



Years 11-12 Category Highly Commended

SAHANSA UDAWATTA – THE FRIENDS SCHOOL

Under the Desert Sun

Pictures of the past.
Whispers in the wind.
Swiftly the dust rises,
Snaking through the sand,
Leaving ripples of amber rifts.
Deep in the desert they lie,
These fragile creatures.
A figure draped in a burka
Struggles beneath the strength of a man.
Her body moulded by trauma,
Her mind drugged by his lies.
Opening the window,
She faces a muted sunset.

Walls white with fear,
Fractured and cracked.
When tapped give tongue,
Evidence of his control.
Threatening whispers echo among the walls,
Hate harboured in this house,
Radiating a plea to God almighty.

He doesn't want her.
He doesn't like her.
Just the idea of it thrills him.
The loop which binds them,
An infinity which doesn't exist.
Yet he follows the scent like a mutt.

The little girl within is dead.
Controlled by her master,
Possessed by her ring.
A choke hold tearing at her soul.
Within she wants to scream and shout,
But her voice trembles deep inside.

Lifeless,
The puppet stares outside,
Counting the statues,
Waiting for the next,
And the next,
To arrive.

Step by step, the window fades.
And forever, the night rings sorrow
As she ages in white.
A reverie forgotten.

From a daughter to a wife,
She is a man's slave,
Just another statue under the desert sun