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Out of Respect

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Cover Page Footnote

"Second Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 5, Issue 3, 2005.

ERIKA MCRAE

OUT OF RESPECT

Let's not start this journey off on a bad note
more of a sad tone that has no boundaries, yet it echoes
my vitality seems to have taken the best of me
a shadow of fear that shrouds my heart with ice
cold as snow in the middle of June
my head aches from thinking of you
sleeping around me is the world and their dreams
alone am I and forever it seems to be
only when I close my eyes and wonder
do I ever escape this lonesome boulevard
an alley of desperate need is darkened by my impossible dreams
where one alone could always be happy; in a state of self-pity
a music hall reflects light from the water below
an omen of a relief from my indecency
a place where I feel at home
with an instrument to play on my own

my neck stretches with a broad oak core
lined by nails that illuminate the brightest silver
like a sliver, my bow is strung
strummed once and my note is done
this violin has played its final tone
a note that roams inside the walls
and echoes down life's greatest halls
where two doors meet to end its scream
a lonely dream that I have of my own
where I am with myself and a well-known no one
this journey has ended in a dying plea
only ears of heaven hear my final key
one last strum
that's it for me