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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Cliff Eisner: Three New Poems

Cliff Eisner · Wednesday, January 22nd, 2014

Cliff Eisner has had his poetry published in *Appeal To Reason*, *City Miner Anthology*, *Hudson River Anthology*, and *Yellow Silk, Margin* (U.K.). He is the author of the chapbook *Running for the hungry* (Atticus Press 1983). Cliff is currently at work on a collection of poetry, *Taking Leave*, and a collection of “flash plays,” *The Licking Stone*.

*Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these three new poems from Cliff Eisner.*

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### the bus passed an hour ago

we are in the middle of a robbery  
and the word HOSTAGE occurs suddenly  
like a revolver on the windowsill.  
there is nothing to do but freeze.  
then they take us to be tied  
and pushed into the back room  
where we will be lucky  
to be found again.

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### the ward

you are singing  
for water. the open  
corridor  
is pierced with light, a  
gaping. a wound  
grapples your visual  
memory. the old woman  
who walks the halls  
all day all night, her  
pacing has picked  
the walls up by their ears.  
even the clock paces.

by the flowers,  
by the window, 5 stories  
in the air through  
mesh that traps the smallest  
insect made enough  
to get caught in the wind.  
this is the ward  
and this is the floor  
and these wake me  
with needles already  
drawing. the sad one sits  
down to weep over nothing.  
the faraway one  
who eats the plants  
at windows chanting gibberish  
in the painful language  
of dream with symbols  
of poverty.

water is finally gotten  
for you. if the capsules  
stick, then how will you sing?

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## the fit at night

the way white peels off  
your hips perfectly like skin  
how you pivot on your waist  
either way to ease them to  
the pull of your hands down  
to where you stop and you  
stop there where my heart  
catches its throat with light  
and without blinking you draw  
me in to press on you with my  
kiss

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