

Classroom Snapshot

CELIA WHITE

"17" WAS WRITTEN BY EVE TULBERT, a high school student in my after school Writer's Circle group at City Honors High School. She was always an inspired poet and is still a serious writer today. After high school she went on to study socio-linguistics and to do playwriting and activist work with youth in Bolivia and Mexico. Right now she's at work on a series of novels loosely based on *Alice in Wonderland*, with the idea that an underground art and circus movement might overthrow the Red Queen.

17

EVE TULBERT

City Honors High School

My skin has gotten too small for me. It begins to stretch in the

strangest of places—under the chin, the fingertips. My ankles itch at

night as if they should sprout wings—achilles' wings, I run in dreams.

My bones have their own white demons. They don't stop shaking out

the age like ivory rattles. It is one song with 17 beats. They play it

all night long. Each hair takes the air like a copper kite, takes it

with its own death bed breath. Heart beats blood like a jailbreak,

like pounding on the bars.

17 is the spark

17 is the way new rain falls

17 is the italicized *howl* of how

17 is hit and run

17

(Remember Alice in her Wonderland? How she saw EAT ME and so

She ate it. Remember how her head busted through the roof, how the

house burst like some balloon with the weight of her, how her arms

stretched through the split and splintered windows. This is 17. She

knew what 17 was. Yes.)

17 is the coming of the night

17 is thunder shaking the bed

17 is the animal insomnia that is hunger

17 is stroking the black cat

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