

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Kelly Cressio-Moeller: Three Poems

Kelly Cressio-Moeller · Wednesday, November 5th, 2014

Kelly Cressio-Moeller is a poet whose new work is forthcoming in *Escape Into Life* and *Spillway*. She has been previously published in *Boxcar Poetry Review*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Rattle*, *Redwood Coast Review*, *The Sand Hill Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *THRUSH Poetry Journal*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and *ZYZZYVA*, as well as the anthology *First Water: Best of Pirene's Fountain* and Diane Lockward's book, *The Crafty Poet*.

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### It's 5 O'Clock Somewhere (24 Cocktails)

A guy walks into a bar.

The Singapore Sling is  
in full-swing. He spies  
a voluptuous white Russian,  
downs a shot of liquid courage;  
the thrumming rum pulls  
him toward the eye of her storm.

Leaning in, he whispers:  
*How 'bout some sex on the beach?*  
Never one to miss the makings  
of a screaming orgasm,  
she quickly hails a cab,  
checkered as her past.  
A bowl of scorpions  
in backseat flame & writhe.

The coast is everclear.  
Deep mudslide kisses  
crash over his brain.  
She's hankering to nuzzle  
his fuzzy navel, to unleash her  
hot pink squirrel.

*Linger awhile, my gimlet, thou  
art so fair. Sweet seduction  
scatters like paper umbrellas &  
empty matchbooks. She flips off  
her silk Japanese slippers; his  
cotton cabled sweater unravels  
on a rusty nail. Naked*

surfers with salty dogs  
ignore the flock of grey geese  
overhead. Kamikaze sake bombs  
go off all night, shimmering  
on an absinthe sea. A tequila  
sunrise surprises their ripened eyes,  
waking to the call of a mockingbird.

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## **Dusk at Mt. Diablo**

*Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live.*  
~ Oscar Wilde

The drive to Devil's Mountain takes only half an hour.

Everyone agreed, including his killer, he was a beautiful boy.

Visitors should plan to be in their vehicles before sunset.

All her life she was quick to flame and smolder.

Note typed. Animals euthanized. Biding her time.

They hiked a short trail to Lookout Point. She snapped his photo.

The darkest hours can pass in daylight.

She hated her ex-husband more than she loved her son.

A starless sky still shines as bright.

Three bullets when one would have been enough.

Years pass. We shelve our rage.

Throats of crows caw and scatter – the beat of black wings carries over the valley.

If only she had shot herself first.

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## Double Helix

I am growing thick in the middle again,  
an avalanche over the waistband.  
Those pounds I strong-willed away,  
unwelcomed back into newly upholstered  
cells. A scale is unnecessary. Last summer's  
clothes now grab my breasts and thighs with  
graceless but determined ardor.  
My corduroys brush and spark.  
Strict exceptions become the reckless rules.  
The last pastry or bread slice becomes a second  
or third. What am I trying to feed?  
How I green-eye marvel at those women  
who sit straight-backed and cross-legged in simple  
chairs, effortless as their unlabored breathing.  
My lumbering limbs wince and blush.  
Such slender tenderness my body has  
never known. Where to rest when your nest of  
skin feels cold as wintergreen dusk? I think  
of my parents riding under the weight  
of themselves, careening down  
demented diabetic roads, bread-crumbed days  
spent wiped and bathed as their bodies surrender  
to decades of excessive hunting and gathering.  
My sleep plays hopscotch, each night falling  
further from the last. I've lost count of the recurring  
dream where a black bear, rearing full height upon  
its hind legs, swings inadequate claws at a  
half-hearted moon. All through these nights  
of humorless stars, I hear bits of life cry out, each  
skating their separate darkness: a heron's snapped wing,  
a loon's lonely wail, my burdened bones.

*("Double Helix" was first published in Gargoyle, Issue 60, Summer 2013)*

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