Poetry—First Place
Mariah Woods

Falling

The puddles lie,
sprawled
on the ground;
checkerboard pieces thrown
down in a tantrum
as rain continues to pound.
Opposite of apathy, not morose
or gloomy, or stifling;
absolute abandon
in the perpetual fall.
Grey skies filled with colors
beyond words, beyond
comprehension.
Absolution hiding

somewhere

in torrential downpour.