

## ***Under the Covers***

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Under the covers I lay;  
Hidden from eyes,  
Hidden from pain,  
Hidden in darkness—  
With my heart so stained.  
  
Since I've been growing,  
This bed's been my home.  
My heart's bleeding won't cease,  
As my falling tears have shown.  
  
Here's a loss of sharp words;  
None being thrown at me  
And somewhere deeper.  
Threats, insults, and rumors...  
Linger in my memory, and then vanish  
While I recover under here.

Heavy air floats  
But I withstand it  
In order to be unseen.  
Emptiness accompanies me  
For no light finds their way—  
But it's okay if I stay hidden  
From what they all say.  
  
Out of this haven...  
My shattered life continues.  
I'm that person  
Everyone scoffs at;  
Always being shunned—  
The one everyone wounds  
With their piercing speech  
And I don't know why.  
As long as I stay underneath  
This thick blanket barrier,  
No one laughs at me;  
No one can call me "loser"—  
No one can make me feel  
Like I deserve to die.

This under-the-covers city  
Population is not just I,  
But kids around the world  
Will often come by  
Hiding, fretting  
Those everlasting put-downs.  
Resting now,  
I stare into gloominess,  
Imagining—  
Without those words being thrown  
How would our lives be?  
Possibilities play,  
Though a lone question remains—  
Why me?  
Why anyone?  
A realistic eternity continues  
With nothing to protect us.  
Too many times  
Innocent eyes watch as  
Scarring and staining happen,

Only to avert their gaze,  
Walking away from truth.  
Constantly hoping  
Some hero will come,  
But all of them just watch  
And I return with no others.  
Choked by anxiety,  
Ridden by a monster called fear,  
All of us walk this city  
Without any others near.  
Stuck in the darkness,  
Backed into a corner,  
Lost in the lonely desert,  
Walking an endless road  
That goes anywhere, never.  
Day by day, we all wait  
As we push through the throbbing  
Prickling words in our soul.

Though much too often,  
Some don't make it if  
Too much blood seeps out.

Day by day, we wait  
For that almighty hero—  
That holy savior who  
Will make it all okay.

Day by day, nearly all of us  
Are let down by those eyes,  
As a well-known pain and hope cycle  
Starts over again.

Sinking into the night,  
I wonder:  
"Where is that hero?  
Why must we wait so long?  
So long after so much pain  
Has already been dealt?  
Why must those eyes always  
Turn away from us?"

My questions are left dangling,

And this faint memory  
Of seeing a girl wearing down  
Enters my thoughts.

The weapons "loner" and "trash"  
Drift and hang in the air  
After being thrown at her  
While I walked away, scared.

I'm those dismissive eyes too,  
And the insight that  
My eyes had turned away  
Had left me incredulous.

With a hand placed  
Over my scarred heart,  
I feel the damage made  
To uncountable spirits  
And I feel my eyes  
Redirecting themselves.

Just bitter words alone  
Murder countless people  
Every second somewhere,  
But tomorrow I'll be  
That hero that we all  
Have waited for.

Hidden from eyes,  
Hidden from pain,  
Hidden in darkness,  
With my heart so stained,  
This new hero shall arise  
For myself and others from  
Under the covers.