

Senior Poetry
Third Place
Kristin Houston
Norfolk Academy
Mr. Ari Zito

Boy from Art Class

The boy from my art class stands alone
Like a boulder against the unforgiving sea
Harsh words, like waves, work in harmony
Orchestrating his slow and meticulous erosion
And I continue to watch
And he continues to paint
And I worry because his blues and greens
Have been swapped for dull blacks and grays
That spill on the threads of his cuffed jeans
Washed clean with his tears.

So I move next to the boy from art class
And together we paint visions of a stormless ocean.
I wish for colors to meet his canvas again
In a world without words
From people with nothing nice to say.
And I continue to watch
And he continues to paint
While the waves crash again and again
And all I can do

Is offer kind words with my friendship

Sailing on the ocean I feel useless against.

I think I am seasick.

Where posters against bullying hang from the walls

The boy from art class hears one taunt after another,

And while I comfort the nicest boy I have met in this school

I begin to think the world has no love for lovers.