

First Prize – Grades 7 & 8

Sailing Sonnet

I push the tiller with white-knuckle grip,
fighting what seems an unstoppable force.
Ever aware that this boat might tip,
I try to hold a steady course.
My face is battered with salty spray
from waves that connect with a battered hull.
It is a treacherous beautiful day.
The clear blue sky is spotted with gulls.
But I notice the boat's increasing heel
and summon to mind the fine line I tread.
My dreams of my limits had been unreal,
and rationalism has come with dread.
And so a frozen pond may have a price
if one does not know that he's on thin ice.

by Lucas, Edgecomb, ME