

STILLP • INT
A MAGAZINE IN THE EYE OF THE STORM

RELEVANT TO THE DAY

OMAR SAKR

I enter the poet's work only in death. The story of a murder crosses the globe in a heartbeat or breath and people everywhere are talking. The act of dying opens so many chests. Outside, Poe stares at me from within a raven and I shout at him, "remove yourself, you stupid man!" And yet the winged individual remains, due to what I have read, every black bird is weighed down by a sickly sad man. How depressing. I shake the image into a caw, tree tops, an unsolvable mystery. Anyway, people are grieving a music lost, and I am listening as they fall deeper into themselves. The Venn diagram of those who believe that love at first sight is a myth & people who burst into tears the instant they learn of a loved one passing is a perfect circle—how knowledge enters the body and when it leaves are the greatest concerns of those determined to make their own meaning. By coincidence, it is they who wind up faithless, alone with their hands and the whim of chance. The Arctic is melting, a phrase I resolutely do not understand. Can any of us? To stand under means 'to be close to' and we cannot be close to what is vanishing, which is the world, or at least the parts I live on and that I must admit I enjoy more than I once imagined. Here to vanish is to become unfamiliar, hostile, strange—a polar bear in Aldi, a headless pig galloping, a name unending.

Omar Sakr is an award-winning poet born and raised in Western Sydney to Lebanese Muslim and Turkish Muslim migrants. He is the author of *These Wild Houses* (Cordite Books, 2017) and *The Lost Arabs* (Andrews McMeel, 2020). In 2019, Omar was the recipient of the Edward Stanley Award for Poetry.