



# CHELTENHAM BOURNSIDE SCHOOL

## Small Pleasures

Laura, Year 11, Frank House

You reach out  
with your black ink rubbed palms  
to clutch the burnt ends of a bruised sunset  
in the dusk

your sore eyes wide open  
until the final accented chord  
to catch the remnants  
of the phrases overlooked

and you hold them.

Five seconds of film  
cut and trodden on the floor  
offhand words fallen into the cracks  
you pick open until fingernails bleed

the in between bits in seasons  
where the colours confuse, melt, blend,  
a fleeting tug of your heart  
from a brief, knowing smile

and you hold them.

Back to front people  
living blurred serendipitous dreams  
let you steal cuttings from them  
and grow

let's run in blind  
you build collages of leaves and light  
building the tall steps ahead of you  
from extracts and aspects of memories

and you won't let go.