

Junior Division Poetry

On the Rocks

Jonathan E. Lewis, St. John's

I hope you keep on drinking until morning.

Young, alive—though briefly so—
thrust forth with little warning.

I hope you drink away the nights
no better spent adorning
every freckle on that fragile face
which wastes itself in mourning.

Drink up!—from flasks of wasted youth,
now free from Mother's scorning;

I pray you keep on drinking, love,
and live (at least) 'til morning.