

The Monday Poem: 'Thirty' by Lauren Alleyne

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The Monday poem is brought to you by Jim Gormley in the SUNY Broome English Department. Enjoy!

Thirty by Lauren Alleyne

This morning, you start from a dream
seasoned with Bourbon. Last night roils in your stomach,
funks your breath, aches. A message
lights your phone, asking, Did you get home safe?
And as you answer, Yes, you wonder
if this is all it means to grow up: you don't
learn sense. You still find yourself swirling
in a strange city in your reckless boots,
the hum and shudder of liquor driving your feet.
Still, your heart parades its glitter for would-be lovers,
dissolves as they install themselves
in other women's arms. What you learn
is how to exit with grace. Despite the dark,
the sputtering streetlamp that is your only moon,
you learn to believe the streets will unfold
in the right direction if you just start walking.



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