

My eyes are open,
I know they are.
So how come I can still see you?
Sitting on your bed with the door open,
swinging your legs.
Shuffling in the pantry,
rifling through the food.
I still see you in the windows,
and standing in the mirror behind me.
I still see you cooking in the morning,
and making tea in the evenings.
I still hear you,
singing to yourself,
talking to the dogs,
talking to our mother.
I can still see you,
looking through me,
and I can still hear you,
telling me I'm alright.
But I can't feel you,
not your presence in your room or in the pantry,
not your heartbeat in the kitchen or by the kettle.
I can't *feel* you anymore.

- Zoe Richards, year 11.