

The Eruption

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That evening was the same as any other.

The vegetables were days old,

The porridge stuck to the roof of my mouth.

My parents seemed on edge,

But I decided not to ask about it.

I hadn't thought it was important.

It was.

But I didn't know.

Now that I'm thinking about it,

Something hadn't seemed right that day.

There was something unsettling in the air.

People were rushing around outside,

Carrying their belongings,

Looking as if they were trying to escape from something.

I should have realized in that moment that something was wrong.

But I didn't know.

The sparks and ash

Descended silently in showers of red, gray and black.

It sealed everything off,

never again to see the light of day.

Looking back, I could have escaped.

But I didn't know.