826 DIGITAL

WRITING

Still

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TYPE

POETRY
STEM

GENRE

GRADE 12

We are not quite back on Earth yet.
Some adjustments should be made.
Make sure to spin and jump,
tighten your shoulders,
unlock your knees, falling,
even when you want to, can land you on
the hard side of our bed.
Our bed, in this moment:
two stacked mattresses,
because one will not bounce you high enough
to reach the universe
we know is in Mars.

Maybe we do know everything.
We know our birthstone ruby,
baths warm
beaches unsalted
and leg hair-full.
How to sleep, play
dead,

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and convince them

our dog was a prince once
and still remembered.

Our bathroom lock still works
and we paint our own nails.
One little sister and one on the way.
Three mattresses and
a baby girl coming.
We want to name her Luna.
And you remember that? Still?

But you are no ruby,
no lake.
You’re an undomestic, an ocean,
you’ve hollowed Mars,
and you remember?

Unbend your knees and
some adjusting.
Do not land hard.

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