

Cultural Daily

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Ace Boggess: Three Poems

Ace Boggess · Thursday, September 8th, 2016

Ace Boggess is the author of two books of poetry: *The Prisoners* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2014) and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled* (Highwire Press, 2003). His novel, *A Song Without a Melody*, is forthcoming from [Hyperborea Publishing](#). His writing has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *RATTLE*, *River Styx*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and many other journals. He lives in Charleston, West Virginia.

The English Language

I love it because as I it is not true
 neither precise nor consistent in its public face
 a hodgepodge of mimicry
 it lacks the illusion of permanence kept by glass
 how it twists shifts undulates
 splatters like a paint can smashed against a concrete wall
 sometimes it stops to pick corn from its teeth
 finding behind each kernel daffodils
 a language of the dead who cross all borders
 the jazz vocabulary & the silent prayer before a beggar's feast
 with its constant weeping
 it might seem less poetic than the French
 after years of diets & cursing
 it has learned a sort of comfort with itself

*

Dead Spiders

innocent this time of their murders
 I discover them—quarter-sized brown arthritic claws
 in a box of old books
 in corners dangling from the gallows of their sturdy webs
 under the bed goldfish belly-up &

by discover I mean encounter things already there
 while dewy-eyed I was unaware
 less than half the poet I thought to be so unobservant in my home
 what is a wolf without its snarl?
 the mean moonlit glint of its killing stare?
 I never saw them making rounds at night
 now I cringe at having missed out
 on a chance to tremble—oh knowledge
 I regret you as you leave me scared of nothing

*

Overdose

theirs was a fantasy of misery
 uncanny yearning for discord
 a *Romeo & Juliet*
 with heroin
 he could've drank the night
 with her
 the two of them
 found cyanotic in her drive
 if only she stirred
 once
 to say *I love*
oblivion

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