

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Eva Lipton-Ormand: Three Poems

Eva Lipton-Ormand · Wednesday, May 26th, 2021

### love crowns gently

moving into transition  
 time is cotton-muffled  
 yip-yapping somewhere in the background  
 but held by earth squat succor  
 mindfulness – there is no moment with which to be more present  
 than when these beings want to push their way into existence  
 and it will never be the same  
 as your heart moves into deep sea exposure  
 to hold space for the most precious thing  
 you will ever be responsible for  
 Children

the act can be forceful, raw, rude  
 mucus membranes might sustain lacerations from repetitive friction  
 sugar rush to heroin rush to sex rush  
 dopamine rules because we only consist of chemistry  
 arpeggiated slur – love – love  
 love

love

love

it's when the submarine drops and sinks deeper  
 and it's the undertow you feel and  
 there's a foundation to keep you in place  
 that time stands still  
 not in child birthing fashion  
 love birthing is rose petal soft  
 imperceptible but for the sigh of a shift  
 Lovers

smiling is a learned act to dispel the ache  
 challenge always – never ending battle  
 maligned too often, marginalized continuously  
 bereft, unbeknownst to her  
 until the tears rush

on a wine filled, moonful night  
 and loneliness doubles the pain  
 with bootstrap-iron will  
 donned like a superhero cloak  
 perhaps in another decade  
 – oh so gently –  
 she will birth  
 Self

\*

## Karneval prohibition

They're urging the Volk to do without the official start of Karneval  
 in Cologne 11/11 at 11:11

This virus is spreading like wildfire  
 with the insidious bite of Zyklon B given in just enough of a dose  
 to taint the skin but not to make it fester  
 Poison seeps in more effectively when introduced incrementally  
 that's how arsenic is administered – to makes horses' coats shine  
 how lead seeps into little ones in the disenfranchised parts  
 and decimates the geisha's face from decades of application

May the SS rogues appropriate it once again  
 we'll see how Germania reacts to opposing parties hanging off each tit  
 they're using the terminology of war  
 western sensibility demands it

How would in less militaristic terms  
 a call to arms look?  
 A cloud of bats approaches, don masks, and let them pass gently  
 for we have stolen their habitat

\*

## real ballerinas

they look frail but are strong  
 tendon and muscle pop out through parchment skin  
 spinous processes form landmarks  
 anatomy students would revel to use as mnemonics  
 don't do sit-ups on the bare floor or the bruises will show  
 no officer, not domestic abuse  
 but when even at your most anorexic  
 you don't meet the criteria for the ballet body  
 the odds are against you  
 and "we're not in the wild west," where bulk counts for more  
 that's for modern dancers, ugly duckling ballerinas

real ballerinas  
were Kafka's starving artists who stood in the wings  
pawned off to Degas-white-fat-men  
girls pimped by their destitute mothers



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