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Category: Poetry

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### **Glass Box**

I wake up; my eyes flutter  
And what do I see?  
But a little glass cage  
Surrounding me.

The walls around me  
Are covered with white  
I scream for help  
To pierce the endless night

But no one comes  
And to my defect  
I start to cry  
Before I begin to reset

My life before,  
Though I don't remember much  
Couldn't have been  
Half as easy as this new crutch

I decide to stay  
Though I don't have much choice  
Because ease is much better  
Than having a voice

Much time has passed  
Since I arrived here  
I sighed with relief  
Far away from my peers

My little glass cage  
Once clean and pristine  
Now has my finger prints  
Dampening its sheen.

Though I never eat  
I never feel deprived.  
Though I never drink  
My lack of thirst is contrived

I never push the testy boundaries  
Of my little glass cage  
And then one day, I see a bright light

And know this is the end of me and my age.

My fingers are weary  
My bones are tired  
My body shuts down  
My hair runs wild.

And through this little glass cage  
I thought was my safety  
I begin to realize  
Has slowly killed me.

And as I drift off  
To whatever is next,  
I look back down  
Onto one massive wreck.

I see hundreds, thousands  
Millions like me  
Living in glass cages  
None, pushing their boundaries

Millions and millions  
of wasted lives  
Never pushing limits  
No one even tries

Every one of them has  
The exact same way of living  
Born into existence  
Before eventually dying.

So much wasted talent,  
All because they believed  
That the less unique you are  
The happier you'll be.

And so they live  
In their little glass cage  
Not one of them striving  
To be more or be free.