

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Wolfgang Carstens: Three Poems

Wolfgang Carstens · Wednesday, June 13th, 2018

### **“i don’t write love poems,”**

i said,

“and i’ve never been  
much of an Anglerfish.”

“what does that even mean?”  
my wife asked.

“well,”  
i said,

“when Anglerfish mate,  
they melt into each other.

the female absorbs her man,  
until his eyes, mouth,  
and fins disappear—

and they share  
the same bloodstream.”

“i like that,”  
my wife says.

“well then,”  
i say,

“come here Mama,

and let me  
hold you

tighter.”

\*

**“if not a mess,”**

my wife groaned,

as she picked up the empty Tequila bottles  
the empty beer cans  
and  
the half-smoked joint,

“then  
what do you call it?”

“we have been married  
twenty-five years,”

i said,  
lighting the joint,

“and that,  
my Dear,

is what  
i call

a survival  
kit.”

\*

**strange**

it’s not  
the big moments  
in life  
that terrify us,

but rather  
the small,  
ordinary ones.

i can stand  
in front of 300 people  
and read poetry,

yet,  
my knees shake

when  
i lean in close

and

kiss you

goodnight.

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