

Junior Division, Poetry (16-20 years)

Emma Troake, St. John's

Frank

He is the tide of the moon and the sea

Roaming without restraint or form

He is the whistling wind's greatest symphony

What flourishes the fog and tickles the trees

The succulent smell in the afternoon breeze

He is the swell of the wave as it jostles the line

The light that soaks through shallow depth

The crumble of the cliff caving over time

As bitter as saltwater sprayed on the tongue

Or the ages of ache from a row in each lung

The name never called or the song never sung

Prayers never spoken or pictures never hung

Now a standstill in time, never to alter

All the things that could have been, but never were

Let him be not what are impossibles in infinity

But each moving force, each passing entity

What spins the universe, what turns the time

He is not who exists in this life,

He is what still lives in mine.