

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Alan Britt: Three Poems

Alan Britt · Wednesday, March 20th, 2019

### HOMeward BOUND

Baboon blue.

Tamarind bongos.

From the flames two hips  
like turkey drumsticks  
rise from rancid expectations.

Violin coveted by my former  
self, hence, the distance between us.

Pedestrian dreams capsized by typhoons  
begging us to taste the distance  
between sentimentality & lived life.

Violin drizzles fat over iron grills.

Acoustic bass like the Queen's carriage  
traversing a trail through the oblivious  
forest locks lips with a viola spread  
akimbo across Restoration velvet.

Priest directs spiritual traffic—  
whiskbroom & dustpan in tow—  
his Batman apron announcing one size fits  
everyone who's ever lived.

Oily skin demarcates viola frets  
that resemble egret clouds foaming  
just off the San Fran coast.

Jerry Muskrat, suspended in all-weather  
waders, & Granny Fox inspiring Cloris  
Leachman's Frau Blücher, followed  
by Grandfather Frog, the patriarch.

He escaped that Palm Beach private school  
 & entered first grade with the ability  
 to chew Crayolas into Triceratops  
 then croon like a goldfinch trapped  
 between jalousies overflowing

sea grapes & fuchsia bougainvillea  
 while navigating Bermuda grass  
 & reptilian sprinklers hissing their mist  
 of jasmine & despair.

I know.

I was there.

Later, entering heaven via a different dream  
 through literal clouds  
 & landing flat on my belly  
 atop a shag carpet softer than  
 a blue whale's baleen plates below  
 a white baby grand with two septuagenarian  
 women smiling *Welcome home* six months  
 preceding my boyhood Irish Setter submerged  
 in a skein of oatmeal tick & flea dip, I realized  
 my return to the place before I was born.

Both women, aforementioned, in their 70's,  
 silver-haired, gracious, demure, & wafting  
 ethereal twin morning glory gowns,  
 were supremely confident  
 about my future.

\*

## BEAUTY

(*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*)

~John Keats

Yet, beauty terrifies. Some want to destroy it, want to stab, strangle, shoot & dispute it, undermine it, satirize it, sanitize it, spit on it, pock it with cigarette butts, terrorize it, smash it with a hammer, imprison it, incinerate it, outlaw it, ridicule it, shame it, ignore it, banish it, tax it, annihilate it, mutilate, sabotage, nuke & eradicate it, brutalize it, smash & deconstruct, debauch, torment, & demoralize it, subvert it, paralyze it, disgrace it, capitalize & crush it, harass it, prosecute, drown & cauterize it, defame, pollute & humiliate it, scandalize, ravage & shatter it, slander it, stigmatize it, debase it, disfigure, denigrate & molest it, electrocute & incarcerate it, forever, which makes it

sound so damned close to the truth—have we forgotten what truth looks like? Then perhaps it's time to flaunt paisley sundresses & tie-dyed t-shirts designed by shamans strumming sitars to inspire a basic mistrust of faux philosophers in Kevlar vests disallowing imagination to flow the way it did before we feared it might never flow that way again.

\*

## WASTING TIME

Wouldn't it be great  
to make an alien laugh?

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