

Winning Entry: High School

“MAKESHIFT POETRY” BY NICOLE MACFARLANE

Listen to the world around you.

If you ever think you're hearing silence,
chances are you're wrong.

Because somewhere, a child is chanting a rhyme
to the beat of a skipping rope on pavement and
somewhere a knife is carving “I love you”
into the eternity of tree bark.

Somewhere a wave is crashing on the shoreline and
raindrops are pounding on the window pane of a classroom where students are
passing notes behind the teacher's back.

Somewhere stomachs are growling for the food they haven't had in days as
gunshots pierce the air above their heads where a roof should be,
but they just don't have the money to put one there.

Somewhere tears are running down the cheeks of a mother who
holds her daughter's suffering in her arms, because life just isn't fair and
sometimes our burden is much more than we know how to bear.

Somewhere else, teenagers are going off to war carrying with them
the sound of uncertainty and the weight of a life not yet lived.

Because somewhere the cry of a baby entering the world tangles hearts with
a new start, while the last breath of another finds peace in an ending.

Somewhere a young boy struggles to accept himself while
someone else finds the strength to ask for help.

Somewhere on this lonely earth, hope is singing a song and
fear is making the harmony, and they're
weaving together a symphony that
holds within it the

stories of our lives, each and every one.

Somewhere someone is sharing your feelings, because
even in the so called silence, our thoughts are screaming
for the world to be a place where we can truly be ourselves, and
not just the selves that the world wants us to be.

Somewhere, people are living, people are dying,
people are hating and loving and laughing and crying.

Because the loudest sounds of all are the ones you hear when
you can't hear a thing.