

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Catfish McDaris: Four Poems

Catfish McDaris · Thursday, September 7th, 2017

Catfish McDaris – his most infamous chapbook is *Prying with Jack Micheline and Charles Bukowski*. His best readings were in Paris at the Shakespeare and Co. Bookstore and with Jimmy “the ghost of Hendrix” Spencer in NYC on 42nd St. He’s done over 25 chaps in the last 25 years. He’s been in the *New York Quarterly*, *Slipstream*, *Pearl*, *Main St. Rag*, *Café Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Zen Tattoo*, *Wormwood Review*, *Great Weather For Media*, *Silver Birch Press*, and *Graffiti*.

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### Dreaming of Paris

Intense sheer walls painted  
hyacinth and saffron with  
brushstrokes of scarlet sulfur

Searching for silver spoon to  
make sotol and datura for sun  
tea and going on a magic trip

Dangerous peacocks in a raspberry  
sky, green sleeping ducks by the  
cattail forest and melodic stream

Rainbow cutthroat trout leaping  
for the gnat hatch, fat frogs burping,  
loons and cranes on stilts hunting

Vincent thought about the dancer  
at the Crazy Horse and how she’d  
asked him to steal a Van Gogh,  
he painted her one instead.

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## The Blue Throat of Day

Coltrane in the Van Gogh rain,  
 “Hey Fish, what you working on?”  
 my boss, Big Joe Cocomo asked  
 he was from Texas, my black pals

At work loved me being a writer,  
 I showed my latest to Joe, he said,  
 “You like Trane?” I nodded yes  
 “What are your favorite songs he

Plays?” “Lazy Bird and The Night  
 Has a Thousand Eyes” “You must  
 have taken beaucoup acid, back in  
 the day? Who’s your sketch of?”

“Vincent Willem van Gogh” “Not  
 bad kid” we both laughed, since I  
 was twice his age, back to Gauguin,  
 he lopped off Vincent’s ear with his

Sword during an argument, they  
 agreed to say it was self-mutilation,  
 to keep Gauguin out of prison, van  
 Gogh never recovered his rationality.

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## Van Gogh Blues

Thinking about Vincent’s madness  
 layering paint on canvas, thick  
 plaster colors, mountains, valleys.

An earthquake in Italy killed 100’s.  
 a one-year-old baby was hot in  
 Milwaukee, he tried to climb out

A window and the window slammed  
 down on his little neck, killing him.  
 a woman put her baby in the refrigerator

To cool down, she forgot she did it, her  
 man comes home three hours later, goes  
 to get a beer and finds their dead daughter.

An eleven-year-old girl was riding her  
 bike, the driver hit her dragging her for  
 three blocks and kept on going, drunk.

Vincent, you died at thirty-seven, you  
are thought of as a freak that cut off his  
ear, I see you in the swirling starry night.

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## Van Gogh's Ear Is Full of Beer

The sky was drunk, the sun puked lemon  
juice, the moon had a toothache, the lady  
asked the dope fiend to come to talk to  
Jesus, he smelled of absinthe and funk.

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