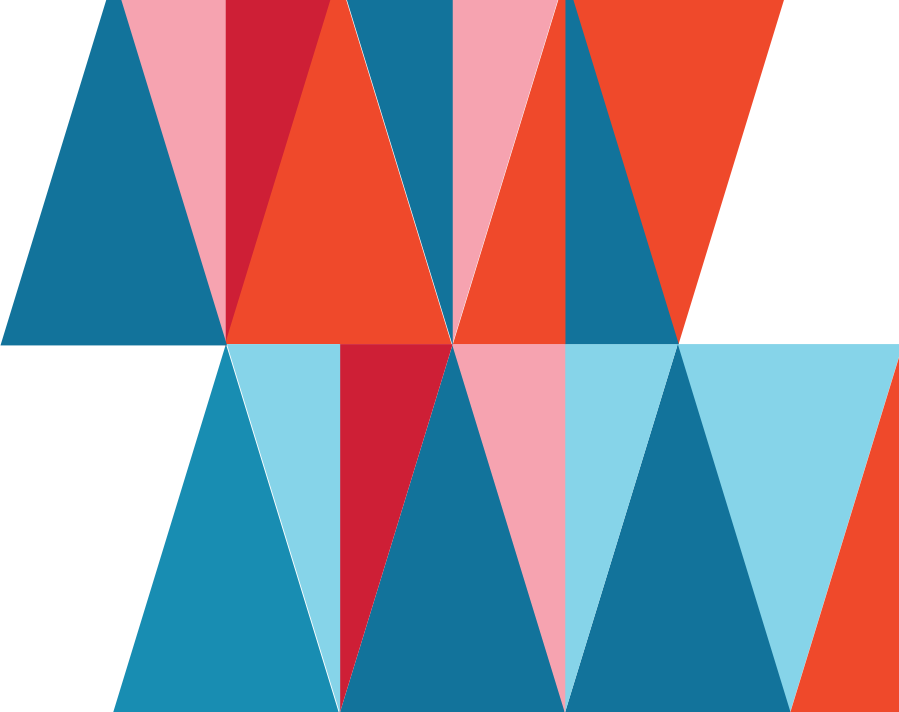




Pantoum

Charlotte Calero, age 15

BALLARD HIGH SCHOOL
NINTH GRADE



Graphite stains my fingertips.
From time spent drawing when I should be thinking.
How could I, though?
When deep purple stares from beneath my eyes.

Time is spent drawing when I should be thinking.
Doodles of people, with perfect hair and perfect smiles.
Deep purple stares from beneath my eyes.
I wish I was perfect, too.

Doodles of people, with perfect hair, and perfect smiles.
They sprawl across the pages, replace words and grades with the product
of mindless fingers.
I wish I was perfect, too.
So, why am I doing this?

They sprawl across pages, replace words and grades with the product of
mindless fingers.
Stream of consciousness onto school papers.
So why am I doing this?
I should be writing.

I stream rivers of consciousness onto school papers,
graphite stains my fingertips.
I should be writing.
How could I, though?

