

Samantha LeGrand  
PB-27  
"Jazz Lounge"  
**Poetry**  
**First Prize**  
**Grades 9 & 10**

## **JAZZ LOUNGE**

Hello mr. right

Can you turn your attention towards the mic

Because the glare from the light is far too blinding

Meet me out behind the old stage

Where the dregs of fallen stars remain

Leaving marks of their age

Find me after the encore

That is if enough people stay to cry thus

We will talk politics, space, and science

And when we are done I will feel so much lighter

When we met you told me that mr right left

And you are barely the remains

But you will do

Goodbye mr left