

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.

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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