

Dennis Daly – Two Poems

Bulwark

Without moving I pace the living room,
The beige-blah walls twitch and tremble in place.
Every step countered by the TV,
Even the windows stare, demand answers.

The beige-blah walls twitch and tremble in place,
Accusing the well-mopped floors of welcomes.
Even the windows stare, demand answers:
Here a blue couch curled in to comfort kin.

Accusing the well-mopped floors of welcomes
Looped again and again into gladness,
Here a blue couch curled in to comfort kin,
Protecting us all from the desperate.

Looped again and again into gladness
This bulwark surged growth and measured glimmer,
Protecting us all from the desperate
Or dread unleashed demons beyond the door.

This bulwark surged growth and measured glimmer,
Every step countered by the TV
Or dread unleashed demons beyond the door.
Without moving I pace the living room.

Minefield

I
Stay to the left,
Mines line the road;
Sprint up the hill,
Roil the dust.

Mines line the road,
Threaten torn limbs.
Roil the dust,
Every pulse a pressure

Threaten torn limbs,
Sprint up the hill.
Every pulse a pressure,
Stay to the left.

II

Behind bush or tree,
Where soldiers piss,
The perfect surprise:
A phantom leg.

Where soldiers piss,
Your guard let down,
A phantom leg
Forever waits.

Your guard let down,
The perfect surprise
Forever waits
Behind bush or tree.

Dennis Daly has published five books of poetry and poetic translations. He writes reviews regularly for the Boston Small Press and Poetry Scene. Daly is a former factory worker and labor leader. Follow his blog here: dennisfdaly.blogspot.com.