

First Place, Poetry, Grades 10-12, Amelia Wise

an ode to abandonment

i have come to the precipice
of my ponderings,
such weary wanderers
forage for lost remedies.
when you left,
you didn't take them with you,
these broken beliefs
these cracked book spines,
they rattle in your absence.
cold wind whistles
through the canyon
that you once filled.
and the memories
they must dance to keep warm.
loose papers wheel through the clouds
carried up in a rushing current
and if you were to let them hang
still for a haunting instant,
you would see that
these scattered pages
once chronicling beguiling stories,
have **unbound**
my stories have become words
and my words drowned by wind
whip through the blue-gray sky.
look! my words are in flight!
and when the words fly
they become songs,
melodies hurl themselves into
the swelling windstorm.
all of us pages
torn from our bindings
lost in this gusting tune of the wind.
as i stand here at the edge
of the incredible untold
the music of the storm
stirs something deep within me,
a fragile hope
that someday
you will leave for the very last time
and that i may watch you go
and be filled with gratitude

for the rush of your depart
has set my shackled words free,
allowing my exhausted
memories to dance.
you've left me
with a startling realization:
without your abandonment,
the wind would not turn
my rambling words to songs.
through your absence
i have learned that
we who are left behind
cling to that which carries us upwards.