

PEN NAME: LYRA

CLASS: C. Yr 12

'It was love at first sight'

It was love at first sight. Chasing clouds, you swirl between my fingers, playfully grazing my rough skin. You entice me out of my frozen, hollow shell. Vibrating with newly born energy, your touch is light, lingering like a fleeting kiss. I am encapsulated by the spice of earth, pollen and petrichor. A hesitant blush slowly spreads across my head, and suddenly, I am crowned, adorned with ribbons and lace. You mischievously steal petals, sprinkling them in distant, faraway lands, until my anonymous mark is widely known. Blessing valleys with my perfume, I am unmoved, faithfully waiting for your return. I am enchanted by your promise, your free-spirited nature and your ancient, enigmatic soul.

Impatient, restless, you hypnotise me with whispers of humid, feverish sahara nights, scattering iridescent stars. You murmur tales of oceans and the many concrete hearts of humanity. Sometimes, you disappear and I fear you will never return. In this time, the sky's fiery, threatening eye scorches my skin, burning my leaves and clouding my mind. I crave your soothing presence, without which, I am completely vulnerable. But when you return and lazily ripple through my emerald leaves, your greeting is familiar and I am resurrected by your presence. However, you have changed. You have a wild, unsettled soul and a destructive temper. When the sky finally cracks, your suffocating tension is released and I am subject to your full force.

We are in a furious battle. You shake me deep to my wooden heart, prising off my smooth brown jewels and scattering them onto the quaking forest floor. More and more copper, saffron and caramel leaves are drawn into the never ending dance, leaving my arms to join your waltz, which will eventually drop onto the ground to rest. You howl and wail through my branches, determined to bring winter in your icy grasp. But I have seen many storms, my roots are settled deep in the ground, silently and secretly extending their grip, ensuring that I will never fall. A bold, curious leaf leaves the dance to explore the sky, which is a hazy wash of luminous stars and dark clouds, travelling quickly and occasionally blinding the gentle moon from observing the scene below. The air is filled with electricity and the scent of twigs, leaves and earth, roused from their sleep by your unrelenting force. After your temper, the world is renewed, changed and unrecognisable.

Brooding, you linger in the valley, avoiding the branches you once weaved through. I am decorated with the glossy pearls of morning and gleam in rare beams of sun. My skin is cracked and the cold reaches into my roots like veins. On occasion, you sweep through the tough grass of barren landscapes with cold detachment, whistling bitterly. At other times, I am greeted with eerie silence, filled only by the creaking of my twisted, worn arms, reaching to the unforgiving sky. Gently, tentatively, fragments of icy lace drift to

the earth, shielding the ground with a thin veil. Gratefully, I allow numbness to envelop me, comforting, like the first hints of spring. I will wait patiently, until you awaken me again with your song, and once again I am under your trance, spellbound.