

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Adesh Kaur: Screen Names

Adesh Kaur · Thursday, April 4th, 2013

Adesh Kaur recently curated and co-edited, *I'll Have Wednesday* (Bologna Press), a book of poems and prose. She has been published in *The Juice Bar*, *I'll Have Wednesday*, and is the author of nine chapbooks (To See The Unseen Press). She recently wrote the lyrics for a new album, *just cuz...* with Baz.

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### SCREEN NAME: CREA8IVE

This is an insignificant poem. I went on  
a date, in a restaurant on the boulevard  
not far from my apartment. The man  
across the table made an effort to ask  
the great questions of life while I chewed  
my falafel. I wished my kids would call.  
After years of love, I emptied out my pocket  
into the garbage, did the laundry and got  
divorced, four times. I drove home, put  
on sweat pants, and turned on the TV.

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### LOVER

He will walk sideways into my laugh  
and remove his glasses to stare  
at the poems in my shoes.  
He will pay the check, leave a cash tip  
and I shall follow him home.

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### HOME EC

A heart bomb grounded my father, the pilot.  
Mother, determined to go back to work,  
wore her nurse's whites and took death  
and dying by the hand. It was 1968  
and my boyfriend and I would lie on top

of my comforter, feeling each other's bodies  
 like new mothers count toes and suck  
 on baby fingers. My boyfriend unhooked  
 my bra, a white Maidenform  
 with three clasps in the back,  
 I was embarrassed with gratitude.  
 When mother came home, my boyfriend  
 and I acted normal and sat in the family room.  
 He watched "The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show" and I read Plato. "A true pilot must of necessity pay attention to the seasons, the heavens, the winds, and everything proper to the craft if he is really to rule a ship." Mother made us grilled Velveeta Cheese sandwiches and Campbell's Tomato Soup, the thrill of a newly opened bra in each bite of the Saltine Crackers crumbled on top.  
 I memorized the forms of the heavens and the immortality of the soul. Mother said, "It's time you learned to cook."

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## QUINOA

O, indeed, reassuring me day out-started.  
 Day-o planned to the Nth, my quill, my pavement,  
 my daemon, and me.  
 Hummin' glory days of I, I, I but alas and  
 crimeiny, ill winds thru the door. -Hi, mom.  
 Got any quinoa?  
 -Honey one, rest whilst I go to the Incan  
 nation. invent, cull, and dig. Kill virgins,  
 cross State Troupers,  
 and bring forth gold whilst the muse gets a divorce.  
 And I will serviette thou the perfect platter  
 of a different mom.  
 -Hey Missy, lookie here. Famous peoples  
 in the paper. -Fa and begone, you squidget you.  
 I am no thing  
 but a mom. -Hail to thee unhaled, Bam Bam.  
 Besides, it looks like your stripping  
 days are over.

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## MISS MINNESOTA

-Dizzy, Bam Bam? -Aye, nothin' workin'.  
 No vacuumin', no dishwashin', no shavin' crotch....  
 I lie to stayish  
 down home on my floor to write.

Oyez, my house is a mess. I can't breathe.

I am humanish.

-Virgo, get a grip. -'Scuse me? I am no  
wheres and it tastes like chicken.

Go tell my children

with their hungry groans that I am drinking

books and things are pretty tough for

a Miss Minnesota.

Soft! The smell of genius sounds

just like chocolate. I choose to buy

a vowel here.

o-o-o-o-o-o. -So, Missy, what does

that get ya now, eh?

-A purple cow.

*We are proud to premiere these poems in Cultural Weekly.*

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