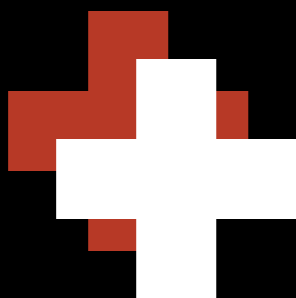


ΕΔΝΕΣ,
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ΔLT



by Jacob E.

I am mid action
(an agent of myself—
I suggest)
warming a towel
for my sickly daughter's neck.

Here on the sofa
this young person
bears witness
to my ever failing
paternal powers.

I am just a person
like everyone else.
She will learn one day,
long after the nausea fades,
that being ordinary is
what makes us special.

That being ordinary places us
in the belly of the beast
with tiny folding knives
plotting with everyone else,
the sudden and graphic death
it will one day meet.

That being ordinary
and afraid of the police
and late on rent (again)
and working while enrolled at university
and sleeping through alarms
and reading whenever you can
the most dangerous writing in history
(Marx, Lenin, Mao)
places us together,
neatly piled up
like leaves, or salt.