

Memories

Poem: First Place 2015

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It's said that your eyes are the gateway to your soul,
The place where mine reside is but a gaping hole.
Flesh is torn open, tears are shed,
The new skin growth left raw and red.
They say turn to your friends, but I have none,
My playful eyes were deprived of all fun.
They're split at the cornea, five miles wide,
Null, void, and disemboweled on the inside.
I'm staring blank, unfeeling, motionless at the wall,
I have been stunned by the harsh magnitude of it all.
There's supposedly a light at the end of this cave,
My heart bleeding me out over the life I have made.
I've been given second chances, third and fourth ones too,
I wasted them all away for friends who weren't true.
I lost sight of what's right, I became blind to the world,
My feelings of hatred and sadness became unfurled.
Loud and belligerent, immature and indignant,
Angry over the things of which I am ignorant.
The mind of a child and heart of a fool,
Doing illegal things just to become cool.
I don't need their approval, or their respect,
Because without both my back is still erect.
I'll keep my head up and a smile on my face,
In spite of the memories I'd like to erase.