



“Independence (Parody of ‘Morning’ by Billy Collins)”
by: Katie Hopmann

Why do we bother with boyfriends,
The swale of dates
The sudden dip into commitment,

the night with his over sprayed cologne,
his many annoying quirks?

This is the best--
throwing off the heavy necklace,
bare feet on fresh grass,
and exploring the world in freedom—

maybe a tattoo on the ankle,
a palmful of chocolate covered ants
but mostly exploring the world in freedom,

map and newspaper open on the subway,
the journal waiting for the next record of revelation,
a bongo drum in my ears,

and, if necessary, the windows—
monuments hundreds, thousands of years old
out there,
profound ventures on the way
and the road open like a page
in the life of independence.