

Deception

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Sickness on Display

You're half dressed.
It's curtain call;
better get to fasting, flaunt
insecurity while you're passing
by;
goodbye;
deranged
and exchanged for worth,
worthy
of their applause.
You worked hard for this; smile;
hit rock bottom in denial.
You look vile.
They're in disguise, watching,
strangers with eyes, taunting,
pointing
at your sweat dripping.
You're slipping.
Get a grip;
don't slip.
You're ego's fine; keep in mind
the sound of the groan.
Don't moan.
They'll see your struggle.
The light's on you; your moment of
glory,
was it worth it all?
When you didn't
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Boy and His Drum

He held a drum
under
his arm.
It played a song as consistent as the wind
blowing the leaves the little girl raked

horizontally.
He bleeds,
metaphorically, of course,
sitting next to the girl he claims to love,
playing his drum.
It screams honesty,
like her,
outside the window.
"You're alone!"
The little girl screams.
He bangs
her,
his drum.
He looks to
her,
the mirror.
The bed is
empty.
He lets go of her hand
and bangs his drum
to let
the little girl
dance.

Claire

I feel it
thought it's subtle,
easily mistaken
for attraction.
Even now
that I came to the realization
it may be more.
I'm no optimist
and often lose vision
of what's in front of me
until I feel it.
I felt it once
when the butterfly
brushed my lips ,
flutter.
I got so high,
escape,
so unreal,
but we are real.
We cannot fly.
I'm the weakest
of the three.
Equal opportunity,
but you two connect,
kind hearted,
but don't
help me gain strength.
Everything will be as it should.

You two will fly to the heavens,
and I will fall
and be forced to walk
on fragile feet.

Drawn Up Masterpiece

Drawn up masterpiece,
work of fiction,
deception,
but I fell
inside the pretty colors.
It smiled at me.
I got lost,
captivation,
but its true beauty was revealed.
Blank canvas,
disappointment,
inspiration,
I created
a masterpiece of my own
depth,
beauty
ripped from my hands
for someone else to enjoy.
Recreated,
flawless,
unappreciated,
left to hang,
I view from afar,
alone,
possibility,
but dare I touch it again?