

Voices

How do you sleep with rats at your feet
And a rotting corpse right next to you?
At least it was dark out on the sea
And you'd be bored enough with nothing to do.

How do you see when stepping off the ship
Having not seen sunlight in months?
You're blinded by brightness but there's water to sip.
You're shocked by land but there's food to crunch.

How do you survive in a new land
when you're just fourteen years old?
You're standing among half-dead men on the sand,
You try and be brave, telling yourself you don't miss the cold.

Alone, away from home, one person he trusts.
Three years older, his employer's son
And as he worked with the dust
He listened to George sing his song.

This boy always took Johnny's side,
Always came to Johnny's aid,
Not a thought of harm crossed his mind.
He was content with the rations he was paid.

The voices in his head had other plans for him.

And though he kept pushing it down

Sometime soon it was gonna get grim,

But kill George? He'd rather drown.

As much as he hated the thoughts, the impulses,

He couldn't keep it bottled up much longer.

There's one-person John knows he repulses,

The mother's the target, so with all the courage he could monger:

He second-guessed himself.

If there was a stronger man than him in the house

still living in good health,

He'd be easier to prosecute than a mouse.

He sat down to dinner,

Two possible victims.

A soon-to-be sinner,

He waited until daylight dims.

He's made up his mind,

He's sharpened his adze,

Picked the perfect time

For this terrible act.

John peeked into George's room,
He was still singing his songs,
Ducking out when he heard the tune,
Feeling oh-so-wrong.

He tried to busy himself with chores,
And wait for George to sleep.
He imagined Mrs Pollard's roars,
And everyone at his execution who wouldn't weep.

The singing stopped,
Johnny's heart skipped a beat,
His stomach dropped,
He had to take a seat.

He crept back into the room
Seeing George in peaceful sleep
About to meet his doom.
The thought almost made John weep.

He didn't want to do this anymore,
He felt like a fool.
He knows the court won't favour the poor,
But he doesn't drop the tool.

John fumbled with George's body

Trying to flip it over.

Brain fogged, stomach knotty,

He watched the weapon fall lower.

He saw the bed covered in blood

And knew soon he would burn in hell.

He ran outside to the stars, the mud

Couldn't he do one thing well?

He leapt into the river before being caught

And tried to keep his head under,

But dying wasn't as easy as he thought.

he was left alive to wonder:

'Why did I do the things I did?

Why did I throw away my life?

Why, oh, why not get rid

Of the farmer's old wife?'

By Piper Seear

Year 6

Broome North Primary School