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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## John Yamrus: Three Poems

John Yamrus · Monday, April 6th, 2026

### reading Proust

for  
the umpteenth time,

i  
came across  
the word “buttercup”

and,  
like that  
famous madeleine cookie

in  
the beginning  
of that long and wonderfully  
difficult book,

i thought  
back to a time  
when me and my sister

used to walk  
into the wood behind our house

and  
pick these  
little yellow flowers,

and  
she taught me  
how to hold them

under  
her chin  
where i could

see the reflection

of  
the flower,  
bright and yellow

and gone  
the second i took  
my eight year old hand away.

\*

**every morning, before work,**

he'd play  
Stravinsky's FIREBIRD...

loud...  
real loud.  
so loud that  
the asshole neighbor  
called the cops, but the cops  
said they couldn't do anything during the day,

and  
he knew it  
would really piss him off,

so he played it even louder.

the walls shook.

it was  
a very good day.

\*

**it felt like**

the  
whole world  
was coming down

around his ears.

it's been  
two weeks  
since they shut  
off the gas, then

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the lights and the water,

and  
it was  
right around then

that  
she decided  
she had enough  
and she was gone, too.

and  
now he  
spent the days  
when he could afford it,  
sitting in the diner as long as he could,

trying  
not to eat  
or think or move,  
just holding his coffee and  
and staring a hole in his scrambled eggs.

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*(Featured image from Pexels)*

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