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### **When the Marbits Globbed Together**

In the factory we called the marshmallows  
marbits. Each batch was baptized in cornstarch, anointed  
with that holy white powder. We shrank the marbits in a machine  
the size of a charter school bus. They were shrinky-dinks of sugar,  
rainbows and stars and clovers smaller than my pinky nail. They expanded like clouds  
before they were shrunk to size. I was sorting the clovers from the hearts. Making sure  
each shape was contained, only itself. I was in grad school, I wasn't supposed to be here.  
I was supposed to be living in a house with heated floors. A bidet, even. This and the hum  
of the shrinker made me want to scream sometimes. That was the good thing  
about the factory—you could scream all you wanted. No one could hear you  
over the din of the marbits. So maybe the factory was a little like space. It felt like it  
sometimes, with all the hydraulics and alarms and beeping machines and the stupid suits  
we had to wear. But you don't care about that, or how cold it was. I'll get to the good part.  
I knocked over one of the baptizing barrels, full of cornstarch. It covered the ground like snow.  
It was snow in space. It was beautiful and I couldn't hear the supervisor's yells because  
the marbits kept coming. The marbits globbed together, formed orgies and families  
and just stuck to each other. It was so sweet I wanted to cry. We had baby-powdered them apart  
but here they all were, hugging. I felt distinctly alone. I plucked a glob from the assembly line  
and ate it. I felt arms and legs kicking inside me. I wanted to care for my marbit globs forever,  
never wanted them trapped in those cardboard cereal boxes. The cornstarch snow settled.  
The supervisor was yelling at me but it was so quiet, the snow fell so quietly.  
In that moment I wanted everything in the world to press up against me.