

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Gloria Mindock: Three Poems

Gloria Mindock · Friday, July 29th, 2022

Ashes

Bury me into your heart.
Don't forget.
Even when you distribute my ashes.
Embers of arms will flow out into the wind.
What will I attach to.

The rain will push my ashes to the ground
mixing them with mud.
Stepped on, maybe someone will bring
me home on their shoe, wipe the mud off with
a rag, throw it away, then off to the dumps.

This is all I am, garbage!
To be buried again into non-existence.

There is a chance I will be recycled.
Later, I could be part of that doll
your child embraces.

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J/M

J loved fake names.
He was a burnt-out novelist.
Wrote too many stories about
horrific blind dates.
He was a wild man.
Too many plastic bags in his kitchen.
He would kill you, burn you, pretending
it was love.

M, an elementary teacher,
went out with **J**.

She thought he was popular,
 would bring her wealth.
M was wrong.
 Her fate lay at the water's edge.

An Alligator.

(Published in *Writing in a Woman's Voice*)

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Plastic

1.

X was only two months sober and was telling everyone he had a date. Despite being told to concentrate on his sobriety and not women, he would not listen. The next day, he said they went out for dinner. Afterwards, she invited him to her place for coffee. When they walked into her apartment, there were dolls sitting at the kitchen table, on the couch, in the bedroom, and even on the toilet. Doll eyes watching him. Creepy. He left.

We all teased him and said he should have kissed a doll. There would be no heart beating. All he would have to do is keep his lips closed. Then there would be no feelings.

2.

X was sitting in the car with his date, about ready to go to dinner when she said, "Wait! I have to wrap my head up in tin foil! It is important for me to communicate with the aliens." X looked at her in disbelief. He took the tin foil box from her and wrapped his head up with it, waiting for a miracle.

3.

It had been awhile since X went out on a date. He sat in the car with her as she smacked her gums and then stuck the chewing gum on the dashboard. Then she dug out her lipstick from her purse. X was still focusing on her gum on the dashboard. He looked around her car more closely and saw gum stuck all over the place. He felt a knot in his stomach and was disgusted, got out of the car without saying a word. About a block later, as he was thinking, he reached in his pocket and unwrapped a piece of gum and chewed...

4.

The sirens were going off. X knew it was time to get out. His heart was beating quickly. X was scared he would not make it. Heavy black smoke was filling the apartment up. He jumped and realized it was just a dream. Next to him was a woman, young and very pretty. His heart smoldered... He thought, what did I do to deserve such a thing. Just then, a fireman knocked down the door and *resuscitated* him. There was no girl. Just a firehose through the broken window. Sometimes X, a flame is just a flame.

(Published in *Nixes Mate Review*)

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ASH by Gloria Mindock

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This entry was posted on Friday, July 29th, 2022 at 6:55 am and is filed under [Poetry](#)

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