

Drabble : Senior

Highly Commended– Shahrose Chatha, Yr 12, Papanui High School



Where there is love, there is life.

I feel, dropping down onto my knees. A tear flowed down my cheek and lingered on the edge of my jaw before deciding to jump. A river flows calmly like my tear, but behind every river is a hurtling, foaming sea. The sea which constantly yields my streaming estuary is my mother's death. You can never understand the depth of your love for someone until it is gone. Or simply no matter how much you love someone, you cannot love someone as much as you will miss them. Just as the sea is to the river, life is to death.