

Junior Division, Poetry  
Bridget O'Brien, Gander  
**The Graduate**

these are lasts  
oh god  
how are these lasts

the last first day  
just like this  
the last new locker  
in this so-called abyss  
the last time  
I trick-or-treat on halloween  
the last happy birthday  
not wished through a screen  
the last christmas I attend  
without a plane ticket  
the last game nights  
I enjoy every last minute  
the last year  
I suffer for months on end  
the last time I say  
goodbye to a friend  
the last night we drive  
until our energy is gone  
the last times spent together  
staying up until dawn  
the last morning I awake  
in my childhood room  
the last time my mom scolds me  
for sleeping til noon  
the last days leading to  
my new destination  
the last hug before  
my newfound separation  
the last minutes I spend  
before being alone  
the last time I say bye  
to the people I call home

these lasts are scary and will be sorely missed  
but these lasts make room for firsts  
new firsts for which I have wished