

20th Annual Poetry Contest 2019 Winners-Adult

Will A.

Never is a word that haunts you
It's a bridge that can't be crossed
Reminding you of all you don't have
Reminding you of all you've lost

You may never have your dream life
Some things are really never meant to be
There are some things just reserved for others
Far beyond what they could ever have believed

Daddy's girl was smart and pretty
With dreams that stretched across the sky
She left behind a broken heart to chase them
She told him that she had to try
Not every dream you have is meant to follow
There are some that only make you cry....

The golden Boy had so much promise
Until the one he loved moved far away
Then his life became so out of rhythm
He wore his anger like a ball and chain

You may never have your dream life
Some things are really never meant to be
There are some things just reserved for others
Far beyond what they could ever have believed....

Then one night two dreams decided
That maybe they would meet halfway
They wanted these two hearts together
They made it happen on a sunny day
Not every dream you have is meant to follow
But there are dreams out there that hope you try

Suddenly they had a dream life
Sometimes some things are really meant to be
There are some things just reserved for others
Far beyond what they could ever have believed

Never is a word that haunts you

It dangles just beyond your outstretched hand
But NEVER say a thing will never happen
You never know what a dream has planned...
You never know what a dream has planned...
You never know what a dream has planned...

LaVonne B.

“Yearbook”

Faked, frozen-in-time smiles
Caught forever by the fleeting flash
Glare back as you gaze upon the glossy page
Memorialized in this repository
Of hyped hope and dashed dreams

The freak, the geek, the oh so meek
The burn-out, the strung-out, the soon to be drop-out
The mathlete, the athlete, the highest of the class elite
Lined up like equals on the page
As we never were in those yesterdays

Look there's the girl we all loved
Beaming bleached-blond and bodacious
And there's the one we loved to hate
Dumpy, frumpy, no wonder she's so grumpy
Posed as friends for this page only

Here's the one we used to idolize
There's the one we used to trivialize
Look it's the one we used to eat alive
And up next it's the Queen-Bee of this hive
Makes you wonder who's next to take a dive?

No wonder it's all so faked and phony
For no mere book could encompass all that misery
Or ever attempt to accurately portray
The pain, the hate, the rage or
All the unmitigated torture of those days

Better to make it glare with gloss
Like too sweet icing on the cake
Of our high school days that never were
All the better still to play with our fragile memories
And make the true horror of that past a blur

John C.

“Stress Never Stops”

As weddings turn into friendships,
Two turn into a team of mutuality.

Lasting for many years of glee,
Till a caretaker must take liability.

The care mate, and a loving soul
Confined to an institution of care,
Find existence as never before,
For parted love is hard to share.

Stress is gone for the wellbeing,
Knowing care is better for the ill.
Stress rises gain as time passes,
For the healthy with worries still.

Agonizing tension enters every visit,
As one cannot understand the why.
Hands are held, visits allow hugging,
But forever love cannot dry the eye.

Caitlin D.

“This Poem Has a Swear Word In It”

This poem is shit.
And that’s totes okay.
It has to come out.
It’s blocking the way
For more artful words
And better-voiced thoughts
That will make you feel things
That this poem will not.
This poem is crap.
It’s just words strung together
In some loose-fitting rhyme
And not even consistently.
Do you see
what I did there?
What did you expect?
That is what happens
When a person’s unchecked
In front of a screen
Or with pen on a paper
And they decide in that moment
To write a poem
For whatever reason
And then it gets away from them
And you have no excuse
Because it’s not even good!
But it’s good that it’s out
Because it’s like a dam broke
And the words come out fully
And not like a chore

Not like the squeezing and straining before
And whatever's there now
That's new in the world
It's a mess, it's alright,
Because the hard part is over.
We can fix broken things, but
The blank page is the bigger challenge.

Michelle H.

“Her”

I know the day she left
I just don't know what time
Where did she go?
I don't miss her
I don't even know how she left
She was there
I swear she was there
And then she wasn't
When I think back,
I feel saddened by her
People didn't stay
People stayed away
People moved out
She was just there
So alone
I didn't know what to do
I should've shown up sooner
I just didn't know how to help her
Or where to start
I came across her briefly
She just passed me by though
I was such a small, distant thought
She wanted to live like I do
She wanted to be me
She just didn't know how to get there
So she gave up
Where did she end up?
Where did she go?
She's not coming back
She's not.
I won't let her.
I don't want her here
She's too far gone.
I'm already here.
She was wrong
I had to lose her
I had to abandon her
I never came back for her
She was so there

I swear she was there
Where did she go?
She's right here.
She is me.
But, I'm not Her.

Andrea M.

"I'm Here"
"...And what would he like?"
Tipping her head toward me
the woman behind the counter
looked right over my head
carefully keeping her eyes on my mom

Mom turned up her lips
in that tight smile she makes when she's mad
but doesn't want to say it
"Why don't you ask him?"

Pause

"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?"
Loud like I was deaf
Slow like I was stupid
And not just in this wheelchair

Martha S.

"Little Has Changed"
White lace
Holds the ace,
Black face,
Sad race.
Fast pace,
First the chase,
Then the mace,
What's the basis for the charge,
Racist Sarge?
Spade, he
Made me
So mad,
Ticked
So I kicked.
Bad verdict,
Made in haste.
On hate was based.
What a waste!
Next case.