

Future Writers Competition – Winning Poem by Melissa.



With It

The way that your favourite people comfort you,
Like a breeze in the summer, or a ray of sun in the cold.

The way that they laugh with you,
Like a sip of water after a long walk, or a bite of your favourite food.

They're like collapsing on your bed after a long and tiring day,
They're the memories that play back in your head over, and over again.

That feeling when you see them, watching their eyes light up and seeing them run over to you,
Those times when your stomach hurts from laughing,
But then you can also be serious with them.

The fact that you can all talk for hours on end and never get bored.

Is all because of them.

Them and the inside jokes that they have with you,
Them and their smiles,
Them and the happy things that you associate with them all, it comes with them.

Like waking up on your birthday,
Waiting for the gifts,
Waiting for the celebrations,
Waiting for the loving messages that people leave for you in cards and letters, or something as simple as the tag on a gift bag.

The way that you would risk it all for them.

You would fight the toughest of battles,
Dive to the bottom of the deepest oceans,
Climb to the top of the tallest mountains,
And you would *still* be eager to do it.

Not because of the glory and the victory,
Or the adrenaline from all of these adventures.
No.

You wouldn't do it for that reason,
You wouldn't lose everything for fame ...

It's because of how your favourite people make you feel.

Like a nostalgic scent: sometimes, it's not *what* it is, but the feelings that come with it.