

Overcoming Gravity

The white fluorescent lights shine like an artificial sun.
But they still rise and set each morning and night.
The squeaking of wheelchairs fills the stale air.
My nose tickles with the overwhelming aroma of Purell.
I touch her frail hand and feel the years of sun,
the delicate smoothness amid wrinkles.
The room is warm with stillness, empty stares that I see.
Tiger runs in and covers her with kisses,
right there at the Highlands.
Well, dogs aren't really allowed in the center.
No matter, we'll bring Bodhi next.
Because there's something about them,
they make those fluorescent lights a little more like the sun.
Silence and one-way conversations filled in by a dull drawl coming from the tube.
"They've discovered Jesus' bones after years of search..."
and with a flip of a channel,
"Now, patter the eggplant coins in the breadcrumb mixture..."
We sit in the rehab center and have cherry cough drop breath.
She says we can shoot the breeze,
but the breeze only blows in one direction here.
The rainbow-colored pills of fear and confusion and skeptical relief
shake around in plastic cups.
Everyone is as active as turtles.
We float through the air and abandon all constraints,
eating cherry pops the size of balloons.
Li twirls through the air, taking her by the hand.
I tell her we'll be in the garden tomorrow,
popping juicy tomatoes in our mouths.
Pretend footsteps embedded in the grass.
I'll backtrack through them towards the future,
and you can come with me.

Nous marcherons à la lune, vivant au milieu de la gravité.

Teeth will talk and lips will yell up to us.
As we sit with our legs hanging over the moon,
Lights rising and setting above us.

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