# **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 cliche'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 vet 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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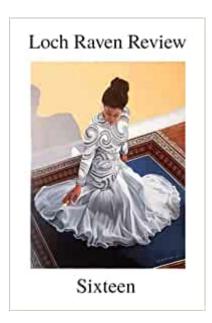
### **A Barnyard Portrait**

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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