

**SECOND PLACE, YOUTH POETRY
TAYLOR HOLLIST**

House of Broken Glass

YP10

In the house of broken glass,

Lie shattered pieces of the past—
And dreams that never came to pass;
In the house of broken glass.

In this house you will find,

An atrium of complete decline—
Tattered by hate and anger and grime;
Broken by the test of time.

In this house you hear the wind,

Whistle and watch and break and bend—
Whispering memories that haunt you with your sins;
You can't escape the menace of its whims.

A grand house this place once stood,

Now bedraggled in disrepair—

A mere faint shadow of its past grandiose;

The vision of it is far from close.

In the house of broken glass,

There is hope that will never last—

Faith that withered and aside was cast;

Here in the house it dies, smashed like glass.