

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Heath Brougher: Four Poems

Heath Brougher · Monday, February 21st, 2022

### Built to Nonexist

I know  
I will  
never find  
her but  
every so  
often I  
catch myself  
looking for her.

And on  
the rare  
occasion I  
am able  
to see  
myself, I  
realize I,  
too, am  
no longer  
there.

\*

### Equanimity

The lucky and the unlucky cat  
are products of the Golden Ratio.  
The Polish priest and the Tasmanian czar  
are products of the Golden Ratio  
The infinity within infinity  
is a product of the Golden Ratio.

From sunflowers to galaxies  
it seems this particular portion  
of the Multidimensional Multiverse

contains a cryptic birthmark.

\*

## Dawn

Good (motionless bodies along the path to Baghdad,  
violent religious uprisings, daily bombings, African children skin and bones,  
nuclear warheads armed and at the ready, toxic waste leaking into the Pacific,  
a healthcare system where one accident will send you straight to the poorhouse,  
the skeletal shambles of the economy, melting polar ice caps, the terrorist News stations,  
various diseases one mutation away from becoming a pandemic, politicians spouting  
nothing resembling the truth, assault rifles in the hands of maniacs, fracking next door,  
flammable tap water, China rising, trans fats and obesity,  
hospitals full of infected lymph nodes, a prison of toxic food and pills,  
this spurious democracy, and that atrocious possible truth in the back of your head  
that keeps telling you there just may be no light at the end of that tunnel) morning.

\*

## Filthy Creatures

I would harm a fly  
but only by accident.  
For there is already enough apathy  
within these mired and trumped walls  
to wipe out a nation of magnanimous spirits.

I step among the filthy, cracked  
sidewalk as golden bricks  
are shoveled into a white house.

The fly in the ointment keeps blaming  
the other fly in the ointment.

I, the pacifist, finally decide  
to lay down in the middle of this land  
and die from the unrestricted greed  
and noxious air which has enveloped  
the entirety of this Human Experience.

*Photo credit: Mish*

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