

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Reuben Jackson: Three Poems

Reuben Jackson · Sunday, September 24th, 2023

7th Grade

My fear-stained
life

Catches its breath

On a path
beneath

A crosstown
posse of maples

Who have no
interest

In taking the bus fare
In my back pocket

I swear I heard
the August breeze whisper

Are you sure
you want to
go back home?

*

Autumn 1975

I asked a certain maple
For its phone number

Not for me
I insisted

But
For my bedroom
Window

So when
The October wind
Comes to visit

The sound of
Soon to be
Vanished leaves

Knocking
Against the glass
Like inspiration

(Or a lover's head
Meeting the bedboard)

Will conspire
To briefly evict

The posse
Of sorrows
From my
Brain

Like a bartender
Serving
A 90 proof
Glass
For Free

*

Sunday Afternoon East Glover, Vermont

Two lane roads
Twist like an awkward boy
At a house party

Chamber Of Commerce
Autumnal breezes say
"It's ok to be
an October smitten brother
in a corny plaid jacket
which screams

“I too fell in love
With technicolor fairy tales
About this place”

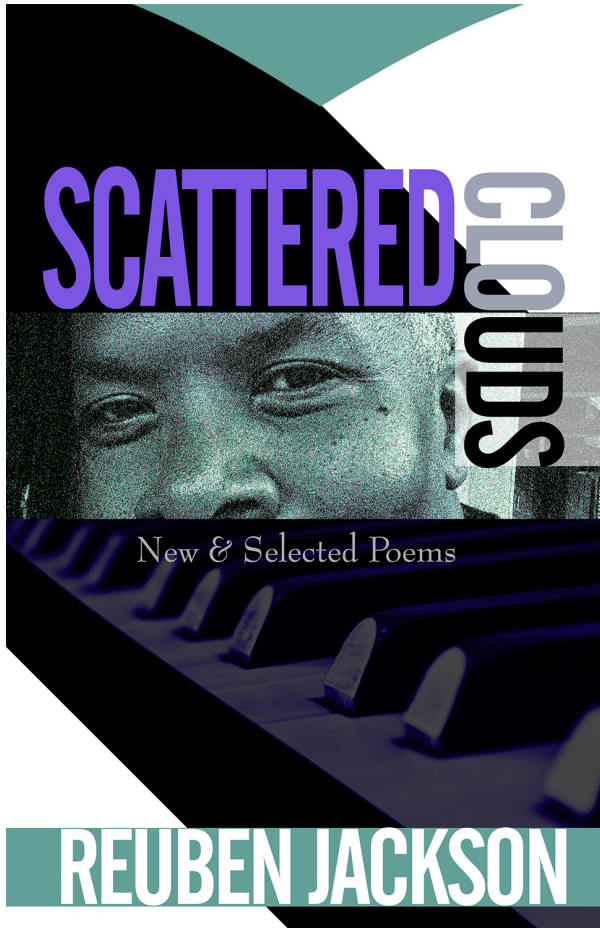
I am a concrete weary man
En route to a tryst with trees
And silence

I wave to blushing hills-
check the rear-view mirror
for police
suffering from a draught
of quotas

But now
It is as calm as a day in which
my blackness is unsettling
to some people

Somewhere
God is watching football
On a flat screen

I share my wishes
With the sky



Scattered Clouds by Reuben Jackson

Purchase *Scattered Clouds* by Reuben Jackson

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