

Runner-up

Ellie Chatteron, The Priory Academy LSST

Sweetheart, Come Back

The way you make your tea with too much sugar is enough.
The way you dance across the cold floor without your striped socks with holes
in the toes is enough. Mind the coffee table. Check for a bruise.
There is no bruise. Only a insouciant grin. That's more than enough.
The scar on your wrist from a battle with the stove. My God that makes me
laugh. Your multicoloured hair because you change your mind more often than you
lose your it. Somehow you're strong in a delicate way like the teacup you've
had since you were five, or the spiders web in your room or the last slivers of the
afternoons sun that lingers long enough to give hope it'll stay. Your innumerable yet
utterly useless talents like the ability to recite french love songs, even if your
accent verges on spanish. Even the way you chew you pen til your lip resembles
the colour of my coffee. Every time! Absentmindedly leaving arbitrary pocket dials
to fill up my answering machine every evening. That one look you have that
I've only ever seen you use for me, all for me and me alone,
that's enough. Your tattered sketches or the doodles you leave on the windows
that have been grace with the cold weathers translucent and ghostly imprint.
Even that. So sweetheart return to me again even if in the warm smile of
a stranger. Im doting on divine intervention. Sweetheart return to me.

Beauty/Beauty

by Rebecca Perry

Sweetheart, Come

All the tea and buttered toast in the world is not enough.
All the beaches with their sandy beating hearts and their glittery shores are not enough. Hold up your boots. Check for mud. There is no mud. Walk right on through. This is not enough. Not your adorable dog wanting to be my friend. My god I want that too. Not a sweater the colour of a Christmassy satsuma, which is the most particular orange. Not most love which is weak like the crumbling root of a grey tooth, or the Georgian windows or the plants that welcome you home like a litter of green tongued puppies. The couple who can walk and kiss at the same time and not lose balance, not even. Not even the sad panda at the zoo chewing into something resembling happiness. Finally! Not guessing first time round which is the soft eye of the coconut. The friendliest looking lemon cake in all the world, dedicated to you and you alone, is not enough. Not your scratched or the fruit flies hovering around a bowl of sweet brown bananas and snow-peaked oranges. Not that. Just sweetheart come to me in a swarm of insects pulsing through the sky. Sweetheart come and settle at a place near me.