

Junior Division, Poetry

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What We Forget to See

I was recently gazing from a ledge
Pondering the passers-by below
When I started to wonder
What brought them there?

I thought to myself,
(And you should think it too)
How everyone who walks,
Has somewhere else to be.

And how the sun sets,
And how the tide rises,
With every passing day,
With every passing hour.

Everyone who thinks,
Thinks odds... and thinks ends
Not of you, nor me
But differently, can now you see?

When wind messes up our hair,
We scold it, curse it, wish it wasn't there
We think not of why the wind does what it does,
Or what we'd miss without it.

People never stop... *always moving*
Never seeing what is small
Only the tall, the large
Like the falling stars

Next time you think,
Think not of the *huge*
Next time you think,
Think only of what's hardly there.

And if this poem
Makes no sense at all...
Perhaps you'll start to see
What we're meant to be.