

Beauty in the Chaos

By Helen Kim

She listens to the gentle waves of the ocean swing back and forth-
Reaching for her toes hesitantly.

As the pale milky moon interrupts the midnight darkness,
The sky makes her queen by crowning her head with stars.

The reflection of the stars sprinkles the ocean with sparkling white,
As the shimmering water drowns her ankles.

It withdraws slowly, washing away the mud off her feet,
Yet still unable to wash away the heartache from the loss of her father.

As hope flickered away like a dying fire,
A dim light arose from the dark blue horizon and kissed the ocean spirit.

Smudging the bright stars, the aurora awoke and burst out from his nap,
Revealing the tiny specks of sand that glistened in the young sunlight scattered around her feet.

It is the small things-
The things that she doesn't give a second thought of,
the things that she takes for granted.

She sheds a tear of sorrow joins the many drops of water--the ocean.

Someday,
Somehow,

The drop of the tear will drift back to her,
Washing the mud off her feet *and* renewing her hopes--
Gifting her with the beauty that was created by the chaos.



Judge's Comments: It was easy to get swept right up and into the imagery and rhythm of the opening stanza. The writer captures and shares their scenery with a gifted linguistic flair, creating an air of twilight, a mood of remembering nature and wishing on stars... Well written piece of work.

To Know and Love

By Hannah Vigneux

I read somewhere that being known is being loved.

I want to know myself so well I can't help but fall in love with who I am.

I want to know the pattern of freckles on my own face

Marks on my hands holding memories of one-too many clumsy childhood accidents

My eyelashes crunching up when my right eye is in the viewfinder, just before the shutter clicks

The clothes scattered and strewn across my bedroom floor that I say, "I'll pick up later," but never do

Dark scars on my thighs, telling stories of my hardships in ways that my words could never express

Words I read dancing off the page as I'm transported to a realm in my own imagination

Overwhelming emotions flooding my cheeks with stinging trails of salty tears

Sounds and syllables rolling off of my tongue in tune with music blaring through the car speakers

Sweat dripping down my forehead when I'm getting out of my mind and into my body

Strokes of watery paint splattered messily onto paper, creating masterpieces of my own design

The unwavering pressure on my shoulders from sorrow that does not belong to me

My ability to love people endlessly, recklessly, and wholeheartedly.

I guess you could say I do know myself.

I just haven't gotten around to loving her yet.



Judge's Comments: Wow. My favourite poem. Thank you. This reminded me everything i love about myself too, that I never knew until I wrote it down and read it out loud. I felt that! I get that. Such playfully well crafted snapshots and glimpses into your own world and ways...this one got me. 10's across the board.