

The Paradox of Life as Surveyed by Death

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This poem is about how peer pressure can cause people with diverse opinions and beliefs to silence themselves. They feel pressured and don't speak out because of the threatening eyes of others who don't reciprocate their feelings. I feel this myself, especially during the pandemic, where my views were ever-changing, just like how people saw me.

For some they will thrive

And others they'll die

Some will be truthful

Others shall lie

For some it's bliss

And others it's fear

When they shall see me

The end is near

Few will rise

And stand up tall

Others blocked

Behind a shattering wall

Pain is love

And love is spite

Enough to make one

Sob through the night

Green is yellow

And yellow is blue

Colors are blinding

As I am to you
Words have power
Actions more
Especially when you're dead
And on the floor.
An inevitable sorrow

Hidden in a field of dust
My spirit rises as the peace is washed away.
Excluded from my epiphany
Are the thoughts soaring through the clear skies
Of my crystal clear mind.
They know not of the struggles and darkness
Buried down underneath the land they trek
Screaming to be released by their ill
intentions and obliviousness. Life is not a
poem

Not perfectly scripted in soulful hymns,
Instead it is written
Scribbled
Stained
Across paper of lies
The novel to be published
By those who destroyed its characters.
The corruption caused by the corrupters
Who the world is unable to identify
As the perpetrators
A cruel fate we are assigned

For the universe reads not in between the lines.
I'm not a poet

I'm not a poet
I just know how
to write. I'm not
an artist

I just color
between the lines.

I'm nothing special

That's what you think

Little do they know

I'm creating art each

Time that I blink.

I'm not a rebel

That's what they say

They have yet to

see the day When i

speak out of line

Say our world's

not okay. I'm

nothing special

That's what I believe

Little do I know

I've got something

up my sleeve

Something great to
show
Silencing these unspoken words
Most people turn
A blind eye to me.
I'm not anything special
Nothing they want to see.
A streak of madness across these
Wanderlust eyes
Subduing the sound of my inner cries.
I'm old enough now to formulate opinions
Wondering why people make these decisions.
Why the rain beats down
Why the sun brings ashes to the ground.
When I look I stare not into space
But through your seemingly friendly face.
Masked are your intentions
Monsters you want not mention.
I see your cold smile the sun turned warm
But the moon steals it back under her pale touch.
You know when you see me that I know too much.
Your eyes gag my mouth so I cannot speak
Gazes turned like daggers towards me so I cannot shriek.
The world wants not what it doesn't know
Telling me I'm wrong, my head moving slow.
As I fade to darkness and close my eyes
You assure the crowd there's nothing to see here,
Lies, lies, lies.

Not even your motionary violence

Can silence

Our cries.