

2008 IATE Poetry and Prose Contest
Poems of Special Merit

TEN

North of the river on Thirteenth
I found on the side of the path one summer day
An iPhone with music blaring
From its earphones, lying there
Willing me to take it.
I was ten.

Admiring the clean, perfect screen,
The exceptional quality of the
Speakers: I picked it up
With a reverence that
Comes with a true wanting.
I was ten.

It slipped so easily into my pocket,
Ready to continue proudly down the
Path ahead, I thought about the luck
That I had. On that path I felt a
Forward pull, a slight tremble. I was
ten.

Then, I heard a moan behind the tree
In the cool shade. I walked closer to him-
The owner-who desperately reached for
My water bottle. He gulped and gulped,
Then took back his iPhone with mumbled
Thanks, and started his running down the path again. I
stood there shaded:
I was ten.