Cultural Daily

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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.

She	pha	rd	Psal	lm

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

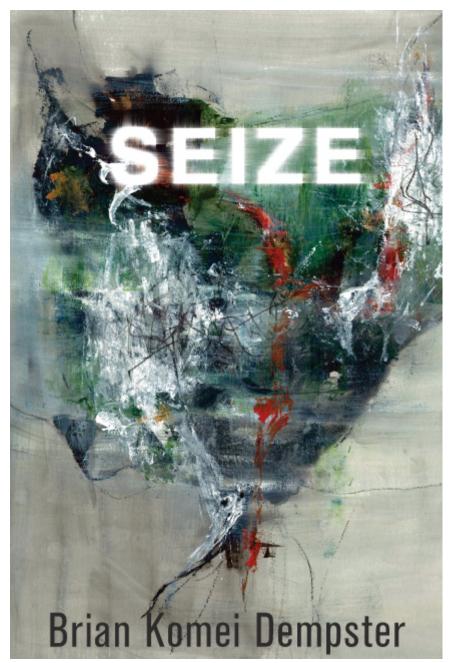
dusk's ragged edge

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

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