Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Kari Gunter-Seymour: Two Poems

Kari Gunter-Seymour · Sunday, February 2nd, 2025

Where I Come From

A deluge of droplets
after months of scalding sun,
the little that's left of us stomping
two-by-two through swollen waters.

Oh the corporate histories
written here, eulogized
in ruin and rust, a land plucked
and pimped, targets stapled
to our hillbilly backs.

Drylanders, smug, clueless
shake confused heads, ask
why don't you move?

Here our measuring cups
are Holy Writ, our covenants
carried on tongues, roots
pleached, washed in the blood,
a chemistry of all who dwelt before us.

Here even toddlers know
the alchemy of survival,
how to spit-chew a jewelweed poultice
to sooth a bite or sting,
yarrow fronds to calm a scraped knee.

A gang of crows chase a hawk,
insects I will never learn all the names of
skate the surface of this drowned ground
thinking they can trust the journey.

A kingfisher swoops in like King Coal,

swallows up all he possibly can,
swaggers his fat belly skyward.

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The Heft of Heedfulness

I study the way a hummingbird stands
on the air. A radiance raptures

the lace of branches, lights up the creek bed,
rouses a drowsy valley.

I live like a bramble weed,
wild, yearning,

careful not to wake the spirits
as if my body knows something I don’t.

Where does love go
when it goes,

time a dandelion fluff
puffed asunder?

I hum for those I have lost,
count stars between sunrises,

close my eyes, thumb past the strictures
that silence me, my sleep

sleeping without me, this land
both cradle and grave.

(Featured image from Pexels)

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