

# 2014 MCC Creative Writing Contest

## Poetry Category

**First Place:** “*That Place*,” by Lizzieigh Enos

They don't understand.  
It's not a world of pure darkness,  
It's an endless expanse of white  
As pure as can be,  
Stretching out from horizon to horizon.  
It's not dark,  
It's painfully blinding.

I see the people.  
Hazy specters wandering the landscape  
Only partially aware of my existence.  
I hear the voices,  
Like whispers barely reaching  
The far reaches of a quiet room,  
But the meaning reverberates through the soul.

But there is still that Cimmerian shade,  
An emptiness more complete  
Than the spaces between the celestial bodies  
That burrow deep and take root  
Anchoring itself among the echoes  
Of pain, fear, sorrow, and anger,  
Numbing, desensitizing, slowly killing.

And ever

As I wonder how I made it through another day  
Or if I will survive again to see another tomorrow.  
And every night  
Is an acknowledgment that the whispered lies  
That have been thrown at me, are truth.

Sticks and stones  
Cannot terrify more than words,  
Hurt more than dying piece by piece,  
Stab and cut as deeply as the knowledge  
That I am nobody, nothing, worthless  
Cannot cripple more than knowing that I exist  
Only to be broken.

## JUDGE'S COMMENTS

“Like whispers reaching/ The far reaches of a quiet room” is an excellent line. “Sticks and stones/  
Cannot terrify more than words” echoes T. S. Eliot’s use of nursery rhyme to interpret daily existence. I