

Lequinn Pettway

Age: 16, Grade: 11

School Name: W P Davidson High School, Mobile, AL

Educators: Charlotte Griffin, Tara Smith

Category: Poetry

Something: A Cluster of Little Nothings

Rendez-vous

that place where the lilies grow,
someplace sacred,
no one knows.

meet me there while the sky still blooms.
tranquil-thinking,
i'll wait for you.

let us embrace and escape from time,
heavy hearts intertwined.
i'll be yours
and you'll be mine.

Wordless

A match struck in a dark, dark place
Before the tired eyes of a young face
Illuminating
A filthy space.
It dances.

The mirror casts a startling clarity.
A pool of water, dark and muddied,
Staring
At its twin.
It stills.

Shadows and storms fumble in the distance,
A great transformation coming with them,
Cowering
On the horizon.
They wait.

A heart reflected in the furls of flame
Languidly spreading, devouring all it claims,
Murmuring
To the silence.

It rages,
It seethes,
It beats and breathes,

Shuddering as it is birthed free
From the cold cavern where it once dwelled,
A body too accustomed to a lullaby
Of death knells.

A body is naught but a pyre for the mind.
One fire-consumed only bides the time.
Please, never become my reality.

Wise Words Unspoken

Who listens when the silent speaks?
Who weeps when she whimpers?
Who has an ear
Tuned to hear
Her trembling little whispers?

Who understands when the silent speaks?
Whose heart hurts the same?
Who knows of the dark,
And longs for the spark
Like her nightmares of the flame?

Who believes when the silent speaks?
Who accepts her words as truth?
Who stands in agreement
Allowing no maltreatment
Of the words she decided to use?

For what is a stuttered, unspoken threat,
Promise, plea, or poem
but a lie?
When the silent speaks,
Will they think that she's right?

The Hope and Despair of the Evening's Exhale

Tomorrow.
Another way
To crumble, break, sink
To climb, build, sing
To tumble, tear,
To taste, think.
The balance of each upon my eyelids,
And there's an ache at the base
Of my neck and spine,
And a hysteria defined
By the lack of time.
I'll slip into a sliver of darkness soon
To close my eyes.
And rest deeply tonight,
Dreaming of sunrise,
Worrying about,
Wondering about
Tomorrow.

Poet Romantic

a flower, a dream
plucked from the stem.
delicate leaves.
soft petals,
a sweet scent.
once and forevermore,
i fall in love with you again.

a bird, a word
the fluttering of wings.
feathers flying,
skyborn beauty.
everything of you
that i have seen
has been from a distance.
one day, i hope to reach
and know your song,
every note, every grief
every little piece of your heart's melody.

nature is the most beautiful thing i know.
at times i am allowed to appreciate it,
and it heals me.
i want to understand it
and let it transform me.
i wish the know the actions and words
to walk towards my dreams.