

# Poem for a Teardrop

## POETRY

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i. something i needed to say

the last leech on my cheek i spread my gum into lassitude.  
spit my bone into leisure. rip my flesh from the melody.

to fill a body with goosebumps is to say, a thread woven down the  
spine cannot be tethered to another person. but the spigot of your  
heart can be spread to each blade of grass growing inside of it.

ii. something i needed to write

a tarnished taboo to be reckoned with. tilted talisman of a  
body. turmoil thawing out your restlessness.

trust in the pen is a tempt shiver. a constant questioning of what  
line should go next. teeter, stumble over terse. words become the  
task. your throat: tacks and needles. and one drop is a good enough  
tirade.

iii. something that's pulling me

iv.

v. scoff scour scorn my insides like cadmium  
bubbling seamlessly throughout my stomach. steady. a bridge of sham  
semantics of our synergy. a meander of syntax severing a word in half.

confessional dialect emptier than verbiage of what it feels like to

necromance the soil of your body. i wish for salt to crawl out of my  
eyes if i can ever feel your skin again.

vi.

a dreamy quiet casted for the two of us. be and i shall hunt for  
shelter. the peace is vindictive. a vivid vibration of the kin. my  
body. your body a new vernacular the way i monologue over your  
tremble. jargon with the garner of your thoughts.

*we. together.*

and if you shall leave, i'll forever tango with

teardrop. ■