



## Palm Beach Fellowship of Christians & Jews 2019 Essay and Creative Arts Competition

### Poetry Honorable Mention

Neissa Philemon, Atlantic Community High School (grade 11)

Sometimes when I catch myself looking at any mirror,  
I fear asking myself if I am always going to remain in the same place.  
Or if I will be able to walk through my worries with my head held high.  
When I have managed to push myself into a corner of self-doubt and anxiety,  
A small part of me keeps whispering and tugging at my hair strands.  
The world is strange that way  
In its ability to inspire you while relentlessly reminding you of your place.  
So when I am back looking at my wide eyes, dry cheeks, and wrinkled shirt,  
I am hopeful.  
I am hopeful that I will never stop moving forward.  
My worn out sneakers may grow tired with my soul  
and the wells of my eyes may be tired of going empty  
but there is always tomorrow.  
Now may not always be as forgiving as she used to be  
but that's about perspective,  
and my perspective has changed from my childhood:  
When I had unlimited desire and faith in my certainties.  
I had more hope under pillow than shoes in my closet.  
But I must remind myself that I can't keep looking behind me  
or I may trip over what is yet to come.  
So I place all of my aspiration in my slow and steady strides.  
They may be small but at least I am constantly trying.  
I hope that I am getting where I guess I am meant to be  
But being is a hard thing to do sometimes.  
Without the hope of there being something waiting for me,  
I may fall flat but I hope.  
I hope until I am strong.  
I hope until I am calm.  
I hope until I am tired.  
I do not stop hoping until I happy.  
But my hopes never just stop at me.  
They reach all the way up to stars.  
My hope has seen many galaxies  
and has returned to tell me about them.  
So I follow my hopes,  
Until the girl in the mirror of my bathroom starts smiling again.