

# Déjà vu

Glancing around,

Everything seems unfamiliar, untouched yet

A small detail catches my wandering eye

And like a key it unlocks.

Suddenly I feel weak,

A sense of remembrance engulfs me,

A torrent flooded with memories I haven't experienced before.

Or haven't I?

A nagging sense that I am being lied to;

That this has happened before,

Already,

And I am nothing but an echo.

Abigail Tinnion

Key stage 3

Sidmouth College

Word count 64 (without title)