



Ashes of the Phoenix

Specks of red and gold gracefully fall to the cold surface. My eyes blur the old ruins in front of me, except for the crimson fleck that slowly lands on my petite nose. It burns only a little, but I still quickly brush it off. I focus on the sky, a painting of vibrant colour. The colours tango, like the leaves on a Red Maple tree. I hold out my palm so the specks can safely land. Suddenly a gust swallows the specks whole, and steals them from my grasp. The thief is in my sight. I watch as they soar above me, their wings spread out, thrashing and slicing through the air. Specks are caught in whirlwinds, spinning continuously with the thief. They are no longer red and gold specks, falling from the sky. They have become followers with the thief. Like ash follows a raging fire. They are the ashes of the Phoenix.

Sarah Pennisi – Promotional Roll Call