

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

A Tale of the Winter Sun

Upon the frothy mountains doth blow the bitter air.
A lone pine grew in solo, quivering its branches bare.
He looked down on the cities below and smiled at what he saw,
among the icy patches, the winter seemed to thaw.
In the iceless patch there was a little girl with her friend,
they laughed and beamed for they too knew that winter seemed to end.
This moment made the seedling grin, and gave him precious hope,
and through his lonely years, the lone pine was able to cope.
The next six hundred years or so, through many snows and thaws,
the lone pine grew in solo, and looked down on the city in awe.
The little huts had grown to mansions, the forest began to bare,
but the little pine never forgot that tiny lass so fair.
Now, even at his frail old age, the tree felt young again,
remembering the little lass who took away his pain.
Upon the frothy mountains, above the city gleam,
a lone pine stood in solo, and gave way to his dreams.

Isabella Gudgeon

St. Michaels University School (Grade Seven)
Victoria, British Columbia



FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

An Encounter

As I walk,
tramping down an empty lane,
darkness encloses,
cloaks,
spooks me, as I see
shadows in the nearby wilderness.
Twigs snapping,
crickling,
crackling,
as I walk up the mountainous hill, on the
unpaved country lane.
I spy a man, dressed formally in tuxedo and top hat,
his pale skin shining in the moonlight,
striking against the ebony suit.
I walk.
And he walks.
We walk.
Until we get closer and closer.
Until I could touch him if I wanted to, but
I don't want to disturb the silence.
When we are opposite each other I am scared—
scared of the dark,
the brambly thicket,
the things that thrive at night.
But, most of all,
I am scared of him.
Where a nose should be settled . . .
Where a mouth should lie . . .
Where eyes and brows and ears should be set . . .
There is glazed emptiness.
His face is bare—white, flat,
expressionless—
a foreboding empty void.
No bumps or wrinkles,
no suggestion of anything other than a
vacancy
ever occupying that space.
Not a freckle could have permeated his
empty slate
of a face.

Holly Engstrom

Gardiner Public School (Grade Eight)
Georgetown, Ontario

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Ageless Deception

To all the people
who never heard about that place we call home.
To all the ignorants
who never felt the spirit of the cold winds that tell their tales and nothing else.
To my audience
who never wandered through the secret paths
that our land never revealed.

Into the deep woods, the fog is creeping,
where the trees stood once before.

A new sound is heard on our land.
Treason and cowardice have replaced strength and honour.
Trails of blood and death stain our land.
For ages, our people have been enslaved,
waiting for the long winters to end.
Under the wings of deception,
we've been waiting too long.

We lived an uprising
by those who pretend.
A supremacy of one
against the deceivers of the blind.
We've advertised,
man can no longer claim ignorance
as a reason for waiting.

They traded our blood
as a sacrifice of an already-dead vagrant.
They traded every truth
for painless victory.

Our native cold wind is blowing
but, this time, through graves it is blowing.
And now it bears a poisoned tongue,
and the foul breath of deceit.

Is this all there is left?
Broken oaths and betrayals
of my bargained and broken culture.

I am near death,
yet my body bare.
Well, these might be my last days
but, maybe, just maybe,
I'll take humanity down with me . . .

Éric Deslauriers

École secondaire du Verbe Divin (Grade Nine)
Granby, Québec

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

The Geography of Me

There is no beginning or end,
Just the thunder of my beating heart—
Thump-thump, thump-thump. . . .
And the land of my skin, stretched out over the earth that is
My bones
My insides, my crust, my molten blood, and
My core.

There are two lakes: windows,
Over the mountains and valleys of my chin, my nose,
My lips.
They will freeze at night, when the world is quiet,
And thaw in the morning and they will let in, and let out,
And see and feel.
Sometimes they will flood and create
Waterfalls of anguish and rain—
Drip-drop.

Around the corner,
Into the dark tunnel,
Or perhaps through the dark forest;
Strands and strands of long, wild
Woods.
There sits a labyrinth, so complex and mysterious.
Full of open doors and stairways to nowhere.
Full of thoughts and dreams,
And desire and passion,
Good things and bad things.
Things with wings and things with tails,
Waiting to jump out.
Waiting to burst out into the sky like a rocket
Or a shooting star.

Too much buried deep; waiting and waiting—
Tick-tock, tick-tock. . . .
Too much to map.
Too much to see and hear and smell and touch and taste
And feel.
But it is only the tip of the iceberg,
For I am as vast as the universe,
And there's still so much left
To discover.

Lucy Lu

Richmond Green Secondary School (Grade Ten)
Richmond Hill, Ontario

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Your Eyes

Your eyes are like star fire,
newly shed from the heart of God.
Twin pools of molten gold,
gazing steadily back at me.

Sometimes they beam,
heavenly spheres too miniscule
to contain
your overflowing laugh.

Your eyes glimmer
with unspoken feelings too deep
to ever let me know
and shattering my world
as you gaze back at me.

Sometimes they soften in pity,
they become transparent
and I can just reach in,
cross that unfathomable ocean,
and touch your soul.

Your eyes are like candle flames,
bringing us moths a taste of light,
so beautiful . . .
we cannot hold back.

I want to capture your eyes
on a great sheet of paper
but,
fearing that I'll retain your soul,
I do not dare.

Your eyes are a gift from stars.
I shall ever treasure
that moment in time
when your eyes strayed . . .
and you gazed back at mine.

Jialin Liu

Aden Bowman Collegiate (Grade Eleven)
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Psychosis

Scornful voices pierce the silence,
through my thoughts they sound.
Every moment, day and night,
revolving 'round and 'round.
A running commentary of my thoughts,
with hatred so profound.
Conscience or the wrath of gods?
Human or divine?
The questions asked endlessly,
the answers I can't find.
The worst of it, the hardest part,
is that I can't deny
twisted mind, all these thoughts.
There's something wrong inside,
anger and shame, fear and pride,
running through my mind.
But, though I try and try,
from these voices I can't hide.
Victim and villain, I've played both parts,
this I live with every day.
When my karma, my debt, is called,
the price I, then, will pay.
Indifference, my only shield,
last bastion my hideaway.
Yet, I feel, and thus I yield,
my armour blows away.
Again the voices have returned,
I fear they're here to stay.
I am insane, nothing remains,
no question to debate.
Those with sound soul and mind
would never share this fate.
Twisted mind, scarred within—
where did it go wrong?
Unheard my screams, a bitter lament,
to join their hatred song.

Grant McLean

Cremona School (Grade Twelve)
Cremona, Alberta

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Imaginary Reality

Consider a world
where magic prevails,
and all of our creatures
are just things in tales.

“Imagine,” they’d laugh,
“a bird that can’t fly,
and spends all of its life
away from the sky!”

“Imagine,” they’d gasp,
“if our swift unicorns,
had to live forever,
without any horns!”

“Imagine,” they’d shriek,
“a cat that can’t talk,
and all day without boots
on four paws would walk!”

“Imagine,” they’d squeal,
“a dragon that’s small!
Oh, and what if it had
no fire at all?”

They’d laugh and they’d gasp.
They’d shriek and they’d squeal.
But they never would guess
that such things are real.

Micaela Belleperche

Broadview Public School (Grade Seven)
Ottawa, Ontario



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

In the Garden

Night:

Crickets chirp their soft gentle song,
and glowing fireflies buzz along.
The familiar comfort of daylight fades,
and flowers close as darkness pervades.
Shadows creep around each and every bend,
past the flower beds to which we do tend,
beyond the blossoms of the apple tree,
and up the vine of the fragrant sweet pea.
The sky turns to a dusky charcoal grey,
and all of the colours dwindle away.
Still, there is solace in the sight,
of twinkling stars now shining bright.

Day:

Dawn breaks and the sun shines brightly through,
the rose petals sparkle with the morning dew.
Rabbits bound through the vegetable patch,
and, up in the nest, robin eggs hatch.
Tall daffodils border the worn stony path,
and chickadees dance about in the birdbath.
As the leaves blow in the warm gentle breeze,
the bluebirds call out from high in the trees.
Butterflies flutter about, here and there,
moving around in the sweet summer air.
High up in the sky, the dainty sparrows soar,
and the cheer of daylight is restored once more.

Natasha Caton

St. Michaels University School (Grade Eight)
Victoria, British Columbia



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Lady Belladonna

Lady Belladonna, in her robes of death;
the murderess who stole Lady Rose's last breath,
who jealously strangled till nothing was left.
Her name . . . Belladonna, in her dark robes of death.

Lady Rose was the beauty, the queen of them all,
Lady Belladonna, the belle of the ball.
Belladonna wanted nothing, oh, nothing at all,
but to see the demise of the queen who reigned all.

Belladonna, so desperate to see that life end,
was engulfed with a madness like the devil might send.
She tried to approach the young queen as a friend,
but still wanted nothing but her life to end.

There's a plant we all know and its name is Nightshade,
and many lives from ashes to dust it has laid.
Those fools who misuse it know the price that is paid,
when you abuse the plant known as deadly Nightshade.

The two ladies united on a cool autumn night,
and holding the banister, bathed in warm firelight.
Lady Rose descended all dressed in milk white,
to meet her dear guest who did visit that night.

Lady Belladonna, in the kitchen she waited,
for dear Lady Rose, who she terribly hated.
Into Rose's drink, she tossed the death she was fated,
then, resuming her spot, cruel Belladonna waited.

Lady Rose arrived in her white evening gown,
and gracefully into her chair, she sat down.
She smiled as she drank, but she noticed the frown
of the woman across her in a dark evening gown.

Belladonna's wide eyes were fixated upon her,
piercing like a snake, focused like a spider.
Never before were there eyes ever wider,
and so filled with triumph as the eyes fixed upon her.

But she knew that this woman would soon be quite dead,
for Rose said she was ill and she cradled her head.
Lady Rose's cheeks paled from their usual red,
the next day an announcement, "Lady Rose is dead!"

Lady Belladonna, in her robes of death,
the murderess who stole Lady Rose's last breath,
whom jealousy strangled till nothing was left.
Her name . . . Belladonna, in her dark robes of death.

Emily Lehune

Worsley Central School (Grade Nine)

Worsley, Alberta



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Opposites Attract

There he is as always,
showing off his golden crown over the wide waking world.
Embraces he the golden live world.
When he is alive, so are others.
When he is dead, so are others.
All of his warmth reaches for the farthest corners.
His golden rays stretch over this vibrant world.
Powerful, proud, and ready for a new start,
always standing before the creeping nightfall,
he winks over the horizon and here comes Night,
only knowing that she exists because of him.

There she is as always,
sweeping her silvery gown over this fragile world.
Embraces she the dark dead world.
She is always born before others.
She is always gone before others.
The wide surfaces of silky mirrors mimic her expression.
From her sad eye, her glittering tears touch the ground.
Her glistening waves fill in the lonesome empty streets,
for she is death before another life, night before another day.
Always waiting for the marching sunrise,
Night whispers the song of silence.
She smiles over the horizon and here comes Day,
only knowing that he cannot exist without her.

Suzanne Park

R.E. Mountain Secondary School (Grade Ten)
Langley, British Columbia



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Pointless Revolution

Once in existence, now gone is love,
only one person is her mind thinking of.

Listening to insignificant apologies,
the stairs she climbs spiral endlessly.
With inescapable tunnels and the absence of light,
stars won't be wished upon tonight.

Sealed in a sombre envelope of uncertainty,
lost hope in what's yet to come,
she yearns to be rid of seclusion,
and cure her heart, which forever remains numb.

Ik a faded star,
deployed to the black holes of lethal loneliness,
she wishes to return to society,
but she's shadowing away from the world—
shadowing away from the planet she thought she recognized.
She enlightens those around her,
but it's all part of an undetected disguise.

In this miniature universe,
stars will find stars alike
and, together, emit an even more luminous light.

Brought will be the fresh revival of hearts,
once thought to be decayed.
Justified will aged faults be as mandatory steps—
pieces of memory meant to stay.

One day they'll look back with no regrets,
but despite the utopian atmosphere,
the lachrymose moiety within won't go away.

When her tears reappear,
and her heart lies in the weak grasp of disintegrating hands,
she needs not a defibrillator.
For when his and her tale concludes,
they'll be alone and forlorn again.

Rebecca Ong

Albert Campbell Collegiate Institute (Grade Eleven)
Toronto, Ontario

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Morning Glory

Mystic molds God's hands press high,
gentle blanket, pure and white.
Rising glory fills the sky,
melting dew, the morning light.

Little bird, with crimson breast,
awakens flowers still asleep.
And with her song, the worms unrest,
their need to burrow deep.

Snowy caps are soon unveiled,
to view the yawning Earth.
The sun, with rays like beaming sails,
is melting Heaven's milky breath.

Mauve replaces golden beams,
as higher climbs the rising sun;
the east, she gently left to dream,
her morning past, her brightness done.

Breaking past the mountainous walls,
the sun reveals her splendid face;
and, with the ink of ocean squalls,
paints a myriad of blue grace.

Morning breaks the silent night,
there yields a heavenly display;
and, with the song of robin bright,
there blossoms yet another day.

Sarah Champ

Anchor Academy (Grade Twelve)
Salmon Arm, British Columbia



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

That Hushed Midsummer's Night

The sky faded and the light of the moon invaded,
on that hushed midsummer's night.

The stars glimmered and the water simmered,
as I stood still in the gentle light.

The earth was sleeping with the willow of weeping,
and the crickets began their song.

I looked at the skies, which use stars for their eyes,
the tender light was calming but strong.

My leaves began wilting and my branches were tilting,
and the earth disappeared without warning.

The sun appeared and the darkness cleared,
on that hushed midsummer's morning.

Olivia Sorley

St. Michaels University School (Grade Seven)
Victoria, British Columbia



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Miss Scarlet

Ah, please, Miss Scarlet, please let me be.
Leave this aged bark alone, leave this aged tree.
Your flaming gold dress, how it shines with fine light.
I admire your flickering dance, how you seem to take flight.

I shower you with praise, yet you shower me with hot sparks.
You stroke me and hold me, then devour my grey bark.
My fine, soft moss shrivels and dies.
And what of my lovely green foliage that I so prize?

Your anger consumes me, which really isn't fair.
Did I not compliment your fine ribbons of golden hair?
Ah, Miss Scarlet, please have mercy on me.
Have mercy on this aged bark, on this aged tree.

Can you not hear my shrieks and my cries?
Can you not hear them echo through the skies?
You cackle and laugh as my trunk twists and groans.
Is your hunger so vast that you must ignore my tortured moans?

Ah, please, Miss Scarlet, please let me be.
Leave this aged bark alone, leave this aged tree.

Penny Young

Monterey Middle School (Grade Eight)
Victoria, British Columbia



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

You Know Where to Find Me

Look past your eyes,
where everything lies.
You know where to find me.

Look deep down in,
you'll know where I've been.
You know where to find me.

Look into the skies,
where they tell no lies.
You know where to find me.

Look endlessly around,
keep your head up off the ground.
You know where to find me.

Look for the voice,
I know you hear the noise.
You know where to find me.

Look for where I hide,
I'll always be there to guide.
You know where to find me.

Look directly at me,
and you'll know what to see.
You know where to find me.

You'll know where to find me.

Tyllah Bittencourt

Richmond Green Secondary School (Grade Nine)
Richmond Hill, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

On Halloween Night

On Halloween hobgoblins roam,
and all good people stay at home,
for, leaping out with wild cries,
black witches ride the midnight skies.

Thro' wind and rain towards the moon,
spells and curses they harshly croon,
as on their brooms they swiftly sail,
o'er moor and mountain, hill and dale.

Within the forest, all night long,
the pipes of pan play loud and strong,
enchanted by his mournful airs,
satyrs creep from earthly lairs.

Dead men forsake their shroud and pall,
then wander by the churchyard wall,
rattling all their ancient bones,
uttering weird and eerie groans.

Thro'out the hours dark and drear,
spectres haunt the marsh and mere,
whilst in the dismal gloomy places,
imps and demons show their faces.

Trolls and monsters roam at will,
many a far and craggy hill,
from murky caverns vampires flit,
by lonely crossroads, ghoulies sit.

Now down below, in Satan's hall,
his minions hold their annual ball,
with awful rites no man has seen,
old Nick enjoys his Halloween.

So as this sombre tale I tell,
all you children, please listen well,
stop in your beds all safe and sound,
and wait till morning comes around.

Rebecca Warrellow

Andrew School (Grade Ten)
Andrew, Alberta

THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

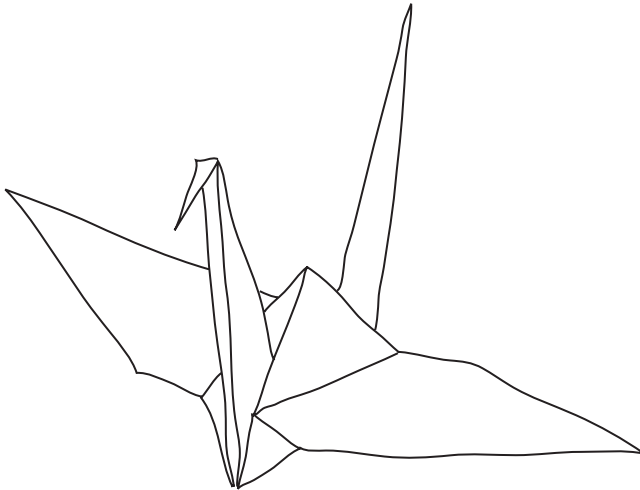
Where Did You Go?

Young women had life,
but drowned it in cats and dogs.
Rather led on a leash
through the streets of uncertainty,
than brave the crossing on their own.

Where are the heroines
in those paper cranes,
nesting on their branching shelves?
They flew away with the gentlemen,
rather than hang around with the likes of us.

Sophie Henderson

St. Mildred's Lightbourn School (Grade Eleven)
Oakville, Ontario



THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Fill in the Fields

As they, the scattered stars, fall
To softened fields, they fade to blackened storms
Smolder to barren plains, grow to verdant fields
And grace the land in many ways
In their trance, their truncated leap of faith
That snow falls onto those fields

Be it cityscape or cotton plain
A field of swords or a valley rose
The softened earth
Under that blanket of pure season's change
Glitters beneath the moon and freezes universal woes

From a train's blurred view, perspective
On this sober desolation, this beauty
As fields of snow passed
And were swept across

Raised into the night sky
Plunged deep within the earth
Eyes frosted, stare deftly

To stars set alight
Even on the smallest plain of snow

Fill in the fields and watch them grow

Matthew O'Mara

Victoria Park Collegiate Institute (Grade Twelve)
Toronto, Ontario

