

*Someone: A Portrait In Whitespace*<sup>1</sup>

Somewhere, someone  
fights with a window latch.  
He is not facing contempt charges.  
Nor is he Obama's greatest foreign policy failure,  
hiding in a septic tank.

The woman with whom  
he shares a long affection,  
is not playing racial politics,  
nor would she deny  
that Al-Awlaki may have been an asset.

When someone slams  
his raw, splintered palm  
on the window frame,  
he can barely remember to be furious  
that Ben Affleck is Batman.

Looking up from that nasty spot on the carpet,  
she can hardly care  
whether Steve Carell  
is headed to Pawn Stars.

And if a child,  
pressed on her chest parts,  
or swaddled on his,  
grew faster than wildfire in Yosemite Park,  
the forest service would not receive a call.

If that baby refused to thrive  
he would not wither with fear  
of a solar storm hurtling toward earth.  
She would not sour with rage

to know that taxpayers will surely foot the bill  
for Manning's hormone treatments.

Arsenic in rice, NSA analysts,  
are not someone,  
who is not accused of rape in the Hamptons,  
or his love, who knows nothing  
of Section 1031 Exchange of Property.

In the gutter of a thrill kill in Oklahoma  
and Gaga's latest hand bra hero,  
she is stirring a paint can,  
he is hanging a curtain.  
They are using their resources, relying  
on whatever is at hand.

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<sup>1</sup>This poem was constructed using headlines from the Fox News website.

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