

*****POETRY – 8TH GRADE*****

1st Place



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I gave you my hand the other day, just sliced it off with craft shears, and
left it, palm up on your bedroom windowsill,
offering an apple, crisp and crimson.

I tried to find a crack in your sealed room, to
slip in a note I had written to you,
but you painted the walls black and curtained the windows, I
just didn't feel right about sneaking inside.

You used to blast music from your radio,
but I found it broken by the creek.
I'm not sure what scares me more:
the angsty songs you used to play,
or the unbearable silence, the infinite quiet.

In my dream(nightmare?) yesterday, I opened the windows and drew up the blinds of your
house, and the winds breathed you back to life.
Your eyes crinkled, and your feet went and ran,
through the door, into the meadow, out of your cramped little stifling room. When
I woke I felt so hurt, so empty.
I'm still deciding how to categorize it,
A terrible dream?
or a glorious nightmare?

Sometimes I'm scared you'll start selling jars of
fermented air, sour and pungent.
That you'll smoke the money-wrapped joints in the bed, and get high on your own bitterness. I'm afraid
that you'll take yourself further and further,
to the flatlining monitor, the warmth and the dark,
and the emptiness, I'm scared of the emptiness,
you always dove in the shallow end of the pool.

I gave you my hand the other day.
I'm still learning to live without it.