

# New Poem by Sandra Newton: “Naught”



PIROUETTE OF WORDS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## NAUGHT

There is naught to be done for it:  
We are over  
As the ocean is over its attraction  
And is now crawling  
Back from the shore,  
Having fucked it thoroughly.

We are done  
Like steak on a grill,  
Sizzling and aromatic,  
Waiting to be devoured.

We are finished  
As a wood floor sanded to undeniable

Smoothness and shine,  
A surface of beauty concealing  
The pitted underbelly of it all.

Or like promising to explain to others  
What happened to us.  
Over, done, finished,  
Is all we need to say  
Or want

While the gifted interpreter  
Turns a pirouette of words  
And keeps you safe  
With her basket of naughts.