

The Second Deadly Sin.

greed;

a bloody red stain marred up high against her cheekbones,

lies there awaiting for her human fallacy,

was she icarus?

with her ambitious nature; a carefully constructed winged contraption held
up by the delicate fluttering feathers and molten wax,

and her ill-constructed yearning to reach the sun,

her desire to achieve great things in the world.

flight of the sun.

breaking through the clouds,

with hints of mellow yellow tainting her cheeks,

the flush of youthful joy of succession;

for she had achieved her dreams,

authority.

power corrupts.

standing in the midst of the scraping sky,

the colours of the sun, scattered upon the ether like a ethereal backdrop,

asking too much, demanding too much,

the wax on her wings wilting, melting, languishing,

the feathers beating weaker and weaker,

but yet gone unnoticed.

the earth opens her mouth.

the fall of icarus?

her hands pressed up against the expansive window on her
high-rise, looking down at the life below her,

whispers of duplicity, flickers of venality;

her corporations scream. *we must silence her in order to preserve us.*

sabotage.

she had flown too close to the sun.

her weak plumage failed, plucked out from the soft wax by ones she trusted
most.

falling.

falling.

falling.

falling.

and eventually striking the hard, asphalt floor,

drowning, suffocating, burning,

the weight of sorrow, consuming her, eating her alive,

with thick black ooze, trickling softing down her skin.

Regine Chua (Year 10)

Inspired by 'Burberry' by Georgina Davy

