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Category: Poetry

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## **Despair in the Quiet**

I had no words to write and no way to say them  
I had no way to write anything I could've said:

When I heard it, I was silent  
I was still  
I was scared to move  
To breathe  
To think

January twenty-seventh  
A thursday  
And suddenly the world is quiet

It is quiet as I throw my life into a bag  
It is quiet in a friend's embrace, calming and warm  
With wet tears on her shoulders  
It is quiet as I walk out to the car

It is quiet in the car  
The conversations are sparse and awkward  
How is it that where there was always music,  
Blasting through the speakers  
Jams and words no one understands  
Or the news of the world around us  
Politicians and their laws seem so unimportant now  
They are both gone, voiceless as the void  
We pass familiar roads, scattered pavement,  
The pathway home is quiet

That night  
The world had gone silent

And it is loud, roaring, and agonizingly loud  
All I have are questions  
All I have are screams and swears  
All I have is emptiness and tears until my pillow is a spring  
All I have are wretched cries until my throat is too hoarse to speak  
It is all I can do to even move  
It is all I can do to eat  
It is all I can do  
It is all that I can

Suddenly all those all came rushing out

Spilling loud and forth every thought into somewhat coherent prose:

So how is it that all but few of my memories of you  
Are loud and boisterous, spilling with volume  
When now your voice has gone silent  
How is it that you will never hear the things I wanted to tell you  
How I'd never know your thoughts on me,  
How there were so many things so important  
Words that never met your ears  
How I'd never tell you the deepest secrets I ached to share  
How you'd never hear the last songs I got to sing  
how you wouldn't see my last concerts or plays  
How you never read the poems I wrote about you  
How you'd never know the terror I had when you first bought your grave

I am told by others that the hardest pain brings the greatest beauty  
What is so beautiful about this?  
What is so beautiful that I will never hear your voice again?  
What is so lovely about the emptiness I feel without your warm embrace?  
What kind of determination or drive do I bring from this experience, when my experiences are those you will never see?  
That my achievements, that my accomplishments  
That anything I will ever be proud of will never be witnessed by your eyes or heard by your ears?  
What is so poetic about you being gone?

It is ironic then, that I write this as poetry  
How am I supposed to even begin to write when it has taken me this long to even start?  
That when I try to put my voice to paper or ink upon a screen  
All that comes out is some frivolous words or nothing at all  
Like anything I write could do justice to this  
What is even the purpose?  
When did this turn from poetry to a spilling of my mind?

But it has to have a purpose, or else why do I sit here writing it?

You believed in a godly faith  
A holy father that would bring you home to a heaven above  
You believed in a faith that said you would always exist around me  
In life, in death, in spirit  
So then as I write, do I write to you?  
Do I write to the belief of your spirit?  
In a faith I find myself lacking in?

I will not attempt to believe in something for one person's sake if it's not my own  
I will not say I write this knowing you'll see it  
Or that you were by my side, that you know the words as I type  
But I'll write to you to honor the memory you left  
The feelings you left on me which I'll never let go  
I'll write ironic frivolities about your tragedy  
I'll turn your life and death to poetry  
Into words like faith, I'm not sure that I believe  
And pray that it will do some justice to my love for you  
I'll hope that these same words will somehow seem as warm and real as you were  
Because both are real, are they not?

It is reflection now  
I wrote a little more

And I wrote a little more  
A little at a time  
A chunk at a time  
Is this how it felt?  
How does it convey?  
Is this really what I want to say?

There is only one chance, although there could be dozens more  
But to make it one chance  
To dedicate one thing to you, to you alone  
One piece to encompass every feeling  
How will I ever manage it?  
Did I show it right, every feeling, every heart?

Did I tell it right, did I speak to you in the way I wanted?  
Can you hear what I've said?  
Do you see what I've written?  
What is the right way to write  
Will anyone feel this despair,  
This ache, this missing piece,  
This indescribable yearning,

Maybe I need more time  
I will always need more time  
Will there be more time?  
I wish we had more time