

“Missing”

The moon cries, her tears falling
like silver from the sky.
If he would reach out, he could almost touch it,
droplets shining through the air

Yet he learned long ago that what is lost
is impossible to reclaim.

He sleeps on, dreams
like empty promises, help him for a while to forget,
though deep inside he still feels the void,
whatever distractions he may find.

Traveling with the wind, like a lonesome lion
searching for his name

Here and there, lingering little,
staying nowhere for very long.
Rain clouds follow, determined to keep his mood
moist with the sorrow of the skies,

As he keeps doing whatever he pleases,
and yet nothing he should.

He's learned now of broken heart,
that torments and reminds for ages
of one thing forsaken, happiness takes leave,
leaving no substitute but emptiness

He knows it's on thing that can't be recaptured
but wishfully thinks of if only he could

*Sara-Grace Sweeney
11th Grade
Greenway
1st place Junior*