

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Dan Cuddy: Two Poems

Dan Cuddy · Friday, October 15th, 2021

Croatian Daydream

where do I start?
first, kicking that critic who snuck in the attic of my brain
like a squirrel
I can hear his sarcastic mumbling and scratching and running
his tiny little redundant pentametering feet
let me get a broom or a shotgun
get the gloom outta the house

I will begin dipping my toes in the Adriatic
as I walk a Croatian beach
the water is turquoise
the women not swimming but wearing black bikinis
I catch them slyly from the corner of my eye
still haven't gotten over adolescence after all these years
never would I be donned in choir robes
never sing clichés of music and lyric
not theirs anyway
I'm on a beach near Dubrovnik
the many shades of turquoise defy description
Besides I'm described out
the last drop of imported Italian wine sat not too well
I felt like the Roman Forum
a ruin
last night as the violins strolled among the tables
spicing the tomato sauce
my eyes peering through the curves of a wine glass
the red liquid jostled like my blood
Claudia Cardinale in all her youth had one elbow on the table
the cloth a red and white cliché'd check
after all this is a poem without rhythm but the long luxurious strokes
over the most sensuous taut strings
the sonorous echo in my skull
I am thick-headed with rhythm
Claudia looking at me

searching my eyes for a soul
 it was a long search
 and I visually frisked her body
 the plump melons of her breasts
 they were more like luscious plums than melons
 but all dreams and poems are injected with hyperbole
 unless ironically religious and prudish like prunes
 I am not a prude
 just lewd
 but I keep it to myself
 better to be a free decadent than a jailed pervert
 better yet to be asexual in body, mind and soul
 for yours is the kingdom of heaven
 no regret, no inconsolable disappointment, no war within
 all peace like a sea without a wave
 the wisdom of the ages
 the seer beneath the eucalyptus tree
 something symbolical about that tree
 but I haven't surfed Wikipedia
 yet
 the emperor of ice cream scooping cups of concupiscence
 putting them aside
 watching them melt in the warm sun
 just like the water dripping off Claudia
 after a dip in the Adriatic
 and the violins play in my sinning heart
 the many shades of turquoise inviting
 the transforming essence of the grape
 on my tongue
 in my brain
 and in a critic's judgment
 a smacked in the head critic
 a terribly inept poem
 daydreaming
 oh so sweet is ineptitude
 I don't give a damn
 except for you Claudia Cardinale
 a shame we hadn't met in our youth
 when Truth was Beauty and Beauty was Truth
 or something like that

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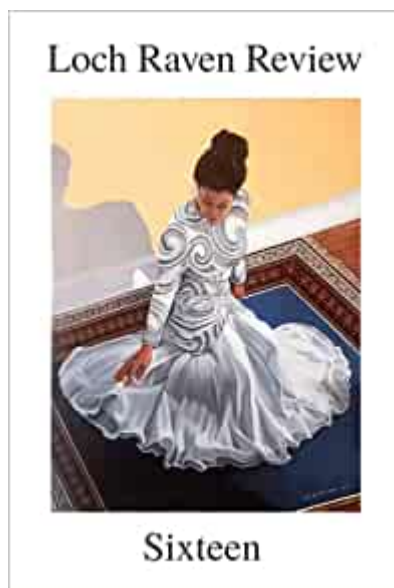
A Barnyard Portrait

He was a little rooster,
 his curly red hair a coxcomb,
 his frame thin,
 his head movements

when in heavy discourse
 just a little less than that bandy
 back-and-forth barnyard tic.
 He squawked rather than talked.
 He was always proclaiming
 his prowess with hens,
 always sniffing up their rear-feathered end.
 He often clucked at inappropriate
 times and at great broiling lengths
 about the ideal chick,
 dissertating like a bedding barn preacher.

Oh, it was a work hour.
 Oh, farmer McDonald wanted him in his office.
 Oh, he hoped he'd escape with his neck.

Ah, he'd be relieved when he returned,
 head attached, little eyes swaying
 in their sockets,
 the little beak crowing words,
 cursing the farmer
 for threatening to make him
 a capon
 if he didn't do his job,
 get there on time
 in the morning
 to crow for customers.



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