

Junior Division, Poetry

Sofia Butler, St. John's

Escape

Eyes sticking to the page like dry glue on paper, unable to get them off.

Time, unknown.

A book.

Tick, tick, tick, murmurs the clock.

The sound of its hands becomes irritating, like nails on a chalkboard, but somehow fails to distract me.

My eyes follow the riveting plot, twisting and turning like a highway winding carefully around rushing rivers and deep gorges.

My interest sparks with every rapid turning of the page, like an uncontrollable fire, consuming my mind.

Like I have been bitten by its pages, the suspense makes me want to yell. I have just witnessed a crime and I am part of the scene.

A book.

Somehow, the wood-like smell of the pages evokes a feeling of peace within me.

Odd.

But it is a feeling of safety.

I am safe in the adventure.

Eyes dry from the lack of blinking, too fixed on this fictional world to be brought away.

Tick, tick, tick.

The story is too enthralling. Too real for me to put down.

My mind: free.

Imagination: on fire.

I feel as if I'm living a new life, a life filled with wild adventures.

Like a lion roaming freely, untamed.

Strength.

But still, in me lingers the truth, that this is just a book, a creative leak of the author's imagination which trickles carefully and cautiously onto the pages. This thought, this truth, floods my mind, letting no other thoughts in.

I'm drowning in the idea of reality.

As if I'm trapped in a well and this is my rope.

A book.

My escape.