

2009 - 2010
CBC Writing Competition
Senior Entry
Category: Poetry
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Innocence

The goose mounts cloud fissures,
clanging existence

defiantly.

Exuberant life hurtling towards impossibility,
we thrill at joy.

An azure flash of nightingale,
Polaroids and superman capes
as the unbroken wings

throw their arms to the world and yell

I love you!

We wish the earth were more innocent.

That the hunter did not trail the goose

as it thrust its heart to the clouds

and pumped the air with a tough love beating.

Highway

gray day.

burgundy branches scratch the crystal horizon.

brown, red, blue.

a vanilla ice cream day:

cool, rich, splendidly spare.

blue drops of infinity pool

around hills rippling tawny muscles.

whipped cream clouds that linger in the light.

smooth whirl of friction: concrete, rubber, metal.

leather interiors.

the highway.

a class that drops with raw pearls of sunsets.

and as the sky washes dark,

pulsing sounds, pulsing stars,

I'll get a grimy seat, pressed between friends,

with Latin verbs that melt on the tongue.

Symphony

Black and chrome.

Lights blare like a trumpet in a strip joint:

pumping dusty air through the bell

as spit flashes in the neon light.

Sweat beading on fingers.

Propriety is vulgar.

Tubas vomiting clotted emotions

in sixteenth notes

that skiff by like half-spoken words.

Brass, drums, drones.

Flesh rupturing in symphony.

Rain drops in symphony.

A harmony of icicles:

the slap and waver of a thousand crystalline hurricanes
that settle on the lawn
in the footprints of crimson leaves.