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Category: Poetry

Kitchen Cabinet

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Mason Jar

My family is known for bottling things up until
they explode
I don't bother. My grandmother made me gentle
and gentle girls don't bottle
things up. Bottles are too close to beer and
gentle girls
don't drink and if they do
they drink white wine,
I don't bother to tell her I am too young for that,
she doesn't believe me. To be clear,
gentle girls are still expected to hide their emotions
they simply do it in pretty pastel
mason jars. I keep mine
on a shelf in the back of my mind. Gentle girls
don't just hide the truth in loveliness,
they gift-wrap it, too. They make bows just the way
they're taught to. They take scissors,
never a blade. Scissors are dainty.
They run it up the ribbon until it becomes
perfect spirals. My grandmother says
Gentle girls do not lie.
Correction: they don't get caught.

Instant Pot

My mother got an instant pot for Christmas and I must warn you that this is recipe for disaster, my mother hates complicated things, When her back is turned, I tell my brother that instant pots explode. The instant pot hisses. My brother screams and my mother turns her sharp gaze on me, I swallow my laughter: acid and all.

Vinegar

I've been told that my summers are no longer mine
that they are for learning to can and
pickling eggs because somehow this is an
investment in my future. I put
vinegar in everything I drink, trying to pick up

from my eggs. I am convinced
that you can preserve people, too.

Soup Spill

My brother was never taught to be gentle,
he gets to explode and everyone expects it
to be ugly. My brother flinches when the
pressure cooker hisses but he hisses, too,
and when he hisses, he actually detonates.
I've been in his crosshairs before. I get too
close and third-degree burns don't begin
to describe it. My brother explodes and
my skin is painted red. I am still stained
in places no one else can see. I might as
well be a cup given how much he pours
into me or a ladle since I was not raised for
anything other than scooping up his mess
and serving it with carrot curls and cheese.

broken glass

bottles explode in dangerous ways,
 jars explode prettily
 cracks running up their surface
falling apart all at once. i know
 this too well. so,
i take a bat to my shelf until only
 splinters and shards remain.
there is nothing pretty about my
 emotions. i am
lightning that strikes twice in the same
place. i am duplicate snowflakes,
 i am a stuffed dog with
 cotton falling
 from my eyes,
an uncontained explosion
 shattering all
 around me.

Hard Apple Cider

If you put people in barrels for weeks without
sunlight and air, they die. If you put cider in
barrels and leave it, it becomes more fit for
consumption. I am different. Isolation makes
me quieter, drains my energy from my bone
marrow. Loneliness is an apple press and I
am always crushed. I wonder if I am also
tastier that way—if dead inside is easier on
the palate. Everything seems to mature in
silence and darkness. I fear both more than
anything.