

The wind was depressing,
And blew so fast,
I only caught a glimpse,
Of the child who passed.

I followed her,
To see where she went,
With the kindest intentions,
In my heart that I meant.

She grabbed a few logs,
And a ton of sticks,
She put it together,
Striking with kicks.

She rubbed them together,
Shivering with fear,
The fire danced with warmth,
Whilst her eye released a tear.

Although the fire gave warmth,
Her heart remained cold,
Locking in her feelings,

Her past remained untold.

I crept a little closer,
Suddenly feeling brave,
My eye caught the girl,
Sitting next to her father's grave.

I lay my hand on her shoulder,
Stroking her hair,
Thinking of all the happy memories,
Once we had shared.

She looked at me,
And forced a smile,
Something I hadn't,
Seen for a while.

I remembered all,
The lessons I taught her,
The relation was special,
Between a mother and daughter.

We sat there together,
The silence was abrupt,
In our own little space,

The world was corrupt.

The sun replaced the wind,
The hope replaced the bleakness
The warmth replaced the cold,
The strength replaced the weakness.

Both of us cried,
Although we were thinning,
We smiled at each other,
This was a new beginning.

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