

The Pent-Up Emotions of a Growing Girl

GRADE LEVEL AND CATEGORY FORM

(To be placed on the front cover in the bottom right corner)

GRADE

Fiction

Poetry

Nonfiction

10th

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You Don't

You don't realize what you have until it is gone.
You don't see what is real, until it is no longer part of reality.
You don't comprehend feelings until you are past feeling.
You don't appreciate what you have until you are without it.

It bites.
It stings.
It pains you in an indescribable way.

The feeling starts in your head, once the "big news" is told-
Almost a dizzy sensation.
Wham! All of a sudden it hits the bottom of your belly with the weight of a bowling ball.
It just sits there for a minute.
And then it starts making its way up your throat-
Bringing with it the urge to kick and scream and throw a tantrum.

But you don't- not right now.
You hold in your emotions.
Keep them penned up,
Because
You know that if they get out,
There will be no stopping them.

You stop talking-
Just go through the motions.
Your friends start asking questions.
Questions that you can't answer.
You start cutting them off-
Not meaning to.
It just happens.

Before you know it, your whole life has turned into a box.
You pack boxes into the house.
You pack your life into those boxes.
And then you pack those boxes out of the house and into a truck.
Out of the way- in the dark.

You do that with yourself also.
You just pack up all of your thoughts, feelings and emotions.

Shove them into a box and place them in the dark.
Out of sight out of mind.

As one of the oldest, you are expected to
"Be Optimistic"
But truly, all they want you to do is lie.
"Yeah we will have fun at our new house!
"Of course we will make new friends.
"You will miss this house a little, but our new house is lots bigger!

What bull.
*"No we won't make new friends,
People are rude and make fun of the new kid. Not welcome them.
Maybe our new house is gonna be bigger- but I grew up in this house,
That is something you can't change.*

All too soon,
You are getting in a car, saying goodbye to a house- forever.
The little kids say goodbye without knowing what they are saying goodbye to.
You don't say goodbye though.
You can't bring yourself too.
It's almost like- if you don't say it than it's not real.
You aren't really saying goodbye.
Somehow someway-
You will go back.

The drive out of town is hell.
You try to take mental pictures of everything-
But you can't stay focused.
Too many tears making their way down your face.
The worst part of all is when you look in the rear-view mirror
To see your best friend peddling their fastest-
Only to be too late.

Too late.
Always.

You fall asleep.
You wake up-
The feeling is back.
All you want to do is stop.
Stop existing.

Three hours and 2,000 regrets later,

You make it to your new house.
It is dark- too dark.
There are no streetlights- no neighbor lights.
"At least they can't hear me when I scream to go home.
The darkness is overwhelming.
Suppressing.
All most calming.
As if you could just go for a walk and get lost forever.
"I'd like that
Hah, as if.

It's a new planet.
New rules-
New school-
New everything.

You don't realize what you have until it is gone.
You don't see what is real, until it is no longer part of reality.
You don't comprehend feelings until you are past feeling.
You don't appreciate what you have until you are without it.

Take the time now.
To realize-
To comprehend-
To appreciate-

You will regret it-
I do.

First Day Syndrome- February Thru May

I step off the bus and utter a short prayer.
"Help me to make it through prison today
I bite my lip and fight the urge to cry.
Kids run into me left and right-
They don't know my story-
They don't want to.
Too busy living life in the fast lane-
They don't care
About me.
The new girl.

Silence.
It follows me.
Every hallway I walk-
Every door I go through.
Silence continues until I am well out of earshot.
It is like a plague-
When children aren't talking-
They observe.
My every move.
Judging me by my mistakes.

When the students are brave enough to talk,
It is whispers.
All you pick up is
"New girl"
"Shy"
"Quiet"
And, "weird"
Soon, you pick up on it yourself.
In the mirror at home, you yell at yourself,
for being just another weird girl.

There is nothing to look forward to-
Wake up, go to prison, come home.
Repeat.
Everyday, nothing different.
You would do anything to just go back.
Start over.
Not an option.
Never will be.
So stop thinking like that-

All it does is shatter your dreams before they have a chance to form.

Before you know it,
You made it through the rest of the year-
Without dying-
Physically.
Mentally-
You died the day you left your world.
The day you were pulled from your meticulously crafted life.
The one you loved.
You can't do anything but keep going-
What other options do you have?

Change Happens

It used to be pine pole fences
And now it's rail-road tie fences.
It used to be cold,
And now it's hot.
It used to be a small, close town.
Now it is spread out, lush green farms.

It used to be an eagle.
Now it is a rabbit.
It used to be blue.
Now it is red.
It used to be laughing, talking in the halls-
Now it is quiet, calm and close to the walls.

It used to be a blue room, my room.
Now it is gray and unfamiliar.
It used to be open and fun.
Now I can't see over all of the boxes.
It used to be all four of us in the same room.
Now I only have to share with one.

There used to be no strange face,
Now there is no familiar one.
There used to be fun-filled weekends.
Now there is no one to hang-out with.
There used to be Maddi and Brianna.
But now there is a dark-haired girl who knows my name,
And I don't know hers.

It used to be Duchesne.
Now it is Delta.
It used to be lawns as green as Saint Patrick's.
Now it hurts to walk outside barefoot.
There used to be acres and acres where I could explore.
Now there is only the brown as mud lawn.

I miss the fences, the river, the lawns.
But I will get over it because
Change Happens.

Sagebrush

Sagebrush,
You are simple-
Yet extravagant.
You are everywhere-
But at the same time nowhere.
I will never get sick of seeing you;
That brownish-grayish-greenish- color.
When life is zooming by from the seat of a car,
I look out the window and see you..
Still as can be.

Thank you,
Thank you for showing me how to be beautiful, yet calm.
Not all beauty is found in the thick of things.
Except you-
You grow by the thousands;
There could never be enough of you.
Your smell, your shape, your sound-
When I crush you underfoot.
You have impacted me in an indescribable way.
Thank you!

I think of you when I hear the thunderclap.
"Kaboom"- it says.
It speaks from the heart.
Knowing you will increase its beauty.
Your vibrant look after a storm.
The irreplaceable smell.
I couldn't possibly remember every time I passed you.
Yet I could never forget any of you.
You have branded me for life.
My sagebrush.

When I look at you I see a story.
A history. A memory.
I see pioneers crossing the plains and wondering-
If they would ever make it.
I feel the animals.
The ones that rely on you for everything.
The way I do as well.
You help me to see that not all beauty is found in a bottle.
If you get out and away from the crowds, there is an unmasked beauty.

A beauty just waiting to be seen. Waiting to be embraced. Waiting to be found.

Most of us want just that-
To be found. By someone who cares.
You hear stories about princes, but in the back of your mind you think,
“Nah, that can’t be true. At least not for me. I am no princess.”
I was found- not by a prince.
By the desert.
In my anger from the moves- I would “get away.”
I would saddle up and leave. Go anywhere. Just away from life.
Anything to take away the overbearing change that had changed my entire.. Everything
It was then that I was found. I found myself by finding you.

So this is why I am saying thank you.
Without you, I would be a truant failure.
By giving me the space to think myself back to sanity-
You saved me.
You aren’t a prince.
But to me you are more.
More valuable than a prince.
You showed me more than I ever knew at the time.
Thank you,
My Sagebrush.

I Hear It

I hear it calling me-
More fervently since "The Big Move"
It wakes me up at night, bathing me in a cold sweat.
That is expected, I guess-
The less you engage, the more frequent the longings are.

I remember it perfectly.
The sun- Warm and Intense.
The chill- Almost too much.
Me- Young and Wild
Him- my best friend, mentor and Pops.
Star- my beautiful mare.

The excited yet drowsy feeling-
The one that without fail found its way to my tummy.
Every time Dad would laugh.
This is our time.
On our horses- In our mountains.

I hear it calling me-
Not verbally, just mentally.
Why you ask?
Four years ago, I left our mountains.
For Good.
"On to new mountains"- he said with a pained look.
The first tear slipped out from under my eyelid.
It wasn't the last.

I still have my Dad.
I still have my mare.
Nothing has changed,
Everything is different.
And I still hear it calling me.