

Third Place Poetry – High School

Numb

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Grade: 10

School: Alanson Public School

A

spark

hops onto

the twigs.

Soon, a blaze

is roaring. I let

it be, content for

Now. At that moment,

I feel the first drop on

my nose. It'll

be alright. It is just,

Sprinkling. Then, the

drops fall Faster. Faster.

Harder. It's Pouring.

The fire gets doused The

wood all around is wet

It'll be dark for

A while, here

In my busy

mind