

The Humble Observance of Enmity

Ray Meyers - 9th Grade

Woodstown High School; Woodstown, NJ

This poem describes that when something beautiful someone appreciates is shared with others, they rip it apart because they do not see through the same lenses. When people who love something that others love are hurt for that thing they love, they fear showing their passion and hobbies because they fear negativity.

Enmity

A word shrouded

In darkness.

It is to be hostile

But people are

Hostile to the

Thought of hostility.

It is something frowned upon

on the outside But used on

the inside

To keep control in sight.

It makes people fear that

Which they cannot see

And worship that which

they do not know. People

think they want

What they don't have

But the desire of the unknown

Can lead to

The person who desires it

To become unknown.

Ultra Omnes

Ultra

Latin for

Beyond

Which is
Ultraviolet
Unable to be
Seen
Unless one
looks
Especially
closely. Is to
be beyond
ahead Or
outside the
average
Expectations?
Is to be all
Omnes
To be nothing
Or everything?
And are
those who
Are beyond
All
Really behind
No-one?
Define

To define
Is to reflect
Meaning
Or create it
To define is to
Paint a picture
A story
A people
A world
A universe
Inevitable with its

creation. How do
words come to
be? Sounds
articulated
In mouth
The air
Giving helping them
Glide into a
dictionary? How do
words come to
thrive? When
Often
They are spoken
Broken into pride?
How do words
come to hurt?
When they're
Shoved down
The throats of people
Who do they contrast?
How do words kill?
When they spear
through your Heart
But remain in sight
Still?
Happy goodbyes return sorrowfully

When I hold this humble flower
With its petals of aspiration
The stem stemming from stardom
No longer in desperation.
Spirited away
From my palm
From my hand
Feelings coming towards
Them

Until they
Understand.
The fractured petals
Go in
One ear
Out the other
Blooming on shoulders
Getting colder
Back to the beholder
The flower is wilted and brown
Its beauty has been
Left to
Drown.
Their eyes are tinted gray
Mine are wide and bright
Needless to say
we are
Different,
But
The flowers are
Weary tonight.