
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Anita Pulier: Two Poems

Anita Pulier · Wednesday, May 20th, 2020

Dear MAGAs

*There are more things in heaven
and earth, Horatio, than are
dreamt of in your philosophy.*

—William Shakespeare

What's missing is the welcome,
the worry, the asking, the hesitation
to inflict irreparable damage.

What's missing is the listening,
the hearing, the ingesting
the Other's story.

What's missing is the raised brows,
the rejection of weaponized prayer
fueled by hate and anger.

What's missing is the nod
to Earth's feverish future,
the grief of broken promises.

What's missing is an apology,
the agonized regret,
the elasticity of empathy.

What's missing is vulnerability,
the failure to fear a charred
barren planet.

What's missing is the poetry.
Every atom belonging to me
as good belongs to you.

Oh yes, and joy.

Joy is missing.

*

Survival Dicta

How wonderful everything is going to
be when we have “solved” everything.

—Greta Thunberg

Tread lightly on
this crusty lithosphere while
digging deep into the
damaged biosphere,

rise above
that putrid pervasive fear of the Other
giving off a toxic stink.

Consult your celestial accountant.
Confirm that Earth is, as we suspected,
on a tight budget, near depletion.

Apologize to the kids.
Ask if by chance they have
any idea how the hell to re- balance
Earth’s yin and yang,

Bat your eyelashes,
display your aging charm,
attempt seducing the sun.

Cool the fire under their small feet,
change blistering red to mint green,
speak, to them, use your words,
catastrophic loss, shame.

Cue the music, zoom in
on the children renaming Earth,
calling it Home,
hear them whisper
we will take it from here.

(Author photo by Myron L. Pulier)

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