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Category: Poetry

The View

I'm writing this poem in pen
Fine ink that I don't usually touch to paper
But today I write with words scribbled in and out of place
Miscalculating and contradicting
My hand is shaking
And my wrists want to break and bend in every other way, but my brain says stop
I don't usually write in pen
Because each time I etch letters into the page
I think of all the other ways it could have been phrased- or *said*- or *written*
So that my words lay perfectly like place settings
Just ready for presentation
But my words, they are cracked like broken china
If I pick them up they'll draw blood
But don't they say that the best work is done with blood sweat and tears
So I'm already 1/3 of the way there
Just crossing out and marking in
So my setbacks can tell the story of how I got back up
It looks like my mistakes are mesmerizing
Dotted arrows are quick shooting stars
They race like nobody gave them permission to
And nobody did
My reevaluations are cataclysmic revelations
With each frenzy of fumbled lines
My ideas, they realign
And my grip on this pen grows firmer- more solidified in the uncertainty of what comes next
I may have no clue where this piece will end
I may have no idea how I'll get there
But I promise I will
And when I do- I'll take in the view
Because it's going to be gorgeous- and grand
Even if you don't understand
All these scratched out error-induced lines, they molded mountains
They brought up buttercups
And are the carousel peaks of a crimson shore
So yes, there are flaws
Not every flower petal is silk
And not every bird sings exactly on key
But they still sing
And we should too.