

"Words" are "Wars"

Indistinguishable words spill out of mother's mouth

Bold

Choppy

like butcher knives preparing for a New Year's feast

slicing double "u"s into double "v"s

while I hide behind my silent "e"s

I grimaced at the lilt of her accent

convinced myself that her words were maps

leading to hidden treasures and wisdom

only a few people seek



Teresa Wu

GRADE: 12 /
CEGEP I
BERNICE
MACNAUGHTON
HIGH SCHOOL
MONCTON, NB
BIO

Yutong (Teresa) Wu is a grade 12 student from Moncton, NB. She aims to see the art in science and science in art, and hopes to inspire others to embrace both. Somewhere

The chest was nowhere to be found

Her cries of frustration romanticized too soon

As eloquent thoughts refuse to exit

with hair curled into “r”s, dressed in English

When happiness spills out of my mother’s mouth

like rays of sunlight

and eyes becoming crescent moons

I bask fully in their light

no barrier nor shade

For laughter knows no language

Yet still there are moments

When “words” become “wars”

in between, she

pets her cat,

spends time with

family, and forgets

to water her

cactus.

But I know that through these struggles

Could my own voice emerge clearer

Bolder

Flowing as free as a free verse