

Youth Poetry Contest Winners

2020

Grades 2-3

“Spring time is here!”

by Layna O.

Oh, Spring oh Spring what a wonderful time of year.

When the trees start blossoming.

The flowers start growing.

And animals wake up from hibernation.

The bees come out.

School is almost over!

YAHOO!

I love Spring!

Grades 4-5

“Hyperbole Backyard”

by Mae A.

Welcome to our backyard.

Where everything is green.

The grasshoppers jump a mile.

Our trees grow to the stars.

The grass is as sharp as a needle.

Our animals are faster than a cheetah.

The rocks are the size of a pool.

The deck is bigger than the ocean.

The plants are as green as an apple.

Our playhouse is a museum.

The leaves are as big as an elephant.

We hope you come by soon.

“Let's Focus On The Positives”

by Dominic B.

There has been

Lots of negative

Experiences

During the global pandemic

But let's focus

On the positives.

My family has
Had more family
Walks and dinners
In the last
Three weeks
Then in the past year.

I've got to learn
About more websites,
Like Zoom and Google Hangouts,
That I can use
In the future.

We had a
Zoom family dinner
With all of my dad's siblings,
Which will be helpful
If someone
Is sick,
Or can't come.

I know the pandemic
Probably makes you scared,
But if we stick together
We can get through it.
We're all in this together.

"YET"
by: Colie E.

The power of yet
I haven't done it yet
I haven't seen it yet
I haven't been there yet
This magical word means you haven't achieved it, but you will...
Some people say can't, wrong
You can, you just haven't yet
All you need is a little courage, a boost, a way to make it happen
You can do what you dream
Though you can't without bravery and faith in yourself.
You CAN do it!

But without the word yet, the world would be a life of I can't and I won't
So from now on, if you think you can't or won't
Just think, not yet
I have courage, I have bravery, I have faith
I will do it
Be happy and dream those big dreams
What a word, yet
The word of possibility
There is so much to learn and so much fun to be had,
And we will, we just haven't... yet!

"Covid-19"

by Beata P.

Cough! Sneeze! Germs fly in the air!
Can you feel the sickness everywhere?
Whilst families try to survive these germs in
Their hemisphere.

People on lockdown, quarantined.
Bored kids trapped at home,
Stuck with so much school work,
Feeling very alone.

It might be a ghost town here,
So sad and filled with fear.
But at least we have each other
To get through this nightmare.

Remember, love can blossom anywhere!
Movies we watch together,
Bonding and laughing, forgather.
Talking and chatting forever.

Grades 6-7

"Rain, Rain Don't Go Away"

by Izzy B.

I hear the too familiar pitter-patter
as rain hits the roof.
I take a glance towards the window;

dark storm clouds are in the distance,
a warning sign for what is to come.

As the rain falls harder,
I instantly make hot chocolate
and get a good book to read.
I wrap myself in a blanket
as I hear a rumble.
Then a flash of light.

I think about this routine I have,
almost monthly, like a relaxing weekend
after a busy week.
I never want this moment to end.
I feel so calm and comfortable.

The rain stops,
and I carry on.

“Help. You Cant Hear Me.”
by Scarlett B.

Help
I'm drowning
I'm Screaming
I'm Crying through the dark waters
But you can't hear me.

Help
I've been broken
I've been torn down
I've been lost
But you can't hear me.

Help
I hide my thoughts
I hide my worries
I hide my words
So that you can't hear me.

Help
This anxiety
This hurt

This dread
Is stopping me from letting you hear me.

“His First Haircut”
by Autumn G.

There he was,
so innocent,
so clueless,
his hair covering the light in his teal eyes.

My brother,
Only four years old,
sat on the step that led to our family room.

He looked at me,
oblivious,
the safety scissors in my hand.

He sat still as I started to cut off his dirty blonde bangs.

I watched as the pieces of hair fluttered down to the ground.

He smiled at me.

His hair,
cut in a crooked line,
revealed bits and pieces of his little,
pale forehead.

Yes, it was me.
I gave my brother

his first haircut.

“What if..”
by Tarion L.

Every day

And every night,
I want to go outside,
but I can't see the sun's light.
I saw online someone started to sing,
"What if the coronavirus wasn't a thing"
I think to myself,
Will that ever be the case
I can't think that now,
being stuck in this place.
But I believe that one day
there will be a cure.
And the areas outside will be pure.

Grades 8-9

"Peace"
by Jacob H.

All of the world, without fail,
wants to see the rise of peace.
From presidents, to addicts, to inmates in jail,
there is no greater wish than the presence of peace.

But such peace is untrue,
and searched for in vain.
There are but a few,
who leave rainbows for rain.

But these are the ones
who really know peace,
who know the great sun,
because elsewhere is sleet.

Peace is defined
by the struggles that cause it,
for we only want light,
in the dark of the closet.

We know of the peace,
because we've seen war.
We love the warm sheets,
because we've slept on the floor.

So yearn for peace,
but bear in your mind,
the orange is only great
because of the rind.

Grades 10-12

“Your History”
by Coral C.

You loved history.
Your obsession with wars won and lost, with the mistakes of the past.
You would tell me of fallen empires late at night, just me and you.

But what fascinated me more was your triumphs, your battles.
Your tired, cracked hands, bruised and beaten from a life of work,
Your shoulders broken from wars with giant metal dragons.
Your Battles with inky giants so the world would learn in the morning.
Every night you fought till the sun roused, and in the morning, you
would return to us.
Our strong warrior, another war won.

In sixtynine years so many battles had been won.
At 2 you battled your own body.
At 20 you saved a woman from a monster and almost lost your life.
At 30 you battled for the one you loved, and once again you won.
At 50 you saved me.

At 69 you faced you hardest battle yet...
You fought so hard, i watched as your lungs started to die
I watched as you couldn't remember the empires you used to speak so fondly of.
I watched as you couldn't stand strong and proud anymore.
I watched you whither way.
You fought so hard, but this last battle was lost.

Although you won't be here to tell my children of empires and wars won and lost...
I will tell them, I will tell them of the strongest warrior of them all.
I will tell them of you.

“Birth of a Traveler”

by Penny D.

Up in attic covered in layers of dust and shadow,
Memories are at rest and distant adventures echo,
In a battered suitcase adorned with fabric torn,
Waiting to unveil its secrets some future morn’.

The luggage had seen more than most human eyes,
From brilliant beaches to cloudless cerulean skies,
Travelling to islands separated from civilization,
And bustling European cities full of temptation.

Seeing every side of the world’s beautiful visage,
Tingling with curiosity when met by new language,
Stickers proudly marked the places it had been,
Then the owner settled down, journeys forgotten.

Curious hands dig the treasure from the rubble,
Mesmerized by the possibilities of the torn bundle,
From the treasure chest – frayed, forgotten and worn,
Another young and ambitious traveler is born.

“Pressure”

by Fred H.

As a kid, you think like a kid..
How do I make friends?, What is school going to be like?,
How do I ride a skate board, or ride a bike?
Not a lot of pressure.

As a teen, you think like a teen...
How do I make good friends?, How can I keep doing well in school?
How soon can I get my permit? Will my friends think I am cool?
A little more pressure.

As a young adult, you think like a young adult....
Where are all my friends now? Where should I go to College?
What type of job should I get? How do I find such knowledge?
A bit more pressure.

As an adult, you think like an adult.....

When will I get married?, When will we have kids?,
Where will they go to school?, Where will we all live?
What if I lose my job? How will I pay the bills?
How should I plan for retirement?
Should we rent a house or find something
More permanent?

These and many more questions come to mind,
So many possibilities, too many to keep confined.

The pressure is mounting,
The pressure is climbing,
The pressure is reaching.....
A boiling point.

Relax.....
Breathe in.....
Breathe out.....

The pressure is only there
To make you stronger.

“Alice In Covidland”
by Amber L.

Like Alice, I feel lost. Lost in this new world that makes no sense,
no sense whatsoever.
There's no rabbits running rampant, but people who are filled with fear.
The queen of hearts who cuts off heads is a virus who cuts lives short.
The card soldiers who follow her are the government officials,
struggling to find solutions, working hard as they can, or try too.
The Cheshire cat that alludes mystery is the future,
An unknown future that is filled with fear and a lack of hope.
The land filled with wonder and magic mushrooms and funny animals,
Is now filled with sadness and worry,
Worry for the lives of others,
Of our loyal soldiers who fight on the front lines against this virus.
Unlike the card soldiers who stand tall in the grassy queen's garden,
They can't bend and fold in whatever ways to please their queen.
They can't fight against something invisible.
They're doing all they can but is it enough?

Will it be enough if people don't listen,
Like nobody listened to Alice when she told them of her trips to this magical place.
Nobody listens now, they go on with their lives, no staying home as they're told.
There is no crazy mad hatter who rambles on endlessly,
But people mad with fear and worry who ramble on, trying to convince others to make the right
choices.
The choices to stay home and stay safe.
Our world seems like wonderland, it makes no sense at all, and no one seems to believe.

"The Race"

by Caroline P.

I steady my breathing
heart pounding in my ears
I look up and take my stance on the line
frozen in place
the man dressed in black raises his arms
flag in one
gun in the other
he holds his stance for no more than a moment then
pop!
There's no time to think or react
it's instinct
I have trained for this for weeks
months
I feel the familiar burn begin to arise in my chest
Every muscle in me on fire
as my body pleads with me to stop
but I won't
I will not stop until I see it
I will bear every twist turn and incline
until the end

"There I Found the Sun (An Ode to a Syrian Refugee)"

by Paul W.

I found myself in a crying boat
In a world untouched by man
Where the screams of mutes filled the air
When ground by cogs and sand
And eleven ditches of nauseous blood
Curled across the land

I found myself in a dying boat
Amongst pillars that used to be men
Where forsaken, crippled poets
Struggled to hold a pen
And preachers wandered the world alone
For the night had silenced them

I found myself on bleeding ice
Praying for death to come
But the Heavens sang
And shining bells rang
And there I found the sun