

Junior Division, Poetry
Holly Fillier, Clarke's Beach
Philia's Cessation (excerpt)

August is always asphyxiating-
not only for the sickly marmalade atmosphere.
My chips were pushed on that September's arrival,
The flurrying sweep of leaves carrying me alongside.
(I've always believed, you see, it hurts less when you're the one to leave).

Somehow the Eastern winds have knocked over our careful hourglass,
And my ankle catches in the fragmented shards as though caught in ice-
You're swept away, driftwood to a current,
swirling around hypothermic calves- cursed still as you crest a limitless horizon.
The grains of spilled sand slip flailing through the wrought lines in my hands;
If I let the chill set in and my eyes blur,
rather than onto the mess of how sand and I cling to things,
They masquerade themselves to be stars cupped in palms,
Through which I overlook into dusk when we were timeless:
The only glint from the glass of vintage soda bottles rather than tears,
Constellation irises simply from ideation, or just the reflection of fireflies-
The mutual comprehension of some inherent light within you.
Campfire caught among string lights, dissuading into stars,
The burst of peach between my teeth still sweet,
Had not rotted in my hands from the indelicate clutch I don to all that outgrows me,
Vines garbled into purpled wrists, knuckles closing around a void.

The predicament, see, it is hard to long for a memory-.
Someone is there, then they are not,
And that's not poetry, that's just the story's inevitable end.
Amouress to amnesiac,
I forget to save your seat on the bus.
I don't know what scares me more:
Where your windchime laugh no longer hovers at the edge of my conscience,
Or when it does, but blends into the drone of indifference.