# **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

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