

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Richard Modiano: Three Poems

Richard Modiano · Wednesday, March 1st, 2017

Elected Executive Director of Beyond Baroque in 2010, Richard Modiano is a writer, curator, and editor. In 2007 he produced Beyond Baroque's "On the Road" 50th Anniversary marathon reading and 2009 he produced the marathon reading and panel discussion of "William Burroughs' Naked Lunch at 50." He has been a member of the Industrial Workers of the World since 1974.

[alert type=alert-white ]Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

\*\*\*\*\*

### At the Subway Station

A young man approaching  
and a woman, turning her back  
on him without a word, and  
going out to the sidewalk

A man in a sudden outburst of anger  
at a woman who appears to  
have come late for their date

A group of girl students, each  
hand in hand with a friend, their free hands  
separately  
hailing a taxi

A plump middle-aged woman  
approaching with rapid  
mincing steps

Every face looking totally intent on some  
immediate intimate aim

What I noticed  
coming from  
the death bed of my brother

\*\*\*

## ??(Nazonazo)

### A Bar in Hiroshima

A girl bar with red  
     neon, called "Riddle"  
 The young woman took a seat  
     on the bar stool next to me  
 "Nihongo wa diajoubu?" she  
 asked me "Ee, diajoubu yo"

    A blast of cool air  
 chilled the sweat on my  
     face  
 and carried her scent  
     She smelled good  
 but I noticed the  
     mamasan behind  
     the bar  
 Why did she name the bar "Riddle"?

    The mamasan answers,  
 "It sounds exotic and it seems to  
     pose a question about life"

She was eight when the bomb  
     killed her mother and sister—  
 She still carries scars from  
     the glass that slashed her body

Hiroshima City August 7 2005

\*\*\*

### At the Rainbow Bar & Grill

    Sitting in the upstairs  
 bar of the Rainbow next to  
 a good looking woman waiting  
 for my friends—

    The bar tender isn't  
 bad looking either—I like

her lipstick—

The good looking

woman wears no make-up

but her fingernails

are long and red—

She drinks

a glass of red wine—

The bartender sets a glass and

a bottle of mineral water before me—

The good looking woman says,

"Whatcha writin'?"

She has smooth

ebony skin, straight

shoulder-length black hair

parted down the middle,

brown eyes under long

lashes—

"I'm drafting an

article for my private

newspaper"

"Yeah? Where's it published?"

"In my mind"

She touched my ring

finger with her index finger

and stroked it with

her red painted nail-

"No wedding ring?"

"No wedding ring"

She smiled-

My friends arrived, my

girlfriend arrived and

I gripped my glass with my

left hand-

I got up and greeted

my friends and put my arm

around my girlfriend-

The good looking woman slid off the barstool

walked over to

me and pulled my sleeve so

I leaned toward her and she

whispered in my ear,

"Relationships, such a

ball and chain"

"Yes, you have a

nice night too"

*(Author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher)*

This entry was posted on Wednesday, March 1st, 2017 at 5:55 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the

end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.