

Mya McKinney, Poetry Second Place, 2021

I've built a garden
in this soft heart of mine
hoping for poetry to grow
To root themselves into my veins
and fill my lungs
with wildflowers.
Maybe then I'll find healing
in the soil of my soul
that I'm finally going to take care of.
Maybe I'm meant
to find love in the grass.
Or in this earth that'll call me home someday.
I've forgotten the softness that comes
in the dew of the mornings.
I forgot what it's like to listen to the birds.
I had forgotten how to be gentle;
to myself most of all.
I'm learning how to slow down again
To breathe.
I've let this chest of mine open
letting the sun leech into my bones
and warm my blood.
Letting the words, that nurture me so sweetly,
worm their way into every part of this body.
So maybe I can continue growing.