

FIRST PRIZE

Seasons

Miniature snowflakes
sway down from above,
coming to rest
on a fluffy pillow of white snow.
The glass sheet of ice covering the lake
begins to melt,
like drippings on a wax candle,
turning back to crystal-clear water,
a mirror for the sky.

The fresh spring air
calls to the seeds:
It's time.
The sprouts come alive,
Pushing their way through the soil.
New flowers climb up to the clouds,
smiling to the blue.
The rain quietly drenches them in water,
dancing on the rooftops of houses.

Summer heat is near.
Ocean waves crash upon the shore,
hitting the warm, white sand.
My ears absorb the sound
of flip flops clicking on the boardwalk.
The sun kisses people's skin
on these golden, lazy days.

Autumn fills the air.
Maple trees march through the forest,
soldiers of the woods.
Leaves morph into hues
of red, orange, and yellow
falling on the crisp ground.
Cool, smoky air whispers to winter once again.

by Kaya Mincer (Grade Six)
The Toronto Heschel School
Toronto, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

The Battle of North and South Winds

North Wind came from the depths of Earth,
And sailed o'er the misty moors,
Through the deep of night till dawn's first light,
Fell on the grey seashore.
Nothing more was he but a blast of air.
Nothing more than a shadow of cold.
But Winter was cruel when North Wind ruled.
And the snow was falling threefold.

Then came South Wind with fiery heat,
And melted the snow away.
And North Wind fled to where the land lay dead,
And no traces of life dared stray.
In that barren place, poor North Wind lay,
In the cold and eternal frost,
Till Summer waned and Winter came,
And all South Wind's power lost.

So North Wind came on wings of ice
And rode on a chariot of snow,
And through the deep of night till dawn's first light,
His power raged and flowed.
But South Wind comes and North Wind goes,
For eternity this shall stay,
Till heat resides and snow subsides
And all the world turns grey.

by Rebecca Chipman (Grade Seven)
Sacred Heart School of Halifax
Halifax, Nova Scotia



FIRST PRIZE

Across from the Forest

Lush, feathered greens
On sloping, brown domes
Dotted with bushes and
Spotted with homes

Across from the forest
Striped by the stream
Far from the ocean
Reflecting moonbeams

The blacks and the greys
The bustle and the gasses
Cement webbed with iron
A taxicab passes

The trees have all withered
And left room for buying
No stars seen at nighttime
The world must be dying

by Hero Aiken (Grade Eight)
École secondaire publique Mille-Iles
Kingston, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Syrian Refugees

Crossing the ocean from Turkey to Europe
Children under five die from drowning
Soldiers block them from crossing
Can't we do something?
I'm tired of screaming and crying
My waves didn't mean any harm
They were just crying
I see a child die in my body
My heart breaks from sadness
Oh, my friend, I feel the same way
I remember the good old days
When children would play and sing to me
But now it's all gone
I hear their feet running away
I can't stand the bloodshed and explosions every day
Can't we have peace just for a while?
Don't worry, sea and land
I know there are good people out there
Who can help us shout and scream
To tell the world why we are here
To tell these people there is still hope

by Maryam Abid (Grade Six)
MAC Maple Grove School
Kitchener, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Goodbye

The smell of her tea biscuits
would act as an air freshener
for the small house.

Her funny jokes
would make a whole room
crack with laughter.

Her soup,
the best in town,
was the hit
of potluck dinners.

Her innocent smile
could shine through the darkness.

She was the best grandmother of all.

But I know now
those are only memories.
Because one frosty night
when the pine trees in her yard were dying,
she fell to the ground
to say a warm goodbye.

And I knew another soul
had left the earth.

by Alexandre Allard (Grade Seven)
Collège Louis-Riel
Winnipeg, Manitoba



SECOND PRIZE

My Best Friend

Wags and wiggles,
Antics producing giggles,
So much happiness, all in one place;
Oh, how I love his bright, golden face!

No other dog quite measures up
To my little yellow Labrador pup.
I know that he loves me through his trusting eyes,
I know that he's happy by his contented sighs.

Wags and wiggles,
Antics producing giggles,
So much happiness, all in one place;
Oh look, how I love his bright, golden face!

His velvet ears feel just like smooth silk,
His puppy kisses taste like sweet water and milk.
He smells like fresh air, grass, and trees,
From day one, his sole aim was to please.

Wags and wiggles,
Antics producing giggles,
So much happiness, all in one place;
Oh, how I love his bright, golden face!

Jim, Jimmy, Jimbo, James,
My puppy answers to so many names!
Whimpering whines like squeaky doors,
High-pitched barks, Jim won't be ignored!

Wags and wiggles,
Antics producing giggles,
So much happiness, all in one place;
Oh how I love his bright, golden face!

His warm, fuzzy tummy is soft and round;
Irresistibly cuddly, I love my magnificent hound!
No other dog quite measures up
To my little yellow Labrador pup.

by Zoe Fitzsimmons (Grade Eight)
Laurelwood Public School
Waterloo, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Minus Twenty

I walk outside into the frigid morning.
The trees are bare and the world is white.
The snow crunches under my boots.
I stop, and the silence is total—
A cold, stony silence that envelops all.
Thump! Something hits my head:
Cold, wet, painful.
A boy stands behind me.
He looks smug, but he smiles.
His jacket blends with the falling flakes.
We play till all light is gone,
Till our toes are completely numb.
But my house is warm, and so is the cocoa we have.
Afterwards, I sit by the fire and think—
Think about winter.

by Hugh Kelly (Grade Six)
Hilson Avenue Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Witches' Race

Witches, to your broomsticks.
Up, up, and away!
Zoom through the obstacles,
And you will win the day.

First fly through the haunted house,
Past ghosts and poltergeists.
Look! A black cat burglar
Carrying out a heist.

Next, through the graveyard;
Skeletons rattle their bones.
Ghosts have made their homes here too;
Hear their eerie moans.

Third fly through the scientist's lab,
Frankenstein's awake.
The green behemoth's right in your way;
Quick, put on the brakes!

Now time to shoot straight for the stars!
Fly fast towards the moon.
Hear the werewolf's howling,
That horrid, hairy goon.

Fast towards the finish line!
You're almost there, that's right.
Eek! Oh, it's just Count Dracula;
He gave you quite a fright.

You've made it! You're there!
You're at the end first.
Now dodge the other witches' spells
And hope you've not been cursed.

Witches, to your broomsticks.
Up, up, and away!
Zoom through the obstacles,
And you will win the day.

by Graydon Baker (Grade Seven)
Home School
North Vancouver, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

The Feeling of Home

In a field where the grass is golden,
the sky paints the colours of life
and the silhouette of trees waves to move me forward,
I have the feeling of home.

We move faster and faster with every stride,
and I can feel his heart beating.
The four-beat rhythm is pacing to match my heart.
I feel the leather sliding and pressing into my hands,
his glossy mane flowing back and whipping at my wrists.
My hair flies back and the wind whispers in my ears
with a sweet voice,
but also cutting my cheeks and almost yelling at me.
He wants to move faster and so do I.

I lean forward in a rhythm to match his steps that reach ahead.
I close my eyes and let God take the reins.
My boy gives out a soft cry that warms my heart.
I feel myself smiling, then I start to laugh.
When I open my eyes, he tosses his head and starts to prance.
It's the feeling of freedom that we share—
the feeling of home.

by Sydney Dunlop (Grade Eight)
Christ the King Junior/Senior High School
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