Montrose Point
January 23, 2020
Waters School, 7th Grade, Room 309

City
Skyscrapers stab into the clouds
Fighting thru the fog but swallowed by it, without escape
A domino course
Compact like my thoughts
Pillars
Under attack by fog
A ghost fading away
Faint, as if looking with your eyes full of tears
Faded away like a sunset, a lifeless memory

Sky
Still sky time stopped
Not even visible because of the snowflakes, like not being able to see your dreams after you wake up
Like people crying in the clouds - the snow is like their tears
Like a lullaby
Small Sun trying to push through, struggling, hopeless
A present wrapped in gloomy grey,
the Sun hides itself like a childish boy

Lake
An ice bath
Blue lava
Silver lava
A blue slurpee
Still as a statue
As energized as a 3 year old having a sugar rush
The strong grey waves sheeted by ice resemble my heart’s cold and futile attempt to recover itself
As empty as my mind

Shore
Trenches from a war
Crevasses like traps at every step
Slippery as a wet floor
A cliff’s edge
A funeral
Smooshy as old bread
Crunchy like tortilla chips
Shore
Shore
You have wind and we can feel it coming toward us.
So bring more!