Personals

Mary Maroste
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol14/iss1/3
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 soothe 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.