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CBC Writing Competition Winner
Grand Prize Winner

Senior Level Entry
Category: Poetry
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Bare limbs always know the truth

He begged.
He kneeled, boughed beneath an autumn tree,
and pleaded as she turned away.
He sobbed, spilling ‘sorry’s,
‘forgive me’s, and ‘please’s.
And she,
crying, compassionate, and forgiving,
took him back.

But bare limbs always know the truth.
He says he apologized, voice rising.
Growing, commanding,
he takes root in the doorway’s empty chasm.
He said he was sorry, he barks,
snatching her arm,
and slamming her against the wall.

He said it would never happen again.
The last leaf, clinging hopelessly
against winter’s biting death,
falls, finally, to the ground.
Too many second chances.

Judas Iscariot

To keep a secret
is to smile,
deceiving
every heart
in an effort to protect
one.

To be trusted
is to tear yourself
open,
surrendering
to the flood of a
foreign soul.

To trust
is to exchange
knowing glances,
taking their hand
and stealing
into
the dark.

trust

i'll be waiting

i'll wait for You;
You know where i'll be.
i'll stay here,
because i don't know
where You
go.

i'll wait,
in silent aching,
sadness.
i don't want to lose You.

i'll be waiting,
when i'm ready for You
to help me understand
why, sometimes,
separated
is essential.

i'm waiting.
i'm not going anywhere.