

Poem #1: Icarus

oh how beautiful it must have been to be Icarus
the gift of freedom and the ability to see the entire world higher than any mortal could dream
wings fragile as porcelain and delicate as a daisy in the early spring.
a reverent warning reverberating in his mind
to keep himself grounded,
but waging everything he has ever known against all he could know.
demanding his deliverance as he pushed his way from the earth and found himself surrounded
by a boundless cloud-filled sky.
uninhibited, untouched by the plagues of the world.
unrestricted, unrestrained by worry of what was to come.
did he know what was to come?
don't fly too close to the sun.
the delicate damnation as he fell from the sky
did Icarus know the name Lucifer, and perceive pious pity within himself to weep for the devil,
as he was falling from the stars?
fingers grasping at faithless fragile feathers as wax blackened his skin,
and the coolness of the clouds caressed him
and called him home.
oh how beautiful it must have been to be Icarus
to have the world at your fingertips and to take your last, grasping, breath
in the same sky that holds the Gods.

Poem #2: Grief

I need you to know that I'm trying my best to remember you,
but your voice is beginning to escape me.

I want you to know that I'm still trying not to miss you,
but grief is heavy and weighs a thousand bricks.

I can hardly hear your voice anymore, but I can still feel your arms around me,
I can still remember how you smelled,
and I can still remember the way you'd sneak me sweets before supper.

I can still remember the day you left us.

I need you to know that I'm doing my best not to feel guilty anymore,
but my birthday still is not a day for celebration.

I want you to know that I'm still trying not to miss you,
but Freddie Mercury's voice echoes through the radio and I could swear you were in the car.

I know that I have no reason to feel guilt,
it wasn't me who stole your precious life from this wretched place,

I am not to blame for the action that took you away,

It's not my fault that I am the only one to celebrate on February 13th.

I need you to know that I don't blame you for how I've turned out,
but the way it happened still hurt.

I want you to know that I haven't allowed myself to feel anything for the last four years,
but now this pain, this anger, this *grief*, seeps from every pore, and even when I feel empty still lingers.

But you are not to blame. You, neither of you, hurt me. Neither of you ever did anything to hurt me.

Maybe that's why it still hurts so much,

because you, neither of you, ever hurt me, so I had lived under the false guise that nothing that ever happened to you, could hurt me either.

I want you to know that I miss you, and I feel guilty for doing it.

Everyone else is beginning to move on, everyone else is finally starting to heal,

but I am still holding on to something that left me so, so long ago.

My own selfishness is disrespectful to you both,

that I am so selfish as to have the gall to miss you even now,

even after I refused to cry at your funerals, even after all of these years.

I need you to know that I wish I had hugged you tighter, held you closer, listened more often.

I need you to know that I wish I could say goodbye.

I need you to know that I miss you more than my trifling words could ever say.

Poem #3: Class of 2021

We've lost everything, and yet told we've had everything all the same.

We watched *our* seniors receive whole parades, yet no one seems to speak an utterance of praise our way.

I don't want to sound selfish, though I know you'll think me so.

Nor do I wish to place myself or my peers on this untouchable pedestal, but if we *were* to touch, sanitation
would be *more* than necessary.

Do you understand?

Ironically, I never was able to picture myself doing the things that I now know I never will have the chance to
do:

Going to prom, having a senior spirit week, having my senior homecoming, playing taps on Mackinac Island
one more time, performing in my senior year musical, walking the stage at graduation, saying
goodbye to the town that let me grow into the person I am today.

All of these things perplexed me years, months, even just weeks ago.

But now, they haunt the mind that will never receive closure upon them.

The very idea of graduating always seemed so far away it was unimaginable, but now it sits unconfirmed in
my conscious mind that if I *am* fortunate enough to have a graduation ceremony, it will be limited,
miniscule, confined.

If I *am* fortunate enough to have a graduation, the speeches that should be ingrained in my mind as a
celebration

of the thirteen years I worked so hard

to grow and learn and become somebody who will make a difference will instead read as a eulogy,
mourning everything we have lost along the way:

home football games, school dances, band and choir concerts, seeing our friends' smiles outside of pictures
sent through smartphones,

the simple luxury of being allowed to linger at lockers between every class.

Instead of my high school memories being a stained glass masterpiece of the good, the bad, and the many

inbetweens, **it is just stained.**

Stained with doubt, stained with regret, stained with anger, stained with anxieties, stained with

uncertainties; Stained with loss.

High school had always been such an elusive thing to me, and to many of my peers.

It's curious. When there were things *to* miss out on, I never minded bowing out.

Now, I wish with every ounce of my being that I had gone to that stupid dance and had an awful time

instead of sitting in my bedroom

doing homework that *could* have waited for the weekend, because even a painful memory would be better

than

the numb empty void that sits in my head, filling the silence with this painful white noise that echoes my

regret.

I wish with every ounce of my being that things could be different, but I do not have that power.

I am still just a child, I am still just learning. I am still. Just. Losing.