This year saw the launch of Chevalier’s first literary magazine, which by all accounts has been a great success. Five Bells has been a wonderful opportunity for the students to display the depth of literary and artistic talent that exists at Chevalier. The magazine has evolved over the course of the year to become part of the fabric of the school. One of the most pleasing aspects of the magazine has been its ready acceptance by the students and staff, who have supported the magazine and justified its existence. My editing role has been made easier because of a select group of students who have illustrated the three editions of the magazine. The beautiful cover designs for the May, August and November editions were done by Sarah Yong, Kathryn Dickson, and Felicity Billington respectively. I would also like to thank Melissa Cervonaro, Simon Kwong, Lucy Miller, Mary Streater, Joel Turner and Theresa Yong for their artistic contributions to the magazine. Mr Ted James gave me invaluable assistance with the computing aspects of my editing role and I thank him for this.

The title of the magazine comes from a poem by Kenneth Slessor. He wrote “Five Bells” as an elegy for Joe Lynch, a friend of Slessor’s, who drowned in Sydney Harbour in the 1930’s after falling from a ferry at night. His poem has been the source of inspiration for each of the cover designs for the magazine. Within each edition the students’ works have been categorised according to themes. The themes for this year have been love, dreams, environment, memories, obsessions and family. The students have responded imaginatively to this eclectic mix of concrete and abstract themes producing a consistently fine standard of poetry and prose. A selection of works from the magazine has been included among the following Original Contributions. I hope that you take the time to read these. They are evocative and eloquent, and truly worthy of being called literature.

In closing it is fitting to acknowledge the principal sponsors of the writing competitions this year. The Brown Bookshop and Angus and Robertson’s Bowral shop have each donated vouchers to the value of one hundred and eighty dollars. This sponsorship has been greatly appreciated by the College. Congratulations to all of the prize winners this year and to those students whose work was published in the magazine.

Mr S Holmes (Editor)
Extract from Chevalier College Yearbook 1997
AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

by Ava O’Brien
Year Eight

Burn It All

The lands of the earth,
Now dusty and smoldering
Shriveling under the harsh glare that bakes the barren soil
They thirst for the storm that will never come.
The rivers are dry
The oceans are stained
The green is turned brown
Breezes are no more.
The remaining ones,
Consumed by greed look out onto the barren wasteland,
Onto the last wisps of life
Their pupils that are dancing with hunger for suffering
And their selfish wishes tell them to destroy our world for power.
They look upon the result of their greed
And their raspy voices filled with evil speak three poisonous words:
Burn it all.

The Mirror

Mirrors create reflections
Swimming in people’s eyes, they create people looking in
What’s outside the mirror sometimes doesn’t matter
Mirrors let people see the shell of themselves
And not the people they truly are
You can let mirrors control you
Decide who you really are
But always remember
It is only a mirror

Gone.

Horror.
My eyes see horror.
A scream tears through my throat. My throat feels raw, but it won’t stop.
It won’t stop.
Tears flood my vision.
But all of a sudden.
Blackness.
Darkness.
The light is extinguished.
Just like her.
I wake in hospital.
The Hospital that lies beside the sea.
I close my eyes and breathe in the scent of sea salt spray,
I hear the laughter of the children,
They are building sand castles on the edge of the waves.
I sit upright and look to the window.
I see sand,
Stretching into the distance,
While the fishing boats rock on the waves,
Far, far away, in the sea.
The sun shines above the shelters,
In which are people sitting in the safety of shade.
My throat feels raw.
Raw, so raw.
From screaming.
The events.
They rush back to me all at once.
I swing my legs over,
I run to the door.
My head feels heavy
It feels dizzy.
From falling.
I rush out into the maze of hallways,
I’ll find the exit soon.
Soon.
Soon.
I was wrong. The exit to my freedom is lost,
I am lost,
Lost in my misery.
I slow to a walk with heaving breaths and fall to the white tiles.
Head in hands, my eyes fill with tears and I cry.
I cry.
Cry.
And cry.
And cry.
People are staring.
People are calling for help.
There is whispering,
Like trees in the wind that I refuse to look up to.
I feel hands pull me up.
I let them.
Closing my eyes,
I try to push the image of her, limp,
Limp on the ground.
Burned into my mind.
I wail,
I sob,
I shake.
Soothing voices.
'It's going to be okay'
'It's all right'
'Things will get better'
Okay,
Right,
Better.
I do hope.
I’m drowning in my own despair,
My heart is beating but nothing's there,
I’m shattered ice with a mind and soul.
A piece of me is missing, It's dead inside me.
My sister is gone.
All gone.
She's not here, she's not there, she's not anywhere, but lurking in my heart.
I loved her. I still love her.
But she’s gone,
Just gone.
Erased from existence.
Apart from the memories.
I will remember those, worthy to remember.
The memories of healing and not hurting.
The memories of good and not bad.
The memories of sun and not storm.
The memories of peace and not war.

The White Flag

The flag flies, movement in the otherwise still
It billows pale against the stark, scorched hills
Which once were lively, green and lush
We have surrendered
The red of the lost fight
Stains the barren fields at both light and night
And not just blood, but memories too
It has surrendered
Underneath the war torn place
Lie brave fighters without names
They left their homes and never returned
You have surrendered
The shots still ring and fighter's ears
The sight of motionless friends who they held most dear
Those lost will never be brought back
They have surrendered

Broken

I’m shattered ice with a heart and soul
Behind my smile is a empty hole
I see the world as lost at sea
The world sees me as broken
Travel through the desert brings
Sleepless nights with forgotten dreams
Wash away the ways of life
In this dusty land of broken
Walking along the beach of black
The waves of thick blood crash and attack
I’m swallowed by dark oil and I can't swim out
I am so very broken
I’m struck through the middle by a splintered sword
The wind starts howling in my head it’s clawed
My world is tipped until I’m upside down
I’m cracked apart and broken
Readers
The title stood out
The cover looked nice
You began reading
And began a new life
You were in a new world
You even met friends
Your eyes skimmed the pages
Hoping it would never end
You laughed with the characters
You cried with them too
You felt all their love
Their misery and blues
At the end of the story
You try and conceal
Your fight with reality
Saying
It's.
Not.
Real.

Lost
I look around
I hear the sounds
Of the rustle
Of the wind
The chirping birds
Are also heard
And the light
Is dusk and dim
Trees rock and sway
As leaves fall and lay
There is peace
As feathers sing
I lay to rest
It was a quest
But now
I let tears brim

A Love So Strong
A rose petal
Falls calm
And settles
A glow so bright
Shines sharp
In the light
A love so strong
Will always
Belong
A kiss like a song
Will linger
For so long

The Edge
I walk along the very edge of life
And the very edge of death
A cliff spirals down,
Down,
Deep into the depths of the end of earth
Where ghosts linger
On the rims of shadows
Separated from the light of life
And I walk with both the light and dark
The middle of all
I walk along the edge

The Open Door
Deep down
Falling down
The dark above
Tumbling down
Deep below
I've fallen down
Light around
I've tumbled down
A white door
Beckons me
A soothing voice
Welcomes me
Towards the light
Away from war
Through the open door
DEPRESSION

I think I’d known for a few months. But denial barged its way in and my concerns were forced to the back of my mind. I didn’t want to think about what my lack of motivation could mean. What my lack of happiness could mean. What my lack of sleep could mean. What my constant feelings of self-harm could mean. What my feelings of hopelessness could mean. That I could have the big D.

No, not a big (insert slang term for a male productive organ here). That I could have Depression. Yes, depression.

Defined by Oxford Dictionary as: A mental condition characterized by feelings of severe despondency and dejection, typically also with feelings of inadequacy and guilt, often accompanied by lack of energy and disturbance of appetite and sleep.

I pushed it away, further and further into the furthest reaches of my mind, down a corridor, through a doorway, under a bed and shoved into the crevice between my guitar, my bin and my wall.

No way. I can’t be one of those mentally-unstable people. I don’t want to be that girl who eats her feelings. I don’t want to be that girl who has scars running up her arms like ladders to her brain, the source of all this shit, this pain, this sadness, this anger, this hurt, where several chemicals are in low supply - if they’re there at all.

UNTITLED

It burned.
It scorched.
It singed.

Even when her heart, her soul, her body was enveloped in flame, it kept burning. Because love is always smoldering. Because love is eternal.

She knew from that moment.
That era.
That place.

She knew from the first time that her eyes met his. Those piercing, sapphire eyes that clawed their way into her soul and found their nest. Found their home.

His voice mesmerised her.
That voice that strode. That voice that waltzed. That voice which swept along at that perfect pace. It never tumbled or stumbled.

It never faltered.
It was just soft.
It was just smooth.
It was just heaven.
It was just his.
**SEEING THE BLANK SKY IS SEEKING THE EMPTY PAST**

Seeing the blank sky is seeking the empty past. Seeing a shooting star is seeing the present existence. Seeing the twinkling stars is exploring the future right in front of our eyes.

Going insane, by being a part of the animal kingdom is finding the identity of being wild creatures.

Tap, tap, screeching, screaming, getting pulled down deeply within the hole. That hole is now vanished.

As a body shivers in the mist of coldness, the soul soon drifts far far away...

Shaking the temptation, but damn it’s a risk, a risk of changing a life.

The shimmering of the water unfolds the essences of individuality.

Once a seed is planted, something so beautiful is created. Grow and grow, growing into a big creation.

Once opening a pair of eyes, once walking with a pair of legs, once turning a doorknob side by side, with the coldness comes irritation of the pair of hands. The door is now opened, filled with possibilities, soon to be discovered.

Run, run! will make this vision inside an individual’s head disappear. Disappear into a floating cloud in the mist of the earth, filled with fantasies, fantasies of the need of the realisation of lack of sleep...

1,2,3 the temptation. “Do it” the voice urges, overpowering the capacity of thinking as an individual. The mind now is swimming, swimming with full emotions in endless circles, wanting to be fished out by the mist of the triggering of a life.

Tear drop, tear drop please fade away as my friend’s heart is gliding away...

Why oh why, do bad things happen to good people? Seeing her grieving, makes me grieve, seeing her crying, makes me want to cry, seeing her starve makes me want to starve. Watching the same movie over and over again, he watched with her the night he left her house. It was one phone call that changed everything. My friend’s life.

Tear drop, tear drop please fade away as my friend’s heart is gliding away!

**THAT SEARING PAIN**

That searing pain.
That endless, that boundless, that infinite, that unceasing pain.
The tears bucketed from her eyes, two bottomless lakes. Her face - full of strength and happiness just seconds before - was now tragically hopeless and abandoned.

Swiping her hair off her face, she stumbled up the road. Wailing in anger. Bellowing in sadness. Shrieking in hopelessness.

Her world lay crumpled at her feet. Her faith smashed.
Her heart in smithereens.

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Figure Sketches by Year 10
GET INVOLVED

This is the first instalment of a major narrative by Jack Gaynor. In each magazine, Jack will include another instalment to keep you reading. Enjoy!

The Pantheon

In the cold depth before space and time, there was naught but the void. There was no space, no time, no comprehensible understanding of reality. The shadows of a thousand worlds that might be were torn apart, lost and scattered like sand grains in a storm. Nothing would ever be.

However, the void was not without fault, and from these faults grew an essence, and this essence soon took form. This form divided into fifty individual forms, and these forms bought down the void, shaping physical space and time at will, creating space that repelled the void before their power. From this came the Pantheon, the fifty divine beings, all-powerful and all knowing. They made their space united, and this space became Allavarn, a world of gods and power, the raw essence of creation, the divine plane, centre of creation.

The mightiest of these beings divided the space equally amongst the others, and took the centre of Allavarn for himself, creating the Free Master Citadel, the capital of reality, a vast cityscape whose towering majesty dominates the land, its impossible size and power a beacon to all in existence. The mighty city walls, an impenetrable barrier that stands a constant vigil against the threats from without, dwarf the hills and terrain outside the city. This city, this fortress, this indomitable seat of power is the seat of the first, the high lord, the great everking, master of the gods and ruler of the universe, Zueroc, god of might and honour, power and strength, who has ruled since the dawn of the true united pantheon and rules still. However, this was not always so, and to achieve this was a great hardship to achieve.

Here is a tale of his struggles...

In the great hall of Zueroc’s inner keep within the Free Master Citadel, on a polished bronze throne, sat the lord of the gods.

Zueroc.

Tall, powerfully built, with grey hair yet a youthful face, his thick dark clothing covering his body but leaving his arms bare, sword and shield strapped to his back, and his clear blue eyes gazing intently out, this was not a man you would want to anger. His immense bulk made him look like a bear, a great big hulking beast, whose might was unquestionable.

As he sat on his throne, he gazed around at his hall, its arching majesty, the beautiful tapestry’s hanging from the immense vaulted ceiling, the windows made from the purest diamonds, the polished stone floor engraved with the members of the Pantheon. Zueroc rested his hands on the vast table laid out before him, and waited for his summons to be answered. The other members of the Pantheon had not been idle since banishing the void, and they had certainly not been passive, especially with each other. The vast lands that they had made were often ruled from a seat of power of incredible design, reflecting the nature of its creator. Zueroc had his city fortress, his brother his Inverse Tower, the fate twins their matching castles, while some had either stranger creations; volcanic spires, underwater palaces, tree houses, floating redoubts, or structures who nature defied logic. And these creations had led to pride, pride that led to arrogance, and arrogance to hubris. And the other gods could not stand others’ creations no more than they could stand the criticising of other gods. And so fights, skirmishes and raids took place, and these were impairing the Pantheon’s progress. What could they hope to do if they were spending all their time fighting?

That is why I must do this, Zueroc thought, not for me, but for them. His pondering was interrupted when another god entered the room. Jokareox, the god of magic and knowledge, ambition and betrayal.

I knew he would be first. He always is. Whenever something occurs, he is there. Whenever someone calls a summit, he is there. Whenever something or someone does something that can alter events, he is right there.

Zueroc looked at Jokareox, trying to pry secrets from one who held everything to himself. While he may not seem threatening, Jokareox was scary, scarier than Hadereon, Zueroc’s brother, who adorned his amour with the bones of the dead, or Pyrone, whose brutality could not be matched. No, Jokareox was frightening, his cold silence and presence draining the will of others around him, his cold stare chilling you to the bone. Jokareox turned his gaze on him, a burning gaze from his two yellow eyes. Zueroc met the stare with his own blue eyes. The tension broke when Jokareox nodded, or inclined his head. It was hard to tell with this one what he was doing.

Jokareox walked forward, his dark hair shoulder length, framing a pale face, his stare cold and distant, his mouth a monotonous line. While he was tall, he wasn’t physically imposing, his frame lithe, yet seemingly larger from the white on blue robes he wore, the edges flowing behind him. As he reached his seat, he pulled it out, and then sat down, his robes folding seamlessly for him as his magical clothing fixed itself for him.
The Pantheon

As they sat in a tense silence, the door opened for another member of the pantheon. Zueroc looked up to see whom it was.

The one who came next was Bulran, one of the only gods who could be considered truly passive. He was a diplomat, who spoke first and would compromise next, but would only fight back in the event he was attacked. He dressed in fine clothing, rich embroidery detailing the collar, his cloak flowing behind him as he walked the length of the hall. He smiled amiably at Zueroc and patted Jokareox on the shoulder, possibly the only person who would do that, besides Cylise, his sister. Bulran looked along the length of the hall before taking a seat.

Moments later, another filed in, Hercine, the goddess of peace, whose radiant dress seemed to emit an aura of colour as she walked up towards the end of the table nearest the throne. Her waist length golden hair fell gracefully down, and upon her head sat a jewelled tiara, with eagles covering the joints and gaps in the layered plating, the better to cut and maim any foe foolish enough to grab him in combat. A jagged black crown sat upon his head, its brutal obsidian tips designed to shatter any skull that happened to be hit by his own in a close fight. Hadereon did not wear ornaments, the crown was not a decoration, and it was a utility, as was everything Hadereon wore. As they all had taken their seats, Zueroc began his speech:

Hadereon.

The god of death, the lord of doom and despair and Zueroc’s brother. Whilst the two shared physical similarities, such as grey hair, the same regal and wise look while maintaining the look of youthfulness, Hadereon did not look at all like Zueroc when he was in his armour, which was his favourite item to wear. An immense jet black plate covered him head to toe - jagged spikes covering the joints and gaps in the layered plating, the better to cut and maim any foe foolish enough to grab him in combat. A jagged black crown sat upon his head, its brutal obsidian tips designed to shatter any skull that happened to be hit by his own in a close fight. Hadereon did not wear ornaments, the crown was not a decoration, and it was a utility, as was everything Hadereon wore. As they all had taken their seats, Zueroc began his speech:

“My fellow gods and goddesses, united here today” he began. “We are gathered here today, on this occasion, to address a matter of grave concern amongst ourselves, the matter of open hostilities between ourselves.”

“Since our collective banishment of the Void, we have not been idle. We have expanded, prospered, and flourished, yet for all our achievements, we have come to grow bitter, or jealous, or spiteful of others”. Zueroc noted a restless murmur spread throughout the hall. “Yet what do these fights achieve? What do they manage? Our realms have not grown, they have not been lost to us, all that we do is fight for little to no reason. Some have not warred amongst others, yet I foresee that without direction and guidance we will all succumb to this call. We will all fall into disorder and chaos if we do not make order amongst ourselves” his voice resonated throughout the hall as he made sure that he was heard, and, more importantly, understood. “We must find a way to moderate these disputes peacefully, to prevent them to from growing into full blown wars, ones that seriously damage the integrity of our realm.”

They muttered in agreement, and a few raised their voices in appreciation. The sound of Pryone smashing oranges with his knife could be heard as Zueroc delivered his talk.

“I propose, that for the purposes of this moderation, we shall have a governor, to rule who is in the right, and who is in the wrong.” No sooner then had he finished the entire hall erupted into a violent outburst of yelling. Many were standing bolt upright, shaking their arms at this most shocking development.

“A ruler! Nonsense! No one shall rule us!” cried one, and many others picked up this call. “How can right be separated from wrong?” Shouted another, militant in his proclamation. As many as were standing, however, there were many more who were still seated with thoughtful looks on their faces. Zueroc knew he had to press them for any advantage he may seek.

“QUIET!” he yelled, his voice iron. The hall quietened almost immediately at this sudden outburst.

“Obviously, no matter who is chosen, there will be those who disagree. What we need to do is to have some kind of appointment process, but until we have a proper system of management, we need a temporary governor. I propose, and I am aware that there are those who will dislike this, that I am that person.” A second outburst, louder then the first, followed as he made that statement. “NO ONE HAS THAT RIGHT!” his brother Hadereon shouted in fury, standing up, his seat thrown aside.

“I never said I had the right, I never said I will rule you. I will manage the transitional stage until such a point in time that we have a ruler, or system of power” he replied to his brother.

Hadereon scoffed.

“Sounds like all you want is to lord over us, one way or another!”

Zueroc looked long and hard at his brother.

“Sit. Down” he said slowly, stressing each word.

“See? Already he commands us!” Hadereon laughed, along with many others.

“SIT. DOWN” he repeated, slower than before.

Hadereon glared at Zueroc, his blood red eyes locked on Zueroc’s own blue eyes. “Now.” He said, quieter than before, with a cold air of menace.

Hadereon glared deeper at Zueroc. Grabbing his chair, Hadereon threw it away, the chair smashing against one of the great stone pillars.

Pyrone laughed at this display, and, lifting his ponderous bulk of muscle out of the chair, addressed everyone.

“Well, I care not a shit what you fancy little lords want to do in your castles. I have no desire to sit
“Cut the head off the snake, and take Hadereon out of this in one blow. Pyrone bows to force, over such petty claims. He wasn’t the god he would put his faith in. Looking for weakness. To further worsen it, Ramled had been known to be fighting amongst others, watching and noting the creations of others, and many had seen him wandering their lands, as if the moment they had first discovered their power to craft physical space, Ramled had set about now, while we can, while we still can" he said quietly. Zueroc trusted Ramled very little, as, almost

Stepping forward, Ramled, the god of ill-fates, spoke to Zueroc. “We must push the advantage.

Zueroc nodded grimly. “I feared it to be so”.

Within moments, only a few remained.

Mox’phan, Hercines brother, walked up to Zueroc, his size rivalling his own, and sat down next to him in an unoccupied seat. “I see your wisdom, as I am sure many others do, but Hadereon will take it all away from you. Every last piece."

“That is the fate I wish to avoid” he said to Hadereon, loud enough for the hall to hear. “If only that were to be true” he muttered, and, turning promptly on his heel, marched out of the hall.

“Wait for me!” Pyrone called as Hadereon walked past. Together the two walked out the great doors of the hall. Many others rose, and either teleported away, or, with a look of defiance at Zueroc, followed Hadereon out of the hall.

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“Cut the head off the snake, and take Hadereon out of this in one blow. Pyrone bows to force, nought else, but he will fight for you if he sees more joy in what you fight. Take them down! Destroy their armies!” he hissed in Zueroc’s ear.

“There are more than Pyrone and Hadereon in disagreement with me here” he replied slowly.

Zueroc looked up at those before him. “Delmar, you have skill at arms. Gather an army, and move it here, to the Free Master Citadel. Together you and I shall defend my realm. Pyrone will attack the moment he has an army ready, we must expect him to come at us first.” Ramled bristled at Zueroc’s disregard for him. “Mox’phan, your realms border Karsan. She will strike first at you, than at Ramled, then Delmar. We can’t have that. Fortify your realm. Get your men ready.”

With his orders given, Delmar and Mox’phan nodded, and teleported themselves off to their respective realms. He saw that Jokarox was still seated. “And what are you here for? To give me aid?” Jokarox laughed, a rare event.

“And fight in a war? No, that is not for me” he replied. “I do have one thing to ask you. Take heed of these words. The nights winds approaches, and one must stand a vigil that they shall not live through. The fires of the war to come will topple all, from the north to the south, and the crown of the world shall be beaten to the ground, and the night shall draw ever closer to forever killing the light.”

Zueroc listened in silence to these words. “Heed my words. Heed them well” Jokarox demanded, and, in a flash of light, he also disappeared.

His sister, Cylise lingered still. “And what of you?” he asked. “I have naught to offer you. I can do no more than watch, at this stage. But we shall see. Maybe the future will yield fruits from all our labours” she said, as cryptic as her brother.

She smiled, and Zueroc noted for once just how beautiful she truly was. However, this was a cold beauty, a beauty that suggested it might kill him if he so much as looked at it odd.

Before any more questions could be asked, she vanished into the air.

Zueroc was left with only a few others. With so little impact made at a meeting he hoped to turn aside this path of action, he knew that war was a certainty. He had no other choice as of now. His only option was to gather an army of his own, and to march south, meet Pyrone and Haderon in battle, and end this before the war undone all they had done.

To be continued…
Art on Five Bells

Creativity at Chevalier College covers many areas. The Five Bells Magazine provides an opportunity for, not only our writing club members, but also for students who are creating art to share their work with our community. We will endeavour to bring you a range of artwork with each new edition of our online magazine.

All budding artists and illustrators are encouraged to submit their work for publication.

We thank Tony Van Wensveen for his selections of work from Visual Arts Students for this edition.

Figure Sketches by Year 10

THREE POEMS

Memories

Feel it, smell it
But it all goes away
Hear it, see it
But it’s over in a day

Never solid, never real
Never more than a tale
But always told, always felt
Though this we leave a trail

They forever make us old
But can also keep us young
We tell them as stories
Or have them sung

Places, people, feelings
Not to be predicted
We say we will remember
Forgetting’s never pictured

ONE POET

ART
**That Day**

I remember that time

We just sat in the grass
My head on your shoulder

As people went past

Soft guitar music playing
By a red headed girl
And two more friends talking
As I let my head swirl

The warm sun was showering
The grass cool and bright
I don't know where we were
But the memory's full of light

**Home**

I miss my home old as it was
Round and cozy with the warm fire burning
Rolling hills and grass surrounding
Nothing like cities walls always greying

The buildings look like bleach
And everything's sharp and points
Stabbing cold whenever I step
Made for population not the people it haunts

**Thoughts from a young poet.**

Maddison Roberts

**POETRY**

**MEMORIES**

The past will be
Stuck in our head forever.
The moments when
We were together.
The times when
I had nothing to miss.
Now, all I have
Is to reminisce.
We made these memories,
To laugh at one day.
But that day never came
And I cried at your betray.
Everything you gave me
Meant something back then.
Everything you left me
Won't help this heart mend.
I close my eyes,
To depict you face
But a monster appears
In your place.
I now know that
I was your accessory.
But I won't even be
A memory.

**LOVE**

Love is immortal
It has the power to possess people
Causing them to consume sudden outburst of affection
And feel torture that feels so good.
To smile at the pronunciation of your name,
Laugh at the sound of your voice,
cry at realisation that of your reality,
And to morn at the emptiness of my world when your not present.
Love is immortal.
It has the power to possess people
And it possessed me.
It drew me to you beauty
To your personality
Every little aspect about you
Every detail is perfection
Your smile alone makes me happy
Your eyes make me cry
You scent to breathe you
Your lips make me say, 'I love you'
Love is immortal
It is both alive and dead
It's alive to me,
Resurrected the dead in my heart
In my life
In my soul
Love is immortal
You are immortal
I am immortal
Because the way you make me feel
Is immortal.
TEAR

The way you look
The way you feel
The was you taste
The way you appeal
The way you talk
The was you smell
The way you dress
The last farewell
The memories
You left behind
The emotions
That you confined
The tears you saw
Escaping my eyes
The tears you ignored
The ones you deny
The tears that burned me
The ones that fell
The ones that held secrets
I'd never tell
The tears that you enjoy
To watch run away
The ones that had gone
And begun to decay
The tears that washed
Away my love for you
The tears of lies
For it was not true
The tears you made
The ones I cry
The last tear
The last good bye

MIRROR

I open my eyes
Letting the tears cascade
Almost admiring
This facade
I like the look
Of the blood on my face
How my own with yours
Interlace
I like the hurt
In my eyes
How they fade
As my inside dies
I like the screams
I like the cries
I like the suffering
I like the despise
I love what my mirror
Can't reflect
My inside emotions
Not perfect
I love how no one
Can see my pain
How they act
So inhumane
I love how
My soul is hidden
Away in the shadows
Always forbidden
To show affection
To show emotion
To show all of my
Brutal devotion
I love how
The light has gone
Leaving the darkness
To break and mourn
I love how my mirror
Shows the outside
I failed the inside
No matter how hard I tried
I hate how you bled
I hate my sacrifice
I hate waiting
But I promise I'll arise

YOU LET ME FALL

No matter the past
Nor the future
When I reach for you,
I realise there is nothing to grab a hold of
Because you're not reaching back.
I descend into the black abyss below me
The never ending fall
I watch as I wait for the ground to make impact against me
I watch your figure, fading, shrinking,
I watch my hair surrounding my head
Trying to catch up
I watch the light slowly disappear,
Along with you
Swallowed in the darkness
With great thirst
Swallowed by the reality
I watch the shadows cloud around me,
Having me become one
I've been cut with a blunt knife
Been lead into the darkness
When the light begun to consume me
I feel the air separating
As my body brutally cuts through it
My speed increases
I reminisce
To the times I used words to shatter people mirrors
Because I wasn't confident in my own reflection
The times when you called my name
But all I heard was the symphony of pain
But during my fall, I realised
That in the past, when you fell,
I'd catch you
Before you left my future
And now, as the ground collides with my broken self
You let me fall
SNOW

Flakes of white
Fragile and frozen
Fall to the ground
To lie and be broken
It falls in my hand
Too delicate to hold
It's just like our world
Beautiful but cold
Let's make into Angels
Or round SnowMen
Or let's throw it at each other
And do it again
Shards of ice
Fall on my face
The cold spreading everywhere
At an incredible pace
It falls in my hair
On my closed eyelashes
It burns into my skin
Just like ashes
It's rare to see
And it must go
Should we flicker like the fire?
Or melt like the snow?

by Tiana Iaali - Year 7