

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

A. D. Winans: Three Poems

AD Winans · Wednesday, September 30th, 2015

A. D. Winans is a native San Francisco poet and writer. He is the author of over sixty books and chapbooks of poetry and prose. His work has appeared internationally in over 1,500 literary magazines, newspapers, and anthologies. He edited and published the acclaimed Second Coming Magazine/Press from 1972-89 during which time he produced the 1980 Second Coming Poetry and Music Festival honoring the poet Josephine Miles and Blues legend John Lee Hooker.

Winter Poem

It's been in the thirties
Two nights in a row
And I'm sitting here freezing
My butt off with a hacking cough
Waiting for the power company
To come and fix the problem
But it isn't so bad
When you consider 9/11
Hurricane Katrina
And the war in Afghanistan
Which has nothing and yet everything
To do with this poem

Thirty-degree nights won't kill you
But they don't bring comfort either
The trouble with being single
The trouble with being seventy
Is knowing you could die alone
And go unnoticed for weeks
With nothing but rotting flesh
To tell your story
And a few poems to remember
You by

Success Is an Illusion

this one time friend of mine
got published in Europe
was sought after at readings
interviewed for the position of editor
at Lost Cause Magazine

his phone calls ceased
but my mail box was flooded
with daily poems

this man is a fine poet
but bits and pieces of success
went to his head
like when you have high blood pressure
and rise to fast from bed

he will wind up teaching
at the Famous Writer's School
he will be willed Ferlinghetti's hat
watch the papers look for the movie
the circus is coming to town

Rain Poem

the rain beats a rhythm
against the windshield
the wipers flail helplessly
like a fish out of water

demons to the left of me
demons to the right of me
demons in front of me
demons in back of me

my brain a barbecue pit
feeds on the rolling thunder
spits out bits and pieces of poems
words of emptiness words of despair
shadow creatures lay mutilated
in nearby ditches

a Highway Patrol car
speeds past me
its red light flashing
the sky black
as a groom's tuxedo

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