

Junior Poetry Category – 1st Prize 2021

A HOPEFUL DREAM

By Darcy Mintern

Soft waves washed the sea.

Tall grass danced in the meadow.

The wind's beat is echoed across the woods.

Reality is shone back to me as the smoke intrudes my lungs.

Cities replace the woods

the winds symphony dead silent

Only our dreams and hopes protect the sacred lands of beauty.

My mind races hoping to nether forget

Soon the clock will strike and we'll all face the regret.

The image of a blue sky gone leaving us with a lingering sadness.

The old world is gone.

The old world was killed and tortured.

Tortured with smoke and factories.

Hope shall not be lost but must not be taken for granted.

I sleep with the hope of a better day but still remain cautious.

Soon the clock shall strike but not yet.... not yet.