

Requiem for the Left Behind

Winter was when you came,  
Studded with jewels  
And dazzling like the sheen  
Of a dew drop on a flower,  
And your laugh, a symphony  
Of notes that heaved and leapt  
With the stuttering of my heart.  
Your eyes were bright,  
And reflected pictures of a world  
That became saturated with colour,  
And the reflections of the midmorning sun  
That shimmered on their surface,  
Could be mistaken for stars  
Trapped behind cerulean glass.

Winter was when you came.  
I was ragged and empty,  
Bound by my trespasses,  
And left to die with my demons.

Spring is when we fell in love,  
Yet still you bore no stain,  
Not a mark from my calloused hands.  
No, you shone ever brighter  
And you bandaged my wounds,  
Tears tracing my hard edges  
And softening me like rainfall on wood.  
You sang as you held me, each line like a promise,  
Splitting cracks through the clouds  
And spilling light into my eyes,  
So I may have caught even a glimpse  
Of the vivid colours you saw,  
The life of which you sang,  
As I slept bathed in light.

Spring is when we fell in love.  
The sky opened wide,  
The fields blossomed with colour,  
And something akin to freedom came into my grasp.

Year 9, 9n, Katie Parkinson

Summer was when you learned to fly,  
Soaring above me across skies  
That matched the shade of your irises,  
As my own laughter was carried away with the wind,  
Eyes shut by the contour of my grinning cheeks,  
Aching from squinting in the light.  
Your wings glistened with colours of which  
I had never seen before, the shimmer curving  
Across each feather like stardust left there  
By way of a delicate hand.  
I felt only traces of envy,  
As you spread them and took to the skies,  
My heart in my throat  
And your heart drifting someplace else.

Summer was when you learned to fly,  
I was unsteady and wandering,  
My feet still stumbling beneath me,  
And my eyes still blinded by your distant light.

Autumn was when I couldn't follow,  
As you laughed and screamed and sobbed the words,  
*Always come with me* or some variation,  
None of which barred the sting of the angry red  
That flashed behind those sparkling tears,  
The disappointment that manifested as the days went by.  
*Freedom* you whispered, with your mouth, your eyes,  
Your every limb portrayed this subtle promise to me,  
But my wings were just stubs, breaking out through my shoulder blades,  
Useless and young and not fit to fly,  
And I needed more time.  
*But there was so much to say, so much to do,  
Such a vast expanse of universe to explore.*  
So much time, so little patience.

Autumn was when I couldn't follow.  
Each step of mine was accompanied by a hasty glance behind,  
And even as I flung myself towards the sky,  
These chains left me broken, bruising heavier each time.

Winter was when you left,  
In the quiet of the morning,  
As the light shone through wrecked window panes  
And the floorboards creaked beneath my cold feet.  
I was scrubbed clean of your scent,  
And the flames you left burning  
In scribbled notes or abandoned socks,  
Had all been snuffed out  
By a harsh, cruel expanse of emptiness.  
Perhaps all those promises  
Of a word I've long forgotten,  
Were only promises to yourself.  
Because one day you would forget me,  
And only then could you fly as far as the sun.

Winter was when you left.  
I was ragged and empty,  
Bound by my trespasses,  
And left to die with my demons.