

Junior Poetry Section

George White, Kippens

Caught in thoughts

I sit there patiently and listen

A small thought appears in my head

I start to fall, fade and sink

In a hole that never ends

I fall and fall until it is too dark to see

My thoughts are not mine, but for me to observe

The thoughts echo out of control, full of stress and tension

Far too much to comprehend.

Abruptly I awake to a snap and return to pay attention

Until I trip and fall all over again