

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

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

(Featured image from [Pixabay](#))

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