

FIRST PRIZE

Cancer

They say you're cured,
The doctors do.
Even though it took a piece of you—
Physically,
Mentally,
Emotionally—
It's gone,
Leaving you to manage life without that piece.
In a few years, you do it.
You find happiness,
You find fun,
You get back the meaning of life,
Just to have it taken away again.
Because they say it's back,
And they tell you no—
No,
You can't survive it this time,
No matter how many pieces of you they take—
Just no.
Hope's gone,
Your line of defence against fear—
Gone, just like you will be too—
Gone from the world.
It consumes you,
Pulling you under,
Leaving those you left behind
In sadness
And anger—
Angry that they couldn't fix you;
Angry that out of the eighty percent who live,
You had to be in the twenty percent who don't.
Why you?
Why
Sweet,
Funny,
Loving
You?

by Janaye Wright (12 years)
Edson, Alberta

SECOND PRIZE

The Eyes of Her Heart

Through our lens, we see red.
She sees intensity.
She feels a cordial sense of warmth.
She sees a bull,
Charging with emotion.

Through our lens, we see orange.
She sees energy.
She feels unique, active.
She sees a playground swing
Drifting away among the children's laughter.

Through our lens, we see yellow.
She sees optimism.
She feels alive, awake.
She sees a child on Christmas morning,
A toothy grin spread across his face.

Through our lens, we see green.
She sees a beginning.
She feels new, young.
She sees a fresh morning,
Birds chirping in the sunlight.

Through our lens, we see blue.
She sees tranquillity.
She feels serene, still.
She sees daybreak by the beach,
The waves lapping at her feet.

Through our lens, we see purple.
She sees royalty.
She feels grand, deep.
She sees dark folds on a velvet gown,
Mystery that slowly unfolds.

Yet, the rest of her world is darkness,
Pitch black through our lens.
But really, in the end,
One does not see with the eyes.
One sees
With the heart.
And, though she is blind,
She sees deeper than us,
Without the clouded vision
Of our superficial world,
And only through
Her
Pure
Heart.

by Miyuki Mori (12 years)
Markham, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Arctic Wild

Freezing cold both day and night,
Staying warm while dressed in white.
Peeking out from time to time,
Can't wait for warmth and summertime.

In a snowdrift white and crisp,
I vanish like a will-o'-wisp.
As the daylight fades to gloom,
I'm safe for now, but danger looms.

One frosty, freezing Arctic day,
My ears are warning me away.
Standing straight, I sniff the air,
For danger resides most anywhere.

Silently landing, leaves flutter down,
Sharp claws reach out without a sound.
Hoo! Hoo! The snow owl cries;
Missing, back into the night he flies.

Fast as lightning, zip back to my den;
Still panting from fright, I've escaped once again.
Now too dark to see, I must rest for tonight,
Falling into deep sleep, in my den warm and white.

Now that Summer has arrived,
My coat has changed and, now, I thrive.
On boundless stretches of green and blue,
The snow has melted and sunlight shines through.

Summer sun has reached its crest,
My nose tells me "Danger, due West."
My ears perk up and swivel 'round,
Eager to catch a dangerous sound.

Ever closer, eyes locked on prey,
Wolves stalk closer, then I'm away!
Awooo! The wolves howl near.
My feet take flight, spurred on by fear.

The chase begins, distance is key.
The wolves gain ground . . . must outwit three.
I dodge, double back, zigzag, and feint;
Those brutish jaws, I don't wish to acquaint.

Outlasting the trio of resilient hounds,
I begin the trip home, with quick, silent bounds.
Worn out and tired, I'm safe in my sett;
Though, the dangers I've been through I cannot forget.

Light from the great glowing orb in the sky
Retreats more each day, causing green grass to die.
My brown fur grows white, getting fluffy and thick,
Becoming more suited to my camouflage trick.

The warmth of the summer has fled far away,
The freeze of the winter is now here to stay.
You'll find me where cold winds blow,
I am a bunny in the snow.

by Petra Simpson (12 years)
Lee Creek, British Columbia

HONOURABLE MENTION

Insanity

“Daddy!
There’s a monster in the basement!”
you exclaim,
and I laugh
as your patience wears thin.

Your pushes and tugs outnumber my words,
so we venture down
into the mysterious darkness,
hands intertwined.

And I brag victoriously
when I renounce your fear
with the flick of a switch.
Your comfort is my greed.

But as the years tear me down,
I begin to see characters of my own,
and bitter insanity
sinks into my bones.

You worry for me,
a little too much.
I don’t care what is real
because I know you are.

“Son!
I heard something in the basement!”
I joke,
laughing,
as your patience wears thin.

by Alan Shen (15 years)
Richmond, British Columbia

HONOURABLE MENTION

Postcards

Images dot my walls,
Telling of places near and far—
Somewhere with a brighter star
And a dream to see them all.

Northern lights from the panhandle
Share space with a totem from the west—
Each barely holding a candle,
For only eyes can see them best.

Newly added to the collage,
Ottawa glitters on the water,
Giving a glimmering mirage
And a dream to travel that burns hotter.

by Rebecca Nielsen (14 years)
Tilley, Alberta

HONOURABLE MENTION

Lost in Blue

Blue is the colour of the blooming geraniums that were scattered amid green
The first time he saw her.
She glanced over her shoulder at him and smiled with her serene, peaceful grace.
Her periwinkle dress tumbled in the mellow breeze of early spring,
In sync with her bundle of billowing, bronze tresses.
He blushed and turned away, her soft giggles trailing after him.

Blue is the colour of the sky where they lay side by side, months later.
They watched the clouds meander by,
Hands interwoven tightly,
While they shared their darkest secrets and most crippling insecurities.
To him, she was beautiful nonetheless.
He told her so, as he caressed her damp cheeks
And kissed the pain away.

Blue is the colour of the glinting sapphire that adorned a silver band,
Slipped onto her finger with a finesse only she possessed:
A commodity embodying their love and fidelity—
Not that they ever needed one.

Blue is the colour of the flower vase
That shattered on the ground in a million pieces
After he lost his temper.
She sobbed azure,
As he begged for her forgiveness.
But, in the end, it was all okay.
They were okay.

Now, all he could see was blue.
The vast, musky ocean engulfed him in its unforgiving embrace.
Its navy fists smashing the splintering remnants of their boat's sides.
Silver storm clouds rained down on them, each droplet a piercing nip.
Voices screeched as frozen bodies sunk.
He awoke from his musing at his captain's manic eyes,
Bloodshot with the sting of salt, wide with terror and alarm.
The captain shouted something intelligible and began to dive.

As his vision began to blur, he saw a hazy recollection of her face.
Blue is the colour of her eyes,
A vivid cerulean blue that twinkled with mirth
Or, at times, a rich midnight carrying the weight of a thousand suppressed tears.
Regardless, a beautiful shade that he could get lost in for hours
Without noticing that dawn had burgeoned to dusk,
Promising him that everything would be all right.

The final pain he felt was a burning flame atop the water,
Choked and torn by the briny surges of the sea.
He smiled wistfully as darkness invaded the sight of tumultuous currents.

Finally, succumbing to the temptation to close his eyes,
He lost consciousness.

The last thought on his mind . . .
Blue.

by Sophie Feng (13 years)
Port Moody, British Columbia

HONOURABLE MENTION

Houses

Our bodies are like houses, the ones built long ago. Within them, they have secrets that they may never show. The paint is slowly peeling, and the floorboards start to creak. All are built on different structures, some are strong and some are weak.

Our bodies are like houses. The memories they hold will never be forgotten, all made of precious gold. But, through the happy memories, there are some sad ones too. This house has gone through hardships from the time that it was new.

And there will still be thunder, and the wind, it will still blow—through all the painful hardships, through all the world will throw. Our bodies are like houses, watch them as they rise—through the clouds of thunder and, onward, to the skies.

by Shannon Creelman (13 years)
Ottawa, Ontario

HONOURABLE MENTION

Northern Lights

Snakes in the sky,
Ribbons of light,
Serpents that fly,
Magic of the night.

The Northern Lights dance,
On a cold winter's night,
Beautiful green snakes
That give off an eerie green light.

Sometimes they're rivers,
Sometimes they're lakes,
And sometimes they're hands
That reach down and take.

A magical sight
As they prance around in pink and green,
A lovely green light,
Like none have ever seen.

by Sofia Morgan (11 years)
Dawson City, Yukon

HONOURABLE MENTION

A Flower's Life

Inspired by *Beauty and the Beast*.

She started off as a tiny little seed,
Like a fragile baby,
Small and delicate,
Bringing joy and happiness
To the gardener.

One day, she grew a small sprout,
Bright neon green.
It was as though
She had taken her first steps.
The gardener's chest puffed with pride
At his flowery child.

Her leaves started to grow,
And her stem sprouted taller.
She became a more independent plant.
The gardener began to feel old and creaky,
For his daughter was growing up.

She sprouted further
And further,
Until her leaves
Were touching the blue summer sky.
The gardener looked down at her and sighed.
Soon, his daughter would be moving.

Small little buds appeared,
Like little bunches of beauty,
Between her soft leaves.
The gardener gently dug up her roots
And helped her settle in to her new home.

Her new home was large.
She had a lot of room to grow.
Her small buds bloomed
Into giant indigo teacups,
Inviting bumblebees in for a tea party.

The gardener enjoyed his daughter's beauty,
For he knew what was coming next.

Her once soft and delicate leaves
Crinkled up and fell off.
She fell over, brown and dry.

The gardener was sad, but he let it be,
For this was the law of
Mother Nature.

by Alyssa Borton (10 years)
Langley, British Columbia

HONOURABLE MENTION

Spider Webs

Spider webs are fairly strange.
They are very sticky and seem silky.
When raindrops fall on spider webs,
They merely lay down flat on their heads and
Stay in the soft, sticky webs,
As if to go to bed.
Each spider has its own design,
But all have circles and straight lines.
I wonder how the spider can bear
A sticky home, but that is the way
That spider webs are.

by Lydia Carrico (9 years)
Prince George, British Columbia

HONOURABLE MENTION

Runaway

Again and again, my parents fight,
And this could happen every night.
More and more, I want to run away,
More and more, I regret to stay.

Up the street and across the valley,
There, I find a very dark alley.
I sit for a moment and dream of a new town,
I look back and don't give a glimpse of a frown.

Running, I try to pace my breath,
Hoping that nothing will lead to death.
I look back and start to tear,
Not knowing if the end is near.

I start running back as fast as I can,
They notice I'm gone, and they hop in the van.
They see me, and it warms their hearts,
I go and hug them as fast as a dart.

Will they continue to fight?
New beginnings may be in sight.

by Kiara Healy (10 years)
Kitchener, Ontario

HONOURABLE MENTION

Why I Love Canada

I like to go to the Blue Jays' games.
We have Mounties who keep us safe.
We play hockey and have hockey players.
I like to have Canadian maple syrup and pancakes.
I like to play in the snow and make a snowman.
I like to see the leaves become colourful in the fall.
I like to go on pony rides in the summer.
I like to look up and see the stars in the sky.
I love Canada because we welcome people from the whole world.

by Noah Ladak-Tromp (5 years)
Stouffville, Ontario

HONOURABLE MENTION

The Little Lizard

One day, I walked to the beach.
While I walked, I heard a little screech.
I looked right behind me,
I looked right in front of me.
There he was, the little lizard.

He was wrapped around a post.
I asked, "Are you lost?"
He didn't reply, but he sighed.
I asked him again before he ran.
He made a little screech
On a hot and sandy beach.
He said, "Yes, I got lost."
I asked him, "How did you get lost,
Oh, Little Lizard?"
He said he was lost in a blizzard.

I asked him, "Where did you live?"
He said, "In a rainforest."
I sort of laughed and said,
"Oh, Little Lizard,
In a rainforest you don't get a blizzard."
He looked at me and ran away.
It's sort of funny how he got in a blizzard.
I kind of liked that little lizard.

by Ahmed Mirza (8 years)
Kitchener, Ontario