

Sasha's Poem (adapted)

When I think of leaving
the place where I was born,
the place where I have passed
each miserable, no-good day—
each hopeful, got-to-get-better day—
each rare, peaceful, lying-in-the-sunshine day—

I lose all my words,
just for a minute,
and pictures fill me and fill me up.

Me and my cousin
on the front porch on our backs
with the sun pouring down in buckets.

And
a kind neighbor in a kitchen
teaching us to preheat, to grease the pan,
to step lightly so the cake won't fall.
Common sense, she says.
She doesn't know how
uncommon she is.

And fog
heavy on
morning mountains
that don't know any better
than to be beautiful.

-Sarah Dooley

Dooley, Sarah. (2016). *Free Verse*. Puffin Books.