Principal’s Prize for Poetry 2014

Emily Marsh
Into the light

Light streams down from the sun
Pushing its way though the branches,

Ebbing in
And out.

A man.
So unremarkable,
It could be anyone
Even you.

But it is you.

It seems almost cruel
That everybody else
Can read this
Except you.

So I will send it into the light,
Send it back through the trees,
So everyone can listen
Including you.

For Drew
14th February 1994 – 20th September 2014