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Age: 15, Grade: 10

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Category: Poetry

Young Hearts

Young Hearts

Young hearts have to stay in shape
or they'll grow old and weary
like their mothers' and fathers'
who always seem to get too close
to the competitors, spritely jogging a 5k.

But these young hearts, they pump blood
for stretched, herculean leg muscles,
giving them the chance to run in an endless circle,
built on rivalry, execution, and pointy grass,
enclosed in a school's mere eight-foot chain-link fence.

And these young hearts have to stay strong;
shallow breaths and the urge to win take dominance,
so the scary shot from the air can seem meaningless
while belligerent yells silence announcements.

Not all these young hearts can drown out the run faster;
gruff, don't stop, until you've cleared that line,
and for a minute, they can see the array of clouds
filled with praise and worship
until air is sucked back into their lungs
and a few juvenile hearts grow a year older.