

FIRST PRIZE

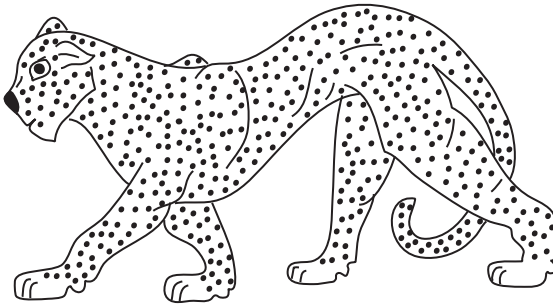
Cheetahs

Running fast
Super-duper fast
In the jungle
Trying to catch their prey

They are cats
That have spots

They will sneak up on their prey
And
Pounce

by Avery Walsh (Kindergarten)
Silver Creek Public School
Georgetown, Ontario

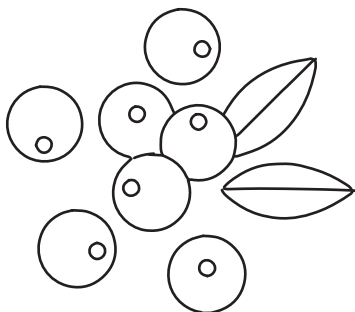


FIRST PRIZE

Blue

Blue is water.
Blue is blueberries.
Blue is sky.
Blue is my favourite colour.
Blue tastes like sweet blueberries.
Blue smells like the sea.
Blue sounds like tidal waves.
Blue feels like my comfy blanket.
Blue looks like my favourite glasses.
Blue makes me a thousand times happier.
Blue is the Earth.

by Jacob Shi (Grade One)
Century Private School
Richmond Hill, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Spring

Flowers grow on trees
What a beautiful spring sight
Where hives fill with bees

The moon glows brightly
Fireflies come out at night
What a pretty sight

Birds are hatching soon
Rabbits and squirrels racing fast
Till it's nearly noon

by Hayden Chan (Grade Two)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

What Is Peace?

Peace sounds like little raindrops
dripping off the rooftop and onto the window.

Peace feels like me stroking a fox's tail
with gentle care.

Peace tastes like cool ice cream
on a hot summer day.

Peace looks like a dove
flying elegantly above a beautiful rainbow.

Peace smells like sweet lavender
growing on a rainy day.

Peace feels like love
touching all of our beautiful souls
as we discover the secrets of the future.

by Aiko Ando (Grade Three)
Collingwood School
West Vancouver, British Columbia



FIRST PRIZE

Being Different

Being different is okay.
Some embrace it, some hate it.
Some are different with their hair,
Some are different because they care.
Some have blue eyes and are named Tara,
Some wear hijabs and are named Sarah.
Some like samosas, some like toast,
Some like biriyani, some beef roast.
Some wear niqabs to cover their face,
Some wear pearls with pink lace.
Some speak English, French, and Urdu,
Some are Christian, Muslim, and Hindu.
Some are tanned, some are pale,
Some are dark, and some are fair.
Some are fat, some are skinny,
Some are tall, and some are mini.
Some are sick, some are healthy,
Some are poor, and some are wealthy.
Some are sporty, some are artsy,
Some have straight hair, and some are fancy.
Being different is a gift,
And it's something to uplift.
So, love yourself for who you are,
And you'll shine like a star.

by Maryum Hassan (Grade Four)
Lydia Trull Public School
Courtice, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Cherry Blossom and Plane Tree

The cherry blossom in full bloom is like a nymph dancing on the horizon.
The plane tree is like rusted metal drilling its roots through the ground.

The cherry blossom's music is like a soprano, fine and sleek.
The plane tree's music is like the beating rhythm of drums, strong and powerful.

The cherry blossom is as sleek as a lion's mane.
The plane tree is like freshly forged metal.

The cherry blossom's branches are like red velvet glimmering in the sky.
The plane tree's branches are like over-toasted bread.

The cherry blossom is like a queen with a glint in her eye, walking elegantly.
The cherry blossom's flowers are like gold locks of hair wafting through the air.

The plane's roots are as rough as a bull's fur rubbing against the concrete.
The plane's knots are like old rags crumpled into a ball.

The cherry blossom offers me a glamorous, expensive flower,
but the plane tree offers me his heart.

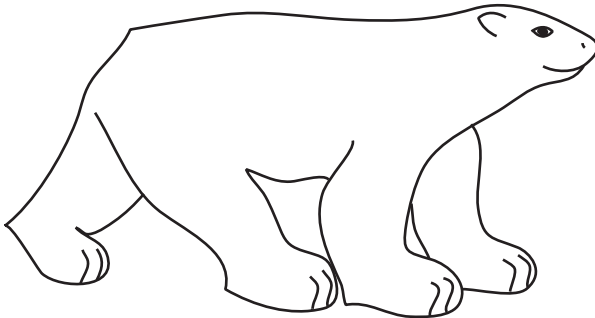
by Clara Glick (Grade Five)
The Toronto Heschel School
Toronto, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Polar Bears

I see polar bears
when I go up the snowy hill.
All of the boys and girls
go to the snowy hills.
The polar bears say *grrr*.
They have four feet and big teeth.
The boys and girls run away
from the polar bears,
and they are right behind
the boys and girls.
The white snow falls down.
It melts when the sun comes out.

by Evan Whelan (Kindergarten)
St. Stephen Catholic School
Brampton, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

When I Grow Up . . .

Grow up, grow up,
Want to be an artist,
Drawing and painting.

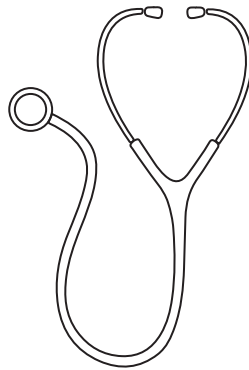
Grow up, grow up,
Want to be a pop star,
Singing and dancing.

Grow up, grow up,
Want to be a doctor,
Helping and curing.

Grow up, grow up,
Want to be a mom,
Loving and caring.

Grow up, grow up,
Want to be a good girl,
Happy and fun.

by Shiara Sribalan (Grade One)
Tiger Jeet Singh Public School
Milton, Ontario



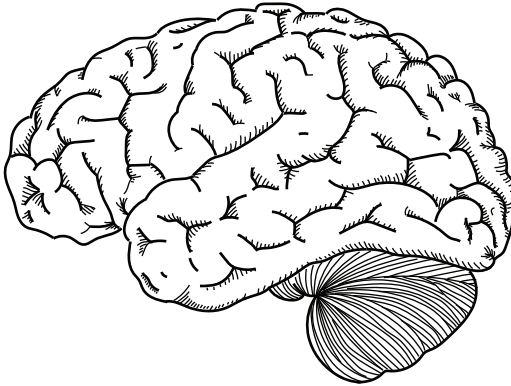
SECOND PRIZE

The Brain

Your brain helps you to think.
It helps you to wink.
It is grey and pink.
It will never shrink.

Your brain is very strong.
It helps you remember a song.
It is smart like King Kong.
It will never go wrong.

by Elliot Fan (Grade Two)
Sidney Ledson Institute
North York, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

My Bunny, Wax

My bunny's name is Wax,
He eats carrots to the max.

He likes to eat in the trees,
Up and away from the bees.

I place a bow in his hair,
Because his fur is so fair.

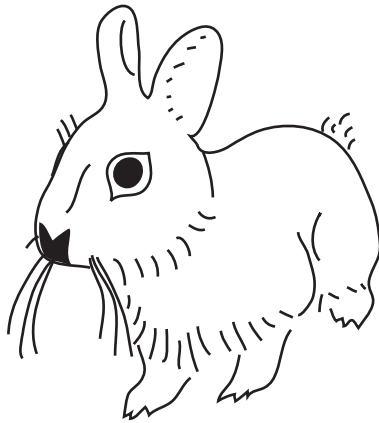
When he's had enough to eat,
He hops over to my house and takes a seat.

I give him his favourite toy, which is red,
Then he is ready for bed.

He wiggles his nose,
And touches his toes.

Good night, my bunny named Wax.

by Lenie Adema-Hannes (Grade Three)
Calvin Christian School
Hamilton, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Willow's Song

Night hovers in the sky.
On the roads, no car passes by.
The last lantern flickers then shuts.

The windows are darkened,
the stillness hardened while silence lays over every hut.
Now, you can hear the willow's song,
waiting by the stream for so long.

Listen to her lullaby,
as it fills the empty sky.

She wakes up every dad and mom to listen to her willow song.
She wakes up kids, big or small, to listen to her willow song.

When her song ends, when she plays her last beat,
she shuffles a little and goes to sleep.

Then the rest of the world seems to wake up,
they eat their breakfast, they drink from their mugs.

They hurry outside their little houses,
they give their family quick hugs and kisses.
They pull the engine once or twice,
and then they're off at the speed of light!

Everyone is so busy that they do not see Little Miss Willow Tree
resting among the reeds.

She's tilted slightly sideways, and she's having a dream.
She's dreaming that she's somewhere else beyond the busy streets.
She's dreaming that she can sing her lullaby at day,
without the hurried screams.

by Hanakiyomi (Emi) Ando (Grade Four)
Collingwood School
West Vancouver, British Columbia

SECOND PRIZE

What a Peaceful World

A clatter woke me in the middle of the night, my dog awoke, too, not knowing what to do.

Down the staircase I twirled, swung open the front door, and looked out on the world. My dog came, too, ready to fight, for whatever would come to hurt us in the night.

The diamonds in the sky glistened above in the black night with the beautiful moon as spherical as could be.

The tall trees, the birds' gentle roar, and a lot more all the way down to the cabin floor, gave a calming vibe for us to breathe in.

As we looked up, there it was: the north star, shining so bright. In my PJs, I sat there with my dog on the porch, knowing the clatter was the fire flickering and was no matter.

"Now come inside, and let's get back to bed," I said.

We woke up the next morning, feeling joyful and blessed. Down the staircase I twirled and swung open the front door once again.

It had snowed out on the peaceful world, giving a powdery white blanket over the grassy ground. Together we thought, *What a peaceful world, and we will forever be free.*

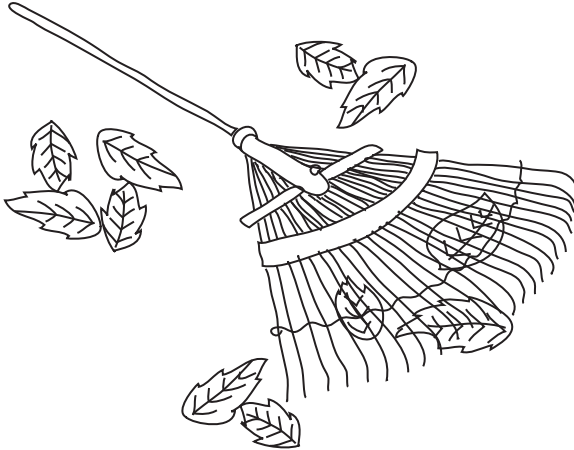
by Ashleigh Wilkins (Grade Five)
Webber Academy
Calgary, Alberta

THIRD PRIZE

Goodbye, Summer! Hello, Fall!

Goodbye to the hot weather,
Hello to the pile of leaves.
Goodbye to the hot, hot sun,
Hello to the breeze.
Goodbye to the splash park,
Hello to the wind blowing on my face.
Goodbye to me eating ice cream,
Hello to me dressing up.
Goodbye to the flowers,
Hello to the branches.

by *Russel Alkins-Lee* (Kindergarten)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario

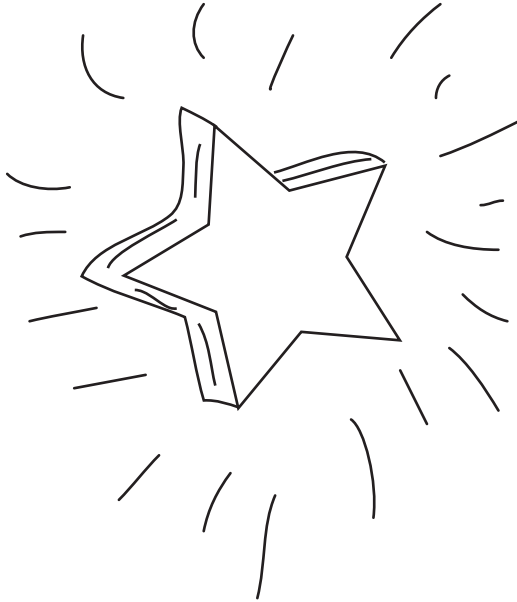


THIRD PRIZE

Betty and the Star

The stars come at night,
Betty looks for the light.
She's a girl who loves a star,
Even though it is so far.
Betty is very bold,
She will be an astronaut when she gets old.
She will go to Mars
To get closer to her star.

by Suzy Choi (Grade One)
Sidney Ledson Institute
North York, Ontario



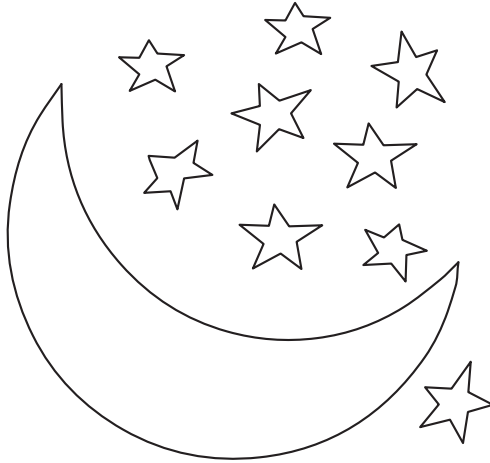
THIRD PRIZE

The Moon Fell from the Sky

The Moon couldn't fly,
so it cried Moon tears,
yellow, spotty tears
spreading to Uranus,
looking like a volcano
shooting lava.

She cried because she couldn't fly,
so she fell,
sad,
disappointed,
wanting the Sun to shine light.

by Avery Lockett (Grade Two)
Silver Creek Public School
Georgetown, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

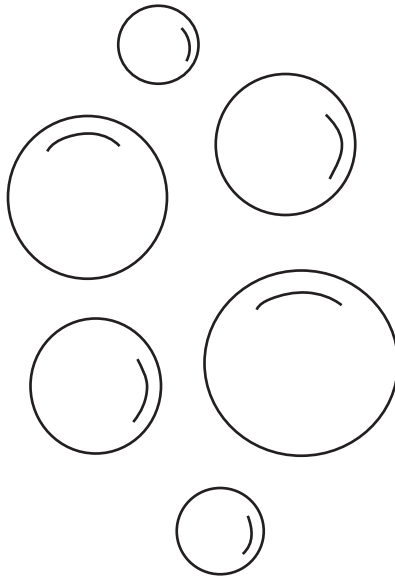
Bubbles

I wish I were a bubble
That could fly in the sky.
I could reach the moon,
And I would never go boom.

I would travel the world
To see different places and many happy faces.

It would be fun every day
To wake up in a different place.
If only I could be a bubble . . .
I promise I would not cause any trouble.

by Donica D'Onofrio (Grade Three)
St. Michaels Elementary School
Burnaby, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

Depression

Depression is a glass of water,
No colour,
No taste,
It has no life,
It's silent,
A lost sense of personality.

Depression is a sloth,
Growing in almost one position,
Emotionless,
Sitting day and night,
No point of rest,
Because you can't,
Questions life.

Depression is a dead sunflower,
All the goodness
Gone,
The whole garden wiped out by the plague,
A flashback,
Time lost,
Travelling to nowhere at full speed.

Depression is paper,
Straight faced,
Stuck in the printer,
Zen in its own terrible way,
Being inked into darkness
I come out as a ghost,
Fading
Into nothing,
Used and crumpled.

by Jonah Preachuk (Grade Four)
St. John's-Ravenscourt School
Winnipeg, Manitoba

THIRD PRIZE

Rain

The soft patter of rain on my windowsill awakens me from my dream,
And through the glass, those small silvery droplets gleam.
The water, like steam, rising like mist,
The heavy fog lifting, as if it were dismissed.
Opening the window, I breathe a contented sigh,
As I feel the rain fall on my face while I look out at the sky.
Looking at the ground, small, glistening puddles pool,
The rain causing ripples like a sewer's spool.
As I close the window, the sun starts to come out,
Washing away part of my doubt.
It glows with the light of one thousand stars,
Casting a light that is never ours.
The clouds fade into the air,
Spreading a fog that I can always bear.
Always and always this cycle repeats,
To there and then the rainbow meets.

by Tiffany Tse (Grade Five)
Central Montessori School
Toronto, Ontario

