

SECOND PLACE HIGH SCHOOL POETRY

The Apple

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All I feel is cold
The hunger is
gone The pain
has left
All that remains is a sea of ice in my bones
I feel as if I am suspended on the threshold between life and
death A space in between all that is and isn't

Floating in this frozen
ocean I close my eyes
I let the current drag me
under I let all the darkness
in Sinking deep slowly until
My eyes open

An angel smiles down at me
Gently stroking my matted hair
She looks so familiar
A dream I can't place
In her hand is something red and shiny
Like a ruby

An apple
But it's so much more than that
It's a light that scares away the darkness
It's a flame that keeps me warm in this frigid
world It's a raft that drags me back to shore

The taste is heaven
Slowly my senses
return My sister
My sweet sweet sister is holding me
Our slender frames shivering in those cruel cold barracks
An apple in her hand that cost her more than I will ever
know A miracle in the hand of an angel