

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## John Dorsey: Three Poems

John Dorsey · Wednesday, March 6th, 2019

### Tough Love

a week after his wife's death  
crazy mark & i sit on his porch  
smoking a joint  
in the middle of the afternoon  
when he tells me that his niece  
mailed him a pocket pussy  
from an adult bookstore in arkansas

he tells me at first  
that he couldn't figure out  
how the damn thing even worked  
& that it was barely big enough  
to fit a pencil down there.

\*

### Cool like Whip

the first time i ever saw a retarded person  
was at the old greengate mall  
where years later my brother and i  
would drink cheap red wine  
on the hill as we watched the cars go by  
to busier destinations

terry was in his mid 40's then  
his mother would drop him off every morning  
placing a crisp \$20 bill in his hand  
telling him not to lose it every time  
reminding him to she'd be there to pick him up  
right before they were about to close

he would offer everyone a hug  
& a high five

with a smile on his face

there wasn't a security guard or  
a food court worker  
who he wasn't on a first name basis with

his money spent on glitter covered sunglasses  
& backwards baseball caps  
bermuda shorts  
& giant foam fingers  
for local sports teams

if you asked how he was  
he'd say cool like whip  
& laugh until he was blue in the face  
just in case you didn't get the joke

when i heard that his mother died  
i wondered who would be there  
to pick him up that night

i wondered if there were tears  
behind his sunglasses after that  
& when someone asked him how he was  
i wondered if he said anything at all.

\*

## Punk Rock at 45

when i look at your life now  
i think nancy spungen got off easy  
breast cancer at 45  
you have be a fighter  
to sleep in the streets  
with your broken heart  
just dangling there  
like a locket made of bones

i remember you at 30  
beautiful  
tough  
& sad

talking about your family  
as we drove to 7-eleven  
to get hotdogs on christmas eve

how it all came flooding back  
your father threatening to drive

the whole family off a bridge  
into icy cold arkansas river water  
on christmas morning

or the near rape  
by a family friend  
at fourteen

or the countless bad relationships  
that became your anthem  
as much as nick cave  
or the murder city devils  
ever were

your lungs filled up with silence

as the night sky balled up  
into a fist  
& hurled your childhood  
into the past.

*(Author photo by Casey Rearick)*

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