

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE PRIZE WINNER

A Piercing Ball and a Strand of Forever

I wake again one sleepless night
And pull my head from the depths of troubled dreams
There had been singing, piercing through layers of sleepy thoughts
My head clears and my eyes snap open
A blast of freezing midnight air hits my face through an open window,
It chills my aching bones
A pool of moonlight beckons me over to stare at a resting world
At the glass I look over the dark town that is settling down
In a cosy blanket of bleary mist
A slight movement down in the corner of the frame that is fogged by my breath
Calls to my eyes
A hint of music drifts up through the silence to my ears then falls
There is more movement between the trees
Before a slight figure steps out into the dreary light
She is dressed in white that shines like young fairies' wings
But the hair that falls around her waist is blacker than night could ever be
It has a sense of infinite years that a young face should never have
Looking is like glimpsing the past, and the future
She turns her pale face towards my window and two piercing eyes stare up at me
They seem to tear through all my masks to my soul
Then the green eye turns as does the black one
I can swear it was black, though it may have been the light
For she then melted into the trees
And I wasn't sure that this god-like creature was ever there
A warm bed calls to me; I easily obey, walking dazed across the floor
Maybe it was just a dream
But there I lie, for many hours, staring at the wall
While I fight to have forever leave my mind

Rachael Crook (age 12)

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