

## Under 18 poetry - Silver

### ON THE HUNT by Eliza

The bedroom biome is hazy with no concept of  
Day and night.  
The blind is a stubborn arctic cloud that remains  
Shut tight.  
For outside they speak in B L I Z Z A R D S, always  
Bitter and severe.  
Mankind is a glittering a

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Unpredictable. Insincere.  
Inside a snowy, fur coat duvet I lie, a  
Lethargic beast.  
I rise from my torpor, on the hunt for a  
Midnight feast.  
The carpet of clothes is navigated, thick on the  
Tundra floor.  
I hear a screeching arctic fox when I open the  
Creaking door.  
Deserted hallway wilderness. Nesting strangers have  
Savage dreams.  
I plunge into the arctic freezer and seize my prey:  
*Ice cream.*  
I sLiP across glacial kitchen tiles and back to bed,  
Alone.  
The human race is a cold species. They call harsh environments  
'Home'.  
It is wild  
Inside.  
Where the vulnerable  
Hide.