

Different World

The rising sun hits the windows,
Making them shine.
The whitewashed walls gleam.
The plants on the balconies lap up the sun.
The pavement is filled with people in suits,
Who all have somewhere to be.
The car engine roars,
The street growing louder.
Looking out of the highest window you see,

The bright, mismatched colours

Living on top of each other

The dogs running

The goats bleating

The sounds of sorrow

The singular palm tree blowing so slightly

The people in the windows,
Hot and stuffy.
Looking down like a bird,
Into the lives of the people across the river,
Like a whole different world

Lives so different

Yet they sit so close together

One filled with colour

And one filled with grey

Where would you rather be?

By Isabel Barnes

