

19th Annual Poetry Contest 2018 Winners-Adult

Pam G.

“And You Are”

Misty falling snowdrops creeping down,
Landing softly on the ground.
Romping doe and dove and deer
Is the music that you hear.
Whistling breezes sighing deep;
Leaves falling where you sleep.
This is the time of the rising season
When all the world sees the reason
For your being.
And you are.

Sloan K.

“Rhododendron”

Danger:
Damaged girl ahead.
No, I am not functional
nor will I be for you.
If you cannot handle broken stems
and missing petals—
wilting leaves and rotting fruit—
Leave my garden now.
I am not your nectar or your honey,
I am mud. Dirt. Gravel.
The rocky ledges you didn't think could yield flowers
and yet I'm here—
Weeds are just as powerful as roses
and I have twice as many thorns.
Dig up my roots and all you'll find
is my trauma
I grew from it like Spring,
though it's always Winter here—
No, I don't care if you don't understand—
I don't care if my berries are not ripe enough
I don't mind that my trunk grew crooked
I can't change how often it rains here
I won't stop planting seeds and praying for them to sprout—
This is not Eden.
I am not Paradise.

Please keep off the grass.

Sandra M.

“NO CLUE”

Lord, I'm just as old-fashioned;
As old-fashioned can be;
And I just can't make heads, or tails
Of this new technology.
They tell me I can read all kinds of books
On some lil' ole' machine;
Well, what they didn't say is;
Does it use electricity, or gasoline?
My daughter sent me one of them computers;
It's still in the box in the house;
I'll never use that thang;
That gal knows I'm a'scared of a mouse!
But I'd sure like to down a load of some materials;
'Cause I'd like to make a new dress;
She said I'd have to go somewhere out on a line;
Shucks forget about it! It's too much of a mess!
They keep tellin' me about an e-mail;
And they must be crazy at that;
'Cause why would I want to send some mail;
Where nobody's livin' at?
And this thing with a book full of faces;
I believe they call it Facebook;
Is this the book the police use;
When they're tryin' to catch a crook?
And these youngsters nowadays with their music;
The name of it is uh...yeah, hippity-hop;
I overheard my grandson listenin' to a song;
It sounds like what we feed the hogs-slop!
Lord, I'm so glad that to talk to You;
All I need to do is pray;
I know You created all things for Glory;
But I'm still thankful for the old-fashioned way!

Lisa P.

“Ode to Poe”

ode to Poe
whose darkness
dazzles
the evening shade of night
quivering shivering
haunting
in eerie quiet light

pooling ink
bleeding black
oozing seeping
slowly creeping
chilling blood...even terror
won't look back
the dead undead yet dying
full of life and living
being having been
images imagined
imagination's
greatest friend
frightened by the feel
of what isn't real
from the horror trapped inside
where every word walks outside
from his head into yours
the candles flicker and blow out
a chilling presence presents itself
Poe the master carries on
Full of death and carrion

Daria Q.

“Radio Dreams: True Dreams of Wichita”
True Dreams of Midwestern bliss
Lost among the flyover states
In the rare places where freaks like me gather in droves
Like the Beetopia from the Blind Melon video
I finally found a place where people like me exist
... except they don't

True dreams of Leavittsburg
I could never return and call that home
Because home was never a place I had been
Only the places I could imagine in my dreams
I never felt as if I were permanent
I was always just passing through
The people who are here today
Would be gone by next week
Nothing is permanent
Nothing is stable
Nothing gold ever stays
But neither does anything else

True Dreams of Youngstown
And I'm stuck with all I've got

Dreams come to die here
Chances are, I will, too
The only stability here is the inevitability of failure
That's why everyone tries to run away from Ohio
No one stays here because they want to
We stay here because we can't afford to go home, anymore
Except that Ohio was always home, I guess
Maybe that's why it never felt that way

True dreams of Wichita, and I have no concept of it
All I know are gray skies, football, and trailer parks
I've spent my entire life believing that I was just passing through
But Ohio won't let me leave you
Until it takes away ever last possible dream
I may ever have of Wichita

Leah S.

“Guilt”

Don't read this poem.

Lock it away –
bury the key in a place
where the dog won't hide
his bones.
Throw it in a river and
make sure you stay
to watch it meander its way
through the horizon
where the reality of things
disappear.
and let it follow the current
out to the ocean
where things are too big to
understand.

Hopefully, a whale will swallow it whole
and push it into his enormous belly
where it is too dark
for even God to
find.
Maybe, if you're lucky,
the whale will carry it
to the edge of the Earth –
a place where only whales know—
and spew it over the
edge.

and,
if the stars are aligned
just right,
it will crash into the rocks below
and shatter,
sparing the world of its
clichés,
its imagery,
the perfect way it describes lighting
a cigarette
after sex... illuminating
the room—
making you see what you've
done.

Kimberly S.

“CESSILY”

Ageless, timeless
Eyes like butterflies
Deep dark moons of loveliness
Decorated with lashes divine.

Tender heart
Fierce as the lioness
Longing to love and be loved
Sadness, sadness without pride

Sunlight smiles
Perfect lips that shine
One day she will be free
Free from the captivity that binds.

Virginia S.

“Von2x”

Words
I cannot comprehend
I wish it was me instead
Waking up to devastating news
It felt like a nightmare
But I was awake
And I couldn't move
A life gone too soon
All over the news
Young and full of life
But it got dark outside
The grim reaper visited me

Breaking down the news
I could only think
"This cant be true!"
Your simile has made a difference
Your heart had no limits
You pushed forward no matte the statistics
I can still hear you sing
Your voice such a beautiful melody
You may be gone
But your legacy will forever live on
Till then My Friend
I love you.

Shruti T.

"Let my love to you reach"
Clouds like wispy cotton
The caress of sandy feet
Blue expanse of sea and sky
I belong where the two meet

That is where you'll find me
At twilight and at dawn
In the sounds of the ocean
In the rosy glow of the morn

I'll be the scattered seashells
Random patterns on the shore
I'll be the surf that rises
I'll be the seagulls that soar

I'll weave patterns on the beach
For you to decipher and decode
I'll leave messages and blessings
As you travel life's busy road

And if you ever need me
Walk barefoot on the beach
Let the waves lap up to you
Let me love to you reach.

David Z.

"Moonlit Night"
The beauty of the moonlit night,
And darkness backed by firelight,
The star-filled sky, a glorious sight,
What wonders does it have the right,
The night to have and hold?

When wandering in moon's silvery glow,
Or standing near a camp fire low,
What mysteries are we wont to know,
Or will coy night it deign to show,
To us mere mortals bold?

Standing in a wooded glen,
Not knowing how, or why, or when.
Those hidden things in shadows blend.
What message will those veiled things send?
Revealed in their time.

As we walk down a wooded trail
Our vision tries, to no avail,
To pierce the dark glen's foggy veil,
And sees a night bird across it sail,
To nest among the pine.

Arriving to a sleep bag warm,
To shelter from the coming storm,
Which bird in flight it did so warn,
Matured the fear already born,
Returned us to camp and fire.

Moon returns with tempest passed.
Through most an hour the storm did last.
The night bird, brief, a scolding sassed.
And shadows in the silvery light cast
Still hide the night's desire.

As wolves call from the lake's far shore,
We rise, and once again explore,
Around the crackling campfires roar,
It's warmth soothing our muscle's sore,
Events of day and night.

Hushed voices as we talk and think.
Stare at fire and share a drink.
Pondering the mysteries linked.
That in the moonlit night are synced
Both in an out of sight.

Across the woods and fields fallow,
Tree filtered to our hillside hallow,
Bright the moon, its angle shallow,

On breeze the sent of sweet rose mallow,
Stirs thoughts of whence we came.

Soon we lay and try to sleep.
Into mind days thoughts do seep.
And images it starts to reap.
Of memories to forever keep.
The moonlit night does wane.

Sound of frogs and crickets fade.
As does the howling wolves parade.
The fire banked, Its crackle staid.
Nearby small waterfall's cascade
With softly murmured part.

Though our reasoned thoughts suspend,
To fear, its mystery did not send.
The night it's reticence did not end.
But its cause became a friend,
Forever, in my heart.