

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Mark Statman: Three Poems

Mark Statman · Wednesday, July 1st, 2020

### *el adios de siempre*

the pins were dropping everywhere  
as if  
there was no future  
to speak of anymore  
that this was a circle  
or a cube  
or a glass jar  
in which we'd put  
some fireflies  
or some sparks of stone  
or a god  
once worshipped

moved by the earth  
and of it  
our sadness  
grows  
lengthening  
not so much like a dream  
but a trial  
by cold and wind  
an enormous burden  
someone has to carry  
as a perfect fact  
of what shouldn't  
happen in life

last century I  
almost wanted to give up  
thought maybe all my life  
was coming apart

except it didn't  
and now it won't

---

I can say that because  
that's what's left  
to believe  
my belief is fear-proof  
my fears can't touch  
our future

\*

## destination

this isn't destiny the  
way the word means though  
destined might take us  
all the way to the  
mid-day meal  
I think it  
should be on the porch or  
patio it's good to  
eat outside we'll have  
meat and tortillas someone  
might have a mezcal or a  
beer others lemonade  
or water

can you believe  
we live like this  
is it what we were  
coming to those years ago  
in the plans though  
not as I remember them

I remember sleepy towns  
dusty towns as we  
drank the beer the  
mezcal I don't  
remember thinking  
this is where I'm going

\*

## you should have seen

how all the  
young girls were  
dancing in a  
circle together they  
were  
holding hands they  
were

flowers or autumn they  
were dancing in they with  
each other  
there  
was no music  
we could  
see only how  
their skirts  
moved their  
arms moved  
their  
bodies  
moved they  
were in  
their own  
circle their  
own world  
their own  
lives they  
trapped  
us they  
enchanted  
us we  
who  
disappeared  
in the  
end

*(Author photo by Katherine Koch; all poems under copyright 2019 Exile Home, Mark Statman and Diálogos Books.)*

This entry was posted on Wednesday, July 1st, 2020 at 3:37 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.