

4-12-2018

Antarctica

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Recommended Citation

Erway, Rebekah (2018) "Antarctica," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 18, Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol18/iss1/16>

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Description

Writing poems about not being able to write is a long-standing tradition among poets. They're an irony in and of themselves: the use of words to tell someone you have no words at all.

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About the Contributor

Rebekah Erway is a lover of words and how they fit together to roll off tongues and into minds, presenting ideas that people knew but didn't recognize, pointing them towards God and his truth.

Poetry by Rebekah Erway

ANTARCTICA

Pen in hand,
Page before me—

A bleak, miles-long landscape
Of inch-high, foot-high, yard-high knolls of snow
That undulate with wind
And wind
And more, and more, and more
Pawing, sawing fingered screams, clawing voiceless sounds
Wearing, tearing out the muse my parka pen surrounds
Scraping, gaping at the ever-ice-encrusted ground,
Wind.
Such wind.

Purple bruises blue that bruises white then blue again
Across the constant imperfections
of the world's elliptic edge.
Emptiness is never empty:

Oxygen and nitrogen in every breath,
Air, dual-hydrogen-and-oxygen again in every snowflake,
Six-fingered points linked and linked and linked
In every ankle-high mound of wind-pressed snow,
A continent's worth of molecules
Frozen to the bottom of a barren biosphere—

But still there are no words to write.