

Columbia College Chicago :: MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry

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This is my long poem in honor of the Rachel Zucker reading

D.C. squealed with delight when he saw the shelf—
stuffed with animals at Borders. Love. *I never knew I could*
have so much.
Feel so much.

And just when I had decided not to have another baby
I had to go to a Rachel Zucker reading.

Just when I had decided it was too much.
Too much to work 40 hours
Too much to be a wife (even a bad one)
a mother, sister, aunt, student, publisher, woman...
To want to write, to edit...

Too much to sit through a Rachel Zucker reading
and not cry about death. *About living.*
Love. How much I feel.
I think no one could have ever loved *me* so much
but it had to come from
somewhere.

It is all around this room.

And already this morning D.C. is going to have a black eye.
Corner of the bench. And I'll admit to dreaming about falling
and having bad clothes. And I'll admit to wanting to kill myself
as recently as last night. *I never do. But,*

I *have* wrecked a lot of cars. Last time, I had no idea what I was thinking.
I lost everything but the Depeche Mode tape.

And it appears that Rachel Zucker is happy. She mentioned it last night.
And I'm happy too. Happy that she is happy. And it would appear that I
am so happy and love life so much that I want to have another baby. And,
if I were to approach a poet and call them a bitch it would not be because

they were happy. No. It would be because they made me want to have
another baby. And It would be something like—
Bitch, you made me want to have another baby.

It would be another round of breast feeding in restaurants.
How could I want to die now? Thoughts of me dead my
babies left behind.
I'm still being treated *like a woman*,
like maybe you're worth it to your husband but not to *me*.
And I'm filled with all this love
and still want to have another baby?

D.C. and his Easter eggs.