

Sand in a Bottle

-Maheema Haque (12)

She looks longingly at the coloured sand in the bottle
Wondering if her life will be like that again.
Content and care-free,
Wild and boundless and easy.

She remembers the day,
Way back in May.
A sunshine filled park with the soft sound of waves
Crashing onto rocks as white, frothy remains
The heady smell of salt and sweet flowers
Drifting through the air as it empowers
The minds of many a young dreamer
Turning them into clever schemers

She remembers the smiles, the screaming, the laughing,
As parents run behind their children, huffing and puffing.
She remembers the bronzed people wearing straw sunhats
She remembers the relaxed and idle chitchat.
She opens her eyes and breathes a deep sigh
As a small, clear tear works its way into her eye.

The image of her mother, wise but never unsmiling
Floods her mind as she starts to cry
She cries for the children who grew old
She cries for the parents that died
She cries for the lost beauty of the Earth
She cries for the dead laughter and mirth

She looks at the colourful sand in the bottle
The greens, the blues, the reds and the purples
She blinks, one, two, three,
Maybe she too, could rest happily?
She smiles her secret smile in memory of the day
Puts the bottle down, and in dreams, drifts away.