

Junior Division, Poetry
Anastasia Saika-Voivod, St. John's
A Snowman

He was made one day
One day of white
Made with the help of small hands
Giving him taps
And pats
That put him together
Bringing him to life

A warmth wraps his neck
A light weight is put on his head
He hears sounds
Sounds of joy
Delight
And he knows
That these are the creatures who brought
him to life

With these sounds
The sounds of laughter
The sounds of happiness
He understands
Understands why he smiles
And is at peace with his life

As the sun sets
The moon rises
And the day changes
Into night
As he is stuck there
He watches the change in time
Go by and fly
Each day he watches
The sun setting
The snow falling
Never stopping
And in a distance
He hears the soft
Sweet laughter
Of families
Of pure love
Of innocence
And he smiles
Because that was what he was made to do

He sees the moon escape from the sky
Replaced by the bright sun
The sun rises

But it is not alone
He hears a whistle
Then a howl
And he feels the power build around him
The power of the wind
It builds
It builds up until it cannot be stopped
He sees the branches of trees
That were once alive
Be ripped and teared
Then a house in the distance is pushed
Pushed by the ever growing wind
And it is put to ruin
Just like the house
The laughter is gone
Something happened that cannot be
undone
And he smiles
Because that is the only thing he can do

Through time the wind passes
And is gone
He sees the moon
The moon and its shine of light
But
As always
The sun comes back up
And he realizes
With a sudden start
That his life is ticking away
With each minute of the blinding day

Then one thought comes
Comes to his mind
Is he happy with the life he lived
Having the gift of seeing
Love
Joy
And cheer?
Or is he filled with sorrow
With the destruction he saw
And the grief it must have caused?
Either way
He will still fade away
With a frozen smile
Frozen on his face
With only a scarf and hat
Marking his place