E.M. Schorb

Lunacy

Ι can't wait for two more weeks if I take it now if I ate it now I'd have got only the half of it but half is better than nothing & I need my fix of the moon. I open the window & reach for the moonpill & pull it down & push it in & chew the moist cheese of it the green cheese of it & begin to feel the effect of the dog's moon the wolf's moon & chew & swallow & swallow & chew grinding & swallow & finally HOWL !

This Man Insisting Upon Living

How can I leave you with only one?

If I give you nothing but that which I give,
what will protect you? Is this, do you think,
only a rationalization, because I want to live?

Is my heart as black as this typing ink?
But I cannot leave you with only one!

No, no, no! Nor can I leave you with only these, stamped and stamped, only these two:

nor could I leave you with more if I had any more; no, not with three, if it were that three were here for me to leave, or even if I were lucky and had . . . but I cannot leave you with only two.

Nor could I dream of leaving you with only these three. How would you survive; how could you ever get along? I must leave you with at least four. Do you think that four will be enough?

No, I don't either; I'm sure you'll need more: five at the very least, yes, at least five.
Oh, I am going to worry, worry so!
I had better re-think this.
Yes, I had better think more about this, for how could I live with myself

if you didn't have enough to get by on?
Yes, it had better be six, or seven, ten perhaps, and if I stay until tomorrow, I can, if I try, make it twenty or thirty, a thousand— ~ yes!
It must be a million: I must keep up my strength: perhaps I had better not go: I'm so busy.

E.M. Schorb's poetry has appeared in 5 AM, Rattle, The Sewanee Review, The Chariton Review, and many other publications. His books Time and Fevers and Murderer's Day have received several awards.