

Jackie
Grade 9 North Branch Genre: Poetry

Title: Tiptoe

Creeping forward Silent as a grave Down the stairs

Adrenaline pumping Balance holding Feet tiptoeing Stair... creaking

Poising I become a statue Can not move,
Will not move
Finally, danger gone,

Reaching up, Lights flip on Mom is home Shame...

Yes I tried to steal that cookie
I could not resist its crumbling golden goodness But, as I look back at the
glass flickering in my sole

I realize
You haven't
found the lamp yet