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Girl, Age 6

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The terrain of brains topography to a map.
Broken oceans slip away leaving a tide pool oasis,
the microscopic life, dances and sways
in the seawater, plays salty children.
Silverfish slip through fingers
but details get lost, in synapses that are stunted.
The neurons breaking but the sea-urchin still swims.
Tiny feet splashing in the puddle,
Rain on my mermaid face. Once,
I squished my toes in the mud
in the sunken part of my driveway
that built up a sea when it stormed
and I squirmed in my swimsuit
patterned with metallic fishes, but
the month, the goose-bumps, the giggles I couldn't swallow,
all crawl back into their rocky crevices.
The tree in my backyard started as a sprout
fed from the concrete reservoir.
It sprang up from the solid center and stretched towards heavy clouds,
fell down into the earth with roots searching for pockets of laughter
until leaves could not find the oxygen,
and branches became brittle with forgetfulness
and the core was soft like old apples
pulling fistfuls of rotten wood from my heart.

