



# ZYZZYVA

SPRING &  
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CELEBRATING ONE HUNDRED ISSUES OF ZYZZYVA WITH DANIEL HANDLER, KAY RYAN, RON CARLSON, REBECCA SOLNIT, ROBERT HASS, GLEN DAVID GOLD, ELIZABETH TALLENT, JIM GAVIN, AND MORE

# EVERYTHING I HAVE IS ON THE TABLE EVERYTHING I LOVE IS OUT TO SEA

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NOAH BLAUSTEIN

Fragmentary sleep and now  
fragmentary body. I'm searching  
the Internet world for a sense  
of self—here, an article on the purple  
orchid flowers that bloom on pennies  
and here a video of women protesting  
for the right to walk bare-chested  
like men. My social network  
has new news! But it's the same  
as the old news—birthday  
wishes, photos of mint leaves  
on gold puddings—a million  
tiny carpe diems and defeats,  
lines at the raw food place, too  
much curry in the vindaloo.  
Another someone wants more  
attention from their spouse  
but I'm not in this habit of spilling  
my guts without great care. Even  
when I'm alone I don't want  
to be the center of attention. You  
didn't notice me at the farmers' market  
because the potatoes were so fresh  
and I was happy with that. The news  
in the food court said they caught



the terrorist because so many people  
were taking pictures of themselves  
that he couldn't stay in the background  
for long. "These days even the moon  
is a lens," he said. "No one can just gracefully  
be alone in a room." A ring of water  
on my desk. I hold up my mug—  
*daylight moon with a slight chance of rain.*  
You took off early. Now our daughter  
cartwheels her purple leotard  
over a blue mat somewhere. Try-  
outs. The next time we're alone  
together and you're still lonely,  
remember, I never promised  
to light up a room. More news  
on the data feed. A bear  
ambles into a suburban yard.  
A bather flops off a turtle floaty,  
runs into the house. More hysterics  
broadcast as a type of wonder—  
I am doing what I can  
to not become the stranger  
in this marriage. Yesterday  
you were telling me why  
the leaves on the Bird of Paradise  
are always torn—I was listening.  
It dapple-shades the new loveseat  
now. Thank you for letting me  
lose my mind for a while.