

# New Poetry by Sam Cherubin: “Don’t About Not,” “Mermaid Tavern,” and “Emerald Inula”



SUN HOLDING ME / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Don’t About Not**

If I can’t or think  
do it like I’m doing now

a beach  
sun holding me

I am holding space  
not space itself

not looking  
being

gathering toward me

sun's filaments

fluidity

is all I need

### **Mermaid Tavern**

A night-wind touching bare backs lying down  
and bare arms spooned across my bed, in blue  
light dreaming over skin, light-fingered sparks  
of seaweed, dendrites rippling through the room.

Scales rubbed against smooth sheets, in silver  
puddled water, a smell of open  
ocean, roseate tips of waves, our hips'  
undulations, in my body's rhythmic memory.

### **Emerald Inula**

i.

Apples in Schiller's desk, Balsam of Peru, rockrose,  
rose alba, Helichrysum Everlasting, *Immortale*.  
Why can't this be enough?

ii.

Dried petals staining the pages.  
Attar of cells breathing sun.  
Flesh never accepting, but aching.