

**2005-2006
CBC Writing Competition**

Junior Level Entry
Category: Poetry (set of two poems)
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Ode to Whimsy

I like whimsy
girls with blue
pigtails
or a cubist
bathroom
I like muddy puddles
full of smiles
smudgy faces
and children that
“Ought to know better...”
I like dogs that talk
though only one
giggling
person hears it
I like whimsy
mid-day
real life
jazz-opera-musical numbers
where
the words come
as they come
but are still
destined
for Broadway
or silver screen, or
both
I like little fairies
parading about with
magic
wands, presiding
over backyards, with
babies
silently tyrannizing
the fearless
I like whimsy
it protects me
keeps me safe

from forgetting
that I
am still
young

Toes

Is there a thing
about a bath that
torments the
grimy
boys inside,
stalking them from
the unknown depths
below?

Is there
really
a drain monster, dripping
toxic slime
and hiding in translucent
iridescent
scales, which
unseen
nibbles little toes?

When did I stop
crying, running
screaming
from a bath?

And where are my toes?