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Category: Poetry

## On Magic And Steel

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The boys chase each other through the snow  
 One with a mountain of ice in his palm      The other  
    screaming  
 They are evenly matched      Their legs long      Their bodies honed machines

Sometimes      when the moon is out,  
    the steel glints through their skin  
    and it's just like me  
 to fall for the type of robots who are capable of loving everyone  
    but me

There are small moments  
    that leave me believing in impossibilities

The robot in the blue coat with lion fur sewn into his joints      sits next to me  
 His left arm waving,      my phone in his grasp      The stage lit up  
    My head is on his right shoulder      He must be tense, but I barely notice

The robot with hair the color of children's book moonlight  
    and eyes the color of natural lakes  
 watches the screen      I lay my head in his lap  
    and something flashes across his face

I know because the tin girl with a lion's mane seems concerned for a second  
    but he relaxes      allows me there  
 lets me stay even while his creators,  
    those of flesh and blood,  
 turn war into pastime

   I already know they're both too far  
    gone  
 that their humanity has left them      but I get over it  
    I love the robots anyway

even if      I was taught there is life in everything  
    they show it to everyone  
 except me

   even if only the tin girls have seen their fleshy hearts  
    shaking in their steel chests

   I long to press my hand  
    to their cool metal

but I am interrupted  
 The crows cry out warnings  
 The squirrels scream

The deer die in our path

Nature opposes so loudly that I go deaf  
So that even if I got the chance  
to press my ear against their  
ice cold chests  
I wouldn't be able to hear their echoing heartbeat  
over the animal's cries  
I go inside I dance  
My body movements  
are not the fluid the way  
theirs are  
but I am moving, spinning to a beat only I can hear  
and the maroon steel boy mimics me  
sliding, and dipping staring into the mirror only a few steps behind me  
There is a moment  
where his blue eyes deep as chasms and wild like lightning  
meet mine where we are standing too close  
I swear  
I can feel the world turning  
like a rusted saw carving splintered wood  
and for a second, it looks like he is going to reach out  
like he's going to steady me  
but the tin girl with skunk's hair  
throws a kick at the punching bag  
She asks the one question no one should  
and our spell is broken  
The steel boys collapse in a pile of rusted metal  
The tin girls go up in sparks  
All I'm left with is rubble and two glowing hearts