



THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

Year 2009

Article 11

1-1-2009

Caution

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.

Barrett, Lauren R. (2015) "Caution," *The Mercury*: Year 2009, Article 11.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2009/iss1/11>

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.

Caution

Keywords

creative writing, poetry

Author Bio

Lauren Barrett is a senior English major with a concentration in writing and a minor in Environmental Studies. She is an outdoor enthusiast who enjoys rock climbing, sushi, and jam bands. She has an affinity for turtles, and hopes one day to live in San Francisco...or Thailand... or Argentina...or anywhere she can find friends, love and community. She also really, really enjoys Ireland and Irish people, and a good pint of Guinness.

Caution

Thinking back to Sarasota Street
 And those first midnight stop sign kisses
 Makes me question why I desire at all.
 "Men are messy—"
 Mother's voice haunts my muscle memory—
 "Only want one thing."
 The problem therein lies that little Loz wants the same for herself.
 The sun-soaked sour lime that is summer in the daytime
 Sticks in my mouth, leaves me longing,
 Speaks to me in panting, broken English.
 Seducing, when (that rum-bathed sun)
 In long wet afternoons, I laid out
 And he drank beads of sweaty water from my browning skin.
 When, in (gin and hazy) whispers,
 The words tangled between my legs,
 In the smoky roots of my hair.
 When, after frenzied thunderstorms,
 Heat broke untamed across my native body
 And rays spilled through,
 Cooled the late afternoon into sticky sweet and long (wine-stained) dusk.
 When, as that glowing sun sinks slowly into Indian summer,
 Voices harp that Loz could do better—
 Afternoons are shrinking,
 And soon that sun will burn color into trees with warm, wet leaves.
 I am a bitch in heat,
 Desire—my impossible thirst.
 Cold water beads on the rim of my untouched glass,
 And the long dog days of summer sink, like the sun, slowly into fall—
 And so without the sultry heat of the afternoon,
 I drive it home in the dark, unsatisfied.