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Category: Poetry

the Writer

"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?

"Little girl, young lady, what are you thinking?"
Oh, what Makes a girl, and the peculiar
Things she'd do?
—Why, sugar and spice and everything nice,
And everything mean too: the envy greens
And sorrow blues, all the many mixed up hues
Beyond and in-between,
The sweet and the salty, and especially
The bitter Brand of Femininity
That I feel, that I see
When I look in the mirror

A bit too closely, noticing
A little pimple or skin hairy—oh, so scary—
Where it ought to not be. And it burns,
Scorching--though my skin not quite
Light enough to show the shame—when
Somebody Looks at me.

Don't you see it in their eyes?
Don't your hear it in their teeth, tongues,
The breath from their lungs, the very manner
In which they speak? And then there's the
Noticing, the always Knowing, the Picking
And Plucking and Primping, Always, Always,
That's how they'll tell you to Be—
Be good then be better then stay that way
for all eternity—and how unrealistic a thing!

But I wash my face twice a day, moisture and tone,
Nail polish and perfume of rose,
Shave sometimes and dress prettily
—As much as I can while being Me, bound
By my unbeing and unhaving means and money—
And then seek
In that mirror, the golden, miraculous thing.
What would it take
To Be
Confident in one's body, comfortable
In both blandness and beauty?

"Artisitic Agony"
Oh, let the artist do,
Let the artist be.
Quite creative, quite intelligent
Is she, is she,
Here may we lay shallow praises at her feet.

Demand no masterpiece of me.
I walk in nightmares,
I cry in dreams.
The waking world has made
Monsters inside me seethe
And now I stumble through life
With shredded sanity.

Oh, let the artist do,
Let the artist be.
Isn't she marvelous, isn't she sweet?
Quite the poet, quite the lady.
Here we lay her interesting stories.

Demand no magic of me.
I live in fantasy
I scream when reality calls me
To remember
That I am a body, that I am a being.
And I stumble through existence

In muffled misery.

Oh, let the artist do,
Let the artist be.
So, so strong, so, so amazing.
Mark her words in silver,
Gold her words in history.
Haven't you read her? Haven't you felt the story?
Here we lay all we can understand
And assign to her imaginings.

Demand nothing of me.
The pressures ask for everything
And I've given all that I am, was, could be
So tirelessly
That my own first word
Is so, so foreign to me.
Who ever said "no" to improvement,
Who ever said "no" to opportunity?
Will I be the first to hurt
And hurt and hurt and hurt so
That I forsake my future,
That I abandon everything,
To cry out loud and beg for mercy,
And demand relief?

My thanks. My apologies.
I thank you for your support
And all that you have done for me.
I must retire now, for rest and sleep,
For recreation, to eat.
Will I live more than mourning?
Will I live to see a morning
Where the audience is more than imitated voices,
More than empty praises and empty seats?

"Runaway, runaway"
Isn't it so human
To dream
Of impossible fantasies?

This world suffocates me
By nature,
Though I wonder, then
What has allowed me to breathe
Enough to write, speak, think
And find some pleasure in the little things,
To at least be able to understand
What comfort, sweetness, safety, means.

I close my eyes
And dream of escaping.
Awake or asleep,
Being Away,
The ultimate feat.

And within that category

Of sad little thinks
I have one most shining:
The poet escaped,
Pulled out of the beast.

Maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't
Think about breaking things
That should whole remain
My mind still might be troubled,
Stormed by guilt and fear and weight and grief,
But I'd be free
From the pressures of the world
Of human destruction and society.
No more school, no more terrible people,
Maybe not even technology.
I might go mad with loneliness,
But I solve that story
In other dreams.

I'd write. Write and write and write
And that'd be
All that I want
And all that I need.
I'd finally be able to devote myself,
Wholly,
To my only medium of self-expression,
Heaven's greatest gift to me.

This dream focuses on that—
The freedom, the writing—
And so the details lay aside, un concerning.
A girlish sort of fantasy land,
A cottage, somewhere, anywhere, pretty.
Flowers and clearings and warm sunlight
And solitude's pureness
Solitude's serenity.

And my form would be of no more worry,
Who would there be to gaze with disdain?
Who to use their eyes for shame?
But rather than becoming a toad,
I fathom that nature would heal me
And dress me, befittingly,
Like the princess I've always wanted to be.
(And yet an artist! A good and sound balance,
Sweet and healthy! Sparkling gowns some days,
Jewels and hair curled delicately;
Others, a simple white dress, hair the cottoncloud
It is naturally, natively
And yet others in handsome pants
And hair pinned as if I were a pirate
Or undercover princess, going riding
And sometimes, maybe,
Butt naked, nothing but a sheet.
Who'd there be to judge me? I'd be free!)

Oh, the gods and stars,

And the suns and moons in-between;
The whole universe laughs at me!
I fear that I've made myself a Heaven,
One I'd never be able to reach.