

Second Prize – Grades 9 & 10

Introducing Age

When you tell me
where he touched you
I feel tangled.

We are barefoot children
half-baked in summer sunshine.
With messy hair and sticky lips,
We watch the world through
smudged lenses.
We play
with fire.
Budding breasts and bloody underwear,
hairy legs and soft stomachs,
smothering smiles behind shy hands.
Incomplete threads
dangle beneath our skin
unknotted.

You are with me,
under covers
spilling syrupy secrets into my ear.
You are there,
alcohol on your breath,
bruises on your thighs,
hot tears on your cheeks.

He fought his way
inside you
into a body still pink,
still raw,
ripping the seams from an unfinished girl.

by Sophia, Richmond, VA