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Age: 18, Grade: 12

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Category: Poetry

Lie the Body Down

Sorry for the delay I was busy
sharpening my nose all pinocchio
sticklike. All the birds envy my wingspan
might as well covet
the beak too.

Here is what I think about lying: I don't.
That was a lie I do. In the kitchen
the brown sugar has a spoon
stuck in it and drying out and I swear
I didn't leave that there I swear I wasn't eating
straight sugar I just burn it on the stove.

Thought for a long time that I was made up
of lies here is a list:
- Breasts
- Uterus (then back, then vomit, clearly
the vomit is a lie to avoid looking
silly or doing homework or whatnot)
- Head (clearly over
exaggerating in order to, what, trick
clowns into hurting me?)
- Breasts again (hurt) (hurt)
(a stupid joke)
- Shame (and all the boys in the room turned
and laughed as my skirt went falling
down)

Long story short I'm tall with them. A long
time ago I hurt
someone tell me if that is an active
or passive thing. Tell me and I'll take it
as gospel