

**Junior Poetry – Winner 2026**

**DARKNESS**

**By Milo Rose**

Hidden in crevices  
like a spider,  
ready to jump  
at dusk.  
You'll wait all day,  
only to show us  
empty hands.

Come in the pitch of night,  
when I awake, you're a navy  
space,  
a lake,  
the fan turning, a Catalina over you.

The many places you roam;  
high behind the stars and  
deep in the catacombs.  
Asleep on the ocean floor,  
reminding us in waves:  
that light is but a passing phase,  
and darkness comes once more.