

**Alexis Green**

**Lava**

The breaking of bones  
or furniture was far  
from our minds,

as we hopped from  
the couch cushions  
and pillows spread

across the floor,  
our bare feet  
slicing the air

leaping from  
one safe point  
to the next.

the hardwood  
glistened a fiery red  
lava or a pearl

blue sea of sharks.  
our toes clenched  
the edge of the

pillows, arms searching  
for balance, though  
it was just as fun to fall.

oh, the thrill of catching  
up to the person in  
front of us,

and seeing how far  
we could get before  
we were told to

sit down somewhere.

before obedience  
grew our bones weary,

there was joy in fear  
and laughter in panic.  
caution fell to the

heels of adventure,  
jitters and adrenaline  
were sisters who handed

out juice boxes,  
and screams were  
life's love language.

oh, how the burns  
of a misstep could  
be brushed off

and drowning  
was just a break  
in the rhythm.

may hysteria  
ever hug us so  
sweetly again.