

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Philomene Long: Four Poems

Philomene Long · Wednesday, June 5th, 2019

### LOVE, YOU ARE GREEN AND DARK

Love,  
You are green and dark  
The field I walked as a child  
Slowly, slowly the snow  
My favorite word was  
Far, far  
And the stars  
How I had to close my eyes  
Before they came too close  
And the snow  
You are  
Green  
Like snow  
And far  
Love, love  
In our solitude  
Even the sun will abandon us  
Put off the naming of things  
We'll do it together

\*

### IN PEGARTY'S BURGUNDY ROOM

Cracked glass mirrors  
Cast rainbows  
Her eyes  
Green windows}  
In the golden night  
Remembering a sunset  
She looks to  
A far away moon  
Velvet curtains sway  
With the slightest breeze

Before the slow California sky  
 High on her wall  
 A portrait she has painted  
 Of a small red doll  
 It has her own smile  
 Her paintings have  
 The simplest line  
 Even the joyous shoelace  
 Lately I have come to this room  
 To sit in her wine velvet chair  
 I come to tell her  
 "I find it dangerous to be a poet  
 I will soon to be sprawled in vacant lots  
 In every gutter of this town  
 I wish to be as far from my body as possible"  
 Cracking, my voice spills  
 Into her mirrors  
 Her palms open  
 Like narrow paths  
 The mountains are not far away  
 Her open palms  
 The comfort of this room  
 Do not come into the world's eyes  
 To the crowd beneath her window  
 Roaring with confidence and greed  
 There have been others  
 And there will be more  
 But none like she

\*

## I WRITE AS THE MUSE REQUIRES

I step inside the poem.  
 I can barely see in the mirror  
 Which is her sky  
 Through its cracks  
 (Let me say this carefully)  
 I see her poets—  
 Their diamond eyes  
 Their lips of black velvet  
 But they are not enough to save  
 The world from falling, falling  
 Nevertheless  
 She exacts yet another death  
 Naked, they lie face down  
 Before a greater silence  
 A greater blackness  
 I cry out to them

But they do not hear my wailing  
 Nor do I  
 I speak to myself with an  
 Alphabet that flows  
 Thick like blood  
 At the edge of darkness  
 I no longer know  
 What I have lost  
 Then finally—  
 The poem's agony of light

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## CATACLYSM

The Universe is about to crack,  
 could we perhaps,  
 Let it relax,  
 Plug up it's nostrils,  
 Put back it's scab,  
 Stop it from oozing,  
 It's got loose of its veins,  
 It won't stop and it won't go.  
 It's doing something else.  
 Is there a fire coming out  
     of your fingertips too?

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These poems by Philomene Long, who passed away in 2007, were submitted by her twin sister. Pegarty Long is a producer and director, known for the films *An Irish Vampire in Hollywood* (2013) and *Incision* (1999). Pegarty has continued to share Philomene's fine poems whenever possible. Here are four of Philomene's finest. (Featured photo of the author by Pegarty Long.)

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