

Senior Division, Poetry  
Sarah Feener, Grand Falls-Windsor  
**Swordfish**

Suddenly self-aware  
my daughter considers her scar in the bathroom mirror

a stretching swordfish  
a violent gasp blooming  
uninterrupted across her left cheek

She was three, maybe four  
heaving tiny body from couch  
to sky

to couch. And then, nothing.  
Pain opened like a mouth.

She asks if it will ever go away  
and I lie. I lied

I'm lying. When did her eyes  
change colour?

I'm sorry,  
I say

but all she can hear  
is the widening of the river