

February 2018

The Weekend

Amber Hanophy

John Carroll University, ahanophy20@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hanophy, Amber (2018) "The Weekend," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss2/18>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.

The Weekend

By: Amber Hanophy

Today

When I watch the sun set
On a grassy hill two blocks from the crooked swing set,
I let the warmth soak into my cheeks.
As my face grows cold
So does the air.
The sun greets the horizon
Like a familiar lover.
I am reminded of you.

Tomorrow

When I watch salty water kiss the shore
And steal grains of sand from underneath my toes,
I will collect only the broken seashells
and allow them to make home in my cotton lined pocket.
If I stare at my little piece of the sea
For just a second too long,
I see your face.

Sunday morning

When I'm tangled in my linen sheets
I watch the darkness bid farewell to the air.
I think of ways to forgive you
Like a drunk bastard
Trying to reason his way for a glass of whiskey.
The light hits my wooden bed frame
And I roll over.