

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Harry Northup: Two Poems

Harry Northup · Thursday, April 30th, 2015

Harry Northup has had ten books of poetry published, the last one being *Where Bodies Again Recline* (Cahuenga Press). He received his B.A. in English from C.S.U.N., where he studied Verse with Ann Stanford. Northup has made a living as an actor for thirty-four years, acting in thirty-seven films, including *Taxi Driver* (1976 Palme d'Or winner at Cannes), *Over the Edge* (starring role) & *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991 Oscar winner for Best Picture).

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### birthday poem

amidst cruelty in the daily family  
 newspaper, the youngest son & his  
 lovely wife ate at true food kitchen  
 & saw a meditative vastness in line  
 plane & color — no skill for conformity  
 attempting to silence the poet  
 you would think that old age wouldn't tie  
 its hands with bitterness — for each  
 thing is holi — lincoln highway is holi  
 fbi guns are holi — everything that  
 lives is holi — meanness holi, hunger  
 holi, denying family holi, disregards  
 are holi — the hunger has gotten  
 such that cruelty springs from nausea  
 the religiousness not being the creator  
 the sickness comes when the middle  
 class wants all to be money hungry  
 materialists — love & work, honor  
 them, nourish the creative, don't  
 live in fear of the other — every-  
 thing howls, yelps, hides, walks,  
 rises — multiple images with narra-  
 tive underneath — the youngest son  
 & his wife — both poets, ate good food  
 & saw diebenkorn's ocean park series

& for awhile the youngest son  
forgot how cruel his older religious  
brother had been to him

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## menus reply

the man loaned his studebaker station wagon  
to his friend who drove to a ladies house  
the loaner hid on the folded down seat & covered himself  
with a blanket  
the friend drove with his lady to the grove & made love  
to her while the loaner listened

the same man who loaned his car to his friend  
had another friend who owned a lavender thunderbird  
while the driver stood outside the man sat in the passenger  
seat  
& the girl with the large freckles hiked up her skirt  
pulled her panties down & sat on top of the young man  
in the passenger seat of the t-bird  
she moved up & down until he came  
the two men worked together in a men's clothing store

the same man went to a town 80 miles away  
with a man who owned a salmon-colored ford convertible  
the owner was going with a cheerleader for the jr. college team  
after the friday night football game  
the two men & the cheerleader drove to a seamy part of town where  
the younger man went into an indian woman's house &  
on the other side of a curtain screwed the indian woman for \$9  
while her husband watched television in the first room  
the young man from an other town passed through

when he was 17 he asked a cab driver in san francisco where  
he could find a woman to fuck  
the cabbie took him to a hotel & in a room where he could see  
the bay she washed his dick in warm water  
she unzipped her gray dress & they fucked before he sailed  
to hawaii for duty at pearl harbor

all this to say the young man was hungry  
& he never really solved his loneliness  
until his passion for acting took him to manhattan  
his devotion to poetry took him to a finality  
that has never seemed final nor free but  
he found a woman who loved him & he never ever disconnected

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