

FIRST PRIZE

This Is an Ode

This is an ode to the forest
An ode to the trees
An ode to everyone
Who has helped me

This is an ode to the foods
That supply me energy
This is an ode to the teachers
Who taught me many things

This is an ode to the chairs
Which hold me above the ground
This is an ode to the water
That keeps me clean

This is an ode to the masks
That protect me from disease
This is an ode to the books
That keep me entertained

This is an ode to my heart
For keeping my blood flowing
This is an ode to the coats
That keep me warm

This is an ode to doctors and nurses
Who help save lives
This is an ode to my bed
For a place to sleep

This is an ode to authors
Who write my favourite books
This is an ode to directors
Who direct movies and plays

This is an ode to the lights
That illuminate our world
This is an ode to everyone
Who has ever helped me

by Azlyn Stanley (Grade Five)
Cambridge Area Enrichment Class
Cambridge, Ontario

FIRST PRIZE

I Remember That Fall

I remember that fall, the leaves piling up on the ground beneath my feet.
I remember those rosy cheeks, curling up in a smile.
I remember how we laughed until we cried and fell flat on our backs into the leaves.
I remember the many hours we spent on the sofa, whispering secrets in each other's ears.
I remember those nights, warmed by the fire, embers shining in your eyes.
I remember falling asleep, happy and safe.
And when I think of fall, I remember you.

by Aurora Lee (Grade Six)
Kitchener Area Enrichment Program
Kitchener, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

A Land Far Away

Once, I dreamed of a land far away,
And now, I hope to build it someday.
A lush green carpet paved the ground,
Bountiful life prevailed all around.
The trees were tall, the forest was dense,
Life profound, freedom immense!
Butterflies, rainbows, pretty colours,
All hailed to nature's best of powers.
Then I came upon the ocean blue,
The sparkling waves felt like morning dew.
The sand was warm with a golden hue,
No place was spoiled, it was true.
Sharing, caring, friendly ways,
Sunshine and joy filled the days.
I zoomed through the sky and felt the wind at my side;
Watching nature's might and pride.
Strong and weak, dark and light,
Lived in harmony without a fight.
Is this just a dream? Or is it "The Way"?
This is how we started helping, some say.
Man's greed and lust for "more,"
Ripped the green, defiled the shore.
Smoke and ashes filled the air,
Caged the wild, snatched their share.
Someone whispered in my soul,
A gentle voice, few words of gold,
"With our small hands and dreams so big,
I need your hand to build and dig.
We will build this land today,
To help the Earth and its ways."
Once, I dreamed of a land far away,
And now, I pledge to build it someday.

by Arjun Raychowdhuri (Grade Five)
Waterloo Area Enrichment Program
Waterloo, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

A Beautiful Walking Stick

There was a wooden walking stick
Leaning on the tree.
Then that wooden walking stick
Was picked up by me.

A wolf shot past me, on the hunt,
And stalked a lovely deer,
And with my wooden walking stick,
I watched it hurry near.

But as it came, it saw the wolf,
And then it ran away,
But that's just one of the many things
That I saw that day.

As I walked on with my walking stick,
I saw a bumblebee,
And then, to get a better forest view,
I started to climb a tree.

My breath was fully taken away
By the view from the canopy,
And that was one of the beautiful things
That I had come to see.

Back on the path, I saw a plant
That had been burned, its death was near,
But as I looked closer at the blackened shape,
I saw a green shoot had started to appear.

Nearing the end of my walk with the walking stick,
The sun broke through the trees,
And I heard the sky sing, so full of birds,
And the forest sing with bees.

At the end of the path, I leaned that stick
Against an old, rough tree,
And I left that wooden walking stick
With beauty for someone else to see.

by *Mika Rae* (Grade Six)
St. James Elementary School
Kanata, Ontario

THIRD PRIZE

Farms

Farms are where you play with animals
and race on quads and watch for shooting stars.

Farms are when you want to sleep in, but your rooster goes
cock-a-doodle-doo five hundred times, so you just get up.

Farms are where your mom and dad have to get up early
to milk the cow and get the eggs from the chickens
and feed the baby kittens.

Farms are where you need to get at least a little messy.

Farms are where all the excitement begins!

by Elayna Thiel (Grade Five)
Shellbrook Elementary School
Shellbrook, Saskatchewan

THIRD PRIZE

COVID-19

One fine winter day,
I walked down the road
To my house where I stay,
Where it had just snowed.

I picked up the news,
And on the front page
Was a picture with clues
That would trap me like a cage.

The words that stood alone,
Which would change our routine,
For 2020 would now be known
As the year of COVID-19.

Some people called it a disaster,
Some people called it a hoax,
But this virus was faster
Than our need for bad jokes.

Now, skip half a year later,
Where all you see are masks.
This virus is getting greater
Than anyone could ever ask.

The thing we truly need—
To cure COVID-19
And that scientists will try to make—
Is just a good vaccine.

But what can we do
To flatten the curve?
Learn the false from the true,
So here are rules to serve:

Stay home and wear masks,
Sanitize and social distance.
Those are the simple tasks
That will secure our existence.

by Caroline Chan (Grade Six)
Focus Learning
Thornhill, Ontario