

Junior Division, Poetry
Ava Rose Smith, St. John's
Dionysus

my body blossoms
and the flowers are not my own

they bloom
bright and wrong and
sweetly cruel

i want to take to their stems
with the softest knife i know

forged in the thicket
by my own hand, dandelion fluff
forms its blade

i carve my name
in every jagged branch
in every petal fallen from the growing fruit

i am the thorny wall between a princess and her knight

i am the grapes and the wheat, Lord
let me be crushed and milled

let my body serve as a reminder
of the brutality
of self-creation