# **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

### **Eric Howard: Three Poems**

Eric Howard · Thursday, August 10th, 2017

Eric Howard studied poetry with Robert Mezey and Karen Swenson at the Claremont Colleges before working as a substitute junior high school, high school, and college teacher while living in the Los Angeles neighborhood of Silver Lake. He later obtained a master's degree in English from California State University while studying prosody with Henri Coulette. He currently lives near the Los Angeles River and its bike path. The poem "Taliban Beach Party" concerns an event put on by the Los Angeles Cacophony Society.

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#### Saint John

On a dark night, happy, burning with want, I went unnoticed from my quiet house in shadow, took the back stairs without stopping. Disguised, that moonless night, in secret and without light, no guide but my desire, I walked as sure as noon to where he waited to know me well, where no one saw.

Night that guided me, I thank you.

Night that united lover and beloved,
beloved and Love, night more lovable
than dawn, you taught my heart to grow flowers
for him alone as he lay sleeping
and I touched his hair beneath the fanning cedar.
He reached so calmly for my neck and wounded me there,
I hardly felt myself stop breathing,
but I stayed, and I forgot myself.
I rested my face on him and let everything go,
every worry to the grass, all harm forgotten.

[Note: "Saint John" is a translation of a poem by the Spanish mystic poet Saint John of the Cross (1542-91).]

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## **To Money**

In the rainbow-ceilinged hotel foyer motivational syllables sail out from the follow-your-bliss seminar. The Goldberg Variations rain upon a figure-eighting fly. Conversations buzz around you, arpeggios that start "I love . . . ." Outside, a girl with a tattoo that rounds her shoulder slowly works a broom kitchenward, the uneven window panes bending her in silence from youth to age.

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## **Side Effects May Include**

Amanuensis of the hand on the sides of your life Bipedalism across the young plains in a fur bikini Curtilage of the tongue and throat

Demurrage for the weight of the smoke

Easement for symptoms that may persist because you're alive

Fraud upon your house

Gog and Magog across the San Fernando Valley

Hermeneutics of fire giants running uphill

Imminence of horror and latex

Joinder to Yellow Wallpaper v. Gregor the Beetle

Kenosis of the bath house and porn set

Laches of "you know I still love you"

Mitosis of some happy dayglow chick

Noema of the man from nowhere on trial for murder

Orderliness of the refrigerators that will be cleaned out at 3 P.M.

Periphrasis for diving into meat grinders

Quintillions of first years of service

Replevin of the Worldwide Mad Deadly Hollywood Gangster Computer God

Spam from ghosts of your past lives

Transubstantiation of all the numbers of the phone system

Unclean hands upon the world

Viscosity of ketchup or Tapatío

Warbling of pharmacists at Kaiser on Sunset

Xylographia five years experience \$10 an hour

Yodeling internship opportunity

Zarzuela of stars and hangers-on and homeless

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