

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Kurt Lipschutz: Four Poems

Kurt Lipschutz · Wednesday, October 21st, 2015

Kurt Lipschutz (klipschutz) has been recognized by writers as diverse as Sharon Doubiago, Barry Hannah, Bill Knott, Antler, Robert Sward, and Carl Rakosi. Born in Indio, CA, he left high school early to travel the U.S. by thumb, and between 1976 and 1979 lived in Laurel Canyon, Echo Park, and Hollywood. After a brief stint at Naropa, he moved to San Francisco, took Gallup polls door-to-door, and put down roots. This week's poems are excerpted from *A Visit to the Ranch*. Earlier books include *This Drawn & Quartered Moon*, *Twilight of the Male Ego*, and *The Erection of Scaffolding for the Re-Painting of Heaven by the Lowest Bidder*. He songwrites with Chuck Prophet, and with Jeremy Gaulke edits *Four by Two*.

*A VISIT TO THE RANCH & Other Poems*, by klipschutz. Last Word Press, Oct. 2015, 52 pages. Handmade in Olympia, WA. [lastwordpress@gmail.com](mailto:lastwordpress@gmail.com)

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## Dear Diary

the light changed  
the season changed  
the century

lilies outlasted  
churches

deciphered rhymes  
on the backs of bank statements  
toppled regimes

an amulet adorned  
a most unmatronly ankle

the rose changed its name  
and smelled sweeter

my eye healed

a man married a bridge

and they had many rivers

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## Triolet for a New American Century

The Dog & the Truck own the Freeway at Night,  
Switching Lanes back & forth by the Moon,  
An occasional Bug on four Wheels left or right.  
The Dog & the Truck own the Freeway at Night,  
Past Frontage Road, Billboard & Nothing. In spite  
Of a Sky like a Dartboard Cartoon,  
The Dove mourns in French & the Hawk rules the Night.  
A Cash Cow jumps over the Moon.

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## Monstrosity in the Sand at Ocean Beach

Huge, circular, black  
with a slight sheen.  
Yay high, this wide across,  
radius, diameter, the works,  
with a wedding cake-sized hole.  
Hard to the touch, with  
raised and lowered areas.  
Indecipherable designs,  
mostly washed away.  
But I am a civilized man  
(just ask my ex-wives)  
and you can google  
*round stuff on the beach*,  
and past that wall of earth  
is the Great Highway:  
a tire from an eighteen wheeler semi.  
Still, for the first first few seconds,  
the child in me refused to budge,  
and something inside me with fur  
insists yet that this monster  
once crawled along the bottom of the sea,  
or fell and fell and fell  
through the heavens.

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## Dusk Thoughts on a Barely Moving Train

Life doesn't give  
A sunset or a fig

For its opposite

Number, assuming  
Nothing and in lieu  
Of flowered words.

The part about  
Forever loses patience,  
Gains a son,

And ones and zeros  
Are constructions,  
With cheap labor,

Of the mind,  
Which is wedded  
To that hunk of spunk,

The body. O divorce—  
You hot pink ticket  
Twice removed!

Burning heart-holes  
In the coloring book  
Of love! Drowning sorrow

In fact (my heart wavers)  
In rumor (it sparks)  
In echo (repines

Unto Harvest, Hearth & Plunder,  
My attorneys, my Armada,  
My lost and found doubloon).

A young girl studies  
The horizon like a schoolbook.  
For homework, the moon.

(originally published in *Ambit*, U.K.)

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