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Category: Poetry

Fruit of the Mind

“Crystal-clear, conflict-cloudy”

Clarity strikes my eyes—
A lighthouse, seen
From the midst
Of a dark, dark sea.

What a divine mercy
Is it, to drink! From
The spring, eternal,
And yet so difficult it is
To wring
More than a few drops,
A pitiful little trickle
Of a stream.

“Potential, browned from waiting”

The night is still ripe, young,
A fruit, to be plucked
From the death of day,
From misery, melted away
And into an awaiting hand,
A hungry of heart and head of an ache.

Ripe with contentness,
Standing on the eve
Of the moment when it slips,
—Success—nectar, sweet,
From the heavy leaves
Of the orchard of euphoria, relief,
And yet—that single second,
Mouth open and awaiting—
But the flavor, instead, is
One of spilled milk,
Spoiled and ruined. and
I do, very much,
Feel like crying.

"Flyaway"

I heard a fly buzz
While I was Alive—
Alive, sure enough—
Alive as all my life.

I watched in curious wonder
At her nervous twitch and shake
Her wings almost dainty
And oh—
Her swift escape!

And then I stared out that window,
Her former domain,
And wondered if, someday,
I'd do the the same.

“Pyre”

Fyre, fyre,
Burning bright,
Candle-flame, hallowed night—
Take my pains, ease my plight
Claim my body,
Now yours, once mine.

Fyre, fyre,
Blinding light,
Star-stolen majesty,
Cradled close, coddled,
As clear and true and right—
Let no dagger drift towards me
In shadowous apparition's delight,
Let me be no closer
To that gentle night.

Fyre, fyre
Flickering—fleetingly—
Dwindling in size, pool of ending,
Pool of time, and
Blackened wick, there you lie.
May the warmth of your breeze
Be scattered kindly over me
And settle into aches growing
Worse than before
As I stare at you and fear the future,
With a heart weeping,
For the days that are no more.