

backyard bubbles

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ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL | 9TH GRADE

blowing soapy water through pink plastic wands
bubbles sink 'til they meet concrete
playing make-believe,
i am free

the air smells of soap, fresh and wet
flies collect in patches around me,
but i can only see
my world in every bubble:
my skin, my smile, my sun

i learn to rise with the soap,
to breathe in the sky
and to sway in the trees,
moss itching my fingers
but i can only see
my skin, my smile, my sun

sweet green apples on my tongue
melting until they become
just sugar
and my skin swallows the sun
my skin swallows the sun

