

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