

The Donation
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I.

I'll admit, this morning, I caught your face in the mirror—
You, who was a stranger to me until my twenty-first birthday.

I don't need your pity; I've grown into carving out my own solace,
But when I feign a smile, I see only yours to start my day.

I'll cast my wish into the vast, indifferent air,
Hoping it would all drift away.

As much as I ache for change,
I always seem to stay hopelessly the same.

I'll only ever call you by your first name—isn't it strange?
Careless, they flung hollow apologies, yet I carried all the blame.

You dwell ever-present at the periphery of my mind,
Waiting for words I haven't sent while I wait for good news to find me.

Now and then, I graze the edges of joy, only to find
As the days drift by, I sink back into shame's quiet sea.

Memories surface like bruises beneath my skin,
Tender to the touch, yet aching deep within.

II.

Pearl-shaped stains scatter across the steel-blue train cushion,
Salty tears spill freely from the brink of my long-awaited fate.

Stepping off the train, into the city's smoky breath,
I left behind the secrets that delivered me here, just two minutes late.

The bustling station hums its restless refrain, the patter of hurried shoes,
Blind to the storm in my chest, my heart striking recklessly against my ribs.

I move swiftly toward the door, afraid to glance back or come undone,
But then—I see you.

In an instant, I know your kind face, the wild curls of hazel hair,
A vision of my future self, reflected in your stare.

My fear dissolves, slipping from my skin like morning frost,
As I fall into the arms of the most familiar stranger, no longer lost.

White-hot pain unravels from the shelter of my bones,
Releasing the ghosts I had long called my own.

The city exhales relief as the clouds drift free,
Your smile tells me I've become who I was meant to be.

Within my soul lives half of yours,
Yet hidden wounds festered in a tale I never chose.