

SENIOR SECONDARY

Runner Up

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Sleep-washed

This,
This simplicity,
This sleep-washed morning,
The raindrops dancing gently
Upon soft glass,
Reflecting the sleeping forms of
Living poetry,
Of us,
Lost in a mindless tangle of limbs and
Sheets and sticky puddles of light.

At last,
Letting the words and the yearning finally,
Finally,
Spring from the page and into motion,
Into reality,
Into this tangible mess of feeling,
Lazily looped not in ink,
Not in restricting monochrome and colour-starved
paper,
Not caged in the heavy iron lattice of forced rhyme
-
But in the mixing of our breaths,
In the mingling of a million miniscule atoms,
Air cocktails slipping, shared,
Between our lips.

And then...
I feel the resignation festering,
Wild mushrooms growing in sad lumps, slow

and hungry,
Around my tired heart –
Such joy,
Such interdependent joy,
It cannot last.
It can only cling
As raindrops do to a spider's web,
Desperately hoping the wind doesn't lose
Her temper.

But I have traced stars
With fearless fingertips –
Traced that pale harmony between living and
Expressing
In the creases and valleys
Of your skin.

To have known such joy,
Even just for a moment -
It is enough.

This,
This simplicity,
This sleep-washed morning,
I watch our lazy forms reflected
In rain-speckled glass –
All drowsy smiles and
Poetry,
Alive at last.

Judge's Comment:

A beautifully tender poem about adolescent sexuality, that describes the intensity of young love while acknowledging its fleeting quality.