Carrying On: How Writing Poetry Helped A Jewish Daughter Mourn The Loss Of Her Mother
ALL IN ALL, IT HAD BEEN A PRETTY ROTTEN DAY.
If only I hadn't shot my mouth off. It didn't do any good. It never did. Only made things worse, if that were possible.

The Sweet Shoppe was unusually empty. I shifted Twelve
Toms of English Literature and plunked down onto a seat. It
was only the end of the sixth period. Lil and Dot wouldn't
be out until after the eighth.

The rain tickled an inquisitive finger through the doorway.
The stool squirmed a protest as the mirrored face across the
counter grimaced in irritation. Rain! Now the day was really
complete. Why couldn't I keep my big mouth shut?

"Coke, Virginia."
"And — ?"
"Just a coke."

The grey eyes widened in surprise. The deft fingers were
already at work pushing levers and the coke fizzed sedly
into the glass;

"What's the matter, kid?"
"Nothing. I'm just not hungry, I guess."

I stared at the soda. This was the spot on the counter
usually docked with my own inimitable concoctions. Frappes,
sandwich combos, smooths, or on strained financial days, lovely
malteds. The nickel clanked dully into the register.
A girl's gotta have Glad Rags

Poetry

under the accutron clock
by Colleen Aronson, 16, Billings, MT.

she's waiting for my papa
on a stop
of a new york;
watching people passing by:
platform shoes
in green and blue,
funny suit
and hiking boots,
rich for coats,
old black toes.
I shut my eyes,
meaning to think that my papa
will look like everyone else's
gray-furred man,
suddenly he's there
"El Camino"しょうにゅう うるささん and disco,
he makes funny faces across the traffic;
blues laugh above yellow taxi cabs.
my father
crosses the street and hurries to me.
a kiss and a hug and
"aren't you missing long, baby?"
no, sweet papa, just long enough.

For Colleen
by Kathleen Guirca, 17, Charleston, W.Va.

Friday nights long ago
I took
a posed myself in front of the mirror
and prepared for hours
of anticipating favorable male reaction
of my little sister
who cheered to see
her new shadow clashes
with her freshly pressed blouse
as
decided in leaving dinner plate
of apples to see if I remembered
to run a brush through my hair
anticipating little reaction;
postmarked
postcard
postmarked
postcard requested.

If you are a tech and have a poem you would like to share with our readers, send it to AJLProceedings@gmail.com. Any positive feedback on these poems can be shared here.
I Carry My Mother

Lesléa Newman
THE END