

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Adam Hughes: Two Poems

Adam Hughes · Sunday, September 28th, 2025

### Love Poem

*for Kristen*

How does one love when the world  
seems to be crumpling like a styrofoam cup,  
all the structure melting into the air,  
never to reassemble? These are the days  
when animals eat their young and mother  
rabbits reabsorb their litters, dissolving  
tissue back into their bodies. And yet

here we are. You at the stove and me  
behind you, hands on your hips, pressing  
myself against you for the seventy-third time today  
and you laugh and chase me away  
knowing that I'll always be back. You stir  
and I add the seasonings and together  
we feed a family. At night, in bed, we

fear again. But we also hold. Dreams  
of what's to come are the only thing  
stronger than the nightmares of what's to come.  
There are children dying, other people's  
children, other people being shipped off  
like returned Amazon packages, money  
pooling like melted snow at the foot of the driveway,

each day a new outrage, a new danger, a new anxiety.  
And every day, you. And every night, you.  
And together we build a wall  
around ourselves, around our children, around  
this world that we're creating. You and me,  
a camp inside a wildfire — a small candle  
inside an inferno. And it's enough

knowing that you are there. Knowing  
 that all my dreams begin with sunrise  
 and end with you. At night, when my feathers  
 molt, you are my wings to reach the stars.  
 Everything is not okay, and I doubt it  
 ever will be. Today our happiness  
 is a fist in the face of a world gone mad.

You are my protest. To love in a time of hate  
 is to see the face of God.

\*

## Ars Poetica Futura

These words will likely  
                     not reach you

like stars sending out unrequited  
 love letters for millions of light-  
                                     years

just emptiness and static and the cold  
 cold of the silent cosmos.

But I want you to know, if  
 these scratchings  
 and fragments find

you, that everything was not  
 cataclysmic, there have been

things  
                     to smile about  
 and joy hidden amongst the fallen

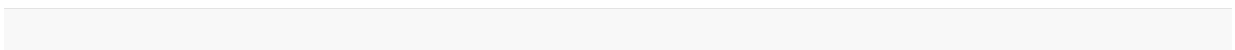
leaves of empire  
 and the sad and holy embers

of a fire once stoked  
 to beauty  
                                     doused

and terrible lovely steam.

\*

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))



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