

after little women, to amy march

Poetry — Alex Aradas

i start my mornings by popping k-cups and listening to the coffee pot brew. somehow i feel like the youngest and oldest child, wandering through empty classrooms filled with children's scissors and struggling to read analog clocks.

i am learning slowly that love can be cruel. i am slithering out of this skin and leaving it behind while the letters burn. feathers branch from my spine. i am growing into this new life and learning to fly on my own.

like you amy i was born to create art. born to be great. born to survive by what flows from my fingertips. these words are dangerous but lovely. the trash is filled with tissues and there is a whisper of a knock on my door.

sometimes i feel so small amy. like my limbs are being stretched like elastic and starting to wear down. little by little. the body inside me is seeking safety in excellence. breaking down in hopes that my accomplishments will outlive me.

i am hoping that someday soon things will change and my spine will stand straighter. this room is dark and needs more light, but the sun is not my friend. how does one fight feeling disposable when it is something you have become?