

# 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)*

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