

Her First Poem
by Valerie Senyk

a July dawn gleams clean
and bright with God

she pedals still and empty streets
strange joy dancing in her ribcage

abandons her maroon bicycle
in a park too early for the playground crowd

pulls from her pocket
a folded paper with her first poem

divines, as only the young can,
the voice that she will use to speak

a pen breaking open
her future