



**Honorable Mention
Teen Age Group**

Fanatic -

I've got static in my stomach and cotton in my throat,
my body aches to lay at rest in You.
Skull cushioned under a bed of grass and plot of dirt,
Soul afire in the music of the moment.
Icons and alters, kneeling on concrete,
Lying face flat on the floor of
Your house, my house,
Our house

Thick incense wafting to the ceiling, dancing on the rafters
Obstructing the light flowing like water
The water you drank, you blessed,
The water that is
You, is me
Is Us

Bullets ricocheting off gem-lined corsets,
Piercing pearls and blood red rubies,
Your crystal crested portrait, a picture of
Your mother, my mother,
Our mother

My body does not fit my soul,
It's aching, pounding, fighting
For escape
This is not my home,
My "final resting place"
This is not You, is not me,
Is not Us.

By Alex Foxx