

## David Clewell

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an excerpt of

### *This Poem Had Better Be about the World We Actually Live In*

i. There's No Chance of a Proper Introduction to the World—

not given how we usually enter into it headfirst, crying  
and pissing and, if not exactly stunned, then wide-eyed in the sudden light  
and hungry most of all. Even before we know who we are, we call the world  
by its first name, which not so surprisingly turns out to be  
whatever we think we have coming. And doesn't that seem a little  
unreasonably familiar, considering the formal, ages-old arrangement:  
we take our small place here, already squirming; we have to vacate the premises  
whenever the lease is up. We're signing on before we can manage even  
two real words in a row, but hey—we know the world when we see it.  
And when we say its name, we're so alive it hurts, already  
wishing it could stay said that inchoate way forever.