

HELD

Free Verse

Lucy Hines / Sophomore

Statues surround me
I am walking
In and out
Of the same room
Over and over
And over again

Mouth stitched shut
Why can't I speak?
I am pushed down
By them
Trying to speak
Lie down
Eyes shut

Eyes flutter open
Enveloped by the grass
It is warm
The sun
Burns my skin
It feels so good

Voices flood my head
Hands touch my burned skin
They raise me up
Words flow from my mouth.
I speak. I scream.
I am safe
I am held
I am home.



UNBOUND

Photograph, Graphic Illustration

Beatrice Acheson / Junior