

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Barton Smock: Five Poems

Barton Smock · Monday, November 25th, 2019

untitled

after seeing the girl I have a crush on sign my
friend's arm cast, I spend the weekend jumping out
of a tree, trying to land on my left, in the backyard
of the last person who knew to hide the head of
god. I break nothing but the blood from my nose
could fill a football. vandalism starts in the face. it's
dark. I treat my mouth like a scratch.

*

boys on land

a birdwatcher with broken hands, I am the cry of my mother's body. she climbs the tree she was
left in and smokes back the years of breathing underwater. whatever you've been through, this
poem waited for me to survive.

*

ultimata

how am I not a dream? I am not a place. I can't say
rabbit but can robot. my god knows one story. those
I count when I'm sad are those I count when happy.
grandfather means pipe-smoke and grandmother
an outdoor pool. their daughter is a lamb-haunted
horse. I see Ohio as an ear but still I ask what
happened to the ear in question. I don't sleep
unless I need proof I never. I am older than the
brothers I scare. travel is my sister's vehicle. my
dog is chewing on a rubber hand. it can't be dark in
both.

*

my quiet quiet son

*“Probably I’ll die like this,
a long time ago.” – Franz Wright*

I will never forget hearing god pronounce your name
to a ghost obsessed with wolves

out there in the dogness

*

untitled

fog overtakes toad
& boys
are born.

ghost yoga. crucifixion.

train is a tunnel
train’s never
seen.

two dead crows- I’m shoeless again.

(Author photo by Mary Ann Smock)

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