

Yuti Das

Age: 16, Grade: 11

School Name: James Clemens High School, Madison, AL

Educator: Elizabeth Vaughn

Category: Poetry

a jar of honey(bees)

Perhaps it was her eyes that glimmered with desire and glimpses of a world well-known

They could also be attested to her lips, slightly bee-stung with a taste of honey that had one come back for more

Maybe it was the elegant curve of her neck, the way she would shake out her delicate shoulders

It could even have been the tresses of hair that brushed her shoulders in a gentle caress

I don't know why. Does it matter?

All I know is that I fell hard from first sight

And she crooked her finger and filled up my heart and emptied it over and over again, a vat of wine to be drunk and refilled

A game to be played - battle pieces and systematic scenarios and anger and fight and emotions and confusion

I was drowning in you, drowning in morbidity, drowning in the inescapability of my thoughts

But she would smile, her teeth slightly showing in happiness, and all I knew was love and all I wanted was love, her love

We would kiss to makeup, wild passionate desire that reconfirmed our love and provided an outlet for our fights

I didn't want to think of the spoken words in our fights after that

I didn't want to think of the way her eyes flashed and her lips scowled and her neck stiffened and how she would fling her hair in anger after

But then it was all that I could think of one day

And then I wondered if I had ever loved you at all.

(but then you kissed me, and I forgot once more)