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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Mia Sara: "Unlucky Charms" & "The Go Between"

Mia Sara · Thursday, December 6th, 2012

Mia Sara is an actress and poet living in Los Angeles. Her work has been published in *Cultural Weekly*, *The Kit Kat Review*, *Forge*, *The Dirty Napkin*, and others. For more please visit: [wheretofindmiasara.tumblr.com](http://wheretofindmiasara.tumblr.com)

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### Unlucky Charms

Yesterday, because it was drizzling  
I put on my oiled canvas coat.  
It's green with a tartan lining, and still  
smells as rancid as the day I bought it in  
Scotland, at a shop that sold guns  
and tackle, and woolen caps  
to keep the head warm. It has pockets  
deep enough to hold a brace of pheasant.  
I was almost out the door  
to rush my daughter to kindergarten,  
when my sister called, needing money.  
The kids. The rent. The husband.  
I dropped the check in the mailbox on my  
way to the car.  
Later, standing at the back of the kid-colored room,  
watching them sing in a circle,  
fighting the urge to duck and run,  
I shoved my hands into the pockets of  
my green coat, finding the Scottish  
coins I never got rid of,  
and remembered a time when  
I made myself so unhappy  
that I was freed from the grasping of others.  
Safe in drab misery, inconspicuous,  
thumbing my nose at the jealous gods,  
the frost in August, the bitter bed.  
But I have never hidden for long.  
They always sniff me out,

run me to ground,  
open their dripping jaws to claim their share.  
I watched my own beautiful girl,  
her nest of honey curls,  
her mouth wide in song, pitch perfect,  
and I gripped my heavy coins,  
hard in my palm.  
Unlucky charms against  
my too lucky life.  
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## The Go Between

I saw his face,  
and there lost sight,  
of any bridge before,  
or the cool shallow bliss  
of a world without loss.  
It turns out, I was never alone by the fire,  
and what's between us,  
swallows me whole  
and spits me out  
where the world began.  
To see him crouching  
on the lip of the night,  
tracing constellations with  
his outstretched hand;  
I give up all my questions,  
to answer his.  
I have stitched his first secret  
to the hem of my skirt.  
I say, "All in good time."  
But his time is still sweet,  
while mine is all wasted,  
sitting on my hands.  
I say, "Work the blue chord  
until the page bleeds the horizon,"  
foaming at the mouth.  
Who can teach how  
to draw a conclusion?  
I say, "There never was  
the original sin,  
only the original song."  
And if I know the words,  
why am I humming?  
If my life spins, on the hinge  
of his dreams, (cracking wise,  
dumb-founded)  
what do I mean when

I say "Never enough love?"  
One son, one sky,  
one shadow, yearning.  
The first seen, the first unseen;  
I am just his go-between  
this life, and the next.  
In it for the kicks,  
and the one true glance;  
the giddy oasis  
of his sleeping cheek.  
Needed, not wanted,  
the readiest fool.  
The last one standing  
in the path of the juggernaut.  
If child is the father of man,  
What is the mother?  
And who do I think I am,  
when he turns his back  
and walks away from me?

This entry was posted on Thursday, December 6th, 2012 at 4:15 am and is filed under [Poetry](#).  
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