## **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## **Gregory Goodrich: Two Poems**

Gregory Goodrich · Tuesday, July 11th, 2023

## Moonlight Sonata in C Minor

i don't know anything about music or musicality only about the way your hands move across my back like pin needles from an acupuncturist or Botticelli painting La Primavera and when i hear your fingers string across those keys all i can think of is an entire piano landing upside my head like in one of those Saturday morning cartoons and as you keep that motherfucker suspended a quarter inch above my toenail i begin to think about that night with Cassandra—seven years ago where cobalt crushed into the asphalt and you called me a fucking asshole and how i still keep a stick of her eyeliner in my car just as a reminder of when you asked me: who the fuck do you think you are? how i'm still here trying to figure that out and how we survived doing figure eights of cocaine living in a glass house that Ocean Drive hotel and how we played those keys all damn day until i damn near passed out and i think about if i would've died then i would've been happy about how i went out because the last thing i would've ever remembered would've been your damn mouth but instead i remember right before i went into shock still and how it feels like nothing—now that you killed your damn self

[and i think about that night inside that brothel on Bourbon Street rolling blunts in the back room with some bitch named Cassidy

and how if we didn't get thrown out by security i probably would've let her take me for every fucking penny thinking you would've let me get away with anything]

or how a couple years later we'd end up in Phoenix making out in the backseat—of a cop car and how even after two hours inside that bitch and hearing all the dogs bark they couldn't pin us for shit and i think about how much that pissed them off that they had to let us drive off into the motherfucking sunset and how we had Maxwell's Embrya playing on a cassette thinking that if i could be reborn that this would always be my station and i would fucking get off on all the times i thought i hated that time in that Toronto high-rise after i had spent the night with the other girl of my dreams and you just had to go on asking: do you think Cynthia is more beautiful than me? and i was fucking stupid—enough to think that honesty was the best thing cuz you already knew the answer and you were just fucking testing and i already knew then i would've been better jumping off that fucking balcony forty-four stories down til i was face-flat on the concrete but i just fucking sat there just like i would for the next four years listening to all that dumb shit and all those you don't really love me's well shit—i'm still here writing you love letters and you've been dead for two years and i can't think of a night since that you haven't pulled at my heartstrings like an angelic harp—or an arrow shot that you expect me to catch in between my damn teeth and i think about that first time in Fort Lauderdale Valentine's Day 2013 how you gave me a gift—and like a kid on Christmas i spent that whole morning playing with Cecily and i think about how many hours we all sat on that tennis court coming down off ecstasy

and how later you'd lose your best friend

and i don't know what the fuck even happened but that shit was probably cuz of me

so all this is to say
i'm a fucking asshole
you were right all along the way
but never for a moment did i not love you
the only song i sing
is at the moon
howling your name

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## **Plums**

lips like plums you tore me up

death rests on the edge of my tongue

and you stand there in opposition as a monument to everything alive

and living
as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes
and i stop
and think

your frame
is like sunshine
and i'm
subject to photosynthesis

and you are a message in a bottle that i've been dying to read even though i know i'm antithesis

palm dates fall to the ground and eventually sprout spelling out the catharsis in your curves

reasoning creativity into such a singular space

my great-grandfather used to spend all his free hours trying to fit his creations into glass bottles

ships that never sailed emotions that stayed bottled now i'm going off the rails now tell me, do you follow?

because we are against two different oceans but every day i search for you in sea-foam

because you're a message in a bottle one that i've been dying to read

my great-grandfather didn't have the privilege of being able to fall in love on a whim with someone across the country and so he spent his nights emptying bottles of scotch that were the same age as his wife when he last loved her

folding himself away into delicate squares like the sails he folded so close to his ships just to make them fit into these glass bottles that to even to a younger me felt like the eyes of fish

he was writing poetry in the wood he carved i'm the only one who took the time to translate thus far

and you're a message in a bottle one that i've been dying to read

because about you i've already written novels and you didn't have to tell me anything

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lips like plums you tore me up

my body breaks down like a chorus you are all my wishes

lips like plums you tore me up

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