- Sarah J (21, Edmonton CA)

**skinny dipping under the supermoon (pale and brave)**

the water was dark

and up to my chest

the sky was dark, dripping starlight

there were no sounds until

our skin hit the river

like white rocks past midnight

glowing in the moonlight

from behind the trees

the water pressure on my ribcage

a hug a crush

amplifying my heartbeat

while it poetically annihilated my bone structure

under the guise of-

THIS IS WHY THEY CALL THEM CRUSHES

your body in the moonlight

pale and brave

was composed entirely of places i

had not yet kissed.

the water was dark

and up to my chest

your hand was warm in mine

your arms were strong

and the moon was so bright

**(3/365)**

i would rearrange all my furniture for you

i would give away everything i own on kijji

i would make a woodpile of all the bed frames and bookshelves

dragging sofas across the

hardwood by myself

to prove to you that there is

room enough for you

to call this place home

for you to fill every inch

of this house with your heart

DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW

i would shout riding the mattress down the stairs

the sound echoing through rooms

empty like my arms outstretched

open, hopeful

do you believe me now?

**the things we leave behind us**

my gran's aloe vera plant

sprawling juicy green

soothed 7 separate sunburns

the summer i was 17

her life was shipped box

by box

to rural ontario

but my gran's life cracked during the move

(not packed tight enough)

a few things here and there

left to rattle around in her empty

apartment like loose change

in a pants pocket

the giant aloe vera plant stuck

out in the hallway of the condominium

with the hope that someone would take it

home to continue spilling out of its pot

i lose track

i don't go back

no last glances before the realtor takes the keys

a month later i buy a tiny aloe vera plant

this is a delicate cycle

an adjacent laundry room

life is generations of red-haired women

starting from tiny plants

and stretching toward the sun.