

Poetry Best in Show

Where I'll Be

By: Ealleannore VanNortrick

Concord Academy Petoskey, 11th Grade

The wind blows softly,
Tussling the reeds by the creek.
It's where the trees bend ever so gently,
Creating the canopy above.
Where the water ebbs and flows,
Taking whatever shape feels natural.
The sun sets, casting an array of colors across the sky.
This is when the moon glows bright;
While the sun shows his final rays.
Where the stars above are innumerable.
This is where you will find me.
Sitting beneath an old Willow
And far from the city's lights,
The moon emits a pale glow.
Her various shades of blue and grey
Reach across, hoping to hold the cosmos within her hand.
The branches of the trees stretch further upward,
Yearning for a glimpse of what may be out there.
Every sound of nature pools around me
And I find myself staring upward once more.
I see the vast nothingness stretched out above me.
I am always pondering whether or not there is more.
Perhaps the night sky is simply a lid to the box we are in
And the stars are nothing but air holes.
Could we simply be characters of some game,
Being controlled by some being?
What if there are others out there, though?
Would they be nearly as miserable as we humans are?
Perhaps they are.
Perhaps not...
For now, though, it doesn't matter.
All that needs to be seen is in front of me.
For I can be found
Where the wind blows softly,
Tussling the reeds by the creek.

Where the trees bend ever so gently,
Creating the canopy above.
And I will be where the water ebbs and flows,
Taking whatever shape feels natural.
For now, this is all I need to witness.
After all, we can always allow a crisis
To wait one more day.