

Name: Zoe

I am made of mess,
Of cats always underfoot
Made of the scrape and blood
of falling off a bike
I am made of the little trees outside the window,
Made of the snow mountain
in the parking lot every winter

I am made of books I finished in a weekend
And of never finishing movies.
I am made of "it's too late"
And "don't slam the door".
I am made of soccer on the midway
Where I would climb every tree.

I am made of obsessing over shows
Of bootlegged websites to watch them on
I am made of wandering the neighborhood
Until I have to rely on my friend to get back home.
I am made of musicals,
Of particular songs I love
And being brought back in time
By things I saw or heard months ago
I am made of games
Of movies
Of people
Of places.