

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jason Masino: Two Poems

Jason Masino · Thursday, September 17th, 2020

Back to Black

Can you still shine bright
from six feet underground?

Culture transcends,
lives on
as the body – the bloody, soiled grape
prunes

Extract the soul and sell it
Ferment the insides and sell it
Yet less than 2% remains as juice

Concentrate, can you?
See yourself, do you?

At what point
does a rant
turn into a plea?

What becomes of the body-
the bloody, soiled grape-
when the history is wrung
from his skin?

Answerless questions
become obsessions
that I wish I had
the answers to

Questions that
mark a moment, a spec of :30
on the analog;
a household's breath,

a whiff of oil frying on the stove,
of the Corn Man honking down the street

*Don't all colors
add up to Black?*

*

Medi(t)ate

the sound of the white fan
the color of the darkness
of a room
lit by very little sunlight
the feeling of slightly dirty
white socks with green lace
& grey toe coverings
the white cheetah-printed window curtains
the color of yellow-wood
beaming through the crack
in the bedroom window

of a heart going pitter-patter

VOTE!

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