

**2007-2008
CBC Writing Competition**

Senior Level Entry
Category: Poetry
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Death by Poetry

In life comes death.
In love comes hate.
In music comes poetry.
In words come emotions.

Some people depend on faith, others on fate. Others send out thoughts upon an ocean.
An ocean that is full of sleepless nights and salty tears that only help to let you watch
everything wash away for a while.

The wonders of life can be given and taken away anytime the opportunity is presented.
All of the wonderful hours in loving arms with out fears. Realize nothing is here to stay.

From the minute of our first breath,
Until the tingle of our last, as our souls leave our bodies, poetry surrounds us.
Poetry is the beautiful world that to us has been bestowed.

Anything that can heal you can hurt you.
Anything that can love you can hate you.

But these are just the parts of life that involve poetry.

Now I leave you here to sit beside yourself to think and be true,
Think of how the poetry in the world molds us into whom and what we are.

From emotions come words.

From poetry comes music.

From hate we will soon find love.

From one death a new life is given the chance.

The Un-won Game

Love is a game.
Guys use love for sex.
Girls use sex for love.
Love is a word.
A verb.

To show, to express the way you feel about someone close.
Love is a component of a relationship.
You love to hate someone, yet
You hate to admit that there is love.
Love is an emotion hard to control.
Love is a feeling so confusing and full.
Love is a sin.
Still no matter how hard you try,
Love is a game that you can never win.

Tick, Tick

Every life is measured by time.
By a clock, and accounted for by each hour, minute, and second that passes.
But like a watch that has been broken and pushed under the bed, not to be seen.
Many people's lives resemble how watches are treated.
The life of a watch is as valuable as the life of a human.
Our lives may not seem as though they should be equally wanted,
But find one reason that they shouldn't.
We both serve a purpose from the time we come out of our packages,
Until the time, that we are running low from wear and tear.
As we decide a watch is useless we decide our lives might also be useless.
Everything changes once you move your thoughts from knowing your purpose,
To not understanding why or what you are doing here.
You start to try and run and hide from the life that you began.
Until the day you start cleaning up.
Just as your life it getting together, you find the life you discarded into the dust.
Straighten the band, fix the clip.
Adjust the hands to get back on track, replace the glass.
Last to bring back the life and start over, you replace the batteries.
Everybody has their ups and downs in life.
But you have to pull the watch, and piece it back together

Too Soon

Childhood friends, graduation pictures, funerals the way it was.

But these days a new sequence of events takes place.

First childhood friends, later high school, drugs, finally the senior year, the funerals, and then graduation pictures.

Talking with God asking why these events happened this way.

The response is only the breeze through the church.

At home watching T.V. as the time creeps closer to the procession.

In the room changing when it begins, tears well up as the thoughts flow.

All the memories that will never be but also all the memories that already are.

No way to change what has already happened.

Thoughts racing, if only, what if, what could have been. Only pain answers the questions.

At the charnel heads bow, hands clasp.

As the lid is fastened on the box of the most precious memory the sobbing begins.

A small cry in the back barely audible, then as the sound grows the mind is dispersed.

All interruptions are removed as the sound is noticed.

A whistle blown over by a breeze, lying on the stone chiseled to specify emotions.

Picked up, put into a pocket, and carried home.

Memories come flooding back every time there is a glance at the whistle.

At the church the whistle was seen. Then again at the cemetery, as if the whistle is a sign.

Looking upon the whistle an engraving on the side shows a new view of fate.

A life taken for a life saved.

Everyday is one day shorter but no matter the ability to stop change.

Fate cannot be stopped.

Mistakes forgiven, sacrifices made, lives changed.