

# Teenagers

By: Pat Mora

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

1 One day they disappear  
into their rooms.

Doors and lips shut  
and we become strangers

5 in our own home.

I pace the hall, hear whispers,  
a code I knew but can't remember,  
mouthing by mouths I taught to speak.

Years later the door opens.

10 I see faces I once held,  
open as sunflowers in my hands. I see  
familiar skin now stretched on long bodies  
that move past me  
glowing almost like pearls.