A Poem

Gary Zmolek*
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Abstract

So fast, so fine It must be made of butterflies, Not they, themselves, but the thing they do: A sleight, a silence, susurrations: Nothing, in a word, but something in that naught Something there that tries to say itself. (Ah, to sing, and so be hidden in the song; The song comes to our ears, but says it not.) And sometimes, I too, try to say it, (To try is to despair). Whatever I may do To catch it, name it, know it, I miss it As I christen it. It does not stop for me...
Joner I don’t even remember what happened. Honest to God I don’t. The only thing I remember is yelling you dirty bitch. I taught you how to skip rocks you goddamned filthy bitch. I don’t know why I done it Joner. I wished you was here with me. I suppose I’ll never know why I done it.

Then they brought me here to this goddam jail. Ya know its really weird Joner but rite now alls I can think of is rain rain let it fall I don’t need no one at all. Christ Joner, I ain’t even got your goddamned address. But some day when I get out I’m gonna find you again Joner.

The shoulders that had been hunched over the pencil and paper for so long finally collapsed. The pencil hit the hard cement floor and banked off of the wall before coming to rest under the bunk. Wadding up the pieces of paper in one hand, Simon used his other hand to support himself as he stood up. Then, with all the strength he had, he threw the ball of paper against the barred window.

Poem

by Deborah Pui Young

Soc., Soph.

the funeral hymn
faint
on air
lightened by the absence
of birdsong

final.
in its passing