

Junior Division, Poetry  
Bethany Cater, Grand Falls-  
Windsor  
**Western Bay**

## Western Bay

Waking up to the sunlight cutting through the trees,  
illuminating the old wallpaper

Walking down the creaky brown stairs, memories shared by  
generations lay under my feet

I pass the living room with the knit blankets and make my way  
into the kitchen

Where I find two wagging tails and the kettle boiling

I pull an old worn-out mug from the cabinet and make my  
morning tea

*One part sugar, two parts milk*

As I step outside the wind blows my hair in my face

While I make my way to the picnic table to join my family for  
breakfast

*One part chosen, two parts blood*