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## To be 19 in Boston

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## **To be 19 in Boston**

by Alex Curran-Cardarelli

We flashed a smile,  
our Id,  
and were given a bottle of Rosé.

We smoked cigarettes  
under the red table cloth  
and winked at the boys across the room.

Soon enough,  
we were swerving down Storrow Drive.  
The buildings shone  
with a blinding fluorescence.  
It was as if each window had stolen a star,  
and now space  
was brooding over its loss.

Now,  
in the Ted Williams tunnel,  
everything turned a yellow haze.

Before we knew it,  
we were on the Bunker Hill Bridge,  
and Allison's perfect ballet bun was bobbing out the window.  
She was saying goodbye  
to her Rosé, teenage dreams and gourmet cheese,  
onto the magnificently, purple lit bridge.

Too soon,  
we were on route 1,  
driving away from the city  
that stole the stars  
from the sky.

Finally,  
we were on a back road;  
the Rosé stained our memories black like the road before us.  
Our teenage years left empty,  
Just like our purses, stomachs, and gas tank.