

In Silk and Tears

Written by Evelyn Buckley, Medfield High School

The last that I saw

Of the man

Who stole my heart

Was an ink declaration

Demanding my soul

Be in ruin

The jagged strikes

Of his pen

Tearing me apart

Piece by piece

Until I will finally

Lay whole

On the wood

That too holds the confection

Of self pity and humiliation

Miss not Mrs

Destined to be

surrounded by those

Who I loathe

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Almost as much as I do him

So I call to the skies

I sleep in my sorrows

I drown in a pool of

White silk

Turned yellow

My hollow screams

Echoed in the empty halls

And dark rooms

That caused my skin to pale

And my heart to crumble

Haunted by my permanent name

Havisham.