

Alix Sykes

Age: 15, Grade: 10

School Name: Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, MI

Educator: Brittany Cavallaro

Category: Poetry

Maybe Rapunzel Was A Poet

Maybe Rapunzel Was A Poet

The only people who meet
her expectations are
Fictional and even they have led her astray before
She could hate you she wants to
but she believes in a world where one day
Someone will love her for the way her eyes light up when she devours books whole
for the way her eyebrows crinkle when she mourns characters she met
only three pages ago Call her naive
I do, too, but the world has yet to destroy her
She believes someone will love her the way she loves books
They will be too scared to mark her pages They will leave bookmarks in every passage
They will cry on her pages, drop crumbs in her gutter
Some will dogear her pages
and spend hours
rubbing the creases away
They will feel guilty
the way she always does
They will turn pages too fast and one day they will rip her
she has already decided that she is okay with this
And she could hate you She's done it before
She could write your death in red pen in quick, hard scribbles
But she won't I can't tell you why
Maybe it's that she believes in storybook love
The kind that's only found once upon a time
The kind that's cliché
And cheesy
She doesn't believe in happy endings even if she should
Even though she has notebooks filled with them
Maybe it's that once
she believed in
you
She believes In fairytales
and none of them love her nor do they exist
You see
Loving her was never a requirement

Maybe

it's that when she looks in the mirror
when I look in the mirror

I still remember the way you made everything burst into flames

And it's just like her

To find beauty

in her own destruction

To love the rubble and ashes of a burning house

To find the joy even in the Brothers Grimm

To love the broken things who never
loved her back

Once, she found a bird
with two broken wings
and she saved it

It pecked at her fingers
every time she fed it
but one day, it flew and

this was enough for her

I like to believe that this

is the perfect metaphor for us

I know I'm wrong

Especially as I paint myself as savior
Maybe the bird never broke its wings
Maybe I'm remembering it wrong

Maybe the bird saved me

and then, when I didn't thank it

It pecked out my eyes