

First Place Poetry – High School

Slam Poetry: 168 Hours

By: Jeffrey Kerr

Grade: 10

School: Boyne City High School

I am not the product of bad parenting,

I am the product of half parenting.

Left my insufferable father at fifteen,

sixteen now with no remorse.

The last shot has blown through the barrel.

The guns I was given,

Just to keep me captive and entertained.

The only thing that he gave me was his name.

Jeffrey a godforsaken name provided by him.

Lynn, a feminine name for a male.

Kerr, the last thing I want to be.

Not anymore I am who I say I am.

I am Jeffrey.

Not the alcoholic or the angry fellow.

Not the one who lies straight to your face every time you ask.

I am the one who lends a hand to anyone in need.

The one who will be your friend

The one who wants to get involved with,

Politics,

Sports,

Hunting,

Fishing,

And overall

The one who cares for all life on earth.

As you can see I am not my radical Father.

Being locked in a room for a week.

Giving me plenty of time to think, reflect.

What else would one do with 168 hours?

Realize I am what I make myself to be.

I am made from my past.

I will become a man from what has occurred

And what is to come.