# **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

#### Lisa Zimmerman: Three Poems

Lisa Zimmerman · Saturday, August 19th, 2023

### Poem for My Mother Gone All These Years

I remember he told me on the phone he found you splayed out on the cracked linoleum in the kitchen, you unresponsive in a pool of blood or vomit, he said. In my confusion and grief I saw dawn light dull against cheap cabinets, the white Formica table with folding chairs pushed against it, the one you slid from tipped sideways. And there is no other way to say this—

I hate him for not waking up when you slumped to the floor, for not finding you sooner, for seeing himself as a hero even though he slept through everyone's anguish and walked out of the hospital before your final exhale, for not buying a meal for all your mourners, how he was too cheap to purchase roses or lilies or simple Shasta daisies for your lonely gray casket.

\*

## One Version of the Story

after Gregory Pardlo

From outside time I plunged through the night hour into white flames of my mother's anger, into the crash landing of my father's disregard. I was born hungry with invisible teeth to chew sadness into slivers. Born to carry the breath of horses as birthright. Born late but only by a day. I was born in the forest of my grandmother's memory, gone to tree root and rain silence. I was born to *you can't* and *what if*?

Born with a runaway hoofbeat affect. Ahead of a sister writing her way to truth. Behind a brother asleep and dreambound. I was born tall and growing. I was born all at once and for the time being, here.

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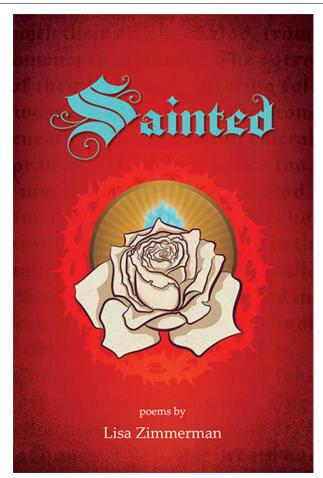
#### For the Guest Poet Who Came from New York to Colorado

for Kasey Jueds

Perhaps it's not realistic to suppose those barely hazy skies were why an invisible mist sprinkled apart into a flurry of snow specks in the morning air. But how they glittered specifically around the poet as we stood together outside the bed and breakfast—

to see those tiny white feathers light down and then melt into her long hair was one of many reasons to fall in love with the day.

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Sainted by Lisa Zimmerman

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