

Second Place Poetry – Middle School

Haiku Rebel

By: Aidan Cleary

Grade: 7

School: St. Francis Xavier

Our teacher said that

We cannot write a haiku

But I'm a rebel

Spring, the time of year

When it is work, work by force

To write poetry

Almost anything,

Anything other than type

Typ'ed, type, typing

Switch, Shredsauce, Fortnite

Outside, the water, mountains

All these other,

Any those other,

Other than the pure toil,

Free me from these chains

The chains, they bind me
Bind me in a cell of work
Of darkness and shade

These chains on a ball
The ball of time holding me
Captive, in my desk

But with this knowledge
Knowledge that is my crowbar
Breaking me all out

Out of this prison
This prison of thoughts and time
That traps me inside

This education,
And this subtle life I lead
All trap me inside

But it is far more
Far more that I desire
To see the mountains

The earth is out there

Ready to be discovered

If only I could,

Couloirs to ski down

Rivers to wade and fish on

The people to meet

One day, I will break

Break free and meet the world

But wait, hold that thought

Because I am stuck

Wasting my time in a desk

Writing a haiku