

Hi my name is Madi Morin, and I won 3<sup>rd</sup> place out of the 9<sup>th</sup> graders.

Here is my piece:

Overflowing.  
Like a child pouring her own chocolate milk,  
Taking a peek, sneaking its head up over the brim,  
Wanting to seep out, over the edges,  
But containment is what everybody wants,  
No spills, no messes,  
It's easier that way,  
To just keep it held inside,  
But its itching to just dribble down,  
To make its mark,  
The excitement of the child is overwhelming,  
She's the one who's really in charge,  
Of how this is all going to play out,  
"Please don't knock it over. I'm too tired," the people pray,  
And so the child keeps everything cooped up inside,  
Even though, more than ever,  
She just wants to let that milk flow.

The girl comes back, a teenager now,  
At a school where they are all clones -straightened hair and stylish clothes,  
She wears it, and puts on the smile,  
The girl dreams of a day when she can let her true spirit be shown,  
And not masked by what everybody else thinks is right,  
One particularly courageous day she wears a necklace,  
A bold, wooden, crucifix,  
Proud of displaying a symbol of her beliefs, she wears a smile as well,  
Only to be knocked down,  
Why, she thinks to herself, does it feel so wrong to be so right?

Time and time again,  
Thinking of how she should have stood up,  
Instead of sitting down,  
The easy way out,  
The one that everyone wants you to take,  
Angered at herself, for being given this opportunity,  
And in response, not making something of it,  
Words flow through her head,  
"A believer or an exemplifier...  
Which one do i qualify as?"

Ready now, to make her mark, as a young woman,  
Coming back to the start,  
Only this time her faith has grown, and her spirit craves to flourish,

Her joy is contagious, and her smile and beliefs leave an imprint,  
Whispers, stares, words are said,  
People are not used to this confidence,  
But now she realizes she's not alone as she walks,  
With the strongest one, the powerful one, the mighty one,  
The protector, the teacher, the counselor,  
The friend.  
Like a stamp on an envelope,  
"Where would you like this 'message' delivered?"  
STAMP.  
I want it delivered ... everywhere.

A flood of milk escapes the jug,  
Knocking over the flimsy paper cup,  
In one fluid motion the walls and boundaries are knocked down,  
And everything once inside, has flowed out,  
Into the open, for everyone to see.