

Second Place Poetry – High School

“Pointless Embitterment”

Maggie Chism

11th Grade

Petoskey High School

My mind is
Full of sores
That will ache and never heal
Full of bitterness that I just can't release

I often prod at them
Those memories
Which serve only to ache like old bruises

They aren't scars
To pretend they're scars is
To pretend that I'm not still the slightest bit upset
That I'm not still bitter, disappointed
Whether at myself for holding such a grudge
Or at the memory itself
I am uncertain

But the grudges themselves don't care
They simply exist to fester and ache
To make me shake my head and grit my teeth
Until I'd rather never think of them again

They are all so simple and worthless
These grudges
Clinging on to incidents from my past
That are petty and minor
Yet they are like open wounds that I can't help but
Pick and prod at

Maybe if I keep prodding
They might heal

If I keep picking
Maybe they'll finally scar

Maybe then I will finally stop holding

These pointless grudges
Over the most pointless of events