

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Terry Jude Miller: Four Poems

Terry Jude Miller · Sunday, March 6th, 2022

### Come and Go the Grackle

I am distracted by a grackle  
clothed in iridescent shades of midnight,  
secreted on a thin live oak branch.

I pause mid-stride to study him  
studying me on the walking trail.

His eyes consider me in the mathematics  
of bird logic, computing if I equate,  
in some fashion, to a handful of sunflower seeds.

Unlike me, he does not recall his brother's death.  
His thoughts do not resonate with freshly poured grief.

I turn to see our mingled shadows behind me.  
In the illusion of light and darkness,  
he appears to be emerging from my head.

Before I can turn around, the bird launches his escape.  
He snatches a scrap of me in his talons as he goes.

\*

### My Brother's Workshop

Before he died,  
my brother installed  
a motion sensor  
in his workshop.

Fluorescent light  
spills over his tools  
and worktables  
when I enter.

His framing hammer,  
 handle worn by his  
 calloused grip,  
 naps silently beside  
 a roof-less bird house  
 he was building  
 for a granddaughter.

Mud-caked field boots in the corner  
 ache to walk his garden,  
 a sharpened shovel starves  
 for the taste of unturned earth.

Spiders weaved a hammock  
 of gossamer over the stopped  
 clock above the doorway.

I cannot find  
 what I was looking for,  
 so I pull the door  
 to an un-oiled close  
 as I exit. The lights inside  
 enter sleep.

\*

## Beauty in the Dust

dear brother, the world cracks open  
 and pours into the silent black mouth  
 of space, all that we poured into her,  
 the anger we spat into the air,  
 the sorrow we slipped between  
 blankets of mud, and  
 the excommunications we rolled  
 into the seas

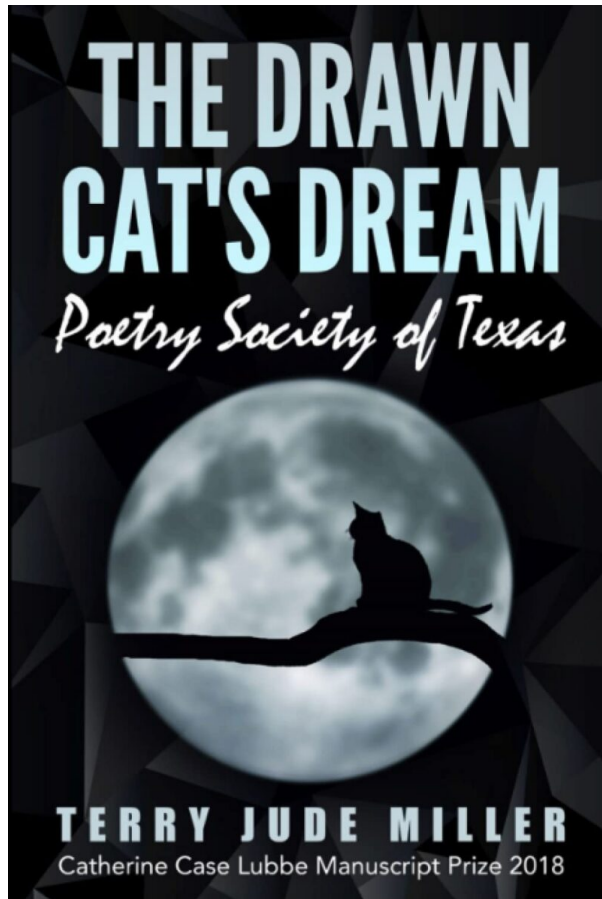
all that traveled in fiery course  
 to the skirts of earth's gravity  
 is free to roam the universe  
 once more, to carry the tear-drenched  
 kerchief of our weakness and strength  
 to the arms of some new world  
 where the smallest parts of us  
 are given chance again  
 to find meaning in the sunrise  
 and beauty in the dusk

\*

## Sunday Sail

wind, have your way with us  
 guide our sails in our blue sojourn  
 take us to where worry is renounced  
 and the sun, our only watcher

\*



Front cover of *THE DRAWN CAT'S DREAM* by Terry Jude Miller

### To purchase *THE DRAWN CAT'S DREAM* by Terry Jude Miller

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