

## Category D – Individual Poem – Grades 9 & 10

**Jocelyn Cheng**

**“Reasons”**

For the newborn child  
With small hands and a trusting grip  
For the swells of a symphony  
And the lights of a Broadway stage  
For the triumphant slam of the door  
Leaving the demon on the other side  
And having the torture of sadness cease

For night skies filled with eternal light of silver stars  
Broken solely by the arc of Apollo’s chariot  
As it leads on the venerated sun  
For the glory of the game  
The soft smack of leather against nylon net

For arms that rise triumphantly  
For savage yawps and warrior cries  
For all the seasons on the Earth  
For crimson poppies and sun colored marigolds  
For quenching the thirst for life  
For feasting off of mountaintops  
Or reaching the depths of the ocean

For knowing who you are  
The colors that made you  
The scraps of cloth, blood, sound, and feeling that made you  
For being conscious of your skin  
For seeing light  
And light leave  
Then realizing your mortality

For being valiant in fighting battles  
That have yet to be won  
For shepherding the blind  
In that kind way of yours  
Until equality is doled doubtlessly

For watching cracks in the concrete  
As they drain substance from the last storm  
Hear the gush of rain in the sewer pipes

And for realizing you are part of something infinitely bigger  
That whose titanic magnitude you will never comprehend  
For the simple pleasure of knowing  
You have made it thus far  
And it will go on  
And there shall be more.