

POETRY, 3rd Place; Isaac Pearson

Teacher: Kelli Rollins-Stidham, Paragould High School

Acrophobia

Climbing and clawing
To reach the unreachable
I wonder
If any of the effort I've ever made has meant anything.
Once on that steep cliff I take a look and see
The beauty of the sunlit forest that lies before me
The music of the wind imbued with
Never-ending love
The peak of others waiting for me,
Cheering on and on.
Oh, the heights I've gone.

The thought of someone once known
Something so profound
Captured by the same chains that weigh us down.
When a loved-one suffers
I wonder
If they know they're not alone.
Oh, the heights they've gone.

White-knuckled on this jagged edge
I think back to the house I know
I wonder
Where I'd keep my home.
With those I treasure
And those who treasure me
I seek the comfort
To give and to get.
I then see
All the heights we've captured,
Together.
Oh, the heights we'll go.