

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Jerry Garcia: Two Poems

Jerry Garcia · Wednesday, March 9th, 2016

**Jerry Garcia** is a poet, photographer and filmmaker from Los Angeles, California. He was chosen to participate in the Newer Poets XI Series at the L.A. Central Library by the L.A. Poetry Festival. Jerry's poetry and photography have been published in a range of journals and anthologies including: *Chiron Review*, *Askew*, *Palabra Magazine*, *KCET's Departures: Poetry L.A. Style*, *poeticdiversity*, *The Night Goes On All Night: Noir Inspired Poems* and *Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles and Beyond*. His chapbook *Hitchhiking With the Guilty* is available at [www.gratefulnotdead.com](http://www.gratefulnotdead.com) along with poems, photographs and broadsides.

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## Building a Nation Pantoum

A new nation does not write poetry;  
it establishes borders.  
A new nation does not create opera;  
it builds an army.  
A new nation establishes borders.  
Pondering preservation,  
it builds an army  
and mines resources.  
Pondering preservation,  
a new nation creates orders of law  
and mines resources  
while birthing children.  
A new nation creates orders of law.  
It builds bridges and levees  
while birthing children  
and planning for disaster.  
A new nation builds bridges and levees.  
It bargains for business  
and plans for disaster.  
It alphabetizes, counts, and stockpiles.  
Bargaining for business,  
a new nation does not create opera.  
It alphabetizes, counts, and stockpiles.  
A new nation does not write poetry.

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## While Walking the Dog Last Evening

I saw a falling star,  
its tail so long,  
its head so black,  
surely it must rest this morning  
in a neighbor's backyard,  
blackened rock, warm to the touch,  
conspicuous on a thick bed  
of blue grass.  
If it struck like the truth  
it could be the famous Boson  
and if it had not been honest,  
the prayers of many  
would nod as they hold on to tomorrow  
and the rest of us scramble  
to keep the day intact.  
Sometimes, what is visible in the black,  
like reflected branches  
and multi-galaxies of matter,  
would support belief in substance,  
while to others  
the flickering sky expresses  
the Divine.

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