

18<sup>th</sup> of Maehe 2010

W.A.L.T: We are writing our own poems about emotions based on a format.

Fear is like a searing hot blade being pushed into your mind.

I see the blackness of sins as I stare at my reflection.

I hear the shallow breathing off my lungs, as they become more and more desperate for oxygen.

I hear silence, the talking, yelling, screaming silence.

I smell the pungent fear drifting of my body in the harsh cold breeze.

I touch the freezing Earth that lies beneath my trembling hands.

I taste the bile slowly rising in my mouth as my body rocks with painful sobs.



**By Lily Fisher**