

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Ginna Luck: Three Poems

Ginna Luck · Wednesday, May 11th, 2016

Ginna Luck's work can be read in *Pif*, *Juked*, *Typehouse Literary Magazine*, *The Writing Disorder* and more. She has an MFA from Goddard, and is an editor for the online journal *Rawboned*. She Lives in Seattle with her husband and three kids.

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### A Poem

I believe in choking silence  
from the soft joints of a poem.  
I believe in diffusing it  
until it becomes the black all around and inside  
and the space it fills and keeps trying to fill  
and still I do not give in.  
I believe in language.  
In the way sensation fingers through it  
like small remnants of teeth  
over an unclosed wound.  
I believe in perseverance.  
I lean my face into the wind  
and start to believe it's a smoldering pit  
cooled by the breath of an animal a million miles away  
that I was meant to swallow.  
I feel the knuckles of its spine rise up like a staircase to climb.  
I believe in distance.  
In crossing great seas of flesh with no more than a blood-flecked voice  
the word forsaken sweating from my palms an ocean  
and here it comes: one more wave moving around me and within  
and all the dirt that lays beneath.  
I drag my tongue like a rotting fish across it  
lick up the ruined words  
so filling my chest  
I think I might never have to breath again.

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## The Earth and Also the Trees Above

How much of us is left  
in everything that moves:  
leaves, grass, water  
touches of wind?  
Is not the early morning light  
a long silent exhalation of relief  
just beginning to open  
into the whole width of the air?  
Does not the deep pine woods capture  
in their branches a breath  
that takes forever to be over?  
I like to think it is far too late  
to unravel each other from each other  
that even before the initial memory of being born  
our bones are cut from years and years of the same  
smoke, the same robust, sane clouds, the same  
sun, heat and light, as to make our hearts soft  
our blood thin, as to slow the spirit of skyline  
into a voice, into a hand, into the weary nest of mortality  
opening up like an umbrella  
collecting all the days  
of some simple life, some rain soaked air.

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## Brambles

If I plant a garden I will plant only brambles that grow even when it is not spring because I am afraid of dying. I will dig into the earth and plant rows and rows of them, though they are not beautiful, though they are not something we can love. We will always be children there — the air soft as dough, flipping the dark leaves over. But then, I start thinking of blossoms and the bright desert.

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