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Category: Poetry

"the garden i grow"

i. the space i take up

i am water.
cascading / ebbing / flowing / rippling

my body is not
a straight line-
*but the ocean was never
designed to be straight.*

my legs don't always
have space between them,
*but even the ocean is not
always kissing the shore.*

i don't know why,
when i think
of myself,
i always come back
to the ocean

but just as
the tide relentlessly insists
on coming back
to the shore,

i continue returning
to this metaphor.

*i am
the ocean.*

i swell. and
i shrink.

but-
*does the ocean
apologize
for the space it consumes?*

if so, i
have never heard it.

*has the sun ever
refused to shine
on the surface of the
water?*

maybe, but
not in my presence.

*so i continue
bringing myself
into the light.*

i deserve to be seen.
*in my ebbs and
my flows.*

i deserve to be seen.
*even when my mind
tells me differently.*

i deserve to be seen.
*despite my tendency
to seek the background.*

so,
maybe this is why
i always run home
to the sea.

after all,
*how can one
quantify the ocean?*

*how can one measure,
explain,
define
this global body
of raging water?*

if i don't have to explain
the ocean,
i don't have to explain
myself.

for as long as the ocean
continues to take up
space,
so will i.

ii. a real man

*i still remember the first time
you cried.*

chest heaving,
breath broken,

tears dripping
like dewdrops from
morning grass.

you told me you
were not enough,
and instead of
reassuring you
that you are,

i could only smile.

while salt stained lips
fought to admit
your fear that your
emotions
took something away
from your manhood,

again, i felt
a smile stretch
across my cheeks.

baby,
i breathed,
holding you
as if i were cradling
shards of splintered glass.

*a real man is not
found in the
running or
the chasing,
the fighting or
the defending,*

*but in the
crying.*

*in the
weakness.*

*in the
vulnerability.*

the truth is,
*you are just as much
of a man
tonight
as you were
yesterday morning.*

and in my eyes,
*you will still
be just as much
of a man
tomorrow.*

iii. fragility

i wish / i lived / in a bubble.
i wish / i lived / in a bubble,
and nothing / could ever / hurt me.
that nothing / could ever / take me down.
that no one / would be able / to reach me.

i wish / i lived / in a bubble,
but if i lived / in a bubble, / then i know / i would only / be popped.

i am so / utterly tired / of always / being popped.

i want / to be popped / of my own accord.
i want / to be punctured / because of things / i have done.

i am done / being popped / by people other / than myself,

because there is only / so much bubble fluid / in my soul.
there is only / so much / i have / left to give.

i am reaching / the end / of the bottle.

i am too heavy / to remember / how to float.

so i sink,
 and sink,
 and sink.

too resilient
to be popped,
far too weighted
to ever fly.

i do not live
in a bubble,

*i am
a bubble.*

a bubble
rapidly approaching
the sharpest pin
in the world.

a bubble
that is forgetting
what it feels like
to be weightless.

*a bubble
who is nothing
except fragile.*

iv. the point of me

out of all
that i have read,
the one thing
that stays with me
is when quentin is
describing margo
in paper towns, and
says that she
*“is not skinny,
but that is the whole
point of her.”*

honestly, i am
not even sure
if i reread that book
over and over
because of the story, or
just that singular
line.

*“that is the whole
point of her.”*

- what is
the point
of me?-

- do i have
a point
at all?-

i am not made
of sharp edges.
cut corners.
lines drawn thin.

i am blurred angles.
curving skin.
swelling lungs.
moving bones.

i am here,
and that is
the point of me.

i am here,
and that is
enough.