



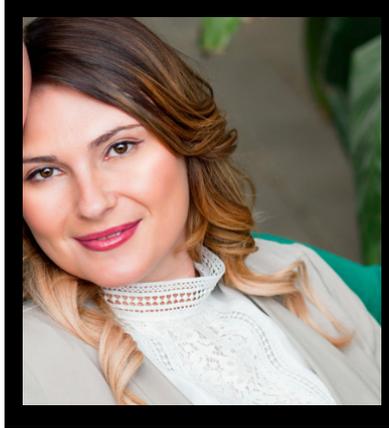
**WBRL wood buffalo regional library**

# **Words in motion**

**2019**



# Welcome to Words in Motion 2019



Words in Motion was introduced to the community in 2012 by the Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo. WBRL took over the organization of this annual literacy program in 2018.

Words in Motion promotes and encourages writing, reading, sharing and appreciation of poetry. It gives new and existing writers an opportunity to express themselves, gain exposure for their work and showcase their talent.

I'd like to acknowledge and thank:  
Our judges: Jenny Berube, Hannah Fridhed and Delia Cornejo.

Our partners: NorthWord, Arts Council Wood Buffalo, Fort McMurray Public School Board, Fort McMurray Catholic School Board, and Northland School Division No 61.

We hope you enjoy these beautifully crafted words and allow them to inspire you.

Explore ~ Expand ~ Enjoy!

Amanda MacPherson  
Board Chair, Wood Buffalo Regional Library

# My Happy Place

by Gabie C.

The leaves danced to the song of the wind as birds soared over houses and cars

The breeze was like a calm and peaceful lullaby,  
Putting people at peace as if it was a mother singing a song to their child

How a place on Earth is so serene and tranquil even when the world itself is cruel, I do not know

As I sat on the solid, strong bench, I pondered and wandered  
The sun began to hide amongst clouds of gray as a splash of orange painted the sky  
Colours of pink and purple painted high,  
Higher than the sky, so high that it seemed to be going to outer space and back

A playful breeze of wind flew past me and strutted to people getting to homes  
I shivered and quivered,  
I closed my eyes and felt myself sway to the left, then right  
I felt myself sway like the leaves, moving to the beat of the wind fluttering

I sniffed the air and let out a sigh  
The air tasted crisp and smelled like gasoline meshed with dirt  
Somehow, that calmed me and made all my problems go away  
It was comforting to know this place will always be here  
And even if it wasn't, it would still be in my heart and mind

Hours had passed, and before I knew it,  
The sky was a navy blue, shimmering stars lit up the dark sky  
Birds of different kinds were flying back to their nests  
The crescent moon was shining down on streets  
It was night and I needed to return to the comfort of my own home

# Pack up, we're leaving

by Emma D.

A suitcase never emptied,  
A mind never ready,  
I fear for what's to come,  
Antisocial, will I become?  
New school, new country,  
No new friends, how come?

I sit and wait as the days go by,  
To say I'm okay would be a lie,  
I always wonder why oh why?  
Every time I'm settled, we say goodbye

For I'm only human, I've made mistakes  
I've lived and laughed and learnt to play,  
These moments never last, ones I find pleasing,  
For soon I'll hear "Pack up we're leaving".

# The Farmer

by Travis H.

I do not know what makes him rise at dawn to  
challenge the roosters, laughing-  
or how his body does not buckle under the most  
unholy of gravity: age.

I only know that each callus he has I adore like an  
old love letter;  
I'll never grow tired of reading them.

# The Dinosaur

## by Joseph F.

I met a dinosaur that was big, big, big.  
He liked to dig, dig, dig.  
But one day he found some bones, bones, bones.  
Then all he did was chew, chew, chew.

All I wanted was to say, say,  
Was hello, HELLO!  
To this big rough, fellow.  
But he just sneered, and sneered.  
I thought it, quite, quite weird.

So I ran home and tried to get  
A big, BIG net.  
And tried to catch him  
By the neck!

He roared, and roared, and roared!  
And I ran, ran, AND RAN!  
Bam, Bam! BAM!  
I never saw him,  
Again. (Again)

# Worship

## by Travis H.

Through a dim keyhole  
I absorbed your shape, weeping.  
I envied your dress.

# The Storytellers

## by Dawn B.

Let's reflect on where the tales 've been told.  
Their narratives are telling – not tall, nor cold.

They come with honesty to honour  
Our ancestors of the North.

Revealing time with integrity,  
So, we understand – and move forth.

Buried down deep,  
Where the bitumen seeps.

*They are the Storytellers.*

With whispers in the morning sun,  
They waken the day with their bulletins.

*They are the Storytellers.*

When sundogs reflect in winter's sky; They beam out.  
Never mocking the soapbox platforms; They shout.

*They are the Storytellers.*

Their voices spear through hues of green,  
At Aurora's midnight peak; they speak – they're seen.

*They are the Storytellers.*

Dedicated to their accountable word,  
They share stories of the past;  
They should be heard.

*Because they are the Storytellers.*

# Wings of Fire

by Ava S.

Wings of fire, Wings of light come with me and we shall fight  
We will fight together because together we are better as one  
My wings of Fire, your wings of Light, our powers will defeat  
the showers of darkness and grey.

We will fight till the stars sparkle in the sky, will we fight till  
the morning when the sun starts to rise.

We will fight together until the battle is done.

Victory at last! For Darkness is defeated!

We've done it, we are safe! We've done our best, our scars and  
wounds will forever show our bravery.

Wings of Fire & Wings of Light

Forever together, we will stand as one. If Darkness tries to rise,  
We are ready.

# Heart to Heart

by Genine V.

I am timid, you are brazen  
I am empty, you are fulfilling  
You have such gentle speech, and gentle thoughts  
But although I am small; I am brutal, disheartening  
to oneself.  
It makes sense for us, to soften and glaze the other's  
edges  
For you help me see the better side of things.  
You help me to look at the weight of life from above,  
And you help me to let go.

# Even if you forget

by Francois M.

A cavernous void of the mind's empty space.  
Flashes of light,  
Hang on to life.  
Childhood joy  
Teeter above darkness, on the cliff of recollection.  
Don't close your eyes.  
Precious few moments,  
First discoveries  
Alone in the darkness.  
No one remembers,  
What you forget.  
Hold on tight  
To the bundle of happy times  
Simpler times  
And they will resurface as dreams  
Even if you forget.

# Infatuation

## by Billy G.

What is the politically correct way to profess deathless love these days..

I've thousands inept renderings of faceted rehearsals of some casual plays..

Awkward..

That quiet displayed stoic confidence evokes this involuntary trammel...

With my last breath would I whisper the name of that angel at the panel...

Coward...

# Sunshine

## by Sarika M.

Life as drifting sand  
and me being a silent audience  
finding it hard to assemble my own life.  
Where tangled in ups and downs of life  
are me and my dreams.

But, this is not the stop  
as Sun will rise tomorrow  
and will brighten my life from atop.

It will brighten every scattered dream of mine  
and would turn into a bright future in time.

Where every dream will be a smile  
and every song will be a prayer.  
Then I will create a beautiful dream  
with the drifting sand of time.

# Glue

by Sajida A.M.

I looked at myself in the mirror  
And said

“I’m sorry for the disgrace and the darkness of the common  
place, I’m sorry for everything I put you through

And acted like I didn't have a clue  
I broke your heart but unfortunately I can't  
Fix it with glue.”

# A cross tick.

by Anon.

Know this well, whatever others think,  
Especially those whose work is incoherent.  
Versed writers talents rescue, from the brink  
Imagist fails whose work is so abhorrent.  
‘No verse is free’ said Tommy, stern and fast.  
Walt’s Leaves were structured, ordered, strong and bold.  
Robert built his wall so it would last.  
Oeuvres changing rules, but still controlled.  
These poets learnt their work at Shakespeare’s feet.  
Eochaidh, Milton, Homer taught them rhyme.  
Their dues were paid, their metered metre meets  
Honourably, in music, rhythm, time.  
I wouldst all free verse scribblers could see,  
Some valued form from proper poetry.

# The Depths of Mordor

## by Shaaf B.

A dusty swing carried by a tree  
Sunflowers swaying and some bumblebees  
Two rusty benches sit aside  
Not a single person in sight  
Pebbles before the naked pond  
Waiting for someone to respond  
But no one is interested in the empty park  
Though it is day, they sit in the dark

The bending undergrowth of the leaves  
The quality of the day, all kids would feel like thieves  
But they ignore the perfect sunshine of the waning day  
And instead are consumed by what will lead them astray  
But they are trapped with the one ring  
And in those endless lands they feel like king  
And the helpless parents can do nothing but hark  
Though it is day, they sit in the dark

Their soul is being drained by the one ring  
And death comes like an unravelling string  
and at the end they can only regret  
That they spent so much of their time on the internet  
Parents helplessly watch as their kids set their eyes  
On the one thing that is their demise  
And in the end, simply wishing they were in park  
Though it is day, they sit in the dark

# **I am...**

**by Olivia J.**

I have my own unique eyes  
I am unique, said I  
I have my own skin tone  
I am different, said I  
I have small feet  
I am happy, said I  
I have small hands  
I am glad, said I  
I am short  
I am positive, said I  
Everyone is different  
We are us, said us

# **Canadian Shield**

**by Alana R.**

The lakes start calm as the sun rises. Everytime we had sad, awful, and hard moments the fun still awaits. The water splashes on us and we all laugh together as a family. The moon and the night stars keep us warm at night while the flames start to burn. Everyday we have new, awesome adventures in the Canadian Shield. We smell fresh grass and clear water streams. We see animals cross by on the grass while the birds fly high in the big blue sky. I feel large rocks that are on the lake's surface. We all feel warm and happy inside.

# Out Come the Fireworks

by Manorama J.

The radiant light burst with delight,  
Colouring the darkened canvas of the night.  
It tears through the night in shapes of spears and flowers,  
Well that's how I imagine it tonight.

Me? I am sauntering towards the blasts that echo,  
The noises increase to an allegro.  
That spark and dazzle to life,  
As I make my way through the summer's gloomy light.

The closer we get, the more I feel,  
Energy dancing inside of me, growing a great deal.  
Well, you know how it goes,  
The more you hope, the shadows will appear.

A shadow tall and wide, lurks above me,  
Blending in with the night sky, hoping it will let me free.  
I run, to my friend who's equally as high,  
And then I remember the fireworks.

We sprint like a cheetah, run like wind.  
Boom! I hear another one in my mind,  
Mimicking my heartbeat.  
My only thought, the fireworks are coming.

I stumble and teeter my way to the view,  
Picked our spot as the crowd still grew.  
Ready to shout as I see blue and red,,  
Strontium nitrate! Copper!

Me watching the sky with jubilation,  
Looking into the night that is luminous.  
As if I am on top of the world.  
Out come the fireworks!

# Only If

by Osatohanmwene E.

Oh life, oh dear life  
Only if he hadn't eaten that rice  
Only if he hadn't choked on that fish  
Only if he hadn't chewed on that meat  
Only if.....

He was as gentle as a dove and  
As polite as a Canadian  
His skin was as soft as a teddy bear and his  
Eyes were as beautiful as his heart

Oh life, oh dear life  
Was he not the best of them all?  
His heart always gleamed like the sun.

Oh life!

Did ye not know he was a lover of God?  
A protector of his children and the  
Lion to my jungle  
What a great warrior he was  
A mentor, a model, name it all  
A giver, a teacher, a cook  
And a preacher

Oh life!!  
If only I could see him again  
I would be thrilled and free of pain

Rest in peace ..... grandfather.

# Winter Wonders

by Manorama J.

Standing outside, the winter breeze blasts,  
Chilling my cheeks, rosy red.  
As I saunter my way through,  
The wind whispers in my ear.  
“Here you are at last.”

The hum in my ears grows to a crescendo,  
Blurring the majestics I see ahead.  
A deer, a soft-eyed deer.  
It stares at me in wonder.  
How can this be?

The aroma of fresh, green fills my insides,  
Refreshing my senses once more.  
I blink.  
The creature’s gone.  
Like a flash of lightning I will never see again.

I look up into the sky,  
The snow gently swirling.  
Opening my mouth,  
A snowflake falls,  
The sweet and cold taste makes me filled with joy.

A bitter-sweet feeling fills inside of me,  
I start tasting wonder and happiness.  
At the tips of my tongue,  
I smile,  
Trudging towards home.

# Pandemic

by Joseph M.

Doctors wearing masks of birds lurking closer  
Emitting rosemary odours  
I'm laying down  
Counting down to death  
Taking my last breaths  
Reaching toward bright  
Fighting for the light  
Escaping the pain of this life.

I don't want to be saved  
I will spread it  
Let me go  
I'm a lost cause  
Welts arrested in gauze.

I'm in vain  
I'm in pain  
I am a vessel to spread  
Lying in bed  
Leave me to die  
Leave me to suffer  
So I don't burden others  
With their suffer.

# I Have Been Left To Rot

by Tyler F.

See how much I rot in the time I have died

See that I have full black eyes

And the decay around my mouth and eyes

Feel the world full of lies

Feel the life exit the body along with the warmth

Feel the time pass you by and try to lengthen

Everything's stopped I can't grow older

I can't do anything different I'm stuck like this

I decay as well as rot

But you just stay there

You don't rot as I do

You buried me deep in the earth

In the coffin you created for me

You don't feel the pain as I do

You can't feel anything

Even though you told me "I love you"

So tell me the truth

for the light seems to shine

Shines brighter with every lie you tell me

# Checkmate

by Jeanine F.

Checkmate, my King is in check and there is no way to  
remove the threat.

Like the giant in the battle of David and Goliath,  
My King is about to be slain in a single combat.

I have endeavored to heavily fortify my King on this  
battleground.

I have advanced my pawns forward square after square.

I have relocated my bishop diagonal space after space.  
Even the assistance of a chariot initiated nothing but a riot.

I'm not a fairytale type of girl but just this one time,  
Oh Lord, please let my knight save the night

# In Jasper National Park

by Freya Z.

The sun is down,  
the last bit of sunlight reflects  
off the moon, you feel the warm air  
slowly cool until cold, you smell the freshly  
bloomed flowers in the wind, you hear  
the wolves in the night, you  
see the beautiful stars reflect  
off the hot springs,  
and you have the  
taste, the taste  
for  
adventure!

01/07/19 9:43pm

by Tristin C.

Ruthlessly cruel  
Bitter hearts

Constant ache to know why  
You chose her  
When she couldn't give a *damn*.

**News**

by Cathy W.

Tulips bloom amid the news  
Sitting there somewhat bemused  
Unaware of how distraught  
Lives will become amidst the onslaught  
Of arcs and angles to be reviewed  
Over their coffees salacious news  
With wildfire speed frolics and frays  
Without regard for the betrayed  
Whose hearts unfurl with each word said  
The truth eclipsed replaced with blether  
Opponents chosen as lives do wither  
Unconstrained and with jovial flare  
One would certainly believe they were there  
Inside the flesh of those they wounded  
Sadly someday they too may be persecuted  
Until then alas they will learn  
A still tongue bears no harm

# Bathing the Reaper

by Travis H.

I drew a bath for Death and what I drew was very cold  
Death would flutter down and roost quite lazy I was told.  
But as His white framework barely pecked the floating ice,  
He said to me: "This will not do! Much hotter would be nice!"  
So I drained the liquid quickly and a tepid spring was  
poured,  
Against the wall in evil stance; His bones by scythe were  
shored.  
At last when my neurons seemed to wrap around my  
throat,  
His expanse of skeleton slipped from beneath a bathing  
coat.  
"This will do!" He spoke to me as my chest it beat amuck,  
But then he was above my corpse, "You forgot my rubber  
duck!"

# Be a buddy not a bully

by Iqra T., Zainab S., and Esha A.

Bullying is not a laughing matter  
It only makes people sadder and sadder  
When people are bullied their hearts are broken  
Their lives and their feelings have been soaked  
When people are bullied their feelings are hurt  
So much that they feel like dirt  
So please we say this fully  
Be a buddy not a bully

# For You

by Maryam S.

For you, I'd flood the desert  
For you, I'd set fire to the sea  
For you, I'd do all that hurts  
Cause you'd do that for me

For you, I'd replant the forests  
For you, I'd cure all disease  
For you, I'd do my very best  
To help put you at your ease

For you, I'd freeze the rain  
For you, I'd melt the snow  
For you, I'd go through many pains  
Just so you would know

For you, I'd move the mountains  
For you, I'd bring back the dead  
For you, I'd take all your sins  
So you can clear your head

For you, I'd stop time from moving  
For you, I'd let wonder run free  
For you, I'd never stop caring  
Cause you'd do that for me

For you, I'd stop the wars  
For you, I'd spread the love  
For you, I'd open many doors  
Just, because

For you, I'd go to space  
For you, I'd travel far  
For you, I would embrace  
And bring you back a star

For you, I would colour  
For you, I would dream  
For you, I would forever  
Show what you mean to me

# Untitled

by Naomi S.

It feels so scary getting old  
I have much I wish to say;  
All these expectations to uphold.

Inside of me is restless cold  
A storm of the darkest gray;  
It feels so scary getting old.

Reeling through the midnight streets, never truly controlled  
My heart never beats a steady way;  
All these expectations to uphold.

I light candles around me, they shine white gold  
But I can't see the light stay;  
It feels so scary getting old.

Everyone tells me to be bold  
"Choose happiness!" but where do I stray?  
All these expectations to uphold.

My hopes never seem to unfold  
I can't keep my panic at bay.  
It feels so scary getting old;  
All these expectations to uphold.

# Mask

by Sarah K.

I turn to a mirror, wondering who's staring back  
Countless years I've lived, but something I've always  
lacked

From age zero to 11, I knew life was heaven  
With the devil standing right behind my back  
I've played along for long, almost like I'm the fool  
So much pretending, all I've only done for you  
The mask I wear on my face  
Is a mask I thought protected me  
Turns out at the end, it only turned on me  
I tried to make it my friend  
I tried to get along with it  
I tried to bribe it with good and joy  
And it worked... Only for a bit  
Until it got bored of me  
And I got bored of it  
But at this point, I was stuck with it  
No matter how hard I try, it would always sit  
It was with me, wherever I would go  
Sometimes it would hide, others, it would show  
It was a part of me, too much that it was me  
And I thought it would never go  
It used me as its light  
I thought of it as a shadow  
It made me smaller, in the sense that I was larger  
My life got harder, because I let it become stronger  
I let in a fake friend, not knowing our friendship wouldn't  
end  
Still this day, oh god I pray  
That the mask will eventually leave  
Even though right now its most glued  
I know one day it'll just fall off my back  
This mask that I wear  
Prevents me to see  
Whos staring back.

# Cape Breton Highlands National Park by Ceilidh L.

The mountains stand tall in the strong fall wind. Hiking to the top of the beautiful peaks often gives off a feeling of accomplishment and exhaustion, as you marvel at the beauty of the grassy space around you. You might even feel so adventurous and free as to check out the valley below.

For it truly is  
a beautiful place.  
You may never  
want to leave.

# Monstrous Sea by Maryam S.

We took a walk  
By the sea  
And said,  
“Hey look,  
Feel the breeze”  
And felt the touch  
Of sand beneath  
And looked to see  
The water gleam  
And said,  
“So calm,  
So peaceful  
So not me”  
The sea replied,  
“Didn't you know?  
There are monsters in the sea

# My Journey to Heaven

## by Austan N-B.

When I stared into the light  
It was painful and too bright  
I closed my eyes too tight  
So I pretend to see the night  
I walked into a tunnel  
It seemed silent in the funnel  
The Lord appeared  
He asked if I was feared  
I said, No Lord, I am in heaven  
He said, a little longer you will be with Evan  
I said, Lord you mean, Evan the Almighty  
He said, you are worthless slightly  
I said, I have confessed all my sins  
Lord said, write them down and put it in a bin  
Lord, I do not want to go to hell  
I know I use a lot of hair gel  
To look cool before the school bell  
Lord said, what did you do for my men?  
I said; Did you mean a guy named Den?  
He is my dad who is my good friend  
But I have to call him and make amends  
Lord said, focus on here and now  
Forget about earth and ask me how  
Pardon my sins Lord and help me grow  
In company of all elders who may show  
Wisdom, knowledge and love that will flow  
Guardian angels arrived a little bit slow  
To show my presence in the room below  
To live for eternity and make some dough  
He said feed my children specially Mo  
Lord appeared with the speed of light or beam  
Could it be from last night's fudge ice cream  
I could not be dead which would be extreme  
I just woke up terrified from my wired dream

# Icon

by Billy G.

Wild labyrinth willows strangling the paths of my youth  
where lofty Oak at valleys end helped guide the way..  
Errant paths gently amended by that Oak's steadfast sooth  
convey comforting bearings with unquestionable weigh

This prodigal wayfarers return from many a long horizon  
seasoned by mixed memories instilled by a balsam sky..  
Old familial landmarks awaken unbridled owned frisson  
as nothing warms one's soul like home drawing nigh..

Pathos shadows tumble and befall a labyrinth gone amiss  
an indomitable of the forest felled without a single sound..  
Absent now is the fond titan from youths sweet reminisce  
by indifferent mortal toils of a failing veteran run aground..

Tender recounted tales reverently offered to break a silence..  
Knotted and craggy the hands I clasped as softly as I could..  
The stoic bliss of morphine's cradle perpetuated by reliance..  
Reverberations of valley's recall lay silent now in riven wood

# Rain

by Brad I.

I hear and feel the rain's flight of birth.  
My eyes are shut, but I am seeing everything.  
Feeling the life in the eyelid closed darkness  
I am open to all that speaks, and it is known.

I am touched by spirits holding lyrics of soul.  
A special moment of remembrance and harmony.  
I give thanks as all should, earnestly, wholly.  
Eagerly I write and smile, captured I listen openly.  
To a narrative of shared spirituality and blessing.

A car passes, and the tires create a wake of sound.  
Seemingly, it belongs with nature's moist gift so odd.  
The earth is waking up from its street lamp'd slumber.  
So I close my eyes again and hungrily search the lids.

My senses strain combining into a humanic yearning.  
Seeking a bond we lost and rarely find any more.  
Our telepathic connection with each other was so strong.  
Binding us to earth's and each others presense of being.

Every natural volt of electrical energy traveled purely.  
Created by the thumps of a universal heart beating as one.  
The physical and the spiritual, the fabric of all life's emotion.  
Coming together in a pulsing unison as first thought is born.

And through this first idealistic spark are we yet enlightened.  
In our blessing as a galactic entity of continuous love...  
Another car passes and a child coughs, my eyes close again.

My soul and mind ease into a peaceful knowledge  
As a morning bird whistles spiritual goodbyes.  
I search my eyelids no more this moment.  
I am now only seeking the sound of rain.

# Humans

by Mikayla S.

Humans, persistent beings of planet earth;  
Sincere and sympathetic to loved ones,  
Mean and arrogant to others.  
Compassionate and considerate for the weak.  
Cantankerous and intolerant when voicing their opinion.  
Timid and distressed when scared,  
But will force you to overcome your fears.

Humans, creative when making new gadgets,  
Curious when learning new things.  
Manipulative when influencing others,  
Spiteful when seeking revenge.

Humans, honest when speaking the truth,  
But can be deceitful if they have to be.  
Human.  
I am human.

# The Violinist

by Robin P.

The alluring sound from a violin made of wood,  
Began in the midst of his childhood.  
Now he stands in front of an attentive crowd,  
Who watched with astonishment and clapped when he bowed.  
With the crowds blissful shouts, he stood tall, proud of his livelihood.

# Dunya

## by Hamna D.

*Dunya means world in Urdu, Arabic and a few other languages*

Islamaphobia, homophobic, racism, sexist, suicide, hate crimes, and  
police brutality.

These are words we are all far too familiar with  
This is what our world is made up of  
This is our reality

It's 2019 and I'm still hated for the color of my skin,  
for the person I love,  
for the gender of my sex  
and for the God I believe in

We hear it in every news channel  
Read it in every paragraph  
And see it in every street  
This is our reality

We preach for change  
Forgetting that change starts within us  
We acknowledge the fact that we are nothing but the same yet  
none of us are ready to accept it

We crave for equality but can't bear  
To see another reaching the top beside us  
We bleed the same blood and feel the same pain but cant take a  
knee to aid one

We breath the air of injustice and disgrace  
And walk in a world full of disgust with things like  
Sex trafficking and child rape  
This is our reality

We don't wanna see the stats  
We don't wanna hear the truth or light the darkness of this earth  
that we ourselves created

We try to walk away and not think about this cruelty  
While someone next to us is battling it silently  
Longing for help, hoping that our blind mankind will open its eyes  
and face the world

**This is our reality**  
**This is the Dunya**

# Breathe

by Maryam S.

Some people ask,  
"Why do you read"  
To which I reply,  
"Why do you breathe"  
And again they say,  
"For it helps us live"  
To which I said  
"As reading does for me"  
And then they ask  
"Aren't you being dramatic"  
And I rely back,  
"no, definitely not  
For I do not lie  
If books were not here  
I'd have lost my ability to fly  
For books are passages  
To any realm you choose  
Stories from lives  
You only wish that we knew  
Each word like a bird  
Soaring through every page  
Each chapter as a herd  
Of ideas being sprouted  
Every ending a loss  
For it tells  
The book is done  
Then I lean back  
And bring those words to life  
Every character, every setting  
Everything, bad or nice  
I sit back in the quiet  
Hear the hush hush  
Of my mind  
Silencing itself  
And hear the brand new,  
But familiar thought,  
Telling me  
I gotta find a book to read

# Funeral

by Elizabeth M.

Frail body dressed in cloth  
Settled in the ornate box  
Mourning heard from all around  
The box is lowered underground

Sobbed speeches,  
Sorrow goodbye  
And a man asking "Why, just why?!"

Flowers laid  
Upon the grave  
The heart has stopped  
But not the thought

How long will I be down here?

# A Wave

by Sandra M.

Someone waved at me today  
As I went along my way

What a silly thing a wave can be  
An arm, just an arm, swinging free

But what that wave can mean  
Is more than is easily seen

From that arm swinging right to left, left to right  
Is a signal in the bleakest of nights  
A shred of hope a flicker of light.

# Untitled

by Zarnisha K.

A thought which hasn't reached the peck of my lips yet  
A thought that dares to only peep through the windows  
of my eyes  
It often asks for words  
from me, from you

So that it can gently adorn those words and approach  
the lips  
To be embraced in the arms of sound

But this thought is actually a feeling...  
Only a feeling  
Similar to a floating fragrance in the air  
Fragrance which has no voice

Which you know of, and I do too  
It does not hide from the world  
This urges my heart to yearn and wonder  
What kind of secret is this?

Indeed  
it is the mystery of love

# Wings Undulate Swarm

## by Patricia B.

wings undulate swarm  
flexuous river of dreams  
coagulating

smoke filled numbers fly  
swimming air flow burgeoning  
as numbers combine

collective concord  
billowing widening sweep  
savviest of songs  
#pmb

# Me

## by Sarah K.

In my blank brain lies worries  
In my blank brain lies stress  
In my blank brain crawls sadness  
In my blank brain stays distress  
In my blank heart is love  
In my blank heart is emotion  
In my blank heart is joy  
In my blank heart is hope  
My face shows no expression  
If you fail to see it  
My body shows no good intention  
If you fail to receive it  
So this is me  
And me is this  
For none will I change  
And for I will none change  
So this is me  
And me is this

# Confined. Alone. Broken.

by Dakota H.

We live among horrible, disgusting people  
These people feed off of the young,  
The innocent children of this world  
They are preyed on like rabbits of the wild  
These predators have no mercy because sadly,  
They hunt for sport. Cruel.  
Confined. Alone. Broken.

Punching. Kicking.  
Blood drips from the mouth and the stench makes you cringe  
It is wrong to beat younger, smaller children,  
Scaring them into their 'place' of the world  
Below others. Where they 'belong'.  
The ones who remain strong can conquer the world.

These internet trolls hide behind their pathetic screens  
Hidden under the protection of the world web  
The insults that are thrown at young, insecure children is chilling  
The power that these barbarians have over us is frightening.  
These wretched monsters jump from one child to another, like a flea.  
Confined. Alone. Broken.

The leaves on the branch cling on as winter arrives.  
But one by one they fall down. Down.  
Although they are strong, Pine needles are annual  
They cling on for dear life  
Holding each and every wit together.  
They stay brave, together.

Isolated, in a severe snowstorm  
As every gust of wind hits. You grow weaker  
Your legs begin to give out beneath you  
Your bravery drips from every inch of your body  
You feel yourself fading away into your stone coffin  
Confined. Alone. Broken.

# The Beach

by Ivy P.

The small, sandy beach  
Across the round, green planet  
Waves lap up the shore, so far from before  
The sun gleams from the wide blue sky, not a single cloud in sight  
Warm, comforting sand slips between my toes  
The warm and salty air warming my face like a big hug

Rocks of all shapes and sizes, slam into the shore  
Fighting the towers crashing down, seeing them foam at the mouth  
I relax in the soft cool shade of the evergreen  
Listening to the chirping of birds and the thunder of waves  
Breathing in the fresh, salty air as it touches my tongue

When the night turns dark and the light drains away, I lay there in my beach  
The glistening full moon stares from the black, looming sky  
The stars twinkle like I had never seen before  
The sea turns rough and starts to whip, swallowing up the sandy beach  
Claiming all the rocks ashore, churning and tossing in its sleep  
I gaze into the dark fierce sea, its thundering crash all around me

The wind dances around me, whispering its secrets  
The sand is cool, its job done for the day  
I stay there gazing at the beach, the beach in Costa Rica  
The beach that claimed my heart and soul  
The small, sandy beach

# Being Her Mother: A Poem

by Janelle O.

Pith of femininity  
My body became  
Wasted  
Marks left where  
I've been twisted.

Forehead roric,  
I let out a roar like  
The instinctual  
Ancestors before me.

Source of life  
Warm and expiring;  
The cord cut and  
The sac  
Feckless.

How this moment  
Came to  
Transpire  
Is beyond my tired  
Comprehension.

My womb now  
All the more  
Commodious;  
An emptiness

I am fond of.  
Nurses tend with  
Their pristine  
Coifs, all dutifully  
Performing.

I plant my lips  
On her crown  
Our blood in my  
Mouth;

The taste of rust.

Washed away in  
Sacred water,  
Made so by her  
In a tub

Shallow and lustrous.  
Her first cry in  
This world, a frisson  
To my heart.  
Fierce.

Her place at  
My chest,  
I am soft and  
Scarred; sacrificed,  
My vanity for her life.

The only true  
Judge  
Of beauty now,  
The grace in  
-being her mother

# Not Always as it Seems

by Erina A.

Even the hands with a touch like soft tides  
have held calloused palms at the end of their lives.  
Even the lips with a voice like sea breeze  
have uttered parched, heartbroken goodbyes that lingered  
like a disease.  
Even the feet that leave feathery footprints on the coastal  
sand  
have trampled through fossilized, desolate land.

# I Feel Cold, but I'm Warm Inside

by Hannah B.

It's the middle of winter  
Snow is falling gently  
But the wind is blowing hard  
I'm safe from the cold  
In my little wooden cabin, beside the seashore  
I take a deep breath in  
The smell of pine wood from the burning fireplace permeates  
the air  
The fire crackling and flames are dancing  
The sweet taste of warm, sugary cinnamon buns on my  
tongue  
My Grandpa is across the room knitting simultaneously with  
me  
We're knitting soft wool into cozy scarves  
I felt the soft luscious wool in my hands  
I close my eyes  
I feel safe and warm  
This is my happy place  
But unfortunately, it can never be real.

# The Blue Pen

by Elyn S.

Pen wanders at Terrene and in doubt on which path to take.  
She curiously entered a doorway, of infinite language  
with profound spinning words.

She decided to embrace uncertainty  
and chase words that are bubbles in the air,  
gone so fast without a trace.  
A frown and wrinkle lines on her forehead  
are paper lines waiting to be filled with words.  
She anxiously wrote her verses and your diligent mind recess  
to let her words, flow slowly in your consciousness.  
Pen struggled with words, yet you accept her thoughts.

You gave Pen the chance to merge  
and ink her lines on your paper.  
People turn pages and read each line,  
lines that are products of curiosity and doubt.

You dropped an ink that continuously flow into Pen  
as She enjoys chasing words, passing through each paper to  
ink,  
for every exhaustive words She encountered  
flourishes into remarkable words.  
A priceless gift, written in peoples Poetry Book.

# Home

by Cathy W.

They lay claim to the harbour and the dirt upon her shores  
The journey had been arduous but now a larger chore

To carve out an existence on this rugged coastal land  
Wharves and stages to be built; everyone lending a hand

Lumber for the homesteads, keels for better boats  
Stitching sails for the schooner soon she will be afloat

He spoke of this often and sometimes would shed a tear  
His life had been no easier, his Mother dying in his eighth year

He traversed many oceans and yet he yearned for the time  
When he could return to the tiny homestead, un-moored from the world outside

His time it would not be long there for fate was in command  
As oft in life and love we seldom live what we've planned

And like many before him, he stayed till his time had come  
Now a stone marks his being forever to abide in his beloved home

I often sit on the deck he built and gaze out upon his bounty  
A grassy knoll before me, expansive hills at its boundary

The ocean's soothing lullabies, earth's aromas heaven sent  
Laughter resonating against the hills while I reminisce and lament

As a child all those moments are quickly lost to time  
Returning with marked clarity as life surges on

The lone road is leading to every house you know  
Every face once familiar, though many are no more

Those old wooden swings, feet touching the sky  
Old country tunes, a lonesome lullaby

The swimming hole, pier fishing, attending Sunday school  
Clothes drying gradually in the tepid afternoon

Each meal created with such deliberation  
Tables set, salutations

The sorrowful refrain of the lonesome loon  
Darkness illuminated by a lustrous she-moon

Stars shone brighter in that unhindered sky  
The hallowed ground lay hushed as I wondered why  
My words truly fail the tranquil aesthetic  
But to my reverie all intrinsic

The hardened will say, romantic notion  
But I have reached this culmination

Their lives may be marked with pillars of stone  
But their hearts are entrenched in all that we know

And what captured his heart and didn't let go  
Was not people or structure but the sense of home.

# Monsters

by Sajida A.M.

I am a waste, a forbidden fruit  
You'd never want to taste  
In my life there is no ace  
Or grace  
Because the monsters in my life don't live  
Under my bed, they live inside  
My head.

# Untitled

by Ruben T.

Snakes are reviled, spiders are shunned  
Mice and rodents are loathed.  
Mankind sets itself higher  
And treats other animals as substandard life.

Should we really treat other animals  
As reviled creatures?  
Some like the albatross are as majestic as royalty.  
Others are helpful to humans.  
The corn snake is the friend of the farmer.

One day we will be given a taste of our own medicine  
Of how poorly we have treated our animal neighbors.  
One day everything will backfire on us.  
Then we will truly understand.

Humans level of mistreatment of animals  
Makes some of us wonder  
"Who is more evil: us or them?"

# Ode to Night-time

by Zoha A.

The most tranquil time after the day has started,

Glad that the day's over.

The sleekness of the stars,

The wind singing through the trees to night.

Above the tossing trees is a gleaming, nickel-silver moon,

The crispy, earthy smell of the air sweeping through my nostrils.

Chills sent down my back, a tingling sensation,

I taste the sweet, luscious spring night air,

Larks warbling softly around the trees.

I endeavor to feel secure with myself,

Ending the day with a positive thought.

Oh night, I wish I could thank you for what you've done for me!

You've given me the most meaningful and easeful time to think about myself,

The goods deeds I have done and the things that I have accomplished.

Before I close my eyes,

I am content with what I've done and am proud of who I am.

# The Ballad of Marjorie Dime

## by Rosa P.

Across from the lake in the park,  
Sat a man that was shrouded in  
dark.

He was handsome and thin,  
With a slippery grin,  
And his intellect sharp with  
remark.

Each day he would challenge  
Any man who could manage  
To snuff out his sensible spark.  
Till the day one young maiden,  
Whose park he had stayed in,  
Approached with her sickening  
snark.

“Get out of my garden,”  
She said with a sneer,  
And a tone that was stony and  
grey.  
“You can’t sleep in this rubble,  
And I don’t want the trouble,  
Of giving you someplace to stay.”

She was adamant though,  
And she said rightly so  
How her property wasn’t for him.  
So he made her a deal,  
That had quite the appeal,  
But the prospect was awfully  
grim.

“Answer my riddle,”  
He quipped with his grin,  
Alight and adance in the dark.  
“Answer my riddle  
And I’ll play second fiddle.  
I’ll happily go disembark.”

This maiden,  
A lass of incomparable class,  
Her name was Marjorie Dime.  
And her specialty, her  
expertise,  
Was of the spoken rhyme.

“Ok,” she laughed.  
“Go ahead, ask your puzzle.  
There is nowhere I have to go.  
I will sit here and stay.  
Till I’ve had it my way.  
You’ll take your rear home in  
the snow.”

The riddle was short, and the  
riddle was vague,  
But that wasn’t a problem for  
Dime.  
She sent the man back,  
To his splintery shack,  
To pass and to parry his time.

For that man made mistakes,  
Of the stupidest kind,  
When he stayed in that young  
woman’s Eden.  
Yes, she had quite the wit,  
More than he could admit,  
That his brain-power had just  
been beaten.

A lesson was learned,  
And a moral was shared,  
That fateful day out in the lot.  
For the knowledge sublime,  
Of Miss Marjorie Dime,  
Could never be forgot.

# The Thief

## by Bridget F.

The heave of billowed cloud  
Consisting solely of peppered ash,  
Drew closer towards the darkened sky  
From the intestine of a putrid beast,  
Filling the lungs of the underground.  
The weathered earth,  
Blinded by the  
Darkened Light

Felt lonely.

The distant glow of the moonlit sky  
Is a reminder of what the world  
Once was.  
A shimmering jewel, found within the depths  
Of a great mountain with nothing but  
The surrounding dank air and  
Resounding crumble of rocks to accompany it.  
Sharp, clean edges  
Of a newborn place, but clouded with grey anticipation  
of the future.

A lonely world, but a beautiful nonetheless  
Soundless  
Granted with the crawling hush of life  
the only thing to remain still; the  
Familiar glow of the moon  
Its face gazing fondly upon the earth's surface, ready  
To meet anew.

Suddenly a disturbance, a new thing  
Appearing amongst the auburn trees.  
It is a life, but  
Truly a disgrace  
A barren thing,  
Stood upright, wrangly  
Accompanied with mischievous eyes

Sparkling nightly in the sun.

The sun, beholding the visitor,  
Shone confidently, stretching  
To reach it.

Not quite.  
The trees, meekly tanned in the sun  
Absorbed the bright light  
That could have found it.  
Stolen, the sun went away,  
The cream of the pale sky leaving a darkened veil on the  
earth.

The thing stood  
Silently.  
Curious, it scrunched its digits  
The grass clinging to the knuckles of its toes  
As it tears the earth's skin.

A bellow, ripping through the silence  
As the creature explored.  
Its exploration erupted into a laughing game  
Of chase, hounding a wounded butterfly  
Desperately fluttering

In response, the fearful sun shrunk away,  
But the curious moon ascended,  
Amazed at the new creation.  
The adjustment allowed the trees to dance,  
And the forests to cease  
And the creature once again  
Stood still.

"Greetings" said the moon to the creature  
Noticing the whitened knuckles of a clutched hand  
Filled with powdered wing.

The disturbance, remorseless  
In the face of the moon  
Responded with a broadened  
"Hello."

The croak of the creature startled the moon  
But she did not budge.  
The claws of trees once again cast a shadow upon it  
Yearning for the flood of light the moon provided.  
It revealed the shredded freedom of the winged  
bug  
By peeling open its fist, proudly raising it to the  
moon

"Look at what I have done!  
O moon, although I am in the dark  
I am sure you can see it.  
The inferior being taken by  
My very hands.  
Isn't it beautiful?"

The moon, hardened by the disgrace spoke  
"The beauty, O corrupted thing,  
Was stolen by your putrid, ghastly hands  
A thief upon this earth.  
Away, otherworldly foe!"

"Moon, you know nothing!"  
The light plastered the mortal's back  
As it turned from her,  
The light, absent from its face,  
Was clouded from salvation.

"Your greed will destroy this earth  
Your grave crumbled with it  
You your name,  
O foul thing  
Forgotten.

I am always.

"Take your light away!  
Or I will stomp it out  
The world will thrive under your  
Darkened Light."

# My Identity

by Austan N-B.

Who am I?

I don't know as this is uncertain for me

I belong to a brown mother and white skin father

Both have differences, but similarities

I have two brown siblings and a white hair dog

Bursting with cultural activities

I don't know what to do with them

Either French or Persian, its confusing the heck out of me

So many inter racial features, its hard to describe on paper

Who am I?

It is not funny where we all come from

For all you know we end up at the same destiny

My classmates are mostly white, others are Filipinos or Chinese

But I guarantee you they all are lost as they don't know their identity

We live in a vulnerable age, with problems around the corner

Waiting for us before we know, we will be lost

Drugs, alcohol and crimes are on the rise

Its scary to not know who we all are

Who am I?

It is so confusing that we are all humans

Yet we fight over our backgrounds and skin colors

Others have been innocently killed due to their skin tone

We should live in harmony and respect each other for our looks

And accept each person for their personality, lifestyle and virtues

People ask me if I know my origin and my identity

My reply is I am unsure right now but I am a Canadian

In my heart that is my true identity, but hold on ....

Who am I?

# **Failing World**

## **by Francois M.**

Oh how we need a pristine world of blue  
An earth once wild, now tame, cowed and mild  
We strived to control you, now we rue  
For our convenience, pollution has run wild.  
A god gifted place to rome, overpowered by success  
Of companies and countries, to make convece cheap  
Of mankind's unified desire, lighting the world afire  
We failed the world.

# **Weathering the Storm**

## **by Cathy W.**

You can feel the air as it thickens  
The clouds collide in a resonating boom  
Shattering the stillness of distant mountains  
Jagged light rips through the sky  
And as your heart races  
The gallant rain rids the air of its burden

# **Orchestra**

## **by Robin P.**

With the rise of an arm, in come the strings.  
Then the brass come in, sounding like kings.  
All controlled by flicks of a wrist,  
In comes the climax, hitting you like a fist!  
The ending of the ballad will have you feeling as though  
you had wings.



