Poem to My Daughter at 19 (Willow Review)

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POEM TO MY DAUGHTER AT 19

Every night you go out drinking
a few more stars unplug their lights.

This morning I saw a picture in the newspaper
of an SPCA cat I madly wanted to adopt.
He was wearing a bandana around his neck
and his name was Keith.
Dad said he looked like a wolf.
Your brother agreed he was some cat.
With your father’s longstanding feline allergies
no one, least of all me, took my passion for Keith seriously.
It was one of those conversations about something
you want to do but have no intention to.
You were still sleeping upstairs.
It’s not like you missed anything.
I don’t know why I’m even telling you this.