



## POEM

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*Carla Butwin*

### **In between Where It Started and I Began**

It goes so quickly connecting  
Forbidden angst

Don't provoke me  
Clearly it would end better.

I can output without your mess  
Malleable, a little brown sponge  
Filled with the things you pretend to be  
It's my major retrospective.

The first and last time I heard it  
The ticking stopped.  
Metronome, by the stone, of your beat.  
Controlled constraints put a hand in  
My chest and pull,  
And pull with fingers never seen.

Fein of my eye, where is my stone  
Ebenezer, raised before it  
Rebirth, can't you see

The revisited yellow surroundings.  
Cells packed together are worth everything.

It suspends the air,  
Dripping, forming, waiting,  
For the call.

I died a hundred times for this,  
And felt nothing for it all.

Paralyzing thoughts, filled with the emptiness of your ravages,  
Provide for nothing of my own.

It's my retropulsion on the surface  
Without the saturated disease.

Sinuuous bleak streams, it's all lost  
From end to end.

Connecting nothing  
Pointing to never—the cast is broken.