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Category: Poetry

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## **Dream Logic**

please. can i have the first tooth you left under your pillow  
for the fairy who didn't come.

with one eye closed, i see two versions of you  
each walking towards me, hands open.

with the other eye closed, i see a burning bush,  
melted matches, a wild rabbit watching it all.

hey universe: will i get into college? am i beautiful?  
will the cafeteria food be edible tonight?

when i walk, people swoon at my feet. i have to be careful where i step.  
my brother loves my father more than anyone.

i sleep in my clothes many nights.

hey swallow. i am sorry i wrote about you and left out our huge fight.  
it was cruel of me, and small.

i love you, my friend, and you are not even here, or mine, or kind.  
i like hearing the static at night as i call on the phone. it helps me sleep.  
hey mama, will you wash my hair? will you let me be small again, just for the night?

*praise yourself in the voice of your writing teacherella,*  
you are exemplary. your writing is gorgeous, electrifying, and strange.

i am too tired to confront anyone. i do not want to yell anymore.  
i want to drink tea and call my girlfriend and fall  
back asleep with her on the phone.

*two things I would never do, and one is a lie:*  
have sex while my parents are home. or eat licorice.

universe says: you would be more beautiful if you tried harder.  
ella, you are electrifying and strange.

universe says: i do not know.  
universe says: i am afraid to write it.