

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, 8th 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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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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