

# 'Til We Get Sick of It

By Sayeda Ghazanfar

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Ms. Ghazanfar, I can only imagine, both suffers and profits by being 'so bizarre.' Get this: "a queer, sultry summer / silent telephones..." Her lack of punctuation does not daunt me—I'll stroke it as I see it, "damp spots / ceiling textures and yellow-haired girls..." I'd give anything to do this as a living, if I got minds, all the time, like Sai's [heaving sigh]. Perhaps, someday, she'll explain what she means by "counting the blocks beneath my breath" it absolutely eludes and astounds me. But that's nothing new for me. She's is delightful, I'm twice her age and never been published either. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

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a queer, sultry summer

silent telephones      bedside reading lamp

fake eyelashes and giddy jewelry

the summer they electrocuted the Rosenbergs

fashion magazine gushers      damp spots

ceiling textures and yellow-haired girls

little gilt box with a mirror on the side

the cracks, the colors      young ladies

not smiling, not sober

stubbing out my cigarette      counting the blocks beneath my breath  
feet only slightly swollen      my fault for not wearing stockings

**THE POET SPEAKS...***I enjoy writing poetry because it helps me put things into perspective. Sometimes, I'm an awkward individual and not very good at expressing myself verbally. Writing is my medium. It always has been. My style of writing is inspired by Bukowski, Vonnegut, and Plath. In fact, this piece is inspired by *The Bell Jar* and the misadventures of Esther in New York City. It is a found poem that I very much enjoyed piecing together.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Sayeda is a first-generation Afghan American writer, poet, and editor residing in San Diego, California. She has been awarded by the Journalism Association of Community Colleges for a feature story for Viewpoints Magazine at Riverside Community College. She is currently studying Literature & Writing at California State University, San Marcos.