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Category: Poetry

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**His Hazel Eyes**

Walking 'long the fountain  
I see a sight.  
I saw a crying boy  
With such soft, hazel eyes.  
And to approach him  
Oh, I wish I tried,  
But he had walked away...

I tried following,  
But could not catch up.  
As he turned to face me,  
Then I knew I was stuck  
Because that strange boy  
He had such pure eyes,  
I had to see happy...

And the spring's fresh bloom,  
Carried by the summer's skies.  
I enjoyed as they washed over us.  
And before I knew,  
Those pure eyes who were so sad  
Were suddenly happy...

And his hand  
I felt it softly touch mine  
As the gentle breeze flew  
Now the boy who I looked at didn't cry.  
He found what he seemed to seek.  
His colorless world full of its dullness  
Was suddenly colored  
And the canvas that was painted on  
was beautiful as it seemed.  
Both of us were there.

Once again,  
My feet take me where they'll go.  
And that boy beside me  
He will follow me too.  
We'll go anywhere  
That you'd want to go  
And we could just be free.

Take my hand,

I'll lead you where the light goes.  
We'll have fun getting there,  
And I'll hold you so close.  
There is nowhere else  
I'd want to be at  
Unless you came along.

When the autumn leaves  
We're carried out by the winter  
I smiled at you,  
So glad you were here.  
And your eyes again,  
So full of sympathy.  
I recognized those tears.  
But they now came from me.

And your hand  
I held it so, so secure.  
As the gentle breeze flew.  
And I understood what suddenly made  
Your transparency disappear.  
Your colorless world was full of dullness  
And with me was colored  
And the canvas that was painted on  
was beautiful as it's been.  
Happiness dwelled in there.