

**Lequinn Pettway**

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Category: Poetry

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**Bittersweet seventeen, the last few months of it**

Maybe, the world will make sense to me  
When I'm no longer seventeen  
But what fresh hell  
Might my next year bring?  
I can't know, I can't do anything  
All I know is now, the anxiety and uncertainty.

Maybe, the world will make sense to me  
When I'm no longer sad and seventeen  
But what sorry sorrows  
Might my next year bring?  
I can't know, I can't do anything  
All I know is now, the aches and uncertainty.

Maybe, the world will make sense to me  
When I'm no longer stupid and seventeen  
But what numb knowledge  
Might my next year bring?  
I don't know, I don't know anything  
All I know is now, the strange, endless uncertainty.

Maybe, the world will never make sense to me,  
No closer, no closer to any kingdom  
Than I am now  
Sad and stupid and seventeen;  
The more things change  
The more they stay the same, that's what they  
Say and repeat and believe.  
But  
What about me?