

Assisted Learning Primary

RUNNER-UP

Larissa Ma, 12

Camberwell Girls Grammar
Canterbury, VIC

Gone

The flames roared and howled
But remained oblivious to the sound
of the plane, of help, of hope from above

With nothing left to spare
The empty soul could only stare
At the plane, at help, at hope that flew by.

Leaving him behind, trapped again
Leaving him with nothing but pain
Leaving with the hope, the help, the plane.

The trees blocked the sky
From secrets it wants to hide
Of a boy stranded alone, hoping to survive.

Judge Comment:

Succinct fragments heighten tension and move the reader quickly through this dramatic poem.