FIRST PLACE Words Heal the Mind: A Poetry Writing Competition

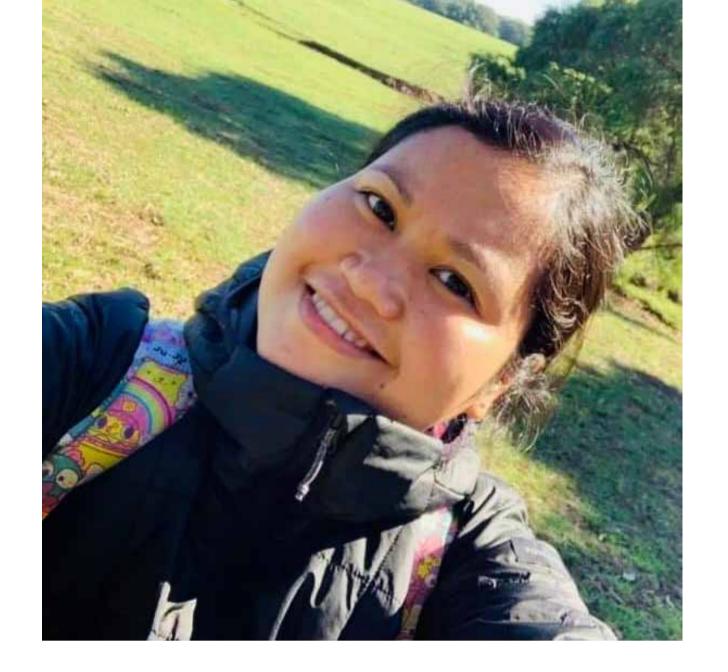
The pen is my witness

by Joralyn Mounsel

I was haunted by this situation
The present.
Siren, rush screaming to save lives,
Broadcast were dead bodies,
Enemies unseen
Halted everything,
Cries were louder than laughter,
In a minute I might be dead too,
I am afraid—

Darkness blanketed my vision
My mind, turmoiled—
My Heart races down my spine
Even faster than time,
Gasping a breath, unhopeful—
I drifted into dark hollows,
Annoying indistinct sound,
Drummed into my ears,
Like the howl of the fox on a blood moon.

Tears shed like river
This fear cause
A jingle jangle in my mind,
It Struck straight into my heart,
And exploded into my brain
Like a chemical weapon,
Tearing every piece of my consciousness.
This disturbance Is a complete poison
To my tranquility.



I held my hands crossed
Wrapped it around my body
Hugging every bit of my emotion—
I am here,
Distracted, listening to my own breathing.

But somehow in the midst of this turbulence A fulgent light appeared in the dark, And that's when I realized, There is no one there to save me, Except me! This hollows were just made By my own mind, and I hold the control

I gathered my strength
And grasped that light,
I let my pen bleed in an empty paper
Word cries all my worries,
My pain, my longing, and all
And Slowly, bit by bit
The darkness,
That once blanketed my vision,
Buried in silence.
The paper that's once empty,
Now speaks an "overcoming"
And the witness is my pen!