

SHATTERED

by Julia Rose, St. John's - Junior Division Poetry

Her fingers lay swollen,
Her hands dry in scarlet.
Her eyes weep with fire,
Her heart's a pierced target.

It's laced in her hair
Like a circlet of thorns.
It shrieks in her blood
Like the call of wars' horns.

And what she once longed for,
Is broken, no more.
And what she once pictured,
Is shattered, unsure.

Her thoughts, they were crystal
Her thoughts, they were clear.
Her thoughts, they were water
Stirred with light, mixed with air.

Her love was unblemished
Her love was clear glass.
His carved face had no edges
His hands chilled at her grasp.

She kneels in a jigsaw
Of jagged, snapped crystals.
She gave life to this puzzle
Of sharp thorns and rose thistles.

Feigned love, bright illusion
Both deceitful, masked liars.
For she poured her whole heart
Into painted-glass fibres.

Their rainbow-tiled path
But a sculpted mirage.
His crafted, bright smile
But a clipped, fake collage.

For love is not glitter,
And perfection's not beauty,
And rainbows aren't permanent
And storm clouds are healthy.