

Dennis Daly – Three Poems

Dungeon

Returned into his holiness' clutches,
Lodged in darkness, the god-forsaken gloom
Of a dungeon. The agent of my doom,
A cutthroat, arrived to do what he does

Or should do. He decided to forgo
His duty, as shame overcame him.
Perhaps he cringed at the feathered seraphim
Standing guard near me—within a stone's throw.

This vision came to me through glowing fog,
A being of words counseling action.
I found some rotten bricks and made a paste.

Poetry I composed, a dialogue
Between body and soul. Thy will be done
Said I, over and over, and meant it.

Release

The drunken Pope agreed to my release
Before he vomited. The cardinal
Of Ferrara professed the functional,
The pleasure of France, a mutual peace.

Before extracting me from the prison
The sheriff's costs for food and other fees
Were set. I paid them only to appease
My protectors, an unpleasant option.

Days earlier my forehead had been touched
By a celestial pen, imparting grace
As an apt reward from that lowly cell.

Now life had changed, beyond compare, unmatched
By any future deed in time or place.
An aura limns my head. In joy I dwell.

Stirrups

Delivered but not yet in paradise,
I changed horses outside of Siena,
Seeking anonymity, not drama.
I left some things, stirrups to be precise,

At that post. Later I engaged a groom
To return my loaned horse and recover
My original steed. Here more bother:
Another divine test one must presume.

The groom reappeared without my stirrups.
The post man claimed I had overridden
His horse. Therefore he kept my property.

I found the culprit well into his cups,
Looking for trouble. He cursed, would have done
Much worse had I not shot him so quickly.

Dennis Daly has published six 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.