

Two Worlds

-Maheema Haque (11)

This morning I woke up to a haze;
The haze of toxic fumes around my window.
The sun quivered behind them
And the horizon was dark
I coughed up my first breath;
It contained cigarette smoke, tobacco and hints of cocaine.
I could hear a gunshot far off in the distance;
It killed a life which may have not been so innocent
My feet touched the soiled carpet;
Soiled with blood, dirt and evil memories.
I heard another gunshot
This one not so distant
As it pierced through the arteries of my heart.
Was this the future?

I woke up to a clear blur sky this morning;
Its sharpness penetrated only by a few white clouds.
It was beautiful.
The air was fresh and clean;
And the only smell was of the sweet scent of the flowers below.
The soft chants and stories of old
Rung out in the trees' song.
A bird's chirrup I could hear
In the distance
Waking up the world
With its words.
My feet touched warm, thick carpet;
White, pure, untouched.
My maid came in with a genuine smile
And then left me to my breakfast.

