

Junior Division, Poetry (15 years & under)

Andrew Roberts, Kippens

Dear Son, Dear Father

A man sits alone in a candle lit room
Wondering what is to come next
Hoping the post man will never come
And tell the terrible news

His regrets rush back to him like a flash flood
He remembers the night in vivid motion
The words said as loud as gunshots
“You aren’t good enough”

A child destroyed by 4 strong said words
He never thought about the consequences
Whoever thought that 4 words could hurt the same as bullets
A tear slowly paints his cheek as regret cuts him deep

A young man sits alone in a trench
Wondering what will come next
Hoping death will not come knocking
And take his most precious values

His mind is destroyed
He can’t think straight
The things said a long ways back
“I can change that”

A young man tries to prove his father wrong
He knew it would never work
For two people so far away it’s crazy
How their thoughts are so alike

Two people regret the very same thing
They want to take back their words
One sent the other to his death
The other was driven insane