

Category D - Individual Poem – Grades 9 & 10

Isabelle Scott
“À Tes Souhaites”

(Sigh) gentle, the epitome of

Breath warm and wet with morning dew

Bestow a kiss of sunlight on the cheek of dawn

Like a string, bobbing and weaving

Through open windows, rippling curtains

Giggling

With good news.

(Sigh) tender, the essence of

Brush my lips with crisp reprieve

While the sun is beating as a pounding drum

A breeze through the trees is a flute

Which trills and leaves

(Just a whisper) of magic

By the sea.

(Sigh) peace, the embodiment of

Though some may argue the violence of the skies

Whipping and biting, thief of such trivials

As umbrella and life

I claim peace prevails in the mood and mind

Of prevailing winds, which know no time-

(For war or pain) They know only to blow, and blow again.

Isabelle Scott

Ward Melville High School, Grade 10, Ms. Jennifer Thomas