

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Florence Weinberger: Three Poems

Florence Weinberger · Wednesday, September 27th, 2017

Florence Weinberger is the author of four published collections of poetry, *The Invisible Telling Its Shape* (Fithian Press, 1997) and *Breathing Like a Jew* (Chicory Blue Press, 1997), and *Carnal Fragrance*, (Red Hen Press, 2004), and *Sacred Graffiti*, (Tebot Bach, 2010.)

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### Zachary's Rainbow

Who named it teal,  
                     Cayuga duck dazzle-  
 dressed to fit the marsh it's sitting in?  
 My ocean's sometimes denim,  
                     often mauve, the shade inside a wave's turn.

Who said rouge,  
                     blush on a cheek, labial pink of the Angelique tulip?  
 Why is a rainbow called hope?

My grandson's color blind.  
                     His world is gray, lights and darks only, no cerise or b  
 utter Scotch,  
 all his ice cream ashen, his gold retriever silver.

I want to ask him  
                     do you harbor wild parrots in your sleep?  
 And the auroras I see dancing in your eyes—aren't they the dawning  
                     of imagination?

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### Baby Blue Buddha

Baby blue Buddha  
 what would Neruda

say about you?

You sit in a doorway  
miles from Norway  
or Katmandu.

There are legions of regions  
whose signs are egregious:  
deceiving with similar hues.

If you are a logo  
for some deadbeat's ego,  
that would hardly amuse.

If you're just hired labor  
to harbor my neighbor,  
what of the turmoil in Bruges?

But if you're distracting  
when I should be redacting  
the occasional gifts from my muse

I wish you would give me more clues.

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## DNR

*And, she says, you can always change your mind later.*

Stiletto pen above a gut-colored form,  
my doctor glows in standard whites.

Yes or no. What does she know?  
She's just held a cold disc to my throat  
where the carotid tends to clog.

What if the river of blood, the flood of no return  
is taking a pause, has become a slow leak  
like the push it takes to pee at my age  
and then resumes its creaky way  
but it goes, it goes.

How can she be certain I'm too far gone  
to harrow my muse or atone?

But under the rules her demeanor  
is controlled  
and her time is brief.

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*(Featured photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher.)*

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