



**Honorable Mention
Children's Age Group**

Vanishing

As oil is to water, I simply do not mix
Empty tables haunt my dreams
Sounds of joy fill the air yet I am alone
My own world floats away
I float away

The hallways seem to go on forever
They talk but it is silent
Trailing behind
Waiting, wishing, wanting

I wander
Searching
No interaction
Just a ghost
Dreaming of the day I will find
My people

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