

2009 - 2010
CBC Writing Competition
Senior Entry
Category: Poetry
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Class

Money

Give ten dollars to church
Give twenty to charity
Thirty in taxes
Spend two on coffee.

Loan fifteen to a friend
Buy thirty dollars of food
Give a dollar to a homeless guy
Thirty cents to the next
The last gets ten.
Spend the rest.

The Internet

Cold lights
Fingers turning
Keys made of plastic. I
Read instant impersonal mail.
All good.

Storm

On the wind, a cold herald,
Comes the tangy taste
Of future rain.

Leave skip down the street
And fly into the darkness
Of the distance.

Children are quiet,
Hushed by their parents
They will watch from windows
Waiting for the storm.

Peace

Some people make the promise:
Work hard all their lives. But
The road to peace is not measured in
Marks on calendars or in
Minutes spent driving to work.
It is measured in miles that
Walk in happiness.
No search under stones will return
To you the hours eaten by cubicles.
Embrace your bewilderment and
Make new friends. Do no wrong
To those around you.
This road is rough and not well
Traveled. Do not be afraid, but sow
Your seeds. Then walk out
To collect the crop.

Silence

I'll return myself to silence
To sing my song again;
I feel a pounding in my chest
In my heart and in my skin.

I feel my power rising
And so I need my space.
Once more, I need my freedom
So again, I'll find my place.

I'll return myself to silence

Let my power stretch out thin.
I'll let the rage bleed through me
And let it dye my skin.

In this mad, fast world
We all march in time.
I often keep my cool,
And often keep in line.

I'll return myself to silence,
I'm not like all of them:
My song's not to their beat,
And I've a power in my skin.