

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Sweet Water High School, Sweet Water, AL
Educator: Amy Barnes

Category: Poetry

Grief is a cold pit in your throat, dread in the corners of your head,
Was it a dream? A mistake?
It's unrelenting, never ceasing
Nothing's wrong, there is nothing to mend.
Grief has no place in a heart filled with denial.

Grief is anger, white-hot and burning,
Or ice-cold and sharp,
Like winter glass.
How dare they continue while your world has stopped completely?
Grief stokes the flame and the inevitable burnout of the heart.

Grief is an impossible negotiator
Plead and bargain 'till you run out of air
You're blinded by what you miss the most
All you want is a bit more time, a chance to make things better
Grief makes the heart beg for the impossible.

Grief is depression, so cold and heavy,
A monster, carving deep black wounds into the heart
What will you do, how can you go on?
It feels as if your lungs are lead, thoughts static.
Grief drowns the heart in a dark, cold sea.

Grief ends with time, or so you're told
As time passes on, the Denial leaves with the breeze