

'Still'

I still look for her.
In the middle of the typing and the traffic
and the deadlines and the bills,
I look for her—the girl, who believed
her bare feet could outrun the moon.

She ran like a boy. She wasn't trying to.
Her strides were not intended for similes.
No, she ran the way she always did
When she wanted the wind to dance
With the ungraceful tangles of her hair.

Her gestures, careless,
Were not meant to fit in boxes.
She knew she was a girl; she had been told.
But she didn't have to know that one word
Was the gravity that would keep her in line,
Inching from one label to another.

I still look for her.
In the dusk and the shadows
And the starless sky, I look for her—
The girl, who believed in magic and
Ghosts and faeries and monsters.
She didn't have to know the shackles
That came with age, the chains
That would bind her to the reality
Where monsters don't hide under the bed,
Sometimes the monster,
It's in the daylight
With a sharp tongue and a sweet smile.

I still look for her.
In the sunlight and the mirror
And the eyes of strangers,
I look for her—the girl, who didn't think poetry
Lived in the ink or the page or the vocal cords.
She held poetry in the tips of her fingers,
And she felt it each time she touched
The surface of water and made ripples,
Or when she traced the contours
Of her mother's face.
She made poetry
Like it was meant to be—felt.

I catch a glimpse of her sometimes.
In the Goosebumps, in the butterflies,
In the sweaty palms, in the flutter of the heart,
In a daydream, in a shooting star.
But she's fading, fading because
Now she knows the moon isn't following her
And poetry made by hands, felt but unspoken,

Unwritten, can be forgotten.