Shadow

Shadow,
Grey, misty
Striding alongside me.
Where did you vanish
As the sun disappeared?
I sit alone
With nothing Gone.





What a fabulous piece of writing by Delta. She creates a visual picture for her reader, as we feel the disappointment and curiosity of where the shadow has gone to

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Darkness

Dark
Silent, black
Steals the light
Climbs on my walls
Retreats into the shadows
Crawling back slowly
Light arrives,
Hope.



I like how Neve describes that feeling when darkness arrives, but then reminds us light is around the corner. For me this 'jackiwa' poems created a feeling of hope.

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Tiger

Tiger
Stripy, magnificent
Hunting, stalking, pouncing
Humans hunting the tiger
Tiger claws human skin
Slashing, clawing, biting
Wounded, hurt
Endangered.



Drew has used visually strong words in his poem about the tiger. For me personally, I find the end made me question my thinking. Who is really endangered?

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