

Honourable Mentions: Junior High School

"DIVING INTO SUMMER" BY MARISSA WILMOT

Sweet still air
Everywhere
Surrounding me

Oh those lazy days
Plunk down on lawn chair
Laugh at everything 'til you're crying
Sparkling eyes
Can't bear to laugh anymore
You're sure you'll die

Cat, Tuxedo, black as the stripes on a bumble bee
Chasin' flies and things we can't see
Leaps and frolics in the fields
Where the fleas wander and have their meals

Old ugly clothes
Too big for me
Slap orange paint on house
Back and forth, back and forth

Trampoline
Sink deep down like quicksand
'cept I bounce right back up
Fly in the sky for a moment
Hair is wild
Don't care for I'm having the time of my life

Canoe
Spiders in the corners
Webs on side splashed with water
Shivers run up spine
Plop canoe in fresh water
Worn lifejackets

Boiling hot
Jump, cannon-ball
Mid-air
Shut eyes, plug nose
Water flies around
Splash.

Great hotness vanishes
Hair drenched with water

Laughing, playing
Tugging on rope
Carried along the lake

Paddle to Robin's Donuts
Takes forever, having too much fun
Eat donuts on the way home

Complain to put things away
Moans, groans
"I don't wanna!"
Before I realize,
It's all gone

Old tired swing horse
Worn out eyes
Feet danglin'
Mouths wide with laughter

Lie on grass
Bathed in sunlight
Mini buggies crawlin' up skin
Attempt to guide them with hand in front of 'em
Plans fails
Outbreaks of giggles

Dir fill cracks in shoes
Slide across muddy grass

Run barefoot
Skip in fields
Flies bit like mad
Shoo away constantly
Don't want moment to end
Gallop inside, bug spray
Play until our bodies refuse to anymore

Crickets loudly chirpin'
Widely stare around
Completely silent 'cept for flies buzzin'
Joined by the crickets loudly chirpin' after we leave

Ahh if only everyday
Now **that** would be paradise

“AN AGONIZING FINISH” BY MAEGAN JONES

Pity loomed in the colossal oak branches that
Hung just above my ginger hair,
Sympathy rung from the depths of the eerie shadows.

This patronizing sentiment stung my cheeks,
As if a hand of one who despite me
Collided with the side of my façade.

Tears stung my orbs,
My limbs unsteady, shaking
From fear.
My soul was weak.

I was weak.

A cowardly specimen,
With unstable joints,
That quaked with each movement.
My mind was devoured by
Distress.

I lay sprawled across the grass,
Attempting to pick up my pieces.
Yet so many went a stray,
No matter how long my eyes searched,
I found not every one.

My face was fire.
My palms were ice.
My toes were leaves.
My tongue was paper.

I was gone.

“SPRING” BY GRACE STRATTON

I love my forest
after the rain.

My hands reach knowingly
up to the branches
Pulling me up
away from my thoughts

I leave humanity behind
more animal than human
The only problem I face here
is losing my balance
But that won't happen

I trust myself

To carry me safely

Through these sad, wet trees

“DEAR SELF” BY RACHEL MOORE

Dear Self

you are not fighting a war
because houses are not battlefields
and houses are not meant to be bloody

and words are not bullets

and this is not a battle you are
loosing

(or winning)

because walls do not harbour ammunition
(at least not where we're from)

and people you love are not enemies

Dear Self

this is not a war
and you are not senseless
and you do not shoot bullets
(because words are not bullets)
and these people love you

and, though love may be subjective,
it is true

and people who love you do not shoot at you
(at least not on purpose)

Dear Self

you do not need to build a bomb shelter
around your heart
and pens are not swords or guns
(they are mightier and more noble)

and you are not senseless
and you have a short fuse
but you are not a cannon
(or a bomb, or anything else with a fuse)

and you do not agree with violence
and you will not explode
and you do not shoot bullets

because words are not bullets
(but they hurt)

"IN THE CLASSROOM" BY SHAELYN SAVOIE

In the class room were she sits
Being shunned by other kids

They laugh and tease
They really annoy
They spit at her feet and call her a boy

What they don't know is she's really struggling
And inside its sizzling and bubbling

People tell her to ignore it
But there not the ones who have to endure it

People tease, they all really try
In the threads of a great big lie

And when it hurts her the most
They all seem to know
Exactly what to do and how far to go

People are ignorant, they really are
Tey don't know what it's like to have a scar
To know who it is you really are

So when they laugh she will say
In time she will have her way
In time She will have her day