

BIRTHDAY POEM

Woke up with
a headache
today

and I didn't even
drink
last night

I suppose
this is what it
means to be 34

Shall I sing
myself? Celebrate
myself?

The thought is
astonishing, with children starving
on my tax dollar

I'd rather sing
for you & your birth
today

You sweet child
blooming among the young
grasses in nascent spring

You rough daisies, itching
for light, wrestling one another
to be first visited by the sun

For whom tomorrow
is bright, not gray
full of fresh possibility

Today I sing for those who protest
that every day is a birthday,
since every day reborn

To those who will push
these old bones out of bed
and keep me a child forever