

St Mary's Poetry Competition 2024: Unity and Connection

Veil

My hair is covered with a veil.

Crimson. And so is my face,

my arms, my torso, my legs.

Even my hands are shielded from

my view- and yours,

by blood-red gloves.

Through the thin slits of my veil

I see you, curly hair peeking out

beneath the scarlet fabric.

A small rebellion

yet one we all understood.

I shift,

the hem of my dress ripples.

You do not see me.

by Hannah F., Year 9