

Junior Division, Poetry
Emily Pike, St. John's
A Hard Pill to Swallow

Sometimes I wish I could make these moments last
Drag them out
But that wouldn't be fair,
Would it?
Forever is too binding of a contract
But my pen is always poised

How will we know comfort?
If we have not suffered

These words lay on your lips
Thicken on your tongue
But you shut your mouth,
Rapidly
For fear of being seen

Your words were poisonous
Arsenic rotting out your teeth
But you knew,
You knew all along
These words were too raw
Too tender to tell
So you swallowed them
A pill
A cure
My pen was poised
But you begged to differ