

Tangibility and the Void
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Boise

I follow you
as your greatest admirer.

I live under you;
you treat me like dirt:

stepped on,
crushed,

silent screams
curdle your ears like spoiled milk

until it wears you away
until you are engulfed in nothingness.

And then I am you
and you are my shadow.

This cannot change
until the day you stop

and when you do
and are taken by cold, damp dirt,

when there is no light,
we will both cease to exist.