

St Mary's Poetry Competition 2024: Unity and Connection

The Dove's Final Cry

Five minutes.

Staring at the plasma screen.

Smiling, talking, keeping up with the pretense.

But next door,

Laughter sounds; I can hear idle chatter.

And yet 9612.79 kilometers away,

There is the hustle of traffic and my family beyond reach.

Four minutes.

While radio sounds with news from afar,

From the deep-lying savannas of Ethiopia,

To the jagged glaciers of Iceland.

With trembling hands, I type the word 'hi' to my friend in Spain.

It is chased by an emoji.

Understatement.

Who knows?

The next day she might be gone, for crying aloud!

Three minutes.

My grandma used to say:

無論相隔多遠，我們都仰望同一片藍天。

And now I doubt its truth.

The sky is no longer blue anymore,

Instead, it is ash grey, the air befouled;

Nobody listens to the shrieks of the children long dead

in the tenebrous darkness of Lahore.

The 'concord' created by politicians is a sham;

Isn't it easier to lie rather than to confront the truth?

Two minutes.

Peering at my feebly ticking watch,

On the other side of the world:

مع السلامة

عزيزي!

A mother shouts to her daughter as an avalanche of debris devours her.

People died for the unification of humanity,

And yet divisions made bloodshed a certainty.

One minute.

Rain pours down as war rages, somewhere.

Bonds snapped and allies torn apart.

The tree that has been in my garden for decades shakes with the force of the wind.

Its branches, once interlocked splinters.

Zero minutes.

No harmony reigns in terror of death.

All is lost.

- 無論相隔多遠，我們都仰望同一片藍天。

Translation: No matter how far apart we are, we all look up at the same blue sky.

- مع السلامة

Translation: Goodbye

- عزيزي

Translation: My dear

by Charis C., Year 7