

On Turning Thirty-One

“Because I made it further than Sylvia Plath”,
I think as a watch a cake rise in the oven,

And also because I never wrote an “On Turning Thirty”...

The thirties are the middle seats of an airplane, where nobody
wants to sit, yet no one is willing to share armrests with you.

A “renowned psychic” once wrote a book on the afterlife,
And how when people die, many take on the form of themselves as
how they looked in their thirties, because it is considered a peak
time in one’s life...

That was ten dollars wasted on a book I picked up at an airport at
the age of twenty.

Ten dollars I will think twice about spending, now that I am thirty-
one!