

Junior Division, Prose

Emelyn Purcell, Gander

**The Bouquet (an excerpt)**

A blazing red, spewing from the curses cast into the polar winds, each cry filled with anguish towards the reaper, who lived by the bottle and killed for the taste. A feeling, deep and searing, dancing across my skin, as turbulent snow plummets from the sky and youthful pain is carried like symphonies into the cosmic rafters. Red in the cluster of camellias, bound together by a centre of strength, their oval-shaped petals cast outward into a design as intricate as any language. I see red, as stark as blood on freshly fallen snow, as the crowd of mourning children surrounding me sprint down the icy roads, uncaring for if they fall, and welcoming the threat in the numbness shared among them. Yellow, like the marigold flowers scattered throughout the bouquet. Their colour, bright as sun rays cast down from the heavens, bringing light in the darkest of times. A yellow, vibrant like a sailor's coat, visible for miles away on the foggy waves. A carefree colour, as light as the softly falling snow beneath the feet of my grieving friends, each step soundless on the freshly powdered lane. Yellow, as the melancholic aura melts away like the rebirth awaiting us months into the future, and a singular orb of snow, as pristine as the memory of her smile, catapults through the air, inciting lively battle. Yellow, like the petals of the crown-shaped flower, bonded together as closely as death has bonded us.