

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