

POETRY: FIRST PLACE

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Moonlight Confessions

Holding my breath,
tunnel vision blurs the night—
a frown settles, heavy.

Beside me, he lingers,
Mind restless, music loud,
crickets engulfing the quiet night.

Moonlight spills through the laminated glass,
silver strands upon my face—
eyes glazed, not with sorrow,
but something softer.

Cavetown hums through the static,
his hand, warm against my cheek.

"You don't have to know what to say or what to think...That's alright, let it out talk to me"

Emerald eyes, laced with longing,
draw me in—concern, love, home.

Time stills,
the world quiets.

And for the first time,
I breathe.