

To Pick Up to Put Down

Written by Hasan Abir

Really, you rephrase each time distinctly
The stillest passages of life, voiceless—
Each time a new horn, a new noise for me
To bounce well-deaf between two well-torn years
—When the air gives off no fitting smell nor
Temper, along with which swims up the dawn
Of a brash change that uncurls all the long,
Cruel, sick faces that stick on every wall.

*...The rest of this poem should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the poem)*