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Category: Poetry

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## Wonderings

If there's one thing I've learned from being in high school,  
it's that sometimes it's better to wonder about things,  
to leave *without* an answer.  
I can't count how many times I've thought about asking out of the blue  
why I wasn't good enough for you.  
I imagine being fearless-  
knuckle raised to knock on your front door,  
question caught in my throat-  
but I always change my mind.

Lately, I've been wondering about things.  
Maybe you're more into brunettes or girls with lighter skin or  
maybe you're a philosopher,  
and I wasn't the answer to life's greatest questions.  
Maybe you're a musician,  
and I just wasn't hitting all the right chords-  
you're on tour and can't stay for too long-  
maybe you were at a point in your life where you needed solitude.  
You're packing up to move to Europe and didn't want to get too attached-  
maybe you're actually an undercover secret agent  
and loving me would lead to your cover being blown-

Maybe,  
Maybe you found out you were allergic to my care,  
and there was just no medication existing to cure it so you did what you had to do-  
Maybe fate set me on the road "less traveled by" and decided that  
you're more of a subway kind of guy-  
Maybe you set in the west and I rise in the east there's no way it'd work-  
I'm A and you're Z we'd never reach one another,  
I'm a.m. you're p.m. we'd never see each other in time,  
My love,  
we are parallel lines on this graph, trapped in our individual square units-  
Maybe you're in the left lane I'm in the right and there's these damn double solid yellow lines between us but  
I have never wanted to crash into somebody's arms more than yours-  
or I'm zooming by and you are eternally stuck behind a red light-  
I'm sorry,  
but I'm not waiting on anybody.  
And I could spend all this time wondering but truthfully maybe

I am just a burst of every color imaginable-  
My personality a beautiful retelling of every vivid hue ever seen-  
and you are colorblind to all of them.

If what they say is true and  
I'm better off without any answers to these wonderings then maybe,  
Maybe,  
your departure had nothing to do with me.

perhaps it wasn't my fault,  
I am good enough for anyone,  
and every instance of time, distance, and space  
ensured that we were simply not meant to be.