Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Anita Pulier: Two Poems

Anita Pulier · Wednesday, February 8th, 2017

As the poet tells her story: “For years I raced from a tennis court at 7AM to a legal court appearance in NY or NJ or to my law office in Brooklyn. The most poetic writing I encountered was not mine but that of an adversary who wrote, ‘The plaintiff’s argument holds no fruit’. Happily, when I retired I traded legal writing for poetry. My chapbooks *Perfect Diet, The Lovely Mundane* and *Sounds of Mourning* have been published by Finishing Line Press. My poems have appeared both online and in print in many journals and several anthologies. My husband and I split our time between Manhattan’s Upper West Side and Los Angeles.”

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Composite of Couplets

Why is it that I, who love to touch your silky skin,
can so easily refocus after just a jolt of sugar?

Just a glance at that kid’s face redefines immortality, but still I wonder
how it’s possible for Yo Yo to make those very sounds Dvorak could only imagine.

Mom died long ago, but her perfume lives deep in the fibers of her shawl; the tulips in the public gardens bloom for just one week, I stroke the fragile petals; rip one off.

We nestle under the puffy down comforter anchored by each others’ arms as
over and over I swear the salty greasy chip in my mouth is my last.

The spectacular sunset fades crazy fast as a dark dusky sky replaces dazzling red but I am
fuming as dinner has been ready for hours when I finally hear the knock on the door.

She is small but loud and begs for one more marshmallow in her steaming hot chocolate as the annoying jingle of the ice cream truck reminds me that craving needs no metaphor.

I breathe in the lilacs of the Conservatory Gardens; stunned by the audacity of inner city flowers and wonder why Icarus alone is a metaphor for failure when the fault was shared.

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NYC holiday travel guide

Dive deep into the bowels
of this aging metropolis

subtract space from form
raise muscle bound shoulders

buried beneath massive winter coats
divide yourself in half

inflate and deflate insulated chests
in sync with a basso tribal beat

performed by raw iron wheels
grinding along ancient tracks

avoid eye contact
peer out gritty windows

keep newspapers folded
like origami doves

read posted poems
framed in stainless steel

redefine luck
when NY’s ragged

plead for money
and despite warnings

walk between cars unleashing
the terrifying roar of the outside world

which will remind you
of all that is good in your life

remember, be patient,
eventually everyone arrives,

really they do.

Photo of the poet by Alexis Rhone Fancher

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