

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Darren C. Demaree: Three Poems

Darren C. Demaree · Wednesday, April 9th, 2014

Darren C. Demaree is living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children. He is the author of “As We Refer to Our Bodies” (September 29, 2013) and “Not For Art Nor Prayer” (2014), both forthcoming from 8th House Publishing. He is the recipient of two Pushcart Prize nominations and a Best of the Net nomination.

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### EMILY AS THE SANCTUARY HURTS THE BLOSSOM

Whimpers come with closed peace,  
tight peace that crowd the green trees,  
circle to choke off the bloom. Astonished

with the vibration, the continued rattle  
that fashions angry music at night  
when we most want to allow the wind

to move us freely. We protect love.  
We shield love from all violence. Emily  
and I, sometimes lose sight of the blossom.

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### WE ARE ARROWS #217

Magic and realism,  
we are the movement  
between the two, we  
are the screams that  
echo back and forth  
like those are our only  
two mountains.

We have  
found the drugs that  
make that untrue, but  
they are dangerous.

We have lost  
whole generations to  
the wager that there  
might be a third  
mountain, a man of a  
mountain, but that  
was before the good  
drugs could take us  
past that thought.

We have a  
third mountain; we  
have made it piling  
animals on top of  
experiments on top of  
numbers that  
resemble the purest of  
stardust.

We are  
competitive in our  
naming of this  
structure.

We hesitate to  
stand on top of it, but  
our embrace of the  
slow rising proof of its  
strength has given our  
arms a reason to  
believe in the  
possibility of damn  
near any formula.

We should  
close our arms around  
this pinnacle.

We should not  
forget the magic or  
the realism, but the  
names we have given  
those places were too  
apt to replace them  
now.

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## **WE ARE ARROWS #218**

We are with the rain  
first. We are  
baptized of this world  
before we are ever

given a chance to  
resemble a single  
grain of dirt.

After the  
clouds, we only  
resemble the dirt.

We should  
remember how much  
we owe to the sky.

We should  
know how much we  
owe the dirt.

It gave us a  
landing.

It gave us a  
second truth.

It is our  
moveable acceptance.

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