

Marian is a 13-year-old who enjoys sketching, listening to Olivia Rodrigo, watching films with her family, and eating sushi. She likes making origami models, and is also an avid reader and collector of notebooks that are too nice to use.

Perhaps Tomorrow

by Marian Moldaschl

May

I feel the wet earth as it dries with the sun,

The rays reach through the topsoil to warm my mottled green leaves.

I want to reach for it,

to taste the early morning dew

as I grow in the shade of an older tree.

Come, little one, I hear them whisper as they rustle their leaves.

Gaze at star-filled skies with us as the last rays of daylight streak across the horizon.

And I want to, but I am scared.

And so I wait under the darkened sky.

Perhaps tomorrow, they chant.

Perhaps tomorrow.

June

Today is the day!

I can feel it in the way the wind blows

And the way the birds sing,

More glorious than any other sound.

I nudge the earth aside,

And push through.

The sun embraces me,

The glow is more intense than I could have imagined.

My leaves unfurl.

Some years later

I am fully-grown, strong and beautiful,

Gazing at star-filled skies as the last rays of daylight streak across the horizon.

But under my contentment chimes a voice from beneath the earth.

A young one, scared to come up,

To leave the safety and comfort of the damp soil,

drying with the early morning sun.

So I whisper,

I hear you, little one. Take all the time you need.