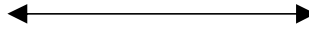


*****POETRY – 7TH GRADE*****



2nd Place

Ocean Blue Walls

Sharanya Roy

Gale Ranch Middle School, San Ramon
Teacher: Dylan Vaughn

She sat behind the closed doors,
Hearing the words being spewed with rage,
Her eyes closed,
She did nothing except stay still,
She sat still trying to take it all in yet release it.

Her room an ocean blue with coordinated duvets and organizers everywhere,
Every kid's dream room,
It soon felt like a purchase that wasn't worth it,
Because the price tag soon felt like too much.

Those words that were jagged and sharp,
Felt like weapons to her heart although she,
Wasn't focused on and pierced,
They all felt like a graze that could be healed yet stung in unthinkable pain.

As each word made its way through the brittle and tense air,
Her heartbeat became more erratic,
Because somewhere each word led to another insecurity,
And another battle scar in need of covering.

Still she sat looking around trying to lift her thoughts to the clouds,
Where the sky's calming blue wouldn't be as blinding as the ocean blue on her
walls,
But she couldn't because those words were like an untearable epoxy,
Sinking her mind into the ocean that her walls made.

A child's fantasy was everywhere outside,
But inside of the little girl she knew that the little decorations of Minnie Mouse,
And the princess dresses on the hangers wouldn't be enough consolation to her
heart,
Which was grazed so many times with those sharp words.

Deep inside as the warzone played outside her confining room,
And as the words delved into the very core of her heart,
They battled a more furious battle than the constant torpedo of words outside,
She wondered if the fairy lights and beanbags scattered across the floor,
Would eventually be able to stitch her broken heart?