

Junior Division Poetry (16-20 years)

Amber Gibbon, Stephenville

I Knew

His eyes were kind, always glistening bright, like a dancing fire;
But only I knew how bad it burned, when they gleamed with the violence they
desired.

His mouth was always curved upward in smiles; dimples framing the sides;
But only I knew the pleasure came when they're pursed around the bottle neck,
gulping down his pride.

His hands were tender and always open; lending them to help;
But only I knew how rough they were when expressing what his intoxication felt.
His friends said "he's a lovely man" and "I was grateful to be his daughter";
But only I knew that when he drank, he transformed into a monster.