

Heidi Pardinias (12B) – Senior Winner

CINEMA

In an empty cinema, a movie on the screen.

I wandered through the waves of chairs to my designated seat.

The movie that was playing had a familiar scene.

The “lights, camera, action” was something I had seen before.

Neon colours of that play created from my dreams.

Those swirling shadows of memory and regret waltzed along the floor.

I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the shining film before me.

The plot playing from the projector of my heart, that was my story.

The actor in the leading role drowned in unfulfilled desires.

Their illusions of emotions went up in bursts of fire.

In every scene, my life would go and pass me like a play.

In the empty cinema, rising from my designated seat,

“Imagine if I became the leading star just for one day?”

My soul full of possibilities just down that vivid street.

And budding flowers yet to bloom.

Under the spotlight of the moon.

Doubts washed upon me, anxiety, and a pounding heart.

I had always thought “Imagine if I could restart?”

For every scene that I wanted to retake.

For every time that I had made a mistake.

The brilliant city lights seemed so close and yet so far.

For each one of my waiting wishes shone a shimmering star.

I had thought that these dreams were all an illusion.

But this movie hasn't yet reached its conclusion.

This magical narrative, this make-believe scenario.

One day you'll hear all about it on the radio.

In the illuminated theatre, the spotlight shone down upon me.

The graphics of my heart projected onto the big screen.

The safety of fragility, hiding in the audience,

waiting for the finale of the film in suspense.

Staring at the silver screen, isolated in my imagination,

"I'm about to be consumed by this lonely asphyxiation."

The flowers of my dreams overflow from the projector.

When it's time for "lights, camera, action", I'll be the director.

No more imagining for me today,

The "what ifs" will only get in the way,

This isn't how I wanted it to finish for the record,

monotone and complete with an underwhelming chord.

I won't waste any more time pretending.

I still have to go out and compose my ending.

I see those neon colours, that vivid street, those flower buds, that starry city.

The destination, projected from my heart, imbued with fluorescent electricity.

In an empty cinema, a movie on the screen.

I wander to the exit, looking back at the brilliant scene,

projecting from my heart, the millions of futures before me.

I'll rewrite this script and take control of my story.

At the end of the show, the closing credits will say,

“I was the leading star of this play.”