

Learned I've Chings Useless Some

05.11.2022

a poem

under foot, trampled by
the world.
I write in a fever dream—
dappled in blood, trampled



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It is the end of the day; night comes
in droves of clouds. Smog
and smoke rise from the city's edge—
tire fire in West Philadelphia,
gunshots ripple through watery streets.
I lay down to sleep and fall into
delusion.

I learned how to make a fire
from my grandfather
before he died. He taught me
that if the sticks are wet,
pull the beards off the trees
and spark the flames

until you can dry them off—
just the twigs, and slowly
build it until you can dry the logs.
This is how we build ourselves;
slowly drying sticks
until our fire is infinite.

It is the end of days;
if it is the end of days
then I will laugh
cackle scream at the sky.