

Dream unburdened.

This poem is about my struggle with ambition and setbacks. Often, excessive ambition can distort achievements into trivialities – a mountain becomes simply a ladder to climb – but small setbacks can crash that worldview back into realism violently. Here, I try to come to terms with what life is beyond simple ambition, beyond the next goalpost.

dream unburdened,
running water,
swelling blood beneath my skin.
the mountain is a ladder is a system
but moving boxes stand soaking up
Merlot.
my sister calls me fit for it which kills me
and I know nothing
if language is a game then what is this?
the more I learn the more I feel like falling
running water, sweet Merlot, come catch
me!!
I'm liquid smooth, a game that's fit for
mountains,
until they settle like a flock of birds in
boxes
I fold and unfold, dream unburdened,
surely not?
the mountain is a ladder but who am I

Honours Review

