# **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## **Connie Post: Three Poems**

Connie Post · Wednesday, May 22nd, 2019

## **Hours of Operation**

You are an emergency room open all night holidays, weekends

even when the moon is having palpitations you know how to shock the sky into rhythm

even when the sun is non responsive you remember how quiet you must be to find the dawn

there are ways you seem to understand when sugar water is all that's needed

there are times when only you know how to find the warmest blanket for my trembling legs

I hear your walls were built with the hands of a broken life

your emergency generators always on

your ventilator keeps me breathing through the long night \*

### **Torrent**

What if someone dropped you in the middle of a river

what if you never knew where the water came from – if the snow pack was almost gone

what if everyone told you to go downstream but everything inside you told you "hold on" to the boulder in the middle

what if you didn't remember anything about water not one word about what your science teacher told you about two hydrogen one oxygen

what if you didn't understand the rapids or how white water spoke in its own dialect

the sediment from the bottom gathers at your feet you hear others calling from the banks but you lose consciousness

and when you wake you find yourself standing at the edge – at the estuary of night the skyline etched in ruined ink and you

praying quietly to a lone pelican with the ocean's last fish stuck in its throat

#### **Snow Pack**

When winter knows no prayer and all the white birch kneel before you

why won't you rise when the widow of autumn holds out her thin hand

why won't you notice us who are buried in the avalanche of one another

emergency crews rush to find us we survive for days on shrinking levels of oxygen

even when we are pulled from dark tunnels

dawn breaks us in two

you leave us behind in this cataclysmic wind

the rescue teams turn away

leaving behind

a terrain of regret

(Author photo by Farah Sosa, Courtesy of the California Arts Council)

This entry was posted on Wednesday, May 22nd, 2019 at 3:55 pm and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.