

## “The Holes of Notebooks”

One, two, three, the clock ticks  
I'm sitting at my desk taking notes in my blue notebook  
Four, five, six, the student taps his pen repeatedly against his desk,  
Seven, eight, the door shuts, making a clicking noise  
Nine, a piercing noise echoes through the halls,  
The booming sound continues, shouting in the distance  
I freeze, putting my pen down beside my notebook  
Ten, I gaze around the classroom to see my classmates,  
The color draining slowly from their faces, eyes wide in realization,  
The clock continues to tick, eleven, twelve  
I hoped for time to freeze, and correct itself, it doesn't  
Time is continuous, the blaring sounds down the hall approaching  
Thirteen, the clock ticks  
*I retrace my morning*  
I ate a bowl of cereal only two hours ago  
I said bye to my mom only two hours ago  
Fourteen, I sit under a desk, once used for class  
Now, my shelter of survival  
The clock ticked again, and the darkness of the room  
engulfs the faces of my peers  
The clock ticks again, Fifteen, I am only Fifteen years old  
Sixteen, our backpacks have become shields  
Seventeen, I touch the now-dampened sleeves of my hoodie,  
I brush my tear-stained cheeks, each tear,  
reminding me of reality  
Why?  
When is it enough?  
How many lives have to be taken,  
How many have to be injured,  
How many parents have to come home to an empty house  
To realize that notebooks should only have three holes

Lily Reynolds: Best Overall Poem