

Senior Poetry Division
Isabelle Riche, St. John's
What Lies Atop The Sky (excerpt)

I can't quite remember how it happened.
Maybe I had been too mesmerised by the men...chipping
away at the glacier
in their orange snow suits.
Some of them fell with me, sliding with the snow as we
spilled
over the rocky edge and into the ravine below.
What a strange thing to fall backwards...
silently.
I decided to close my eyes.
Somehow I knew how far away the ground was, I could feel it
getting closer,
 rushing up from underneath me...
As it crept nearer I began to feel myself slow down,
each atom
decelerating one at a time.
I hovered a centimetre above where I would have surely
perished;

 My bones would have splintered and shattered into
a thousand pieces,
 My organs and blood would have poured out over
the obsidian soil...

I floated there for a brief moment,
 before my body began to move once more.
This time I flew, back up through the great crevasse and up
into the overcast sky disappearing into my waking hours.

