

Poet Wrestling with the Taking of Time  
by ROSEBUD BEN-ONI

The thing about “it” is that *it*  
continues to happen, & each  
time, leaves you  
a little less  
named.  
Don’t call it returning.  
When you erupt  
from clinging  
aisle floor  
& nucleus  
on bloody milk  
glass & shattered  
screen & incoming  
familiar tones  
they mute  
while shoving  
a warm thing in your loose  
grasp. This won’t send you back—  
*here*— as you’re asked  
for a year, a place, a name.  
All those things that it’s effacing.  
Don’t call it *nothing*  
*lasts* or  
a choice:  
feed or fast.  
It won’t let you eat your own body.  
It keeps you walking when you need  
to run to keep your heart  
from hearing  
footsteps  
too heavy

