

Untitled

By Iris (Literary Senior – Upper Sixth)

Have you ever just sat and stared at the metal drum of a washing machine?

How the derelict fibres float off into the gushing ocean. Floating, battered from every which way, a pause. The whole world is tipped into a frothing frenzy. The momentum is stifling, it is a washing machine.

Half empty. It floats. The bubbles frown, they are slowly being diminished into less soapy water. Sappy. It sinks. Forever spinning.

It spins in religious passion. A revolution.

Forever spinning.