

## Creative Writing Contest 2022

“Our Last Lover’s Robes” by Hannah Underhill

1<sup>st</sup> Place - Poetry

His silk robes sway like a dancer.

When first we meet, his hand ours barely touches.

When he calls, we answer.

Patiently waiting, humanity’s romancer,

With his drawing near, we quiver like rushes.

His flowing robes sway like a dancer.

He is life’s enhancer.

As he passes by, our throat a hand clutches.

When he calls, we will answer.

He counts us all; he is a careful financier.

At his price, every man flushes.

His long robes sway like a dancer.

At our fleeing, he gives a soft tancer.

He whispers; our protest hushes.

When he calls, we must answer.

Don’t ask for more; he’s no advancer.

His final touch on our back brushes.

His black robes sway like a dancer.

When he calls, we can only answer.

