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Category: Poetry

And It Collapsed

She always smelled like vanilla and lavender,
When she didn't smell like jack and weed.
The scent still lingers in my mind,
On cold nights, when all you can breathe in, is the cold sky.
And I sit wondering if she was ever really mine.
These cold nights make me think of the farm.
And us staring at the stars.
Laying on our backs, waiting for gravity to collapse.
And for the night sky to swoop us up and it's cold embrace, at last.
So we can be among the stars.
And travel out as far,
As far as we can see.
She seemed obsessed with trying to find a way out.
She always said that she was looking for a way to escape.
Always talking about running away.
But what about the lines that she made in her arms.
Was that her escape, was that her running away?
From all the problems she wasn't ready to face?
I almost miss the days of continuing the rays on her arm.
Waiting for them to dissipate.
Although they always seemed to remain.
And multiple on bad days.
But all I could do was sit there and pray,
And hope she'd find another way.
I miss the weight of her head on my shoulder.
And how her hand felt in mine.
Her hands always warm,
And because of that her heart was always cold.
Like a gaping black hole, constantly sucking the life from everything around her.
She would always apologize when she would cry.
And say it was her bad.
As if it was her own fault for feeling sad.
She always thought that she was bringing me down,
And that I'd be happier if she wasn't around.
But the truth is, I don't know what to do with myself now.
I was scared of her leaving,
Because I'm scared of things changing.
But she said that I've always been that way,
And that I'd be scared even if she'd stayed.
But part of me still wishes she remained.
She jumped from the building before it collapsed.
She dodged the avalanche.
I should be happy that she isn't stuck in my mess,

But part of me still feels guilty that she ever left.
And I wonder why...
As if I had a choice.
...I wonder why.