

Candidate 1 evidence

Chasing Shadows

In the quiet shadow of your growing light,
I stood, a small ship drifting in your wake,
Watching you, the elder, sail forward,
while I remained, tethered by threads

you had already severed.

Your footsteps once filled the home we shared,
now distant, fading like a dying star,
I, the remnant of a world that still feels alive,
the lantern fading as dusk settles into night.

You, the sun, rising and burning brightly,
while I linger in twilight, soft and grey.
The pages of your story illuminated,
mine untouched, waiting in the distance.

Your laughter was the sound of passing days,
I reached for it, a moth drawn to the flame—
but shadows closed, and I faded away,
unseen, unheard, always calling your name.

The years flow like rivers, swift and cold,
and I, a stone, weathered by their current,
clinging to the remnants,
and fragments of a childhood that slips through my fingers.

Now I am here, a shadow stretched thin,
caught between your past and your future's light—
a younger heart struggling,
lost in the race we never ran, the path you know.

And still I watch as you rise and unfold,
while I, the leaf adrift on the stream,
a whisper in a world that no longer feels like ours,
a younger sibling chasing what's already gone.