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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sarah Sarai: Three Poems

Sarah Sarai · Wednesday, June 24th, 2020

### Wish Me Luck

I replaced phone to cradle,  
knowing it was just  
something to say,

that luck's more than  
preparation meeting opportunity  
wooing a congressman  
saving up for a sex change.

It's not hard fact in collaboration  
with ambiguity,  
not briefs longing for  
the strapless bra up in heaven.  
It's a result,

what Jesse Pinkman  
told Hank Schrader.  
*Mr. White's so damn lucky.*

Which may not bear out  
when the machine gun's  
fired its last, or may,  
because fulfillment is in the  
eye of the storm.

Could be luck's the  
River Jordan of fiction,  
a passage, part of the daily miracle,  
a Glad bag of coal  
Superman will squeeze  
into diamonds.

I saw him do it.

\*

## What an Arroyo Can Do

It is possible for an arroyo to hold water,  
 just as a gutter, one of its definitions, can.  
 But mine is high in the desert and dry as scorn.  
 The sun bakes long-suffering into that dirt.  
 That's what an arroyo is, a gully of dirt  
 the color of old pottery and scrub,  
 like a god scattered a burden of  
 wild straw and told it to dig deep into  
 the color of acceptance. Make roots.  
 "Start a family."

"This is home," the wild straw said as it clung  
 to the land. Not at first.

But after so many cycles of skies talking  
 blue streaks to nights. Then  
 the scrub made friends. Fell in love.

I was drinking when I fell into an arroyo.  
 Scrub raked my hands like a rancher  
 if he thought I was after his daughter.  
 Unless he hoped for a daughter-in-law.  
 A piñon tree ordered the scrub to resist my pull.  
 "Stay grounded!"

You know – when we think stars are trembling?  
 It's the constellations laughing.  
 I saw them. I was on my back.  
 The stones, which I haven't even introduced,  
 snarled at dirt and scrub to ignore me.  
 No one argues with stones.

\*

## By Any

as if vertebrae slither in  
 and out of sensory cores,  
 her sideways glance is  
 an obligation you feel  
 in your skeletal skyscraper  
 I'll call the longing  
 spine, as if yoga masters  
 named it for, oh, what is  
 that word dragging you  
 on a walled-in carpet of  
 eels and alloys feet-first  
 to a couch long and soft

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and oh, so wide, a couch  
so very wide.

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