

Third Place, Poetry, Grades 7-9, Leah Smith

Some moments

People don't make any sense.

They exist.

Is that enough?

They are made of skin

and bones

and blood.

What's the point?

Why do I get up everyday?

Why do I talk to people?

Why am I here?

Why does anything matter?

The truth lies in that one feeling.

The feeling from that moment you make a joke and someone laughs.

That feeling you get when you hug someone you love.

That feeling you get when you smile at a stranger and they smile right back at you.

That is the purpose of life.

To make something of what you hold.