



she dreams of liquid sun

by

*maeve rogers*

**WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...**

*In the search of an issue's anthology, Maeve Rogers eases an editor's anxiety. I can't help thinking that poetry must be quotable in order to embrace its universality: "your only kingdom a dominion of wanting"... "your silhouette smeared by the burning rain" I also, still, find punctuation a courtesy, like bows and curtseys, and an asset to interpretation: Rogers offers a comma in her work, see if you can find it...woe are we, but who's to edit the editors, what cheek, eh? She's good. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

there never was a girl in power  
because power lives in the ache of your soul  
on a sun-burn day you wish for the rain  
the touch of a hand to move you to shade  
your only kingdom a dominion of wanting  
because fighting it makes you weak  
because fighting it makes you strong  
shadows of bodies leaving something wanting  
only effort proved false, in proving shade  
your silhouette smeared by the burning rain  
because power melts in the ache of your soul  
there never was a girl in power

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *In this poem I wanted to work with the idea of being okay with powerlessness. The phrase “there never was a girl in power” could carry a lot of different meanings, but I wanted to focus on the difference between being in power and simply being power. Women are raised to believe that the only thing that could possibly stand between them and harm is their own will. We are taught to dress, act, and respond in ways that divert all attention for fear of being targeted. The constant need to perform just to feel safe is exhausting and often dehumanizing. Women are taught to view their public lives as a performance and not an independent experience. I also wanted to explore the feeling of not knowing your future. As a teenage girl there's still years and years of experiences ahead of me that I have no way to understand or to put into context. The thing about youth is that it leaves you in limbo. Every new experience is met fearlessly, because you have no expectations, but the idea of the future seems impossibly big because the time you have been alive is only a fraction of your life. I think that in this poem powerlessness can also be seen as not knowing. I don't know my future, and I don't know how the world may turn or change in my lifetime, but that's okay. It's okay to not know, and it's also okay to want. You just have to make peace with both.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Maeve Rogers is a sixteen year old high school student from the Bay Area, California. She predominantly writes poetry exploring the connections between the female experience and spirituality. This is her first publication.