

POETRY: SECOND PLACE

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Growing Up

The world caves round my head.
I feel it's breath against my neck; so cold against my bed.
My eyes full of fear and wonder, as the earth thunders, shaking me under.
Under the thick noise of summer, as I exit its rays into winter.
Bitter cold I feel, nothing to compare or ware.
The ice grips me unwilling to give in; splintering my pillar.

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And yet I feel some warmth alluding to me.
It's a twinkle of warmth corrupting my soul.
My mind is no longer on patrol but in control.
Riding the waves of life, continuing on, and on, and on.
Never stopping but for brief moments.
When my heart feels at ease and focus.
I am who I am.
A lover, a friend, scared, angry.
But it's not all who I am and not all who you are.