

ISBA STUDENT Poetry CONTEST

7th Grade Winner

By Samara Steele, Victory Charter School

“Riding the Nightbus”

*The window chills my cheek
Where it rests on the glass
That fogs up when I breath
As if the world needs proof
That, yes, time is still moving.
I'm tired.*

*The engine coughs but rolls the wheels
Wheezing like an old mule
as turns the mill,
Sure, Steady,
Weary,
And I'd bet the sun
It's tired.*

*The driver sits in the captain's seat
Wheezing along with her lumbering steed.
She's blinded by the dark
But must struggle for the light
That her eyes plead for
But she's still tired.*

*And high above her, in the sky,
Held up and held apart from us
By the everything that binds us,
Is the moon,
Stealing what precious light she can
From a better thing,
But it's not enough.
She's tired.*

*And above her still,
Other moons, other stars,
Wink at me,
hoping if they're lucky
I'll glance their way,
And then they can escape
Into the oblivion from where they came
Meaning something.
They're tired.*

*And beyond that,
God only knows,
But whatever it is
Whatever it's doing,
Longing for, stealing from,
I'd bet my being, my everything
It's tired.*

