

Youth Poetry Category – 1st Prize 2021

FADING

By Zoe De Paola

The clock reads eight, the room is neither awake nor asleep,

The curtains dance with the wind of the night.

The clock reads nine, the nurse enters the room,

The words she speaks do not match the movements of her mouth...

The clock reads ten, sudden darkness has hushed the room,

The glow of the bedside candle has dissolved into black.

The clock reads eleven, sleep takes no invitations,

The darkness is a monster, hiding reality.

The clock reads twelve, his brain leaks memories,

The family and the battlefield are awaiting his return.

The clock reads one, sudden thirst grips his body,

The body that has carried heavy artillery and loved ones in its arms.

The clock reads two, the room brings a gust of chilling wind,

The breeze bites the throbbing heat in his head.

The clock has lost sense of time, his brain becomes numb,

The thoughts no longer carry meaning and the senses no longer serve purpose...