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Category: Poetry

I love you

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I keep hearing that it's impossible
to love
somebody else before learning
to love yourself,
and in response, I softly smile
knowing that
I'll cry later out of frustration
because self-love cannot be answered by textbook or Google search.
trying to convince myself it's okay - I am not there yet,
but I will always be an old scrapbook of a body,
filled with coffee stains and ripped pages.

Like when I was six, I had first learned to be afraid of men
and how not everyone learned the word "no."
At ten, how the nice girls spit in my face and
shoved me into the same door I held open for them.
Or at thirteen, when I first learned how to wash blood out of a carpet,
but unlike all the missing pictures the glue couldn't hold to the page
that stain cannot go away.

Now I find myself in my therapist's waiting room
thinking about how love can feel an awful lot like pain,
so when I tell you that I love you, please know what it means.
I am giving you something I cannot give myself,
knowing that it may not heal me, but in hopes that it
could hold me like a blanket when the storm gets too loud.
As the thunder roars for miles and miles, your words
are all I can hear. No matter how clouded and rainy my mind gets,
they wrap around me softly.

I love you,
because if somebody can be in love with something
so tattered, pages beginning to brown, seams ripping
and began to help me realize how to put it back together, maybe
I can have the strength to get out of bed another day.