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# 43

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These things do sadden me.  
I wrap myself up and I count to three.  
I close my eyes once and I can see me,  
in a wool sweater and I'm 43.  
I'm looking at my children's eyes and they  
Believe me to be so wise  
But I'm reliving the moments when it wasn't true:  
When I'd search for sadness and clutch onto inevitable, painful truths  
I would spend too many moments within or without  
Blind to what being is about—  
floating off and counting to four.  
Imagining the future at my door,  
The problem being I always did answer  
An unforgiving fear growing in me like a cancer  
That I'd be too busy counting to five  
to ever shake it off and live my life.  
But my tremors are surreptitious, unmerited, unclean.  
The night is old and I am seventeen.  
I do not cry in front of them.  
I do not feel much at all.  
I know that this is impermanent,  
Although my pride stands tall.  
The problem is I know my habit's atrocious  
I'm too consumed by diagnosis,  
Impairing my ability to focus,  
I am a stubborn, slow blooming lotus.  
Because when I see all of these beautiful faces  
I know I'll miss them; I'm a fool

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But not so much that I should cry in front of all of you.  
What else can I do?

It is frightening to look back at my own skin  
I always wonder if it'll be the same the next time I look again.  
This is the thing that saddens me:  
That change is imminent and from it I'm not free

I lie here and I pray that it does me well.  
It's not easy though at the same time it is easy to tell

My fries are wet with tears,  
I don't know how to be present,  
I don't know how to be here