Cultural Daily

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Emmet VR Abrams: Three Poems

Emmet VR Adams · Wednesday, April 26th, 2017

Emmet VR Abrams is a 16 year old Los Angeles born artist and writer. They have been featured in the statewide California Poets in the Schools anthology and garnered special recognition in Stone Soup Magazine. Emmet attends Crossroads School and actively participates in many of their school's theatre, film, and art programs. Emmet is also a devoted member of Crossroad School's GSA club, and is openly bisexual and non-binary. Their hobbies include playing the ukulele, singing, and overanalyzing children's cartoons.

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Have They Run Out of Old White Men Yet?

Have they run out of old white men yet? If they haven't, we've reason to fret. Long ago, there was just "Confederates." (Long ago, people died at their bayonets) But then the KKK came our way, Making Confederates strictly passé.

Civil rights was the song that we sung,

Though they tried everything to stop our tongues.

Then when they all got in the loop

They disintegrated into manageable groups.

All the far right Republicans, misogynists, and homophobes

The popularity of their beliefs began to shrink to microbes

So once we thought we were finished, then

A new type of them arrived: average citizen.

Then respect was a fraction of meager

For those who were not as eager

To mock minorities with slights and names,

And indulge in outdated, bigoted games.

Now, as each brand-new micro-aggression appears,

It brings tension, increasing our fears:

Could a time we extolled as a find

Be revealed as decades behind?

So we sometimes do miss, I confess,

Days of victory in equality (with no stress)

When we never were faced with the threat

Of the bigoted side we hadn't met.

Is there some joke that we don't get?

Have they run out of old white men yet?

The Law Is Dead

The law is dead

Organs failed the public aorta

Causation with no affection

No infection, my dears, affectations

Once said to sedate a sleeping crowd

Those lies now turn the anarchists loud

Now the law lies in bed with a maiden Ophelia

Rotting with an unkempt greenhouse

Daises for loser virgins

Rosemary that I forgot

Fennels for playing a cheap trick

Rue for weeping at 5 am with a bottle of vodka

And violets for a broken commitment

Under them the slain families lie

I am your Horatio

Your Benvolio, your final survivor

I stand over Romeos and Juliets

Depressed Hamlets, the reeling Tempest that swept them all to dust

All those Midsummers gone too soon

The law is dead! Ring the church bells!

Give it a televised funeral

Market its corpse

And consume whats left

Throw rice, I'm not certain the custom

But with certainty I can say

The law is dead

The law is dead

THE LAW IS DEAD!

Yes, the law is dead, its sunken crown

The law is dead and fallen down

And so with weathered, bloody hand

In law's place we here stand.

One Door Closes Another

It is odd to be faced with a finite amount of time, a looming date. It throws me back, Oh, my lovely, it tosses me, reminds me of Shakespearean tragedy and doves against June's sky. You both have such smiles, Oh, my lovely, it tosses me. I'm a toy boat in the middle of the Atlantic. The scary city that you'd go to, the sea foam lady who towers over a ripe Red Delicious, but bittersweet, like baker's chocolate. a taste reminding me of that New Years Eve we spent in our virtual Greece. Now, I'll dream of the whirring of engines, a thundering rocket, skyward like Benny's Vega. Why did I have to go and like you? Why did you have to love me so hard? You are the siren leaving Lesbos. I, Sappho,

(Author photos by Alexis Rhone Fancher)

Why did you have to love me so hard?

femme tears on butchered skin.

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