Congratulations to the Winners of the

Teen Writing Challenge

Grades 9—12

Honorable Mention—Jewel Potter

Pea Island

A golden path led through the grass
And ended in the sky--
A sky so blue and beckoning
I felt that I could fly.
I felt as though that little track
Would carry me upon its back
And take me up and up.

I could not bear to climb that dune,
For when I reached the top,
For when I reached that calling sky
I knew that I should drop.
I knew back to the beaches low
My wistful, weary feet would go
And leave the sky above.

A thousand waves sped up the sand
And offered their embrace;
Indeed, I wished to go to them
And join their merry race.
Indeed, I wished they'd carry me
Across the wild and wandering sea
And bear me far away.

I could not bear to swim those waves
Nor touch their hills of foam--
I knew that once I'd entered them
They'd leave me on my own.
I knew that once those waves so gay
Had turned and sped, too soon, away
I could not follow them.