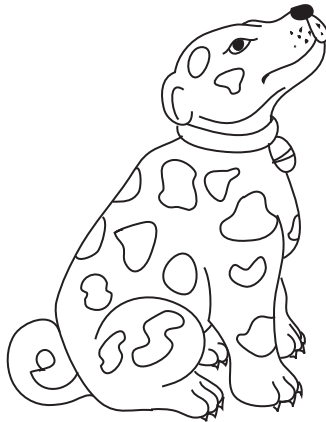


FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

My Best Friend

The sun is red,
you come and give me a big wet lick.
I get out from my bed,
you want me to show you a new trick.
The sky is blue,
you come and give me a loud bark.
I get a clue,
you want to play until the sky is dark.
We say goodbye to the sun,
tomorrow we will have more fun!

Adrian Chan (Kindergarten)
Century Montessori Private School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Mermaid, Mermaid

Mermaid, mermaid,
swim in the sea.
Mermaid, mermaid,
swim with me!

Mermaid, mermaid,
let's go underwater.
Mermaid, mermaid,
let's go find your daughter!

Her daughter was collecting pearls,
and in the sand, drawing swirls.
Mermaid, mermaid,
let's go and swim.

Mermaid, mermaid,
swim in the sea.
Mermaids, mermaids,
swim with me!

Mermaids, goodbye!
Mermaids, goodbye!
I feel like I want to go home now.
Thank you for letting me swim with you today!

Laura Archambault (Grade One)
Kola School
Kola, Manitoba



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

I Dance in My Dreams

I dance in my dreams with colours so light,
I dance in the sun with yellow so bright.

With dazzling dreams and a blue-coloured stream,
I dance in the meadows with butterflies that gleam.

With transparent crystals that sparkle and shine,
I dance with my heart at the perfect time.

I dance in my dreams!

Alexandra Demarchi (Grade Two)
Kootenay Orchards Elementary School
Cranbrook, British Columbia



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

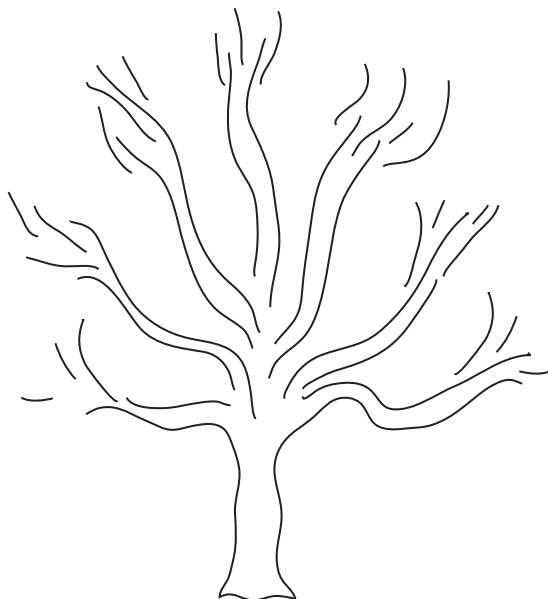
November

November is a time
for fire,
warm on our faces.
November is a time
for a blanket of the silver moon to cover the Earth;
animals snuggle with their fleecy fur.
November is a time for sleeping.
The air is brittle,
sad,
swarming,
and harsh.
November is when trees stand tall and dormant.
Their branches rattle like bones.
Air weaves in and out of the swaying branches of the trees,
calming them.

Rhyan Hawke (Grade Three)

Lions Oval Public School

Orillia, Ontario

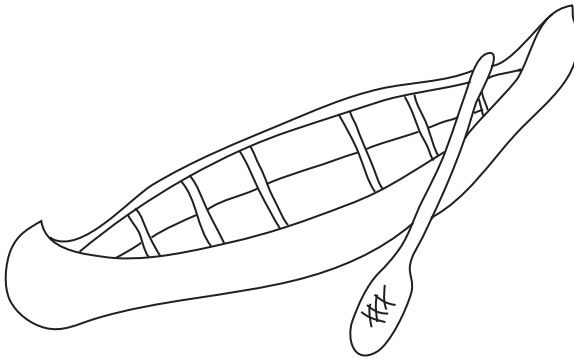


FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Mikira

I glide along the water,
almost touching the rippling waves.
Feeling the cool blue,
the Earth struggles to talk to me.
There is a moment of golden silence,
when I am Earth and I am air.
Fire and water, dark and light,
I am in touch with all the spirits.
And then the magic moment breaks,
I find myself on land again.
The moment is still inside my heart,
waiting for me to find it again!

Sophia Carney (Grade Four)
Rockcliffe Park Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



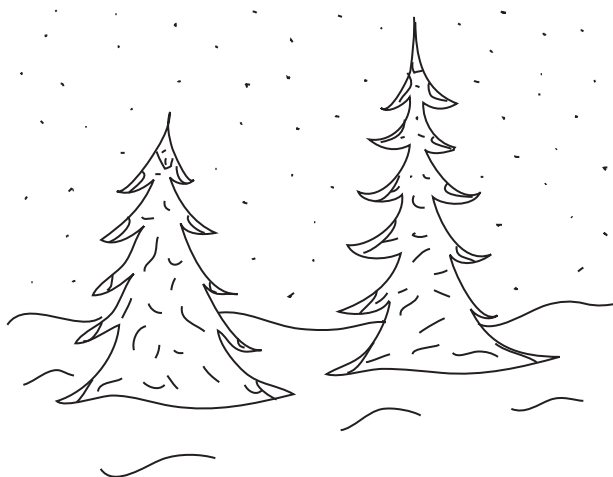
FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Winter

There you stand, cruelly pushing Autumn aside,
then onward o'er the fields you stride.
Your snowy cloak sweeps 'cross the land;
you steal life with your icy hand.

Beneath the snow the flowers dream of Spring;
and of the birds, their songs do sing.
You leave cold frost for us to find,
but mostly you leave death behind.

Miryam Haworth (Grade Five)
London Waldorf School
London, Ontario

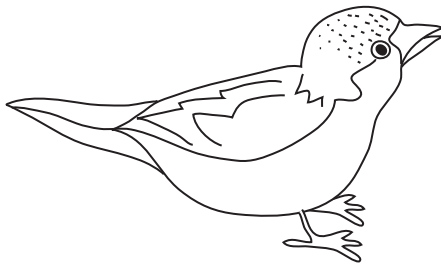


FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

The Starry Night

Clouds dive through the peaceful night,
the moon hums the night to sleep.
Stars are guardians of sleep and laughter;
let the dark blue sky rise and fly.
Vines grasp the great guardians of the night,
the wind winds its way through the trees.
Mysteries enliven the soul,
bushes rustle in the midnight wind,
dreams fly through the children's minds.
Lights flash and soar through the night,
watch them meet and die.
Night is like the depth of the ocean;
a bird sings a lullaby.

Lexi Hilderman (Grade Six)
Calgary Arts Academy
Calgary, Alberta

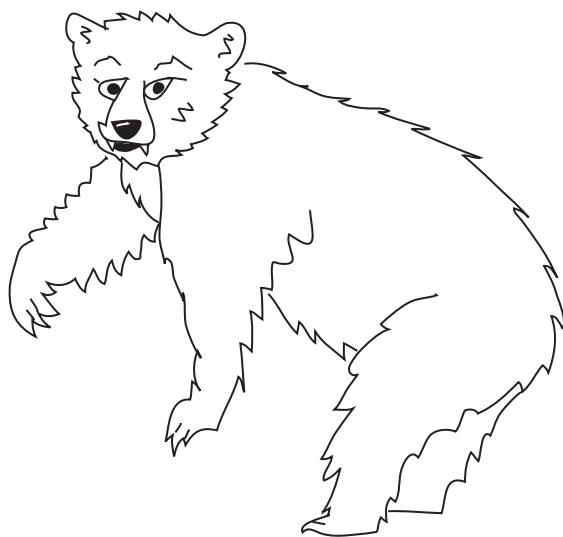


SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Bears

Bears
Fuzzy, big
Protecting, hunting, growling
Sleeping through the winter
Animals

Reyder Thomas (Kindergarten)
Taylor School
Swan River, Manitoba

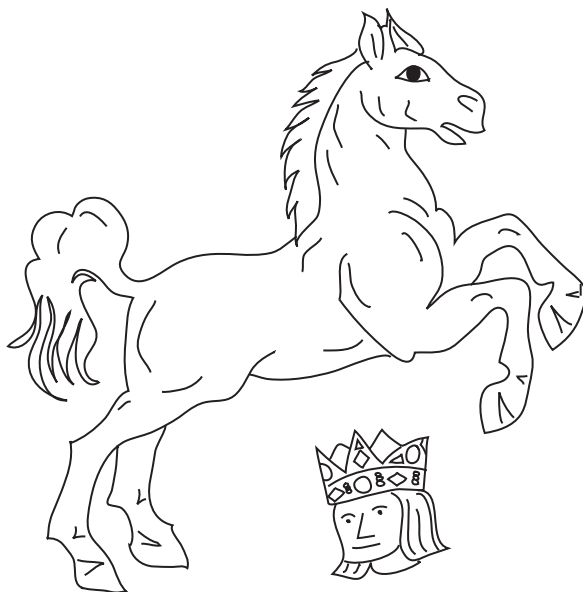


SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Jumping Horses

Great
Horses
Imagine
Jumping
Kings.

Simon Yu (Grade One)
Trillium School
Markham, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

The Jewel Wreath

Garnet is for January, shining redly bright;
it's a lower-priced alternative that's ruby, pink, or white!

Amethyst for February, bringing security and peace,
at least that's not spider's feet or dirty comfy fleece!

Aquamarine for March, swimming in the sea,
making a pearl, deep down in the deep!

Diamond for April, shining in your eyes,
made for weddings—what a disguise!

Emerald for May, green like grass;
admired like jewellery, delicate like glass!

Pearl for June, out of a shell,
white like the moon, light like a bell!

Ruby for July, stone of love;
ruby red treatment falling from above!

Peridot for August, green like light,
shining like gold in the night!

Sapphire for September, shiny like a star;
this is one you'll remember, this stone is not a streetcar!

Opal for October, mysterious like your star,
peaceful as moonlight, not a candy bar!

Topaz for November, orange like a fall leaf,
any shape you like, not a coral reef!

Turquoise for December brings Christmas carol cheer,
shiny like a spark every Christmas year!

Sonia Blinderman (Grade Two)
The Study School
Westmount, Québec



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

My Wingless Fairy Doll

I have a wingless fairy doll
my sister made for me,
and when I play with her,
it's like I cannot see.
She protects me inside a doorless room,
where I can play all day,
but when it's time to go,
she helps me back out again.
I feel so sad and lonely,
without my wingless fairy doll.

Leah LeBlanc (Grade Three)
Rockcliffé Park Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

The Legend of the Chinese Zodiac

There are twelve animals in the Chinese zodiac calendar,
the order of which is quite easy to remember.

On his birthday the Jade emperor called for a race;
all the animals had to compete at their fastest pace.

The first twelve animals to cross the finish line
would be on the zodiac calendar to keep track of time.

Every animal dreamt of having a year in its name,
to be among the twelve would bring honour and fame.

All the animals wanted so much to win,
none could hide their excitement within.

But for the cat and the rat who couldn't swim,
the chances of winning were just quite slim.

The pals asked the ox to kindly carry them,
to catch a ride across the river early that a.m.

The rodent and the feline hopped on the ox's back;
feeling confident, they knew they're well on track.
Halfway across, the rat pushed the cat into the river,
that's how the two became enemies forever and ever.

As the remaining twosome approached the finish line,
the rat jumped off to beat the ox chanting, "Victory is mine!"

So the tame ox came second, but he didn't whine.

Then came a-roaring the powerful tiger,
who managed to reach shore just a second later.

Fast as lightning came the speedy rabbit,
who beat the dragon by less than a minute.

Hissing along came the slithering snake,
the galloping horse arrived like a loud earthquake.

Next came the goat all calm and steady,
just ahead of the frisky mischievous monkey.

Taking his time and having fun—that's the playful hound,
enjoying a leisurely swim before he touched the ground.

The cat hurried to claim the very last spot,
but the slow pig made it; the poor cat did not.

Not being on the zodiac calendar, the cat was sad;
he pounced at the rat—he was feverish mad.

But the rat was quick, he escaped the attack;
that's the tale of the animals in the Chinese zodiac.

Sarina Wong (Grade Four)
Seneca Hill Public School
Toronto, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

I Feel like a Viking

I feel like a Viking,
crossing over the ocean.
I feel like a Viking,
going out to sea.

Odin watches over us,
as we go into battle.
If we die, the Valkyrie will
take us to Valhalla.

I feel like a Viking,
crossing over the ocean.
I feel like a Viking,
going out to sea.

We'll defeat Britannia,
and take all of her money.
We'll unite Scandinavia,
and rule the seven seas.

I feel like a Viking,
crossing over the ocean.
I feel like a Viking,
going out to sea.

We've never been defeated,
while we're on the ocean.
If you're not a Viking,
be afraid of me.

I feel like a Viking,
crossing over the ocean.
I feel like a Viking,
going out to sea.

Alexandria Swartz (Grade Five)
Weston Memorial Junior School
Toronto, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Whale of My Dreams

King of the blue,
prince of the seas,
rule justly,
rule O rule, whale of my dreams.

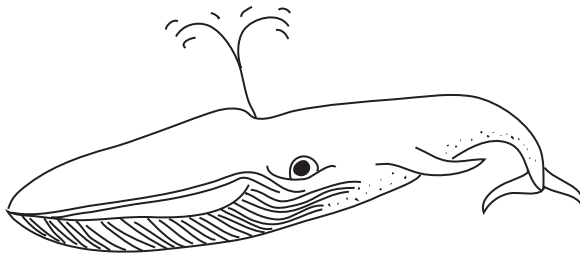
O so blue,
O so majestic.
O so rare,
O whale of my dreams.

Blue as the ocean,
blue as its companions.
A steel-blue is its hue,
O whale of my dreams.

There she blows,
up, up, up you steam.
Smell the delight of the world,
O whale of my dreams.

Migrate, migrate,
in the south or in the north.
But forget me not,
O whale of my dreams.

Naomie Jutras (Grade Six)
Elk Island Public Schools—Home Education
Sherwood Park, Alberta



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Knights

A knight in shining armour
was riding on a horse.
The armour was hot,
so he wished he were a farmer!

Matthew King (Kindergarten)
The Progressive Montessori Academy
Stouffville, Ontario



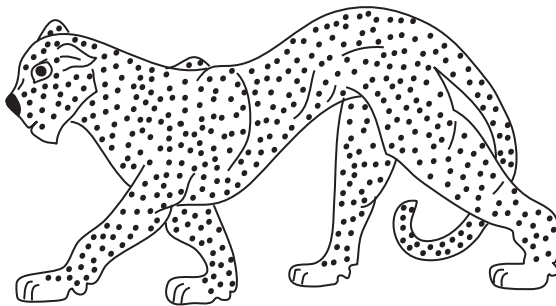
THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Cheetah

Cheetah
Fast runner
Black and orange
Sneaks through the jungle
Beautiful

Cheetah
Quiet hunter
Scratches its claws
Pounces on its prey
Ferocious

Liam Dodd (Grade One)
Benito School
Benito, Manitoba



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

African Life

As the sun rises from the savannah,
the animals start to wake.
The giraffes stretch their legs,
and the birds fly over the lake.

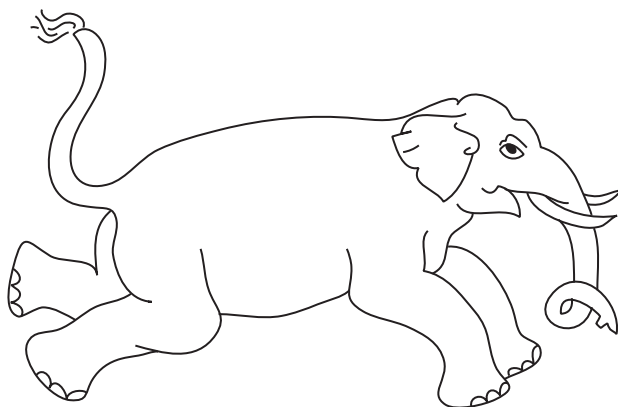
As the cheetahs run across the land,
they go through the leopard grass.
As the monkeys swing through the trees,
an elephant they will pass.

The flowers are pretty,
they bloom at night;
especially on Sunday
they are so bright.

The fireflies are busy,
glowing their light.
The hyenas wake up
with a laughing fright.

As the wild African dogs howl at the moon,
the savannah goes to sleep.
The wind swishes through the trees,
and most animals don't make a peep.

Grayce Trimble (Grade Two)
Calgary Arts Academy
Calgary, Alberta



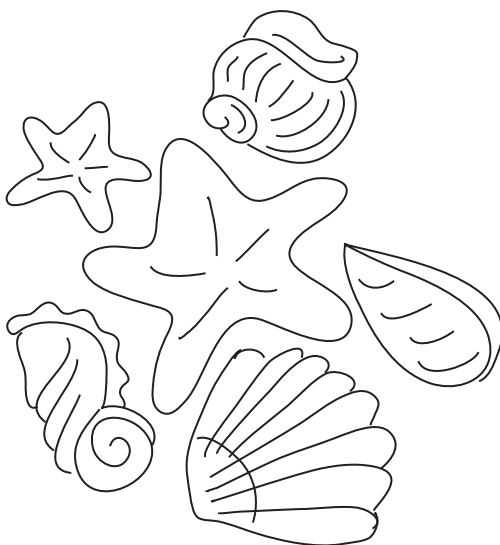
THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Golden Girl in the Sunlight

When I was little,
I was a golden child.
I walked along the sea bank,
with all my friends and family.
The waves crashed wildly
upon the rocky beach,
and I would ride the dirt road
on my bike with a bumpy load.

I'd stop at the butcher's shop
to buy cheese and bread.
I'm a golden girl.
I walk up the driveway,
and stand in the sunset.
I'm a golden girl!

Anna Nielsen (Grade Three)
Williamstown Public School
Williamstown, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

When Twilight Falls on Sandy Shores

When twilight falls on sandy shores,
when the sun goes down and goes 'round once more,
the bats come out with shining wings,
they flutter about doing things.
They never get tired or close their eyes,
but when the sky starts to bright,
the bats will go home and say good night,
until twilight falls on sandy shores.

Daysun Rao (Grade Four)
Trillium Waldorf School
Guelph, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Navy

Navy is the bursting waves,
guarding all unquiet graves.
Of those who dare not go to sleep,
navy is the danger deep.

Navy is the midnight sky,
reaching out as the stars fly by.
Navy follows in the fastest race,
joining in at the quickest pace.

Navy is the beauty of the nightingale's song,
inspiring the morning light.
To break forth as navy holds on,
still with its everlasting might.

Navy is the courage swift,
that soars above on wings adrift,
marking bravery all around,
where the battle's most profound.

Navy is the deepest dream,
dancing on the newborn dew,
to which you awake with startled eyes;
the navy sings inside of you.

Navy is the thunderstorm,
echoing in the endless abyss.
Where every sound is loud and clear,
navy is the bold snake's hiss.

Navy's the city right before dawn,
the roaring wind that lasts so long.
It's the flower placed at the tomb,
the howling wolf, the fullest moon.
To hide from it we simply cannot do.
Navy's our favourite—
navy blue.

Grace Mahaffy (Grade Five)
Elmdale Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Camping

The day was young, the day was new;
the grass was green, and wet with dew.
The wind whistled, and the trees bristled,
as I listened to the sounds of the forest.

So I followed the path down to the beach,
the sand was beige, and soft as a peach.
As I was told, the water was cold,
and I slowly inched into its fold.

So cold was I, it made me shout,
so I swam and swam until I was out.
As we drove back up to the shack,
I felt chilled to the bone and back.

Before too long, it was time for bed,
and on my pillow, I lay my head.
Owls were hooting, the bugs began to bite;
the moon replaced the sun, day faded to night.

Roslyn Neals (Grade Six)
Elmdale Public School
Ottawa, Ontario

