

Second Place Junior Poetry
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Ring

Laying and quailing in the raven dark,
Are those who cannot move forward,
The unjust, unfair norms of society feed the clouds,
As they cover the sun,
Their paths nowhere to be found.

They hold a bell,
As they swing,
The bell births out a discreet, incessant ring,
Hoping,
That someone out there,
Can hold out their hand,
And pull them out of this trapped shell.

You are always a “someone” that they are hoping for,
Each privilege that you sustain,
whether a quark or a blue whale,
Is a brilliant flame,
Simulated in you.

Carrying that flame,
What do you do?

Some choose to be a zealot,
Who continue to live the world in blindfolds and earplugs,
Saying,
“I'm not obligated to help,”

Some are too petrified of the darkness, Fearful
of the draconians.
Trembling from the idea that in order to help,
You must bear the loneliness in the dark,
So they choose to put on their blindfolds and earplugs,
As the clouds start pouring rain
on those who already bear
Society's egregious games.

However,
Those who choose to bear the title of being "ignominious,"
Are those who help open possible paths,
By shining their flame
For those suffering from this shame.

If you let compassion feed the lion,
Bravery fill the nerves,
Courage fill the mind,
kindness fill the heart,
And determination fill the body,
Then with your hands,
Hold out the hope
For the others to grasp,

Let today be a watershed,
Foster those around you like a queen bee to their hive,
Be the catalyst that clears the skies,

Pull them out of that shell,
Shine your flame onto them,
And revitalize those who have fallen
From the unjustified punches,
And let them be free
From the metal bars that this society Has
kept them in.

Let the bells that birth a discreet sound
Ring throughout the world
And hit every beating heart,
Only stopping,
When every single flower,
Has had a chance to feel the warmth of the sun again.