

Senior Division, Poetry
Alanna Joy Moulard, Bonavista
The Place

He said "Follow me now
I'll show you The Place"
We weaved through the trees
At a slow, pensive pace

We stripped clothes and shoes
Sank our toes into earth
Squished our hands through the cycle
Of death and rebirth

Covered both our bodies
With silty decay
Until nature abraded
Our dead cells away

Dove without hesitation
Into a clear pond
Swam towards the dark depth
Without fear swam beyond

Floated there, suspended
In water and space
Life's burdens less dense
In that fluid embrace

We left light and unalloyed
Blown dry by the breeze
"Now you know the path there
You can go when you please"