

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tanya White: Three Poems

Tanya White · Thursday, April 26th, 2018

### Mean to An End

My *good morning* to the bus driver  
 is met with tight lips refusing to let civility  
 come forward and meet me half way.  
 A thick girl, wearing thin pants  
 worn tired from everyday wear  
 sporting a pig tail at the nape of her neck  
 jutting out like a cactus,  
 –don't dare touch that tender place–  
 snatches the transfer coughed up for the kid directly  
 in front of her.  
 He standing off stupidly to the side.  
*A sucker born...and I started to...*  
*awww, who am I kidding?* I keep my mouth shut.  
 Forgetting...all the good revolutions begin with poets.  
 What a punk!  
 The driver pushes a button, spits up another transfer  
 the thick sis sits  
 clutching her connection, shiny bright bird eyes,  
 just trying to get over.  
     Just trying to get over  
         Just trying to get over

\*

### Royalty Rides the Rapid 7

The Queen rises to the occasion  
 of travel crosstown  
 eyeing her people with wary care  
 as the kneeling  
 bus dips down

With easy command she  
 reprimands the driver

his slight unknown to him  
 tossing her transfer  
 he looks down

Black brimmed crown  
 ashy hands, a long lost smile  
 a kingdom flush with mobile acreage  
 at the mouth of the river thorazine  
 she sits down

She greets each subject by name  
 we are common  
 all one in the same  
 she knows we cannot meet her gaze  
 heads bow down

She creates a community  
 when she FINALLY exits at the rear  
 silently pleading for our allegiance  
 we poor peasants avert our eyes  
 she steps down

Long live the queen!  
 A mantle of expletives round  
 her shoulders, match her crown of thorns  
 her peoples' prayer— there but for the grace of God  
 we ALL fall down

\*

## Portrait of the Artist as a young Girl

I remember being ten years old.  
 Valentine's Day.  
 I drew a perfect ribbon.

I remember  
 the sensation  
 the perfect

way it curled  
 flat on paper  
 yet full of breath

it felt perfect  
 it was  
 it was perfectly

remembered  
 in the body

the moment

like fascia

over

muscle

of memory

a girl being

drawn to draw

the perfect ribbon

remembered

perfectly.

Chasing that

flutter,

forever.

*(Author photo by Willy Sanjuan)*

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