

POEM TO ALSO BE PUBLISHED POSTHUMOUSLY ●

Matt Zambito

We don't know yet: *this*
might turn out to be
the most significant poem in even
the prehistory of poetry.
Don't shake your head.
You'll die before you know.
When history writes itself
like an alcoholic's dry
autobiography about drinking
and the saddest happy hours,
the protest and picket lines
made by Oklahoma City's
striking mimes will stretch
around the block and remain
so peaceful the police will
only shoot seven children
on purpose. There's still a chance:
this *might* be the poem
that convinces God to stop it
already with this death nonsense.
We get it! We're jerks!
Sorry. We'll try harder. Please stop
unless the rest-in-peace
of this selfish, eponymous
existence is forthcoming
posthumously, unless
some rest is all we get for grief.