



The party

Mother told me to get ready, but I didn't want to go,
They wouldn't miss me at the party,
They wouldn't even know.
Father shouted from the stairs that it was getting late,
And that if I wouldn't hurry,
Everybody would have to wait.
Still I'm not going, my decision is clear,
Cause I'm not good enough
At least, that is what I fear.
My dress hangs in the closet,
But I won't put it on.
Nor will I comb my hair,
Or put my make-up on.
I'll just sit here with my book,
Forgetting the world outside,
And just take a quick look,
At my universe so bright.
I wish I wasn't here,
That I didn't exist,
Because I am nothing more
Than a blur of mist.

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