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Age: 14, Grade: 10

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Category: Poetry

Ahead

The heart beats,
Hoofs clatter,
Dust settles on
the eyelashes of
those on the run,
as passersby wash
away in the wind,
hidden by sunlight
while the landscape
lays barren.
Grass grows as
the world slows,
a singular petal of a
dandelion drifting
through the mist,
Still, the pots and
pans in the town clatter
and the butterflies
flutter in anxiousness.
The bubbling of a roast,
crackles of love's flames,
two children kicking a ball
across a singular patch
of grass.
The sun dims,
Then loosens its grip on
its beloved horizon
and slips away,
And not much is
known about what
will be, but it is
clear in the quiet,
in the darkness,
that the wind will
keep whooshing
and the ground will
remain dry, and
tomorrow, the sun
will climb back up again,
And a new day
will begin.
Hoofs will clatter,
The heart will beat,

Faster
than the day before.