

An Uncontrollable Scribble

A tyrant xanthous devil crawls onto the dry sky,
as it gently suffocates the farmland.
Its stream pierces into my left eye,
As my lungs withstand- with their last strand.

My stomach screeches for food,
as my throat thirsts for the touch of water.
My soul fades to blue from the root,
as sweaty, sticky air boils hotter.

I drag my bruised, bony, baked legs,
to the vacant space- where my life clings on.
No knowledge needed although my brain nags,
not that I have one.

I've always tried to make my time meaningful,
to carve a bold, worthy piece of artwork.
Instead, my drawing so far vague, hopeless, and dull,
which keeps filling my heart full of irk.

The burning needles of the devil sizzles and slits my
back,
as my shameful sweat showers down my head.
My scarred mind is tempted to slack,
when my whole nerves know, then I'll be dead.

My compacted soul is trying to climb the empty space,
to reach the top of the sky.

But I will remain on this same place,
no matter how hard I try.

This is what my life is made of,
It's like my childish height not being able to jump over the adults.
My life will be just a faint line without any control,
Just a useless scribble.

Ellie Lee is a junior runner up in The Orwell Youth Prize 2023