

Second Place Poetry – High School

To My One and Only, Atom

By: Emma Rockwell

Grade: 12

School: Harbor Springs High School

Your umbilical cord wrapped around your dainty throat

A hangman's noose.

I, your mother, so uninterested in you

It is hard to speak about someone you never truly knew.

Blood-stained bedsheets, tear-stained cheeks,

A coward of a man, who knew nothing but emptying his cartridge.

I, your mother, so cultured and educated,

Never thought I'd be in a position to take a life.

Your life,

Brought to an end before your first gasp.

No amount of prenatal care could have helped you.

You were on the brink of greatness.

You could have been greatness.