



Amanda Hempel

New Years

I was born, an American in Stockholm,
at the beginning of late November.
Perhaps it was that cold which caused my delay,
or perhaps just an omen of who I would become;
my birth certificate from the American embassy
is dated March the following year, my mother's
birthday.
I wonder if this is why I never feel older in
November.
Then again, new years never begin in January.
They turn over in September with the start of
yellow buses,
the end of cicadas and corn.
We never stop, not completely, being children.

Amanda Hempel has published work in *Arsenic
Lobster*, *The Briar Cliff Review*, *Quiddity*, and elsewhere.
She lives and works in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.