



**1st Place  
Teen Age Group**

To disappear -

There is a reason why monks live in caves and forests  
and take vows of silence.

The harsh handprints, the hunt, stained upon the damp walls of my soul,  
Prometheus' promise, chained behind my ribs, the movement of my mind  
working in tandem with my bones.

Stuck to a school desk, plunged in the void,

Plato's allegory thrumming like a space heater in the place behind my eyes.

Magenta and tangerine daydreams flowing from the south,

Take it down a notch, will you?

I'd rather die than have another poet tell me why to live.

By Alexa Foxx