

Junior Division, Poetry (15 years & under)

Elliott Blackmore, St. John's

Howling (an excerpt)

My fists clench, my skin tears
Blood drips on to the paper
It tastes metallic, idyllic
It feels like a gun, a bullet, a death
A cast-iron statue
A tangible regret
The first of July, 1916.
Downstairs, my dog is howling.

The tears on my face
Flowing freely
Like water trapped under a glacier
Like a waterfall, a wasted potential
Blue as sky
Black as ice
A bitter truth, the pursuit of a better life
A force of nature
Downstairs, my dog is howling.