

FIRST PRIZE

The Escaping Socks

The socks shot out of the washer,
And gathered together in pairs;
Jumping on couches and windows,
They hid under beds, rugs, and chairs.

I chased them into the kitchen,
Each pair jumping on dirty plates.
I threw them in the dishwasher,
Where they wondered about their fates.

The socks devised an escape plan,
While waiting for the cycle's end.
After the socks rinsed, washed, and dried,
They jumped on walls trying to blend.

They bounced into my own bedroom,
Turning my space all upside down.
My face was red, wanting to scream,
As they destroyed my dancing gown.

I grabbed them with my arms and legs,
But they futilely tried to flee.
Eleven pairs, or twenty-two,
Way too many to catch you see.

I threw ten in the laundry bin,
Then the rest marched in two by two.
Soon they were back in the washer,
It was pointless to bolt, they knew.

by Julia Yu (Grade Six)
Harper Drive Tutoring School
Prince George, British Columbia



FIRST PRIZE

Medusa's Lament

Misjudged, forsaken, lethal. . . .
Snakes that rest on my head,
for if ever you glance into my eyes,
a never-ending slumber lies ahead.

My hair, forever atrocious,
forces all mortals to concede.
No soul can withstand my curse,
once it is afflicted on thee.

Once a beautiful maiden,
cherished and worshipped by all,
one minor mistake was my undoing—
was ultimately my fall.

No human can feel as I do,
grotesque and tormented inside,
constantly guarding and watching,
for with none must I ever collide.

I do not want to be a monster,
but cursed as such I have become.
I shall forever be like this,
so I might as well have some fun!

by *Emily Carvalhais* (Grade Seven)
St. Robert Catholic School
Toronto, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Stay with Me

Awakened, I was, to this world of tranquility,
eyeing the clock with silent disparity.
Although not expecting earth-shattering news at all,
I received the unforeseen call.
Stay with me, Daddy.

For once, lengthy legs didn't seem to suffice,
for the fear of losing you haunted me, as a possible price.
I became more certain, as I burst into the ICU,
there was no way of surviving, deprived of the love from you.
Stay with me, Daddy.

My raging fist landed on the machines by your bed,
which was hastily withdrawn, as your life hung by a thread.
Intensive care, an intimidating phrase,
Thunderstruck, I was; this could be the last of your days.
Stay with me, Daddy.

As night fell, moonlight illuminated your every bandage.
Beneath each one, there must've been wounded damage.
I buried my head, in my immense sorrow,
careful to avoid needles penetrating your torso.
Stay with me, Daddy.

Awakened, I was, to deafening tranquility.
Tranquility, was not good at this time of catastrophe.
In the cardiac monitor, there was one level, fluent line,
as I reached out to feel the body, of the father who once was mine.
Where are you, Daddy?

Apparently, he had awoken in the night,
but chose not to wake me, so I could sleep tight.
Tears welled in my eyes; this was the dad I'd known,
with his immeasurable love, that was felt but not shown.
You live on in me, Daddy.

by Linda Li (Grade Eight)
Homelands Senior Public School
Mississauga, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Garden of Roses

Sweet lilacs bloom in the garden of roses.
Tall trees stand strong in their beautiful poses.
Violets and goldens and crimsons galore,
A garden of roses, a place to explore.

The laughter of children, the jingle of bells,
A trickle of water from deep down a well.
A jungle of joy, a desert of peace,
A fairy-tale palace to a nephew or niece.

When rain comes, the trees whisper.
When sun shines, they don't.
The vines wrap up people who hope that they won't.
If careful, you may hear a pixie or gnome
Who's singing or playing or baking at home.

If you are afraid, scared of darkness or bees,
Your fears will be blown off by a calming cool breeze.
The magic of nature is held in your hand
As you admire and play in this magical land.

by Katie Ashfield (Grade Six)
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Rothesay, New Brunswick



SECOND PRIZE

Oliver

I can still remember
the day you scampered
towards me, bushy
tail wagging,
brown eyes shining.

I knew you were
the perfect dog for me.
People say I found you,
but really,
you found me.

As I play with you,
you yowl
and bark.
We are two lions,
attacking each other over a dead zebra.

I arrive home from school,
to your whine
for attention.
You follow me everywhere,
your warm breath on my legs.

On walks you bolt ahead, your
ears bobbing up and down,
your tongue hanging out
as you chase chirping birds
and scampering squirrels.

At dinner,
you linger under the table,
nudging each person
until they give you
a morsel of meat.

At the end of the day,
you curl up like a snake
in the centre of the living room
and fall asleep,
waiting to do it all again.

by Rory Sinclair-Eckert (Grade Seven)
Jack Hulland Elementary School
Whitehorse, Yukon



SECOND PRIZE

My Perfect Place

Sheltered in the dense undergrowth
Of my favourite place,
I listen to the buzzing of insects
While I draw what cannot be said.

Crows call, squirrels chatter,
While I stay silent,
Back upright against a stocky pine,
Reading what cannot be real.

While the leaves reveal spots of sunlight,
I explain to my sheet of paper
How connected I feel with my lost kitten,
That died, but still lives on.

I can feel the presence of nobody,
And feel what isn't felt,
As I marvel in the sheet of silence,
And the golden glow of life seldom seen.

Comforted by the scents that enfold me,
I drift off to sleep,
Dreaming of a perfect world,
In my perfect place.

by **Hannah Rowe** (Grade Eight)
Pine Grove Middle School
Edson, Alberta



THIRD PRIZE

I'd Rather . . .

I'd rather pick flowers,
Instead of fights,
And I'd rather savour every moment,
Than let sadness blur my sight.

I'd rather laugh when I am embarrassed,
Than let my face turn red,
And I'd rather explore the world,
Than stay hidden in my bed.

I'd rather be happy,
Than let my eyes fill with tears,
And I'd rather live my life to the extreme,
Than be controlled by my fears.

by Sarah Ford (Grade Six)
Christmas Park School
Beaconsfield, Québec



THIRD PRIZE

Little Bird

Alas! I gaze upon the sparrow
Sitting upon my windowsill.
It cocks its head slightly to and fro,
Seeing more than I.

I close my tired eyes to listen,
I open my mouth to sing.
“Little bird, little bird,
Where have you been?”

“Have you been over the hills?
Or up to the moon?
Little bird, little bird,
Where do you go?”

“Around the tree tops?
Or down to the white snow?
Little bird, little bird,
You must leave me now.”

“Come tell me your story again,
And sing it to the world.
Little bird, little bird,
I now bid you goodbye.”

The sparrow pauses,
And opens its wings to fly.
It sings back my melody,
As if saying, “Goodbye!”

by Sayde Coffill (Grade Seven)
Southgate Middle School
Campbell River, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

Heroes of Night

Stars set in velvet darkness
Faintly glowing embers of the eternal fire
Glittering pieces of scattered diamond
Glinting coldly in the sky

Shining onto evening tides
Lighting the night, silent and still
Silver reflections ripple and break
Scattering stardust among the waves

Mysterious objects of fascination
Broken fragments of moonlight creation
Twinkling dreams of entire nations
Depicting heroes that shall never die

by Meghann Pettie (Grade Eight)
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