



Iden

Romantic indeed,
Walking alone down the road
Packed with earthy mud and earthy snow,
Small flower petals and falling leaves.
I embrace myself into the stirring air
Dreaming of my ambiguity,
And fall back with damn despair
I reach out my hands for you, Iden,
But you aren't there.
Ironic, isn't it?
Crawling alone in the ground
Crowded with masses all around,
Filled with dirty mud and expired leaves.
Gently, I let my tears out
And mix them freely with my desire;
Salty, watery liquid melt into sweet fire
Creating a chemical gel
Named 'Ambition'.
Ambi takes my hand,
Her soft skin shines into my bone;
Every bit of it glows,
Echoes and intertwines with a harmonic tone . . .
Fascinating indeed,
Slipping cheerfully down the road,
The two of us hand in hand
In search of identity.
Catch!
I look to seek for your transparent eyes
And filling the air by my side,
Winging into the wind of
Crashing weather and fearful storms.
Slowly, I reach out my hand for you
With the other hand holding tightly by Ambition.

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