

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Darren C. Demaree: Five Poems

Darren C. Demaree · Wednesday, September 13th, 2017

Darren C. Demaree is the author of six poetry collections, most recently *Many Full Hands Applauding Inelegantly* (2016, 8<sup>th</sup> House Publishing). He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

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### A VIOLENT SOUND IN ALMOST EVERY PLACE #208

I believe in the language of salvation.  
I believe that language loses certainty  
with each decibel it rises. I believe

any sound that shakes the ground  
is too dynamic to carry another person  
& that realization could save everybody,

could save non-believers, could create  
a beautiful unease in every bully's gullet.  
I believe it matters if you cross the river

& it matters less if you can describe  
in great detail the ecstatic state you felt  
when you reached the waiting arms

of someone who cannot describe  
that feeling either. If we must use words  
to give faith, can we make them inexact

& quiet. Can we make those words  
the symbol for radical, inclusive searching?  
Can I tell you a secret? Can I whisper it?

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## A VIOLENT SOUND IN ALMOST EVERY PLACE #210

The ribbon of your great, lonesome  
ability to be a giant, stomping through  
the valley with your tremendous voice,

burying, re-planting humanity beneath  
previous burials, mounds of spirit  
ground into dust again by your thrusting

tongue. You have arrived at my cheek  
with no more than a trail of spittle.  
If you had more than volume

& the shuttle-shake of a modern prophet,  
bent to out-shout the rattle of progress,  
I would listen. I would be tender

with your words, the way I expect you  
to be tender with mine. I am not afraid  
that the people will hear your voice

over mine. I am petrified by the thought  
that what you are saying will waste the tide  
we've spent years culling from the cosmos.

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## WE ARE ARROWS #15

Intractable twilight, I  
was thinking of such  
flux while watching  
the thread of water  
peek out from the  
frozen creek in the  
ravine.

Darkened to  
the daughter of each  
season, everything, all  
the time, feels like it  
will never end.

It will all end  
in faith, if we believe  
first that our water is  
the first gauge of how  
we treat the ghosts of

real tide.        Once,  
 with good strength, I  
 saved a drowning  
 child, and I have done  
 nothing like that  
 since.        I am  
 still the man that  
 saved the drowning  
 child, though my  
 strength, my width  
 and belief that the  
 water gave me the  
 child to save, has sank  
 back into the rocks.

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## WE ARE ARROWS #61

I was worried for a  
 long time about the  
 hinge and signs of  
 failure, that at some  
 point I would just be  
 put down, as in  
 buried with breath  
 beneath the question  
 marks of my own  
 person, that since I  
 had no answers to the  
 sustainable questions,  
 I deserved to be cast  
 below the root  
 systems.

We are all  
 worried there might  
 be hell.

We are all  
 worried about the  
 evaluations of the sky  
 and those that carry  
 us.        I was  
 worried for a long  
 time, and then I  
 wasn't worried at all,  
 as I came to terms  
 with the lack of  
 ultimate answers.

My real life  
began when I created  
my own questions.

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## ALL THE BIRDS ARE LEAVING #22

We see the wings dance.  
We hear the un-tempered  
songs, fat with everything

& none of us are happy.  
We are watching  
the experience, waiting

to be filled by it. This regret  
has no beautiful lining,  
no celestial bargaining

& if we only learn the nevers  
of flight, we will be buried  
as a dust without wind.

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