

## Keys

**Lucy Hatton**

Youth Poetry

A smile and laugh  
With crinkled-up eyes  
As she looks around herself,  
Feeling as if she's cloaked  
In warmth.  
Being here, she thinks  
Will be easy,  
Because I think that they  
Already like me.  
Looking behind,  
She feels warmth  
Seep  
From her bones.  
Into the cold of the world  
She gazes.  
They don't,  
They don't like me here.  
She notes this in her head  
Of course.  
Nobody cares  
Enough to listen to  
That.  
Why would it be  
Any  
Other  
Way?  
She looks to the black  
The bleakness  
No longer glowing  
With familiarity and laughter  
And things that she needs.  
Why  
Would  
They?  
Why would anyone  
Be here  
With her  
If they didn't have to be?  
She feels the cold  
Seep into her bones  
Instead,  
Where there once  
Was warmth.  
Not  
Any  
More.