When to Toast

Lauren R. Barrett

Gettysburg College, lbarrett@cnav.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2009

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2006/iss1/28

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
When to Toast

Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Lauren Barrett is a freshman from Ellicott City, Maryland, and loves all things having to do with writing and the outdoors. She is a member of GRAB staff and an officer in the Peace Club, and enjoys writing poetry and short stories in her free time. She hopes to be an English major and a Philosophy Minor, and likes climbing trees, going down the ocean, and reading autobiographies. Her favorite color is green.
When to Toast

To passion,
    to sex in a Saab.

To love,
    minus the broken hearts,
    the disintegration,
    the lies.

To nature,
    to bodies that interlock
    like perfect
    serpents.

To hate,
    and so quickly forgetting
    that you may have ever had any.

To cold,
    and how it makes warmth more
    than what its worth.

To warmth,
    and how temporary it may be
    in the dark of the night.

To morning,
    the reprieve,
    the fall downward,
    the sinking feeling of the empty space next to you.

To afternoon,
    and the silence
    of your cell phone.

To evening,
    and the double features,
    and carry-out dinners
    for one.

To sleep,
    and the loneliness that pervades
    even unconsciousness.

Are you drunk yet?