

The Winds of Terror

Milly B

A gust of wind pulls the crimson tentacles,
Unwinding her secret.

Her berries oh so delicate,
Scattered like paint,
Standing firm and strong.
Her armour crumbling down,
Only for new ones to appear,
The discarded ones are left,
To discover the wind's terror.

A fight between red leather and stone,
She tangles her way blind.
Yet to us we can't see,
But to them it's war.

Each leaf,
Each berry,
Each tiny flicker,
One after the other,
They can't bear to watch,
As they lose the battle.

Running with the Wind

Stephanie W

A breath of wind flutters past my face,
The leaves hover with my feat,
I look up and I'm greeted with a gust of feathers,
As I walk, I absorb the world around me.

A drop of glistening rain lands on my palm.
It slithers like a snake, down my finger, ending its journey on the ground.
I look at it in wonder, why did it have to end its life so soon?

I wander through the woods, the question racing around my head.
I suddenly stop.
A wall of crimson branches blocks my path.
It's winding tentacles hanging helplessly from above.

It's hammering down now.

I need to leave but its mesmerising scarlet walnuts are just too awe inspiring.

A picture is taken.

A single shot is all that is needed.

Then I run.

Through the forbidden forest, over the trampled fence, and out of the trees.

The breeze hits me again.

Instead of a friendly voice calling, it bellows at me, ordering me around the place.

Pushing and shoving with all its violence,

Making me look like a nervous willow.

Now, I'm running like a hare in the snow,

Away from the roaring wind, away from the world.

I'm hidden, hidden from the world, hidden from myself.

In a confined space,

In a place where no one will ever find me.