

First Prize – Grades 9 & 10

Weighing Desire

An imitation of Li-Young Lee

Your palms are pressed
against the hollows
of my cheeks,
steadying me.
The way you move
across the sheets,
like a young boy tumbling
heel over hand,
fills me with warmth like cider.
Sweep me underneath you,
hips pressed into my sides,
stealing breath
from my shallow lungs.
You remind me of a careless dove,
fluttering and gasping for breath.
Give me more weight
to balance on my chest,
stomach, legs.
I'll weigh this desire
while you swim into my deeper channels.

by Courtney, Chesterfield, VA