

In A Turn of the Earth

Freya B, Year 11

The air is thick the next day. You, glass-eyed, watch as we stumble together with lips pursed in a terrible silence. There is mutual agreement - though unnatural in its sincerity - that we can let you have this final moment.

It is three days before you turn cold.
Three days before the wheels grind to an uneasy halt,
and the conversations pivot themselves back towards normalcy.
There is selfishness in it all, of course, but a sick relief too.

Life should stop then, but, as ever, it does not. Time crawls onwards, the black fades, the tension unravels itself and floats on by. My blood begins to burn. How dare life continue to be? How dare the clocks refuse to stop ticking on by?

How quickly you have been reduced. With hateful hands they have compressed you, mangled you, misunderstood you until you are no more than three Sunday obituaries and a box of broken plates. It's for the best, of course. What remains can be easily packed away once you have been wrung dry.

And yet: how can I protest? Each of the words that trembles on my tongue leads down a path worn down long before you stood at its end. Dear God. You were no angel on earth, no model mentor. You were just you. and any empty comfort catches in my throat, for there are no words for that.

Except - this Earth is lesser now, I think. And though it does not stop spinning, though it takes no moment to breath, just for a second, it shivers on its axis before righting itself and continuing on, steady and weightless once more.



Croydon High School

for girls aged 3-18

GDST

GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL TRUST