

Junior Division Poetry (16-20 years)

Emily Griffin, Carbonear

I Remember

I remember: chilly summer nights
hiding from flashlights
and soaring into the sky and crashing
back to earth on rusted swings
and skinned knees on hot pavement
and trying to do front flips
on backyard trampolines
and sticky lips from burnt marshmallows
and the popping of burning wood
and never being afraid of the flames
and running with bare feet on wet grass
and wandering into ponds
with rocks and dirt swirling beneath me
and swatting flies from our picnic
and taking forever to pick just the
biggest and bluest berries
and playing out our own soap opera with dolls
and sleepovers spent giggling instead of sleeping
and drowning popcorn with melted butter
and hiding under blankets during scary movies
and long car trips filled with family
and coming home to dozens of cars
and fire trucks on our road
and never forgetting the smell
of black smoke

and having to share a room
and jumping off the top of my brothers' bunk bed
onto mine laughing
and the crunching of yellow leaves
and a plastic pumpkin heavy with my hard work
digging into the skin of my hand
and bargaining with my brother
for the best candy
and the smell of sawdust on my father
and cheeks ruby red from the cold
and the overpowering taste of peppermint
and running on the tallest hill with my sled
and a burnt tongue from hot chocolate
smothered in marshmallows
and running into the small living room
with gifts piled under the lit up tree
and the smell of fresh paint and wood
of a new house...
All ghosts