Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Rhys Langston Podell: Three Los Angeles Poems

Rhys Langston Podell · Friday, February 11th, 2022

Rosarito Beach, April 2017

the view between hustling children, eyes up, hawking *chicle* while my conscious consumption says "no" between sign language and two silent tongues

is a rehearsal not faltered reconnaissance, choosing the words to order, utilitarian, though friendly

and my vacation is not a work day, this half-searching for convenient *asada* and arbitrage

so traffic back to the hotel fails to be an endearing reminder of home and slow escapism,

here where crossers and passers walk the freeways frankly

*

The Virgil, February 2020

silent backstage migraine before the doors pound the head does evasive maneuvering, protectionist like huffing and puffing legal remedies at the state level

there is a furnace here

a shower filled with amplification, a clove of steel-smelling binges

perhaps not very important depersonalization but I am waiting to be an act, call to attention myself as displacement in matured liberal arts terms gone the way of booking agent delivery

Black comics in a white novel space, hard juxtaposition in smooth vowels

I laugh exiting the bleaching lights to praise unwound after a tight 15

my mother was an audience now that I am of age to own my frankness and I am here for the color she gave me

the anise liqueur and mulita
with merch money
dimming pain
now buzzing
and the woman who is subletting my
personal involvement drives me
to my bed and
work order form

tomorrow if the headache doesn't leave my exuberance will flicker in its stead either way

*

Barnsdall, March 2020

reclaiming mind against the dictum *charge your phone* on a hill in an art park

as a public health crisis

echoing siren on the unseen boulevard below in the same arrhythmia undiagnosed at this moment, personal nationalism corporally broaching my subject,

on a predicate's edges to fall like I am jumping into a retweet about rock-bottom healthcare

not the specialist I am, no bespoke regicide hotline with a high deductible upheaval electing for broken electronics,

I will schedule therapy once played enough quartets of snark and I plant my bare feet far from my initial thoughts' street view;

to see now all metaphor unbecoming

This entry was posted on Friday, February 11th, 2022 at 7:22 am and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.