
Cultural Daily

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Wolfgang Carstens: Three Poems

Wolfgang Carstens · Wednesday, June 13th, 2018

“i don’t write love poems,”

i said,

“and i’ve never been
much of an Anglerfish.”

“what does that even mean?”
my wife asked.

“well,”
i said,

“when Anglerfish mate,
they melt into each other.

the female absorbs her man,
until his eyes, mouth,
and fins disappear—

and they share
the same bloodstream.”

“i like that,”
my wife says.

“well then,”
i say,

“come here Mama,

and let me
hold you

tighter.”

*

“if not a mess,”

my wife groaned,

as she picked up the empty Tequila bottles
the empty beer cans
and
the half-smoked joint,

“then
what do you call it?”

“we have been married
twenty-five years,”

i said,
lighting the joint,

“and that,
my Dear,

is what
i call

a survival
kit.”

*

strange

it’s not
the big moments
in life
that terrify us,

but rather
the small,
ordinary ones.

i can stand
in front of 300 people
and read poetry,

yet,
my knees shake

when
i lean in close

and

kiss you

goodnight.

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