

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Tina Schumann: Two Poems

Tina Schumann · Thursday, December 18th, 2025

Missive in Summer Light

After William Stafford

Come down Discovery Road to the house
with the blue shutters and reckless grass.
See that the season of wild daisies has begun
in the neighbor's fallow field.
They are done with their long sleep
and the quiet solitude of soil.
You can lay down your thorny crown.

Siskins dart from the branches of red cedars,
an errant sense of peace arises; a small calling resurrects.
Was this how life on earth began?
Before the Milky Way was named
and Orion became the arm we rest in.
White moths pirouette like summer snow in the maidenhair.
Suddenly, you could be anyone, and a shaft of sunlight opens
a mirror in the meadow.

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Abecedarian Considering Time

After Martha Silano

A while ago my only desire was to while away the hours,
Balking at the notion of more time, bearing up in the backwaters.
Copacetic with the stars now and cautious on the stairs, I am
Dead in the water, not really but the deities feel closer.
Empathic to euphoric to empty in zero to eighty.
For fuck's sake! The future's fictitious. I mean...
Gee whiz, I used to be gracious.
Hence forth I shall hustle more and hassle less.
I'm human too— irritant and irritated.

Just like you – a jester here a jouster there.
Kind of afraid of dying – kind of not.
Like any sentient being on the lookout,
More mindless than mindful –
Now a wolf, now a bear, now a bunny on the trail.
Omission occur in my opulent passion play –
Puerile, pathetic, and pretty good at putting up.
Quiet is my primary state; quitting looks good too.
Rest is restorative – I finally learned that.
So much for wisdom. So much for sagacity.
Time and time again I thrashed in my tired thoughts.
Universal truths are just that – upcycled and useful,
Very widespread in the cosmos – vibrant on a visual scale.
Well, it's getting near the end – the wellspring is drying up.
Xerox this day and it's just like any other, X-chromosomes and all.
Yeah, right, I'm still getting my ya-yas out and the
Zenith of my life burns bright like a zillion meteors on fire.

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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