

Untitled
Brett Moore
(Young Adult Poetry, Second Place Winner)

As I sit here and ponder today,
I wonder what really makes me stay.
Is it the fleeting sense of the tide
Or rather something more, on the inside?

Much can be said about my life,
But I can sum it up in a word:
Strife

My yearnings for more cause much grief,
But only for a moment, it's brief.
I toil away for a silly cause,
And that's what makes me pause.
Take a deep breath, to myself, I say
Evil's been beaten, and cannot stay.
My rampant mind turns to what's more
And I think about what God has in store—
Mystery to me, all around, and yet
My faith is still sound.

I need not worry about what's to come,
For I know that He will see it's done.
I am a mere instrument for God, I'm a tool
What's left for me to control is minuscule.
I must remember the sacrifice, If I want to have a full life.
Though many obstacles are set up by the enemy,
Perseverance through the tribulations is key.
Trials in this mortal glimpse; there's always more
Hone and temper what life is for.

And with a new attitude, I shall set a course,
One I may not know, but will provide no remorse.