

Ava Goldfarb

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, MI

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Category: Poetry

Lakes

I love how push-on pencil erasers feel under my nails
and make me think
of kindergarten sitting behind the shell house
in the big green field of an all girls school,
I think I left that place to be with boys.
I love how Andy asked me to cut my hair short
and when the woman in the apron took the blade
and cut eight inches I thought I looked
like my mother.

When I fly home to the lake she and I sit on our porch
and watch boats go by.

I love the word *sneaker* as much as the word *package*.

I love the image of a perfectly constructed box with something inside,
how it feels in my hands and my stomach. In the winter, I put on a tee shirt,
sweater, sweatshirt and coat.

I love how warm I am outside in the squall but when I open
the glass doors to a building I feel a little fire growing above my waist
so I take off what I've put on and stuff my bag.

I love the idea of marriage in your twenties
even though it doesn't seem logical at all.

I love how wolves and eagles mate for life.

In February, Tallulah and I used to count
1, 2, 3 and yell at icy water for eating our homework and
talking to our boyfriends.

I love how in summer the lakes are hot and our boyfriends are gone.

And why shouldn't I have the biggest
bowl of penne and eat on the couch? Mixed into
lemon cream and pepper while watching *La Casa De Papel*
I love how Úrsula Corberó's nose arches at the top.

My nose arches too
when I have a side-view in the mirror, and sometimes
I wonder if I should have it fixed, fixed into a perfect
angular slope with the tip pressed in
like a button.

I love the smell of orange perfume and how it makes me
travel through time,
gripping the sides of my seat, whirling past changes in bedding,
faces and the great loves of highschool.

I have never understood how seventeen-year-olds believe that
they will never have another
or better
love than their first.

How can you think that the boy who

screamed and pushed and lied is your
last first great love?

My closet has five pairs of jeans hanging in it, one for
every day of the workweek. But I would really
prefer not to work. I love being my parent's only child,
I am spoiled and humoured and I am hoping
that my mother will never leave my father but
I think she would feel too guilty about what it would do to me.

I love children because of their
small warm smiles and unconditional love,
I would like to be a mother someday
but I don't relish the idea of childbirth. I
figure after one or two I'd top it off with a tubal ligation
which I think will help me love my children and
husband more.

I am someone who always needs a time,
a place and a reason for doing something but
I love sporadic people. I love the hypocrisy of wanting
to do something completely moronic but only if I have
it down to the minute,
the particular street we're going to be on,
the lamp we're going to meet under.
I love scary movies even though I used to hate them
especially when turning the corner to my room, I swear
I heard things in the last two houses we lived in:
the dreams, the voices were all forgotten when we moved out
onto the lake, the lake where
people drown once a month,
the lake with the underwater town,
the lake so big and so deep that it doesn't scare me to swim in it
anymore.