The Ones Left Behind

Iris Worrall, age 17
Ballard High School, Eleventh Grade

I am the rocks you gathered and stuffed in your pocket
the bubbles that escaped your mouth as you sunk to the bottom
i am the faces they made when your body was dredged up from
the lake
the newspapers that told of your death

bubbles escaped your mouth when you sunk to the bottom
i am the black clothes they wore to your funeral
the newspapers that told of your death
silence fell when your coffin was lowered into the hole

i am the clothes they wore that had no color
and the tears that fell onto your grave
silence fell when your coffin was lowered into the hole
did you know they set flowers against your headstone?

i am the tears that fell onto your grave
the parts of the people you left behind
they set flowers against your grave, and they wilted so quickly
i am the parts of the people you took away

i am the parts of the people you left behind
the faces they made when they made when your body was
dredged up from the lake
i am the parts of the people you took away
when they found you, your pockets were stuffed with rocks

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