

THE NEW TROPIC

March 17, 2023 – Miami, Florida

[View in browser](#)



the latest installment of poetry from The Writer's Room ...

“My most valued friendships have been forged at The Betsy,” writes Caridad Moro-Gronlier, curator of our monthly feature of work by poet alumni of The Betsy Writer’s Room. “I’m partial to a corner table in the lobby bar where I often rendezvous with writer friends, including March poet, Mia Leonin, who wrote this month’s powerful poem while seated with me there, during her writer’s residency. It was a magical day — made so by the light, the piano, the photography, the art, the duende, the poetry, and The Betsy, literary bastion of South Florida.”

From Mia Leonin, “During my latest residency at The Betsy, friend, fellow poeta, and favorite writing partner, Caridad Moro-Gronlier and I spent the entire day writing together at a brightly lit corner table next to the bar. We decided to write ‘advice’ poems to each other’s kid. I relished the prospect of doling out advice to Cary’s son a la everything I’ve ever wanted to say about sexism, the patriarchy, etc. However, a poem is not just an idea. It’s a feeling. Writing the poem put me in touch with the vulnerability that boys and men experience within the same oppressive system that purports to benefit them. Looking at one man, Sean-Michael, from the perspective of a mother, shifted my perspective*.”

Advice to the Son I’ll Never Have

For Sean-Michael

Step onto the moon of each desire but don’t plant your flag.
Discovery is the name of every new star.

Stay away from cops, Glocks, mad MAGA hatters, and road ragers.
What makes one man stronger will kill another.

I wish you the glint of the machete without the blisters of cane.
I wish you the harpoon’s precision without the whale’s puncture wound.

Plant flowers that bloom sweetest at night. Breadcrumb your way
to the banquet of your own heart, invite others to join you.

Remember that every texture can be translated – corduroy
was once the king’s threads.

Forget thunder, hail, rain, and tempest,
the origin word for weather is time,

it cannot be used or wasted,
only tasted drop by drop.

*Any views expressed are that of the poet