

# Red Resurrected

AL17

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*To everyone still finding their voice*

## About the author

A 17 year old student with a love for writing

## summary

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## Red Resurrected

I toil, I labour.

As the blaze of the sun

Turns into the shimmer of the moon,

The skies see me undone.

"Give us less hours!"

I want bread for my wife.

But I do not know her grief,

When I sell my life

For life.

"Give us less hours!"

With the intensity of red -

Red fire, red blood.

My blood.

I'll fight.

*Give us less hours.*

## The Journey of Life

Born young and fragile - so easy to break;  
and as time passes, the inner beast we awake  
With each passing second, each falling leaf  
A new soul is born, a new promise to keep.

With each road discovered, each path uncovered  
The twists and turns create a life.  
One to treasure, one to remember,  
A home built from tire and strife

And like petals gently falling off a rose,  
We let go of life, and our eyes we close  
Falling on Earth's tender embrace,  
And the first sip of freedom we taste.

## Bizarre Affairs

The Corona Virus - so dreadful and vile!  
For many little humans, a fatal trial.  
A threat to the wise, valiant, rich and secure;  
We believed we were invincible, now we're not so sure.  
Streets that once buzzed with bright lights and laughter,  
Now make for an astounding before-after.  
Playgrounds that once radiated happiness all around,  
Are as quiet as a mouse, bereft of sound.

Like moss enveloping an ornamented pillar,  
Or a carelessly obliterating, forest fire,  
Or a wave that ruined a child's sandcastle,  
Or a harsh wind blowing out a glowing candle;  
We were all soon enmeshed in disastrous situations  
Of solitude, restriction and unbearable frustration.  
Sorrow and loneliness took the place of bliss,  
When each one of us received misfortune's kiss.

Like the kind of matter that you would only read about,  
The pandemic and lockdown seemed so baffling and far-out.  
Surreal as something taken from a fictional book,  
Like the wonders of Peter Pan and the crazy Captain Hook.  
Perhaps it's a warning or a hint for humankind,  
from forces too formidable to be fathomed by my mind.  
Could it be that those with the keys to Heaven  
Are deliberately punishing us for our indiscretion?

## What Is Terror?

It is the reflection of broken hearts  
In strewn pieces of shattered glass,  
It is the reflection of profound fear  
In the glisten of a falling tear

It surges like a merciless storm,  
Calling death to take its cruel form,  
And stamp on joy with feet of horror,  
And snatch from children a glorious tomorrow

What's wrong is right, and what's right is wrong -  
Howls of pain seem to be life's song,  
Sullied and bloodied are the lives of the innocent,  
And justice is murdered with the knife of the ignorant



## Not mine

I try not to think too much  
Of what would be my life's real role  
if your wars hadn't burned to ashes  
The jungles of my soul

You say that this is but a brief struggle  
And that the fear, with all, will pass  
But will you never understand  
That you can't mend shattered glass?

Your hatred crashes like rough waves  
Onto the seashells of my mind  
And you lie that it's all for my sake  
But this fight is yours, *not mine*.

## Candle in His Hands

There is a candle in his hands  
He blows just to watch the flame flicker  
His ego grows  
And he blows harder  
It dies.  
He's not sorry

## Bottled Bruises

At night, when alone, she receives his blow  
A fist in her face, and a stain on her soul.  
But when it's all over, she sleeps by his side  
She is, after all, a faithful wife

Though sunlight wakes her, darkness still lingers  
Deep in the shadows of her lover and sinner  
Who cuts off the coloured wings of her words,  
And so, hope flies away from the lips of the unheard.

## Beauty's Grave

An immaculate motherland,  
Now soiled with disgrace,  
Stripped of her riches,  
Clad in our waste.

The untamed atrocity,  
That obliterated all splendour,  
That cursed all creation,  
What dishonour was rendered!

An embodiment of magnificence,  
A mother to the brave,  
Cursed with a race,  
That made her beauty's grave.

## Acid Rain

A gray cloud rises  
from chimneys  
And wraps the sky  
Like an unworthy veil  
Concealing the beauty  
of a bride

Fires of brazen indiscretion  
Burn her gorgeous blue,  
As it melts into puddles of water  
That pour down on our lands,  
In gloomy showers

And each teardrop  
Poisons wild creatures  
And the mother that nourished them  
Who hoped for something much sweeter  
Much kinder  
Than acid.

## Refugee

In lonely lands and unknown places  
A new life in foreign faces  
A mistake. So broken once, and now twice  
She'll look again in paradise