

SEVENTEEN

I. When I am seventeen,
I walk
Between two boys
With infinity before them.
I clutch my keys
 Between my fingers
 And tremble.

II. When I am sixteen, I drive
Like I am being chased.
Check my rearview mirror.
 No demons.

III. I make little impact
On the universe
 In hopes
That it will leave little upon me.
I want to be starlight.

IV. Fourteen leaves me bitter.
Drained by the push and pull
of the universe.

V. Thirteen.
Lost.

VI. At twelve I light up
with fireflies
and glow sticks.

VII. When I am eleven
 I see that my
Father is not perfect.
 I cry until spring.

VIII. I am ten,
And I wonder if winter
 Will ever end.

IX. When I am nine
I worry about boys liking me,
My new kitten,
And eternity.

X. At eight I want to be a poet,
Because I still believe
That I am important.

XI. Seven
Hates math.

XII. I am six,
and I am not afraid.

XIII. At five years old,
I have seen Europe
More times
Than I have seen my sister.

XIV. Four,
My biggest fears are crabs,
And the void.

XV. Three,
I have not yet learned
 To hate,
 Or to love.

XVI. When I am two, I wait.
Broadcasting to the earth,
"I am ready."

XVII. One year old.
My parents want me to know
That just because I cannot bite
Does not mean I cannot be
 A warrior.

*At eight I want to be a poet,
Because I still believe
That I am important.*

Louise Platter,
senior

