

21<sup>st</sup> Annual Poetry Contest Winners

2020

Adult

“The Rise”  
by Kevin G.

She struggles through the day,  
fighting back the stress and strain  
in a brittle mask of perseverance  
She smiles through her pain

and when her spirit suffers  
there's no utter of desperate sighs  
She gathers up her broken dreams  
And sets her sights upon The Rise

Each morning she launches her vessel  
with no compass or map to guide  
The storms batter her relentlessly  
While she sails for a calmer tide

The chaos moves more swiftly  
and she dodges the threatening skies  
as her life is keeled upon the rocks  
She stands resolute within The Rise

When others have lost their anchor  
and the world has crushed their hope  
She conjures up her steadfast will  
And in Him, the strength to cope

To any doubtful observer  
they cannot believe their eyes  
when she falls upon the rocks again  
and dares to make The Rise

This one is more tenacious  
than any they've witnessed before  
for when the trials knock her down  
She boldly stands once more

She is the epitome of a warrior  
growing fearless, strong and wise

But it's not to honor her victories  
because her gift lies in The Rise.

“A Letter to 2010 Me”  
by Nick H.

To my 2010 self  
Purpose of this letter is to drop some knowledge of great wealth  
For this is you 10 years down the road  
So sit down and unload  
When this letter finds you, it will be close to the end of 6th grade  
And just when you think your time in school will be paid  
Let me be the first one to tell you that you are wrong  
But that doesn't mean that you stop being headstrong  
For I am still in school  
Because knowledge is the biggest hidden jewel  
There is no such thing such as learning too much  
Anyone who tells you different is out of touch  
Never lose your thirst to grow  
Only you could be your biggest foe  
For somebody else wants your job  
In order for them to beat you they will have to create the most mad, kooky, thingamabob  
You will have days where you just want to lay in bed  
But you can sleep when you are dead  
So get out and seize the day  
There will be times when you question yourself along the way  
I'm still here so your question won't kill you  
But you will have some regrets that don't come with a redo  
So to leave you with one last piece of advice  
Insert your dominance and eat that last pizza slice  
Sincerely,  
Your 2020 Self

“White Out”  
by Heather H

Whipped cream castles  
and wedding tulle  
Glistening snow

at time of Yule

Quiet whispers  
on the wind  
Communion wafers  
paper thin

Lofty wool  
bleached and clean  
Church bell chimes,  
space in between

“Delivered Through the Gates of Horn - The Rule of Ares”  
by Bobbie H.

I was lost in a drifting sleep.  
In a darkness heavy and deep.  
And there a dream began to unfold  
With pinpoints of light both silver and gold.  
I had a dream of fevered stars.  
That I was floating past heavens black bars.  
Where I was suspended in emotion,  
As if my very heart had opened,  
To this world of galaxies,  
And this void of gravity.  
I had a dream both vivid and clear,  
I watched the birth of our atmosphere.  
I saw great hands stretch out before me,  
As if gates to this worlds' beauty.  
And there a paradise was found  
And my breath lost in leaps and bounds.  
Over hills and rolling valleys,  
In the sparkles the sun carries,  
In my eyes across the skyline,  
Over miles of ocean brine.  
Then I watched the hills unravel  
While my dream shifted and traveled,  
Over time and space and progress.  
Past the wheel and gilded palace.  
I heard laughter, songs and symphonies,  
I watched bricks rise into buildings,

Until cities blazed and scraped the sky  
And roadways roared with passersby.  
And still this dream kept pushing on,  
Showing progress 'til the forests were gone.  
Then darkness came and reigned the sky,  
While lakes and oceans were sucked dry.  
Until the very air became diseased,  
And there was murder in the streets.  
I watched famine spread like venom veins  
Until cries for food died with their names.  
I watched war march our world to its knees,  
With guns clutched tight like family.  
I watched the earth drown in their bloodshed,  
And there was nothing I could do to stop it.  
I tried and tried to pull from time,  
To run somewhere and wake my mind.  
But its hands held fast and hard as stone  
And made me watch the death of my home.  
So further still this dream pressed on,  
Without laughter.  
Without song.  
Without the mercy of a coming dawn.  
This was the death of all I've known.  
My land of freedom, love, my own.  
And after I watched all this time pass,  
I saw the earth about to breathe its last,  
When down came hands so great in might,  
Chasing the clouds so there was light.  
With blinking eyes, all were in awe,  
At the first glimpse of sun they saw.  
They dropped their arms and lungs held still,  
As they watched the very oceans fill.  
It was pristine, it sparkled grand,  
And mankind knelt upon the land.  
I turned around, but time was gone,  
And floating stars came one by one.  
I swam through darkness back to life,  
Where sunrays danced behind closed eyes.

“Evening Breeze”

by Tioni L.

I surrender to the evening breeze,  
Creeping in at sundown.  
The slither of its gust  
Forces me to put on a sweater,  
Trolling down a pathway.  
Groundhogs and bunnies  
Dart across fields.  
Leaves stick to the grass,  
Bushes are cut to shapes.  
Flip Flops change to boots  
As the fall makes its mark.  
Slow growing melons,  
Camouflage bees.  
A lot less warm,  
So I cover me up.  
I surrender to the evening breeze.

“An Ode to Autism”

by Fran R.

Two pounds,  
I cry.  
Two pounds,  
I thrive.  
Two pounds,  
I grow.  
Two pounds,  
No more.

No words,  
I stare.  
No words,  
I hear.  
No words,  
I observe.  
No words,  
I care.

Delayed,  
I try.

Delayed,  
I walk.  
Delayed,  
I run.  
Delayed,  
I talk.

Jimmy,  
"Yes."  
Jimmy,  
"No."  
Jimmy,  
"Sorry."  
Jimmy,  
"Let's Go!"

"Reeking Monsters"  
by Paige R.

A thousand thoughts continuously cut off by the next.  
Each one an insult to the owner they possess.  
Another worry drifts about an unknown future,  
a possibility of disaster that creates a fissure.  
Not knowing if you can pull through,  
all the judgement and doubt that shrouds you.  
Flinching over past mistakes and shedding tears  
for a shocked little girl that couldn't quite understand  
why adults turned into breath reeking monsters.  
Never afraid of the one under the bed,  
There was one lurking down the hall, drinking its sixth beer.