

FIRST PRIZE

Spring Joy

The sun rises an
hour late, barely there to
catch the absurd robins
singing a sound of
beginnings that ruffles the
sunken valley.
The upswing sound shakes
the earth and all the
beastly plants clamour for it,
bursting their green buds to
reveal flowers coloured
marigold orange, peony red,
tagetes lemmonii gold and
more. The kids hear the
robins, too, and race amongst
themselves to make the
juiciest lemonades
the world has ever tasted in the
shortest time possible.
“It won’t be long,” one calls,
“till our customers come!”
They sell a drink for
fifty cents or less.
How wonderful Spring is,
where life starts
anew.

Spring is my
time.
Spring is my
joy.

by Izzah Khairi Leong (Grade Six)
Westmount Charter School
Calgary, Alberta



FIRST PRIZE

Wind

I walk home
and you pick up and drop leaves
of yellow, orange, and red,
like a city bus
with its passengers.

Overhead,
birds fly in a V-shaped pattern
while you blow under their wings,
propelling them
to sunnier destinations.

Beside me,
the murky water of a puddle
forms ripples,
as you push
an imaginary boat home.

I reach my street,
and wonder if I will accompany
those passengers,
those birds,
or climb aboard that boat,

to be carried away by you—
to somewhere new.

by Kaitlyn Clare-Ennis (Grade Seven)
Jack Hulland Elementary School
Whitehorse, Yukon



FIRST PRIZE

Autumn's Song

they came in amber, gold, and red,
in orange and maroon;
in chestnut brown and burgundy,
to sing their autumn tune.

the wind came by and filled its cheeks,
the leaves flew ever higher;
they swirled and danced up to the clouds,
and set the sky on fire!

they coated sodden pasture lanes,
plunged down river rides;
piled themselves in grassy yards,
and followed forest guides.

then savage rain came racing down,
and stripped the branches bare;
swiped the apples off the trees,
flung frost into the air.

while winter gives us coziness,
Christmas cake, and coats,
it sets fall fires up in smoke,
brings autumn's final note.

and though the children love the snow,
it's said there is a sigh,
amid shouts for first winter flakes,
the day that autumn dies.

by Quinn Fotheringham (Grade Eight)
Dr. R.E. McKechnie Elementary School
Vancouver, British Columbia



SECOND PRIZE

A Winter Night

The biting, brittle wind slaps my face.
The dark, shadowy streets are vacant of life.
The cold, white frost covers the icy road.

I bundle my threadbare jacket tighter.
I stay close to the night lights.
I cannot avoid the ice.

The pale, blazing moon is the spotlight of the sky.
The minute, bright stars offer some comfort.
The small, red houses are out of light.

I recognize the radiance of the glowing sun.
I see the moon and stars as a reassurance.
I know the houses are asleep.

My only consolation is to gaze straight up.
If I look down, I will surely sink to the ground.

by Laurel Xiang (Grade Six)
The Priory School
Montréal, Québec



SECOND PRIZE

Before

I remember
I remember the lush green woods
The colours green, red, and gold
The faces of laughter every day
The freedom to choose your will
But that was how it was
Before

How the world has changed
The spirit of the trees gone
Even the wind struggles to keep afloat
The laughter, reduced to quiet whimpering
Seems to be the only thing left

I remember
I remember the contract
A single sheet of paper
With the power to cull our freedom as if we were wild beasts
Cruel, cruel words written on it
That can never be obliterated

They gave us tobacco and alcohol
And gave us smallpox as a reward for sheltering them
Their fire sticks lit up the sky,
Just as the firelight illuminated their pale faces

I remember being judged by our skin colour
Tanned from hundreds of years under the great sun
That will never be as good as the pale colour of the snow

Remember me, for I will be the only one left
A token of the world before

I mourn the days behind me
And brace myself for the days ahead
For I am but a shadow, a void
Where there used to be a world
Before

by Ingrid Cui (Grade Seven)
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Mississauga, Ontario

SECOND PRIZE

The Perfect Storm

Moving slowly as the tide,
A looming darkness approaches,
The earth still in anticipation,
As the wrath of Mother Nature marches forth.

Trees dancing to the shrill wind,
Waves leaping in excitement,
Windows rattling in fear,
No mercy given for the harshness of its punishment.

Lightning crackles across the sky,
Sending trees tumbling to the ground,
Rain pounding on the ground like a constant drum,
As the real fear starts to set in.

Typhoons appear where once was calm,
Ripping up landscape and foundation,
As disaster is dealt with no emotion,
Panic is stricken by grief of what might come.

Leviathan waves crash upon ruined beaches,
Pure anger is released as buildings come crashing down,
Death spreads like a horrible plague,
As years of progress ends in seconds.

When no escape is to be seen,
A ray of hope glimmers on the horizon,
The blazing sun,
Fierce but caring as a mother's touch.

As few survivors raise their heads,
Relief fills the air like pollen,
A new life to start over,
A new fulfillment to be made.

by Andrew Partyka (Grade Eight)
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Victoria, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

Sun and the Moon

The bright, cozy, warm sun
is life to all,
swiftly but slowly
chasing

The sun,
caressing all,
shining down its
blessing from God.

Lord of the day,
it lets people thrive,
seeking shelter when
the devil of the night or

the moon, dark as a storm.
It causes death to fall over all.
Getting power from the core
of the earth, it rivals. . . .

Faceless, dead, it rises back up
quietly, committing crimes
and seeking prey like tigers
ready to kill anytime.

the moon comes out,
and it becomes nothing but darkness
like the underworld,
where all life crumbles to dust.

by Victor Fang (Grade Six)
Terry Fox Public School
Toronto, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

Remember Me

I thought we were
Forever
The two of us
Best of friends

You and me going
Into third grade
I didn't realize it
But we were no longer
Forever

You and your new friends
In your apple-bottom jeans
Singing Brittany Spears
Without me

Can't you remember?
Going investigating
And monster hunting
We were wizards

It felt
Like lying on a bed of nails
When you left me
It felt like all the walls
Were caving in
My world was
Crumbling apart
Laughing at me

Don't you remember?
You left me in grade three
Don't
You remember
Me?

by Katelynne Lawrence (Grade Seven)
Linden Meadows School
Winnipeg, Manitoba



THIRD PRIZE

A Seasoned Perspective

Back against the clouded glass,
Alone, I watch black swirls of ash.
Disconnected from the border line,
I stand outside the realm of time.

Face upturned to the greying sky,
Water falls as the heavens cry.
Drifting in the eye of a storm,
This makeshift shelter feels like home.

In the sky, the sun burns bright,
A fiery ball in all man's sight.
Guarded from its reaching rays,
I watch it through a shimmering haze.

Icy sheets of hail and snow,
Chill and frost as cold winds blow.
Warm and protected outside its touch,
I gratefully escape winter's clutch.

The biting air screams and howls,
And I burrow deep within my cowl.
As worlds change colour, fall and die,
And Nature lives, grows and thrives.

Outside the influence of every season,
Outside the boundaries of rhyme and reason,
Beyond the reach of time and law,
I will remember all that I saw
As I watched
And waited.

by Mariam Bacchus (Grade Eight)
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