

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Dave Newman: Three Poems

Dave Newman · Sunday, April 13th, 2025

JANUARY 6TH

There America goes again, planting
skulls like seeds in the fields of our hearts.

*

YOU REALLY WANT TO WORK HERE?

I walked into his office and he said “Outside”
so I followed him out back to some dirt

and some guys standing around
and some other guys operating heavy machinery.

He said “Where is Mario?
Did Mario fucking quit too?”

Apparently, quitting was a problem.
I suspected low pay and bad working conditions.

None of the guys standing around
or operating heavy machinery answered.

The rage in the air felt a lot like
the rage in the air everywhere.

The guy from the office said
“You really want to work here?”

He fixed his hair like a barber
made of electricity and bad drugs.

I said “I do” which I didn’t
which is what the world of money is about.

He said "Here you go then"
and handed me a shovel.

*

THE TIME WE WALKED THROUGH HERMINIE AFTER DARK

The bartender stands outside, propping the screen
door with his boot. He inhales from a cigarette
like the smoke is a chain attached to his lung.
The laundromat is closed. So is the grocery.
Boards cover the pharmacy windows.
Down the block we are 22 and 21 years old.
I worry constantly about money, about work.
The catholic church is closed and the public
swimming pool won't open for another month.
"I don't care" she says "I'd rather drink than
have this stupid baby" and touches her belly
like a mug made of glory and destruction.

My front pocket holds my driver's license
and very little money, let alone solutions.

She keeps talking like her mouth is a dictionary
made of past mistakes and lasting desire.

I see god everywhere, even her belly
even the dirty sidewalk
even the church
but not in any of those places too.

She keeps talking and I start walking
to the bar
which I hope is heaven
or at the very least death.

*

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

This entry was posted on Sunday, April 13th, 2025 at 6:22 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

