

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.