




RACHEL ZUCKER


Real Poem

Woke up. First big snow making
a new light—said that
before. Can't write—children—
said that. Get up:
food, oxygen. Seen snow before.

Real Poem 2



Feel doors for fire or burning
family needs and pick another.
Aren't. At least windows.



Real Poem 3 (Dear Nin Andrews)

your humor makes me feel bad. Did you
mean to? Now all I like are funny poems
but that's not my style. This leaves me—
or is my style to dislike?—disabused.
I call the real poets they're all writing down
dreams or planning syllabi can't take my calls.

Once You Pass This Point You Must Continue to Exit

What they say People who are still alive Say And I'm Through
space&time Not going to Anyone

As we all will she Why do the details make us feel

The plane opens its body to me Am alive

Still Morning On the plane in the coffeeshop in bed in traffic
Among The living "How" Doesn't protect Anyone

I'm leaking Then cracking open Here, here, here The alive
Splinter In me

Our neighborhood Alive everywhere This makes Nothing
Meaningful

How are you? Alive
How are you? Not here
Am

Where else would I Funeral This To be this this tired one must
be must be

Let it in She is Need one box Sit down

What do I even like to eat anymore What is Someone? Too

How are you? How? Did did did ?

Nothing Traveled here To do

What they say about Talk about As a subject She's
dead

Alive people Airport taxi plane Alive people They say she
Then she When How She

I say, the way she said my name my whole name when I called

These Details We Nothing

the young men crying are 23 I can't when they say she changed my life
no one this is what makes life meaning this unbearable without which
let it in I will not stop on the plane taxi sidewalk everyone no one over
and over and over this happens if you are lucky enough to be loved so
much as to cause this kind of suffering.

for Peggy Sradnick

