

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mathieu Cailler: Two Poems

Mathieu Cailler · Sunday, January 19th, 2025

Evergreen

I take down the Christmas tree At my parents' home

It's well past the New Year And the fir's needles are brittle

I learned two days ago My mother's cancer has returned, metastasized

I spend my days between the third-floor hospital room And my apartment, with drop-ins at my folks' place, Per my father's suggestion: mail, newspaper, collecting items

The heat has been off for a week Christmas ashes sit still in the fireplace

One by one, I transfer crystal ornaments From branch to box

I collect happy tinsel from the floor I pluck the angel from the treetop

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Los Angeles

Los Angeles wears a crown. Los Angeles can salsa, Dougie, even moonwalk. Los Angeles owns a shortboard but prefers to hang ten on its longboard. Los Angeles has many lovers and can't commit. Los Angeles keeps her sunglasses on until you give her reason not to. Los Angeles used to smoke. Los Angeles is a polyglot. Los Angeles is smarter than people think. Los Angeles has four grand in the bank. Los Angeles has a gym membership but never goes. Los Angeles eats at the counter at Musso & Frank, where she always orders her steak rare and her martini extra dry. Los Angeles owns a creamsicle-colored VW bus and a raven-black Porsche 911. Los Angeles feels

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detached from others, has been called aloof, but really she just loves to daydream and think of recipes, jet-setting, and black-and-white photography. Los Angeles wears Levis 501's and heavy red lipstick. Los Angeles's full government name is El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles del Río Porciúncula, but she goes by Los Angeles. Even L.A. Sometimes Lala, once she gets to know you.

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(Featured image from Pexels)

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