## **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## **Jeanette Powers: Two Poems**

Jeanette Powers · Wednesday, March 18th, 2020

## **Dandylion Riot**

I am in the dark soil of winter when you can see through my canopy for miles when I've lost all my leaves and I'm hiding deep when it's endless snow or 30 below and the blank white of life is blinding and we stop believing we'll ever be warm again I'm rootbound to this earth when new moon and blackest night when frozen mud chokes the earth when all but hawks are hiding I'm there, beneath the snow pushing up through the ice and one day in January you will look down and there full yellow head green shoot, tiny dandelion proving I never stopped reaching for the sun.

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## Miley Cyrus Makes an Honest Mistake

Miley Cyrus finds herself in the swimming pool and the water is sick with chlorine stench and the children are playing with abandon which is to her horrendous and she holds her guts squirming because her head-ache is a poltergeist shrieking at the sinking moon and her stomach is full of butterflies with chain-saw wings.

She doesn't know why
her body is at war with her
and she doesn't know why
she cannot catch her breath
and she's bobbing in the water
and her heart is exploding in her chest
she knows death is knocking on her rib cage
shaking the bars of her heart to rattle
rattling like the poison and desert snakes.

The children are caterwauling her throat seizes, she's caught suddenly the water is too cold too cold, she will get hypothermia her body will collapse.

All the children will find her dead body in the deep end, they will dive into her body lifeless, limp, hair snaking, bloating away they will have never seen a dead body before and Miley becomes frightened she reaches out for a life jacket, bright orange but grabs a small child instead she can't see the difference between innocent life and a life preserver

she carries the child out of the pool she cannot hear the child screaming over the lacerating panic in her own head the child's frenetic kicking feels only just like her own throbbing heart the scratching nails are only the pain of not being, of having never been she doesn't even exist she's not even moving away from the pool she can't even move.

Miley is on the ground her teeth breathe wet concrete and ten knees are imprisoning her body the safety ring flotation device is moving away in a blur of orange tears she sees it is not a buoy it is a little girl. Grown-ups are weeping and signaling she can't read lips or braille she knows that teeth are bared Miley relaxes into the dark floor whimpering ...

it's me it's me it's me

I'm not even here.

(Author photo by John Burroughs)

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