

A poem by Noah Rivers-Graham exploring pain
Pathway: Level 3 English

A poem exploring pain

The world is shrouded with ash and soot.
Yet veiled in such pretty colours, with the sky painted in happiness.
A globe that defines oxymoron, gods globe.
All is dark yet, the sky is filled with beautiful creativity.

A lonely shadow sits on the surface, as the winged aliens perch on the star filled sky.
The shadow becomes envious of the aliens.
The shadow does not have wings, unlike the aliens born proud.
The star filled sky is intangible, no less than a pretty picture.

The surface once filled with bright shadows, is now empty roamed by a single soul.
The aliens had stolen all the bright shadows.

All the aliens with their wings perched in the star filled sky, leave my empty soul searching
for life at the bottom of this dissolving world of darkness.

Noah Rivers-Graham, Music Producer, year 12