

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Dennis Gulling: Teeth White as Bone

Dennis Gulling · Tuesday, October 22nd, 2013

Dennis Gulling is a small press veteran who edited *Crawlspace* from 1980-1989, read with [Outlaw Poetry](#) founder Todd Moore on their “World Tour,” and is so elusive he could be standing next to you right now and you wouldn’t even know it.

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### MILLER

Miller kept pulling the trigger  
 Even after all the  
 Bullets were gone  
 Chesney lay face up  
 On the floor  
 In front of the bar  
 With blood blossoms  
 All over his shirt  
 Everybody else  
 Was crowded up against the walls  
 Not saying a word  
 And the only sound  
 In the room  
 Was the trigger going  
 Click  
 Click  
 Click  
 \*\*\*

### MEAT

She works  
 In a butcher shop  
 Because she likes  
 The smell of meat  
 On her hands  
 Makes her feel animal  
 Suckers her fingers

In bed at night  
To draw blood  
From her dreams  
\*\*\*

## MEMORY

Your memory  
Is scorched earth  
Inside me  
If I prayed  
For rain now  
Would I feel  
Your sweat  
Against my skin?  
\*\*\*

## SLEEP

I carry  
Your shadow  
Inside me  
And sleep  
In its darkness  
To keep me warm  
\*\*\*

## DRUNK AT MIDNIGHT

Drunk at midnight  
Spade Jackson presses  
His back against the ice machine  
Outside West Street Minit Mart  
Mouth harp  
Invisible in his huge right hand  
Head bobs and pivots to  
Hellhound On My Trail  
Left sleeve of his shirt  
Hangs loose  
Since losing his arm  
Under a freight 10 years ago  
Stiff breeze catches it  
And whips it around  
He plays faster and faster  
Trying to catch the rhythm  
Of the dance it's doing in the wind  
His eyes bug out  
Sweat beads on his forehead  
He shuffles his feet

In a useless dance  
As red light  
Off Minit Mart neon  
Gives him the devil's face  
\*\*\*

## RIVERSIDE

She made her way  
Through the woods  
Still clutching  
A handful of his hair  
Made her way  
Down to the riverside  
Knelt on the shore  
And washed his blood  
Off her hands  
Took the knife  
From her back pocket  
And threw it in the water  
Trembling a little  
As it sank below the surface  
Listened awhile to the wind  
Rustling in the trees  
Then walked back  
To the cabin  
As the sun went down  
He was gone  
And she counted the red drops  
From the front door  
To the place where he'd  
Parked his car  
He finally had her answer  
To that question  
She knew  
He'd never ask again

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