

Twenty-third Annual Youth Poetry Award Winners

Wednesday, April Thirteenth

Two-thousand Eleven

Four o'clock in the afternoon

Martha Riley Community Library

First Grade

First Place: Rachel Beardsley, South Sutter Charter School

Untitled

I lost my tooth a day ago
Just because I went to the snow
I drank hot chocolate, cried a lot
The space felt strange and so did I

Second Place: Sydney Tran, Blue Oaks Elementary

If I Were

If I were the sun, I would sink back at night.
If I were the moon, I would sing as bright as a light.
If I were a star, I would use the moon as light.
If I were a bird, I would fly like a kite.
If I were a kite, I would fly in the wind.
If I were a deer, I would run in the morning.
If I were a child, I would fly my kite.

Third Place: Anna Vierra, Blue Oaks Elementary

Spring

Butterflies are dancing in the sky
Flowers smell delicious
Walking bare feet in the grass
Hearing birds sing in the trees
Children giggling and laughing
Spring is on his way

Second Grade

First Place: Kyra Hensley, Quail Glen Elementary

Cookie and Roofus

When Roofus came
home, he was happy
to see me, Cookie Tommy, and Mom and Dad.
Cookie and Roofus
got along. But with
me too. Roofus is
a cat and Cookie is
a dog. They are the best
pets ever. So is Willy
The new dog ever.

Second Place: Maggie Silver, Quail Glen Elementary

The Football Bears!!!

I love the bears!
They score very high
Sometimes I cry
My mom does, too

The Football Bears!!!, continued

She's loved them
Since she was a cuberoo
I count on the bears
Very, very, much
Sometimes I say to my mom
I want to watch the bears

But that is rare
I have a shirt of them
I watch them with my mom
And I will always love them!

Third Place: Megan January, Heritage Oak Elementary

What is Green?

Green is the recycle color.
Green is the smell of ferns.
Green is the feeling of peppermint candy.
Green is the emerald buried in the yard.
Green is the dinosaurs, munching and lunching on the land.
And green is also the smell of the cookies.
Green feels smooth.
Green smells like outside.
Green is the feeling of being happy.
Green is fun, like swinging on vines.
Green is lovely, like the holly above your fireplace.
Green is warm, inside, like Christmas.
Green is quiet, like a mouse.
Green sounds squishy. It can even be the soap in your bathroom.
Green feels velvety.
Green looks like an angel.
Green tastes like ginger.
Green makes me excited, makes me feel proud.

Honorable Mention: Jaden Peace, Sergeant Elementary

Snow

Cold frozen
Skiing, skating, playing
Bundling up with Mom
Winter

Third Grade

First Place: Lucas Reeves, Coyote Ridge Elementary

Walking Down the Road

I walk down the road
I see many things
Bikers rush past me

Walking Down the Road, continued

Big houses come by
Stranger walk down the road
Stray dogs bark as I pass by
And I wonder in my head
Gee
This is a long walk!

Second Place: Patrick Westerman, St. Thomas Aquinas Academy

Ballet

Ballet is beautiful
Fun
But hard.
It's always nice to have a challenge.

Third Place: Ethan McLeod, Maidu Elementary

Love is...

Love is...

Twenty crisp dollar bills in my pocket
splashing into my grandparents pool
reading 39 clues before going to bed
snuggling with my dog, Ginger on the couch
watching a movie with my family on movie night
racing my friends to the wallball courts at recess
eating pepperoni pizza on Friday nights
That's love!!!

Honorable Mention: Nigel Gardner, Spanger Elementary

Star Wars the Clone Wars

Star Wars is awesome!
Tarkin as in Captain Tarkin.
Anakin is my favorite character.
Rotta is Jabba's son.
Wookies are Chewbacca's kind.
Ashoka is Anakin's padawan.
Rex is Anakin's personal clone.
Starfighters are Jedi ships.

Fourth Grade

First Place: Bethany Brooding, Excelsior School

Starry Night in Lonely Days

Waiting for that moment, the night drags on
Hoping the lights won't come on and ruin it
Ruin it all, the only time I can be all alone
The only time I can stick my head out the window
And stare at the stars while the cool evening air
Blows in gusts and sails me out of this world
Leaving behind starry nights and lonely days

Second Place: Mia Taylor, Excelsior School

England

England is a wonderful place
But when I visit my Nana there is little space
We put our shoes by the door
drink tea and biscuits and hope there's more
It is very fun
Although there is no sun
We go to school in a uniform
Let me tell you it isn't warm
But look on the bright side
They make delicious fish and chips fried.

Third Place: Hannah Robertson, Excelsior School

Wagon

the bumpy fun ride
our house trailing behind
times being left behind

Honorable Mention: Kacen Kenopic, Excelsior School

Balloons

Balloons
Balloons
Balloons
float in the air.
they lose helium but
sooner or later they
POP!

Honorable Mention: Catherine Lauth, Excelsior School

Strawberries

Juicy red, so good
explodes in my very own mouth
leaving me hungry.

Fifth Grade

First Place: Connor Stanford, Excelsior School

Waves

Salt, sea, ocean, ocean animals
Peaceful, calm, relaxing
Frogs, dogs, waves crashing
I see the sun setting while the waves
are crashing behind the sun.
My family and I walk down to the
beach and go wave boarding.
Happy, excited, relaxed, peaceful
sea, ocean, waves

Second Place: Trinity Burley, Excelsior School

Dream

Dancing in the sky on a shining silver dragon
Racing a purple turtle to the finish line in Rome
Eating ice cream with a GIANT teal blue teddy bear
Astonishing sights beneath the sea with a beautiful
mermaid with a tail that glistens green
Mystical creatures such as fairies and unicorns
everywhere you look
It doesn't matter to me, it's your dream

Third Place: Aziza Nussipov, Junction Elementary

Critter

I was playing outside
When a critter crept along
The creepy critter bit me and went on
This I call the bit-and-run
Most people just say,
"It's just a bug! It's ok!"
YOU BITTER CRITTER!

Honorable Mention: Britney Nelson, Coyote Ridge Elementary

Jack's Talent

Jack is a puppy
As cute as could be
But, when we try to leash him
He wiggles from under me
So then I decided
Maybe he can play Frisbee
But, when I tried
He would only hide
Or run away from me
But, he was so cute
In four little boots
His talent could be..
Oh dressing up
that little pup
Was something so easy
To do

Honorable Mention: Ryan Hunter, Excelsior School

Eraser

Erase what is written
Rear-end of a pencil
After-shavings
Sentence destroyer
Epic
Recyclable

Honorable Mention: Avalon Surratt, Blue Oaks Elementary

Two Little Poets

Two little poets rhyming together,
making a rhyming poem altogether,
rhyming cat with sat, rat with fat,
mat with pat and all of that,
and they didn't stop rhyming
until their mother said, "Dinner's ready I made spaghetti!"
and they said, "Perfect timing we just finished rhyming!"

Honorable Mention: Ashley Escobar, Catheryn Gates Elementary

Alaska

Alaska, the state is awesome, not just nice.
The forget me not is the state flower, not the
forget me twice.
It does have trees and animals, not just ice.
Polar bears frequent the tundra of Alaska not
mice.
Alaska has the largest fish industry, not the industry of rice.
That is what I have to say about Alaska. You heard me once so do not make me tell it
twice.

Sixth Grade

First Place: Sydney Adamson, Chisum Christian Academy

Library

In the library,
Cool happy library,
Nice fine library,
I look around
On the shelves the books are stacked,
Stacked and packed, the books are stacked.
Different books talk about different things,
Some about cats, others submarines.
Dogs and bats, take a look,
Some are about how to cook.
Darts, carts,
Telephone parts,
Pens, hogs, rules and logs,
Coats, boats, gruel and goats,
Owl wings and hornet stings,
You'll find books on these things,
And more,
If you open a library door.

Second Place: Yarelis Christian, Excelsior School

Untitled

Outside the air is moist

Untitled by Yarelis Christian, continued

Dancing happily around us
Tears are falling from the sky
Forming puddles on the ground
Waiting for us to splash the tears
That make us cold and wet.
For when the sun comes out
We will be waiting,
Waiting happily
For it to dry our cold little bodies.
But when the sun doesn't welcome us,
We will welcome the white little snowflakes
That stick to us
Drenching us in cold
White
Happiness

Third Place: Brendan Cleveland, The Cleveland Academy

The Dog

See the dog in his house
Sleeping without a sound
Dreaming of chasing cats and cars
Feeling so relaxed
Watch the dog, on a walk
Hopping so gracefully
That it looks like he is still dreaming
Happy thoughts of glee
There is the dog, chasing a squirrel
Running as fast as possible
The squirrel runs up a tree
And then he gets lost
There he goes back home
Back to his warm bed
He snuggles up
and falls asleep

Honorable Mention: Emily Province, Excelsior School

It's Time To Go To Camp

cold winds blowing
sad parents waving
little kids crying
its time to go to camp
cabins small and loving
kids busy writing
people warm and hugging
its time to go to camp
cold snowflakes falling
classes cold and surprising

It's Time To Go To Camp, continued

meals are so giving
it's time to go to camp

Honorable Mention: Emma Hansen, Excelsior School

Dreams

Night falls upon us
When the sun goes to rest
We lay in our beds
Drifting away
Into a magical place
We'd all like to stay
There are wonders there
Some good, some bad
But when we are there
It's like nothing can hurt us
The bad ones come near
But the good ones defend
And always the good wins in the end.
But just like the sun
The moon has to rest
And the magic is gone from our minds
Until the sun once again needs to rest

Honorable Mention: Megan Marty, Excelsior School

Howl, Yowl

Howl, howl, the wolf sings his hymn
Yowl, yowl, they reply to him
Howl, howl, the Alpha leads his hunt
Yowl, yowl, he runs up front
Howl, howl, he rushes the kill
Yowl, yowl, they race over the foothill
Howl, howl, he gets first bite
Yowl, yowl, they sing into the night

Seventh Grade

First Place: Alexandra D'Costa Velazquez-Acosta, California Virtual Academy

Orangellow

I was only three years old the first time I saw an orangellow ocean.
I was sitting in the back seat of my dad's old crimson red car on an extremely long drive.
Suddenly the car swerved onto a thinner road and I was wide awake.
I was in an enchanted forest of lively green fields amid the Joshua Trees.
I could see the snow capped mountains moving away behind us.
The car slithered up and down the winding road.
Finally I saw it; "The Ocean!"
It wasn't blue like in my picture books.

Orangellow, continued

I couldn't tell where yellow stopped and orange started.
I could not swim in it like at the beach, but holding hands I got to float up the hill.
As the sun came down it melted into my "Orangellow Ocean"
I finally discovered where the sun went to sleep at night.
My mommy told me it was call the Lancaster Poppy Fields.

Second Place: Kylie Sommer, Cavitt Jr. High School

Peace

I lay in the grass
Gazing up at the bright sky
watching the clouds pass

Third Place: Troy Pawlak, Cavitt Jr. High School

Untitled

Petals of flowers
In many different colors
Open to the sun

Honorable Mention: Will Duval, Cavitt Jr. High School

The Concert

The ground is littered
The concert is now over
The band's performance
rocked the auditorium
The loud sound pierced people's ears

Eighth Grade

First Place: Brad Pickett, Silverado Middle School

Untitled

I am a lone wolf on this freezing tundra,
My pack has betrayed me and left me to die.
They think I am evil and will murder them all,
And all because of 1 strange colored eye.
"The red is not normal," our leader declared,
"He must be an evil demon's spy."
So, they drove me out, or toward my death,
And all because of 1 strange colored eye.
I tried to join another pack,
But their seers told me I was destined to die.
They chased me away and tried to kill me,
And all because of 1 strange colored eye.
With no pack comes no food,
So surely I will die.
Why did they betray me? We're the same them and I.
It was all because of 1 strange colored eye.
The keen moon hangs over as forever I lie...
And all because of 1 strange colored eye.

Second Place: Jeffrey Prather, Silverado Middle School

What If

Everyday was treated like a new beginning
Where grudges, bitterness, unforgiveness, and worries
Died the moment your head hit the pillow
And at the time you had awoken to a new morning
Your mind would be renewed
Not lacking in knowledge or wisdom from the past
But building on what has been made from prior situations and circumstances
Each person you'd come into contact with
You'd treat like it had been the first time you'd met them
And your first impression persona would be at the top of its game
Being kind, loving, unconditional in terms of your friendship
And how things are done to show thanks
What if
We shared our gifts just out of love
And never had the expectations of wanting to be loved in return
What if
Believing was reality

Third Place: Emalee Sprock, Silverado Middle School

Butterflies

You were just a baby, with cloth on your hands
Your eyes I looked into, so perfect and pure
The skin on your body, it was thin and scarred
for every breath your mother took, they couldn't find a cure
You went through so much in your short life
no one could even try to comprehend
49 days of treatment hurt more than any
But your little body's limits we could not bend.
Baby elle fly up, be with the rest
through all of the sadness and sorrow
we all wish you the best

Honorable Mention: Emily Ingram, Silverado Middle School

Untitled

Relaxing on the beach
The grainy sand gently shifting beneath my feet
The chilly Pacific flowing swiftly through my hand
The joys of the ocean are endless
Seagulls sing songs that have been around since the beginning of time
Waves whispering the secrets of the sea, sacred they may be
Your senses run wild, as you stand on the beach
The flavorful taste of a fresh seafood from a small town restaurant
Feeling as if you will never have to worry over problems in the city
The sound of the fierce waves crashing against the sand
Looking out on the ocean. It looks as if it will never end, an eternity of blue water
The joys of the ocean are everywhere, all you have to do is open

Untitled by Emily Ingram, *continued*

Your eyes and look around

Honorable Mention: Connor McCrum, Silverado Middle School

Duke My Pup

Duke is his name

he is my bud.

Dragging me is his game

even through the mud.

In the summer when it is hot

and he needs to be cool,

one of the things he is taught

is to jump in the pool.

He weighs 100 pounds

and he is still just a pup.

He's the best of the hounds

so he always knows what's up.

Bottom line and best of all,

he always come when I call.

Honorable Mention: Jordan Williamson, Silverado Middle School

Orlando Magic

Orlando Magic the best team around

Orlando Magic are victory bound

The best team in the NBA

The Magic puts cities to shame

With the Best Players in the game today

On Tuesday's and Thursday's we're ready to play

The Best team on the east coast

Our fans have the right to boast

Has the best coach in the nation

Our team is in need of celebration

Why is our team really so good?

Because we have the best fans, you know that we would

Honorable Mention: Andrew Grinder, Silverado Middle School

Pat the Rat

Pat, Pat was a clumsy rat

He would always play with the cat

The owners of the house did not like Pat

So he hid under the mat

Once I a while Pat lays in the sun

Until the kids come out to run

Now the rat traps were surely set

And Pat has to sit outside in the cold and wet

Pat lives his life day by day

Wishing to go inside to sit and play

Pat worries about the traps every day

Pat the Rat, continued

But he tells himself it is okay
Pat, Pat was a clumsy rat
He would always play with the cat
Until the day there came the bat
And that was the end of Pat the rat

Honorable Mention: McLayla Johnson, Silverado Middle School

Bump, Set, Spike

Volleyball is the sport I play
Bump, Set, Spike
Fear is what they will display
I'm the person the opponent won't like
My turn to serve, let's keep it in bound
Don't let them side-out
The crowd will sound
To some it's a hobby.
For me it's an obsession
Hope we don't sound too snobby
Nobody can handle my aggression
Volleyball is an intense game
No one's to blame.

Honorable Mention: Alexis McCafferty, Silverado

I Bake

When the weather outside is cold and wet
When I am lazy or when I am grounded,
I bake.
All kinds of treats!
Cookies, cakes, pies, strudels, toffee, candy...
My cookbook is my best friend.
You like pie?
It'll be done in an hour!
Is it your birthday?
Then a cake will do!
I bake for others.
No, never for me.
Unless of course I may have a craving.
When the weather outside is cold and wet,
When I am lazy or when I am grounded,
I bake.

High School

First Place: Aileigh Bullard, 10th grade, Woodcreek High School

Life

It's just like driving, Holding the wheel, Feeling all the power of the world in your hands,
Under your control

Life, continued

It's like diving, Feeling the water caress your body as you land, It's quick and it's fast, The feelings they pass that comforting moment you know where you're at
Then you're under the sea, You're trying to breath, You reach to get out, but you're weak, you want to sleep
You're falling down to the deep, The shadows of the sea grab you and drag you down, you don't know where you're at, You've stopped, and you've given up, You've accepted your end
Then you feel a hand, It's holding on tight, It's heard your plea for life, and it pulls you back up
Now you're back where you started, but you fear that dive, you fear the drive, But guess what
that's life

Second Place: Collin Searls, 11th Grade, Antelope High School

Heart Shaped Piano

The keys are frozen
now much too cold to play.
Though the lyrics are long forgotten,
the feelings come to stay.
The music's not too easy to read.
But as I look at the keys
I realize, they're not what I need.
The music's the soul in art,
but you're the one
who's breached my heart.

Third Place: Christian Hatchett, 12th Grade, Woodcreek High School

California Rain

Young rain prances on my window pane,
Each droplet dancing with the other;
Don't bother with the cold outside.
Beauty laughs inside each jagged draught of
Water leaping from the fountain-like sky,
Lyrical wetness. The grey dress covering the
Stars tonight slips a sigh of cool wind
Through the pleasant peace of October,
And all is silent.

Honorable Mention: Josephine Kao, 10th Grade, Mira Loma High School

The Student's Lament

The day after we learn our ABC's
We find out about the SAT's
"Trying to get a higher GPA..
so that I might be able to get into a college someday"
It's endless,
It's ludicrous
This rat race we've created

The Student's Lament, continued

What's happened to true learning?
It needs to be reinstated
Memorize, cram, regurgitate
A single grade could determine my fate
The is the story of my life
Of endless competition, studying, and strife
So if you're a teacher, mentor, or parent
Please hear us out
The student's lament

Honorable Mention: Sarah Brazil, 10th Grade, Homeschool

Hate

Why is there so much of this in the world?
Why can't we see it until it's unfurled?
Its mangled talons only stretch to accommodate.
We must change our ways before it's too late.
A silent killer of more forms than one,
Never sleeping moon or sun
It roams the kingdom claiming grace.
It takes many souls yet has no face.
Offering nothing except cold hearts
Never shedding a tear as lives fall to parts
It lurks inside us it poisons our minds.
It searches for victims and victims it finds.
We may not see it but we must fight to eliminate
This cycle we are born to
This cycle called
Hate.

Honorable Mention: Emma Carlson, 9th Grade, Roseville High School

Becoming Your True Colors

The seasons come and go,
But there is something that you ought to know.
This will help you while you are living out and about,
In your life and throughout.
It is, that being yourself,
Distinguishes you from the rest of the books on the shelf.
This piece of advice beats the life game.
The genuine player wins in spite of the "cool" lame.
The trick to winning isn't being in the latest trends,
Instead, it is being yourself through life's bends.
Of course "being in" may be a temptation,
But it is important to avoid this adaptation.
Life is full of so many vibrant colors,
So why not add to that to make yourself full of unique glours.
Grasp your true self and live it out loud!
Prove who you are and all that you will bring to the world around.

Honorable Mention: Tanvi Kamath, 11th Grade, Oakmont High School

Fragment

A fragile entity, a wavering identity,
A cracked shell, a drying well,
A dying ember's unnoticed death,
Extinguished by a tremulous breath.
A masterpiece of crystal towers,
Crushed, like the most delicate of flowers.
A river, no longer flowing in torrents,
once pushed by the most robust of currents.
Unsteady footsteps of a shaken being,
no longer bouncy, light, merry, freeing...
Amid a flourishing grove, wind-scattered seeds,
struggling to find sunlight, thwarted by half-grown weeds,
thriving, once doused by the occasional dose,
the paradise of comfort—impossibly far or impossibly close?