they each had a decision before them. In this, they were not unlike anyone who ever longed to cross the Atlantic or the Rio Grande.

Isabel Wilkerson, from The Warmth of Other Suns

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19.04.2024



Leaving is necessary some say

There is a whole ocean between you and a home

you can't fix your tongue to speak



Others do not want me no farther than the length of a small yard

They ask Where are you going, Tyree? Your mama here

you've got stars in your eyes a ship in your movement



I said my few-note goodbyes my dead will not come

I will not see a cardinal in the city

so I drew one on my chest

A coop inside a coop inside of me

(Both poems are from his book *Cardinal*, from Copper Canyon Press, 2020.
<http://www.tyree.work/>)



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