

POETRY, 2nd Place: Zariah Williams

Teacher: Meredith Baine, Jonesboro High School

Something Familiar

The sound of something familiar,
Small thuds tap the glass,
Loud cracks that come in mass,
Yet, the calming sound is familiar.

Grazing my window like widows
In woe and as dim as a soft
lit room.
Calming, familiar sounds the world feels.
My ears ring as the sounds
Of rolling clouds fill the world.
The sound of something familiar.

Movies romanticize the scene, as for I,
I don't see love in it, but comfort.
Love, soft and gentle, but without my familiar sound.
With harsh and demanding wind,
Calling upon the heart broken,
The sound of something familiar.