"The Confession Forms"
by Caleb Mangesho
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THE CONFESSION FORMS

The Confession is a sound of fury and silence that works in revelation,
And my breath— I breathe heavily,
Strong and confused, aware and internally insecure.
And I must confess,
I heard and I did, I turned and I hid,
And sometimes the world just seems like an old muse.
And my eyes and ears connect to my heart, my vessels a quaint hearth,
And I listen and think at the scene by scene,
And the sounds— the sounds are articulated around me, bursting in an array of glowing colors,
like the twilight before the storm; A noise that fills my ears and eyes, earth and sky like a symphony,
A cave, a tunnel into my mind,
Like a message that calls for deeper cognition,
Like a thought that calls, "deeper!"
And the sounds of other people blur and blend and churn and burn and strain, like a portal into a real yet lonely cycle of broken pieces of memory— like a stained-glass window in a sanctuary:
My soul is a temple and my temple covers my mind and I must confess;

Such a transition captivates my fear like I’m seeing something invisible, something gargantuan and yet non-existent, like something; a something that seems too powerful, beyond the nature of human sight—

I tell you—
At first, such a trembling notion would capture the senses of my eyes like two birds in a film
caged between the transcendent clouds amongst the sky, an ocean of waves of wavering air
and waning light, within the storm,
Scene by scene, in confusing cinematography,
Only to flash from mind to end, staring blankly,
At another human being, and it makes me feel very weird; embarrassed honestly,
But I move on—
That my mind is searching in maelstrom for the Confession.