

Run , run , run

Beyond the walls of a man made utopia, lies nothing but fallen trees and broken dreams.
The thick scent of guilt and pain lingers in the air. It's suffocating claws make its way down my throat.
The ghosts of the people of the past surround me, their colourful clothes so different from my own.
I glance down at my white shoes, white clothes and white wrist band.
It's rubber material clings to my hand like a cuff, tying me to a world I no longer call my own.
All my life I've been told i am protected from the mistakes of the past, but the only mistakes I see are of my own world.
I no longer run from the past but I am running away from the future.
Run, run, run.
Away from a Molded society.
Run, run, run.
From a destiny that will not be chosen by me.
Run, run , run
To something new and beyond.

by Layla Saraya 9D