

Passion

What is the rush that flu'ntly whirls within
The carefully stricken sound of violin
The blazing fire that drives the saddest souls
And diligently serves their flaws and woes

With this drive and this love come great despair
So indispensable from here to there
Like a bird that flies atop the wind
Cathartic you'll feel from the outside in

The immeasurable fight to be who knows
The whispers that stop you are just echos
Relentless they are to keep it unfair
Nothing compares to that horrible stare

In spite of it all the rush will go on
Day in and day out advise me passion

- by Jula Ciecich
Seventh Grade
Telluride Mountain School
Mary Hearing's English Class
Honorable Mention #7 2020 Rella Award
K-8 category