

How many dusty grey and pink skies can I write about
Before the riverside homes stop looking so quaint?
How long until Chantree Island
Stops looking so alluring;
With its jungle of flora
Spearheaded by a towering lighthouse?
Will the seagulls ever stop plunging through the air
As the sun sets,
Remembering
When coloured skies would call
Fishing boats back to port
And they could swoop for their dinner?
Will there ever be a moment
When the feeling of this place is no longer enough?

Will the day ever come
When I cannot name the birdsongs,
Or the trees
Whose roots grip the sides of the valley,
Stopping me from tumbling
Into the river's mouth?
Will this flowing intersection,
Between river and lake,
Ever stop feeling like the edge of the Earth:
The place where stories come from?

I revel in feeling of watching
The sun coat shiny white boats in pink paint.
The feeling of looking through clear skies
Over a calm lake.
The feeling so fulfilling,
That I forget I have seen it
Hundreds of times before,
On every clear evening
While the sun faithfully sets
In the same place
As the day before.

Will I ever tire of it?

STUDENT, 1ST PLACE, EMMA SCHUSTER