

## **March Poem of the Month**

I take issue with the idea that humans need to constantly be around other humans. There is an inherent beauty in spending time alone, away from other opinions, thoughts, views on the world. I could argue that the narrator is learning to love the loneliness but I would rather believe that this person has always loved it. Has a deep connection with it. Finds value and tranquility in it. Those few moments before the day comes alive are precious. There is a different smell, not better, not worse. But as the day breaks, it becomes clouded with noise and blues. "alone/is the star i follow." So many images of light sprinkled throughout out the poem, "honey, yellow, streetlights, golden, warmest glow". They start off far away, eventually encircling our narrator with warmth. The power of solitude, when leveraged, can bring you closer to yourself.

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## February & my love is in another state

BY JOSÉ OLIVAREZ

so when i walk down the street, i hold hands  
with the wind. there's a chimney coughing  
up ahead & a sky so honey, i could almost taste it.  
a cat struts away from me & two yellow eyes

become four: just like that,  
i'm the loneliest creature on this block.  
soon the streetlights will come alive  
& television sets will light up with blues.

stay with me. while the sky is still golden,  
hold the ladder so i can climb, & from  
the highest rung, i can scrape away a drizzle  
of light to wear around my neck. alone

is the star i follow. in love & in solitude:  
alone is the home with the warmest glow.