

Alix Sykes

Age: 15, Grade: 10

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Category: Poetry

confession

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i thought you were a storm
 in a water glass
 but i know now that i was wrong that
i have always been the storm
 and the water glass
 and the table it's spilling on to
i have to remember that this
is my story waves aren't allowed to
 wash me away this means
 letting go of
swimming i want to
 apologize
but i owe you nothing and i
 can't be sorry
but something tells me—shakes me
from my slumber forces me out of my
 ratty t-shirt
and fuzzy slippers into jeans and the
 blouse as bright red as my ears
turn when i blush, burns my blankets
 takes my bed
 and abandons it
in a garbage heap—whispers i will be
 sorry and despite everything
i believe it and i don't blame you
 for becoming my favorite drought
 i'm just tired
of being a flood
 in the first place