pandoras

11th Grade

Her eyes were pigment sapphires
Her beauty, a fashioned gem
With facets of projected desires
And lips forever stained red.

“pandora, the gifted,” they called her
“pandora, the genius,” they said.
“pandora, pandora, I implore you
please love Me or I’m better off dead.”

The heathens must love pandora,
The perfection she represents:
“Let’s pour our love and give her our souls—
What gods—let’s worship her instead.”

Perhaps pandora was gifted,
Perhaps her wrapping hid flaws
Perhaps Desire, reflected
In her jewel eyes, wasn’t hers—

For she was a doll.

“pandora, the gifted," they called her
“pandora, the beauty,” they said.
“pandora, pandora, if I swallow you whole

could the world love Me in your stead?”

The all-gift, the gifted, was then consumed.

Greed, now behold the all-given:

Babushka dolls with unscrewable heads

buried deep in a pandora-shaped prison.

“Where in this world is pandora?”

Many people search as they ask,

Then strangers look up and smile knowingly,

Searching for the next thing they lacked.

(2021 Scholastics Art & Writing Awards Silver Key)

2 Hypocrites.

11th Grade

It's funny how you oh-so easily

Read the look in my eyes as judgment,

Yet distrust and be disgusted by

Flattery perceived from true compliments.

Does lying leave a bitter taste?

or, perhaps I do;

But even then, don't trust this me

that doesn't trust you.
I'm a flat character on your page—
The distant scratches on a screen—
With intentions wrought in iron rings
My life in a sentence of chains.

I dream:
Of night-less day or day-less nights,
Of a paradoxical relief.
Of an emptiness that you don’t fathom
Beneath my well meant, pathological sincerity.

Does lying leave a bitter taste?
or, perhaps I do;
Perhaps my goodwill isn’t faked—
Either way, who cares for the truth?

We are like two mirrors
Facing each other, both made of dark glass.
We look into the other and see ourselves—
Deeper and dimmer— fall into a tunneling black.

(2021 Scholastics Art & Writing Awards Silver Key)