

### **Third Place, Poetry, Grades 10-12, Etty Last**

#### **They, My Home**

A memorized maze of modern memories,  
A frozen forest of frosty blues,  
Empty rooms of evolving souls,  
Closets full of dusty clothes.

I know my way around these sounds,  
The colors and the lights.  
My sunset framed in white,  
And a cozy crib of comfort.

But still i miss my home,  
The one that is never alone.  
Pink walls of sparkles and perfection,  
Innocence and bliss like a childhood kiss.

Kiss my head while I sleep.  
Be my home when I open my eyes,  
Shield my heart with walls of love.  
You are my home

You keep me safe.