



NARRATIVE

POETRY



DeeSoul Carson is a poet, performer, and educator. He earned a degree from Stanford University in cultural social psychology, with a minor in creative writing. Originally from San Diego, he serves as a Writer in the Public Schools Fellow in the New York University MFA program.

Photo by Emily Mam.

Daydreaming

BY DEESOUL CARSON

SOMEWHERE, the ocean is a myth I tell my children
as we hike across the desert.

I dream up a lake big as flood the same way

I dream up a future I do not pray at the sight
of an eclipse. I have never seen a bird before,
but I tell stories of creatures that walk the sky,

that prowl the air like the maned beasts.

There is a reality where I am dead. One
where I am happy. Another where they mean

the same thing. A reality where colors
are expressed by the length & deepness
of sighs. For violet, I think of the instant

you wake from a dream of falling
& gasp. Elsewhere, I favor blue, specifically
that of glass grown in the bellies of clams.

In a reality void of heat, the dark
is the light, & we are full of it.
Our planet revolves around a black

hole, skating the edge of the event horizon.

I know my loved ones by the names
we have given our shadows. the sounds

of their rejoicing. how my sister praises the dim
stars & the space that consumes.

1:21



On the edge of my thoughts, a reality in which

I exist only as a brief flash

before my unmother turns away
from my unfather for the last time.

The last world I imagine, far above heaven,

is whatever it was before humans fucked
it all up. Whatever me once existed

has long since passed. All that remains

of rivers is moonlight, the pale blanket
of twilight wrapping the earth like

a ribbon. Somewhere, the sun is always

just about to set, the sky a permanent
indigo & fuchsia & bronze.

You go looking for me, but there

is nothing left to find.

There is nothing left but silver. 

Read on . . .

“**Another Pastoral**,” a poem by J. P. Grasser