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Class: 5.18

Genre: Poetry

School: Anglo-Chinese School (Independent)



## **O to the infinite**

I have loved as the command  
heart bloodied and barefoot.  
But heavy the city's reprimand  
when everyone knows who's who.

Flooded out by secret streets I stand –  
stricken, and look to you.  
No stormy brow, nor steely sand  
I met. You understood.

O to the infinite, impossible desert of man  
who takes and gives and moves –  
who does not need to flood the land  
to turn his heart of wood.

And may the colours of our covenants  
remind us to be true.  
May I learn to pray with heart and hands  
and every living thing be good.

### Reflection:

The piece is largely figurative, drawing on many images to create a sense of anonymity; however, this leaves the reader free to imagine what betrayal the persona has faced, and the subsequent relief and hope of the goodness of human nature. Coupled with the simple rhyme, I hoped it would be a memorable and affirming call to goodness for all. In writing simply, I also hoped to remind myself of the goodness around me, and not to allow brief encounters with its lack embitter me.