

Where the wild things are

Abigail Petersen

It is late
and we are drunk on the stars,
hands held high to the painter in the wind,
colors flashing above us as if in answer.
My friends and I are beasts
of an unknown kingdom,
allowed out tonight
in celebration of
the Warmth's call.
Who are we to judge the impending doom?
Who are we to question the ways of something
so vast and strong?

In large metal vessels,
we rush to where no light
can find us
and lay on our backs,
all softness exposed,
to watch star after star fall.
I make tens of wishes
into the brisk prairie breeze

while we laugh,
falling over ourselves in the
boat on the grass.

A voice
shouts into the dark
and we join.
A chorus of howling
and screams
into the Nothing.
On a soft prairie's night
we hold hands
to keep warm.
Some choosing
instead to cup them,
bringing it to their mouth like water.

We stomp the ground,
a rhythm born from within,
and begin to move.
Two of us meet in the middle
and begin to wrestle,
something animalistic
taking hold.
Hands fly as feet
shuffle into new territory.
One holds the other
and for a second,
I think it's love.
And maybe it is,
but as their eyes meet
we begin to float,
swing dancing
with bugs who've drunk the sun.

Someone climbs
the metal vessel
and the other snaps a picture.

I wonder what the world would look like
upside down, so I bend,
hair sweeping the gravel,
and laughter bubbles down
into the liquid sky.

It's here
amongst the stars
where kingdoms collide.

It's here
I remember who I am
or maybe who I once was,
long ago,
in the tiny prairie home
where my only friends
had four legs.

It's here
I think I understand why
some people are inherently happy.
I think I'm one of them.

Abigail Petersen is a third-year law student. When she's not reading law books, she can be found hammocking, dancing to '90s music, or reading something for fun. Her favorite punctuation is a colon, and she recently got back into *Sims 2*.