

Spinning

Tate Cobb ✨

Lodestone and iron, a needle
pointing North alone –
one way, one destination,
The compass engraved
with my initials
shows me who to be.
From the time I was a child
I've been claimed by a concept
foreign to me.
At age eight, I fell –
the glass cracked and the form
warped. As a child,
I was handed a compass,
its aim all wrong.

Becoming

Charlotte Pollack ✨

I read Anne Sexton in the dark
because it isn't what my sisters want
to see.

I am the worst type of lost cause.
I am deception. An Honors student with
an off-white attitude and

A predisposition for argument, a love
of being woman in a place where fathers
apologize for our physical inferiority

Instead of blessing us for our periods and
the sad poetry we read when estrogen is high
and serotonin is low. I am

A poet and a reasonable feminist, something
they call oxymoron. When
I read my poetry on

Sadness
Strength
and Self-love, why

do they call it unbecoming instead of accepting me the way
I am trying to accept myself?

