

The sky and atmosphere in different seasons:

SUMMER:

**A warm neon orange sleeping next to a vague purple,
coated with clouds,
dipped in blue,
colouring the sky,**

**A sunset seam sewing together pieces of the sky,
a bright candle flicker that touches my skin with the sense of warmth,
if not skin then eyes,**

**Beams of light soar like stars,
Varies shades,
Heavenly glows,**

WINTER:

**Frost clings onto pavements,
ageing the grass,
stealing the vibrant colours,
winding back the clock,
to a black and white world,**

**Purples and pinks are now grey,
the ends of a tree are sharp with empty branches,
hiding in the mist,
The mist blurring what is beyond the frozen fields.**

SOPHIA BENNETT

The room was drained of colour but she was full of it,
her hands spoke louder than her words,
every movement sewing together fabric,
fabric representing days of her life,

Some silky and smooth whilst others rough
and frayed,
yet they all formed a blanket of hope and
success,
that blanket warming up the talent in every
watching child.

