


POEMS

ARS POETICA

By Christian Wiman

July 24, 2023

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1.

—a plum and othering dusk,
something renunciatory in the light,
until the sparrow takes the old tree's shape
and the trees untreed are everywhere.

If I could let go
If I could know what there is to let go
If I could chance the night's improvidence
and be the being this hard mercy means.

2.

These lost and charnel thoughts
less thoughts than bits of stun
I suddenly find myself among;

that are the me I am when I am not
sleeked to reason and pacific despair
speak to me of a pain that saves,

some endmost ear to shrive the mind.

This is drawn from "Zero at the Bone: Fifty Entries Against Despair."

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Christian Wiman is the author of several books, including the memoir "He Held Radical Light" and the poetry collection "Survival is a Style." His next book, "Zero at the Bone," is forthcoming in December.

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“Autumn Fern”

“I hope you won’t mind a fern on your grave.”

By Henri Cole

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“Leaving”

“Not the pleasure of lovers but the pleasure of letters, / a pleasure like weather,
delayed and prepared for.”

By Madeleine Cravens

POEMS

“Eurydice”

“I had his back, but he distrusted the obscurity.”

By Adrienne Su

POEMS

“DISINHIBITOR”

“I’m not avoiding / My sadness I’m trying / To protect it.”

By Ariana Reines