

## Three Poems by Darren C. Demaree

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### **We Are Arrows**

**#94**

*For Billy Simms*

Cracked empires, it is  
those missing pieces  
that can best take us  
in, make us whole,  
give us direction  
when submission is  
no longer an option.

Even feathers  
can appear to be  
strong in the right  
fists.

Even  
the spasmodically  
charmed devils still  
need to look at the  
clouds and see more  
than anger or the  
absence of anger.

When it comes  
to saving, I want to be  
close to those people  
desperate to be saved  
by no one.

I want hands  
close to a block of a

wood.

I want  
to imagine they see  
my face when they  
see nothing at all.

I want to  
know men entitled to  
be visible from any  
height.

**We Are Arrows**  
**#95**

**For Laura Beattie**

The great distance  
rushes past any black-  
eyed elegy of  
separation, it rushes  
to harm only the  
carefully trimmed  
idea of how  
approximate affection  
needs to be to add  
pieces of the puzzle to  
our daily lives.

We are always  
doing our best to blow  
out the fires that can  
close any land.

We are always  
doing our best to  
celebrate a return

home without any  
sadness that they once  
left to begin with.

Bless the  
mornings when we  
feel whole feelings  
toward anyone.

Bless the  
smoke on the map  
that when squinted  
upon, fools us into  
thinking it is only one  
hand length from our  
shoulders to yours.

**We Are Arrows**  
**#96**

*For Christopher Michel*

Of course we study  
how to make honey  
and of course we are  
jealous of the skill of  
bees, and the beauty  
and the taste of their  
beauty that can fill  
our whole mouths  
with a pastoral  
demonstration of our  
own smallness.

We work best  
when we are so afraid  
of beauty that it levels

us.

We  
work best when we  
our cowards enough  
to wear a ridiculous  
suit to keep layers of  
proximity to their  
stinging.

Of course we  
study honey, the pain  
of it gives us reasons  
to stay away from the  
smoke of fires.

Of course we  
are jealous, we want  
to create something so  
tempting that we  
would run naked into  
the hive, just to be  
marked by process.

**Darren C. Demaree** is living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children. He is the author of *As We Refer to Our Bodies* (2013) and *Not For Art Nor Prayer* (2014), both of them from 8<sup>th</sup> House Publishing. He is the recipient of three Pushcart Prize nominations and a Best of the Net Nomination.