

**“How to Not Be Afraid of Everything” by [Jane Wong](#)**

How to not punch everyone in the face.  
How to not protect everyone’s eyes from  
my own punch. I have been practicing  
my punch for years, loosening my limbs.  
My jaw unhinged creates a felony I refuse  
to go to court for. The fat spam pools  
in the sun, reminding me of my true feelings.  
My feelings leak from my ear like a bad cold  
in a bad storm. Stars huddle in a corner,  
little radiators sweating out their fear.  
An opossum reaches his arm up from a porch.  
I hold onto his arm for a little while, for  
a little warmth. At night, my subterranean eye  
begins to rove. Song of the underground,  
song of the rat tribe. I see my mother in  
an apron splattered with viscera I will eat  
for dinner. To gut her work out, to work  
her guts out. Can we talk about privilege?  
Can I say I always look behind me? I always  
look behind me. I always take a step forward  
like I’m about to save myself from toppling  
over. The bare bones of it: some of us know  
that spoiled meat still counts as protein.  
That a horse’s neck snaps from the weight  
of what it carries, from the weight of what  
we give it to carry. I bundle up a sack of  
clouds, empty of rain and fear and lightning.