

Third Place, Poetry, Ages 14-18

Abigail Davis, Age 14
Sussex Technical High School

Musical Chairs

She imagined what would happen
If her life was a never-ending game of musical chairs.

Music swells and cuts off
of its own free will
and in the climax of the game
she would be the last one standing,
her loved ones dropping off
until there would only be room
in the world for her.

A face wet with tears
inked on her heart
like a desperate tattoo
radiates sorrow as she sits still,
emptiness howling
like the lyrical patterns
of distant winds.

She imagined this charade,
a fight for her life,
longing for her earthly position
face to face with another
till the music stops
and in a split second she finds herself sitting.

Flightless tears stain her face,
like acid tearing at thin onionskin.