



Daphne Crosleycone

Mercer International Middle School | 7th Grade

Saying Clouded Aloud

Within every breath
not everything is clear,
clear as unbroken glass.
Not crystal.
Crystal warps the vision
with the cuts of the long-ago jewel maker.
Crystal creates the view of
never one thing to be true,
glass looks through to truth.
Water reflects back,
making you the killer,
the god,
or whoever your question to the well compensates.
But in times we are only allowed
the world blurred.
In a configuration
of our own mind and memory.
Grief.
The strong suit, the weakness
causing the blur.
Blurred sight.



seattle
arts &
lectures