

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Juniper Jones: Three Poems

Juniper Jones · Sunday, April 27th, 2025

I've been wanting  
                                   for ritual  
                                   a honeydew melon curve  
                                   pressed against the dining room table  
                                   type of anticipation  
 I don't swallow in fear of never knowing taste  
                                   again,  
                                   but accept the scrape of spoon  
                                   against tooth  
                                   as confirmation I knew it at all  
                                   I'm told  
                                   this is what we do:  
 savor memory till it ache in the mouths  
                                   of our predecessors,  
                                   so much so  
                                   that the cavity be present  
 in all that our children sputter  
                                   across tables

my mouth  
 be a skipping stone  
 for every story my body misremembers  
 A ripple is present  
 for each table  
 of loud mouthed jubilant jokers passing plates of Cod—  
 maybe catfish—  
 no maybe something more like Sunday,  
 something like Sphagetti—  
 no no more like a roast,  
 a pork chop,  
 something that isn't always exclusively food,  
 but always feel like food the next day,  
 something like a game  
 of cards, spades, spoons, bid whist,  
 something that still coat the bone till the same time next week,

something left to sit,  
 meaning in crock pots of fantasm,  
 long enough it easily pull away from it's own bone  
 like spirit from host

\*

## Untitled

I don't know  
 where words go  
 when they slip round  
 down there  
 maybe Tunica—

maybe a Mississippi twice removed

floating beneath my throat  
 memories that eventually  
 grow the will to become  
 dreams

\*

## Westside Bathroom

An ending like water  
 chasing serpentine basins  
 for ceremonial perfumes  
 sacrifice all of what I once was  
 for a bath of phantoms in my mouth  
 launder my back with a letter  
 of what having hands must feel like  
 I don't need a mirror  
 to make sense of my spine  
 don't cloak my thought in grief  
 i ain't no window  
 no glass of water  
 could be this sweet  
 I had to convince myself  
 fluidity can't be captured  
 for just a moment  
 so at any given moment  
 I could just jump out this body  
 finally understanding the sentiment  
 of what sediment is left  
 on a pain that I

---

now know as  
pleasure

\*

*(Featured image from [Pexels](#))*

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