

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Flora Midwood: Two Poems

Flora Midwood · Sunday, November 3rd, 2024

Ashes for Dust

But you see me flying in and out
you hear my heart race,
freeze,
the same way as hers does

Catholic liturgy, Protestant stall
Islam and the infidels
40,000
and the Shoa still echoing in the hall.

My daddies tried —
Sweet Emperors of apocryphal peace —
but they were just like yours,
Catalina,

you gonna be bad?
don't be bad.
Temperature rises,
dust on its feet.

*

Just Before

Half crooked smile
She's in the duck pond
Up to her neck
You're flirting

My eyes are on her though
You haven't turned your head yet
My toes are digging into the grass
I'll beat your anger to the punch

I'll get in the duck pond too
There's about five yards
To the water
Your whole breath spent on the last puff

So I think I could
In a few strides win this race
Up, step, step, splash
a second before your mind breaks

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