

# ***Sonder, and Someone's Whispers of The World***

By Emily Ellis, 10D

~ a timeline of poems

## ***Youthful unawareness:***

I PROMISE MUM, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO

My friend and I went roaming around the oval frequently.  
I was convinced,  
That the thin track our scruffy shoes travelled  
Was a never ending stream of riches.  
Every rock which possessed even the slightest hint of glimmer  
Pleaded with me to be picked up.  
Our pockets were stuffed—  
Mainly with dust,  
But that was yesterday's thing.  
Soon, trees would be bleeding *magic* dust,  
But today, there were bugs about.  
Some were rough and lent themselves to their home of the soil,  
Others shined brighter than our precious stones,  
—the appeal was much greater.  
I don't know what made us think they needed to be shoved into a plastic bag,  
But our frenetic minds  
were so set on containing their unpredictable  
and baffling reactions to the world,  
That we soon drove them to group suffocation.  
Not a twitch left in their glossy frozen bodies.

*The first time curiosity killed*

## ***Teenage Ignorance:***

A PRISON DISGUISED

The lines,  
So symmetrical—  
And the indistinguishable identities,  
Forged onto the paper  
With the same look about,  
Clothes there to match—  
An uncanny resemblance.

Eyes weary and still,  
Collapses upon whom that speaks—  
Obliged to comply,  
To many's objections,  
Yet agrees—  
To what most have  
Once before.

Synchronised movements,  
Amongst the few  
That seemed virtuous—  
As is plagued  
And punished  
By the conformity  
Of their willingness.

And the comprehension  
That seemed adequate,  
Was more arduous  
Then thought—  
Yet everybody agreed with one thing,

*Vivamus, moriendum est.*  
(Let us live, since we must die)

***You get your first apartment (in remembrance of your childhood):***

BIRTHDAY CAKE

Rounded,  
With icings of wild colours,  
Smeared onto the surface,  
In a disjointed symphony.  
A candle that read my age—  
Only that held the least,  
Of my attention.  
I cut into it,  
Like I so often cut into my heart—  
To try and reveal something  
That wasn't there.  
And it lay on that table,  
Slowly melting,

From the overhead light,  
Or maybe just the atmosphere,  
And I watched something beautiful  
Turn into a mess,  
All because I was too afraid  
To destroy it in the first place.

***Attempt at foreign love:***

A WHISPER WHICH IS BECOMING FAMILIAR

A voice,  
So quiet I can hear  
The rasp  
And blur of purity  
Between words and sentences.

Words so heavy  
They could push  
Through my skin  
Just as easily  
As a finger  
To my throat.

Give me all  
That lay in silences  
On the brink  
Of exposure  
Or adjournment.

Give me all  
That couldn't be heard  
In the chaos  
Of human struggle  
And brightness  
Of a party

And feed me all  
Of the edges and cuts  
Of your words  
Only someone  
This close  
Could possibly hear.

***No one ever teaches you this:***

THE IMPOSSIBLE BREAKAGE OF ONE'S HEART, AND SALVAGE OF YOUR OWN

Would it be more cruel,  
If I were to kill a fish,  
With a knife or an axe?  
Should I take care in slicing  
Down its underbelly  
Next, to carefully peel away at its bones,  
And in doing so, give it attention and thought?  
Or should I chop  
It vertically in half  
In a singular numbing motion,  
Which would make impossible of feeling,  
Yet feeling possible?  
Would it matter if I gutted it,  
With a fish patterned blade,  
To remind of what once was?  
Or should I go hands in,  
My raw skin against your open flesh,  
Searching for something so fine,  
Only the knife may find.

***Reflections in the retirement home:***

WISH UPON A SHELL

My young,  
Soft hands,  
Which had only been touched,  
By the gentleness  
Of the earth,  
Stretched out in front of me,  
As I picked up  
Another shell to add to my collection.  
“LOOK!”  
Holes painted through  
Each small treasure,  
And colours  
Smeared in disjointed arrays.

*“That's got a hole in it”*

*“You don't need all those shells.”*

My fingers now  
Had been wiped  
With a tint of time,  
But still held their ripeness.  
I searched for the perfect shells,  
No holes,  
Perfect coils  
And evening colours.

I think my hands  
Are finished growing,  
The same as I'm done tracing them  
On glossed paper  
With that texture  
That has long been expired  
But holds onto  
A last hope of survival.

Walking along the beach,  
My head, fixed to the floor,  
Yet the suns in my eyes somehow.  
Something sharp  
Awoke my foot  
From its numbing stroll  
In the crisp water.

A perfectly spiralled,  
Purple mollusc.  
It twirled in my hand  
As it must have once done  
In the sea.  
I clenched it for a moment  
Before throwing it back  
Into the ocean.

*I didn't know what to wish for.*

***I don't think death is a cold experience***

COILED VINES OF ABSENCE

A vine travels

Between the openings in the cobblestone  
Slowly coiling to my feet  
And welding to my ankles.

It wrenches at my skin  
But is in disagreement with my warmth.  
Each leaf that grows  
Overruns my figure.

Now condensed in chains  
I let my body limpen  
Drawing my arms in close,  
Flooding with moral dissonance.

The last leaf grew directly above my eye  
Enveloping my vision,  
Allowing it to be in harmony  
With the rest of my body.

It rigidified me,  
Until I could feel no more  
And was not now standing,  
But melting into the wall.

My conscience had been stolen  
And blended with others floating thoughts.  
Will my abstract presence linger  
Or be forever lost?

### **Fusing through your casket (The True End.)**

#### THE DUST OF DUSK

My bones  
Whine,  
While they grate together—  
Shaved down,  
Creaking inside of me.  
Grinding to dust.

Oh, dust?

Is this what it's like to die?