# **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.

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(Featured image from Pexels)

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