



From The Writer's Room

In an effort to bring something new to the newsletter in 2023, today marks the start of a poetry partnership with [The Betsy Writer's Room](#), which pays homage to 'writing rooms' in pre-war hotels. Designed in partnership with DACRA with seed funding from the Knight Foundation and sustaining support from The Betsy Hotel, the program has hosted over 1000 visiting artists on Ocean Drive in the last 10 years. Respite for poets are a priority since the project was founded by the children of poet Hyam Plutzik (1911-62), whose words are on the door: "*Out of my life I fashioned a fistful of words. When I opened my hands, they flew away.*"

This monthly series features work by poet alumni of The Betsy Writers Room, curated by poet [Caridad Moro-Gronlier](#), whose poetry also opens this series.

"As the daughter of Cuban immigrants, my parents had no scrapbooks to share, no yearbooks, no home movies, no evidence that my family tree had existed anywhere other than my own backyard," Moro-Gronlier says. "Luckily, mine is a family of storytellers who eagerly wove an anecdotal tapestry for me. One that detailed my ancestral history in vivid detail, details I built into a lexicon of imagery and metaphor that laid the foundation for my poetic practice. I believe a poem is a snapshot, an artifact, a relic. This poem is that — a time capsule, a portrait of a Lincoln Road that no longer exists, a Lincoln Road where I never took a single photograph, but remains indelibly enshrined in my heart and memory, and now, this poem."

Labor Day, 2003, Lincoln Road, Miami Beach

There's a lot I remember
to forget, like the day we left
the kids with our husbands, both
too thunderstruck to protest our preference
for one another, simpler to sanction
our escape than block the door and stop us
from barreling down the road, purses
crammed with Xanax and Marlboros,
wallet-sized family portraits
tacky with toddler residue.

We both wore lipstick
and a safe distance
our bodies barely skimming
the surface of our desire.
We wandered in and out
of spaces where no one knew us
where no one cared that we gazed
at women on South Beach, where we
followed the smooching white-tanked girls
into Williams Sonoma and talked
them into registering
for the really good Dutch oven
before ducking into the Regal
half an hour early, so we could
hold hands in a theater drained of bright
where we swore we were ready
in the smoke and glare
of the movie screen.

I can say it now—

neither one of us
ever did give much away,
we packed and stored our castoffs,
like our husbands, bagged and waiting
to become of use again.

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