

FIRST PRIZE

A Flash of Wild Rain

Rain, please go away.
I gave you a pumpkin pie,
And now I don't know
What your problem is.

by Maeve Poirier (Kindergarten)
F. W. Howay Elementary School
New Westminster, British Columbia

FIRST PRIZE

Little Sister

Little Sister, Little Sister, she is so cute.
She doesn't always mute.
She goes 'round and 'round,
She won't stop until she hits the ground.

She follows me everywhere
Until she gets a stare.
She will cry
Until someone says hi.

She likes to play with stuff
Until someone gives her a sweet puff.
She loves to play with me
Until she sees Mommy.

She is one year old.
She is very bold.
She picks stuff off the floor,
She might pick a little bit more.

She is important to me.
I watch her, who she wants to be.
Hip hip hooray!
That's what I say.

by Avneesh Anand (Grade 1)
Fraser Valley School
Surrey, British Columbia

FIRST PRIZE

Midnight Garden

In the garden, there are worms.
The worms have a lot of germs.

In the garden, there are plants.
And the worms dance on the plants.

In the garden, there is turf.
The worms give birth in the turf.

by Bronwyn Pelletier (Grade 2)
Blue Mountain Wild School
Kimberley, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

I Love You, . . . Small Candle

The black night sky,
No lamps,
No stars or moon.
It's you, . . . Small Candle.
You are here to give us plenty of light.

When it is a birthday party,
You stand on a sweet cake.
We are together, and we sing a song.
It's you, . . . Small Candle.
You give us hope and happiness.

A great aroma comes from you, . . . Small Candle.
There are special meat and vegetables on the dinner table beside you.

A beautiful voice is coming out of a piano.
There is a beautiful tune.
What sits on the shelf near the piano?
It's you, . . . Small Candle.
You host a very gleeful dinner.

Today, we had a great day.
I love you, . . . Small Candle.
I love your tall shape.
I love your light.
I love your warmth.
I love your scent.
I love you because of your heart.

by Jacinda Liang (Grade 3)
Castlemore Elementary Public School
Markham, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

Families

Living like this is happy
But also makes me sad.
I like that I have two places to go,
But I miss the life I had:
Going on trips, hiking in the woods, and family barbecues.
Now you were not here when I rode my bike or learned how to tie my shoes.
But it's okay because a lot of kids have different families—
Some with moms, some with dads, and some with both, you see.
All of our reasons and all the stories for why we are unique
Stay deep inside our hearts, and that is what we keep.
So, even though change is hard
And sadness goes in and out,
As long as we feel love in our hearts, that's what family is all about.

by Arissa Khan (Grade 4)
Tiger Jeet Singh Public School
Milton, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Alone

I was alone.
Tears went down my face.
I was lost in a zoo.
Happy animals surrounded me.

Sad, scared, worried was what I felt.
I was stuck.
I was invisible to everyone.
Was my family looking for me?

by Sofia Ahmed (Kindergarten)
Bruce Trail Public School
Milton, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

The Seasons

In the spring, it is fresh,
And I love spring
That the birds are singing,
That the flowers are swinging.

In the summer, it is warm,
And I love summer
That the ducklings are getting louder,
That the trees are growing stronger.

In the fall, it is cool,
And I love fall
That the squirrels are climbing trees,
That the leaves are turning colours.

In the winter, it is snowy,
And I love winter
That the bears are hibernating,
That the plants are sleeping.

by Erica Sun (Grade 1)
Viola Desmond Public School
Maple, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

My Bed

My bed is safe
My bed is pink
My bed is my favourite place
I think

My bed is comfy
My bed has books
My bed can be a tent
If you take a look

My bed is warm
My bed is mine
My bed is the best place
Of all time

by Harper Ng (Grade 2)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Night Keeper

The shadow flying high above,
Like the version of a night-time dove.
The breeze blowing across the sky,
Gently making a light walk by.

I watch it hunt for far-down prey,
The feathers glistening a light brownish-grey.
The shiny eyes glancing at me
Take a brief and quick little see.

The swift shape gliding down with no sound,
Making a swoop to catch something round.
The hunt is over at the arrival of dawn.
When the night disappears, with a *swish* it's gone.

by Zhongjin Li (Grade 3)
Regal Road Junior Public School
Toronto, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

Passing Time

The wind blows by me,
and for a second, it feels as if time has stopped.

Then I catch onto the travelling wind;
it carries me far past time.

Days turn into weeks,
turn into months.

It feels as if time never stops;
even if I stop, it won't.

The world just keeps spinning
on an endless loop of time.

by Sarah Bruner (Grade 4)
Shellbrook Elementary School
Shellbrook, Saskatchewan

THIRD PRIZE

About Me

Lovely
Excited
Inquirer
Young
Angelic
Awesome

by Leiyaa Pathmanathan (Kindergarten)
Delano Academy
Thornhill, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Rose

I gave my mom a rose.
Its petal leaves were pink.
She cried happy tears.
She liked it, I think.
She said, “Thank you,”
And gave me a hug too.

by Harrison Chen (Grade 1)
Sidney Ledson Institute
North York, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Winter Comes

When everything settles in,
The snow comes down.
When the last few flakes of snow
Come down from above,
Winter is over.

by Grady Banner (Grade 2)
Westmont Montessori School
Victoria, British Columbia

THIRD PRIZE

My Two Favourite Cats

Scampy and Sparrow are my two favourite cats.
One of them curls up on a mat.
The other curls up with me
While we watch TV.
I start hearing raindrops going *plink plop*
On the rooftop.
The cat starts purring.
Lightning strikes, but we're still safe in the house,
Where the cats and I are gently stirring.

by Camille Shilton (Grade 3)
Calvin Christian School
Hamilton, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Fantasy Sparkle

If you look at the ocean with all of your heart,
You can truly see the ocean as a different colour,
And that colour is Fantasy Sparkle.

If you touch Fantasy Sparkle,
I bet you'd be amazed.
It will feel like your grandma's knitting.

If you manage to smell it,
Which you probably will try,
It'll smell like fresh cookies coming out of the oven.

Fantasy Sparkle is life.

by Evelyn Gibson (Grade 4)
Bannockburn School
North York, Ontario