

[What horror to awake at night]

By Lorine Niedecker

What horror to awake at night
and in the dimness see the light.

Time is white
mosquitoes bite

I've spent my life on nothing.

The thought that stings. How are you, Nothing,
sitting around with Something's wife.

Buzz and burn
is all I learn

I've spent my life on nothing.

I'm pillowed and padded, pale and puffing
lifting household stuffing—

carpets, dishes
benches, fishes

I've spent my life in nothing.

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