

Ethan Goffman

Plastic Bag

There's an ethereal beauty
in a plastic bag descending from the heavens,
an angel dancing in a strong wing
on its mystical journey
to choke
a nearby stream.

An Infinitely Meaningless Poem

As the old song goes, “nothing is real”
but how can nothing be real when it’s the absence of something?

Set theory says
there is an infinity of infinities
but I say
there are no infinities
no infinity plus one;
since infinity cannot exist in the first place
and cannot even be conceived
it is impossible to add one to it

There are zero infinities
not just because infinity doesn’t exist,
but because zero does not exist
in reality
there are zero zeros.

In this way
zero and infinity are the same
sweet nothings in the human soul
and the minds of mathematicians.

How many mathematicians you ask?
A countable number
a number that exists
something, not nothing.

Nothing is not real
not unreal
not surreal
simply not
but not even not, since “not” is just another way
of expressing zero.

Still, for us humans
nothing is something
so much more consequential
than infinity.

I have no money
zero
nothing.

When you are broke
nothing is everything.

On Postpartum Depression

Seven and a half billion human beings
on this Earth
and counting, and counting, and counting, and counting
each birth a miraculous suffering.

I still suffer postpartum depression from my own birth.

Each baby born will, at some point, suffer horribly, and at some point
die.

My question to mothers without postpartum depression,
What is wrong with you?

Perhaps you need to see a psychiatrist!