

Finalist, Poetry

To Reach for Hope  
By Kellie Lewis

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Lines etched into my skin,  
My face contorted with pain.  
Try this pill, it might work.  
No, how about this one?  
Hunched over, knees up to my chest,  
My stomach full of cramps.  
Do this test one more time,  
It might show something now.  
Retching and gagging over and over again,  
My body racked with nausea.  
This doctor will figure it out.  
Or this specialist will help.  
Always the symptoms are treated,  
Never the cause.  
Always striving for a better life,  
Never faltering,  
I reach for hope.