

High School Category 2010 Word Up! Poetry Contest

2nd Place: I Remember Being Young by William Andrea

I remember being young and
eating sand from Arasaig beach and
cracking my knee open at Malignant Cove and
running through woods at Doctors Brook and
climbing trees in the clear-cut and
collecting plain, meaningful rocks from the rocky shore and
venturing as far up the brook as the highway and
finding 30-year-old garbage in the thorns and
stealing charcoal and
rafting Styrofoam and
yelling "bang" in the woods and
chasing basketballs down the street and
swimming in a private pool for the first time with a little dog and
climbing the sidewalk with a heavy sled and
going to my great-aunt's house for the cable and
watching the pipers and the dancers and
the gazebos (all five of them) and
eating freshly-baked cinnamon buns and
my "A is for Apple" sweater and
plastic masks at Claire's house and
McDonald's pizza late at night in the drive-thru and
climbing the Grand Late Oak almost to the top and
eating steaming chicken in cold December and
sleeping in a squeaky bunk bed and
reading really short books and
making penis jokes and
throwing rakes and breaking them and
shooting arrows with the Buddhists and
Noah's banana bike and
Cameron's redshirt and
announcing Platonic love in the playground and
reading at Emily's birthday party and
touching, touching, touching, so many times and
finally at Keji and
Beck in the CD player and
"Our House is a Very Very Very Fine House," and
Scotland, guitars, a lot of kilts, and plaid shirts and
my uncle living with us and hearing him swear that once and
the family tartan and the rained-on reunion and
sweet Christmas greed and
old Mr. Bennett who lived upstairs and

hawthorn thorns horning Eric's heels and
a cement wall and a sled-drop-nosebleed and
Adam's older sisters and
not standing up at my grandfather's funeral and
seeing him for the last time and
seeing black under the Arasaig sand and
bragging about his high school and
cracking the Arasaig cliffs for seashell fossils and
melted ice cream cake and
sticky squid and dry jellyfish and
Colin biking backwater Antigonish and
tennis over the water pump and
sticky donair at The Wheel and
sitting on trampolines and
Heather's tongue and
playing piano for Iain and
being the only boy in swimming lessons and
making a wizard at art class and
the mortal Merry-Go-Round on the commons and
the really long, red slide (all three of them) and
Stefan's longbow and
the rich girl who knows how to draw pigs and
squeezing through the community kitchen window and
climbing stacks of mats and
the deep, deep, young public pool and
canned spaghetti sauce and crying in my sleeping bag and
Cub karaoke and
Heather's machine and
love? and hand-holding and bracelets and
watching red comets on the rooftop and
stolen power tools and
blushing at all the right moments and
Commandos at the Salt Marsh Trail and
my brother in 1999 and
Parasaurolophus and Diplodocus and Pterosaurs and Ankylosaurus and
Pachycephalosaurus and Triceratops and Brachiosaurus and
the kid in a wheelchair in kindergarten and
Emily's costumes and
rereading really short books and
falling asleep on the 101.