

i wish someone had told me that  
no one's ever grateful for the quiet manor  
of wallflowers, without the strength of will  
to put down roots in the mortar  
of the dance floor. the social ladder (such  
a fragile political science) could be  
better described as a trellis:  
and you can always pick out the weeds of  
the Home and Garden Center—the ones  
who seek acceptance with daisy chains  
and dandelion crowns, rather than  
their own blossoming species.

high school level botany:  
i wish someone had told me  
that the prerequisite was a Ph.D.  
in the Science of Being Alone

~Kaitlyn Donaldson, Lexington High School, 9<sup>th</sup> Grade