



You Are Here

2022

Dear Reader,

Twelve years ago we named the Fabius-Pompey literary magazine *You Are Here* because, like a point on a map, we wanted a title that affirmed your mark; your special, momentary place here in Fabius at a time, realize it or not, when you are young and teeming with potential, a time that flits away before you know it. This, though, your writing and art, your fingerprint of creativity, will always be here as a memento, as a reminder that you were here. This year's issue was the result of many hours of work and dedication. We would like to thank the staff—James Yomtob, and our advisor, Mr. Neumire. We would also like to thank Mr. Hyatt and Ms. Ashman, who collected terrific art submissions for us. Thanks are also due to Principal Linck, Superintendent Peck, and the Board of Education for their support in the publishing of our twelfth issue.

SUBMISSIONS FOR NEXT YEAR:

We are accepting submissions for next year as of right now! If you are submitting text (poetry, fiction, non-fiction), please make sure you have it saved on a Microsoft Word or Google Docs file somewhere and email/share it to Mr. Neumire at bneumire@fabiuspompey.org or drop off a hard copy in room 139, Mr. Neumire's room. You may also give work to literary magazine staff members or your English teacher. If you are submitting artwork, please give it to Mr. Hyatt or Ms. Ashman (photography). They will give you more instructions if they are needed.

We publish one online issue per year in the spring on the school website. Please make sure your work is school appropriate, proofread, and creative!

If you would like to join the literary magazine staff, we highly encourage it! You will need to have Wednesdays after school available. You should also be ready to edit, type, and review submissions for publication.

You Are Here 2022 Staff Members

James Yomtob

Mr. Neumire

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Again

I want to love again
I want to love until I die again
And I want to love until I want to die again

Honestly, I hardly want to love you again
But I want something tangible again
I want your words again
I want to hear you cry, I want your tears again

I want mine to dry, held on the fibers of the years again
I want to be your eyes, be your ears again
To quell all your fears again

I want to be mean to you again
I want you to be mean to me again

I want to be nice again
And loving and kind again

I want to say 'I love you' and 'I hate you' and have them both be true at the same time again
Time and time again

I want to kiss [you] and feel something again
I want our hugs to mean something again

-James Yomtob



a dead leaf falling off a growing tree

i will survive

my past doesn't define my future

i'm in a state of constant growth

i'm beginning to accept my past

make my future

i'm going to have bad days, weeks, months

but it's not about them

it's about how i learn from and deal with them

just like in fall when trees shed leaves

i'm making new memories

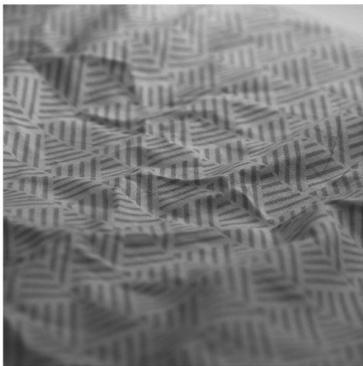
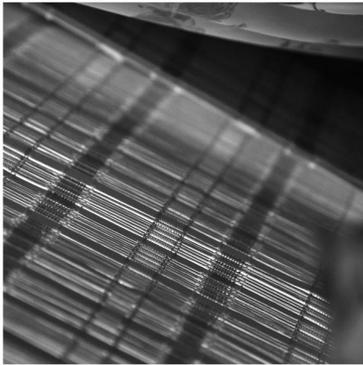
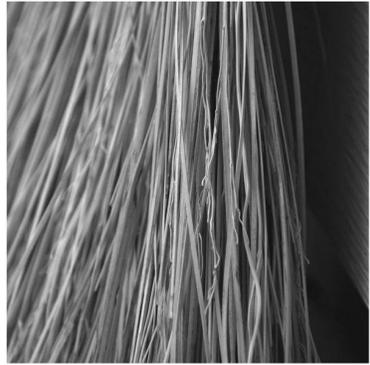
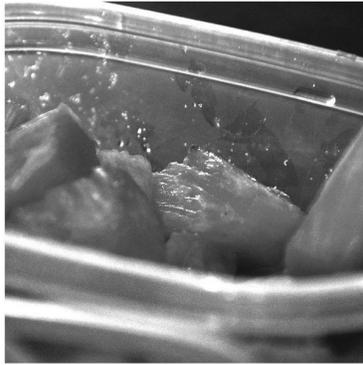
shedding the anger and pain of the past

i'm healing myself one day at a time

accept the change

let yourself develop into something great

-ghost Crossman







Zeus and Methany

[Scene 1]

Enter Zeus and Methany. Methany is wearing Zeus's favorite perfume, Viva la Juicy, and this puts Zeus in a good mood. He decides to spark up a conversation with Methany in her treehouse. 5000 years ago.

Zeus (speaking in his most masculine voice):

Hey Meth, what are you up to?

Do you have time to have many children?

Methany (replying in the most arrogant way possible):

No, I don't have time for such childish things, Zeus.

You must realize that I have never loved you and I never will, regardless of what you try to do to seduce me.

You are a disgusting loser.

You lack every possible trait a woman could want.

Zeus:

oh.

okay.

A simple no would have worked but uh... yeah.

Alright.

Zeus, (aside)

I have a perfect plan for tonight now that the woman of my dreams has turned me down.

I will turn into a swan and seduce her.

Methany:

what did you say?

Zeus (whilst crying):

only the audience gets to know.

Methany (*thinking Zeus must have gone mad*):

Alright... well, I'd appreciate it if you would leave me to my business.

I'm very busy with my... well that's none of your business.

out you go.

Zeus flies out of her house, bawling his eyes out and sobbing like a toddler, with a devious plan in his mind.

[Scene 2]:

Enter Tyndareus, Methany's husband. After 3 months of marriage, an eternity in a relationship, things have become boring, dull, and repetitive. Their child Twig, played by Jake, is in the living room while Tyndareus and Methany are in the kitchen making chicken patties for dinner. Tyndareus and Methany are looking for a solution to their monotonous marriage, and Methany believes that she may have found one.

Methany:

How interested would you be in a polygamous relationship?

Tyndareus (clearly outraged at the ridiculousness of this question)

why would you even ask that?

Methany:

It's just a thought, calm down.

It's just... that spark we had when we first got together is gone.

Maybe we should try something new, out of both of our comfort zones.

Tyndareus:

No.

There is no way I would want to do that in a million years, you psychotic wench.

Methany (now understanding how Zeus felt when she declined him, she begins to tear up)

Alright.

A simple no would have worked perfectly fine.

Anyway, now that things are awkward, we should take these chicken patties out of the oven.

Twig (having just finished an episode of PJ Masks, he enters the kitchen)

I love chicken patties.

I really do love some nice, round, juicy chicken patties in my mouth.

There's nothing better than waking up in the morning to the smell of an oven full of breaded chicken in the shape of a patty.

Chicken patties are a lifestyle.

Chicken patties are the greatest food to ever exist.

Chicken patties can be eaten however you want, unlike some other foods.

You can chop it up, eat it on a bun, eat it with barbecue sauce or ketchup, or blend it and drink it.

There are endless possibilities.

I love chicken patties.

Methany and Tyndareus look at each other without saying a word and back slowly out of the kitchen. Twig eats all of the chicken patties and refuses to elaborate further.

[Scene 3]:

Enter Methany into her bedroom. Methany is absolutely heartbroken after being called a wench by her husband, and is looking for a way to feel better. She lays down on her Tempur-pedic memory foam mattress and wishes for a way out. All of a sudden, an indistinguishable voice calls to her from her window:

Zeus (in swan form in a high-pitched voice, one that a swan would probably have if it could speak):

I heard you're looking for a new man in your life, is this true?

Methany (answering with a phlegmy voice):

why yes, I am!

Swan-Zeus: (enters into the room through the window):

You're not going to deny me because I'm a swan, are you?

Methany (with absolutely ZERO hesitation for some reason):

Nope! I'm actually a creep and love having children with animals, so please come in.

Methany and Swan-Zeus take off their shoes and touch their toes together. And yes, swans wear shoes.

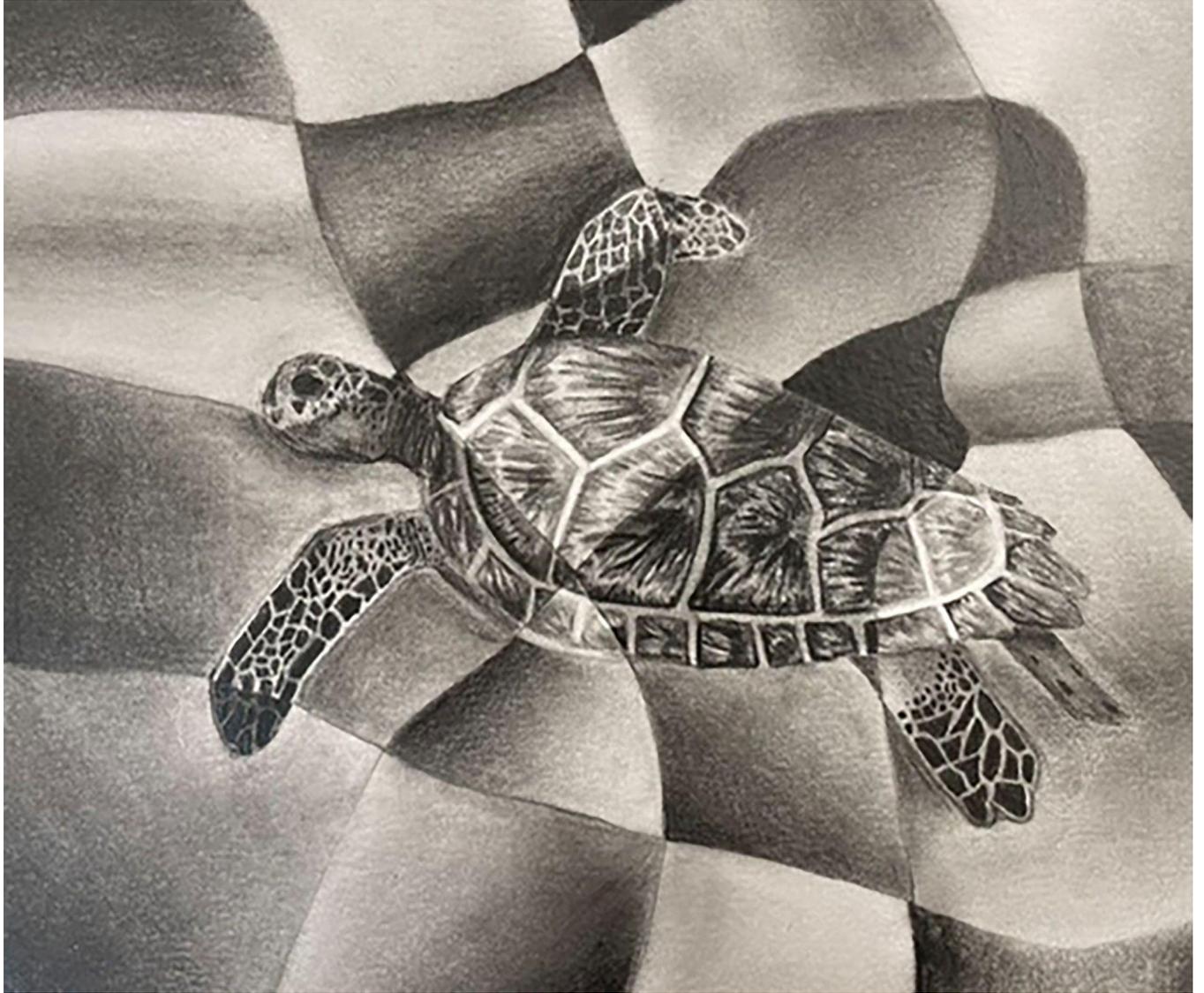
Methany:

well now that I'm pregnant, if you decide to leave, you have to pay child support.

Swan-Zeus:

Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Fin







drifting apart

is so hard for people to accept

you always want to reach out again

connect again

but only after some time of growth

do you realize that in fact

it was meant for the best

they weren't meant to continue with you

on your beautiful journey of self discovery

your journey of healing and other great things

don't reach back out to them

instead, reach in

see yourself

feel yourself

hear yourself

reach in until you understand yourself

better than anyone has understood you before

-ghost Crossman





Evergreen Forests Sing with the Snowfall

Untouched snow twinkles,
It grinds under the footfalls of a breaking heart
Heals the hurting burns caused by the heat of the hearth
Sears the ungloved nerves of any man that loves anything harder than he loves himself
That, though, is the essence of the exceptional beauty of pain
Because a man knows nothing but love from the first time he finds it
He will lose it
He will search endlessly for it again
He will not rest
He will find it
He will lose it again
Nowhere along his journey will he find love for himself
He will never know the value of it
Because man is naturally selfless
And will always find something else to love
Even if that place that man chooses to put his love has no love for him
No matter what,
Loving someone else contains something that love himself does not
Loving himself doesn't feel like snow falling softly on the very ends of his hair
Loving himself doesn't have anyone else's smile
Loving himself doesn't have her eyes, blue, like double-doorways to the sky over the ocean
Loving himself has only
Loving himself and he hates himself so really
Loving himself has nothing
He'd rather love someone else that does not love him back
And have something than
Love himself
And have nothing.

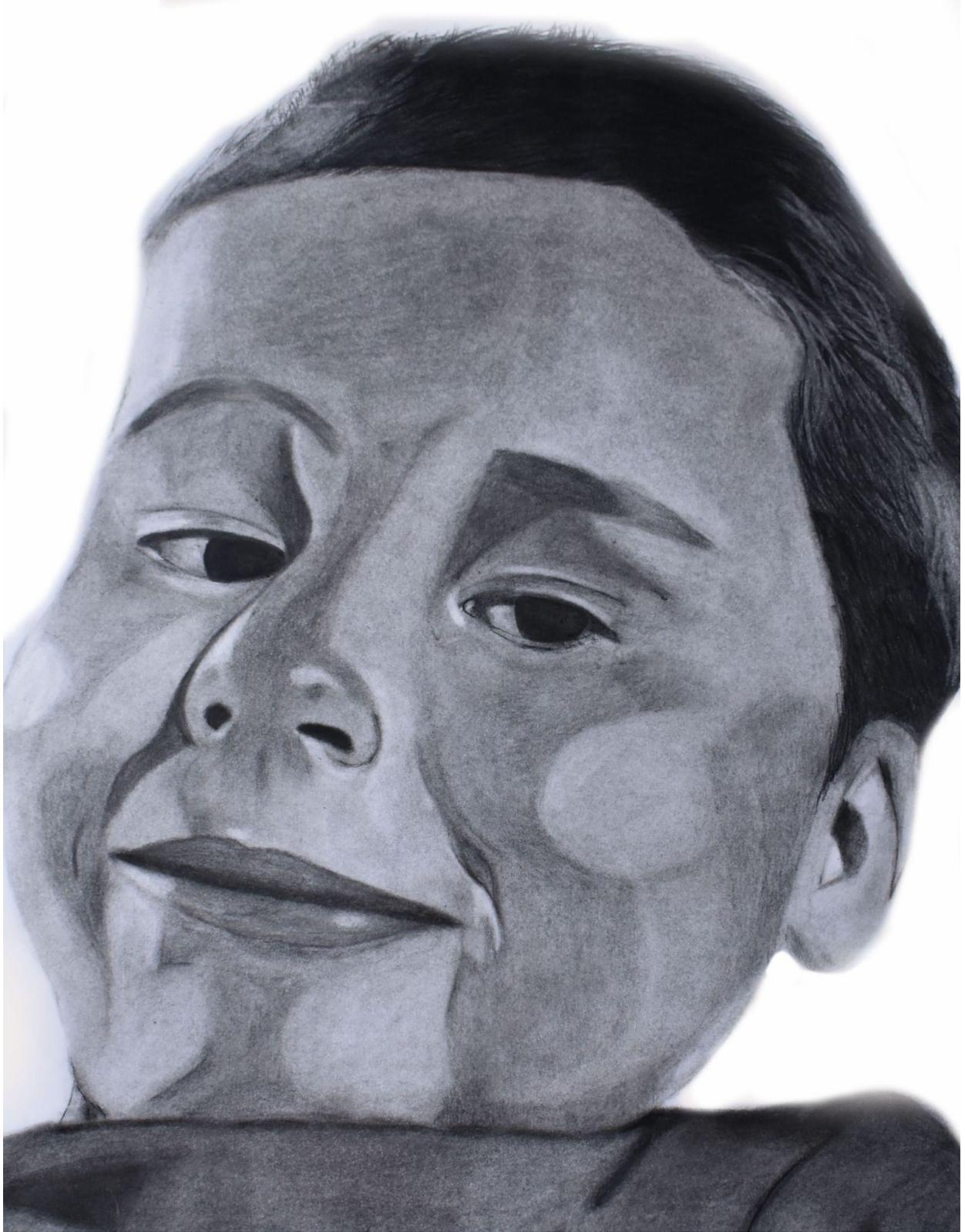
-James Yomtob



Run Away

I run for what seems like eternity, my lungs desperately trying to suck in air to fuel my departure. I want to run so fast that I lift off the ground, that my weightless body flies through the air away from everything else. The air above has nothing but time and space, an endless field, unlike the bottomless pit I am now trapped in. There is no light. Where is it? Can I feel my way out? Power my brain off? My legs are running low on stamina, but I can't feel them, nor the pain shooting up the sides at the contact from the ground. I should be afraid, but my head is detached, no longer a part of me. It's like a film, the tape rolling endlessly, starting to burn and melt away. How longer do I have? When does all this end? The answer flashes before my eyes, a neon sign reflecting in the headlights on the highway, but before I can comprehend what it says, I wake up and go through the cycle and go through it again, only this time it's worse than before.





McDonalds vs Burger King

Scene 1

<The lights are dimly lit and the last of the workers exit through the back door of the local McDonalds. McDonald locks up the doors and begins to take the cash out of the cash register when he hears a noise.>

McDonald (MD): Oh, what is the noise <McDonalds puts down the cash onto the counter and goes into the back of the restaurant where Burger King is trying to break into the safe>

Burger King (BK): <doesn't notice MD yet, muttering> 2... 4...1 8... oh what could thou be. <notices MD, jumps and yells> AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

MD: what the hell are you doing?!?!?

BK: [aside to the audience] He doesn't know I know this hack-- [back to MD] what the hell are you doing here?!

MD: Qué? This is my restaurant, you gleeking pottled-deep bitch-wolf.

BK: well then maybe don't leave the back door open if you don't want people coming through it.

MD: I know what you're here for... a delicious burger obvi!!

BK: Yes indeed.

MD: we should sit down and share a coke as we discuss you barging through the back door unannounced.

BK: No thanks, I think I'm just gonna go. Sorry chica! I just really need to go and wash my car's windows. <BK leaves the restaurant for the back alley>

Scene 2

<It's late in a dimly lit alley behind the McDonalds the two just ran from. The door slams behind MD as he races after BK>

MD: <Catches up in the alley with BK> HEY! WAIT!!! what were you doing in there?

BK: <Turning around, Acting guiltily> Nothing

MD: well, then thou must dual me. It is the only logical way for us to settle this once and for all.

BK: Are you serious?! No cap?!

MD: <Deadly serious, staring into BK's soul> NO... <Pause for effect> CAP.

BK: Alright then. Let's do this thing.

<BK and MD line up back to back. They take 10 dramatic steps apart from each other. Whipping around, they raise their swords and charge each other. MD stabs between BK's arm and side. Blood sprays out. BK collapses on the dirty ground of the dark alley>

BK: <Gasping for breath> Fine, with my last dying breaths I will tell you what I was doing in your restaurant. As much as I don't want to admit it, your fries are better. They are the best to ever exist. They are celestial beings of otherworldly taste and mine are simply dog shit. So, I decided I had to try and steal your secret recipe. While watching the delectable cartoon show called Spongebob, I was struck by my muse. The spotlight fell upon Plankton. He spoke to me. For Plankton is the most righteous soul to ever grace the world with his presence. I knew that I had to steal your recipe, do what Plankton never could to Mr. Krabs. I should've known it would never work. If someone like Plankton who has infinite swagger could never get the Krabby patty recipe, why did I think I could steal yours? I'm just a nobody who no one likes. <Quietly, taking very deep breaths between each word> My swagger levels are zero. <Lays down his head, and closes his eyes>

MD: <Shakes his head and walks away while muttering under his breath and pausing after every letter> R... l... P... <MD exits>

BK: <Now alone, he miraculously jumps up> HAHAHAHAAAA!!! He fell for it. McDonald really fell for it. wow! I knew he was stupid but I didn't realize he was that stupid. How do you not notice that you didn't stab a person, but instead stabbed the space between his arm and side? How do you not notice!?!?! <Licking the "blood" off his sleeve> Mmmmmm. Ketchup is so good. <BK exits>

Scene 3

<Burger King stands in the bathroom staring at himself in the mirror pondering what to do next.>

BK: what shall I do? He caught me. All I had to do was get my grubby little hands on the stupid french fry recipe. I messed up. MD knows what I am after. He saw through my bullshit. He knows I would never just show up to his restaurant without trying to sabotage him, that's why he wanted to dual

me. He knows his skills greatly exceed that of my own. I guess there really is only one thing left to do now that I know MD is willing to go to such great lengths to keep his recipe safe and me away. <whips out a red wig with two long luscious, but perky braids. At the end of the braids, there are two perfectly tied little blue bows. He then places the wig on his head and continues to adjust it while looking at himself in the mirror.> I must become wendys. This is going to work. I know it will. It's what I must do to remain safe. MD will never have such a beta restaurant on his radar. Now I can live the rest of my life in secret away from MD's murderous behavior. Maybe one day I will be able to get that fry recipe.

Scene 4

<80 years in the future and MD is dying. He is now 100 years old and a billionaire after his restaurant continued to thrive with the fry recipe. At his deathbed, in a private hospital room, various fast-food chain owners are saying their goodbyes>

Chick fil a: I, Chick fil a, will miss you. I just wanted you to know that your McChicken could never beat me.

In and out: I, In and out, will miss you. I just wanted you to know that there is a reason why the best coast, the west coast, prefers me.

Arby's: I, Arby's, will miss you. I just wanted you to know that we have the meat.

Hooters: I, Hooters, will miss you. Now I may not be a fast-food chain but I just wanted to let you know that my customers are ALWAYS <Ponytail flip> more satisfied than yours could ever be.

<All the other restaurants, Chick fil a, In and out, Arby's, and Hooters exit. In walks wendy/BK with her beautiful long locks of flaming red hair looking as perfect as ever.>

wendy's/BK: I am deeply saddened to see you in such a state. I know you will be missed. You have done so much for the world in putting together such a fantabulous french fry recipe... one that will soon be mine. AH HAHHAHA <evil laugh for effect>

MD: what do you mean, good friend?

wendy's/BK: <takes off wig>

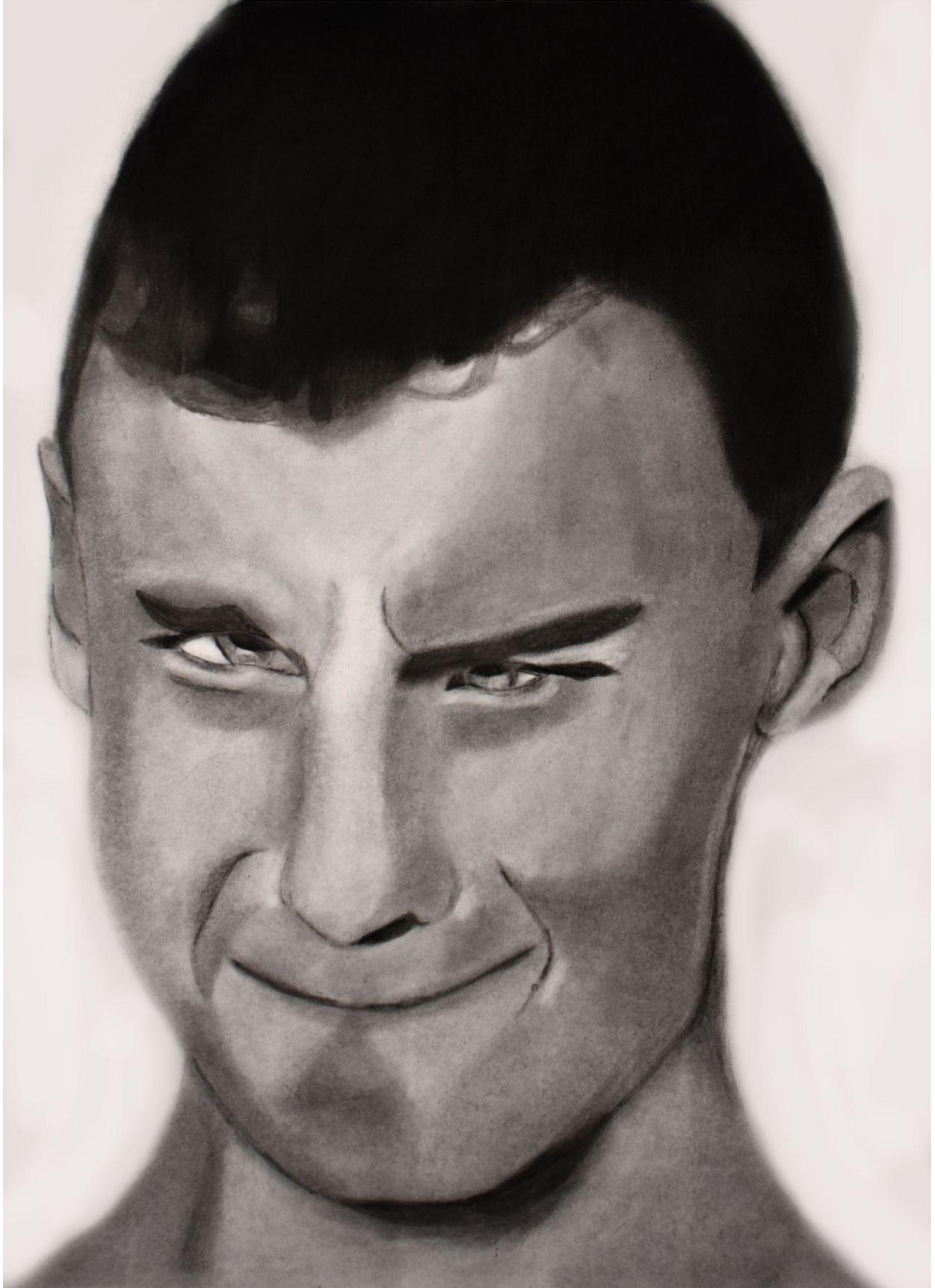
MD<gasps> IT'S YOU!!!!

wendy's: <pulls the cord to the life support machine and the beeping displaying MD's heartbeat which gradually slows down and eventually stops. MD is dead. wendy's grabs the secret fry recipe from

MD's pocket of the coat on his dead body> At last I have won. The best fry recipe in the universe is mine! AH HAHHAHA!!!!!! <the stage goes black>

The End





waiting

waiting, ticking forward like the hands on a clock,
Spit coats my lips, closing them when I try to talk,

I will speak but

Not

Yet

If I really am one of a kind
why do I have so much to say

Is it really a sign

That

I will never be ok



Past Self

I am sorry
If you read this I want you to know
I loved you and you will continue to grow
Trees grow from ashes of their friends
Scars heal and I will be myself again
Try for me
Just know that I am sorry



A Hostage

There's nothing I have done
And nothing I can do
I am unsure whether my worries and insecurities
Are simply in my head.
whether I merely wondered them up in the midst of my
wistful wonderance
or whether they hold dumb-bells in reality and
I'm actually right
if I am
Then that would mean I'd be
100% absolutely in the right to react with rash actions and unruly words
Knowing that what I said could hurt her
And not caring because
She never cared that I could be hurt by her
Saying nothing and stuffing me to suffocate in a closet full of corpses
Hands and ankles bound by rip cords carved from heartstrings
Forcefully torn out using the tweezers that were my love.

-James Yomtob



Question Me

I don't know what you want
If all you do is sit in silence
You know I am upset
Yet you don't ask why
A problem left unsaid is one that
will
go
Away
But an unwatched pot still boils over
And burns with a ferocity of a thousand fires



Sink Claw Grasp Fall

I stand on the edge of our cliff

or am I already off the edge

I won't know until

Tomorrow.

I've been here before

with friends

It was always so pretty

But the reason I haven't fallen yet

is you.

whether I've fallen yet or not

I'm still holding your hand.

Maybe you're the one

who is falling.

Maybe I should be

Holding on tighter.

whoever reads this,

Don't let your me fall.





Past Tense

I did what I did
why can't I get rid
of all the anger I carry with me
The pain that burns to such a degree
That I am willing to leave it all behind
But I can't pick and choose so I take it as a sign
But which way do I go
If both ways are shown
one hurts me and the other hurts everyone else
If I leave I am giving them all the pain I felt





Keep It Safe

If I let you in, how much do I share?
Do you want to know, do you really care?
How much do I say,
will I risk you running away?
Our mindsets are completely different,
You will never understand how I feel, yet I am grateful you aren't belligerent,
If you help me and tell me you want me here and press send,
In a way, you have no idea if you will ever hear from me again.





The Killer of San Denis

The Date is March 4 1886. The most well known detective of the city of San Denis. Found dead after a undetermind suicide in his home. I'm the rookie taking his place. I walk into my new office and start going through the detective's cases. I stumble upon his old diaries. And I got curious so I read...

Entry 1- January 17 1884. I just found James Thornebrook and took him into the courtroom. It is 5:16pm. He gets sentenced to death for Manslaughter, Murder in the 1st degree, Murder by association, Harboring 8 fugitives, and Killing a law officer.

Entry 2- January 18 1884. The man I put away yesterday, sure he was a bad man by law, but he's kind of my inspiration . He is a good man. He helped his friends run and got to see blood from who he killed. when I kill people its because they tried to kill me. well not always like Rob Havarski. He had his hands up and I felt the urge to shoot. So I did, do I regret it? No, it was a rush I needed more of.

seems to be torn out page

Entry 7 -March 2 1885. I just shot a man named Marc Davis in the left kneecap, put a seed bag over his head and tied his arms around his back. Then I went to the east side of the white Lake and tossed him off the boat launch at dark. The sound of the bubbling from his breath just satisfied me.

Entry 12-March 17 1885. I need a more satisfying feeling. I have a case for a Horse thief that I'm going after tomorrow. I'm going to do it again but worse. He works at the Heartland Quarry. I will grab the Dynamite and wait as he leaves. I will light it , hitch it to his saddle and run.

Entry 13 -March 18 1885; 2:52pm I'm going to watch Mr. Pinkerton at the Quarry.

3:37 pm I have the Dynamite and my Zippo lighter.

3:40 pm I'm following him out now

4:00 pm He's gone. Its so... beautiful. All the parts of his body and the horse all over the darkened trees and beaten path. But what will I say to cover it up...? Ill figure it out

9:00 pm I know. Ill just say a mining accident.

Entry 27-April 17 1885; I'm going on vacation to Tumbleweed. I don't know when I will return

Entry 28-December 29 1885: I have returned. It was a very calming and soothing trip.

Entry 37-December 31 1885: 4:05 pm It's been too long. The itch is getting to me. I'm riding around and I see a house on the hill. It is the estate of Dutch van Der Linde. I hear he is a decent man making a living. Oh well I'm coming for him...

5:00 pm I knocked on the door and he answers "Hey will"

I say "Hey Dutch. Can I come in"

"Sure what for" he speaks hesitantly

"You're under arrest, hands behind your back, I'm sorry Dutch" I state in a shaky voice

I tie his hands in my rope and hook him around the beam of stone in his house.

5:30 pm I just got done covering his house in gasoline time for him

5:45 "Time for a cigarette, aye Dutch?"

I can't understand what he said back because he has a bandana in his mouth.

I lit my cigarette and whoops I dropped it.

The house catches fire.

"Good day Dutch" I said to Dutch with a big grin on my face as I ran back to my horse to leave the area.

7:12 pm I'm on the other side of everything but I see Dutch's son looking around. Oh no

Entry 40- January 5 1886: I feel good, but I miss my family and can't imagine what Dutch's son is going through. I feel it's my fault

Entry 50- February 15 1886: I feel as if I'm not alone in my skin anymore. Something is up

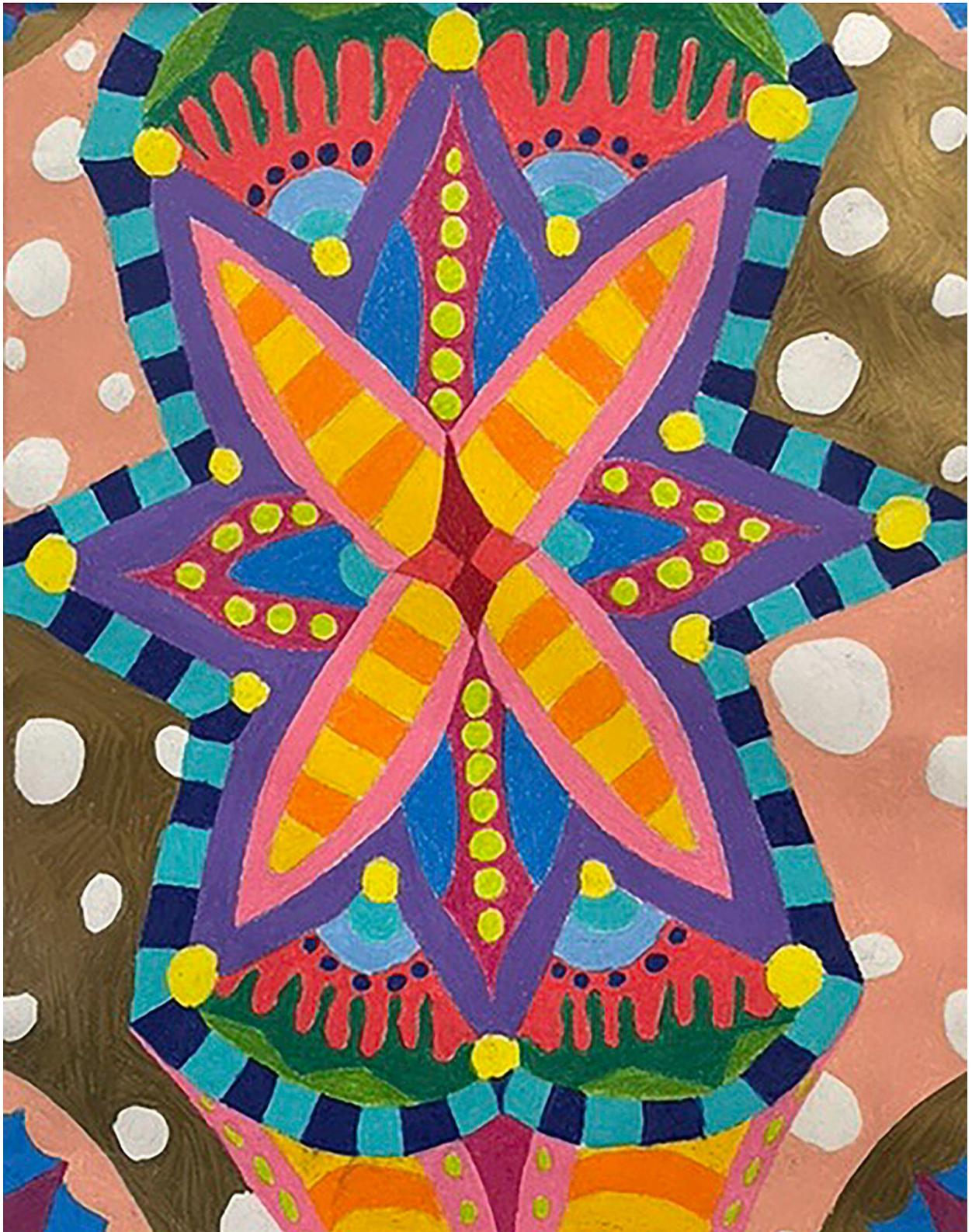
Entry 55- February 27 1886: I can't do anything, I can't escape it. It's all my fault

Entry 59-March 4 1886: I feel a presence in my house. I'm not alone. Knocking from the kitchen gets louder. I look and to the right of me a person in all black wearing one of Dutch's finest outfits. I see a needle before I can help myself...

And that was it. I closed the Diary in utter shock. He was a killer not a detective. And he is the reason all the deaths spread around so fast. It was right under all of us the whole time, one of our best. And he didn't kill himself... He was murdered. Now to read the other Diaries, it can't get much worse than that.

-Aidan LaFrance





Thought

Somewhere there exists a person that is not me
Think about the unfathomability of that fact
That the person you stand beside does not think the thoughts you think
Nor will you ever know what they think or feel
or fear or think
Every person is independent and thus unknowable
And there's no person on the planet that will ever know exactly what you think
Because if you're honest, you may never know what you think
Those thoughts thump through your head at thousands of miles per second
Per thought

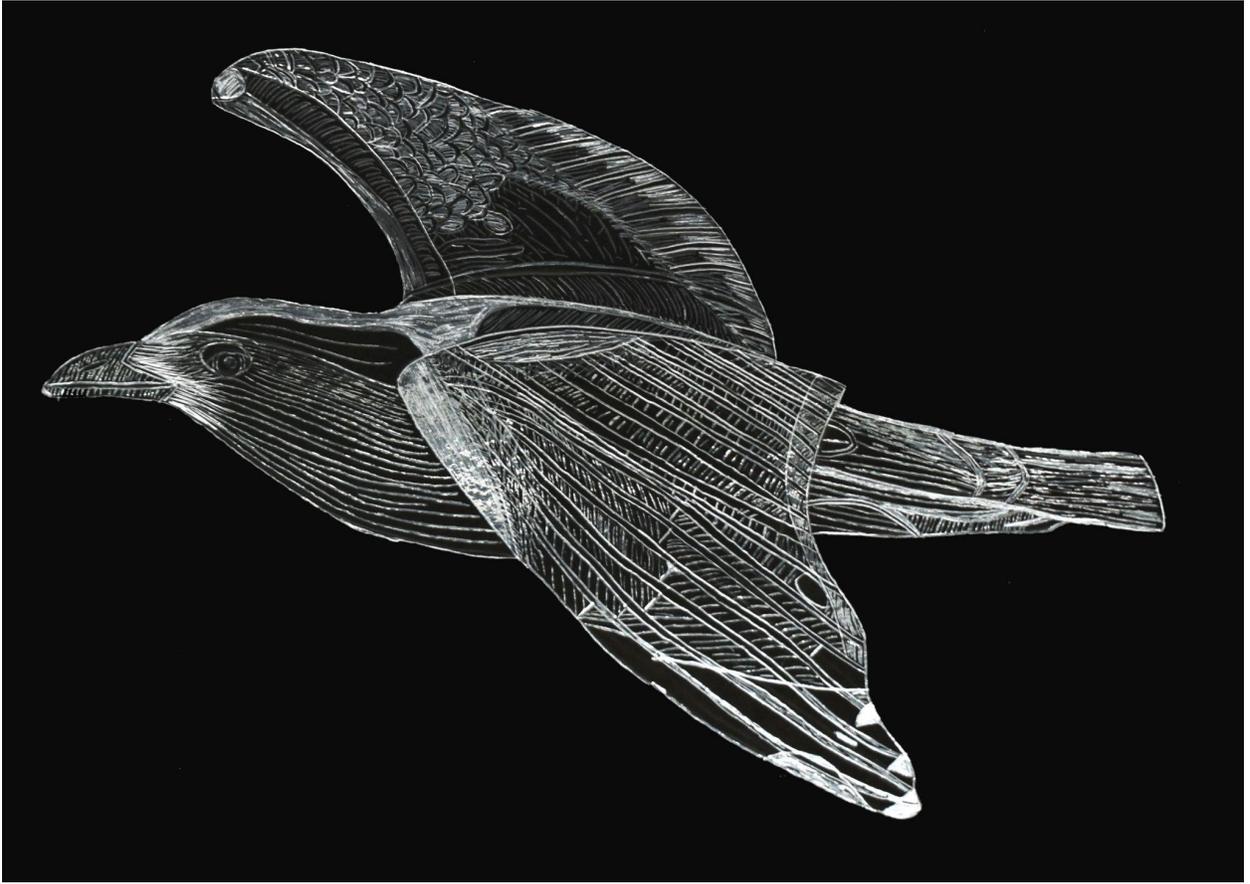
So how does one express thought then?
In a timely manner, there is no time
So every thought spoken, expressed
is altered from originality and thus counterfeit
Counterfeit thoughts are, in essence, our only thoughts
our only thoughts then, are not thoughts
But merely current ideas on thoughts we once had
which means an idea must be caught
And expanded upon
However, that expansion, explication, or analysis of a millisecond of thought
Remains an alteration
Therefore no thought is original
No idea not counterfeit
So no matter what a person says to you
It must be interpreted as a lie
And the opposite must be closer to the truth,
or the original thought

-James Yomtob



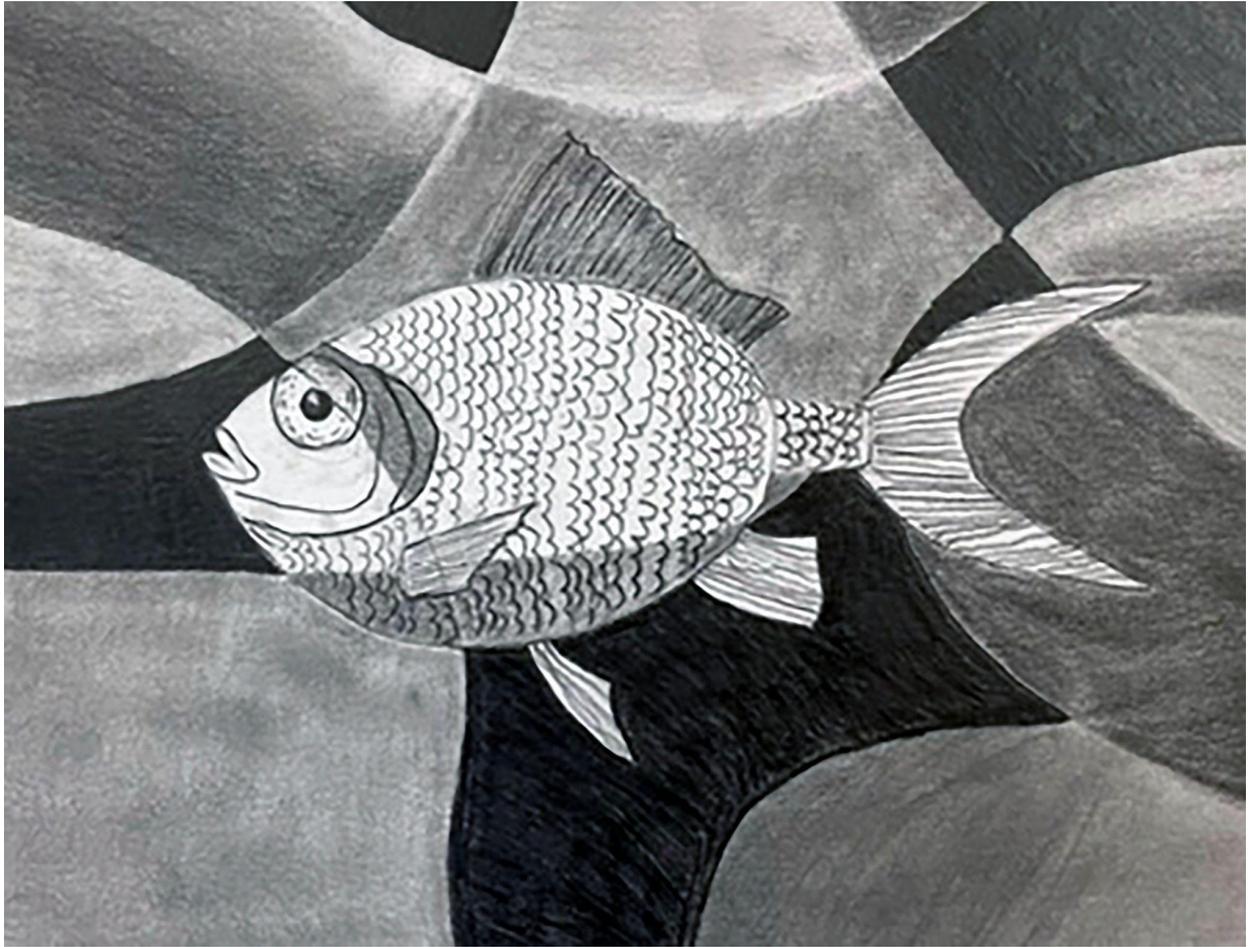
Dream

I've had this dream before. I know where I am, but I also don't, I want to know but they also won't. Are dreams my past lives mixed together, or are they a warning to not do certain things as to prevent an onslaught of destruction in the future. If so, could I have prevented this, could I be given a moment in time to relive everything I was before it's gone forever? or will it slide by, an unopened envelope, an unfinished song, or will time fold my words and me under its wings forever till I am never heard from again.









New Friend

New friend, will they stay forever or leave? Either way, they are here to stay and if it's temporary, at least I knew them for a little while. If at least for a while I had comfort that I used too much, a seemingly endless supply that ran out, borrowed time on an infinite clock. The gears are stuck but the time ticks forward nonetheless. The hands will strike three, he will leave, and the time will reset again.





Sticking Around

what is the legacy of a poet?
As unappreciated writers who go about,
Saying outlandish things
Like 'love is a polar bear on a melted tundra.'
or maybe,
'Sadness belongs to the owl who cannot speak about the one he loves.'
who?

I'm afraid I write poems better than I write stories
Because poems are short and easy to finish
And stories take patience and time.

I don't have commitment issues, like the ice caps failing to
Stick around;
More, I have commitment issues, like the polar bear on the ice caps
Sticking around.

The main insecurity is whether poetry is art
whether something great comes from what I write,
what I say.
what is the legacy of a poet?

-James Yomtov

