

The Lost Words Competition



3rd
Age group 10-12

Beatrice Widmer
St Benedict's Catholic School

deer

Dashing through the waning daylight, the dancer of the dandelions slips - flips - dips through the foliage.

Eavesdropper. Athlete. The deer: a sneer - a smirk from behind that tree - *You can't catch me!* Then deer disappears.

Earth has borne deer of soil and grass, this woodland lass, this doe, this roe - she'll win the race, outpace with grace the buck who wears a crown of borrowed branches.

Remember, my dear, my dandelion dancer, eavesdropper, athlete: steal softly 'twixt the shards of morning light. *You can't catch me!* - flicker, snicker, then gone.

