

there's always tomorrow

POETRY

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Bronx, NY. Educator unavailable; NYC Scholastic Awards,
Affiliate. Gold Medal, **Best-in-Grade Award**

<i>me</i>	and	<i>my uncle</i>
my heart resides in		pocketed guitar picks,
that dollar bill you gave me,		when i strum thousands of chords
i wonder:		do you still think about me?
when can i see you again?		because i miss you more than anything
it's been years		and i want to hug you one last time
i hope you aren't mad at me because		i love you so, so much
there are so many things i want to say		yet you are too far away from me, dear
and you are miles away from my grasp.		let me play you one last song,
let me hear your voice again		as one final goodbye
you told me, just before i left the airport		"take every good chance you get in life"
"to cherish every memory"		do you remember that?
i've been trying to fulfill your wish because		that was the last time i ever saw you
that was the last time i ever felt your arms around mine.		ever since then,
i've been blaming myself		i wish i hugged you a little tighter
why didn't i hold onto you for longer?		why didn't i tell you how grateful i was?
i'm sorry		i'm so sorry.
i'm sorry for not picking up your call		i'm sorry for thinking there was a tomorrow
the sun rose for me, and yet for you		there wasn't one at all.
there was never a tomorrow.		i just hope that you can
please, find it in you to forgive me		forgive me until i'm able to see you again.
until then, you'll be waiting,		i'll be waiting,
until we meet again		until i can wrap my arms around you once more.

There are three ways of reading this poem—reading both separately or reading it as one. ■