

THE MATTER OF YIELDING

Jesse Nissim

Where are the animals of feeling? Everywhere I go
the grass has been mowed, a bird is talking to another bird,
the rest is wild. I sit down on a bench, I who am
no longer suitable for family. When faced with the precipice
of my face, will I even look? Is it a matter of yielding?
They say I have handled it, not uncovered it. The weeds
are skinny ladders not straining, the stick on the grass
looks like a name for something I should know.
My name for myself sags against a wall, my I
is looking to give back areas of being.