

Junior Division, Poetry (16-20 years)

Sarah Breckenridge, St. John's

Ramzan!

I wonder what you look like when you sleep.

You, who have bathed in blood
and sweat and gasps and choking spit
and turned all of our seas red so that you could drink, disregarding our thirst.

You sliced your brother's stomach open
reached your hands in and pulled out every organ, chains of intestine, his soft pink liver
you thrust your hand into his chest, pulled out his still-beating heart
and sunk your teeth into it like an apple

Did you brush your teeth?

Does your chest rise and fall as you lay in a darkened room
on soft blue sheets
curtains waving as the wind
 (which still smells,
 faintly, of blood)
blows over your bed?