

Lilian Bodley

1st place teen

My uniform is too tight.

My hair clipped short.

I scratch the days into the wall,

Trapped within a concrete fort.

The inmates are silent,

The guards are aware.

There is nothing but walls,

Always here. Always there.

There's a garden and a library,

To keep the prisoners still.

But there's an emptiness around,

That can never truly fill.

Some are here for life,

Others, but a year.

Before returning to the world,

To live in rejection and fear.

This place is a prison,

In reality and in dream.

They say it's a place of redemptions,

But, to me, it seems

Only walls, and cement,

Guards and a fort.

My uniform too tight

My hair clipped short.

Keely Snow

2nd Place teen

People walk on through
It's now a place of 'used to'
They hold their cameras,
Wear their short. Make light
Of this place, and what it hold.

Prison walls built by our own two hands.
Now it's just a part of that 'used to' land.
Somewhere in the past—
Men lived, and died, and fought here.
They worked, prayed, went mad here.
But it's just a part of 'used to'

Except they're wrong—that 'used to'
Isn't in the right tense. Because this place—
It still hold the tortured souls. The mad men never left—
The executed stayed around. The spirit of those
Who 'used to' remains.

The prison guards still walk the halls, trapped and unseen.
The inmates cells aren't empty now—the rusted bars
Still hold those who ought to be free.

But not even death was an escape from this place—oh no,
It's much too dark for that. And even where it's light, the
Shadows remain...no escape.

And the tourist walk around, in their tennis shoes.

Laugh at the dark, the bars the walls.

They're just lucky they can't see the dead...

And that the dead can't touch them.

William Flatt

Honorable Mention Teen

The musty stench of sweat and despair permeate the air.

A sliver of light, a small piece of heaven, shines into

the Godforsaken pit. Shuffles of the forgotten can be

heard throughout the prison. Out in the field, the

sunlight and sound of birds taunt the inmates.

Stories of the world beyond are the currency of hope

here.