

## 2022 POETRY OURSELVES Honorable Mention

### Questions Asked in the Midst of Midnight

by Sidney Regelbrugge

Point Arena High School, Mendocino County

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Words whispered into the darkness  
The scribble on the page  
The unsteady ink breaks  
All my secrets to take  
Feel them, crowd, the evergreen bedroom  
Close the diary  
Hid under my bed  
Hoping to never be found  
Initials across and leather-bound  
I do not remember my last euphoric moment  
I tell the ghost of my childhood  
Fairytales have swarmed my mind  
On the nights where she visits  
Only to stay till daybreak  
I shall tell her the world is cruel  
That there are no encrusted jewels  
Certainly, none to be bestowed  
Upon her head or mine  
The dreams of royalty all left to be  
I shall tell her that words break  
Crumble and shatter the facade of her face  
They will tear and burn  
Leave her world in ruins  
Again  
I will tell her that the callouses shall never go away  
Doomed to her hands for all eternity  
She sits  
Mind full of questions  
Ones I will tell  
Tonight she asks me if there is a Heaven  
A place where all questions are answered  
Screams and sobs of pain  
A place to sell  
The next night she ask if we are perfect  
If all the struggle and tears  
Have constructed divinity  
Have we at least conquered our fears  
Reached the top of the mountains  
Looked and saw all we have done  
Felt in our bones  
The words we have spoken  
Hurled our pain over the mountain top  
Only to watch it implode  
To feel her hand in mine  
As we question  
Scream into the same sky  
To the same God  
The one we have always questioned  
The single word  
Why?