

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Brian Komei Dempster: Three Poems

Brian Dempster · Thursday, March 10th, 2022

Son Sutra

Boy of stars, sun inside, fallen without a sob,
 Rest against me, bending sunflower, still the flutter,
 Ease your head, son, it's late,
 No way to before, your skull shadowed and sunlit, turn,
 Deepen us with your shadow words, muted son, say *dad*
 After me, your scattered sun petals, our sutra
 Nightfall, I gather you, my bruised son.

*

At the Park

an invisible rope pulls

back his head

and a hand rips
 the blue sheet of sky.

At the edge of his
 world, I make out

his torn voice:

Papa, my eyes

open

the rest of me

closed.

*

Shephard Psalm

Prepare for enemies:

Warm your feet

from dirt's grave-cold, uncover your voice,

the words flying out like leaves

into gusts of their rage.

Dissolve the fist's stain on your face

and the rope

around your wrists.

Lie down

in the beaten dark,

near pastures green and

unbruised,

the salt raining down

your blood,

restoring

dusk's ragged edge

to smooth plains of

terracotta slate,

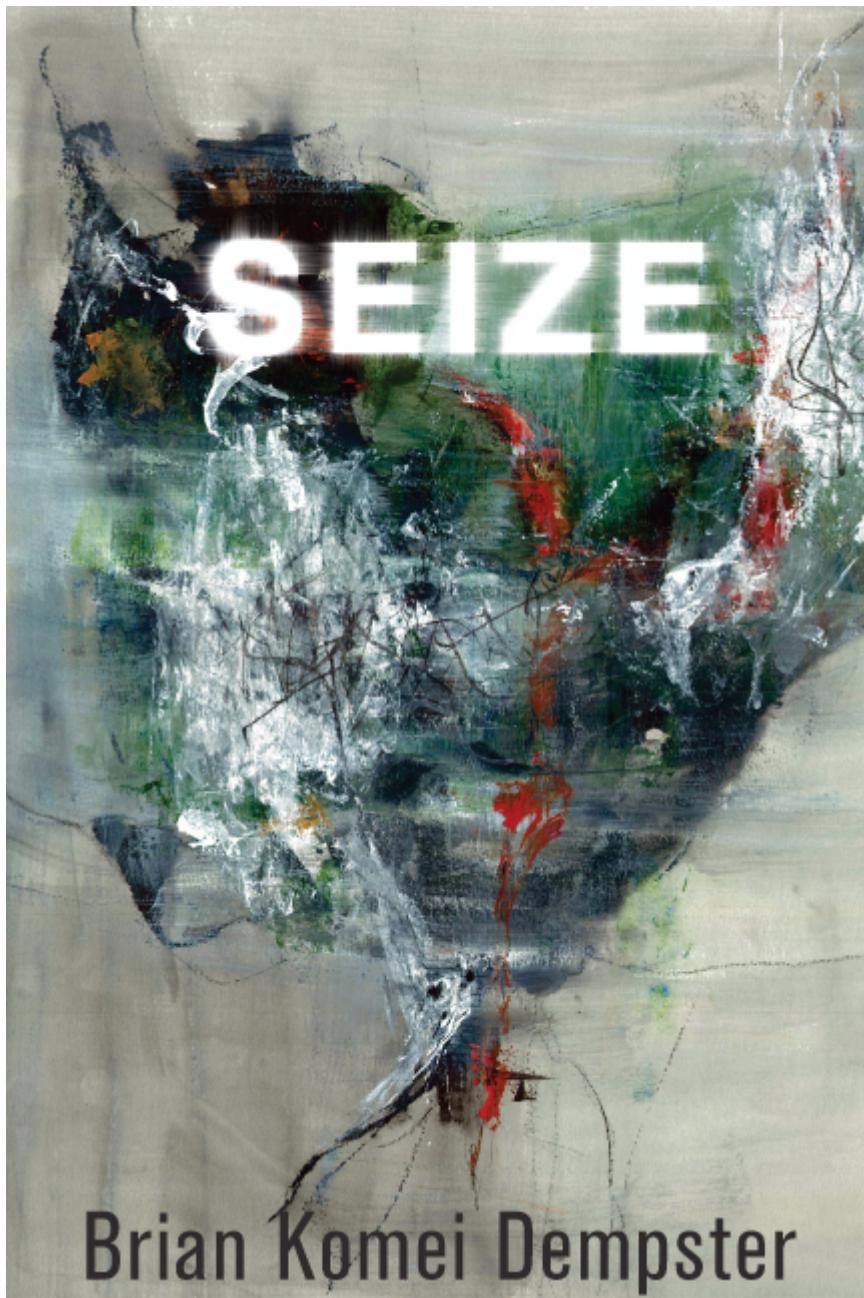
your gold-straw hair

igniting the wick

of pink dawn.

You shall not want.

*



Front cover of *SEIZE* by Brian Komei Dempster

To purchase *SEIZE* by Brian Komei Dempster

This entry was posted on Thursday, March 10th, 2022 at 6:45 am and is filed under [Poetry](#)

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