

COBIS Poetry Competition 2022 Looking Ahead

Key Stage 3 Runner-up

To Myself Tomorrow

A wicked pantomime- and hanging from threads are my personalities
My fears have taken a liking to mock me, my irrationalities
Are parasites that bleed from them

There blooms my ingenuity, the ideas, the possibilities
But where could they fly in a pool of ink and an abyss
The misty road ahead holds desperate probabilities
Uncertainty- an adventurer's bliss but my dear sweet crisis

The skies are dressed lavishly in black when my mind conjures a storm
Helpless in a raft, my chest is tight, yet I lay numb and senseless
The tide's impulse rages, and I ponder aimlessly, what a swarm
Alarm bells pierce my ears: I am not in control

What shall I speak of, in the doom of judgement day
When the moment arrives my anxieties will play

Maybe the cards tomorrow hold, don't require an heir,
Because Mother Nature shall prosper and flow herself as she sees fit
Excite yourself in your dream, in this hourglass which is ethereal and
rare

So I'll skip through the yellow brick road with my warrior ruby heels
The next day's merry meet shall greet, but today isn't over yet

Saraa Amin
The British School of Geneva