

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!