

**Daideo**

Noa Ní Aoláin Gross

POETRY, HONORABLE MENTION (Grades 10-12)

They sat in the sunlight room, unsure of what to say.  
For they thought,  
If they began to speak their voices would fail  
The young girl tightly clasped his hands  
In her own  
And with each shaky word he attempted, her eyes watered more  
Threatening to  
Overflow  
But she did not know that he saw her sadness  
And to his despair  
He had no answer  
They sat as the sun progressed through its cycle  
And watched as the white blurs of coats came and left  
The pair longed to roam free unrestricted  
By chairs and germs  
So they sat hands clasped  
In silence  
Words no longer needed. For all that was uncertain they knew,  
The other cared.

*Noa Ní Aoláin Gross is in 10th grade at St. Paul Academy. Besides writing and photography, she enjoys hiking and backpacking in Minnesota and beyond, as well as debating and writing for her school's newspaper.*