

3rd place Senior Poetry
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A Hand to Hold

The monsters were there – we knew they were.

Since the beginning of time, they hid under our beds,

Just waiting for the right moment to strike.

And as soon as we were at our most vulnerable,

Their mocking began.

They whispered in our ears as we slept,

Spreading fake news and rumors in the dark.

Every night, they'd crawl out from the depths of our closets

To remind us of our insecurities and unnerve us.

Their voices would echo in our room as we cried out.

For comfort, for a hand to hold, but they didn't stop.

The monsters, they didn't stop.

Instead, they smiled at our agonized forms,

Pleased with what they had done.

They watched in amusement at the chaos they caused,

At the fights their words induced, at the tears their criticisms ensued.

The two-faced creatures always crept through the backs of our minds,

And they seemed to never go away,

But then we met you.

You, the one who opened

Our bedroom door to let the light in.

You, you scared the monsters away

And led us out the door.

You, who willingly took us in your arms –

Despite our skin color, our gender, our sexuality –

And became our hand to hold.