

Nowhere Else to Go

By Linda Sue Park

Turn off the lights.
Wear another layer.
(Sounds like a dad.)
(Sounds like a mom.)

You say hand-me-down.
I say retro.

Walk.
Bike.
Walk some more.
Recycle.

(See what I did there,
bike—*recycle*?)

Your name in Sharpie
on a good water bottle.
Backpack. New habits.
No thanks, don't need a bag.

What else.
Oh yeah.

Tell ten friends
who can tell ten friends
who can tell ten friends ...
Make enough noise,

maybe the grown-ups
will finally hear

the scream in the title.

Source: *Poetry* (March 2021)