

18 to 35

Michael Craig

Got my headlights on high-beam,
need to stay between the lines.
Heartbeat thumping car seats,
sniffing lines on side streets.
I am busy going nowhere
fast.

So fast I can't hear life passing:
Bye.

Not Ridgemont but definitely high.
Schooled to the beats of hip-hop, street brawls
Tupac, Biggie Smalls, and eight-balls.
Smoking weed to cut the speed.
Too fly for the masses, holy wine, Apostles Creed
dissing the choir and the collar;
Got no time for blessings, Father.

Holy shit, I've got a daughter.
Intervention, sunshine, gift from the divine,
my own angel, with a smile that mirrors mine.
Bought her baby bling, teething rings, a bear that sings.
Man, you should see the things I've taught her.

Waiting in carpool lines,
paying attention to speeding fines.
My heartbeat tied to her car seat.
I come to a complete halt
at every stop sign and school street.

Enfamil, baby bottles and how to swaddle,
picking weeds she thinks are flowers,
holy wine, baptismal showers.
Please, St. Peter pray for me.
I'm a father
with an angel to feed.