

**Sofia Monteleone**

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Indian Springs School, Pelham, AL

Educator: James Griffin

Category: Poetry

---

### **The Violin**

She used to be so lovely  
A dame worthy of her praise  
Her hair then silky smooth  
Is now weak and brittle  
It feels like sandpaper  
It falls from her bow  
She makes sounds but they can't be called a song  
They are rasps and moans  
Her case once blue velvet is now patchy and worn  
And resin so unused it has caked over  
Her strings are loose and weather-worn  
They will never sing such songs again  
She is forgotten  
She is passed on  
A hobby long passed  
More due for decoration  
Then for any kind of use  
For when her bow, garishly crumbling  
Rubs like nails to the strings  
It almost sounds like screams  
No, she is long past her prime  
A product of misuse  
Perhaps if not forgotten  
Her back of shining wood would feel at home  
Pressed under a youthful neck  
While gentle fingers lift a bow with effortless grace  
But now gathering dust in the back of a closet  
She waits for the brightest beams of day  
The day the locks unclasp and the lid is lifted  
When fingers stroke velvet and wood and hair  
When they see with mournful eyes  
All that all she lost