

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Gabriel Harmon: Four Poems

Gabriel Harmon · Wednesday, May 8th, 2019

Whip grass bent low

lean in to it and wait for the updraft
I'm thankful for these lead filled shoes sometimes
Taxidermy city street hovers above security.
See inside my bag of tricks and I'll read you a story
of the Cataloged Emporium of oddities and natural history.
the sky scribe contemplating constellations narrations
fundamental foundations ley lines lay down design now
Heat wave caravan
Spin it up again
constructs stitched with the Positively charged
rising vapors

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How do you take care of yourself?

Every day I cook breakfast it's always the same, three eggs over a medium flame for 5 minutes. I'll get a big glass of water and wait watching that mornings latest video of whatever nonsense I find interesting. It's small but it's mine and it's just enough to get me through the day.

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My dreams

I dreamt about getting a job in an architect's office

and the feeling of success that all my work so far
has been for something important.
I dreamt about getting my own place
and starting a family.

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Letter to the shadow

Where are you
Manic razorblade focus
Strike again or is this the wrong medium
The membrane has callused
The alcoholic erosion control gates rust
This tool box is not the same

There must be another way to pull off this heist
Back roads and secret passages
Mindfulness and I'll find a way.

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