

Read Me Aloud

I will not sit placidly on your eyes
Skipped and skimmed over ink that dries
Lifelessly on paper and lies
Trapped between sheets when skies
Should be my cage
Your mouth my page.

I want to slip between your teeth
Feel the humid heat
Of breath hissing and
Consonants cutting,
Vowels bleeding flavor onto me.

My sounds lap languidly at your lips
A taste instantly brilliant that slips
Into memory and fits
Perfectly under your tongue
Or behind the tips of your teeth
Or in your lungs.

So if you could I would have you

Just inhale some air and
Read me aloud.

Free me
To sing out
The way it's meant to be,
For I do not live imprisoned in print
But in your ears and sounds and mouth.

— *Laura Catherine Killingsworth*
Age 18, GA, Gold Award, The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards