

**THIRD PLACE, POETRY**  
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**Prompt Words: Atrium, Wind, Grandiose, Haunt, Decline, Menace**

The Wind is Playing a Song for You

The Wind is playing a song for you –  
So listen up close:

Do you hear the howling?  
Like a ghost's last haunt has finally begun,  
Like a hunted wolf's final prowling,  
Like the scream of losing a loved one,  
Like a serial killer scowling.  
Or like the opening of a fantasy,  
Like a rollercoaster of sparkling fun,  
Like rustling leaves off a walnut tree,  
Like a breath from relaxing in the sun.

Do you smell the history?  
Like the whole world has been carried to you,  
Like the keys to unravel Earth's mystery,  
Like a fruit is bursting with clues,  
Like the fresh air has turned glittery.  
Or like a grandiose mansion's decayed dust,  
Like the selling of a baby's never-worn shoes,  
Like monuments that are sprouting rust,  
Like the world is losing its glue.

Do you feel the changes?  
Like the Earth is on a steady decline,  
Like there are no new exchanges,  
Like nothing's good since '99,  
Like eroding mountain ranges.  
Or like there's endless possibilities,  
Like the world is ready to shine,  
Like the growth of capability,  
Like the stars have just aligned.

Do you hear the pounding?  
Like rain on the roof of an atrium,  
Like your heart found something astounding,  
Like the steady beat of a drum,  
Like echoed voices resounding.  
Or like a menace coming to your door,  
Like a party where you know no one,  
Like the starting of a war,  
Like the end of the world in 3...2...1...

The Wind is playing a song for you.  
It's yours to act upon.  
The Wind is playing its song for *you* –  
So listen up and carry on.