

2005-2006
CBC Writing Competition

Senior Level Entry
Category: Poetry (set of two poems)
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Mistakes, Mischief and Pain

Walking through the forest,
the call of a woodchuck
leads me to a green pasture
extending to the edge
of a cavernous cliff.
Searching for a way to
mend the mistakes
that followed the mischief
that appeared on a perfect
apple-picking day.
Still, the pain prevails.
And now, the plain is misting,
surrounding me.
A sort of protection
from the dangers of the night.
My dreams are shattered
as the sun comes up,
and I hobble away,
doubtless that my life
will be set straight,
my genealogy keeping me
from despair,
I flow through the world
like a kite-string
on a windy day.
Ruining happy days
with no objections.

Ode to a Lily of the Valley

White as snow,
Soft as silk,
Peaceful
And calm;
You appear
Out of a dream.

You are not
Often found,
Yet as I hold you,
I can smell
The sweet scent
Of spring
And sunny days,
I can see
The simplicity
Of your shape
In the white doves
Flying over meadows.

Your blooming
Announces the
Coming of May,
Of spring,
And fair weather.

Your simplicity
Makes you
A perfect flower.
You show me
That peace
Can live in such
A small body.
Untouched beauty,
Unchanged shape,
Loved and admired,
A gift to the world.