

---

June 2014

## .Reach.

Katie Raddatz  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

Raddatz, Katie (2014) ".Reach.," *The Laureate*: Vol. 2 , Article 37.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol2/iss1/37>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

## .Reach.

Katie Raddatz

Microscopic diamonds of broken  
mirror hiding in corners  
with dust, for months.  
Pieces brooms could not reach  
[Your mother is not here to clean up for you.]  
This city is a museum  
of broken things  
and you a shard of glass  
looking for others to become  
mosaic with.  
A boy on his bike yelled  
"I'm going home to get drunk"  
his audience laughed  
[we watch as you become him  
and lose your mothers love.]  
Your belt circles your waist  
but does not hold your pants up.  
At the 7-11 a group of  
sophomore girls circle a single  
Marlboro light and pass it between  
tall skinny fingers.  
They smell like hair spray and too much  
make up. Their face seems like yours  
Only younger, and calmer  
And much more loveable.  
You reflect everything because,  
Inside you're nothing.