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## Personals

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## PERSONALS

*Mary Maroste*

I have never walked across a stage as though it was a rug.

Some nights  
all I dream about are words,  
I wish I could write them all down,  
and read them to you  
as if they would sooth your thundering snores.

Most mornings  
I wake up with a sore jaw  
from long nights of grinding teeth,  
but you say it has the same effect on you  
that the rhythmic beat of a heart has on me.

Some days  
I trip over the toes of my shoes.  
I have learned to never fear puddles  
against my sly sneakers,  
because I lived by a river that was much greater.

Some days  
I am far too excited for the first snowfall,  
my eyes change color when the world turns white,  
and I love how it feels to have to protect yourself.  
I have never worn my hair up in public.

Some days  
I try to forget about the ocean,  
because the vast unknown shakes me to my core,  
and I have tried to never sink to the bottom of anything.

One day  
I realized how fragile this world has become,  
how we could pick things up and drop them off  
like pebbles  
and never look back.