

To Write

Like a herd of wild horses leaving words instead of hoofprints on the mountains,

A prisoner seeing the sun after months in a windowless solitude,
A dog hearing the freeing click of a wire cage after a lifetime of loneliness and confinement, unlocking a mysterious room in the mind that has been closed for too long and letting its secrets burst forth: freedom

But also a wall between.

A set of rules obligated to follow.

The covers of a book: limiting

The mind and its own ability

A gun in the hands of someone who knows how to use it: dangerous

Bringing the past back and pushing the future forward.

To write? No. Simply to live.

- by Delaney Spires

Junior

Telluride High School

Bonnie Emerick's English Class

Honorable Mention #1 2020 Rella Award

High School category