



wood buffalo regional library

Words in Motion

2024

Welcome to Words in Motion 2024



I am in awe of the creativity in our region! Thank you to everyone who submitted poems to the Wood Buffalo Regional Library's Words in Motion competition!

It is always a difficult, albeit pleasurable, task selecting the top 30 poems for our Words in Motion booklet. We live in a region with so much amazing talent.

Thank you to our amazing judges: Jane Jacques, Elena Gould, and Jamal-e-fatima Rafat. We appreciate the time and effort you dedicated to the competition this year.

As Robert Frost once said, "Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words.". Thank you to everyone who has shared a piece of themselves through the beautiful words printed on these pages.

I hope you enjoy experiencing these words as much as I have.

Corinna Pirie
Board Chair, Wood Buffalo Regional Library

frankenstein's monster

c. masear

1st Place Overall

with a form of neurotic necrosis and wannabe apathy,

the appetite of a people pleaser, a desire for more, and blood-brother bonds (by donation),

you and i may be interchangeable, but there's never a 'we' between us;

stuck out like the sore thumb i still suck to sleep.

cause you're the common cold, distinctly scented with herbal medication and sore throat lozenges,

and i'm the boy who cried death too many times, and now death won't let me cry anymore.

and my mind is held together by stitches, staples, glue at the seams that threaten to split and pop with

any sudden movement:

a mixed media project of bile, skin, formaldehyde.

but it's always; "this hurts me more than it will ever hurt you."

and you know how much better it can be

to pretend that the torches and wildfires pitted against you are stage spotlights.

I did nothing wrong

Agam Grewal

2nd Place Overall

I did nothing wrong...

Taken from my life, soul, my family

In the midst of this war

Feeling this insanity

I did nothing wrong...

Yet here I am

I long to be hugged

To be loved in this camp

I did nothing wrong...

An embrace of peace

I need some help to be released

I did nothing wrong...

Scared in these shadows

Smell of fear rising hairs

In this appalling meadow

I did nothing wrong...

I can see these others

They long for the same

To find our mothers

I did nothing wrong...

I was living my life

Oh so happy once

Am I meant to be left to this trife?

I did nothing wrong...

Maybe one day I will see

My caring family

I did nothing wrong...

Dedicated to the civilians taken captive in war.

First Light

Cathwyn Philpotts

3rd Place Overall

For Liz and Julia and those in Chip who have lost so many

I hear you on the raven song;
The eagle fly, the owl gone.
I hear you on the wind rushed grass;
The lonely cry of loon still lasts.
I hear you in the cedar quake;
the lap of water, the cranes wake.
I hear you in the light of moon;
the shadow fall of stars still loom.
I hear you in the fall of rain;
the rush of wind, the depth of lake.
I hear you in the dark of night,
And always will at first light.
I hear you on beckoned Dawn,
The tendrils of forever gone.

Drifting Away

Kaeleigh Abaryan

In waters gleam, where my dreams set cast
I dove into the pool, my heart pumping fast
But eventually, the races grew fierce and the pressure mounted
My confidence in the sport became surrounded

The constant pursuit of perfection and speed
Began to overshadow my every need
The constant comparison and the weight of expectation
Took quite a toll on my mind, the cause of my frustration

The early mornings of tedious training
Had pushed me to the edge, my spirit straining
The fear of failure with anxieties grip
Had made my love for swimming strip

In the pool where dreams once soared
A new coach came and spirits were floored
With new hopes and a faster pace
Competitive swimming took a different face

Could this be the help I so desperately need?

What I thought was a joyous journey, soon proved to be filled with
dread
As the old coach's words echoed in my head
Clashing with the new coach's technique
"Who am I supposed to listen to?" was a phrase I would often speak

My passion slipping away at a faster pace, my patience thinned
As my love for the sport had finally dimmed
When I sat on that bench after my race, coach told me 'not quite'
That's when I knew I lost my spark, my inner light

The pool, where happiness and confidence were now suppressed
The pool, where what used to be my home, now a battleground of
stress

An Afternoon of Sun

Kimerica Parr

Azure skies

Wistful clouds

A gentle ray of yellow comes beaming through a break

I feel the warmth like a soft comforting blanket

As I lay in the grass tickling my skin

I laugh and share my conversation with the trees

The Canadian forest is old and wise and shares with me the stories of the ages

Enveloping me in a mist of cool rain and gentle thoughts

I hear the tinkling sounds of the ages, the wind rustling through the branches

The leaves dancing their perennial ballet

The Boréal calling me to embrace tranquility

My thoughts drift off into nothingness

I soar into peace and nothingness

I am one with the universe

There is no time

There is no here nor there

The edges of my particles soften and drift apart like dandelion fluff

I exist everywhere and nowhere

All the colours of the world explode and float into ethereal white

White

White

White

A Part of Me

Afeefa Ahmad

The beauty of the trees,
The movement of the bees,
The mesmerizing sight of the green leaves,
as they move under the cold, gentle breeze.
The fragrance of the flower,
The radiance of the colors,
All form into one,
becoming a part of me.

Be Kind

Kira Doshi

Be kind to everyone,
It doesn't matter which one.

Be helpful, be nice,
And you will get a prize.

Be a buddy, not a bully,
Be a friend who you can trust fully.

Be humble, be loving,
Be sweet as some pudding.

You should be nice to everyone,
And not leave out a single one.

Kindness is something anyone can learn,
Give to others and ask nothing in return.

Helping others is the best thing to do,
When you are kind kindness comes back to you.

Kindness is when you say a gentle word,
Be kind to your sister, even a bird.

You can be kind to someone who makes you mad,
You can be kind to someone who makes you sad.

Be kind and respect those who are older than you,
Show respect and kindness to younger ones too.

Kindness is shown helping someone in need,
And kindness is shown when you do a good deed.

Be kind to everyone,
And you will glitter and shine like the sunshine.

Electric Water

Dilanie Kuo

Over half our body contains water.
Water is everywhere.
The water we consume,
The water that falls onto us and our earth,
The water we use to cleanse ourselves,
And the water that drops from our eyes.

A vibrating sensation, a wave of despair,
This is the sadness that consumes us.

You'll feel it course through your body—like an electrical
current riddled with your downfall.

One bad thing,
one bad day,
one hair strand that is out of place,
and the vibrating despair arises once again.
When will it leave?
when will it come back,
will it be a a short visit,
a vacation,
or a complete relocation.

The tears that are on the edge of our pupils,
will they flood our faces,
or will they drizzle like rain:
Briefly or indefinitely?

Mirror

Ishita Zaman

Black mirrors hold a stream of lost souls,
Filled with ever-changing desires while running through hoops and into
holes,

Trying to escape struggles and their numbness
Or stay trapped in habits borne out of boredom.

Once you see the light behind this mirror,
You cannot escape the wonder or the horror:

Luxury, love, and beauty potions,

Stories of betrayals, dangers, and conspiracy,

Filters to make judgments and feed on peoples' emotions,

An audience that breeds false joy and hostility.

The world behind this mirror gets bigger as yours' gets smaller,

As it consumes your time and your sleep. . .

There is a hidden being that preys on your vanity and squalor,
Giving an illusion of building bridges between our worlds while drowning
our minds in the deep.

Father

Isabelle Krull

I am my fathers son,

I have his nose,

I have his teeth.

When i open my mouth,

His voice floods out.

When i smile,

His skin folds to match.

I am my fathers son.

When i look in the mirror,

His face reflects back.

But when he looks at me,

He sees her.

The Beast

Edith Harrison

Our friendly tricolor doodle enjoys belly rubs
She brightens our home with warm fuzzy feelings,
She loves fetch, and her bone,
She loves people, and dogs
She love her treats
We call her Esse
She is sweet
She's our
Beast.

The Wonders of Nature

Kendra Dizon

Nature,

Nature is where I can escape life and be free.

Where I read in silence and just be me.

The place where birds whistle and sing,

to the fish swimming in harmony.

Nature,

The place where animals live and breathe thriving on nature's greatest gifts.

Animals big or small live in a place of peace and equality.

Nature,

Gardens, lakes, mountains or islands all make me feel calm inside and smile.

Nature is the place where trees and flowers sway with the wild wind.

Nature,

It's mysterious and majestic,

Calming and delicate.

Winter, summer, spring or fall...

Nature is the best of all.

Danse du ciel (French)

Carmen Borges

Une fille qui danse
Sur un plage d'or
Elle brille, elle tournoi
Jusqu'à la ciel est noir

La fille, elle pense
Au belle aurore
Puis, elle change son rythme
Et elle danse sous ciel tricolore

Son élégance
Et son corps
Et la noirceur qui l'entoure,
Elle ignore

Cette fille qui danse
Au heures de nuit tard
Même quand le soleil se lève
Elle continue la danse encore

Danse du ciel (English)

Carmen Borges

A dancing girl
On a golden beach
She shines, she spins
Until the sky is black

The girl, she thinks
Of the northern lights
Then she changes her rhythm
And she dances under the tricolour sky

Her elegance
And her body
And the darkness surrounding her,
She ignores

This dancing girl
In the hours late of night
Even when the sun rises
She continues the dance again

Harry Potter

Eli Aikins

People call him Harry Potter but that's not his name.
His name is actually Harry Potter(said with a british accent) and
they are not at all the same.

He has an elf named Dobby, he is not very tall.
And he makes such loud sounds by banging his head on the wall.
His pet owl is named Hedwig, she screeches a loud sound.
So when Harry tried to break out of his house she screeched and
shook the ground.

Ron Weasley is his friend, he has seven family members.
Hermione is his other friend and she sometimes makes Ron
shiver (he's scared of her).

Dudley is his cousin, what a greedy brat.
He eats way too much and it makes him quite fat.
Hagrid brought him to hogwarts what a great big guy
He is so tall he almost touches the sky.

This poem is by Eli, he is a great friend.
He loved making this poem and that is now the end.

Nikawiy

Billy Graham

What do you do when the broken breaks down
Stayed now the hands which once rocked a cradle...
Frozen confusion in a faded night gown.

Loneliness the fiend ravaged poor scient
Folded now the hands that once were able..
Numb are the phone calls that've fallen silent.

Flickered moments mix forgetting with fear
I'll clasp your hand now 'till you're unable...
I'll be the echo of all you held dear.

Stand Up

Ava Bashangi

When the world seems dark and full of fear,
be the one to stand up, loud and clear.
Speak your truth, let your voice be heard.
For justice and kindness, let's spread the word.

It's not always easy to do what's right,
especially when you're the only light.
But stand tall and strong, like a sturdy tree,
For the world is better when we're brave and free.

When others are silent, you must be the voice,
show them that kindness is always the choice.
Be a hero, be bold, don't let wrongs slide,
with courage and love standing by your side.

Together we can make a change, it's true,
by standing up for what's right, me and you.
So let's promise to help and to always fight,
for a world that's just, fair, and filled with light.

My Lil Sister

Solenn Ellice Padua

Fragile girl with soft skin and little feet,
A gift to make our family complete.
Precious newborn, delivered from above,
And I shall forever give you my love.
You will have a special place in my heart,
Not time, nor distance, could keep us apart.
As time passes, and we both grow older,
If needed, you may cry on my shoulder.
For whatever happens, you'll always be
That smiling little girl, with little feet.

Gjennom et barns øye (Norwegian)

Eliana Solbak

Gjennom et barns øye ser jeg hvordan hun ligger livløs
Med bare støv bak øynene
Men jeg kan ikke forstå hva som har skjedd

Gjennom et barneøye ser jeg henne kjempe for livet
Med legene rundt henne
Men jeg var redd for at de gjorde henne vondt

Gjennom et barneøye ser jeg foreldrene mine gråte
De klemte hverandre i armene sine
Men jeg trengte også den trøsten

Gjennom et barneøye ser jeg oppmerksomheten gå til henne
Hver hendelse blir verre og verre
Men jeg vet at hun trenger omsorg

Jeg håper at en dag
Noen vil se på meg
Og se gjennom mine øyne

Through a child's eye (English)

Eliana Solbak

Through a child's eye I watch as she lays lifeless
With nothing but dust behind her eyes
But I can't comprehend what had happened

Through a child's eye I see her fighting for her life
With doctors covering every surrounding
But I was scared they were hurting her

Through a child's eye I see my parents sobbing
Hugging one and another in their arms
But I needed that comfort as well

Through a child's eye I see the attention go to her
With every incident becoming worse and worse
But I know she needs the care

I aspire that one day
Someone will look at me
And see through my eyes

Ocean

Kaleigh Anne Hughes

The Ocean...

Ocean, deep, blue, mysterious and cruel.

Sounds like splash or splish but no sound below the blue.

Crystal clear or dark and murky, that's the water you'll find in
between all the seas.

Under the deep blue barrier, you'll find a world that's quite peculiar.

With reefs and deeps, maybe even a surprising underwater
volcano, you'll feel out of this world.

The Ocean...

In these reefs and deeps you'll find creatures with fins not feet.

Some with teeth bigger than your feet.

They might even have more fins than you have fingers.

The Ocean...

Not just the creatures are the ones that can be scary, the ocean is
terrifying by itself.

Never let the glistening blue fool you.

It has taken as many boats as twinkling stars in the sky.

The items and lives stolen will never be matched, not even by the
soft grains of sand.

The heroes with true adventure in their hearts, sail those seven
seas.

But no matter what, the ocean is a blanket of glittering blue.

Have you seen the beauty yourself?

The Mask

Stephanie Boake

My mask keeps me safe from rejection
This mask cannot be seen
I wear it for protection
So I don't have to come clean
I used to like my mask

I cannot keep up the act
My heart hurts too much
I am scared to say the fact
But there is no one to trust
So I keep my mask

But now my true feelings are too visible
I run from them all
My story barely livable
My emotions are no longer small
Where is my mask

She finds me hiding in a cart
My past friend asks me to bring
The reason why we drifted apart
I end up telling her everything
I clutch onto my mask

Walking from the loneliness
The burden is now lightweight
Into the kind cosiness
I get rid of the mask I hate
I don't need my mask

Where Do I Begin

Mary Rose Antonio

Where do I begin?
I am lost and you are gone.
No one to share a sign,
To where life is heading down.

My mentor and my friend,
You are a gift from above.
You gave me a sword and a shield,
And I fought out of love.

Now, I am losing light,
All armours gone and weapons down.
There is no battle to fight,
For without you, winning is for a clown.

Oh, how could Death take away,
The life I value more than mine?
Now, what's there for life to play,
When I won't see you fine.

Yes! "Nothing gold can stay.."
Still I believed we could make it happen.
Now I feel like a castaway!
I could not even hold my pen.

You showed me a whole new world,
but then left me there by myself..
Will I continue to build?
The world of words beyond the shelf.

And so where do I begin?
When word loses meaning,
Rhyme and rhythm are on the margin.
Is this verse the beginning?

The Hate You Give

Chelsea Cornect

pain. is what the hate you give me does.
a friendship that once was.
a person who is now a dark shadow peeking over my shoulder.
can't breathe. can't sleep. can't eat.

i feel hollow.
the shadow it follows.
run. i cant escape. the shadow creeps.
please. too late. it sweeps.

i'm knocked down, scared.
a past that was once shared.
forever gone.
staring into the dawn.

wondering why.
all i can do is try.
i will never know why you cause me pain.
through the hate you give.

Elephant

c. masear

there's an elephant in the room;
i see its reflection in the way you smile, hunched over the kettle on the
stove [scalding hot tea, black,
enough sugar to cause cardiac arrest; it's the way we both like it], with
that scratched-up laugh as we
bicker about god-knows-the-title-of-that-show and who the best actor
was. there's a push and a shove
here and there and wherever, but we keep our distance as the eight a.m.
wind pushes at the blinds
through the cracked window.
there's an elephant in the room;
it's in the corner of my eye as we sit on opposite sides of our [my? your?
does it matter?] room; you're
picking at out-of-tune strings, or scratching graphite onto paper
furiously, or stubbing a cigarette out
on the ashtray, and i'm reading another novel that you let me borrow
because you 'didn't really care
for it anyway'. words are pointless when we can just give each other
periodic looks and burst into fits
of laughter over nothing, nobody.
there's an elephant in the room;
a larger-than-life shadow in hazy memories — too much to remember,
not enough to forget —
looming all high and mighty as we drain each other's lives away with
kicked-over beer cans foaming
on carpeted floors and complicated feelings that we hope will be gone by
the morning. we'll make our
tea again, make fun of the bad special effects in whatever low-budget
horror film you pirated, and
nothing's gonna force us to show our flaws as we did.
there's an elephant in the room,
it shouldn't be this hard to ignore.

Influence

Jenelle Jonasson

I have always thought that one day,
I could influence others.
Like how Lennon, Bowie, and Dolores have influenced me.
I could change music forever,
Just like they did.
Desperate to find new sounds,
Like Clapton, Hendrix, and Harrison could.
With solos that you could recognise anywhere.
Write chilling lyrics, like Buckley, Apple, or Morrissey would.
To make complex complex comparisons,
That I, myself could never make.
I have always liked the thought
That one day, I too could influence others.
But for now I am just a girl in her room,
Writing songs with nothing but the guitar from her sister,
And inspiration from all of these people that came before her.

Ode' to Athabasca

Andy Baysarowich

Gateway of the northern land
Ribbons of river
Nations united-
Join hand in hand

Shine bright Aurora Light
Guide us throughout your nights
O' Athabasca

In harmony the forestssing
outward proudly:
Raise our banner!
Forever let it fly!

Shine bright Aurora Light
Guide us throughout your nights
O' Athabasca

Unity and Liberty
These things we cherish
Forever we defend-
These rights we hold!

Shine bright forever more
Protect our native shore
O' Athabasca

Bittersweet Patience

Alisha Rajpura

Patience is a possession,
Demands the soul's permission,
An image that suppresses your position.

Patience is pain,
That remains,
Until one commits to do better,
By proclaiming their errors,
Raising their hands in prayer.

Patience is contentment,
Something that takes ages to attain,
Even though it is not a profession.

The soul can acquire bliss,
By ignoring distractions,
Stimulating adherence to patience,
Requires transitions,
That cannot be dismissed.

Thoughts are conjured,
But not distressed,
The soul develops ease,
Recovering an emotional displeasure,
Leading to peace.

In quiet times,
A person reflects upon their deeds,
Time passes and alleviates aches,
The clock ticks,
Patience is a test that awaits.

Patience is leading pawns,
It is seen in the beholder's eyes,
Especially because it requires battling lies,
One can conquer success by using their ethical source,
By creating a spiritual alliance,
In the state that upholds silence,
The Almighty Lord knows our loss,
He knows the cause,
Although I do not understand and pause.

Jealousy, sadness, and pretty girls

Kaylie Li

We all know its real
Pretty privilege I mean
But say its not so us ugly ones don't feel bad
But, us ugly ones feel just as bad
Us ugly ones have seen and felt it when we're picked last, even
though, we know we're not that
bad
Us ugly ones know the feeling when we come up with
something, then all of a sudden, it's
someone else's original ideas
Someone prettier
I tell people I love myself, but how could I?
How could I if I know there's someone else out there that I may
or may not know
Someone with blonde hair, perfect body, the best clothes, best
perfume, and favorite of all the
teachers
I'd never live up to that
I've seen the girls
The girls that walk down the hallway, a group of people behind,
chasing their leader
I've seen it everywhere - in real life, TV shows, everywhere
I want to be that girl
But, I know I'll never be that girl because I'm too ugly
Pretty girls try to say it isn't a thing
Pretty privilege I mean
I guess, they can't help it
How can they?
All their life all they've know is pretty
I feel shots through me whenever I see them
Bullets filled with jealousy
But, instead of going through me, they stay
Now everytime I see the girls, I see the bullets, my ruined skin,
and all the tears I'd held behind
my eyes fall to the ground
Now if you ever wonder why I don't believe you when you say
I'm pretty, think again.

Partida (Spanish)

Rebeca Victoria Rosales Briceno

Donde las frutas tropicales prosperan y crecen con la ayuda del sol
más
radiante,
donde se encuentran y se descubren las plantas más peculiares,
donde se encuentra la cascada más hermosa que llega más arriba
de las
nubes
está en mi ciudad natal.

Donde la nieve y el silbido del viento casi siempre están presentes,
donde el curioso aire frío logra explorar y morder cada pedacito de piel
descubierta,
donde hermosas hojas presentan con orgullo su colorida danza
cayendo
de cada árbol
tambien es mi ciudad natal.

Estoy partida.

Mis emociones están entrelazadas, azotadas por huracanes y
tornados.

El hermoso paraíso tropical y la belleza congelada me están de-
strozando.

La violenta batalla entre esos países hace estragos en mi interior.

Ambos luchan por razones justas,

Uno defiende mis tradiciones y el otro abre oportunidades para mi
futuro.

¿Quién ganará? ¿Dónde pertenezco? No tengo respuesta.

¡Pero espera! ¿Tengo que elegir?

En lugar de tener que verlos luchar por el dominio,

Puedo dejar las tonterías y anunciarlos a ambos como ganadores.

Tal vez no tenga que estar partida por dos países.

Quizás, sólo quizás, pueda pertenecer a ambos.

Torn (English)

Rebeca Victoria Rosales Briceno

Where tropical fruits prosper and grow with the help of the
most radiant
sun,
where the most peculiar plants are found and discovered,
where the most beautiful waterfall that reaches above and
beyond the
clouds is located
is in my hometown.

Where the snow and the whooshing of the wind is almost
always present,
where the curious cold air manages to explore and bite every
bit of
unshielded skin,
where beautiful leaves proudly present their colourful dance
falling from
every tree
is also my hometown.

I'm torn.

My emotions are intertwined, stormed by hurricanes and
tornadoes.
The beautiful tropical paradise and the frost cold beauty are
tearing me
apart.
The violent battle between these two countries rages inside me.
Both fight for righteous reasons,
One banners my traditions and the other opens opportunities.

Who will win? Where do I belong? I have no answer.

But wait! Do I have to choose?
Instead of having to watch them fight for dominance,
I can stop the nonsense and announce them both as winners.

Maybe I don't have to be torn apart.
Maybe, just maybe, I can belong to both.

Red Dress

Bailey Vogt

I wonder what it's like to be compared to a summers day,
Or the beauty of the sun,

To feel the privilege of an Aryan angel
Who's grace is so young
and untainted

I wonder what its like to have generations thrive,
I wouldn't trade my roots
but I would walk a day in your shoes
If only for a day
what the world must look like through sapphire eyes

To feel the warmth of Sun rays
On golden locks
Instead of winters constant gaze
disguised with a soul forever frost bit
See us two are so contrasting
Walking two paths that will never be the same
I wonder if our fathers were equally as angry
An entire spawning of the repressed and depressed

Had our mothers felt the same torment
Would our daughters will bear the same label
a savage or an angel
Our grandmothers fighting wars on enemy soil that was ours to
begin with
only to come out with wounds
That even time couldn't heal

the gaze of a man felt with a admirable
longing behind it instead of passive possession
Had I not been apart of such a tribulation one that was never
truly ours in the first place,
would I posses the same grace ?
the same privilege ?
The same love that you receive just by being you
By simply not being me
Not being enough
always just a little more
A little less
Just a wanderer
I wonder what it would be like, to be compared to a summers
day instead of a red dress

Racing

Alyssa Ulliac Cardinal

Racing

The feeling in my stomach like I'm in a mad ocean.

Butterflies in my stomach, thought in my head.

Wondering can I make it, can I do it.

Nervous, scared, competitive and so much fun most of the time.

Always telling myself to do better, yet there is not much to work on.

Racing

Not sure if I would make it, not sure if I would continue.

Telling people that I will not be here next season yet I'm back there.

Crying down the track, not being able to see.

Falling in nets.

Working hard in training.

Saying I could never do it yet somehow I'm still there.

Wondering if I'm ready.

Not knowing if people and my coach will be happy.

Racing

People wondering who is that girl and saying: "Man she's good!"

Coach's always encouraging me, telling me I can do it.

Coach's helping me through it.

Coaches, family and friends cheering me on through the races.

Doing it for fun but not feeling like that.

Not knowing what will come my way.

Not my favourite thing in the world.

But man I'm good at it!

Taking my weekends away to train.

Taking my sweet time to get through it.

I think it is fun.

I'm good at it and a lot of people tell me that.

I'm great at it but I do not want to say it.

Needing to get over being scared to go down the track.

Racing.....

