

Poem by Isabel Fontan Ireland (S5ENA)

Heavy grey clouds replace light eyes,
turmoil captured in a bottle,
winding, spiralling, colliding.
The original cracks expand,
now splintering their way around the surface,
the contents broken and magnified,
dripping emotion.

But the bottle mustn't break.
The tears mustn't spill.
The rain will not come down.
So hide, turn around,
bury yourself.
Who knew a dozen pillows weighed so much.
And the bottle shatters,
spraying diamond shards,
gleaming daggers pierce
an already bleeding heart,
the body writhes in agony from within.

Everything is awake now,
the mind a senseless mess,
a chest racked with dry sobs.
But the tears must not spill.
The rain must not come down.
What a waste,
the effort to fortify the glass,
the effort to keep the cork in place,
now reduced to nothing.
The body and brains agreement ripped
and the paper trail is long.

Isolation promised in exchange for numbness,
the sacrifice of sorrow in solitude,
of suffering alone,
is now betrayed.
The tears seep out.
The clouds now rain.
What a waste.