

Now The World Spins On A Different Axis

Each second feels a little longer
as the moments in between reach out
for a fragment of your smile lost somewhere
along the edges of the skirting board
that runs between my room and yours.

Each syllable is a little softer
as the house tries to bend the sun
to illuminate your immeasurable shadow,
pretending cold, clinical silence will wipe
the memories from our stained walls.

Each daybreak is a little more bitter
as I stand in your footsteps by your window,
the weight of your absence pressing
me into the carpet fibres though it's clear
my shoes are far too small to belong.

Each greeting is a little more awkward
as the days between then and now
grow more numerous, more pronounced.
They contort my lungs into a nervous knot
every time we say "hello".

And each goodbye feels a little thicker
as the voice in my head that can't let go
of the past is afraid of losing you forever:
it's hard to piece yourself back together
with the blueprints in pieces at your feet.

by Elise Scotney 11S

Back home

When I step on the heated ground,
my body is fizzling with excitement,
volcanic arms everywhere I see-
by the time I've stepped out of my nutshell,
my eyes become more and more cheeky,
my eyes become more and more cheeky,
my spirits are lifted, drifting across the big, dreaming clouds.

Why can't I be there?

This love for a certain clear, blue sky doesn't come easily,
a certain group of shaded emerald trees,
a certain group of compassionate people,
their company so loving,
so when I have to walk away,
from the everlasting, still fizzling excitement,
it breaks my heart into two.

Piece of Mind

My mind,
Like bricks
Strewn
Across the lawn,
Cheerful wilting flowers in a heap.
A tangled pendant chain
And a mildewed mirror,
Invisible in a summer blizzard.

by Anonymous

(Dis)connected

Her giggles bubble out of the screen,
distorted and eerie.

Not so much human as cackling robot,
As unfamiliar as the girl in her profile
selfie.

Does her grin meet her eyes?

I miss laughing with her.

I don't know who this is, this stranger
behind the screen.

by Anonymous

Reality Slipping

You don't realise it at first,
Your grasp on reality slipping,
You falling into a trance.

You first notice,
When you try to regain your connection,
And rejoin the world you have separated yourself from.

Their chatter grabbing you,
Pulling you back into the real world,
Out of your dreams,
Out of your thoughts.

The lights too bright,
The whispering too loud,
The room too crowded.

by Isabel Kirby Year 8H

Things that were missed

Water rippling

I jump into the deep end

Sounds bubbles around

Pens scratching paper

Hushed sound of giggling

Teacher teaching class

Secretly share gossip

Loud echoing cackling

Good-times wonderland

I had lost my connection, lost it completely but the outdoors is a wonderful place, no matter what season it is.

In spring all the flowers will emerge from the thawing soil, in summer the forest will come to life, in autumn the crisp crimson leaves will fall to the ground and in winter, a blanket of paper-white snow will conceal the forest floor.

How I lost this scenery, all because of Covid.

by Advitha Reddy Nagella 7G