

Third Place Poetry – High School

I Hear Roots Creaking

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Grade: 11

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I hear roots creaking, those of our days of old,
Tying us to inescapable fates, based on neither deed nor word.
The willow sways with childhood plays, memories of the beginning,
Yet though its branches are intact, the roots are ever-leaking.
Water dripping from a spout, ripples in the rain,
The impact is, to most, unseen, but still, it doth remain.
Retaining heritage of the pool from which it once did flow,
The splitting of words down to their roots cannot contain the whole.
For though these words of fragment parts may be defined by their means,
The origins hold inequity to a product now set free.
To this end I will valiantly contend, despite forces to confine,
As fog gives way to nurtured plants, so will be my clear skies.