

Honourable Mentions: High School

“BITTERSWEET TEMPTATION” BY COURTNEY CHURCH

Somewhere there is a choir singing hymns,
each note kissing the eardrums of an adulterous congregation
who begin their love affair with the sweet, seductive music
that pours like wine, like blood, deeper within
the chambers of their ears.

The music burrows into their minds
where it curls up with their disillusioned dreams, their darkest thoughts,
and the music strokes their passion;
it caresses their souls with its chilling touch.

They move with it, they dance with it,
the music takes them away from their tiresome existence
and submerges them into the depths of sin
for they have given into its temptation.

They have loved the music, and when it is gone
they yearn and they plead for just one more moment,
one more melody that will take them away from
the scorn of dictation, the sermons of human sanctity.

They await death when, finally,
they can make their way to heaven and be free –
adrift amid the voices of angels.

“FEAR DADDY” BY NAOMI JACKSON

What am I? Who am I? Who will I be?
Am I that monster he wants me to be?
Is this a sickness that affects the touched?
Did it affect me when I was screaming enough?

I’m messed up. I’m screwed up.
But he’s sick in the head.
And If I were like him I’d rather be dead.
He can’t handle his anger he keeps it too long
so he beats on his kids because it makes him feel strong.

What was he? Who was he? Am I like him?
Kind of but different I don’t beat on kids
I take my anger out on myself.
I wouldn’t put a child through that kind of hell

Why did this happen?
Was it meant to be?
Should I keep fighting?
Or is hope lost for me?

I was used and abused but that’s no excuse
Make others suffer? No way I refuse!

I’ve been down that road, I’ve had guys grab my throat.
I’m not breathing I can’t speak my tears sting. My heart beat
rings in my ear and this fear I still fear but I’m here. Is there a reason?

Why did you do this can you see what you caused?
I might be a monster but I know right from wrong.
So I wrap my wrists up in these sterilized gauze,
put on a fake smile and drag my butt to the mall.

My days last forever. Nights go by too fast.
Remembering memories I’d rather walk over glass.

They say that kids who are abused
become abusers them selves.
Where does that leave me?
Only time will tell.

I’ve had grown fists meet my face. I’ve been called a disgrace
I’ve been thrown down stairs. I’ve been held down and raped.
I’ve had bruises on my body from head too toe.
The colors of Black, Blue, Purple and Yellow.

I've spent so many days locking myself away
because I was ashamed and now I'm just drained.

I have no idea how much more I can take.
But I'm here. I Hope there's a reason.

Are your ears plugged? Can you hear me now?
Do you want me to yell maybe jump up and down?
Am I being too loud do you want me to whisper?
I'll do what you want just as long as you listen!

If you could take it back would you?
Do you regret anything?
Do you jump up like I do every time that phone rings?

I hope it was worth it because you screwed up my life.
I could say ruined but that wouldn't be right.
My life is not ruined I just fell in a hole.
And on the way down I guess I lost my soul.
Maybe I'll find it it's probably lost with your brain
because to do what you did you must be insane.

But what can I say? Life's tough that's too bad.
But it is pretty sad when you can't trust your own dad.
I didn't deserve this I don't deserve it now.
I look like a guy you don't want me Oh well.
See that was my plan and my plan must have worked.
I chopped off my hair since then have not been hurt.

You know what I'm done I'm finished I'm through.
No more of your violence No more abuse I'm done
with the lies you claim are the truth.
The only truth I know it I'll NEVER be like you!

“THE SCHOOLYARD” BY CAVELL HOLLAND-BORDEN

The fear
The anger
The intensity
The blood rushing through my veins
A push
My face hits the pavement
The physical and emotional pain overwhelms me from head to toe.
The vultures notice the scuffle
My peers crowd around us.
He insults me.
A tear runs down my cheek.
My ego kicks in,
I clench my fist.
I jump up
SNAP goes billys nose.
The audience is entertained.
Revenge is sweet,
For the time being.
The brawl continues .
Somehow I end up ontop of him.
My fists thrust into his face.
I see the pain-filled look on his face.
His vulnerability.
I stop hitting him.
Contemplating what I just did.
I am not only the victim.
But now I am also the assailant