

Elliott P. Joel

Wounded poems



Elliotte P. Joel

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Daisy valley



Lightning and rose, try of mine

to a good friend

I stare faintly into crowds, deep down into roach holes. Herds of cockroaches. They just go and go, forward without persistent thoughts, awareness of self. They live through everything. Cockroach can lose one of its legs, ramble in the unfamiliar. It doesn't stock its food. Roaches had future, will. I don't think I have any.

I peer into mirrors, expecting. Endless hoards of papers are ladies of my time. Hours, months, witching days. I have morbidly obese feelings – they can't even walk on their own. They shan't fit into any thoughts.

You always mention daisies, you must like them very much. I wonder whether you struggle to cut your nails because they are really long on your dominant hand and short on the other one. You stand nigh mirrors summoning a flow of words. Words oscillating gently as in rye. Nightly mirrors and sleepless slumbers. Poems of nonsense and reveries of being. One day I shall fall into better darkness of pens and ink. I shall drown in written words doing what I love, resurrecting as a roach in a qualmless flight...