



The Beauty of Discretion
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I hate the strain of early morning
pulling down my spine,
the heavy limbs and tired eyes
that make up my design

I wish the walk was more forgiving,
less absorbent of esteem,
but I exceed at making things
look better than they seem

I know I'm bound to find a dream
amongst my worst suspicions,
there are plants who can survive
in far worse conditions

I wonder when I'll find the time
to embrace what I think,
I wish my head and my heart
were a bit more in sync

I often fear my head is full
of nothing I can use,
but if I started to fall back
I would have no excuse

I often feel alone at heart,
I was young when I matured
Why suck up all the fun of youth?
I wish I understood.

Broken glass can't be renewed
unless it's changed completely,



I'm grateful for the privacy
to embrace change discreetly.