

Second Prize – Grades 9 & 10 Jenkins Prize

When In Cottages: 1982

You pray your body hasn't frozen to figurine
when you meet her.
She's dripping pastels
on your plastic legs when she crashes your
hipbones together on the
blush kitchen carpet.
Freckles on plastic, plastic on tongue:
the walkman is static.
She sighs, and oh, she tries
to jerk her ass in your lap; your hands grinding hips,
so they can finally feel like skin. Maybe then
your nerves will ignite. Maybe then
your hinged fingers will push
through your teeth - slide through throat -
puppeteer your jaw. Maybe then
your hot breath will steam authentic, and
your saliva will trickle down down.

by Virginia, Petersburg, VA