

## Shortlisted Entries: Junior High School

"I AM" BY SARITA PILLAY

I am one who does not learn  
I am one who makes no mistakes  
I am one who waits

I am one who is ignored  
I am one who is not adored

I am one who has no goals  
I am one who plays no roles

I am one who knows no happiness  
I am one who knows who no sadness

I am one with no emotions  
I am the one who causes commotions

I am one who is never seen  
I am one who is always there

I am one who does not care  
I am one who no one knows

I am....

"GOD'S MISTAKE" BY COURTNEY BELYEA

I don't know if I believe  
But I try to make sense anyway  
Of what my purpose is  
My true place of belonging  
A place to call my own  
I don't see how I've lost all faith  
I've never had any to begin with  
The questions, no one answers  
But I've heard it hundreds of times  
Everyone makes mistakes  
So does that mean that the might also fail  
Or am I looking at this all wrong  
You really have to wonder  
If I am God's mistake

“MOON” BY KELLY WATSON

Appearing fully in the night,  
Gleaming down with beautiful light.  
Surrounded by stars,  
Yet set so afar.  
It's never quite lonely,  
yet it is the only,  
Moon in the dark night sky.

Like a king without a demand,  
Or a single reprimand,  
It brings it's charging light,  
In approval of the night.

So divine in our eyes.  
So up high in the sky.  
It looks so close,  
such a beautiful pose.  
It could surely blow your mind.

Appearing fully in the night,  
Gleaming down with beautiful light.  
Surrounded by stars,  
Yet set so afar.  
It's never quite lonely,  
yet it is the only,  
Moon in the dark night sky.

“ON A BRIDGE” BY KAYTE RENNIE

The beginning is never the end,  
Don't stop, keep going.  
Keep that pen to that paper,  
The page keeps pulling

Hide the tears, the neglect, the sorrow  
You don't have time to cry.  
I know sometimes you're sad,  
But please hold back your sighs.

Perhaps you're going mad?  
Shove your fists in the pockets  
Of your faded black jeans.  
Don't look so shocked; keep your eyes in their sockets.

No, hold it together now.  
No more time for tears.  
Your broken heart is torn in two,  
Because the cold fingers are drawing near.

Wear the words on your sleeves  
Keep the pen to the paper.  
Wipe your eyes  
You can always die later.

Scream out, sing out  
Find a way to beat the sorrow  
Dance to your own drum, own beat  
Defeat the darkness you've sewn.

Wipe your face with a pure cloth.  
Erase that blood and that dirt.  
Wash your hands, your legs, your soul  
Forget how much you hurt.

So always dance to your own drum,  
Dance 'til you forget their words.  
Always keep that pen to that paper...  
Don't fight with shields, only swords.

“LIFE OF A CAFE-AU-LAIT” BY LILY LYNCH

In the winter when everyone is cold I warm them up,  
my smooth, warm, coffee and cream color is delicate,  
the puff of foam on top is intriguing, but don't be alarmed,  
you'll smile as it tickles your throat.  
I'm a special treat in disguise as a coffee,  
you will have to give me a try to understand where I come from,  
I don't reveal my true identity until you get to know me.  
Being a Cafe-au-lait isn't a secret,  
I'm very proud of who I am, I like my unique color.  
Sometimes I'm darker, stronger coffee perhaps?  
and sometimes I'm lighter than the rest.  
Some people know from the moment they see me that I am Biracial,  
but for others it takes longer,  
either way I don't mind,  
if you want to get to know me that would be great!

“OOPS” BY NAYANI JENSEN

Outside with my net  
on a summer afternoon  
chasing the butterflies

white ones, yellow ones  
striped ones too  
They are too quick for me

Maybe catching wasps  
would be easier  
There are plenty  
of them around

Off after the wasps  
round and round  
They are fast too.

Little brother toddles past  
He will be easy to catch  
I swing the net down  
over his head

There is a buzzing sound  
He screams  
I take off the net; surprised

OOPS!

A bump is swelling  
on the top of his head

I look down  
at my now-empty net  
Perhaps the wasp-catching  
had not been as unsuccessful  
as I'd thought

"BEAUTIFUL LIES" BY REBECCA DAVIS

As they laid their heads  
Side by side  
In the lush green grass  
She closed her eyes  
And breathed in the scent  
Of his wonderful skin  
And decided not to think  
Of the trouble they're in.  
All of a sudden  
He moved to his side  
And stares into  
Her deep green eyes.  
He cleared his throat  
And begins to speak  
His voice rich with feeling  
But his expression weak.  
He turned his head up  
To the sky so blue  
And quietly murmured,  
"I love you."  
The girl smiled  
And returned the words  
Of the most beautiful lie  
She had ever heard.

“AND OUR SCARS REMIND US” BY SAMANTHA COX

i.

it's like my body is a twisted book of sorts  
written in some sort of disturbing brail  
with each scar telling its own story  
in it's fine raised lines  
[this one's from when you told me you loved me, and this one's because I believed you]

ii.

this one's from when I was six, and I tried to fly  
I always thought the ravens outside my window were the prettiest thing ever  
and that maybe, if I jumped I'd sprout wings and be beautiful to  
[i'm not sure if it's a good thing or a bad thing the I only lived on the second floor]

iii.

this one on my wrist, it's from the first time I ever cut  
I was eleven years old, and first discovered how great it felt to bleed  
how amazing it felt to hurt myself  
[what a beautifully deadly discovery]

iv.

that one on my stomach, that's from when psychosis and anorexia got the best of me  
and I tried to cut my fat from my very stomach  
so maybe just maybe I could be skinny like the models I looked up to so much  
[vanity and scalpels can make one ugly combination]

v.

these one's, running in perfect straight lines down my arms  
they're from the first time I was medicated  
and I had to cut just to feel anything at all  
[because pain is a much nicer feeling then numbness]

vi.

these one's, on the inside of my thighs, they're from when I was in the mental ward  
and the doctors used to check my arms for cuts and slices  
these cuts, they were the only thing that kept me sane in there  
[sure, they tried to keep me away from everything harmful, but when there's a will, there's a way]

vii.

this one, where the nerve damage is now, it's from the first time I got my heart broken  
and the razor kissed me better all night  
and whispered sweet nothings in my ear  
[the razorblade always loved me better then he did, it's love was unconditional]

viii.

and this one, that runs down my wrist, beside the vein  
it's from when I decided I couldn't take living anymore

I spent a while in cold empty white rooms for that one  
[some days I take my finger and trace it along it, and wish I had cut just a little deeper]

ix.

my body's its own deranged autograph book  
with a bloody signature for almost everybody who's ever touched my heart  
now the only thing to wonder is will you leave your mark  
[yours will be prettier than all the others]

“SPIRAL” BY ALYSHA ROGERS

A tiny little spiral,  
What a sight to see!  
One end is at the middle,  
And the other's floating free!

“RAINBOWS AND ZEBRAS” BY ADRIENNE COLBORNE

A rainbow sparkled in the sky,  
While a zebra galloped by,  
Both relieved because of recent rain.

So many colors in that scene!  
Black and white and blue and green  
And Richard of York gave battle in vain.

And yet, the colors do create  
A scene of beauty; and in this state  
You see the way the world can be, through the rain.

“MAN’S MOSAIC” BY TESSA WILLIAMS

Several shades of sadness  
paint life's landscape  
Bad blots taking the spotlight  
Tainting true beauty  
Every illuminating smile, helping hand, all good  
Cast aside for imperfection  
Why do we focus on flaws  
While around us, man's mosaic is being created  
Loves stunning strokes caress the canvas  
But as humans we are blinded by bad blots

“BEST FRIENDS” BY JODI POTTER

I watched as her eyes closed,  
while I held her in my lap  
on the wet and dirty ground.  
I took off my sweatshirt  
and wrapped it around her leg.  
It started turning pink,  
then red.  
I glanced up, and then down again,  
I could see no white left.  
I knew she was dying,  
and all I had left was hope.  
I kept trying;  
I yelled loud, then louder.  
It was coming to the point  
where I wanted to give up,  
but I couldn't.  
I couldn't just leave her there to die.  
She was my best and only friend.

I picked her up slowly  
and walked through the tracks in the snow  
that I had left earlier.  
I glanced down at her again.  
I could tell she was suffering.  
I held her closer to me;  
I could feel her heartbeat against my chest.  
I told myself  
everything was going to be okay,  
and she would live,  
but I knew in my heart  
something was going to go wrong.  
I looked ahead of me  
and saw a clearing.  
It was the one behind my house.

I started walking faster;  
I put my hands over her ears  
and yelled.  
My mom and dad appeared at the clearing.  
Once they saw her,  
they ran to get her.  
My dad took her from me  
and my mom put her arm around my shoulders  
to say everything was going to be okay.

We got in the car,

dad drove,  
and mom sat in the back with us.

Once we got to the vet,  
I got out fast  
so dad could get in and get her.  
We went in and waited.  
The vet came out and got her.  
He took her in the room,  
dad went with him.  
Not long after,  
dad came back out,  
sat down,  
but didn't say a word.  
A while later the doctor walked out.  
We all stood up.  
He put his hands behind his back and said,  
"I'm sorry. It's too late. She has lost too much blood and there's just no way."  
I stood there,  
motionless;  
my fists locked tight,  
my eyes filled with tears.  
All I could say was...  
It's all my fault!  
It's all my fault!

"A LONELY TABLE" BY KLARA D.

A lonely table set for four  
In a meadow  
Near the wood  
Waiting for friends  
Like you and me  
To come and talk  
Of memories we shared  
But then when we leave  
Someone else will come  
With a friend or two  
And will share their memories  
Just like we did  
So on it goes  
And at the end of time  
When our good memories  
And sad stories  
Have sunk deep in the wood  
Then in those four chairs  
And in the table  
Will be  
The history of the world.

“MOVING ON AFTER YOU LEFT...” BY NISMA MAKHLOUF

When you left, I was so sad, I felt so hurt. You left me on the verge of breaking down.  
You mattered so much to me. I really cared about you; you were my everything, you know.  
And when you left, I was left with nothing; for you were gone. I didn't even get a goodbye.  
No longer with you, I didn't feel whole. For when you left, my heart was in pieces.  
It was as if you threw it to the ground, and like a mirror, it shattered into a million pieces.  
But you left anyway, not knowing or really thinking what that might do to me.  
One thing's for certain though, I really missed you. I told you don't go, I begged you to stay, but you just quickly turned and walked away.  
Now that you are gone, things will not be okay. Not without you, not for a while, says the screaming voice in my head.  
But there's a part of me that knows I will get through this, even without you.  
And I will, because it's just as a friend once said, the storm is just the preface of the rainbow.  
It's time to move along with life, even though , my world has shattered; I don't want to get left behind.  
Sometimes I wish I could go back to my past, go there to stay. But I cannot do that because this is reality.  
So I learn to cope with it all instead, and I paint that smile onto my face. Each and everyday, just as the day before.  
But underneath that fake smile, I'm hurting. It hides the sadness and pain, the troubles and the worries, the hurt and the fear.  
But I cannot hide this from me; I know things that you may never know. I can see what you might never see.  
But today is a new day, and tomorrow is coming soon. And so, I need to let go of yesterday. Life will not wait forever, it's now or never.  
Yesterday's are over, even though the hurting is still not over. Like they say, yesterday is history and tomorrow is mystery.  
Yesterday is over, what's done is done, I need to accept that; I have to live with it. This is not the end.  
It's all in my head, even the memories of you. I will not sit around and mope all day, I will move on instead.  
I'm better now, and so I am moving on....

“RECORD PLAYER WORLD” BY TALIA VICTORIA BOND

The world is like a record player,  
Everyone singing their own song.

The world is like a record player,  
The songs are sweet but when it gets off track  
it can give everyone a headache.

The world is like a record player,  
Sometimes it gets stuck and we hear the same  
things over and over...

The world is like a record player,  
Every song is different and not all of them go  
together.

The world is like a record player,  
When you find the right song everything is in  
harmony.

“ANGER MANAGEMENT” BY SARAH WARNELL

She's going to have a fit  
I can't take it  
She thinks she's so old  
So she doesn't do what she's told  
Anger management

I refuse to get hurt again  
The yelling, the screaming I'm crying  
It's not right  
So, I try to forgive and forget  
But she just does it all over again  
Anger management

And she comes and goes as she pleases  
Leaving tears and fights behind  
But she seems to be blind  
To the mess that she's making  
I'll go on living  
Really want to keep forgiving  
Anger management

She's scared because she knows  
I see right through her tears  
Right into her real fears  
That he's really not that good to her  
Or that she doesn't get the pretty bottle at the end of the night  
But we all know one day she'll lose this fight  
She's going to play dumb until then  
If only she knew...