

## Migration Pattern

By Rena Medow

Grass tucks itself into shadows- under bodies  
made of defects and soil, thistles stick to us  
& we let them join our tropic. It was the day Capricorn and Cancer  
met in the sun's secret forest, moved deep into it after  
all the years of avoiding dark places. Found words  
to describe what words were, grew blackbirds  
from blue.

Like the 7th day of  
creation: we are seventeen, still  
without answers to all those curled up question marks  
that frame the sky sincere.

We stall here to hear  
ourselves  
synchronize with shadow-play, jump over hay bales  
unearth hearths  
with our exhales

Every one a new  
sun rise and fall we master, as if breathing  
is our migration pattern & we are the first  
to fly.

## Passive Aggressive Poem No. 49

By Rena Medow

The mirror is painted with  
lipstick, of course I did it; unlaced my smock  
and folded it at the shrine of your  
fingerprints. I am done  
unpacking them from their boxes.  
I consider the plastic barrier &  
all these ampersands underneath  
& I recognize the choking hazard. You ask me if I've ever snapped  
all the bubble wrap. I tell you  
of course: that's what this poem is. Listen to the crackle  
of my words. Listen to the zipper of my suitcase.

## On Being More Flower than Person

By Rena Medow

A white flag of a bloom  
among the siege of lofty nectar  
some bees fill my mouth with Bossa Nova,  
a trapeze act of rain & hush-  
petals fragment from me like confetti, post-storm  
the pollution of a trail left footprints {you love me/ love me not} yet  
here I am, stem and thorns:  
a few broken leaves among the ashwood.

## Hotel Room Hooky

By Rena Medow

Open this  
black pomegranate with your riddle. My sphinx  
channels Sexton before coffee:  
Appeal to her  
like a louver/ windshield sullied with jazz.

Grace & scapegrace rendezvous in hotel rooms.  
They release dust with  
their feet,  
like abrusco. Make wine from grit.  
Plant a garden of Adonis in the sink  
watch it wither.  
Decide not to call the girl  
who blinds herself by name.  
{dress off shoulders/ tights limp with the dew of mourning}

marrow bathing in a plastic cup.  
Her hair in the drains  
like God playing hooky.

Feeling for a lighter  
in bowls of bloody seeds, hands clasped, buttons undone  
head down in what she doesn't know is victory.

## Your Shipwreck

By Rena Medow

Kiss me with your shipwreck  
on the duvet  
in the bath  
these islands  
hollow  
like the bookcase in Venice  
these blinds are closed  
this chandelier is broken  
is worth  
the armoire  
your amor.

Place a piano in your chest  
play it like thunder  
let the booms remind you of  
my folding chair  
ballet. The hotel  
valet. The picnic in the river.

You saw it coming: those mermaids  
filled your pews like I never could.

**Rena Medow bio:** Rena Medow is a 17 year old poet and staff writer/curator of the Teen Column at LunaLunaMag. She has received 6 college credits for playwriting and screenwriting at NYU, and teaches a small poetry class at her high school. She currently resides in small town Wisconsin. She has always been inspired by the work of feminist confessional poets, specifically Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, Meg Day, Megan Williams and Lisa Marie Basile-- among many others.