

POETRY

Sarah A. O'Brien

BALD-FACED AMBITION

If I could grow a beard I would
From here to beyond Brooklyn Bridge,
Stretching across pregnant pauses,
Extending through presidential debates,
Used in a jump rope troupe's semifinals,
Reaching all of the way to your door,
Which is shut, of course, but you
Peer out your window, and notice my
Dead cells on your doormat, deciding
To ignore this and return to reading.