

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Cassandra Dallett: Three Poems

Cassandra Dallett · Wednesday, August 5th, 2015

Cassandra Dallett lives in Oakland, CA. Cassandra is a Pushcart nominee and reads often around the San Francisco Bay Area. She was the winner of the March 2015 Literary Death Match. In addition to six chapbooks, she has published online and in many print magazines and anthologies such as *Slip Stream*, *Sparkle and Blink*, *The Bicycle Review*, *Chiron Review*, *This Is Poetry: Women of The Small Press*. A full-length book of poetry, *Wet Reckless* was released to good reviews, from Manic D Press May of 2014. A new book *Bad Sandy* will be released on Dangerous Hair Press in spring of 2015.

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## Your Whole Entire Name

The velvet  
of his lips  
makes me  
want to say  
his entire name  
no matter  
how bad  
my pronunciation  
every time he enters  
makes me forget you  
how far apart our branches grow  
but you say  
we are not so different  
in the things we want  
you can only say this because  
you don't know what I want  
and in the darkness of my insomnia  
I want to feel the way  
he grabs my hips  
anywhere in the house  
pulls my panties down  
before we've left the dinner table  
no cautious lighting same old shallow

in the bed  
 routine lick  
 then stick  
 then lick  
 careful so you can  
 last  
 so you can feel  
 justified  
 in the three stroke combo  
 he can go all night  
 why should I feel bad  
 for wanting that  
 I didn't make up Viagra  
 stomach rolls or pattern baldness  
 I didn't make up the lies in our heads  
 the not-good-enough stories  
 that hold us back  
 I'm just trying  
 to stop sucking in my own gut  
 and keep it real  
 enough to say  
 all of us  
 want to fuck  
 someone beautiful  
 and by beautiful  
 I don't mean model  
 or slim young muscled  
 or pretty  
 I mean someone  
 who looks into our eyes  
 straight down into us  
 penetrating us  
 as we are  
 someone whose touch  
 makes us beautiful  
 in the fullness of it  
 in the lack of fear  
 a fearful kiss is no kiss at all.

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## Watching Fast Black

I think of Dwayne Reed, write list poems of lovers-  
 lovers as in people I hooked up with lovers who never said make love  
 but were tortured like the love songs we listened to.  
 Between us color lines, my being underage, and our poverty.  
 But when the lights went down there was only his hands.  
 His weedy brown lips, lean chocolate frame,

He was scary quick to slap.  
 Although he never did, I knew he was a trigger without warning.  
 That was as close as I have been to love  
 sleeping with someone so dangerous.  
 It makes you want the meat of them,  
 crawl the floor bare-ass and beg for it  
 whisper Daddy while straddling his bucking frame.

These are the men whose perfection graced auction blocks  
 the white world still trying to own it, cage it,  
 while milking it for inspiration  
 so caught up in the mythology of pimps and blues men,  
 the mystery behind dark eyes.  
 Women like me want to be owned by it  
 feel safer with someone who isn't afraid of us,  
 someone who gets our soft spots and that exteriors are just that.  
 There are words and then there are hands  
 and sometimes its all too much.

Dwayne lived on the brink  
 finally fell in  
 to insanity  
 to the nut house  
 Oh but Dwayne  
 you really turned me on.

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## Off The Tracks

It's a fact there are too many rape poems  
 or just too much rape or rapey-ness  
 too much talk of raping boyfriends and punching fiancés  
 the women who marry them  
 and I understand those women I do, been there  
 got my ass beat and the word rape didn't even come out my mouth  
 but I was bent over and around and drunkenly pushed down  
 dick in my mouth cause his friend said it was good, said I would  
 so drunk I sucked dick in darkened playgrounds more than one  
 and sober I went to see a boy from the neighborhood  
 the lights off when I got there in his room  
 his friend waiting for me  
 both of them groping me strangely in the dark room  
 and even though I knew they did it just to tell the fellas outside  
 I kind of liked the mysterious hungry hands on my body  
 but I hated the dance and the trickery involved  
 sometimes I refused them and sometimes I invited them in  
 even though my aunt yelled at me  
 cause one time they left their nephew waiting in the dining room

he was bumping around the hallway looking for them  
and she said "He knows what you're doing in there!"  
four hands can be better than two  
maybe because I realized how scared of me they actually were  
when I was close to cumming  
their nervous hearts beating fast under my palms  
smooth brown chests California Curl greasing my pillow  
gold chain medallions hitting my face  
and in the end and forever I owned it  
no one ran a train on me  
they were my train  
a chain of men I went through and keep on  
when I tire and replace them  
men are funny  
always standing around in line,  
dick in hand waiting for a turn.

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