

2010 - 2011

CBC Writing Competition

Author: Jiaqui Mei

## Spring

Spring days sweeten with the  
cascading winds

luring and snatching flower petals  
as they drift into the chilly meadows

painted a blush of jade  
under its blanket of ice

that freezes beneath the hands of time  
and the tears falling from the sky

that pummels charcoal pavements  
and licks the boots of bustling crowds

eager to escape  
the dreary rainy day.

## Artemis and Apollo

When moonlight howls to the wolves  
quivering below brittle stars,  
sultry Gemini, the twins of anguish weep  
with their bones bleached white.

Quivering below brittle stars,  
the throbbing pomegranate suns  
with their bones bleached white,  
scorch their souls upon the ashes of a chariot.

The throbbing pomegranate suns  
deny him mercy, while her arrows remain twisted and bent.  
Scorch their souls upon the ashes of a chariot!  
Scrape his blade of bone across the dawn!

Deny him mercy, while her arrows remain twisted and bent.  
When moonlight howls to the wolves,  
scrape his blade of bone across the dawn.  
Sultry Gemini, the twins of anguish weep.

## X marks the Spot

They uncap the pen  
and like the Kraken  
it squirts inky x's  
tainting her with its  
black tar

marking the deep crevices  
and the smooth hills  
smearing the landscape of skin

The needle is rough  
and the poison seeps through  
as the tweezers, the scalpel,  
the sharp edged saw  
with its crocodile smile  
lie in wait to snap, shred, and  
deceive

The feast begins with the  
removing, slicing, and slurping  
of the heavy metal beasts  
as the monitor beeps  
tentative, then fast

beep, beep,  
beeeeeeeeeeeep

she awakens to the blurry reality

Her eyelids drowning in stitches  
and waxy sticky bandages

blink

a nervous tense pause  
emerges  
like an air bubble blown by a carp

as they  
wait  
nervous and unsure

But then she stands  
reborn again  
they clap, whistling  
in awe  
at their creation  
at the beautiful lady  
at the modern day Aphrodite

## **Candy**

I pluck out  
the sweetness  
and roll my tongue  
into a jail cell of  
taste

the taste of the passionate sun,  
of rainbows  
bursting into heavy rain  
drops,  
and yet it feels as tender as the moon's  
glow

a glow that burns my cheeks  
as they flare and strike  
against my teeth  
playing my mouth  
like an African  
drum.