

Sketch

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Ambrianna Adams*

*Iowa State University

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by AMBRIANNA ADAMS

skip below stars until water stains the soles
of my feet,
but I'll stay in this night air
shadow the sky, where my body will

be still & high
above the water, you whisper
“moonchild” while the sun steals my skin.
I find you there,
smiling in this
swollen summer, tire swing symphony & I
call myself thunder, like a

soft shot of lavender, sifting our silence
as we fall for stalled secrets,
find me in between sundrenched
bed linens—
where I softened to love him

then realized I didn't
this borrowed misprint