

Category One {aged 12 -14}

Forging Crowns by Summer Allen

She bears her mistakes like heavy chains
Dragging behind her hunched form
People jeer at her defeated soul
Shove her in the way of that firestorm
She doesn't snap back; doesn't stand tall
"I am only human, after all"

The girl studies herself in the mirror
She traces her too noticeable veins
Sees the softness where she wished for
edges
The flatness where she would like curves
She feels those heavy chains.
Ask your body what it needs!
It replies softly,
"Is there a chance, that you could just
love me?"
But she doesn't hear those beautiful
words rise, and fall
"I am only human, after all."

Stupid girl they hiss
D's fill the page; where there should be
better grades
They do not seem to care where
she stands
Her point of view viewed useless,
Teachers no longer call on her
timid hand

Because it is thought the right answer is
more valuable than the wrong.
But give the invisible girl a second look
and you will see
That while the right answer is
immortalised;
We learn from the wrong
Like a thousand different ways, not to
change a light bulb

Tell them that! Says a voice, so small
She does not.
"I am only human, after all."

Flaws are seen as feared fickle features.
The imperfections of her painted mask.
But why do want to be another
barbie doll,
When you could be a mighty empress at
a grand ball
Of a wicked witch wrapped in a shawl.
Or better yet you could unmask that
lifeless mask,
And let yourself truly smile at last

So scream your war cry through the
underbelly of the under bush.
And when you think back to the fairy-
tales of your childhood

Remind your-self, yet again,
That little red riding hood knew exactly
what she was doing;
When she let that wolf in.
And while Rapunzel spun to that prince
tales of woe
She always did know, how to escape the
tower though.
So, let those forest fires burn until you
can see the stars.
Venus, goddess of love is alone in that
sky
And oh
How brilliantly she shines.

Because when you can see the things that
I see
You will take those chains and shape
them to your will
To form your first crown
And believe that you are beautiful now.

And bad grades cannot compare
To a queen in common clothes
Nor can those hateful whispers and stares
Begin to touch the blood of long burned
witches alight in your bones.
And when you put your hand to your
stomach you will hold your head high
You will look into that mirror with
warrior eyes.

Heavy may be the head that wears
the crown
But your heart has discovered,
That "only human" you are not
But you are a long-lost queen on a
throne,
That you all but forgot.