

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

CLS Ferguson: Three Poems

CLS Ferguson · Wednesday, September 17th, 2014

CLS Ferguson, PhD is a communication professor at Mt. San Antonio College and California State University, Northridge and a Mary Kay Sales Director. CLS (Crystal Lane Swift) has published poetry in *Shangri-La Shack*, *Still Points Quarterly*, *PQLeer*, and other places. Her poetry collection, *God Bless Paul*, is out on Rosedog Books and her chapbook, *The Way We Were*, as well as her “Fourplay,” *Still Learning to Let Go*, is out on Writing Knights Press.

Art is His Religion

I'm going to do something
I have never done before,
he tells me.

I made you something.
It's made of wood,
so it's durable,
but easy to destroy.

It's good for a year.
I put our address on it.

After a year,
it could be replaced by a metal one,
or simply destroyed.

Upon Seeing *8 Mile* in the Theatre with My Family

The credits roll,
as do my sister's eyes.

Me,
I can't get the first sex scene out of my head;
dirty and uncomfortable.

My family stands at the same time.
 I need a shower, my mother exclaims.
 My grandmother says:

Well, I think that was a pretty accurate depiction of Detroit.

Extra Work

Two clerical workers are absolutely gushing over a waitress's new 'gig' at Denny's. They all complement each other's hair and top each other's stories about their last extra work.

A black woman, full-time (background) actress confesses to a white LDS former Bishop that all of her exes are dead to her. He says he stays friends with his exes. She correctly guesses that he is still a virgin.

A part-time video game tester named Tan explains to an amateur body builder that he never uses his American name, Douglas, because Tan is easier to spell.

A former college basketball player strikes some kind of deal on his hands free device, while the woman sitting across from him texts someone.

The second assistant director approaches the group, and all of these second-ago immensely important conversations ice to a pause.

"We need the seven extras we pulled aside earlier."

Seven people pop up like their name was just announced at the Oscars, and a frenzy of hair smoothing, teeth-picking, and general primping commences.

But we all get the same \$50 at the end of the day.



Photo of CLS Ferguson, by Alexis Rhone Fancher

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