
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Michael Montlack: Two Poems

Michael Montlack · Friday, May 8th, 2026

Tweedledum

— from the Mad Hatter's Dream Journal

In my dream he was weeping.
Huddled beneath an umbrella.
I've lost my other half, he said.
I told him I was sorry to hear.
Well, are you sorry to see too?
“No need to be insolent,” I said.
He twirled his umbrella. *Where
is YOUR other half?* I told him
I have no other half. *How tragic!
With whom do you share oysters?*
I said I didn't care for oysters.
His curiosity seemed to stifle
his tears. *Well, who then finishes
your sentences?* When I told him
I finish them myself, he gasped.
Oh, that sounds perfectly dull.
Then he snapped the umbrella
shut, offering it to me. *There's
room enough for two—should
there ever be another one of you.*

*

One Night at the Artist Colony

— for VCCA

A novelist from LA steered us from the polite
chitchat about our projects, asking, *Would you
rather a sexless marriage to a bestie or a sizzling
sex life with someone you don't much respect?*

Sounds like you're asking salt or sugar, I said.

Most chose *salt*, arguing it wasn't a marriage without sex. Which made me think Lot's wife. Plenty of salt there and we know how that went.

The gay guys struggled to see the dilemma. *Marry the cookies and hook up with the chips*, one blurted. Another pointed out how this was yet another example of a stifling binary: *And who wants to waste time with that?*

The poet, a newlywed, sat suspiciously silent, staring into his spinach salad, poking at olives, while the Southern sculptress started to reminisce about her residency in Venice. *Where dishes are savory AND sweet. They go hand in hand!*

But from the way her cheeks flushed, I sensed she was recalling a dish more savory than sweet.

(Featured image from Wonderland Fandom wiki)

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