

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Darren C. Demaree: Four Poems

Darren C. Demaree · Wednesday, January 27th, 2016

Darren C. Demaree is the author of “As We Refer to Our Bodies” (8th House, 2013), “Temporary Champions” (Main Street Rag, 2014), “The Pony Governor” (2015, After the Pause Press) and “Not For Art Nor Prayer” (8th House, 2015). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Emily As A Mango Hitting the Ground

If this were an orchard
 how lovely it would be
 if Emily fell from a tree
 as the mangos fall, roll
 to the will of the root's
 gradient. In Ohio, though
 we don't grow any mango
 & such a fall bruises deeply
 what we had first hoped
 would be light pat
 from the dirt. Origin
 of my fruit, I am sorry,
 I did my best to imagine
 a way for you to be unscathed
 or cradled in good context.
 I failed to simply catch you.
 (originally appeared in *Your Impossible Voice*)

Emily As The Sun Is So Bright The Field Has No Context For The Cold

There is a distance from us
 to the cut bank, but the warmth,
 or absence of the warmth
 never varies, never layers jealousy
 between the land, the man,

the woman he loves who stares
 at the sun without regard for her
 eyesight, what that narrowing
 black can mean. We are dressed
 for a warmer world. We believed
 that bright sun meant something.
 Legs over the erosion of the field,
 we have sat here all morning
 hoping more land would develop
 so we could lay down in the light,
 but that is not what happens here.
 No matter what the scene might
 look like from Route 36, we are
 not moving because we are waiting,
 not because we are frozen, or afraid
 we will fall into the shallow water
 beneath us, we are waiting for eyes
 that can decipher all of the things
 the steam pouring out of our mouths
 might mean. Good money down,
 we have nothing to say about Ohio,
 as we knew this might happen,
 that the small strips of land
 might one day mean something more
 to us because of the distance
 between each other, our warm bodies.
 (originally appeared in *Prick of the Spindle*)

Adoration #30

for Anna, my neighbor

The first time you mentioned your breasts
 to me it was to tell me they
 were gone now, that there were other
 parts missing as well, taken from
 your body, from waking flesh
 that had woken up poorly, sick.
 When I tried consolation, you
 made a joke. You looked stronger then.
 Actual strength is astounding.
 (originally appeared in *Northwind*)

Emily As Luminance Deflected

The first letter that magnificence wrote
 was in deference
 to the lord. The second letter

that magnificence wrote was about a tide
of angels overwhelming the shores,
confronting the sun. The third letter
was a confession
that magnificence believed only in the heat
of other magnificence
& the army of heavens, General
& Co., seemed to only carry individuals
on the sand, one at a time, driving
them mad with the thought that they
might not be alone. The fourth letter
magnificence wrote was more of a song,
that buried the burden of proof
inside of her glorious, malleable intention
to be weak beauty, but beauty all the same.
(originally appeared in Colorado Review)

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