

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Ethan Kwak: Two Poems

Ethan Kwak · Tuesday, April 2nd, 2024

### self awareness

if I were as self aware as my breakfast  
then perhaps I would  
die in the process of knowing  
i am  
something inedible.  
the cereal bag crinkles—  
WE'RE DELICIOUS, CRUNCHY, and OH SO SWEET  
it declares beside the nutrition label  
the milk carton sighs when I unscrew it  
and inside the cap—  
I'M UDDERLY REFRESHING  
and on the underside of my bowl  
HANDSOMELY HANDCRAFTED  
and inked over my spine  
below the expiration date  
CONFUSED & WITHOUT A PLAN  
or at least I think it may say  
something like that  
and I'm still in the process  
of knowing  
because I have yet to TEAR HERE  
and discover impeccable plastic skin  
and discover labels scratched off and reapplied,  
their stubborn residue smeared over my face.

\*

### Ars Poetica

I am often asked  
What it is I do

So late at night

It's just this:  
The page is blank  
And it still is.

And God said  
I am God  
And I wouldn't know

'Cause I would be asleep,  
Dreaming of a place  
Just like where he's from.

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