

Junior Division, Poetry  
Sadie Butt, St. John's  
**These are my Summers**

Saltwater spraying, wet  
and crisp against skin warmed  
by honey gold rays of the sun.  
Wild strawberries hidden  
under dilapidated picnic tables

up on the waving meadows,  
running up and down  
those rocky beaches, climbing up  
blissful hills and tumbling down,  
scaling shale walls, hearts skittering.

These are my summers.

Fresh water welcoming  
as I dive into a rippled lake.  
Periwinkle shells and fly bites, blue  
mussels and milky seaglass, family  
faces around the burn of fire.

These are my summers.

I anticipate the shining light,  
the blanket of warmth and slow days  
during those few months I lay under  
the sun in the rustling grass licking  
my ice cream before it melts.

Only a few more summers free of the  
stress of learning – of doing well, those  
few months of no care,  
when weight lifts from my shoulders.

So I stare as the sun goes down  
over the crashing waves, indulging  
in freedom, relishing in the warmth  
of people I love and chirping grey jays  
rising early to sing their song.

These are my summers.