

big girl/dead girl/baby girl

big girl dead girl baby girl lying in a row mothers' eyes watching fathers' brows furrowing marry her bury her forget about her says the doctor dressed in white eyes like long lifeless steel he holds in hand dead girl baby girl not to see the world not to embrace to feel to bathe in the sun such a life is not for you says her mother maybe this is better you'll only end up like me this is our homeland this is how it is

desire

desire what is it a yearning a longing a linger the eyes the lips the roses the empty room like a shell a cell like a shell what does it feel like living in a shell i ask the walls painted bright white but get no answer i climb up climb in bed crouch in my blanket like an embryonic cell fostered by faded ink & overflowing metaphors a shell a cell an egg what is inside of the egg wrapped in its warm embrace it's a rose we call desire the fear the longing the lingering the eyes of the boy sitting next to me the face of the girl on fifth avenue looking into expensive windows of glass & diamonds the dream of wild hands tangled in wild curly locks eyes open wide i am awake i wrap myself in a rose & brew myself a cup of tea try not to think about my boyfriend miles & oceans away the way in a clear night with no stars under chilly vermont winds i thought of her with a longing heart a thumping heart thud thud thud could be a rabbit hopping across a desert could be a heart beating it goes thud thud till my hand goes numb & cannot write anymore

of potatoes

i ate three kinds of potatoes for lunch today a bud a heart & a fruitless fruit the fruitless fruit cried but i ignored it when i pierced it with a fork & told its kin that i did not care the bud was a bud in the heart a sprout i dared not to touch teach contaminate what i know about the world to teach a potato what reality what fantasy some say fantasy doesn't count but i disagree i hurled words to the other end of the table watch them break brittle brightly shimmering under the sun like ice on a lake stepped onto by unwanted feet fire flames fostered destroy what we have destroy what we aspire stop men can never be gods oh here comes the breeze wings pairs of wings descend on top of that water the hem of my coat is wet but i do not wish to lift it up my hands grow numb again cold and tension blue blue blue slugs blue sky blue sea but wait this is no sea here are the innards of a potato don't eat it or you'll get sick memories flooding memories calling me or you or us is there a way me and you can be us? oh the gap between the crevice opened not even a chance like romeo & juliet let alone macbeth & his wife i once had a dream we were in a speakeasy or yes i was there but with someone other than you i wish we had been there together how funny it is how close we are when i write this and you don't know you will never know it's mr. lockwood maybe it's just a name but who knows? mr. lockwood knows maybe but my name is catherine a blue sky a blue sea la celeste the queen the sunken ship the name of my old friend there are no friends like old friends i hope you understand i am the bud growing in your heart but we are both potatoes waiting to be pierced by a fork eaten

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Silver Key in 2017 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards