

# FIRST PRIZE

## 200 Belmoral

The house stands there among the tall perennial plants;  
the household of a family without a father by their side.  
Bronze numbers stand beside the old vertical structure of brick.  
I am looking into the open glass wall  
watching the new family eat happily.  
The wind gusts in my face bring tears to my eyes.  
To go astray is to walk away  
just like how my presence there has faded away.  
I did not want to leave, I got pulled and forced.  
I see the trees gusting in the wind calling for me to come back,  
I know I can't.  
I fall to the ground like an ancient tree leaving its roots  
and becoming forgotten.

*by Bella Kavanagh* (Grade Six)  
Lions Oval Public School  
Orillia, Ontario



# FIRST PRIZE

## In My Dreams

I scramble up to my tree house  
and I lie down.  
My thoughts are accompanied  
by the crackle of the bonfire.  
The dark envelops me.  
The moon pours in  
and acts like a lantern.

Soon  
I am adrift in slumber.  
I let the stars catch me  
as I fall into a hazy dream.

A dream,  
in which I chase you  
around the old rickety airport.  
You'd hear gophers chatter  
and dash between gopher holes  
in hopes of catching them  
but you never did.

I am jolted awake  
with the sound of your howl  
and your name fresh on my lips.  
I can still hear  
the soft pitter-patter of your paws  
moving on the ground.

In that moment,  
I know you  
are still looking out for me.

Here, in Aishihik,  
my heart melts.

*by Anya Jim* (Grade Seven)  
Jack Hulland Elementary School  
Whitehorse, Yukon



# FIRST PRIZE

## Winter's Reign

When winter began its cold, empty reign  
A blanket pale as clouds and just as white  
Fell on the ground and life it did detain  
It spread across the world a frosty blight

No longer were the trees and grass as green  
As they had been a couple months before  
Nor did the sky shine with the 'xact same sheen  
As when the winter was not at our door

But wait, was that a quiet whisper's sound?  
That rang in air for just a fleeting breath  
That spoke of the cold season t'which we're bound  
Predicted its awaited timely death

Now it would seem the cold has been contained  
At least until the winter comes again

*by Abigail Waterston* (Grade Eight)  
Gardiner Public School  
Georgetown, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

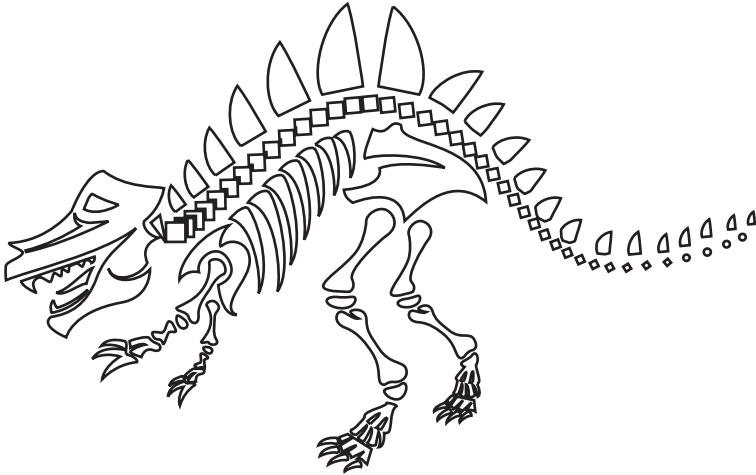
## **The Lizard King**

Within the crystal walls  
A primeval story is told  
Echoing the long halls  
A roar so ferocious and bold

Life frozen in the time of giants  
In a land long before ours  
Life trapped within a rock  
From the world of ferns and conifers

Ever-so-hungry carnivore  
No longer roams the land  
Now the lizard king dinosaur  
Is a brushstroke away in the sand

*by Marko Samardzija* (Grade Six)  
West Preparatory Junior Public School  
Toronto, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

## Presence

Here I stand  
Gazing at your ruby-shaped eyes  
The eyes that are constructed  
Of the world's most precious gems  
And the bonfire that's within

Here I stand  
Here in your presence  
Feasting my eyes upon your scales  
And how they dominate beauty itself

Here I stand  
In the presence of a shadow  
Whose roar shakes the land  
Whose look brings horror to all  
All but me

Here I stand  
My feet planted  
Smelling the smoke of a fire  
A fire  
Dancing on your tongue  
A fire that never burns out

Here I stand  
In the presence of a monster  
Who is no more  
Yet still here  
Whose heart is made of gold  
And not stone

Here I stand  
In the presence of the lonely trees  
And the swaying grass  
Alone

*by Shivraj Brar* (Grade Seven)  
Linden Meadows School  
Winnipeg, Manitoba



# SECOND PRIZE

## **Fallen Leaves**

*In haiku.*

I breathe heavily.  
Pushing hard and fast, I fly.  
Windswept colours fall.

Sunset breaks through clouds.  
Wind tears at my face and coat.  
I feel truly free.

Rosy cheeks show chills.  
Nothing could replace this love.  
Just my bike and me.

The sidewalk and sky  
Covered in beautiful shades:  
Red, yellow, orange.

The hill gets closer.  
Nerves high, I push, excited.  
Next thing I am launched.

I love this feeling.  
Arms raised, I soar to the sky.  
I soak it all in.

Then back down again.  
Here the sunset is perfect.  
The warm glow bathes me.

I turn to go home.  
It was totally worth it.  
Who would not love it?

*by Shaylyn Schwieg* (Grade Eight)  
Earnscliffe Senior Public School  
Brampton, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## Little Brother's Day

His snoring is like an ocean wave rumbling onto the shore,  
Morning hair as choppy as a windswept bay.  
His smile grows like the sun on the large ocean horizon,  
Moods can sway like the changing of the tides.

His temper tantrums are like the raging North Sea,  
Throwing himself around like a ship bobbing in the swells of waves.  
Toys are tossed like the tumbling beach stones on the ocean surf,  
Supper sides hitting the table and floor like waves hitting the rocks at Peggy's Cove.

*It's bath time!* His mood switches as fast as Fundy's rumbling tidal bore,  
Snuggled in his warm fuzzy towel he is calmed like a foghorn calms the sea.  
His warm happy smiles return like the calm warm ocean breeze after a storm,  
Night-night kisses fall like a light ocean spray.

I love you, Mason, good night.

*by Tyler Kasper* (Grade Six)  
Beyond Walls Outreach School  
Medicine Hat, Alberta



# THIRD PRIZE

## The Irritating Stairs

How can you defeat the stairs,  
When they are almost deadlier than evil bears?  
They make you tired and very sore,  
I refuse to climb them anymore!

Going up the stairs is an act of true bravery,  
Almost as tough as knighthood or slavery;  
A journey only the greats can survive,  
Even they'd be happy to return alive.

Climbing the stairs is dangerous, you see,  
I'm sure you all agree with me.  
We must fight these steps that are lethal to all,  
When we win, we will stand very proud and tall.

I have rights to not die on the way to my room,  
Just to get something small like a broom or a costume.  
I believe in that amazing and nearing day,  
When stairs have been sent so very far away.

Join me in this everlasting battle,  
Stairs attack everyone, from humans to cattle.  
If we don't do something quick,  
All steps in the world will play on us a mean trick.

So now you see why my concern is true as can be,  
We must make stairs turn their backs and flee!  
Imagine a life without aches and pains,  
Go away, stairs, annoy another species' brains.

*by Ana Spasojevic* (Grade Seven)  
St. Joseph Catholic High School  
Ottawa, Ontario





# THIRD PRIZE

## 100-year-old Piano

I've been in this house for so long  
I've played every note, every song  
My worn white keys sing when they're played  
My wood is delicate, soft, and frayed  
For all the people who have been seated  
On my stool have forever been greeted  
By clouds of dust from years and years  
Forgotten smiles, and woes and tears  
My notes sometimes quiet, sometimes strong  
Sometimes short and sometimes long  
I can yell like an angry elephant  
I can hum like a dove, whatever you want  
A long time ago I was naïve, and new  
But like a person, my spirit grew  
I might just stay here forever  
For all the things I've endeavoured  
Playing loud and soft, tenor soprano  
I am a 100-year-old piano

by *Madeline Nykl* (Grade Eight)  
Templeton Secondary School  
Vancouver, British Columbia

