

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sara Grimes: Three Poems

Sara Grimes · Thursday, July 6th, 2023

### Drifters

Exhilarate the pulse of the sky with their presence.  
Move onto bluer horizons.  
Are in high definition.  
The contours of their edges are salient and saturated.  
Have always been the subject of artists.  
Photographers capture them in two dimensions.  
Their tufts exuding from the page.  
Painters model them with brushstrokes.  
Poets have hailed them as “God’s paintbrush.”

*But no one will be able to fully capture them.*

Contort and consume each other like burly monsters.  
Heighten with geometric splendor.  
Soften with milky white pouf.

*Were never inevitable.  
Are just the shape the exuberant day took.*

\*

### Chief Stealth Trail

A haze lingers over the hillside.  
The telephone juts its arms over  
the wilds of the Chief Stealth Trail.  
My dog lunges at, sniffs the hippie  
refrigerator full of free food for vagabonds  
and strays. We dart up the hillside  
before the dump truck can disrupt my photo.

The milky clouds on the horizon create  
a mishmash of shapes, one consuming another.  
The idea electrifies me. To live in the present  
moment is to take the risk to realize each day’s

what ifs. What if I skip class? Wander? Get lost?  
 What if I discover the romance of my dreams on the trail?  
 Listen to a sad song? Conjure nostalgia?

I don't need to shut out pain. Memory is transient  
 and much of life is impermanent, anyway.  
 Therefore I will commit this moment to memory.

\*

## Click Bait Shockwave

I byte off  
 And strip down  
 Pieces of me  
 That don't appeal

I sever my spleen  
 Retool my texture  
 To conform to limits  
 Of text box chunks

A megabyte of laughter  
 A flattened sunset  
 Cursor fodder  
 To feed your reflex clicks

How has your consumption  
 Become my obsession?

There is nothing easy to digest about me  
 I am fuller than pixels  
 Mightier than slips of script

I am a vibrating, resonating force  
 That peels with laughter  
 By exaggerating the drama  
 In the mundane

I am a spitfire who unleashes  
 Heaven and hell in a glance

I am a fierce friend  
 Who bolsters spirits  
 With the animation of lightning  
 Jolting through water

Last week, I ran into the ocean  
 While you held the camera  
 Waiting complacently on the sand

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To capture my mad rush in 2D

Don't try to pare me down  
Dampen my inner exhilaration  
With screen time excess

Or brace yourself  
For an electrocution

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