

2nd Place, High School

The Breaking Heart

By Britton Campbell

Glass shards litter the floor,
Twinkling crystals glimmering in the moonlight.
Pale hands grip onto a small clear cup.
Dropping it gracefully onto the floor
Shattering splinters bounce in the moonlight.

As the shards keep coming,
A drum thumps throughout the room.
Steady is the beat, interrupted only by
The sharp sound of glass dancing on the floor.

A body, void of emotion,
But radiating despair,
Her lips are red, her eyes bright blue,
Her hair is gorgeous and black in hue.

Her cheeks are stained,
Tears' trails carve down her pale face.
She sits alone in her glass asylum,
That steady beat her only friend.

The sound of glass her only comfort.
Her name is Love.
She lives in your heart
The Glass she's breaking makes you fall apart...