Madeline Cronin ~260 words

Tomorrow is a New Day

At twenty-one

I look behind me at the landfill of memories that I will have,

have,

had,

won't have again.

At twelve

-ish

life and I had an e s t r a n g e d relationship

I did not think I would make it past seventh. Sixth?

I am twenty-one.

I did not think I would make it past eighth. I am twenty one,

and the sky looked beautiful this morning.

I did not think I would make it past ninth.

The clouds that carried last night's storm away from Saint Charles

peel up the gray skirt to reveal the sun's Daffodil field hidden beneath.

I did not think I would make it past tenth.

My professor smiles like sunshine

and gives me a story to bring home to my mother,

wrapped in brown paper

tied with a red ribbon.

I did not think I would make it past eleventh.

I send in my graduation application.

I did not think I would make it past twelfth.

I get an email back from the staff congratulating me, “Almost there” from my advisor.

I did not think I would make it past thirteenth. I am twenty-one.

I did not think I would make it past fourteenth. I am twenty-one,

and the sky still looks beautiful this afternoon.

I did not think I would make it past fifteenth.

The sky is gray and white,

and still,

she is beautiful.

I am making it past sixteenth.

I am twenty-one,

and the sky will still look beautiful tonight.