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# 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

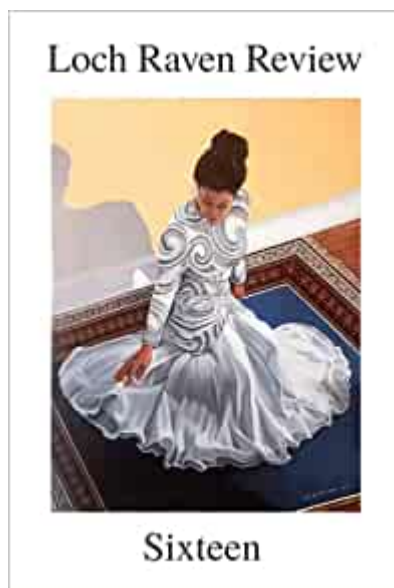
He was a little rooster,  
 his curly red hair a coxcomb,  
 his frame thin,  
 his head movements

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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*Photo credit: Kathy Cuddy*

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