

Submerged
by HS Sophomore Hannah

Water fills my lungs, my stomach, the place I grew up.
If you place an ice cube in a glass of water it's bound to melt.
But it seems that our stubbornness is what softened us into disarmed
ocean tides.
Helpless ice trays drowning in their own waves of conformity.
And I have seen the jumping sea overflow them.

I am four years old, starving in the cupboard of my own discomposure.
Afraid of food that sticks to my throat,
that forces me to think about the resources that make up the weight of
my fingernails.

I am eight years old
in a hotel swimming pool
of words afraid to be spoken
Next to scarred skin in a hot tub
Begging "may we never drown"
with feet up.

I am twelve years old
Filling up my bedroom
with humanity's dry cries
Veins full of "somedays" and "onedays"
and a façade of buffets teaching us
to betray the way we want to say STOP

I am sixteen years old
Taking a vacation down the coasts of
curly hair in a bathtub
when I hear the wave crashes growing closer
A scream, a stomach growl, an alarm clock fading
One
Last
Breath

But the waves keep raging
and so will we