

The Dress

By Carlotta Casseus, First Place Recipient – Years 5-6 Category

Still in the cupboard
Since last December's fete, shimmering
Just slightly, In time with the beat
A pulse that carried on, and on
Until it bleached away
Like my grandmother's photograph, from her wedding day

It shall never grow old, I say to myself
Though the bodice sighs
And the petticoat hunches
Like it knows existence isn't just mere existing
Vivacious before, but now it lies
In the steady chest of the cupboard
Where a whisper of breath remains to say
'May I take this dance?'

Golden shards of glitter and laughter
Hues of lavender and rose gold
Swaying a salsa amidst the once booming music
A song from times ago
Now it wanes away
Now a memory caught
Like a captured bird, in a cage

Each wrinkle carries the weight of the parties from many springs ago

Like a face worn by time and expression

And in the cupboard, it felt safe

But the thrill

The tune

The shouts

The laughter

And even the quiet moments

Where time knew when to stop

For the length of a gaze

A smile

And the dress drank in its memories

Like someone might sip their tea

And smile

And close their eyes

For good