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Selected Poems

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Sarah Jackson poetry

11:59 p.m.

Guests slump
across couches, eyes half-shut, awaiting
the call of the countdown clock –
3, 2, 1. Cheers

and whistles, wooden spoons on metal pans,
uncareful kisses that don't
really matter because who's counting
when the clock's still chiming.

We raise our glasses
hands hovering
shivering
lifted in prayer for the new year.

Promises of diets and workouts and self-help books
litter the air like
confetti
drifting down in Times Square.

We raise
our glasses and say,
Next year, we'll be
there.

Going Home

Rain-spattered streets shine like glass,
rivers of gravel flowing under the smooth sheen.
Everything is darker shades of black.

Palms pressed to the wheel, streetlights
interrupt the night with their sunset-orange glow.
The fog is thicker
I move a little slower.

Street signs flicker past,
small lighthouses on a storm-torn lane.
White puffs flutter
in the graveyard of empty streets,
small ghosts peering through my windshield.

Window frames fill up with fog
pressing close,
hunting for a single crack to slither through
and settle in.
Cold chills
seep through

my clenched fists
as I circle the same street over
and over.
The familiar mailbox with its rusted red
flag
beckons me
as I drive past
again.