

Junior Division, Poetry  
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**Ramea, NL**

On a hot summer's evening  
I stand at the summit  
Of a rocky knoll  
On a little sealed island  
Relishing the warm glow  
Of the sunset

I take in the moment  
When the sky changes colour,  
The dying sunlight  
Glistening on the ocean waves

What a beautiful sight

The feel of the sun on my face  
And the salt spray and whispering  
Of shallow waves nearby  
Take me back  
To when I was younger  
And life was more carefree

I remember how we scaled  
The rocky faces of hills

And how we crept through bogs  
Making sure to dodge the pits  
Filled to the brim with thick, peaty muck

And I miss how we scoured the beaches  
Looking for shells and seaglass  
And other little knick-knacks  
Even though we would often end up  
With only a small handful of treasures  
And a vivid sunburn  
By the time we went home

Sometimes I wish  
I could turn back time,  
If only to relive moments like those  
When I still saw the world  
Through rose-tinted glasses  
And my biggest worry  
Was what I wanted for dinner