

## Honorable Mention Teen Age Group

i try to make things sound so pleasant  
my life is far from  
poise or elegance  
you will either find me over the moon  
or under constant self reflection  
or somewhere in between grief and acceptance  
where gravity is non-existent  
and time has no measurement

maybe my life would be better if i was  
shallow and laconic  
i would be a little less empathetic  
and all my love would be platonic  
so i'd never have to doubt myself  
even though i know i wouldn't  
id make sure you would always see me  
as a picture perfect woman

my solemn eyes do not have a thought behind  
them  
just a god-like complex  
every thought of you seemed colonized  
but it was an act of conquest

emptiness is an awful sound  
i am the audience to your  
orchestra of silence  
you harvested every seed of peace in me  
and grew it into violence

so i set fire to all of you love letters  
poems that could never rhyme  
the ashes streaked across a  
once-clean face  
and all that is left is soot and grime  
roller coaster of emotions  
my stomach is still in the air  
lingering with that feeling like  
i  
am about  
to die

i grew out of the halo you placed upon my head, i  
am no longer your angel  
i cannot let my mind turn to chaos  
just because your mind is unstable  
i should have never compared you to the moon

for you, are a planet of your own  
one with dark skies, and overpopulated thoughts  
that constantly roam

the bittersweet taste to your name is all that i with-  
held  
i was choosing to live in your world  
even though i had the entire universe to myself

so mother nature i became ,i birthed  
every star  
red, blue, green,  
brilliant sparks of light  
i set fire to your worries revenge is no better than  
spite  
i grew tulips in my temples  
they stand tall without your venom  
my spirit could finally dance again  
she hid in my cerebellum

so my condolences go to parts of you and  
all that is left of our memories  
& although you still haunt my presence  
you are far more than dead to me

to heal is to grow  
and time is of the essence  
it is to deny, feel anger, bargain, depression  
and to thrive in acceptance

By Jayla Ortiz