

Long wind

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Honorable Mention, Poetry

She's a tall girl who talks in long sentences that run on and on and on and on till she runs out of breath—breathes in—IN—and now she's on again. Sentences as long as her hair, as long as her legs that push her body upward and she's balanced like *so*—a little girl who might fall over, might fall, might keep on falling and you know how that goes.

She's got breasts that roll over in waves, roll over and back—
Breasts like waves but its never low tide.
Breasts that move, breasts like beasts
Lose the 'r.'

I am, I am, I am
Tall girl who breaths IN
Girl with breasts like beasts
Like waves that don't pull back
Fat girl who can't ride the
Rollercoaster because
The bar won't close.
But the bars don't close anyway.
Don't close, Daddy. Stay for
a tall drink in a cool glass.
And breathe *out*.