



# **POETRY CONTEST WINNERS 2018**

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**K-2nd**

A Friend in You by Grace K.  
You Are Beautiful Just the Way You Are by Zoey S.  
I Am Me by Everett T.

**3rd-5th**

The Girl Who Loves to Dance by Carmen R.  
In the Land of Ice & Snow by Hannah M.  
Imagination by Noah F.

**6th-8th**

All About Me by Olivia B.  
The Soloist's Symphony by Faith S.  
A Soldiers Homecoming by Eowyn S.

**9th-12th**

Emotions by Cooper H.  
Interrupted by Madeleine M.  
Bittersweet Memories by Kayla D.

**Adult**

The Burden Bullets Leave Behind by Robin B.  
Remembering to Move Forward by Donovan C.  
Beverly by Jamita S.

A Friend in You  
by Grace K.

A friend in you

I FOUND A FRIEND,  
A FRIEND IN YOU.

YOU LISTEN TO ME  
YOU LET ME BE ME.  
YOU ARE THERE  
WHEN I AM SAD.

OR WHEN MY DAY IS BAD.

YOU NEVER COMPLAIN  
YOU EVEN PLAY IN THE RAIN!

SO GLAD I CHOSE YOU.  
OR DID YOU CHOOSE ME?

MY PUPPY, MY BEST FRIEND.  
SO GLAD YOU LOVE ME.

# You Are Beautiful Just the Way You Are by Zoey S.

## You Are Beautiful Just The Way You Are

You are beautiful just the way you are, in so many kinds of ways. You were born to be beautiful even if you fell into a tree and fell on your head. Well you got hit in the right spot because when you woke up, you were beautiful, because GOD had a plan and that plan is you will always be beautiful, no matter what. You'll always be beautiful and you'll always be beautiful inside and out. And if you think that someone is prettier than you, well they are not because everyone's beautiful even if we all have different faces. We are still beautiful just the way we are - beautiful in so many kinds of ways.

I Am Me  
by Everett T.

I Am Me

My beautiful powerful me

I am just me

I will never change

Tee Hee Hee

I will never change

I will never change

Because I am me

I have a bunch of flesh

And that is me

My eyes

And my ears

And my glasses

You see

I am me

## The Girl Who Loves to Dance by Carmen Renn

### The Girl Who Loves to Dance

The little girl  
only nine years old  
has entered a room of mirrors.

She must stretch  
before finding herself  
in the first position.

In two years  
she's in second position,  
and she's learned  
*Pas de Chat*, *Echappe*  
and *Chasse*-- to chase.

Three more years  
and she's in third,  
*Pirouetting* through the halls  
of high school.  
She now knows *soutenue*  
and what it means  
to sustain through so many turns  
around the sun.

In college, it's *Quatrieme*  
or the fourth,  
and she's *en face*  
facing it all,  
love, life,  
and the eyes in the crowd  
watching her every move.

For all this time she's spun,  
leapt, into a *Grand jete*  
toward the future  
where she finds herself again  
in front of the mirrors  
reaching into the final position.

Her legs together,  
arms fully extended  
ready to dance  
once more.

In the Land of Ice and Snow  
by Hannah M.

## IN THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW

In the land of ice and snow,  
polar bears roam wild,  
searching for a seal to eat,  
there is no sound except a hungry roar,  
and the waves upon the icy shore.

No human presence here.

In the land of ice and snow,  
penguins waddle and flap,  
searching for a rock to roost upon,  
there is no sound except a mother calling to her chicks,  
and the waves upon the icy shore.

No human presence here.

In the land of ice and snow,  
seals hunt for prey,  
across the icy plain,  
there is no sound except a lonely bark,  
and the waves upon the icy shore.

No human presence here.

In the land of ice and snow,  
the water clear,  
the sky blue,  
the snow cold,  
the waves crash,  
the sun shines,  
the snow is melting,  
the water is rising,  
this perfect place is falling beneath the icy waves,  
everything is dying.

No human presence here?

Imagination  
by Noah F.

## Imagination

Cats riding unicorns

Pugs driving racecars

All you need is imagination

Because of sameness

Because of blandness

Adults lose that skill

Open your eyes

Don't be blind

Greatness all around you

Be creative

Expand your mind

Be imaginative

Believe in magic

Believe in aliens

Creativity will guide you



All About Me  
by Olivia B.

## All About Me

I have experienced...

the beautiful autumn leaves in Vermont

the rocky landscape in the background while watching a single leaf fall

looking out the window at a stunning lake with colorful trees surrounding it

I have imagined...

going under the warm ocean water

seeing bursts of color at every turn

while beautiful creatures are swimming peacefully around me

I know...

what it feels like to swim into the warm salty ocean

to feel the warm water on your face

to watch the start of a huge wave form right behind you

I wonder...

what going into a big black sky with little white shiny dots is like

to watch that blue ball get smaller and smaller every second

while watching that yellow ball of fire get bigger and bigger

I believe...

that you should always be proud of yourself

you should never give up

you should never stop being yourself

## The Soloist's Symphony by Faith S.

### The Soloist's Symphony

Dressed in concert black she takes the stage,  
Raises her instrument, turns to the right page.  
Standing tall and bold as can be,  
The audience is mesmerized by what they see.  
Lifting her bow she is ready to begin,  
She takes her stance and rests her chin.  
Waiting for the conductor to give the ghost beats,  
As the people are taking their seats.  
The music tells a story of triumph and tragedy,  
And brings the audience joy and clarity.  
With one swish of her bow the strings send out sound,  
Melody and harmony abound.  
She plays the notes with dignity,  
While the orchestra accompanies her perfectly.  
The tempo increases as the symphony is performed,  
Moving from piano to forte no one is bored.  
The fellow musicians play their final measures,  
As the ending notes come together.  
The music stops for a rest,  
As the soloist plays her very best.  
She reaches the end as the tempo dies down,  
The beauty of the song resounds.  
The violinist finishes her part,  
Playing with passion deep in her heart.



A Soldiers Homecoming  
by Eowyn S.

A Soldiers Homecoming

On a starry night,  
something black and white  
lay on a desk.

It was quite worn,  
a corner is torn,  
as if held many times.

A mother in fear,  
had shed many'a tear  
for her grown son.

He'd sat in a chair,  
while she ruffled his hair,  
when he was home.

The days, they fly by,  
and though she will cry,  
he cannot come home.

Artillery rattles  
in the heat of battle,  
her dear son fights.

In rain or snow,  
in her front window,  
there hangs a blue star.

Her soldiers health,  
more important than wealth,  
was her concern.

Now, the picture, it lays,  
as it will for days,  
still and untouched.

Not blue, but a star of gold?  
No, not yet to behold.  
Her son still lives.

For,

Downstairs, the mother  
is laughing with another.  
Her soldier is home.

Emotions  
by Cooper H.

## Emotions

emotions  
are explosions  
happening every second  
of every day  
the flames of anger  
the flowing sadness  
the icy fear  
the rocky jealousy  
and the shining love  
It's always moving  
progressing  
like seasons  
humans don't realize  
how beautiful this kind of thing is  
to be able to express themselves  
naturally  
- no matter what, humans have a  
rainbow inside of them; a type of magic.

## Interrupted by Madeleine M.

### Interrupted

There is this theory I have  
that began as a thought  
but – *one moment Mom* –  
it may be a long shot.

See what I think  
is – *GET OUT OF MY ROOM* –  
that people ought to –  
*Fine, you can borrow my shoes!*

It's very important, though,  
to keep in mind somehow  
no matter the outcome –  
*Yes! I'm going to bed now.*

So let me tell you it now –  
*My light is turned off!*  
So, I'll start by saying . . .  
Oh shoot, I forgot.



Bittersweet Memories  
by Kayla D.

**Bittersweet Memories**

I close my eyes at night, tears awaken me.

I try to stand but I feel heavy, yet weightless.

Empty, yet full.

So many thoughts.

Too many thoughts.

I scream into my pillow, hoping someone will hear me.

Everyone is deaf.

Even in sadness, I feel nothing.

Running for an infinite mile, trying to outrun the truth but it pulls me backwards by the sleeve, laughing at my attempt condescendingly.

Feelings ruining me by my own doing.

I should have kept smiling as life was snatched away.

Friends turn into bittersweet memories;

Satisfaction into writhing sobs, pushing my legs to run faster.

There's no going back.

Tears don't wake me from this nightmare...

That'd be too easy.

# The Burden Bullets Leave Behind

by Robin B.

## THE BURDEN BULLETS LEAVE BEHIND

Susie fakes another stomach ache, begs to stay home one more day  
away from the echo of gunfire and that shadow a pool of blood left  
too near her locker, forcing her to carry every book everywhere.

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*

Mr. Brown followed his desire to teach, to bring history to fresh ears  
yet reviewing amendments he falters: how does one explain the right to bear arms  
to children who dive beneath their desks should a door slam shut down the hall.

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*

A young mother cannot allow her children outside, out of sight, out of reach  
believing her sight might protect them as she could not save their sister  
whose crooked smile is but a memory in the classroom no longer safe

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*

The dispatcher listens for panic in a call, expecting it to happen again  
someone with a gun, shooting, and hopes he'll react more quickly or  
will know what to do better next time, so everyone gets out alive.

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*

Nurse Kathy cannot scrub her hands clean or wash the blood from her shoes;  
she only carried band aids in her pockets, never enough to stop all that bleeding.  
If she carried a gun, if it happened again, would she aim to do the least harm?

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*

The Senator searches for answers: More guns? No guns?  
Individual rights vs. the good of all. He mourns the children sacrificed:  
One might have cured cancer, ended global warming, erased world hunger.

*That's the burden bullets leave behind.*



## Remembering to Move Forward by Donovan C.

### Remembering to Move Forward

To know who I am is to know who I am not.  
I am a puddle striving to become an ocean.  
I am a breeze straining to move sailboats forward.  
I am a tree struggling to grow its roots.

But to know who I am not is to know who I am.  
I am not a stagnant puddle ceasing to grow.  
I am not a simple breeze too small to blow.  
I am not a tree too idle to mature.

To say who I am is to ignore my future and potential.  
You cannot show me my limits for I have none  
You cannot proclaim what I can do. I am not done.  
You cannot persuade me to stop growing, for I will continue on.

I know where I am from, and I know where I am.  
I know the waves are crashing and the tornado is rolling.  
I know the structures placed for success are guiding me to failure.  
I am aware of the easy road leading to its own stale destination.

But do you see the ones counting on me?  
Do you see the ones who are pouring into me?  
Do you see the ones who are pushing me forward?  
Do you see the ones who are routing for me to succeed?

With the ones progressing me, do you know who I will become?  
I will become a life-giving ocean for creatures to thrive in.  
I will become a mighty wind to propel people forward to their goals.  
I will become a strong-rooted oak to provide shelter and more.

To remember who I was is to remember who I was not.  
I was a droplet striving to become an ocean.  
I was a breath straining to move sailboats forward.  
I was a sapling struggling to grow its roots.

But to remember who I was not is to remember who I was.  
I was not a stagnant droplet ceasing to grow.  
I was not a simple breath too small to blow.  
I was not a sapling too idle to mature.

I know who I am, and I know who I am not.  
I know where I am from, and I know where I am.  
With the ones progressing me, do you know who I will become?  
Well, I am remembering to move forward.

Beverly  
by Jamita S.

## Beverly

She most certainly is the most beautiful woman that I know.

Although she only stands at 5 feet tall her beauty and her poise make her seem much taller.

Built like a brick house, her shape is curvy and strong. Her arms are short, but somehow she gives the most comforting and loving hugs.

Her hands have noticeably aged. Years of working, preparing many fulfilling home cooked meals and washing dishes once we've all scattered from the kitchen.

Her face and skin are incredibly soft. A complexion of golden with a glow from many kisses from the sun. ~~at~~

A beautiful smile that runs a mile.

Her eyes a deep brown that hold the depth of time.

Her knowledge and wisdom inside.

Her hair was gray, but now it's turning silver and white.

One hundred and twenty five plus lovely locks grow from her scalp as they drape down her back towards her waist.

Her beauty <sup>is</sup> just the outward appeal.

The love, generosity and compassion that ~~she~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~poss~~ <sup>inwards</sup> that pours from her pores make her beauty show that much more.

If you ever happen to cross her path I'm sure you will agree.

She is most certainly of ~~the~~ the most beautiful you know and I'm not just saying that because she's my mother.