

Verses of versus I write
 As opposed to,
 against my better judgment.
 Life isn't black vs. white
 up against down, don't make
 me choose red or green.
 Life is and, and it,
 and but. And yet,
 there is a peace
 to certainty, to knowing
 against not. To be saved,
 or not.
 So should I relent
 or should I fight on?
 Am I angry or just stubborn?
 Smart or dense? Sensitive or
 merely weak.

VERSUS

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Origami Books and Poems

ONE PURPOSE OF POETRY
 by Emily Sack
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And my father must have had
 To bend over to walk to the
 Bed, and probable bumped
 His head over and over,
 Hoping not to bother the
 Old lady who kindly rented
 The tiny space on top of her
 Home to a soldier and his new
 Wife in a time when
 Apartments did not grow
 On trees.
 Always so dark with only
 The String light holding
 Up the Ceiling.

ONE

PURPOSE

OF

POETRY



By

EMILY SACK

On the lowest rung of
 The ladder to the attic
 I pause and lean back
 On my heels
 To see the top step quiver
 Against the floorboard
 And imagine in the midst of
 The old schoolbooks,
 The folded cardboard tables
 The laminated pictures,
 An apartment my parents had
 Sixty years ago.
 Their bedroom was an attic
 Just like this. With rough
 Wood made for splinters
 And eves where bags
 Of stuffing leaked out
 Into view.

UNTITLED

Finally the sailboats drift as they should
 And the air does not feel overly cold
 The grit in the coffee tastes right to the tongue
 And your heart beats its usual song.
 So you loosen your belt into the ease of the same.
 And then the smell of bacon smells of him,
 a paper on the desk shouts her name.
 The twist of the key sounds of other rooms.
 But you paper your skin over the bruises
 and swallow the nausea that boils your innards,
 rap your heart in blankets, and gingerly step inward
 pick up your pen and try to make words.

ONE PURPOSE OF POETRY

There is that moment when the world twists
 the lover gone or the sister dead,
 graduation day, or just an address change
 Life teeters and you don't know if you exist.

The stomach quivers and the calves ache
 How can the tide come in or the grass grow?
 The light cannot be the same; and surely
 the stars do not know how to glow.

There is the flash of possible escape
 I will part my hair into even plaits
 I will laugh at nothing, or eat more beets.
 I do not have to be myself.

Then the grumbling starts deep down low
 It will be worse -
 the sun will curdle, the earth stop its spin.
 friends will fade, and the bones gradually thin.
 Your hollow core is what will grow.

