

POETRY: THIRD PLACE

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Am I a ghost in a world full of stars:
The beep heard in the room covered in silence.
The beep heard by one, unheard by all
The beep getting louder and louder, pounding and pounding into my skull
Why can't they hear?
The beep focusing on me, my problems
The Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep
I hear others speaking in the room
The beep just beeps and beeps over all
WHY CAN'T THEY HEAR IT?
Why is this beep focused on me and my problems?
Is it in my head?
Is it just my problems yelling at me from beyond the pit I buried them in?
Is it?
It couldn't be. I talk, talk, and talk and no one hears, no one at all, it's just me talking to myself
Am I crazy?
Am I a ghost in a world full of stars? As if everyone shines so bright, as I sit in the shadows
unseen
The words I speak now are words of truth. No one shines brighter than the sun itself
These are the words no one wants to hear
The words I speak are the only words that should matter to me
Why listen to that beep?
Why listen to the words other people spread?
Why listen?