



Years 7-8 Category Highly Commended

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What Never Leaves

one day, death shall come
creeping in through broad
daylight, in the bold, harsh
shadows painted viciously
by the sun's watchful iris

death shall stay in the form
of bland cardboard boxes,
folded neat and orderly; they
shall host your physical life,
all you produced in the
material realm, the only real
remnant of your existence-

death shall watch through
the keyholes of your house
as the clockworks of life
keep creaking on without
you- your loved ones will
move on, because it is in
human nature to triumph

through adversity- all will be
all right, an impossible
equation in which you have
no value in- death comes,
and stays and watches, but
never leaves- never stops

lingering in sad smoke
and old song records, never
gives you the privilege of
forgetting- which might be
the best thing about death:

it is sadness, depression, nostalgia-
but it is real- painfully, stubbornly
real- one-day death shall come, but
you will never have the pleasure
of having it leave.

-what never leaves