

***Second Place***

**Category: Writing - Poetry**

**Age Division: 16-21**

Longing for Freedom

By: Christina Fowler

The storm rages over head and the cold, cutting wind howls,

As the distant whinny of a horse echoes in my ear.

She has been imprisoned, torn apart from her herd,

Frightened and unsure of what may come, she trembles.

Her pain, her sorrow, her longing, all I feel

For I am the horse,

I have been saddled up with Burdens and spurred on through the pain,

I know how it feels when the rain just keeps falling.

A horse can be trained to be ridden and accept a sharp metal bit in her delicate mouth,

But her heart will never be tamed; I will always be wild,

My mind will always escape to a place where all the wild horses once galloped together,

When all their hooves beat to the same mellifluous song,

It is then that we chased the clouds away,

And it is now that I will continue to dream of freedom,

Freedom from whips and spurs.