



2016

Emptiness

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Recommended Citation

Schweig, Sarah V. "Emptiness." *The Iowa Review* 46.2 (2016): 60 Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7737>

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SARAH V. SCHWEIG

Emptiness

There's a hole in my head where my soul was.
There's a hole in my head where my soul was, that false memory
of Some Pure And Perfect Thing.

Ergo, I sit under the single dead tree in Shit Park.
There's a hole in the tree where solace was, before the world existed
with the shit tree in it.

Hordes enter the park. They sing
to their shit young, they sing to their young as if to assure them.
They walk the dogs manufacturing the shit that gives the park its name.

Listen. Listen to the raucous clamor of their young.
There's a hole in their young where Eternity was, before the hordes shot
looks at the world and saw holes in it that their young could fill.

The hordes, they did not ask themselves if it would be good
for that which did not yet exist in the shit world to exist.
To ask this would involve a contradiction.

There's a hole in the contradiction
where the world is allowed to exist. We move through it.
We clamor and squirm and twist. My brother

says he can't afford the future. My mother says
she's still waiting for her life to begin. Into the air
unfold another billion blind infants.