

The Book of Us



Teenage poetry

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Thanks to Artist-in-residence: Angela Leuck
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These boots are made
for

WALKING

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TURNING THE PAGE

turning the page
reading the words
watching the story unfold

Beth Rowsell

books, books and more books
pure bliss
but not enough time

Savanah Perron

textbooks, manuscripts, old books
“You’re weird!”
no, I’m unique

Savanah Perron

magical powers
knights
insects

Olivier Turcotte

story -
door to the unknown
a different world

Arianne Marcoux

LONG LEGS

long legs
carry me forward
sometimes too fast

Beth Rowsell.

pale skin
white as snow
don't want to be tan

M.M.

stretch marks
along
my thighs

Gabrielle Anderson

my long beautiful hair
blowing
in the wind

M.M.

my ankle
killing me
when I run

Olivier Turcotte

icy blue
like tropical waters
beautiful eyes

M.M.

not curled
not straight
my hair is mean

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

tanned skin in summer
vampire
in winter

Zoé Jalbert

SNEAKERS AND SHORTS

sneakers and shorts
that one person
in winter

Gabrielle Anderson

in the hood
big sweater, hanging jeans
cop bait

D.F.

boots wet again
time
for new ones

Owen Strickland

leggings
absolute comfort
and style

Beth Rowsell

his sweater
hers
now

Savanah Perron

short jeans
he looks
away

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

T-shirts
sorted by colour
which one should I wear

Arianne Marcoux

excited
unpacking my new pants
too expensive

Olivier Turcotte

DRAMA

normal day
all of a sudden,
drama

Melodie

with the gang
watching a movie,
only hearing half of it

Olivier Turcotte

people talking
I'm listening,
smirking to myself

Savanah Perron

call of duty
final killcam,
headshot

James Strickland

a craving
to eat sweets,
my time of month.

Arianne Marcoux

ready for the day
forgotten headphones,
day ruined

D.F.

homework is
never-ending—
dang flabbit!

M.M.

giggling
about my fears,
scary films

Zoé Jalbert

burst of confidence
bad idea,
explaining after

D.F.

smiling and typing
faster and faster,
gets left on read

Gabrielle Anderson

hello!
nope,
not happening

Gabrielle Anderson

friend
coming over,
“do you have food?”

Savanah Perron

HAPPY & SAD

a motherless child
a desperate father
lullaby

Savanah Perron

soulless eyes
everyone
dressed in black

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

early morning
car broken
late to work

James Strickland

paper
pencil
my thoughts

Savanah Perron

throwing flowers
down the aisle
she said “yes”

Gabrielle Anderson

sat alone
listening for wings
bird watcher

Anonymous

late nights
high on the feeling
of being with friends

Beth Rowsell

the big mall
all the stores
shopping.

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

last breath
saying goodbye
to a furry friend

Beth Rowsell

SUMMER FUN

huge waves
knocking me down
summer fun!

Melodie

mountains
forest trails
these boots were made for walking

Savanah Perron

bright sun
gorgeous tan
on the beach

Zoé Jalbert

riding side by side
late at night
got headlights

D.F.

walking through the doors
of the Rogers Centre
yay for the Jays

M.M.

making memories
travelling around
summer 2018

Beth Rowsell

running towards the fields
calling his name
his brown coat in the distance

Savanah Perron

long walks
long days
slurping slushies along the waves

Melodie

FAST MACHINE

fast machine
wind blowing past
feeling of bliss

Beth Rowsell

snow storms
blind driving
taking jump

Zoé Jalbert

soft snow
loud noises
ski-doo

James Strickland

jamming the throttle
hoping for the best
praying we won't go for a swim

Olivier Turcotte

deep snow
riding with friends
skis take flight

D.F

taking
jumps—
braaap

M.M.

zooming by
making snow fly
ski-doo

Melodie

getting wet
crossing water
ski-doo

Anonymous

ski-doo riding-
wind hitting my face
freedom

Arianne Marcoux

PENCIL GLIDING

pencil gliding
slow sketches
a masterpiece

Beth Rowsell

watching scary movies
jumping
screaming

Gabrielle Anderson

black truck
pulling up
unloading dirt bike

James Strickland

investigating
the truth behind
conspiracy theories

M.M.

ripping across
the sandpit
hoping not to take a fly

Olivier Turcotte

skating down
ice breaking
goal

Owen Strickland

words on a page
imagination
escape to another world

Savanah Perron

words
flying in my mind
eyes are intermediaries

Savanah Perron

the roar of the motor
and the speed
don't doubt the harley

Zoé Jalbert

the break ups
that didn't break us
it's still you and me

Zoé Jalbert

JAMMING

Saturday afternoons
jamming
to 80s rock

Melodie

headphones in
thinking deeply
what if today were my last day?

Savanah Perron

You're the real slim shady
I think
not

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

radio on
favourite song
comes on

Melodie

hey, I
just met you
call me maybe

James Strickland

jamming
to a song
with your friends

Olivier Turcotte

headphone in
eyes closed
completely oblivious

Beth Rowsell

fast fingers
keeping beat
multiple instruments

M.M.

HUGGING GRANDMA

tears,
as we hug grandma
leaving her alone, again

Savanah

salty seas
papa, throwing out nets
yummy suppers for me

Melodie

always nagging
lives in her own world
constantly rushing

D.F.

very strict
punishes me
my mother

James Strickland

gray jay on a branch
a hunter friend visits
hello, grandpa

Savanah Perron

SEASONS

chilly days
sticks and skates
not really done yet

Melodie

spring-
blowing noses, coughing fits
the cold has arrived

Savanah Perron

spring-
disgusting
slush

Olivier Turcotte

spring—
snow birds flying
kids start trapping

Zoé Jalbert

spring-
flowers bursting forth
snow fading away

D.F.

school's ending
longer
days

Zoé Jalbert

beaches
salt water
and warm weather

Beth Rowsell

riding down
the island
path

Owen Strickland.

flies
everywhere—
no escape

M.M.

dying of heat
need for water
vision going out

M.M.

the night before
school going to bed
early

Brooke-Lyne Anderson

dark gloomy day
leaves blowing
school has started

James Strickland