

## 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.