

# Writing Narrative in Free Verse

By Layla Saraya 9D

Dark clouds above,  
China town below.  
Spices fill my nose and cause my taste buds  
To dance.  
New city, new apartment, new view,  
New me.  
A delicate sigh escapes my scarlet lips.  
I need to rest.

An ear-piercing  
Scream,  
Wakes me from my slumber.  
The room shakes erratically.  
Earthquake.  
I scramble across the floor,  
Desperate  
For any form of cover.  
Hands held close to my heart,  
I pray.

The shaking has stopped  
But  
There is more coming.  
More disaster,  
More loss,  
More pain.

The moment of silence is,  
Gone,  
Replaced with the fearful sobs of  
Children.  
A sudden,  
BOOM!  
Overtakes the city as a building comes crashing down,  
Down.  
Until the once intimidating giant,  
Crushes the innocent lives  
Beneath it.  
Taking them into  
Oblivion.

The words repeat in my head,  
“ This is a dream Isla,  
Isla you’re dreaming.”  
But every  
Single time I open  
My eyes,  
I still see the jaws of  
The sea,  
Waiting to make its  
Mark on the people,  
The city,  
And on  
Me.

Sadness and despair  
Fills the air.  
Parents,  
Children,  
Partners,  
Strangers  
And I,  
Surry away from  
The hunger of the ocean.  
Like mice,  
We try to get away.  
But only a fool  
Would think they can survive  
The disaster that is about to  
Unfold.

Buildings scream as people climb  
On them.  
Rooftops are polluted with people,  
But not me.

Tears,  
Threaten to spill from my eyes at the sight of  
The rising wall  
Forming a sea.  
A traitorous tear runs  
Down the length of  
My pale face.  
I’ve accepted my minutes  
Are now  
Numbered.