

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Rachel Diken: Three Poems

Rachel Diken · Wednesday, November 22nd, 2017

Rachel E. Diken is a poet and playwright whose work appears in *december*, *Lips*, *Local Knowledge*, and was included in a production of *The American Poetry Theater*, among others. She is a contributing Poetry Editor for the women's advocacy journal *Persephone's Daughters*, writes a theatre column at *The Atticus Review*, and also writes a daily haiku via Twitter [@haikuavenue](#).

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### **Clusterlove I.**

Trees learn to grow holes  
to make room for the wires:

our limbs learn  
the same.

*Nurture* means different things  
to different people.

We build our own  
structure of discipline

around what it is  
we hold sacred:

yes, brutality  
cleanses something

& reveals a location  
to direct the solvents.

Eventually  
the holes name themselves

claim independence  
from whatever original wreck

we thought was necessary,

abandoning

our insufficient  
transmissions –

we neglected  
to acknowledge the space,

silence as  
the apparatus allowing

our communication  
to take (its weary) place.

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### ***free/way***

I see a street—  
on either side, it's lined  
with clocks (which may  
or may not be attached to bombs)

the faces and hands  
are distinct and disagree  
on the time. They're piled in  
with each other, at odds with each other

and alarmingly alarmed—  
alarmingly the most obsolete  
are all armed to the teeth,  
set on announcing the start of day

we have already lived too long in.

Their blaring  
is not the only sound—  
I hear a resistance  
rousing itself up, shifting

closer to nearby voices of clarity  
and assembling an antithesis  
that though overdue, has a practiced shout  
and willful way of shaking

& which, once it fully wakes, will render  
those now alarming teeth  
no more than stretchmarks  
on a seldom-trafficked sidewalk.

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## *I hear no such machine*

Suppose we start for the same reason  
we continue—no choice, really.  
What else would you have us do?  
We don't know we  
ask and you hand us an armful  
of beginnings we didn't want,  
we can't see over the heap,  
the so-called horizon, then dark, we,  
then lost, we. Lost.  
We get cold and with not voice enough  
to speak, ask. You wander we wait.  
Sort in waiting what heap surrounds us  
then we follow your lead. Wander.  
You descend us to the eventual point  
where shadow hushes us, the suggestion  
of your presence weights the drop  
tethering our question mark,  
raised eyebrows settle and still, we,  
questionless, we, reasonless, we. See.

*(Author photo by James Worrell)*

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