

## The Melody of Growth

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1<sup>st</sup> Place Poetry 7<sup>th</sup> Grade

I hear the daisies growing, they shoot and rise and reach  
Lily white hands tremble and sprout, outstretched, trying to hold on  
Before the slender knuckles grow too wide, before the fingertips reach too far

In center of it all, cloaked and deceived by its fellows in change rests a mind, glittering in gold, a host of  
the worker bee's sustenance

When wintertime comes with its drowning rains and brooding clouds  
The mind is deserted by its fellows in change and turns from gold to grey  
Dark thoughts that swirl  
Life plays a game, tossing out an experience here and there  
Words and actions that help new petals to grow  
The mind, now grey, splits in two and screams like a beast, clawing in utter rampage  
As the day disturbs the sleep, as a winter flood rises

As summertime encounters the mind begins to expand and return to gold  
Nearby daffodils sing a slowing swan song, providing lyrics that are welcomed and tangible  
Allowing for the mind to heal  
Noontide breezes sail, swaying the mind to sleep so it can help itself against the wilting heat

I hear the daisies growing and far away, down below, a body runs frantically to and fro  
Feet stretch and toes connect with the sodden soil that rests under all  
Constantly supporting, and giving an even ground to stand, to balance, and to run from times that  
trespass through the woods and teach the daisies the way of the world  
While the mind tries to gravitate with the feet and toes to the ground  
To hold steady while earthquakes shake the world and lay cracks in the carefully crafted plan

I hear the daisies growing as the muscles thicken  
As threads of ligaments weave together to prevent a break

I hear the daisies growing as they feel the flow of the water, as they learn the ways of the sun  
With the waves and because of the rays a package of nutrients is formed, wrapped, and presented  
Awaiting the hands that hold and the mind that sings

I hear the daisies growing as I hear their whimpering pains at the thoughts of change  
I hear their laughter and smiles at the thoughts and feelings of a new age  
I hear the daisies growing as they sprout, reach, and rise