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Age: 17, Grade: 12

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Category: Poetry

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## **I am the Thing**

I am the thing that exists  
In the periodic blanks  
The shape that stares from the dark  
The shadow on the edge of your mirror  
That spirits away at the sound of light

I am the thing that exists  
In the bottom of your pocket  
Continually out of reach  
To never be resurfaced  
Or if so, to be when time sees it as trivial

I am the thing that exists  
In the blinking of your eyes  
I lie in that split second  
Where the world goes dark  
And importance flashes by

I am the thing that exists  
Inside the long-forgotten channels of your television  
A relic in time, forgotten and downtrodden  
Something that makes you always click away  
That you can't face without discomfort

I am the thing that exists  
Everywhere  
And nowhere  
Under your bed  
Just above your shelf  
At the bottom of the ocean  
And at the very edge of space  
Where the earth drops off  
And where time begins  
Around the corner  
And behind your shoulder