

Little Cities

In one world, we lather moonlight
plucking myth after myth from our throats
ourselves full of tears
our heads down

between our joints
slick our spines up,
to carve into negative-space.

like bee balm and soil,
until they are clean. We laugh
sucked up, tucked up, dip

In another, I am rubbing
soybean splatter
rooting into thick forests of our throats.

these greasy hands
on flesh.
Body evergreen,

on the denim, hot
Fish bones by the potfuls
overgrown.

My body
streaming through my body,

dripping gold
a *weird little city*

from all that moonlight

/ pretty / smart / skinny
I am fractions
waist size, sporks, ginger shots,

of discarded memory,

to a friend
rusted yen, auntie's
nucleotides and codenames

to my chemistry teacher,
song. *I want to fall out*

a heterogenous mixture (matter), matter
of my body today—
fly today, cry today, try

suspended in

to milk every last whisper from
gardeners, ripping weeds,
hollowed cities,
pages

this world today. We are
by dirty handfuls of
salt, bangsnaps,
and pages

jeans, mothers, walls
reels, poems,
untouched.

Sophie Yu
Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, NH
FINALIST, 19th Annual Poetry Prize for High School Girls
in New England and New York