Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Charlie Brice: Two Poems

Charlie Brice · Thursday, October 7th, 2021

Dyslexia

Suzi's long straight hair, the color of heather, draped over soft seductive shoulders, her 14-year-old body snug in the shift tightly wrapped around her;

she introduced me to Dylan's folksy drone. We listened to Bob's wild laughter during his 115th dream, imagined him in the basement needing eleven dollar bills when he only had ten.

Suzi was cool, fab, gear! My brain almost bled while I obsessed on what I'd write to her on the back of my tiny photo from our sophomore yearbook.

How to capture, in a pithy phrase, not only my erotic yearnings, but the respect I had for her intellect, the silent dignity of her...

I couldn't finish. My adolescent vocabulary failed. My pounding heart pummeled my resolve. Overwhelmed by impulse I quickly scribbled, *Suzi*, *you are such a sweat girl*, and handed my photo to her.

I watched her flaxen hair jerk and quiver, listened to her snap her tongue against her teeth, the *tsk* of death. *I'm such a sweat girl?* She said incredulously.

I watched her walk away, down the locker laden hallway of our high school and wondered why, in God's name, I could never learn to spell.

*

Writer's Block

So new for me. Usually I suffer from logorrhea, not its nasty little cousin.

What a strange discipline writing poetry is. You create a good one

and then poof! You may never write another. You can't blame the weather

for your dry spell or the pandemic for your empty quiver—only

your skimpy imagination, your failure to order life's scree, find your

soul in a nearby riffle, or appreciate the composition of a neighbor's coursed ashlar.

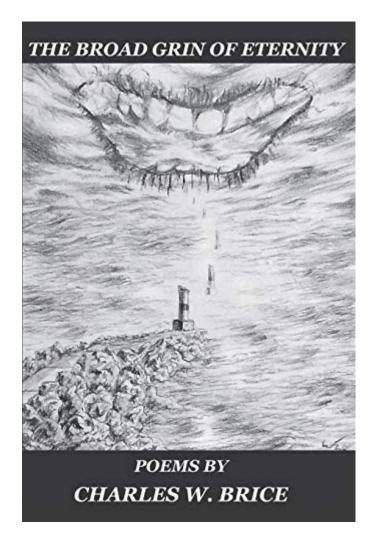
Inside there's a stickle about word choice, punctuation, or whether anyone would find your work a tiny bit interesting. All of which adds to your

hebetude until, desperate, you consult the back flap of your notebook where

you've listed words like scree, riffle, ashlar, stickle and hebetude,

words you can throw into a poem—literary lifejackets that rescue stranded bards,

keeps them afloat, prevents their drowning in selfcriticism and doubt.



Purchase The Broad Grin of Eternity by Charlie Brice

Photo credit: Judy

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