

WAITING FOR A JUDGE

There is so much time for me to kill,
in this "war of Words," if you will.
The nervous tension radiates from the rest.
We are the few, the best of the best.
Stomachs turning, hearts beating fast,
how long will these sweaty palms last?
Legs are trembling, biting nails short,
We're being judged on our witty retors.
Words will bumble, tongues will tie,
I'm from Brebeuf, a little white lie.
Forensics is a war, one big head game.
We are a number, we have no name.
But we speak on, despite our fears,
forseeing our ribbons and our cheers.
Speaking until voices grow weak,
we came to win, we came to speak.

*Krista Helms
Knightstown High School
April 10, 1999
10:10 a.m.
State Tournament Round II*