

Honorable Mention
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There he sits, every day
And writes yet another letter.
He lost his wife on the 5th of May,
65 long years together.
And here he sits,
And goes out on a limb,
Just to feel like she's there.
His warm leather skin, so fragile and pale,
His head in his hands, as he lets out a wail.
That bald little head, with few strands of hair,
Lifts right back up and stares.
No family to talk to,
Or children to see.
He's all alone now,
As he sits under their tree.
Each day when I pass him,
My heart aches with pain.
I want to sit with him,
But what would I say?
He looks so empty,
And I might be no use.
So why should I care,
For elderly abuse?