

Junior Division Poetry

**Making Use**

Evan Girardin, Stephenville

The black cursor flashes  
Overlaying the bright, virtual backdrop  
Blank and empty as my thoughts,  
My mind resting dormant.

I glare at the blinking cursor in the dark  
Motionless and emotionless, but to no avail.  
The roadblock that prevents thought refuses removal,  
So I write about that.