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CBC Writing Competition

Junior Level Entry  
Category: Poetry  
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## Remember

I remember the first time we dug to China.  
Five years old, we kissed under the trampoline.  
Carefree birthday parties with abandoned laughter.  
My parents remember our child-like memories,

But I remember the grown-up like hurt.  
The pain when he brushed me away, too cool.  
Saying something small that chipped at my heart.

I try to remember when he was my best friend.  
When he wasn't a cocky teenage boy.