

Composed at Midnight  
by  
Michael Ogbole,  
(Latymer All Saints Primary School).

Composed at midnight, a poem I wrote  
At first in rough, on lines of a note.  
The night seems cruel, sombre and cold,  
As weird and sad as a ghoulish soul.  
Some stay in bed while other leave,  
Could they be on their way to a midnight shift?  
Some may have thought they could stand in line,  
But found of course, they ran out of time.  
At midnight, stars twinkle in the sky,  
Seeming somehow, like the end is nigh.  
Just then day strikes, hurray my friends, we survived the night,  
The creepy crawlers have taken to flight!  
The night for now has come to an end,  
Though soon enough, it comes again... oh fiend!  
We have come to an end but I'll see you again... old friends.

# Composed at Midnight

by

**Matteo Ferrari**  
(St Ignatius College).

Squeezing, fast breathing,  
Choking on everything I'm feeling,  
I try to leave, the doors are closed,  
And I'm opposed, to what you ask?  
To fear in the form of fire,  
To situations becoming dire.  
I lose sight of what's real  
I

Anxiety, creeps up at night,  
Like a childhood monster ready to bite.  
I lie in my coffin bed,  
Contemplate why I feel dead.  
I bite the silky skin near my nails,  
It peels like an orange  
It

There's no rhyme  
There's no point  
Anymore  
Anymore

**‘Composed at Midnight’**  
**by**  
**Jennifer Wiltshire.**

Retiring hurt, I withdraw from the affray,  
To lick my wounds in solitude and howl,  
No longer able to present a face  
Unsmear'd by misery and messy grief.  
I am not loved but was, once, in the past.

I cannot, now, recall those early rifts,  
Nor who was first to flinch from an embrace:  
The lack of tenderness, the loss of trust,  
Desire shrivell'd and hope atrophied.  
I am not loved but was I ever, then?

My heart aches but no drowsy numbness pains  
My senses; instead, much sought oblivion  
Continues to elude. Fast forward, now.  
The future proffers tantalising hints:  
I am not loved but might be loved again.

Yesterday's ghosts make their disjointed way  
Across the flickering screen of memory.  
Past weal cannot compete with present woe,  
Nor love, once dead, be shaken back to life.  
I am not loved but once I dreamed I was.

Rewind, then set those haunting phantoms free:  
One act of will restores lost peace of mind.  
Erase the suffering, retrieve the joy  
And salvage the last vestiges of bliss.  
I am not loved but, ah! what rapture, then.

The moment's come. Press play. This screen is blank:  
No input signal here, I'm out of range.  
The present offers nothing but the choice  
*To cease upon the midnight with no pain.*  
I am not loved nor will be loved again.