

Second place, Poetry

Stares

by Dana Carpenter

Look at me as I'm human

Treat me like I care

What are the thoughts

Behind your stares

Don't fool yourself

Into believing

I can and do see

Behind that smile

Is a sense of pity

You do not know me

Nor the joys I seek

My body may rule

But my soul is free

My dreams are no different

Than yours or theirs

Because I happen

To need this chair

So realize this

As I pass you by

This could be you

In a blink of an eye

Nothing is as simple

As it seems to be

But in the end

You'll still be you

And I'll still be me