

Alone

- Celine Solomons

I don't want to die alone,
I whisper into the dull night.
Blanket wrapped around my shoulder.
The president in the background,
'The numbers have peaked'.

The Rooibos tea
has stilled at my lips.
The house smells of bleach,
so does my mom,
my Ouma
and now me.

My heart is steady.
The roads are quiet.
The stars are brighter and I think,
"What a way to die."