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Category: Poetry

Fast Fashion

1. Factories

A warm embrace by the Sun's rays
Heat spreading slowly from the center of my eyes
as if arising on Saturday midmorning
with the Sun's white penetrating deep into my soul
—perhaps not quite the Sun?

Though light for certain and such white rays blinding,
Letting sight in focus, blind to blurry
—artificial?

Tiny sets of fingers, unkempt nails crossing me
A silky thread sliding past my thickness
At every turn a slight poke of needle
But odd without speckles of liquid red

Such rhythmic noise
A regular click, a frequent beep
Startling, no... nor comforting

Hours passed with no amend
Sun's rays move West, dark following
While blinding rays of overhead
Remained unchanged
Tiny sets of fingers, unkempt nails
A child's tiny fingers, a child's unkempt nails still cross

But my drooping eyes
Too tired to ask
Too confused to move.

There must be many like me.
Not quite the same color or size
But with similar intention
Planting billowing flags, travelling the worlds
Under unconscious sense of urgency
Faster... faster... Must be there tomorrow
Before world moves on

2. Purpose

They stared at me in awe
Others pointed, smiling or in disgust

Walking hurriedly from one panel to the next
As I watched from behind the golden tinted glass
Bright yellow lights illuminating from tiny bulbs
Their beads strung from one end to another on
a thin tightrope of black

She picked me one day
Calling me “Zara” or “Forever”, name of the sort
A wave of elation washing in
As confusion washed away
Thrilled for new purpose in such new world
For just one day a bright spotlight shone on me
Compliments flying my way
Smiles and satisfaction radiated
A fine night spent well and possibly
the last night in excite.

I ponder as I sit in pitch black
A blanket of dust settling on my soul
and purpose, clouding my best memories
Surrounded by other rejects
If there something I could have done differently
A simple reverse to my time
If only I could have purpose again

3. Light

A slow creaking of my door
Such boundary opening with careful touch
The only separation between myself and purpose
Pleading with my chains... *FASTER*
and hoping for a repeat of joy and laughter

Large hand in sudden grab
A gentleness long gone
A feeling distinct from my best memory
Instead of showing me off
Rather than my bright spotlight of friends in awe
 Rather than my jaunty display of radiating jubilance
 Rather than a drive through time to the best day of my short-lived life
I was nothing.

Placed in a green tub of maggots buzzing and stench diffusing.
Stuffed in suffocating bags of opaque white
Treated as if my purpose had tattered away
As if I was worn too many times

4. Falling Apart

A tumultuous ride of shakes and stops
Tossing and turning into heaps of glass
before I saw the sun again.

Today I sit idly reflecting
on the radiant night and wishes
For everlasting bliss
But cannot stop breaking, disintegrating

into my original elements of toxin
letting go my strength
to keep together
Whether that would take another year
or a hundred or thousand
As I fall apart into
Noxious methane, microfibers, dyes,
formaldehyde, perfluorocarbon, synthetics
Petrochemical fiber, phthalates...
Pieces of my resolve break away.