

Variable

Sarah Verzal - National Gold Medal, 2013 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

When I look at X,
She looks right back at me.

She lives in my computer (like a virus),
My math book (like hell),
In my favorite stories (like the brilliant letter she is),
In my soup (waiting to be spelled),
And on billboards (trying to be obvious!).

X sees people in different ways,
Because she's been them all before.
Like an unwanted manipulative, no-named god.

She fills in information (that genius),
And doesn't need anybody to tell her what to do (she's done it all).

X? Where do you live?
You aren't well represented in Mr. Webster's sanctuary,
But your neighbors are:
W has many words, and white picket fences,
And Y has a yellow lab sleeping on his porch.
X has a soggy cardboard box between them.

She only thinks about other people,
Because that's who she is sometimes.
She likes me,
And she has always been my favorite of the twenty-six.

X hates train problems,
But she always seems to be going this speed,
And that speed,
While riding on the stupid math trains.

When she's bored she draws detailed self portraits,
And calls up her friend What's-her-face and What's-his-name.
They talk for hours about the privileged people.
They get to have their names on their papers.
And, be identified at the blink of an eye.
But The Named,
Of course,
Think nothing of it.