

I Remember

Pain.

Loss.

Destruction.

I look in the mirror, and still see the piercing fear nestle behind my glassy eyes.

My past.

Dark.

Scary.

I still feel hurt within the deep scars that bare my arms.

Often as I lie in bed, unable to sleep, it all floods back to me.

Everything.

The screaming.

I

Remember

Running

Down

The

Creaky

Stair

Case

I remember the fire. A deep red orange, turning everything I loved, everything we ever had, a dark, miserable, dusty black.

The smoke was too thick, I could see nothing, No one.

But still I feel that I could have saved them.

This is all my fault.

* * * * *

I visit the small grey stones each morning.

Staring into the small grooves, I memorized the words written upon each small chiseled rock.

This is my fault. They could be standing here right now.

But they're not, and they never will be.

Rupert Bullard (Year 9)

Inspiration Artwork: 'Honour' (2020) by Georgina Davy

