

Junior Division, Poetry
Jacob Rose, Stephenville

I Can Do It

He stared,
at a blank page,
frozen in time.
Drowning,
in a sea of panic.

Not knowing what to do,
nor what to write.
His thoughts and ideas,
blocked,
by a mountain of worry and fear.

Struggling,
to see light,
in a dark tunnel,
all alone.
Lost for words,
pen tapping like a jackhammer.

He put his pen to the page,
taking a long breath,
of calming air,
he wrote...
I can do it.