

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tresha Faye Haefner: Two Poems

Tresha Faye Haefner · Wednesday, January 2nd, 2019

### Swan Wedding

See the bride turn into a swan.  
Her neck sliding out of the satin dress, a waterfall rising  
up from light.  
Her eyes glaze over the heads of visitors,  
her tongue extended like an obsidian fountain  
from the black spigot of her parted beak.  
Look how she walks, spreading  
broken egg shells among the roses.  
Their insides roll, shimmer, rock backwards spilling  
the secret of love.  
Look how she scythes through the lawn, loosening feathers  
among the jasmine,  
how far she ballets,  
over the broken skulls of her fathers,  
the crippled hands of her ladies in waiting.  
Queen of birds. The look illuminates us, like lemon  
slipped into a glass of vodka.  
In her dress, made of bird call and clouds,  
she can see beyond death.  
Over the canopy a blossom of mock orange  
falls. A leaf remembers  
to tremble. The groom straightens perfect  
in her sight. An egg. A silver  
fly swallowed down the gullet. A tree.  
The mouths open like water lilies.  
If you smash her open now,  
she will escape.

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### For My Last Meal I Drink an Entire Pot of Kona Coffee

I. Because I hear you can taste the fire in the aroma.

Where the volcanic ash fed the trees and the berries  
and the beans. Where the Japanese settled the land  
and pulled the plow and left dirt in the scuttling steam  
coming off the cup, and the history of the island,  
indented in the dirt. I want to drink something heavy and religious  
as the underside of expensive flowers  
and the beginning of new leaves.

- II. Because I want to imagine those horses are mine  
who tugged the immigrant wheel  
through the field, the palm trees singing  
their wet song into the tanzanite wind.

I could walk through any grove, pick any coconut from a tree  
and taste the subtle milk, slippery as eels  
vining their way through a melancholy lagoon.

- III. Because Los Angeles in the morning is nothing  
like Honolulu at night. Honolulu, where the smell  
of roasting coffee is bright as pineapple,  
and the little yellow rim of volcanic ash circles  
in the cup, and the sun rests, a pearl in a blue  
oyster bed of clouds.

- IV. Because we are all only a little footnote  
in history. Because the foot that treads  
the earth takes us away from our sorrow.

- V. Because the day is getting on with itself.  
My old lovers, the crows, fly away,  
the palm trees sway like the dry hands  
of deposed royalty. And I am full  
of ancient sorrow, and have nowhere left to go.

(Author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher)

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