

Two by *Matt Zambito*

Newton

Without food, I want to go
to the grocery store or fall in love

with the grocery store or fall
in love at the grocery store and forget

the food altogether and altogether fall
without the food, without memory

of wants: true apples and gravity
and better laws to help us live

physically. The store's open all day
and all night (and all day...) and we

believe we all have to go and all we
have to do is go, so let's forget

want and Newton and rising
prices and change them all

to hope, because all hope needs
is time and all together time isn't

falling, isn't only love, is either
food falling into rot or something

pulling us forward, pulling us
inevitably together.