


CALVERT CITY'S  
  
YOUTH  
VOICE  
MONTHLY WRITING CONTEST

**AUGUST WINNER**  
**Savannah Watson**

Savannah is from Paducah, KY. She enjoys singing, dancing, drawing, and reading. Her favorite class is choir. She has many favorite teachers including: Miss Fallis, Miss Carver, Mr. Murphy, Mrs. Dublin, and Mr. Williams.

# THE VOICE OF HOPE

By Savannah Watson

The Voice of Hope  
These loud voices  
They never stop,  
Questioning my choices,  
Saying I'm not good enough,  
Telling me I'm worthless.  
I'm ugly on the surface.  
That I need a cosmetic  
They say I'm pathetic  
I feel trapped in a cage  
That fills with water  
It keeps rising as if it's ready to slaughter  
The cold water rises  
Up, up, up it goes  
It's now to my nose  
How do I break free of the voices that drown  
I try to pound  
And to shout  
But it's no use  
No one can hear me  
While I'm underwater  
But the voices continue  
They drag me further down  
Everything races and races  
It's too fast  
I can't stop their booming opinions  
That continue to harass  
Eventually they'll surpass

Can I outlast  
The voices going past  
My already weakened threshold.  
Suddenly silence  
No longer do I hear them  
A sweet and relieved feeling starts to stem  
I begin to realize  
That one voice stays  
But this one displays  
A peace that's been away for far too long  
This one says that I belong  
That I am loved  
Don't listen to those that only shoved  
The voice is not like the others  
This one tells me there is light in the dark  
It only takes a spark  
This one asks

Will you continue to sink and drown  
Or will you take my hand  
So I can show you around  
Will you rise from the ashes  
And be found.

I take the voice's hand  
And it shows me something grand  
I take my opportunity  
I wave it high  
Like a flag in the sky  
So all can see

This new free  
I feel made new inside  
I am no longer afraid  
Or unsatisfied  
But rather joyful  
And hopeful.  
I will not fall like Constantinople  
But continue to rise  
I grab hold of my courage  
And step one foot in front of the other  
I take a step  
And another  
And another  
Then suddenly

I'm running as fast as my legs can take me  
Who cares where I'll end up  
For I am free  
And when a dark voice makes an appearance  
on my path  
I continue to fight  
And stay in the light  
When I walk to the bottom of a hill  
I will continue to walk back up to the top  
I won't give up  
And I won't stop.  
Something changed  
No longer do I feel like I'm walking on a  
tightrope  
For I have found a new peace,  
The voice of hope.

**NEXT DEADLINE - SEPTEMBER 1 - [INFO@CALVERTCITY.COM](mailto:INFO@CALVERTCITY.COM)**