



# ***BIRKBECK STUDENT UNION POETRY COMPETITION 2025***

## **ABSTRACT**

*This is an online collation of entries to the 2025 Birkbeck college student union Poetry competition. Judged by Kate Rowland (BBC) and Stephen Willey Dept. Of creative writing at BBK. This was the first time a poetry competition has been hosted and we were incredibly impressed by the calibre of work we received as well as the array of topical and often sensitive topics students chose to cover. Judges noted the impressive creative talent of students that showed just of multi skilled Birkbeck students are. Thank you to all who took part and a special mention to Rose Downton for her role in organising and facilitating this competition.*

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Birkbeck Student  
Union



## An Anthology of poems written by Birkbeck College students.

Judged by Kate Rowland BBC and Stephen Willey BBK Creative writing dept.

With special thanks to Rose Downton student union staff

**NB:** *This was the first time that the Birkbeck student union have run a poetry competition and the judges noted the vast topical and at times, sensitive subjects that students chose as inspiration for their work. From grief, to love and the environment, difficult topics were handled with care and an impressive level linguistic skill. There were varied and at times unique styles that student chose to write their poems in, including one which was translated from Latin, showing impressive mastery of two languages.*

*The judges were highly impressed with the overall high standard of work, and the number of submissions we received was a credit to the creative talent and diversity of skills Birkbeck students have. It was a challenge to choose the winners and for that reason the judges chose to highly commend four additional poems.*

*Below we begin with this year's winning submissions followed by the highly commended poems and all remaining poems that were entered into this year's competition.*

*On behalf of the student union, we would like to thank all the students who took the time to participate and we hope to run another competition next academic year.*

*Thank you,*

**Your student union.**

First Place: Megan Hill

### *Sea Glass*

I see you, chaos-girl,  
In the dark so thick  
It feels like someone filled your eyes with ink,  
I see you as you burn,  
Matchbox palmed and  
Crushed beneath blistering skin  
And I do not shame you  
Or blame you or question your why  
I, too, tried  
To cry the ink from my eyes,  
Tried salt, tried blood, tried bleach  
Nothing could reach  
The depths to which it stained  
I have regained partial sight

But I cannot tell you the shadows have not remained

Deeper

And so I burned,

Fire in the night

A Roman candle

A flare

I let my incandescence scream

Until all that was plastic in me

Melted into carcinogenic dew

Scattered across rooftops

Till drainpipes threw me to the river

The sea pulled me through

Riptide after whirlpool after eddy

Deposited my frosted glass

Upon the strandline

Placed me before hands

That held me up to the sunrise

So I could break her light into wavelengths,

Become the colours

And send them back to you.

Second Place: Rodger Stephenson

## *Floor 21*

He came to a sanctuary in this green and pleasant land

Escaping the devastation of tyranny and war, fleeing the great bombs

which he'd seen rained down upon

Then the fire burned up around him on floor 21

The reports they came it was clear from now on

There were now no ways of reaching anyone alive on floor 21

They searched in every hospital and every refuge near and far

From the well healed restaurants to the centres with doors left ajar

To care for those who'd lost everything they'd ever won

There was no one found alive on floor 21

Mario Gomes heroically returned to the smokey maze

To rescue his daughter and be burned by the fiery blaze

The newsmen they sank to a new low  
Pretending to be the real friends of heroic Mario  
Whilst never ever reporting what should've been done  
To keep Mario and fellow tenants safe on floor 21  
The locals of all nations gathered around  
To do what they could kind actions on the ground  
With gifts and words so kind  
Like a great light so brightly shone  
But there will be no more words spoken on floor 21  
The savings were counted and costed, the stories now been widely told of  
the Royal Borough so mean  
£2 a square metre of cheap polyethylene  
So how many £2 coins will we need  
To rebuild the lives and loved ones of this heinous corporate deed  
Who are the hidden criminals who saved the borough this sum  
And now we all know they listened to no one from floor 21  
So where will we go now the residents say and feel  
Where are we wanted but they inside know what's really real  
That the Royal Borough and others will only faintly conceal  
That they're better off elsewhere better off away and gone  
There was really no plan for anyone from floor 21  
So the reports will be written and published one day and  
Someone somewhere must be made to pay  
for the manslaughtering of those who had little choice to be there  
Who had no country abode to be able to run  
And they no longer even have their home on floor 21

Third Place: Katrina Petro

### *I cannot hear the birds*

I cannot hear the birds  
The sirens are so loud  
I cannot hear the birds  
And I am no longer convinced  
That those are fireworks

It seems we have entered  
Another phase of darkness  
Where the sun fails to rise  
I remember many of these in my life  
The riots, the virus, the bombs  
I remember it all  
We stuck the pages together  
And turned them  
Like they were not written  
But something changed yesterday  
Yes, the air is different  
Cannot board the train, the plane  
Or rest our heads to pray  
Without fearing this will be our final day  
All of the words we say  
How they hover above our head  
For there is nowhere for them to land  
When the wind is fuelled with dread  
And our children neglect their privilege  
Because they think that poverty is cool  
Wishing they were in a gang  
Speaking a lingo they do not understand  
Even though they attend a private school  
Nobody takes a breath  
Without forcing the world to watch  
Even when our neighbour bleeds to death  
They pray their views will reach to the top  
There is a lack of humanity in this nature  
That we destroyed and lost and fail to remember  
Nothing feels real anymore  
I do not want to believe this is true  
How could I bring new life on an Earth  
That is coloured more black than blue?

**Highly commended poems 2025:**

## *The GOAT*

Three hundred breeds  
And you're the best one  
Horns and beards  
Like you there's none  
Chewing all time  
In Aveleda Tower  
You my cytosine  
De quatro powder  
Intact caprine  
The Greatest Of All Times  
Just like a fantine  
I make a fountain  
Out of you  
Just for you  
You're passing "bi"  
As proteic as a bean  
You're Three Fourteen  
My Sweetie Pi  
Intact caprine  
The Greatest Of All Times  
Just like hircine  
I turn and preen  
Coz of you  
Just for you  
The Lord of the Goats  
No sacrifice  
No pentagram  
Inverted Heart  
Intact caprine  
The Greatest Of All Times  
It's the season  
I milk the fountain  
Out of you  
Just for you

## Swallowed silk

Swallowed Silk

By EmotiveJasmine (Missy Isaackson)

It appeared like the vinyl floors of our halls  
were the rubbles of a war's closure in your eyes.

I don't need to be softened  
were what your shoulders told us.

I don't need to be clasped  
was what your torso commanded.

You were a lost quiet owl  
neatly nesting in a haggard history...

with no owlets or treasure finds  
for you to watch over and see.

You were a sombre tree  
with the trunk of a giant –

Close, but not as close to being defiant  
as an ancient artifact museum's visitor code of conduct poster  
boldly saying DON'T TOUCH in capital letters.

Someone who represented the colours of  
green beanstalks,  
pumpkin picking,  
black and white films,  
vintage clothing places  
and undone laces.

Your colours were my only traces.

I was a baker hoping my haggard history  
and

yours  
would knead us eventually.

Someday

Someway

Meanwhile, you were a silhouette  
who had already found your silk.

There was a projection of light.

You swallowed your silk's shininess,



indulging yourself in its mellowness.

Swallowed silk the story now was...

I couldn't run from it; I let it be.

It was the perfect swallow

So perfect it filled you with

glee –

All I can do is

wonder

how it would have felt

if I was silk

and you the silhouette

had swallowed

me.

### *What's in a name*

I wonder what my name is.

On paper my name is Johnson,

Meaning Son of John.

Very résumé-perfect English.

Acceptable, every day, Englisssshh.

It has a long shared heritage,

Deep connotations of a common culture,

Living beneath the surface of all that we do.

I could just as easily have been a Smith,

Meaning blacksmith or metalworker,

Identical to Martel if I were French.

But I am none of these things.

I hail from the island of Jamaica,  
Named Xaymaca by the indigenous people.  
Meaning "Land of food and water,"  
Given by the Arawaks and Tainos.  
Indigennnouss people.

Three million people,  
All gruesomely gone and forgotten  
So that we could sweeten Victorian tea.  
Well, what then does that mean for me?

It means my roots stretch back again,  
Across the Atlantic Ocean.  
Perhaps I am a Kweku.  
I'm not REALLY a Johnson.

My earthy dark skin says that much is true.  
Kweku is a man's name  
For one born on a Wednesday  
In West Africa to Akan and Ewe mothers.

Remember the roots our countries ripped,  
The languages stolen from between our lips.  
Erasing names, places, and meaning,  
And making the beauty of dark skin demeaning.

That is the awesome power of language!  
And you ask, what's in a name?  
The very roots of identity, glory, and shame.

### [Study Buddy](#)

Just be my study Buddy,  
Not for the group but for me.

When you study Sustainability,  
Battling the mental fragility and emotional vulnerability.

Of what you don't know but what you want to know,  
and  
what you need to know.

Impacting the world isn't easy,  
Study Buddy, you understand me.  
I'm distracting you but you are comforting me.

"STOP, it is reading week"

"I will be your study buddy if stop talking for a bit, drink the smoothie I made you and stop eating snacks on my bed"

Okay

.....

Study buddy, Can I join you for Christmas?  
I bet your aunt and mum miss us  
I remember...

"Shhhh"

Sorry Study Buddy

***Remaining submissions 2025***

**Knock Knock by James Scripps**

Who's there?  
The men with the staples  
The table and the chair.  
"We've come for your guttering"

He said with glee  
As he scratched his brow and furrowed his knee  
“You’ve come for the what?”  
I hastened a reply  
“We’ve come for the guttering and we’ve brought our supplies”  
I studied the men through the peephole with doubt, dubiousness lingered, a worrying amount  
“I haven’t requested any work”  
I said in contempt  
“Now go on your way, I wish you good lent”  
Silence abundant, I’d caused quite the stir  
The sound of the wind and the church bells were heard  
“You deserve to hang”  
A dark voice replied  
My lips danced a quiver, my heart did it cry  
For I recognised the voice  
Twas not that of a stranger  
The voice was my own  
Silent echoes, phantom danger.

### *Spoken word Poetry by Danny Danquah – Pathways to Healthy Newham*

Project productivity

Verse 1

A fictional story of clarity, a notion of sane in insanity  
An idea bled from poverty, an imagined sense of vanity,  
A clear preposterous positioning, a near proposed collision in  
A part that says you shouldn’t and another that says just put it in  
The coin the slot the gambling, the point to raise the pot to win  
or lose the whole damn lot, so what,  
The commenting dropped a calamity, a sanity backed by security  
A safe bet backed for surety, to generate project productivity

Verse 2

And because of Karma, the defence that’s why I don’t believe in fear,  
if the road ahead is blocked, make sure my head is clear  
Trade barrier logic around the clock, but the pictured line is near  
For the bias, in haste generalising, the fallacy comes and disappears

What's there to keep in check, in case the ego wrecks it  
Karma clocks the matter, at hand, look to inspect it  
The case in passages lines to, settle, so select it  
Cost of action given back to serve and protect it  
Karma's there to keep in check, in case the ego wrecks it.

### *To love is to live*

by Erin Leece

And to live without love is not to have lived at all  
To love is still to live  
When you cannot live with the love because you cannot have it all  
To miss the mistake is not a risk worth taking  
When to miss is a risk worth it all  
For joy short lived is still joy all the same  
Happiness is more than a pawn in this game  
Now is not forever  
And forever is not no  
Time will you only tell the mountains we climbed and how many times we fell  
Lakes turn to ponds yet we stand in them still  
Drinking water from the source  
Catapulted by another force  
We are people of the wilderness we yell  
Hermit crabs swapping shells  
All is gained, shared and sacred  
Fear not engaged, thunderstorms rage  
Plastic drowning from a home that is soft shelled, melted  
Water pooling, floating on air, metal spoon a tool  
I'll build a you shaped hole next time and that will keep out the cool

### *Free From by Sarah Jones*

The colours cut through  
the brume.  
You come knocking,  
and it feels like just for me.  
Because how would you know

to find me here.

Still, I have to admit

I could of been anyone.

Who else listens now?

Who else walks so slow?

Almost going backwards

or trying to.

You come to tell me you are going away

For a while.

I don't really mind.

I welcome the absence,

the space.

It sounds nicely; Pathos

Harmonises with Death.

I will sleep more and

stare into the grey light.

I will note your absence

at my door,

and try to make friends

with bitter twisted hags

who point and claw

and say we are waiting for you.

When you come back

you will laugh

like a child.

Innocent of the havoc you've wreaked.

And we will start again.

And I will try to be

dazzled by your newness,

I will even, for moments, forget.

Sitting in Sunshine.

I stop going backwards.

Or forwards.

I have stopped.

Then your guilt will suck colour out again.

Through the mist.  
And I will feel the weight of them  
heavy on my chest.  
Orange, yellow, brown and red.  
From underneath I will lift up,  
get out, and live.  
Though I don't know why.  
I expect I still am waiting for you.

### *Mine to Mind by Zaynaab Hud*

I forget who I am sometimes.  
I get caught up in the moment.  
I get carried away.  
I give in to everyone around me  
because I want them to feel as good  
as I do inside.  
I forget that what's within me  
is precious—  
mine to hide,  
mine to mind.  
I give it away freely.  
I have more than enough to share,  
until I don't.  
And when I'm empty,  
there's no one to help me find  
what's been lost.  
I'm on my knees,  
the world around me turns dark,  
people pass me by  
and no one notices—  
no one sees me.  
It's as if the vessel in my chest  
loses its light,  
and nothing is left  
to power it back on.

Until there is.  
A power beyond the universe  
rescues me every time—  
a power that does not diminish,  
a power with endless light.  
Slowly, surely,  
everything I'd poured out  
returns home.  
Not through the hands  
that once held it,  
but through the hands  
of those who recognise my plight.  
And then I remember who I am—  
what I've survived,  
what I've learned,  
what I stand for.  
I remember my heart,  
and I remember my mind.  
Slowly, surely,  
I rise again.  
And I remind myself  
to guard what's inside of me,  
before I find myself on my knees  
once more.  
Because there are vampires  
who feed on the light of others  
and they do not show mercy.  
Not everyone carries a vessel of light.  
Some carry vessels of darkness.  
Some carry vessels  
pitilessly empty.  
I won't forget again  
that what's inside me is precious—  
mine to hide,  
mine to mind.



## *When Ink is not Enough*

Claire Upton

You embody love for me

Your quiet faith

Your unshakeable grounding

Your identity

Built on the solid rock

A universe of love incarnate.

Your gentle eyes

Your listening ears

The eager heart and earnest brow

That I love to the ends of the earth.

And I am called now

To wonder how

I would translate your essence into ink

How to portray you

You, my one.

How to immortalise you in art

How to capture your depth

The thinking, reflecting, exploring

Knowing, waiting, living

That your pour over me

That floods our lives.

So I ponder images

An anchor -

You hold tight in the storm

An intricately patterned moth -

You are drawn to light

And flee wisely from darkness

An oak tree -

You surround me with

Your embracing arms

You have seen much.

It all falls short of you.

You hold me  
Ache with me  
Cry with me  
Laugh with me  
You shape me  
Help me grow  
All at once.  
Conveying you in flesh  
Is too great a task  
So I capture you  
In moments  
Etched eternally in my mind  
Each a piece of our jigsaw  
And each a window to our being

### *Dear Soho, From Southbank*

Liz Sweeting!

I miss you, but life on this side is so sweet!  
I miss you, but on this side, I feel so complete.  
I miss you and all of your twists and turns, glitter and beats.  
But here I enjoy a quick straight line to melodious strings, celebrity vocals  
and yummy treats!  
You're a miss with your swag and tuxedo, but here I enjoy Limo by  
Vidiamo.  
You are FACINATING, but here the view is breathtaking.  
I miss you, but you're just over there and right now; I'm glad to be here

### *Don't Look Birkbeck in Anger.*

by Lita Doolan

She wore the flag like a summer coat,  
Threadbare gold, wind in her throat.  
Said she'd marry the storm if it asked,

Then vanished into the Russell Square grass.  
I chased the flag down  
I tried to hold the wind  
but only caught the flag's thread  
from an edge the story unravelled  
About how far this girl had travelled.  
One displaced face, found a space.  
Flags stitched from fraying threads —  
Are the things we left unsaid.  
a corner caught on a bramble, another sunk in dew  
rags of dream, that's all it was, who knew? ?  
Troubles rise and vanish thin —  
the wind is full of might-have-beens.  
They dance the tune the kettle hums—  
Their protest plays where no one drums.  
I lit a flag in Regent's Park at dusk —  
A flare, a dare, a deal in rust.  
Her name burned blue, then black —  
I watched it melt as she didn't look back.  
5th floor sky has a pale soup light,  
Flags look like birds, forgetting their flight.  
Caught in mid-dream as the sky draws near,  
The George kicks out a distant cheer.  
The wind tore it like a whisper  
Then the grass stood still — to listen  
Flags stitched from fraying threads —  
Are the things we left unsaid.

### *"After the train journey" by Elosie*

My heart is heavy, the sadness stored up behind a dam.  
Why does it matter?  
"You're obviously a man"  
How should I answer, what should I say?  
To deal with ignorance, her filter away.  
The anguish is real, and yet, I must not let it show.

I must stay strong, I must stay kind  
And lock it up within my mind.  
The tears are hidden so no-one sees  
The real effect she's had on me.  
What can I do? What let me down?  
Do people see me as a clown?  
I must stay strong, make up my face,  
Continue to live, with dignity and grace.  
And yet, it hurts.

~~~~~

One throwaway comment without a thought,  
That plunged so deep and could not be caught.  
How dare she think that was ok?  
To state it as a fact; no tact.  
There was no warning nor a query,  
Not even asking as a theory.  
Just straight out with it like a sword,  
That found my weakest point and scored,  
"You're obviously a man"  
I will not let this dam be burst,  
Even if it means I'm cursed,  
I will be strong, I'll live my life  
And not give in to other's strife!  
And yet, it hurts.

~~~~~

I have no way to get in touch  
To answer questions or educate,  
To help her understand the world she's in.  
She needs to know, it's not too late,  
There is no binary anywhere.  
It is a myth made just to scare  
Those like myself who do not fit.  
But people need to be aware,  
Show compassion and be fair.  
Let people live their lives and pass

Free from anguish and constant ask  
To justify who we are, or worse.  
To stop it being seen as a curse.  
And still, it hurts.

### *Reminders of You*

I look up at the clouds  
As they gather and form,  
is that your gaze up there  
Warning me of a coming storm,  
Why did you leave me?  
A man now split in two,  
I walk in the park each morning-  
What else can I do?  
The house is like a prison  
Your ghost in every room,  
Your toothbrush by the sink  
Your hairbrush, your perfume.  
Your lipstick stains the coffee cup  
Forever it will stay,  
Each reminder cuts me deeply  
Yet I'd have it no other way,  
I pass the playground slowly  
The children call my name,  
I give a little wave  
While holding in all the pain,  
A couple walk hand in hand-  
I remember when that was us,  
laughing in the rain  
running to catch the bus.  
The wind still carries your scent  
The flowers, your lips, your kiss,  
A drifting petal grazes my cheek  
Soft as your fingertips,  
After the month you left

I drank myself away,  
Oh, what a wreck I was  
An alcoholic in decay.  
I see now you were right  
I was stubborn, blind, and conceited.  
You were reaching for tomorrow,  
While I kept you defeated.

I would give my whole self now,  
If you'd give us, one more try,  
but you said never - not in a million years  
you'd rather lay down and die,  
I never knew you hurt so deep  
I thought it was a cruel thing to say,  
Maybe I'll sit beside the pond  
Clasp my hands and pray,  
I'll ask God for a miracle-  
To bring you back to me,  
It's my only hope  
Or my lifelong misery,  
Now the pond's gone still  
The ducks drift in their line,  
The day slips into evening  
I start to feel the decline,  
I light a smoke and watch the ash,  
It falls, then fades from view,  
I whisper to the empty air,  
'Another day without you.'

### *Watering Mother's Grave*

I. Abbey

I hunt for forgiveness in the monastery the meals are silent here much like ours used to be  
In the monastery

I must earn my keep I rise at dawn meditate and once we ate we scrape leftovers from fork to plate

In the monastery I rinse out each spoon fork knife cup plate we go plate to bowl bowl to water passed down the table in a specific order for generations

In the monastery stale water absorbs our sins and feeds hungry ghosts and nothing is ever scraped towards those seated across the table never be pouring outwards into the unknown

In the monastery time flicks lights I forgot to switch

Breathe.

Breathe.

Breathe.

In the monastery the Monk's wide brown sleeve misses a tickle of translucent tears diluting sadness absorbing the beads by asking me questions such as:

Do you like to read?

And later: is your mother—also dead?

To which I said, it depends what being dead means—

Is it un-aliveness or an unloving state?

I'll carry your briefcase of fears wear cloak speckled with bloodied memories sow up the sockets of your eyes to keep them warm and dry

I'll keep my bookshelves empty

to hold space

for your mother's memories—

The poetry books flocked to me from Throssel Abbey on the train the monk, the daughter carries them shoulder to leather, leather to paperboard, paperboard to cloth, cloth to paper, paper to tree, tree to grain grain to sky and back

I unpack them ever so carefully fingers faltering at the inscriptions:

What would it be like? to have known for a day or a few hours

*The love of*

*The monk's Mother.*

II. Falcon Daughter

For years I believed my mother's death would save me

Her grave would be my vacation

Flat chest looking at me from the mirror

Teenage-hood, era of delicacy

Blushing always blushing

Without the ecstasy

Before she clipped my wings Before I knew everything

And if I knew I could never take off what she gave me: I would have waited forever Before probing it on.

Her leather glove plucked to shreds as I landed over and over in the same place somewhere she's been herself before

She tapped to receive my claws— Daughter please stay as if we weren't already fatally chained

Mother, when will you go back to your grave?

Home is not a real place it is always evolving—

She trimmed my feathers pretending sorrow hauled at me would be gone along with her such was our mutual misunderstanding I won't fertilise her grave with poems spade is a spade is a spade somehow always right especially when—unkind. III. Mother Says

Aren't you a Buddhist living in the Now?

A daughter should forgive

I am your only mother I forgave mine

As if erasure of crimes and self, could lead to: r e i n c a r n a t i o n.

IV. Letter to My Mother

Once written the words from the online template

From Kafka's letter to his father formulate an angular shape clever or perhaps more

Preposterous, because once truth is captured on paper it screams so loud asking, yet resisting an apology

Which was why I sent her an email

Requesting it formally

I

as the first born daughter I have

hung

barefoot, wings-clipped, I

still prefer beginnings of things

(when possibilities coexist)

Now that you are dead Mother

Take a seat inside

Your-self

Get comfortable and I will tell you

How you were

Un-made

Moon has been celibate for centuries

Mother barren you should've been Mother you are the opaque Moon hiding your ominous side deep within Your craters culminate into castrated sparks You scathe, you hit, you die

unannounced I call out for help to our neighbours who are otherwise occupied

losing spoons and borrowing each other's knives—

Mother at dawn I see

Your ashen face in the sky The crematorium's giant chimney is

returning you

to charcoal returning you

to cosmic delight.



## *Mudlarking*

It's futile to think of the mundane, Though I live in it.

Neck buried deep underneath the slob, My lips were constantly kissed by foul water.

I think I see it: smoothness hiding beneath the sand.

Is it the thing I seek?

A rare jade, a colourful stone, or a pinch of joy? I dig my fingers into the gravel shore— The sharp edges draw cuts open.

Finally, I found something, a solid that could be something.

I can give it a reason, I can ascribe it a price, I can give it meaning;

But I failed to see what it is, as the blood from my fingers has blurred its edges. Then it sank into my palm; wet, trembling, red.

What do I seek in the mundane?

What can I seek?

Feet buried in the slob,

My sorrows were constantly soothed by the foul water— Lone me, pacing up and down the shores, mudlarking.

My dear father...

The pain I feel now is like nothing I've felt before,

Holding your hand as you walked through heavens door.

You weren't only my dad we were partners in crime. We were a mischievous pair from time to time.

If there's one thing you've taught me it's to love and be brave because that's all we have on our final days.

You were selfless and proud and so loved by everyone. We are surrounded by your spirit, for that will live on.

I will look for you in nature, in my heart and in the morning light.

Be free now Dad, I love you goodnight.

## *The Raindrop Race*

Outside the window, the raindrops race, A time before gadgets a familiar embrace.

A childhood moment so universal and clear.

The soft pitter-patter of rain as we draw near and near.

They skitter and scatter across the race track of glass, I look back on this memory knowing the time has passed.

How I cherish these simple moments, so wide eyed and free.

Now a screen time epidemic, the new generation will see.

And I know it sounds boring, watching the raindrops race.

But to me and my sister nothing could replace,

The competitive nature of the watery maze,

Front row seats, safely buckled in,

Wondering, this time who would be the one to win?

Our laughter and giggles erupting like thunder,

Our car ride never ending, yet so full of wonder.

I wouldn't change a thing about those long journeys back then. The playful chase, of the raindrop race, Will start over, and over again.