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Category: Poetry

Never Ending Race

I no longer run after I've turned off the lights
because the demons of the dark can't catch me.
See I've been taught to keep running in this race
We call life but I'm sure if I'm losing or winning
The only reason I still run around in these circles is the whips that are right at my back
Because failure is not an option I can only get straight As maybe one B
Or I'll end up in a coffin
With no future. No college to accept and no career that I would be able to pursue because I've lost
Everyone else is running that same race at different places in the 'rank' we're given and they're all winning
Why am I not winning?
Why do I keep falling behind the rest of the pack?
I see some of the people behind me who have already given up and they seem happier
Some of them are just moving at their own pace, no whips or threats pushing them to their breaking point.
Are the people in front of me really winning or are they the losers in this system,
Forced to run around this hamster's wheel until we can't anymore and we break.
I've been shoved into this race, and people keep trying to shove me forward even though I'm on my last legs.
Suddenly they've decided I've got no ambition to win but it was never there in the first place because I don't know
what winning entails
Isn't the whole point of this process? To build us up for our next steps in life.
Will I be too tired to take those next steps.?
That ambition you saw was just the fear of disappointing you and making you feel like you'd raised someone who
was a failure
So I kept running
My legs were broken and I could feel the hill getting steeper but I kept trying to run
Now I feel like I'm rock climbing because I no longer can put my feet in front of me to get any forward momentum
and everything I do seems to remind you of someone else who did something better or went further forwards
Why am I not enough?
Stop putting all of your unfinished dreams on my back
Stop burdening me with weights when I'm already maxed out
Stop trying to throw new obstacles at me like they're hurdles on the road because I'm not even sure where that road
is anymore and these obstacles are your doing not mine, because I would've been fine running my race if you weren't
constantly telling me to go faster.
This race is torture and those shoves that I keep feeling on my back and have turned to punches and whips.
Blows that hurt any sense of pride I have left in me because I know I've been pushed beyond my limit and I'm
running out of steam,
But those shoves and punches keep coming and my coaches don't seem to realize that what they're doing is hurting
me more than helping me,
I've had enough.
And the next time I get shoved back into the race I might turn around and smack the person who touches me
because I don't want to run anymore. This race is over for me because no matter whether I move forward or
backwards somebody thinks I've lost,
This means I'm told that I've lost because someone else has won in your mind, and I can never win in your mind.
So now I'm truly lost because there doesn't seem to be any sort of victory, whether I'm at the front or the back of

the pack and my legs have already broken but I can't take a breather
I need to stop running at some point.