

St Mary's Poetry Competition 2024: Unity and Connection

Death of the Pen

My hand

Dawdling over the paper as my mind stands still

Little ideas disappearing out of the conscious state of my mind

Wondering, still

What my hand had done

When I inscribed lines free of inhibition

Until

It stops

The jagged frame of the line violently conjoins

Small infrequent syllables spilling out of the pen

My hand still clenching tightly

Begging for the pen to stay with me till the end

Then suddenly

My head

Tilting ever so slightly sees

Time.

My head so furiously spins

Swaying from sides

Begging for mercy

But

Far too soon

Its small traces of blood spilling out over my work

The paper now seeping with its tarnished excitement

Slowly still

I look at the paper knowing that the end is near

It bends

Glaring back at me

Looking at me as it takes it's final steps

I try shaking its corpse of retribution

But there's nothing

Cunningly smearing its ashes on my page

As if in a state of retaliation

My work now in a state of savage destitution

And I have no way out

I stop and listen

The silence ringing loudly in my ears

My page now soaked in ink

I step back

Look at her

And I hand it in

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