Iona Storkey Y 11

When we met

When we met, not long ago, I was hiding from the storm.
You took me in and gave me rest, your presence kind and warm.
And when, together, we walked inside, I was welcomed with delight,
For this was your home, you said, where I had taken flight.

There's something strange and wild about you, though I cannot recall...
I try to remember times without you, and find nothing at
all.

Entrapped, I am,
Ensnared,
Enslaved,
My eyes a sickly green

They weren't before,
I'm sure of that,
Yet now feels like a Dream.

I had a life, I had a life, I had a life
The words I want to beg

My brain is
wrong
It's disconnected

You wormed inside my head.

Your smile is wrong; the skin pulled tight
resembling a mask
I'm trying hard to recognise
the truth behind stained glass

I had a life, I had a life,
I swear it, pray it's true
But you didn't care, no not one bit
It's all the same to you.