

New Poetry by Sam Cherubin: “Don’t About Not,” “Mermaid Tavern,” and “Emerald Inula”



SUN HOLDING ME / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Don’t About Not

If I can’t or think
 do it like I’m doing now

a beach
 sun holding me

I am holding space
 not space itself

not looking
 being

gathering toward me
sun's filaments
fluidity
is all I need

Mermaid Tavern

A night-wind touching bare backs lying down
and bare arms spooned across my bed, in blue
light dreaming over skin, light-fingered sparks
of seaweed, dendrites rippling through the room.

Scales rubbed against smooth sheets, in silver
puddled water, a smell of open
ocean, roseate tips of waves, our hips'
undulations, in my body's rhythmic memory.

Emerald Inula

i.

Apples in Schiller's desk, Balsam of Peru, rockrose,
rose alba, Helichrysum Everlasting, *Immortale*.
Why can't this be enough?

ii.

Dried petals staining the pages.
Attar of cells breathing sun.
Flesh never accepting, but aching.