**Poetry Selection Week 1**

**Young Writers’ Collective**

**Ledbury Poetry Festival Community Programme**

**Big change – covid – 19 by Jayme**

Into the world I crept freely,

So I could take over completely.

Forcing people to hid in fear,

Because they know that I am near.

Still some people are brave,

As they are eager to save.

They are trying to get rid of me,

But it’s not that easy as you can see.

I have turned all lives upside down,

So that I can claim my crown.

I have claimed so many people,

Because I am just that lethal.

I see you cry,

As you run and try.

To banish me,

But it’s not as easy as one, two, three.

I came here with a purpose,

No it wasn’t to join a circus.

For reasons you will never understand,

Sometimes I don’t know why I came to this land.

Once I have set you all free,

You will jump with glee.

But your lives won’t be the same,

You will appreciate that picture in your frame.

You won’t take things for granted,

Look at all the flowers you have planted.

You won’t be so greedy,

You will give to the needy.

You will more time for each other,

Make sure you go and hug your mother.

You will make for your friends,

Or even make amends.

You will feel strange,

Because your perception has changed.

Taking care of one another,

Yes even your brother.

Life is not an experiment,

So please take care of the environment.

Change is sometime out of our control,

It can be both good and bad for the soul.

**Big Change by Sophie**

People all around the world were going about their day

Work, school, meeting their friends

Little did they know what was coming their way

No warning, no announcement, not prepared for these things to end

Lives would be changed forever, hearts would be shattered

But for everything they did, none of it really mattered

For this disaster was invisible

All they could do was wait

And do everything possible

In every city, town and state

Countries locked down, closed shops

Key workers risking their lives

Nobody thought that their schedules would stop

And their countries would cease to thrive

Lives would be changed forever, hearts would be shattered

But for everything they did, none of it really mattered

While the majority stayed in their homes

Playing by the rules

A minority thought they were free to roam

Thinking they were invincible, the fools

Only allowed to leave for essentials

But everything in high demand

Everyone went fucking mental

The selfishness, sane people couldn’t understand

Lives would be changed forever, hearts would be shattered

But for everything they did, none of it really mattered

With 2 metres apart, the mandatory distance

Some people couldn’t care less

Overstepping the mark, reveling in ignorance

They come closer with every step

Lives would be changed forever, hearts would be shattered

But for everything they did, none of it really mattered

Now, as we’re stuck in our homes

Avoiding the disease, dodging every threat

Just waiting and waiting for the unknown

While we’re trying our best

Lives would be changed forever, hearts would be shattered

But for everything we did, none of it really mattered

This may sound like a horror movie

And we wish that that was the deal

Nothing will ever run as smoothly

Because the Covid-19 is real

Our lives have been changed forever, our hearts have been shattered

But for everything we’ve done, none of it really matters

Suffering in silence as our loved ones slip by

Technology, our only form of contact

No funerals allowed, we can’t say goodbye

Fuck knows if our sanity is intact

As we hide in isolation

Our days bleeding together

As this unfolds around us, we unite as a nation

But this seems to last forever

**Big change by Kelsey**
The big change the change to my happiness my welfare and my mental health. Covid 19 stay at home and stay safe. It's what I intend to do it's just like being on a UK holiday in November where all the shops and the amusement parks are shut so you just go back to your accommodation well that's life at the moment some people I feel lonely bored depressed or just pissed off because they're stuck at home with the siblings that won't leave them alone and your parents nagging at you to do things

But me how do you think I'm coping what do you think? I'm great I don't care about being on lockdown why you ask

Well let me tell you a little something and insight to how I feel I'm overwhelmed with love love that I can't escape not that I wish to but love like I've never been loved before being able to spend time with my other half creating memories laughing together supporting each other and looking at the bigger picture giving me more incentive to work harder to get a house so we can live together that's my goal

It's amazing how my heart feels complete the warmest that lives in me and my smile which people now complementary on its own because I found love and I'm in a relationship where I can well and truly say that I'm happy and I'll say that again I am now well and truly happy

**Change by Jayme**

Life is looking pretty bleak,

Because its changing as we speak.

Wash both your hands slowly,

Make sure its done thoroughly.

Keep your distance from each other,

You don’t want to catch it from one another.

Stay inside and lock the door,

These are warnings we shouldn’t ignore.

Finding things to do,

Without going to the zoo.

Because life has stopped,

Leaving us all shocked.

Speaking on my phone everyday,

As it the only way.

Or all alone I sit,

Which is hard I have to admit.

Longing to see your family,

Instead of sitting on your balcony.

Wanting to visit my friend,

Instead of staying in at the weekend.

Wishing to spend time in the sun,

Or simply having a one-to-one.

None of this is possible,

Which is fucking horrible.

Constantly cleaning,

Kitchens are gleaming.

Painting pictures,

Writing scriptures.

Watching films,

Creating stills.

I am slowly going insane,

Oh where is my fucking ashtray.

**Missing out by Harvey**

I used to miss my flat whenever I left it,

I would count the hours until I could pack up my kit and head home.

Now I feel as though these walls have changed from the rosy image in my mind to a thorn in my side.

The same walls no matter where I look and

I take the same seat as I've always took.

Now I long to be free to walk around this city, the city that for years I took for granted, the streets I've walked and the people who have talked. Before this I paid no attention

And now what I wouldn't give to leave this hellish detention

Jamie’s Responses to the above poems

Harvey’s Poem – Missing out

*Thought the use of nature imagery was interesting and clever in a poem about having to stay inside. Inspired by the line, ‘Now I feel these walls have changed from the rosy image in my mind to a thorn in my side’*

*Flower images, walls becoming overgrown.*

**Day 1** was when I noticed

Down by my skirting board.

Where the carpet was now faded,

Where grass and moss had formed.

**Day 2** I was reluctant

To check the patch once more.

But it was now becoming clear

That it was growing through the floor.

**Day 3** and it had shot up

To around about knee height.

Leaves were sprouting from its vines

Reaching towards light.

**Day 4** I started wondering,

What it was that I should do.

And when I skyped my friends that evening,

I hid it from their view.

**Day 5** I filled my watering can

And gave the plant a drink

I slept that night uneasily,

Not knowing what to think.

**Day 6** I was awoken

By the smell of spring and bloom

As the plant had now grown around the walls

And flowers filled the room.

**Day 7** I gazed out the window

At the empty parks and streets

And looked at my walls of colour and life,

Everything that I could need.

So from **day 8**  through to **day 14**

I stayed wrapped inside my room

Watering and nurturing

That flowers that did bloom.

A respite from the gloom.

**Day 15** and I heard the news

The lockdown had been lifted.

Tomorrow we could leave our homes

No longer be restricted.

I walked around the bedroom

My hand brushing along the walls,

Until my fingers grazed a petal

And it tumbled to the floor.

That night I sat up in my bed

Afraid to fall asleep

What if in the morning all was gone?

As if it were a dream.

**Day 16**, my eyelids opened,

And slowly saw the sight

Of the flowers withered on the floor,

The walls an empty white

I took up a broom and dustpan

And swept the leaves aside.

Voices floated through my window

From the people now outside.

Of people talking loudly

And laughing all around

Families playing in the parks where

Once no one made a sound.

So I soon forgot the flowers,

Their purpose now applied.

I picked up my phone to call my friends

And took a step outside.

Jamie’s response to Kelsey’s Poem – Big Change

*Inspired by the stream of consciousness style. I thought the line ‘It’s like being on a UK holiday in November’ was quite a good simile for the current situation, so took that as the starting point.*

Holiday in November

Too early for festivities, too late for hot weather

The shops are shut and there are

Padlocks on the parks

The swimming pool is drained and dry

The life guard? He’s been relieved.

Walk through empty caravans parks,

Unlit windows reflect back at you.

No sign of life inside, no barbecue smoke sliding

Along the sky line as you amble by.

Past the go-cart track and the amusement arcade

Now bereft of amusement,

Only the neon sheen of a fire exit bulb

And a wet floor sign.

So it’s back to only home that’s lit

To your family, that last family to brave it

A UK holiday in November,

A lockdown to remember.

Jamie’s response to Sophie’s Poem – Big Change

*Inspired by references to social distancing, horror movie imagery (‘This may sound like a horror movie, and we wish that was the deal’). Adversity in the face of a seemingly unstoppable force. Didn’t attempt to match the epic length though, haha.*

The car park bays mark my boundary

White lines divide me from social shaming

One slip, one mis-step

A hundred pair of eyes could turn

Twenty key workers engulf me in their hi-vis jackets.

“Caw!”

A seagull cries above me

Snapping me back to the supermarket queue.

We shuffle forward,

Eerie silence leaks from the dark clouds forming

Sweat drips from my forehead as I inch along, keeping my distance regular

At two metres apart

We are stronger together.

Jamie’s response to Sadie – Covid-19

*Really cool idea. Thought I would flip it and write from the perspective of a vaccine, which was harder than I anticipated. Decided not to try and match the strict rhyme scheme, maybe that would have helped though!*

Like everything with a power to change

I was created over time.

White lab coats swirled and whipped around

The room in which I grew

In my test tube I materialised

Was picked apart

Analysed

They tested me as quickly as possible

Balancing figures on printed paper

I needed moulding,

Tweaking,

I could not be released until I was perfect, I knew that much.

But I don’t know why I was created

I don’t need to really,

I just need to do.

And I won’t be remembered.

My test tube will be washed and put away,

Re-labelled, filed somewhere.

And those numbers scrawled on paper will be crumpled and shredded

Figures forgotten and date dismissed.

Only those white lab coats

Working tirelessly around me.

**Poetry Selection Week 2**

**Young Writers’ Collective**

**Ledbury Poetry Festival Community Programme**

**Out the window by Sophie**

Staring out the window

My mind an empty void

The sky a mixture of blue and pink

Bleeding out as it stretches into the horizon

It’s evening now, yet it shines bright

A stark contrast to my dark room

Green treetops peeking above the houses in front of me

The charcoal roads and pavements so silent and peaceful

Cars laying dormant in the car park

Just waiting for the time their owners can use them again

Last night an argument erupted across the street

But tonight, it’s so quiet

**Social Media by Harvey**

I never used to think of it as "social" media. I saw it as a tool.
Now that I can’t see or speak to the people I hold dear, with social media i feel as though they are near.
Before there was just Facebook for me, now discord ,snapchat and WhatsApp have opened my eyes to the possibilities.
Video and voice chat has allowed me to chat to my parents and nerd out with my friends.
I now truly understand the "social" side of social media.

**Out the window by Jayme**

Out my window I lent,

For the big event.

Waiting for it to turn eight,

So we can all celebrate.

Those that try to keep us safe

And stop us going to our grave.

Which puts them at risk,

Every time they start their shift.

I see people on the street,

Clapping to the beat.

I see some with drums,

Some are standing with their mums.

Others hanging out their windows,

One was even waving their pillow.

Some people were shouting,

Others were just clapping.

I could hear people singing,

Others were just listening.

As they smoked their cigarette,

This is something I will never forget.

I was so delighted,

That we were all united.

Even though we were two meters apart,

I could feel the love deep in my heart.

**Specially Selected by Ellie**

I am no believer in God but when I tell you that someone, somewhere specially selected this girl for me know that I mean it.

I have been abused not just physically but mentally. I have been told probably most things you could think of. So I ask you to sit and think, think about what might be the worst thing you think I’ve been told.

Let’s start with image.

“Ugly” had it,

“Fat” yep had that,

“Disgusting, vile, obese” had those too.

Now let’s think mental.

I have been told I have no place on this earth, to breath, to live, to be happy. I have been told I am worth less than the shit on the bottom of their shoe. I have been told I will never be loved, just - because - I - am - me.

I have been used in more way than one. So the smart kid in school gets used for their brains, okay, I feel for them. But I have been used for my body, and when I said no I was torn down mentally until I froze. I - froze. I have been brought up to “stand up” and “don’t let nobody hurt you”. So why did I freeze? Only God knows. Maybe I was specially selected to have this upon me so someone else didn’t have to.

But we are getting off track, I tend to do that. Sorry.

What I’m trying to say is, I have someone who loves me. I have someone accepts me for me and loves me for me.

Like I said before, I am no believer in God but I do believe that someone, somewhere saw my pain and sent her for me. Maybe I was meant to endure all of that pain and mental suffering to reach my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow after the storm.

I guess what I’m trying to say is, don’t let nobody hurt you. And if they do or they already have, know you’re enough. And know that your pot of gold is waiting for you too. But don’t rush. It’ll come. Because they were specially selected to come at a certain time. They will come and you can be happy and you can feel loved and you will be happy and you will be loved.

I promise.

So, whoever it was that specially selected her for me, thank you. Truly.

**Kelsey: What’s Outside My Window**

Birds, torn rubbish bags, scattering the Hereford city streets. Not a single person in sight. The only thing i can see is flying birds hovering in the sky over our town. No noise from people drunk leaving pubs or the kids playing in the streets. No motorbike engines running or boy racers razing around the streets.  What can I hear out of my window is a familiar noise a noise you may get from the seaside, the seaside bird that flies over the beach and makes noises calling to one another that echos.

Now you ask what’s outside my window keeping me awake or disturbing my piece and quite fucking sea gulls that are accumulating in numbers, nesting on roof tops and circling above the town while they watch over businesses and houses for food

**Trapped inside – a response to Harvey’s poem *missing out* by Jayme**

I use to dread going back to my flat,

I wanted to stay out.

I would look up at the clock,

I wanted time to just stop.

It never did,

So on my bike I would ride,

To the place I would only sleep.

Early I would rise,

So that I could leave this place.

For a few hours at least,

Is that to much to ask.

Now I am trapped here,

I am not allowed out.

I look out of my window,

Its sunny and bright.

Oh how I long to go out side,

To get on my bike

And go for a ride.

We are allowed to exercise,

But it’s only an hour a day.

I want to go out for full fucking day.

Now I am stuck here,

Memories flooding back.

I am losing time again,

As I sleep the day away.

Nightmares haunt me,

Not letting me sleep.

Oh how I long to leave,

So that I can do my photography.

Instead of sitting here on my own,

With the memories that just won’t go.

I want to be free again,

I want to see my family and friends.

I don’t want to be locked up,

Like a tiger in a cage.

My mind won’t rest,

As I clean up my mess.

Everywhere I turn,

It reminds me of her

And all the things she use to do.

Oh how I long to leave this place,

It’s slowly driving me insane.

**Kelsey: Empty Spaces**

Empty Spaces

Due to Covid 19 we have to stay at home, which means no work, no school, no commitments or routines.

Just empty spaces in our mind. What do we fill it with? Well it’s up to you!

For me, the empty spaces in my mind I need to fill why because I will I loose myself and who I am as a person and I refuse to let mental health win!

Empty spaces, yes they need filling, filling with positivity, strength and the biggest thing of all determination! Determination to better oursselves, to grow to achieve and to succeed in life.

**Poetry Selection Week 3**

**Young Writers’ Collective**

**Ledbury Poetry Festival Community Programme**

Our ignorance to the world outside this city by Harvey
I don’t know much about the world away from my home.
I know there are cities with blocks of flats that could house my entire estate.
Looking at them still fill me with wonder at how they made them without a blunder.
I also know that it is filled with people who don’t smile back, those who scowl and spit and make the world a hellish pit.

Nobody comes around here no more by Kelsey

The future you planned that became nothing more than the fine lines of words that disappeared…

That smile that now lights up the wrinkles on your face, the people that once cared they’re no longer on your case.

You decided to take life at your own pace.

Once you’re gone you won’t even be remembered.

Visitors that were district nurses become distant nurses once a week.

Nobody comes around here no more.

Grandparents warned us never get old,

you’re capable of doing things when you’re young is great,

you’re a spring chicken hold onto your youth,

you’ll become old weak and frail like me one day.

Being young when they got old and no one went around anymore until it was too late.

Vulnerable is now what I have become.

Those things that were once said that was a distant memory now have become true. Nobody comes around here no more.

I have lived my life stuck in my ways now.

I’m too old and certainly won’t change.

Cigarettes and brandy fill my day nobody comes round here no more but when they do all I can say is don’t get stuck in your ways no good bye and happy days

Visitors Sprinkled Sadness by Aaron

The days I long for are when they visit,

The days I dread are when they visit.

They come and go with stories and a smile,

But then I remember I won’t see them again for a while.

The joy I feel when they arrive with flowers or a birthday card,

then every time they say goodbye leaves me scarred.

Maybe I should just give up and stay in my own little bubble,

and not let anyone in emotionally,

than keep feeling sad and left by the ones I love.

They make me happy,

but I then feel sad.

This isn’t right,

to have visitors, I should be glad.

If this is to last,

I don’t want to see them.

Everything is fine,

Until they say goodbye.

Lungs of a different life by Jayme

In response to Charlie’s poem –

*“we wanted to see ourselves*

*Breathing in*

*Through the lungs of a different life”*

Led here in my bed,

Feeling my chest rise and full.

Wondering what it would be like,

To breath through the lungs of a different life.

I hope it would be happy,

Yet again it might not be.

But still I can’t help but wonder,

What it would be like to be somebody else that’s not me,

Even for a day at least.

Yes I might regret it,

Or maybe I won’t.

Would my heart be kind and pure

Or full of darkness and hate,

I could have a mixture of them all.

Would my body be nice and slim,

Or would I have to go to the Gym.

Would I have a well paid job,

Or would I have to go on the dole.

Would I have to go through pain,

Or would I be as right as rain.

Would I have a family of my own,

Or would I be all alone.

Would I free to live in peace,

Or would I have to go through some torment.

Would I have a smile on my face,

Or would I have tears trickling down my face.

Would I live by the rules,

Or would I break the law

And stand up in court.

Now that I have thought about it a bit more,

I am happy to be me.

As I have come so far,

From the girl I once was.

I have blossomed and bloomed,

Into a woman I now love,

This is something I could only dream of.

But from time to Time,

I lay here and wonder.

What it would be like,

To breathe through the lungs of a different life.

You cannot choose where you belong by Jess

I was born in the eyes of people who had me to supply their drug habit

Drug trafficking before I was born

Stealing before I came into the world

Unloved, but unforgettable

Black eyes; bloody knees were what defined me

It later became scars across my body and handcuffs around my wrists

Trapped in the shadow of what I was born in to

No matter where I go, the shadows will follow

Eating everything positive in its path

Until I’m the only thing left to their touch

Addiction is in my blood

Everything that hurt me became an addiction

I couldn’t let go

Bruised kidneys, bloody hands

I despised it; loved it more than the world

The dispirited depression locked me in

I was trapped, I am trapped

The blackness weaves in and out of every pore

Dances on every hair follicle until I am unrecognisable

The blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees

Fearing it will get taken by the darkness

You cannot choose where you belong

Or who you have relationships with

The darkness feeds until everything around you is the same

I was born to supply drug habits

But now my life is a drug habit.

Annoying Bastard by Sophie

She looks over at him

The rise and fall of his chest

A halo of light surrounding him

He looks like an angel, sleeping so peacefully

But she knows what’s lurking underneath

Beneath the angelic exterior is a man

Who knows how to rile her

And he does it knowingly every day

She knows he finds it funny

Which angers her even more

But she wouldn’t have him any other way

She would never change her best friend

Her soul mate

He may be an annoying bastard

But he’s her annoying bastard

**Poetry Selection Week 4**

**Young Writers’ Collective**

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**Healing Hands by Ellie**
Hands don’t heal like people say,
all I know is that everything will be okay.
Hands don’t heal,
they crack and they peel.
They peel the layers away,
to make everything okay.
The touch of a hand is all it can take,
for goodness sake.
Hands that heal,
hands that peel.
Hands that cry,
and hands that sigh.
Warm hands cold heart some may say,
but come what may,
those hands that once peeled,
will surely be healed.

**The blossom fears to touch me by Kelsey**
The blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees.
A  second generation that formed from the seeds
The grief has taken over but why should I try when my body wants to cry
I am the second generation that formed from the seeds
the seeds that should have began to flourish,
flourish at the start of spring,
spring slowly turning to summer
but one bloom in that blossom tree didn’t open this year and now the blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees.

The roots of the blossom tree grew before my generation
my generation that seen the last bloom of blossom this year at the start of  spring,
now the heavens have opened and we all heard that bell ring
 One blossom bloom bud did not fully flourish this year
so is it I who is scared of the blossom to touch me as I walk between the tree
because my roots are still growing but give me time
and I will blossom and produce the 3 generation of seeds
but until then the blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees
 **I can hear your face begin to smile by Sophie**The light shines all around you
A glowing angels halo
The good days, you’re so full of life
You light up every room
The bad days, that halo constantly remains
Standing strong against the negative force field trying to pull you under
To drown you
But you keep fighting
They say beauty is only skin deep
They clearly haven’t met you
Beautiful on the inside and out
A heart of pure gold
Your joy lights up my very being
Every day, I hope to see you smile
To hear it in your voice
To feel it in my soul
Because that smile
Is more than anything I could ever wish for
**Smile *In response to – I can hear your face begin to smile,* by Jayme**Smiling is infectious,
You catch it like a cold.

Someone smiled at me today,
I started smiling too.

I rounded the corner
And he noticed my grin.

That’s when I realised,
He caught it from me.

I thought about the smile
And couldn’t believe its worth.

A simple smile just like mine,
Could make its way around the earth.

So if you feel a smile begin,
Make sure it doesn’t go undetected.

Let’s start a healthy epidemic
And let the world get infected.

**Week 5**

Pungent smell of cigarettes: Jayme

It’s 3 am,

I am sat on my bed.

With a cloud of smoke,

Around my head.

It fills the room,

It has nowhere to escape.

Its trapped

And covers me like a cape.

Why did I let the pain get to me?

I am the only one to blame.

These cigarettes make me feel okay,

I am mesmerised by the naked flame.

That lights another fag,

My room is starting to smell.

With every drag I take,

But I won’t release it for this cell.

I want it to know,

How I feel within my mind.

Every day is the same,

Feeling stuck, used and confined.

Just like this smoke in my room,

With nowhere to go.

So the blanket gets thicker and thicker,

I think it’s time to open a window.

It rushes out of the only exit,

Leaving behind a pungent stench.

Which I am now starting to regret,

As my chest starts to clench.

I am the only one to blame,

Like I said before.

But I feel better now,

I told you these cigarettes are my cure.

It 6 am,

The smoke has lifted.

The smell still sits heavily in the room,

It has also drifted.

All through my flat,

Reminding me of the pain.

I went through that night,

Oh well – I had nothing to lose or gain.

She has no choice : Jayme

Two roads for her to travel,

Two roads completely untouched.

Two different directions,

Two different journeys.

One could be happy,

One could be sad.

One could be easy,

One could be hard.

She stands there,

Not knowing which way to go.

She could go left,

She could go right.

She thinks she has a choice,

But in reality she doesn’t.

She weighs up the possibilities,

Realising she only has one choice.

She takes her first step,

Into the world of the unknown.

But she knows,

Left is the right way to go.

She knows it will be hard,

She knows it will be exhausting.

There’s no turning back now,

The other road has gone.

She had no choice,

She had to do what was right.

She had to leave everything behind,

But don’t worry she will be alright.

She will be back,

The paths will meet up again.

She will be stronger,

Nothing like she was before.

She will be able to hold her own,

When the time comes.

You will see,

Just how far she has come.

Please don’t be angry,

She really had no choice.

She would never leave,

The ones she loves lightly.

**A Mountain of Flesh by Jayme and Aaron**

Pacing through the past

All that is left is sorrow and memories.

The time of hatred and deceive

A shower they thought – would

Be their last

Young children and mothers

Separated from love.

Little did they know

They would lay lifeless in a pit

Full of others

Their families and friends

Stacked up one by one.

With no regard

To the lives they once lead.

Scared of who would be next,

They prayed to their God.

That they would be spared,

From the men who threw their

lives away.

The survivors live to the tell the tale,

Of a prayer they made to the God

Above

Being hated was never easy,

Forever they tell the story slowly

Going pale

Of all the times

They’ve been murdered and

Tortured

By those who think,

That they are superior.

Our generation wrapped up in

the gossip

Almost forgot the truth.

Chase your dreams and stay true

to your heart

as some people never got the

chance

Sunshine by Ellie

Something we all probably associate with good times and laughter,

But none of us think of what could come after.

That ball of flames sits in the sky and watches us,

Until we crack and peel and ooze with puss.

It puts teeny tiny bubbles under our skin,

Some big and not small, some thick and not thin.

These bubbles are something most don’t want to think about,

And some people try to warn, so they scream and they shout.

And if those bubbles start to eat you alive,

You think ‘maybe if I stayed inside, I would’ve survived’.

So here I am inside and afraid,

In case I go outside and my welcome has been outstayed.

So is it I who is too afraid of fun and games?

Or is it you who may be okay to be engulfed by the flames?

Sophie

He looks in the mirror

And sees not a man

But just the distant memory

Of someone he can’t stand

His reflection stares back at him

With all its incessant taunting

He tries so hard

But that ghost just keeps on haunting

The shining silver catches his eye

His hand reaches out, a reflex

That ghost has pushed too hard

And he knows what’s coming next

With a swipe of the blade

He feels the familiar bitter sting

He keeps digging deep

Until he can’t feel a thing

The mirror shoots his image back

His torso, a unique style of branding

He fires back at the glass a satisfied smile

Because he knows that he’ll stay standing

He looks down at the sound of a drip

Crimson red droplets, shining white sink, a contrast

He frowns at the fact this isn’t the first time

And it certainly won’t be the last

He patches himself up

The metallic scent of blood so strong

He thought this was the best option

Boy, had he been wrong

He takes his time cleaning up

Why didn’t he stop and think?

He curses himself, knowing he’ll have to lie

He wishes he reached for the drink

Kelsey

The Malodorous scent had to be coming from her veins

the toxins of each breath that she inhaled now navigates through the circulatory system.

Her body is slowly starting to decay she didn't wish for her body to be the coffin that could be so easily lit.

The aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.

The ropes around her wrist she wishes were around her neck and the ripped up pillowcase stuffed in her month with the duct tape covering her lips muffles the scream for help.

From the inside of her vagina a match was lit.

Pain, friction burns and cuts as she struggled to fight for her life but her coffin was being weakened by the force of the flame and the heat she couldn't put out.

The aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.

The bruises covering her body shows the true colours of the man who burnt her while she was still alive.

Now she lies there terrified, burnt and wishing to be buried she questions herself, what if I was built different and did I add fuel to the fire but now the tears roll down her cheeks and she blames herself

now she is weak and the aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.

End Document

 