



What Are You?

Rowan de los Reyes, Lamar High School

The pangs of regret,
The shy little voices speaking their woes to me.
They seep through the folds of my brain and into my heart,
And for once in months I feel a pause.
A cold chilly second of me asking myself, “what have I done?”
The moments where I hold my head low,
Sometimes even in my hands.
Whether to shield me from view or me trying to push away reality I cannot tell,
All I know is that one second where I see the things I bear are right in front of
me.
I’ve gained and lost some friends,
Some of whom I miss and some I don’t.
This poem isn’t meant to guilt trip you, reader,
It’s only meant to show you how I process this feeling.
And quite frankly,
I don’t think I’ve handled myself well enough sometimes.
So now here I sit,
Waiting for something,
Or perhaps waiting for my courage to find me.