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CBC Writing Competition
CBC Student Entry
Category: Poetry
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And in the Palm of My Hand

Feeling calm in the face of life's storms
The eye of a hurricane is my kingdom by the sea
Which way the path bends and which way our perspective forms
As the raging ocean waves become just a mist in the wind that is free
As the world turns the emerald forest is the new suburbia
And the mighty desert began with just one little thunderstorm
And then I change my point of view and say nothing but la bella vi
The beauty in everyday leaves me breathless and again I am born
Simple and miraculous are the clouds that hang so gently in the sky
Bright and guiding are the stars that show our hearts
The silver lining of everyday leaves me asking why
When the emotion of love makes two people part

But something this strong will never cease to exist
I will be speechless as the moment of miracles will become mine
The touch of lips that I once kissed
The light fades and darkness begins to shine

And as the world turns the universe becomes less and less of a mystery
We can capture rays of sun and use the wind to fly
Then the pages of the book begin to unfold our history
As Passion arises with a deliciously simple lie
The greenest purple in all the world is something more then charming
The pulsating vibes of amazement and color
A fools paradise where the creative mind is starving
Then the ships sail along each and every shore
Tip toeing into an adventure with sudden ties
Opening the door to elegance and allurement
Seductive waves of confusion bombard the skies
As we finally begin to grow into our monuments

I CONFESS

Right, Left, Right, Left
One foot in front of the other
A single step at a time

I tie my feet into my shoes
Just so that when they move on
They don't leave me behind

Though often they untie themselves
Making me stumble and fall
So they may escape

Hold On! It's what I do.
Jacket zipped, ready for anything. Fore what weather I may weather
Depends solely on that direction, for which I do not know.

Onward and forward
Forward and onward
Strapped in and buttoned up.

I constantly question
And always wonder
Where it is my feet are taking me.

Day to day as thoughts and moments change
I stumble ahead always feeling a step behind
Knowing that fate is not always a good excuse

Each day ends and begins
And something is always accomplished
Yet the more and more confused I become

Thoughts, obligations, past, and present
Swirl in my mind like some torturous bond
Yet hidden simply behind a good morning smile

All this only for to say
That I CONFESS
Right now I just don't know my way!

Rain and then Mud

Drip Drop on the sill of my window
Nothing more clear then a cloudy, rainy, foggy day
Not so much bustle down the street
No people littering the sidewalks
A rainy day leaves an abandoned world at my disposal
As I throw on my brightly colored rain coat
I dash for the door
My mother tells me to stop
Apparently there is something forbidden about a bit of rain
I sneak out all the same to jump, play, and soak
As the rain falls, it gives the entire world a shower
But then ohhh, then
The rain eventually stops
Leaving the lingering smell of a fresh new day
And then of course mud
Squishing, dirty, moldable, mud
Although seemingly contradicting from something so fresh and clean
It's a gift from a gift in a world so generous
A day of renewed fun with an old earth

Strangely

It was strange that year I left
At least strange enough to note
I also found it strange when I arrived
A strange place with strange people
Strangely doing what seemed to be normal for them
Only strange to me because I was un-normal
Strange to them
I was a stranger!
Strange shops with strange roofs
Strange clothes with different buttons, strange hair, strange hats
Strange houses with strange rules
Strange customs for which these strangers would partake
Strange everything!
Yet everyone and everything was normal in a strange sort of way.
So I strangely continued on my normally strange path
Yet from moment to moment things became stranger
Thought to thought I became stranger too!
I was strange, and it began to feel normal
And strangely I agreed that being just a bit strange
Is, was, and will always be better than being a bit normal.
So as strange as it all was
I was becoming un-strange
Strangely normal in an un-normal sort of way
Being a stranger as strangers do
I strangely adapted.
And I became strangely normal to the strangers around me
And of course a stranger to those who used to be normal like me.
A stranger to strangers and a stranger to friends
There was nothing more strange than being a stranger.
Strange yet normal, normal yet strange
And strangely as human
I was normal yet un-normal to each stranger.