

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

This entry was posted on Wednesday, September 30th, 2015 at 7:53 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.