

Prime Stage Theatre Creative Arts Festival 2019



based on our season theme of **Courage**.

First Place

Water Dilutes Blood

By Jayla Andrews

My tears echoed in silence
as they fell on her broad shoulders
the ones that were capable of
the weight of the world
plus me
She held my shaking body and
diluted the strong and bitter
anxiety
that was coursing through my veins
once again
like black coffee
spiked with rubbing alcohol
and jagged words of
rejection
Bitten down nails accompanied by
gentle fingers run
through my hair
and across my spine
the nerves in my body
seeming to bow
in their presence
It was in this moment
I knew she'd be
the one I'd choose
to call family

-to my best friend, thank you

Second Place

Bonfires

By Connor Dunn

An Ode To Bonfires,
O' mighty circles of sticks, O' memorable circles of
friends-
Both, in their own ways illuminate my desires.

Source of familiar warmth, bound to summer's comfort
Unending optimism and blinding possibility-
Built up, to be burnt down as an anticipated, a well
accepted last resort.

Waves of upward orange, skyward flicks of glowing red.
Fallen trees feed the flames-
Seized by groups of hoodie wearing teens for once, not
wanting to be dead.

Amassed four feet tall and three feet in diameter.
Doused in gasoline and lighter fuel-
We flicked with whatever alcohol was left on its
parameter.

Burns with nature's gifts and the edges of torn
manuscripts
Ignited notes we never wanted seen, failed tests and
artistic masterpieces,
Tossed in ceremony to being alive, and not to the fate
bound by high school transcripts.

O' The Laughs, Hugs and Smiles,
Blasted Tunes On Bluetooth Speakers,
All was well, observing fire for this while.

At the evenings end, when all are asleep on stolen
folding chairs,
Among the sandpit, the flames lie dormant at the sun's
return,
Our cue to begin rushing all on home so none may meet
a parent's glare.

Third Place

Row, Row! ROW!

By Brook Schmitz

Sweat pours off every inch of my body,
Muscles taut and blood is pumping,
Breath comes harsh,
My chest is heaving,
My vision blurred,
Only seeing the person's back in front of me,
That is all that's taking over my world,
Only one thought that I can think,
Pull I demand,
My mind resists, my body screams,
Legs far past reached the point of soreness,
Arms feel limp from the strokes,

But the rowers keep going,
Always rowing,
Water keep crashing,
Constantly thrashing,
Feet and hands long since numbed,
Face is frozen and I feel so done,
The Cox yells for a power ten,
And then I am right back at it again.



*Brook Schmitz and Jayla Andrews,
Linda Haston, John Dolphin and Wayne Brinda*