

**FIRST PLACE, YOUTH POETRY**  
**BROOK WALLACE**

# Silently Suffering

Atrium - Wind - Grandiose - Haunt - Decline - Menace  
Contestant YP14

Sometimes my heart doesn't listen.  
The grandiose atrium inside me swallows me whole while I internally weep  
But on the outside I decline my feelings  
Putting on a shivering smile while my eyes burn from unshed tears. I hear the  
wind as if for the first time, weeping with me in a symphony of howls. The  
Menace haunts me, throwing me further into disarray, but I can't show it. My  
breath makes it hard to breathe.  
My eyes make it hard to see.  
My thoughts make it hard to think.  
And I suffer.