
Third Place, Poetry, Grades 7-9

“My Hands,” Caroline Epstein

My hands created my story,
They put the words together to form a poem,

They built Legos and created a house,
Only to be destroyed and rebuilt in another way,

They've drawn my artwork,
They've signed the bottom,

Their swift movements have emotions,
Displayed through various ways,
They do what no leg can do,
No face,
No stomach,

Nothing.

They give me good grades,
And they give me bad grades,
They write my essays,
They fill out tests,

Beautiful hands,
Fly away,
Be free,
That is what you're meant to be.

*Carolyn Epstein is in 8th grade at The Blake School.
She loves to travel, draw and do many forms of art!
She especially loves her cat, Figaro.*