

## The Broken Jigsaw

Air still, the darkness surrounds,  
Daunting,  
My breathing shallow,  
Minute by minute, the reality of life.

Clutching of iron, awakening memories,  
Memories of the past,  
Once cherished, now forgotten,  
Distanced from my heart.

Now no family to love,  
No lover to hold,  
A father no more,  
Reality crumbling around me.

Belittled, reprimanded and oppressed.  
Silenced, trapped like a commoner behind bars,  
My life, bleak,  
My heart, broken.

Justice denied,  
Bonds of society ripped apart,  
A community no more,  
Despair replaces hope.

Beating of whips,  
Echo my future.  
My every move monitored,  
Mistakes aplenty.

Schools are political institutes.  
Pearls of wisdom - the success of our leaders,  
Praised, loved and feared.  
Those we aspire to become, "good citizens".

From clothes to relationships to ability; everything - identical,  
People indistinguishable,  
Individuality inexistent,  
A coherent society of robots.

Rules regulate,  
Regulate the remains of our lives,  
Lives decorated with misery and labour,  
Awaiting a saviour.

Sahansa Udawatta (Year 9)  
Inspiration: 'Givenchy' by Georgina Davy

