

Junior Division, Poetry
Annastatia Brooks, Springdale
Buried Home (an excerpt)

Surreal ghosts of houses standing watch along the shore,
Hall's Bay glistening azure—
It was a tomb.
A crypt.

She lay at rest with her
Hair slipping into caribou moss,
Fingers seeping into peat,
And body crumbling with the late fall fog.

Surrounded by a churning sea of granite gravestones,
There was no disturbance,
No unrest,
As she slept with the harvest moon,
And the arctic hare,
And the golden earth unsheathed from its deep embrace.

It was peace transcendent.

That sepulchre of an island
Would always be her home now,
Even in silence,
Even in solitude,

Even in death.