

FINALIST

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11th Grade*

Fight with Courage: a Poem

Time has begun to pass the hour
Of decision-making, as
Our quickened breaths show fear
Reborn and
Dreams anew.
Frightened whispers turn to fierce
Voices, and we don't seem
To remember failure
As an option.
We counteract the lies to show
We have every right to live,
To dream,
To love,
To fight.

I don't recall the
Fear that got us
Here.
I now ask what is
Courage; I attempt now to
Remember. Empty dreams
Never attracted me.
I breathe in the promise
Of fighting for a
Future in this
World. I just want a single
taste.

She puts weight
On her tired feet.
They never made her a promise, but
She still tried.
They ask what she will
Die for. She replies,
"for the single moment
I can finally dream.
This is the fuel
For our fighting generation.

"Why would we let go
Now? We've almost
Won the race for
Greatness. Why stop
Now? We've almost
Met with the glory of
Life. I know you want a lullaby,
But the world needs our
Hope now.

"We stay stuck
In this small town of
Small dreams, but I know
An escape. Follow me, I know how
To hide from fear. I know how
To become something greater
Than we ever were. Don't pretend
You don't want this; everyone wants
This. Everyone craves something bigger
Than themselves. I know how
To find it;
Intertwine your fingers
In mine.
I promise not
To let go.

"We all fear to become the
Forgotten, but you can't remember of
Who we once were, why we failed to
Accept ourselves before. I promise we
Are good enough; trust me as I
Lead the way.
We all are ordinary, but in
Extraordinary ways. Don't forget
Who got you here – your past makes
You who you are."

I had swum oceans to see
Her face. And as we stand now,
I know it was worth
It. If we know fear, we know how
To let it go and how to
Follow our dreams.
If this is not
Courage, I do not know
The world.

I have travelled through
A thousand worlds to
Finally be worthy.
I see beauty
In strength, and power
In hope. If we plan to stay,
We plan to win an
Uphill battle. I feel the
Roots of my skin
Rush. I've never felt the same
As when the rain finally kissed my cheek.
The journey is almost
Over. If they ask, I tell the truth of
What happened here.
Our attempt was without fear
And without weakness.
She scans humanity before her,
And begins to speak.
"This is our last show.
I know our dreams are
Stronger than our
Doubts.
We feel our cause in
Our hearts and with
Our lives. If we give up now,
There is no hope after
Us. I know our fear,
But as we fight, we discover
Ourselves.

"We are the desolate
Generation, but I know
We can change our
Ways. We have been holding
Ourselves back from what we
Could be.
Just.
Breathe.
Once."