

Junior Division, Poetry
Erin Skinner, Stephenville
Got a hold

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I have been opening the
Doors that I proudly should have closed
He has my feet against the floor
And my back against the wall
I have been doing that dusty do se do
I'm trading my soul for rock and roll
like turn around head spin whiplash
but I keep dancing
he spins me around
he speaks to my soul
he's taking me down
he's killing me slowly
I have been seeing black
but I wish it was gold.
But I love that stuff I can't control
I got a hold of the devil
And the devil got ahold of me.