

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Dennis Gulling: Six Poems

Dennis Gulling · Wednesday, November 9th, 2016

### Garbage Man

It was Bobby's first day  
As a garbage man  
He asked his partner Hugh if  
He'd ever found any dead bodies  
In the dumpsters  
Hugh looked sideways  
Flashed his big brown teeth  
And said no but  
Once I found  
A dog's head in a paper bag  
It was fresh  
No worms or flies  
I stuck it on my fist  
And hung my arm out the window  
At people on the street  
Going bow wow  
You assholes  
Bow wow

\*\*\*

### TV

There's a man on tv screaming  
At me about a  
Special offer  
Limited time only  
Not sold in stores  
Operators are standing by  
But I must act now  
The tv looks like  
A cage he wants to escape  
I turn it off

To lock him in

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## Jane Doe

The state police found her  
Doing a little dance  
At the side of the interstate  
She was probably in her late teens  
Or early twenties  
Had hazel eyes  
Short brown hair  
Wore a ratty print dress  
No shoes  
Wouldn't talk  
Just bit her lower lip  
And looked down a lot  
She didn't carry any i.d.  
Just a wolf's paw  
In a paper bag  
She liked  
To rub it on her face  
And growl

\*\*\*

## The Flood Dream

In his dream  
He's sitting in a rowboat  
In the middle of a flood  
The water is very cold and very dark  
He can't see anyone in any direction  
Just treetops and roofs  
Pieces of furniture floating by  
He looks into the water  
And notices something white  
It comes closer to the surface  
And he sees a girl's face staring at him  
Her lips are parted slightly  
Almost smiling  
Her eyes are half closed  
Serene  
Red hair floats around her face  
He reaches out to touch her  
But she starts to inch away in the current  
Lingers a moment  
And then she's gone

He sits up straight  
And stares out across the water  
He hears thunder in the distance  
And that sound becomes her name

\*\*\*

## How I Lost \$10

Bill Quincer banged on  
My back door with a towel  
Wrapped around one hand  
Said he'd cut off  
A finger with his band saw  
And wanted me to drive  
Him to the hospital  
On the way over  
He took a bloody handkerchief  
From his shirt pocket  
Held up the finger  
And said  
What'll you give me  
If I walk into the emergency room  
With this thing up my nose?

\*\*\*

## Girl on the Hood of a Camaro

He saw her in the parking lot  
When he was going  
Into Carmen's Liquors  
She was sitting  
On the hood of a black '69 Camaro  
White leather skirt  
Up to her hips  
Yellow blouse cut low  
She couldn't have been  
More than 17  
She was blowing bubble gum  
And combing her bright blond hair  
Staring at nothing  
He watched  
For almost a minute  
Then went in to do the job  
Pulled a .22 on the clerk  
And told her to open the register  
The clerk came up with a gun of her own  
So fast he didn't know what happened

She put a bullet point blank  
In his chest  
And he went down  
In front of a rotating wine cooler display  
People started peeking in through the windows  
But keeping low  
When they saw the clerk standing  
Over the body  
They came in for a closer look  
Pretty soon there was a crowd  
Around the front of the store  
And the police started pouring in  
But the girl still sat  
On the hood of the  
Camaro blowing bubbles  
Still staring at nothing  
In the red glow  
Of the police lights  
It looked like she was  
Combing blood from her hair  
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