**A picture containing text, clipart

Description automatically generatedTake The Stage: BLINDNESS**

**Turning a Blind Eye by La Sainte Union School**

**We Must Find a Way**

I walk through the town and I felt a rush of wind hit me. I looked around me, none. Families huddled together trying to keep warm and others begging for a hot meal. I instantly felt so downhearted, I offered everything I could and had but not enough for everyone and part of me felt so guilty that I couldn’t help them, I wish That I could save them, that the world could save them. We must find a way.

My shoes scuff the cobbled walkway as I get a hold of my surrounding gaunt thin faces stare at me desperately as groups of starving children huddle together as penguins do when looking for warmth. My nose wrinkles as I inhale the sour odour that wreaks from every pile of garbage or heap of rotting animals. As I reach the end of the street, I tilt my head down in shame in disgust for our failure for the poverty that is all around.

I am the infection that lingers among the unfortunate I am the hands that steal your riches and nutrition the hand which grasps your livelihood, I am the hunger that makes your skin stretch tight across your bones, I am the sandman that grants you dreams of luxuries that you will never acquire, I am the dirt in your body the rips in your clothes, I have taken your wealth and no matter how hard you will work I will never get it back.

We Must Find A Way. We Must Find A Way. We Must Find A Way. WE MUST FIND A WAY.

**I Will Help You**

Don’t leave me, just hold on for a bit I know this world has given you nothing. I know they are to blame. But I will help you, I will try to carry you. I see the pain in your eye’s enough trauma, the bonds that feels like you’ve suffered from. The hands of old people that should never touch you. You lost me too young they took me away from you too soon, but I am here now, I beg you stay just a little longer.

I’ll never understand it the way they stare at you and make their decisions on who you are, what you are and so you speak out once but never ever comes out of it, that one judgement may change your life, and who’s to know if anything will come out of it whose to know anything in general. The world goes around us, and we are expected to know it all. But I know nothing so maybe its my first step, maybe this determines everything.

Run, do not go back to him. There was never a night or a problem that could defeat sunrise. There was never an emotion stronger than me, just lay your resting head on my shoulder and weep, say goodbye to all the pain, I know the memories will never go but I will never leave, there is a bright path for the broken children like you and me.

**I am…**

I am the product of Olori and Ibeji. I am my mother’s daughter I am my grandmother’s mothers daughters daughter I am me. Kezia Oluwadara Dara, Kezia, Keziah Kezia. Seventeen years two months, twenty-nine days a hundred and twelve minutes ten seconds. My grandma was called Ibeji, Mother of twins, Oyko, Meji one two the only numbers I can say. I am downstairs and there is my Aunty Bissie, my Dad and both my Grandmothers.

**Stories About People**

I get up I go out and I sit on a bench I turn on my music and I look at the people that walk past and I make a story about each of them. There! That man with that scruff hair and the solemn face he has just battled five thousand monsters but unfortunately to save the world he has to sacrifice the love of his life. Now he comes and sits on this bench to cry and let out his emotions.

An old couple tentatively walk past grasping hold of each other, they look like your childhood teddy bear worn out but if you see them in the ocean, they are young and elegant mermaids, they rule the kingdom and look like they have not aged a day past twenty. But it’s their time to hand their kingdom over. So they come here to live their last moments together.

A dogs wet nose tickles my feet, he is a knight that protects all, he is a warrior, he protects the weak and he does it for nothing. But now he has come to rest his little tired legs.

The little girl cries, her tears heal the flowers which get ready for spring. And as her Mum gives her an ice cream, she wipes the tears away and puts on a big smile. “Look” you can see the flowers blooming it’s the most beautiful and magical thing you can see.

The playlist in my ear is nearly over, I wish this wouldn’t end but as the music stops everything around me slowly falls apart. Everyone moves on everyone leaves, they all slip out of my fingers, But I lock it all up in my mind so I can replay it over and over again. I wish I could talk or say how I feel, but I just imagine myself somewhere else a different universe an escape, I close my eyes for a little longer and when I open them and I feel a little better.