Adult 3rd Place – Katherine Lessard

The trestle that was,
Echoed with laughter,
A time when youth reigned over the lagoon.
Endured souls encompassed us,
Or,

Were yet to be.
Like walking the tightrope of life,
As we did on the trestle.
In the days,

Of conversing with tongue and eye,
Finding our own way on the tangled highways.

Unbreakable steel!
Forever to defy force,
But inevitably, we break, piece by piece.
The fireworks settle,
The song slows down.
Burdened with a tear in our hearts,
Amidst the void through the woods.
If we could only go back in time,

To when the trestle was.