




# TEEN WRITING & ART SHOWCASE



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We hope you enjoy reading Gail Borden's fifteenth Teen Writing and Art Showcase! We have published entries exactly as they were submitted.

For information about how to submit your work for publication in a future showcase, please visit [www.gailborden.info/teenwriting](http://www.gailborden.info/teenwriting) or email [zone@gailborden.info](mailto:zone@gailborden.info). We want to see your amazing creations!

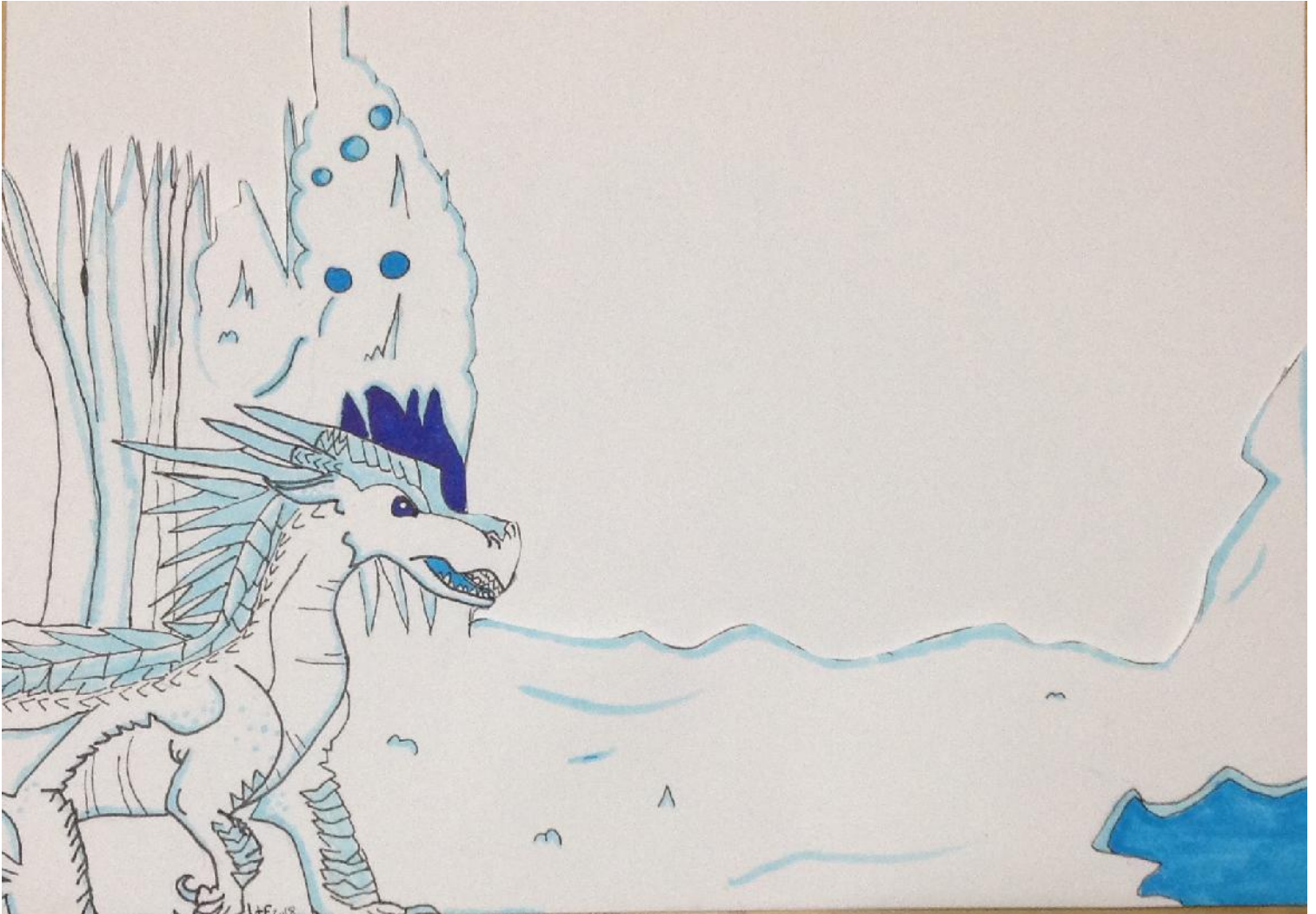


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# THE ICE KINGDOM

SERENA BETZ



FRONT COVER  
**DRAGON BOI**  
KATIA INZURRIAGA



BACK COVER  
**VOCALOID HATSUNE MIKU**  
YANITZI ARROYO

# THE CLOCK IS TICKING

ASIYAH MARDIYYAH ARASTU

Since the equinox, fall has beckoned,  
Coaxing me from books outdoors.  
But caught as I am between scarce seconds,  
Its call I have all but ignored--

Not by choice. Feverish, I worked,  
Racing time to the end of each day.  
In triumph, the clock-face would smirk  
When night blotted out my last chance to play.

Two weeks, my body was deprived  
Of the thrill of exertion, tingling sore limbs,  
While my mind floundered, barely alive,  
At the mercy of homework's whims.

Time loosened its vice-like grip,  
Allowing me fits of reprieve.  
Out through the first unlatched window, I slipped,  
Escaping the hovering eaves.

I ran. My breath came in rags.  
Every gasp was torn to shreds.  
Yet my pants were not pained, nor did my feet drag.  
I savored the sharp air and loped on ahead.

So free! Past glades and groves of oak,  
Kissed by the edge of a tangled wood.  
Hill-crests and valleys within me awoke  
The freshness and awe of childhood.

Past fens where fog-veiled figures swirl,  
Where wisps of shifting mists curl,  
Through a vapor made of pearl  
There moved a quick-pawed shadow squirrel.

It darted away; my fancy followed  
The sentry to its sentinel tree.  
From laden branches and hidden hollows,  
Acorns spilled forth to a nutty sea.

Beside squirrel and tree stood the castle they guard,  
Its ramparts brushed by the tree's leafy crown.  
Neither touched by war nor battle-scarred,  
They command sublime views at the peak of sundown.

Dusk settled in as red left the skies.  
Loath to turn home, I, too, bid farewell.  
With a glance at the road, in the blink of an eye,  
At the glare of my watch, I shattered the spell.

Back to my prisons' inky confines,  
I glimpsed but a snatch of the treasures of fall.  
In those few salvaged moments I still could call mine,  
I saw less and less green. That was all.

A chill crept in, a wake-up call.  
The season of sweaters tried to pry me loose from jail.  
It splashed me with cold, interspersed with rainfall,  
But like before, to no avail.

Rusting leaves, apples ripe on the tree,  
Frost in the night, the bite in the brisk breeze--  
All of them are now calling to me:  
"We can't stay long! Time does not freeze!"

It pains my heart to hear their plea.  
I would answer, but I am not free.  
Soon, with the geese, they will all flee,  
While a ticking clock is all I see. ♦



# WHAT A SNOWY DAY

MADELYN CECILIA CLEAVE



# **FIRE TIGER**

ELISE MILLER



# **CLOSE UP WITH NATURE**

JACQUELINE PEREZ





# THE QUEEN OF SHADOWS

ERINN KARIS



