
Honorable Mention, Poetry, Grades 7-9

“Roses,” Shira Hanovich

The first time I saw him, my cheeks flushed,
Like roses
But the flowers spread from my face to my lungs,
Blocking my airways.
Stealing my breath.

One cough could dislodge an entire bouquet,
More roses
Pale pink petals, dripping with crimson,
Coating my tongue.
Killing my voice.

I wanted to tell him what he planted
Fatal roses
Each beautiful bud a death sentence
Filling my lungs
Stopping my heart.

Shira Hanovich is in 9th grade at St. Louis Park High School. She loves to read, write and participate in theater. This is her third time participating in Keren Or, winning a prize each year.