

Grenfell's End...

Awaken at midnight,

A daunting odour,



Like a burnt matchbox in the sky.

A rush of fear as I sprint out the doorway,

Reflections of flames and mandarin, spiralling out of control.

I look to the right..

Grenfell Tower is on fire.

Grenfell Tower, the heart of our community,



The moon in a crowd of stars,

Of the night sky that's North London.

What used to turn stunned heads,

Now bought Britain shame.

Open eyes and open ears, listening to Grenfell's tears.

As I wander around our street helplessly, I hear the victims scream.

"my mothers in there!"

"my brothers in there!"

"my dads in there!"

"my sisters in there!"

Fatal deaths,

71 to be exact.

Sizzling and crackling of the falling cladding,

Blood curdling screams from the souls of the top floor,

Ebdlessly ringing in my ears, like the haunting sirens of the fire engines.

Gloomy grey ash rising for miles into the sky,

Already half the building drenched in flames,



A rebellious firestorm, taking lives in seconds,

All because of a faulty fridge, a night of terror outgrows.