Forever

By Sarah Jordan – age 11

1.

Absorbed with darkness,

Yet still a light that shows,

Yes still a light that shows.

Gather the dark, lock it away,

Protect my children,

Save them from the shadows,

Yet frost is still something,

Oh must they be cold?

That flickering flame,

That red flower,

The one that rises with the air,

Will cover my children with warmness.

A coal piece as hands size,

Will spark the flame,

Though coal must be stolen,

It has to be done.

2.

Clouds above smell that grey, distasteful air,

But with anger beauty is created,

Pandora.

Sent from Hell but dressed like Heaven,

Her gaze wanders from eye to eye,

Although she stares as normals should do,

When stared at, it is like Eros has sent all his power to one eye.

A love message it seems,

But under the pretty face,

Holds an evil trick within.

Locked away the dark is held,

A fig tree will grow over the jar’s clay shell,

Curiosity cannot be put into words for some,

For others it’s as simple as paper.

3.

All alone, no-one around, by myself,

I have found,

Just one peek – a little look,

Shouldn’t harm – he wouldn’t ever know.

Air is filled with darkness and screams,

As if life itself has been unwound around the stick,

The stick that made sense.

When fathers return to unwanted pests,

They send them away before they rest,

But no, this father’s heart broke into a million pieces,

Half of which will never be restored.

4.

A blink of an eye,

Of daydreaming smoke,

But no!

Real smoke.

Stolen from the gods,

Stolen from the heavens,

Stolen from Hell,

Stolen.

From me.

Thieves will be forever punished,

Yet death may that seem,

No – organs will grow back.

Swoop down from above and punish this thief,

Make him feel pain and death,

Forever.