

Allana Snowball
Grade 7
Urban Ink
Danny Stewart

Pumpkin

I feel the cool damp
earth as I'm being
pressed into the ground.

I feel the cold water
seeping through the dirt
to reach me, to help
me grow.

I feel the cool
mornings and the searing
hot afternoons with water
gliding to me in the evenings,
until weeks then months pass by.

I feel a tug, then pain,
a twist, another shot of
pain, repeating itself until
I'm pulled from my vine,
leaving my siblings behind.

I feel a sharp object
cutting into me, making
a rigid circle in my
skin, something pulling
out my insides till nothing
is left.

I feel designs being cut
into me.

I feel pain but can-
not make a sound

I feel sorrow but can-
not cry a tear.

I am now a
jack-o-lantern
on a front porch
watching monsters
and princesses pass by.

I am no longer just
a pumpkin in the garden.

I am a symbol.