We three at American Life in Poetry, Ted, Pat and Cameron, wish you a happy and wholesome 2020, and here’s a poem to celebrate our friendship with you and our 15th year of weekly poems. Warren Woessner is a poet and a patent attorney who lives in Minneapolis. If you’ve invented a new kind of poem and want to get it patented, well, he’s pretty busy and probably can’t help you with that. His newest book is Exit – Sky from Holy Cow! Press.

New Year’s Eve

5 p.m., corner booth,
Oak Bar, Plaza Hotel,
New York City, Center
of the World of all
that matters.

Where a Belvedere martini,
up with a twist, contemplates you
like a languid gold fish
in a clear garden pool,
or a suspended tear

that you can take back inside,
like that first full breath,
in case you need it,
as the world gets ready
to start all over again again.


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This column does not accept unsolicited poetry.