

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Doug Anderson: Three Poems

Doug Anderson · Tuesday, April 22nd, 2025

### Paramnesia

There was no war.  
We did not kill.  
Our tanks did not tear up  
their rice fields.  
He did not bleed out  
in spite of my efforts.  
It never happened.  
Old men sat in front  
of their hooches,  
rolled a cigarette  
and watched the light  
move across the paddy.  
A child rode  
the water buffalo home  
tapping its flank with a stick.  
Farmers stopped in their fields,  
leaned on hoes and sang ca dao.  
There were no layers of dead  
below the earth, Vietnamese,  
Chinese, French, American.  
No tiger cages on Con Son Island.  
None of this ever happened.  
Instead we all swam  
in the warm salt sea  
offshore near Kim Son Mountain,  
the waves green, backlit by the sun.

\*

And it came to pass that people gave each other poems each night, a flame cupped in the hands and passed from one to another in the hard wind of our times.

\*

## This Day

Word made flesh is not just  
THE WORD made flesh  
but any word at all:  
coffee, piss, pill and plum,  
and how I babble to myself,  
alone this morning, the soliloquy  
my social life, my conversation.  
I'm told we live longer  
when partnered, when there's  
a heartbeat to match our own.  
Alone, this is the way my life  
falls out this thirty-first day  
of March, two thousand  
twenty-five. That being so  
I want words to take up the space  
in my life, to grow large in the room  
along with this coffee cup  
computer screen, blood pressure cuff.  
Each word a space to wander in:  
the architecture of say, Love.  
I've lived long enough  
to watch my country begin  
to fail like all others,  
its people asleep through  
the time of tyrants rising,  
and now teetering on the edge  
of Hell. I'd just as soon  
be younger, to throw a fast fist  
at the juggernaut of stupidity,  
to run from the cloud  
of closing tear gas.  
But I'll just stroll into it  
as if walking the dog I do not own.  
Sun, I say. Wind, I say.  
I say, mother of pearl cloud.  
These things I love, the farmland  
that spreads out all around me,  
the cows indifferent to  
the scheming and grasping.  
One more day.  
Sing it, one more day.

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*(Featured image from [Pexels](#))*

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