

Black Boots

By Carson Battaglia

I went to a party, Mom.
There was a silver keg in the corner,
And handles of vodka winked
From their spots on the granite countertop.
But I didn't drink once that night,
I had to work the next morning.
And I was leaving the party,
Because you wanted me home before 1 AM.

I was wearing my favorite boots.
The black leather ones,
With the wooden heels that made me taller,
The toes so shiny they reflected the atmosphere.
Reflected the car's headlights.
The driver,
Either distracted
By the news on the radio,
Or the song of their phone ringing,
Stopped just long enough
To make out the black boots.
Soaring through the air.

But not to see my friends run to me,
To hear them screaming.
I was foolish
Thinking my boots would impress the boys inside.
And without experience yet

Of love or regret -
Why I strode into the street
Confident I was going home to you, Mom,
To tell you about my night.
When I was thrown into the air
And then ultimately,
I was laid flat on the black pavement,
Beneath a moonless sky.
My innocence taken,
Your faith stolen.
But not before I soared,
Which was breathtaking.