

Junior Poetry
Honorable Mention
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Tomorrow

I watched as she walked into the classroom,
And then I heard a voice, it echoed through the room like a cup dropped on the kitchen floor,
Followed by HA HA HA,
They were making fun of her, *again*,
It was a constant battle between their words, and her feelings
I wanted to say something, but I just *couldn't*,
They would make fun of me too,
Maybe soon, maybe I'll say something *tomorrow*,

Lunch finally came and I sat in my normal spot,
All of my friend group trickled into the cafeteria, one by one they sat down,
And then something caught my eye, like a star in the night sky,
She was sitting alone *again*,
My friends spoke,
“I bet she doesn't even wash her clothes”
“Her hair looks like a bird made a nest in it”
“Someone needs to tell her what a shower is”
Their voices piercing my heart,
How could they be so mean?
But I kept to myself, and plastered a fake smile to my face,

I thought about going to talk to her, but I *couldn't*,
All of my friends would leave me,
We were popular, she was the *weird* girl,
Tomorrow I decided, I'll say something, *tomorrow*,

Before I knew it lunch was over and it was time for Math,
My favorite class of the day, as I walked in I scanned the room like I always do,
And noticed something normal, nothing out of the blue,
She sat in solitary, not a single soul surrounded her,
It was as if there was a fence that kept everyone away,
People began to laugh and I knew they were laughing at her,
Until she slipped away, slowly and silently she left,
Soon I'll do something, soon I'll say something,
Something as simple as "Hey! Do you want to sit with me today?"
I'll say those words tomorrow at lunch, *tomorrow*,

Finally it was the next day and we were sitting in our regular spot at lunch,
She was curled up in a ball in her regular spot near the bathroom,
Staring off into the distance, and not to my surprise, there were tears in her eyes
With an absence of lunch by her side,
It was finally *tomorrow*, I began to muster up the courage to talk to her,
I needed to say something, I had to say something,
I could feel knots forming inside of my stomach

Why was this so hard? I thought to myself,
As I stood up my hands began to shake,
I put one foot in front of the other, and my heart began to ache, before I knew it
She was right there, I opened my mouth, but nothing came out,
It felt as if my very own voice had been stolen from me,
And I turned to go into the bathroom,
Looking into the mirror I said to myself,
It's fine, I'll do it *tomorrow*,

The following day I sat in my first class, but something was different
The seat in front of me was empty, her seat,
Throughout the day I waited for her to come to school, but she never did,
Finally it was time for math, and a rumor started to fly through the air,
She was gone,
It's fine she'll probably be back tomorrow, *tomorrow*,
I tried to calm myself down, but the teacher began to make an announcement,
Things would never go back normal, if they ever were,
My silence had killed her, there was no *tomorrow*,

Your voice is a sword, you can either use it to save someone or drown someone,
And that decision is up to you,
There is absolutely nothing anyone can do to influence your choice,
But you have to make it today, not *tomorrow*.