

1.

you took me geocaching
one day in september
the walk was longer than you or I imagined and
the compass was faulty
you rubbed in my sunscreen in the places I couldn't reach
like you were my mother
or someone who cared
we laughed and trudged on and wiped our brows until
the beating sun shifted to the other side of the mountain
you held branches back so they wouldn't cut me
some did anyway
when we found the cache I squealed with excitement
you sighed and smiled
a tired smile-like you knew something I didn't.
I wonder who found the stickers and bubbles we left//
after that day things were different.
instead of you kissing me goodbye while your fingers grazed my
hips and traced my collarbone
you merely waved, smiled, and yelled "see ya soon!" out the
window as you pulled away
(i knew you wouldn't)
i'm not really sure what happened but i do know that
every now and then a piece of me misses you
i hope you are doing well

religion:

maybe instead of teaching our children how to please the man
upstairs
we should teach them how to live with open minds and hearts and
a chin that is always up, guided by the sun, the stars, the moon
and all other things that are graced with love and light
i will tell my babies: "if you're going to live by a book, i
hope that it will be
stargirl or to kill a mockingbird or the giving tree or
something else thats' pages speak to you and set your soul on
fire
not a book that is slipped into your bag by a passerby who
thinks his truth is also yours"
but remember, this is my truth, and all i hope is that
perhaps i can help you find your own

leaf

both a tasty meal
for a caterpillar and
a dream-thing for me

4.

in sixth grade i had a boyfriend for 3 weeks
who told me my hair smelled like sun kissed raspberries
it felt like he had a lasso around my young heart
but really he just had a way with words
and remembered what type of shampoo i used
the first day we hugged i saw sparks fly
then i moved away, and he wrote how he would miss me in my
yearbook and signed his sixth grade signature with a flourish
and a H.A.G.S.
a year later i met a tall boy with shaggy blonde hair
everyone and their mothers had a crush on him
now he plays basketball at yale
and is doing big things
then in 8th grade i loved my friends and flowers and music
and that was that
i took pictures of myself and wondered if someday my babies
would
look at them the way I look at my mama's pictures from when she
was young-pictures that make me wish I could know the person she
used to be or the person that i will become
in 9th grade i had my first kiss
on a cruise, a boy named chad or clay or chris -
said he wanted to look at the stars with me
it was an awful kiss with a decent story.
in 10th grade i didn't know any better
and i did things that make me a little bit sad for my 10th grade
self but
it is what it is
junior year i decided that as long as i loved myself nothing
else mattered
but it was still fun to ride shotgun in pick up trucks and
pretend like i knew what i was doing
i became popular with boys who weren't yet men
and i was popular as i laced the lips of girls who
talked and talked and talked
senior year i calmed down and most of my nights i was too tired
to do anything but rest
and suddenly, at 18 years young, i felt so old
then he came along after winter break
(like a bud reaching through the frost, ready to bask in the
glory of springtime)
too far into the year for anything
but not far enough that we wouldn't try
for the first time someone wanted to pick me up before midnight
and i told my mama how i was happy
still, i knew better than to let my heart get any big ideas
so every night i reminded myself that it was nothing
but i've found that often, it's not until something is gone that
you realize how much of a something it was
we spent the spring almost-together, i was his and he was mine
until he wasn't
and it hit me like a slap in a script
that you know is coming, yet it still stings
i spent a while trying my best to convince myself

that really, truly, and absolutely, i didn't care
but then one morning i couldn't leave my bed all day and
i cried and cried and then cried some more because i was angry
at myself for crying
now i am in college and he's found someone else
and i have no idea what will happen next
and that is okay
because all the tally marks and late night rides
are what taught me to love myself

a drop in the ocean/the ocean in a drop

the world is so big and
i am so small
(sometimes i wonder how such small things can make my heart feel
so big)
but somehow i let myself forget
except on the days when i go for a walk
and rest by the ocean
her waves come forth
and retreat
she does not give a damn about who caresses her shoreline
or who is lost at sea
she goes about her business, unruffled by the surfers and toxic
waste and mermaids
who all call her home (they say home is a feeling)
but i am not as vast or as wise as she
and i cannot help but be stuck between the coasts of
feeling that it is no use what i do because someday, i too will
be washed away with the currents
and
that i want to make waves so big that they are ridden for days