

Poetry by Isabella Ilicic 8NW

My Island.

*"We're going to Australia."
My heart dropped. Ba-dump, ba-dump...
"But what about Fiji?", ba-dump, ba-dump...
Everything freezes as if the world had stopped spinning.
I stare up at the woman in front of me, my eyes those of a hawk.
Watching. Waiting. For her to say something. Anything.
Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump...*

*My home is my fortress. But now I'm leaving.
My bags are packed, the sea singing its wavy but mellow tune.
Endless blue in front of me. A boat crowded with heads in front of me.
But I know it's not endless.
I board on, pushing through the crowd, a single thread weaving through the masses.
I'm heading away from this island. My island. To somewhere else.
"A better place. A better life.", mother calls it. I don't know if it will be.*

*The boat moves away. Away from my island.
And I am at sea.*