

Award-winning poems from the youth of Roseville

Tuesday, April Twenty-Second
Two-thousand fourteen
Four o'clock in the afternoon
Vernon Street Town Square

First Grade

First Place: Ian Morales, Stoneridge Elementary School

My Cat Mochi

This story is about a cat
that seems to be a big brat.
She has massive claws,
on her Siamese paws.
I love her beautiful eyes
but sometimes she lies.
I think she loves me
But I am surprised when she bites me.
The little fuzz ball scratches me
So my mom runs and patches me.
She likes to play roughly
But I take her scratches toughly.

Second Place: Zachary Tran, Blue Oaks Elementary School

I Wish...

I wish that there were fish in the sky;
I wish they could learn to fly.
I wish that there were hats that looked like bats.
I wish that we could walk our cats.

Third Place: Aaron Moe, Kaseberg Elementary School

Blue

Blue is awesome.
Blue looks like blueberries.
Blue smells like blueberry muffins.
Blue tastes like blue frosting.
Blue sounds quiet.
Blue feels like my stuffed bear Boo.
Blue is fantastic.

Second Grade

First Place: Cooper Cornelius, Heritage Oaks Elementary School

Dribble, Dribble down the court

Basketball is my favorite sport
I hope I grow very tall
So I can play pro Basketball
Shooting the ball is my favorite part
I like it more than Mario Kart
I go outside to practice hard
And maybe I will get a basketball card

Second Place: Sophia Gibson, Heritage Oaks Elementary School

When the Sprites Play Soccer

I play on a soccer team
and why we practice is to stay lean.
When we put on our uniforms
every player is now transformed.
When I'm a forward they pass me the ball
and most of them are very tall.
The whole team knows to drink lots of water
so none of us will later falter.
The parents always pack us a snack,
and I love it when they put it in a sack.
When we go back on the field in our cleats
we like to see the other team retreat.
On my team my dad is a coach
and when we score he starts to approach.
When the team seems to be losing steam
we count on the parents to really scream.
We don't expect to always win,
but when we do parents put coins in a bin.

Third Place: Saihaj Cheema, Merryhill Elementary School

Rain

Running water
And stormy sky
I was soaking wet
Nothing was dry

Honorable Mention: Layla Andrews, Heritage Oaks Elementary School

Cupcakes!

Fluffy cupcakes here, fluffy cupcakes there,
fluffy cupcakes everywhere!
Some with sprinkles, some without.
Delicious frosting swirled on top!
This is what life's all about!
I love cupcakes, so should you!

Honorable Mention: Donny Miller, Heritage Oaks Elementary School

Bullseye

My dog is cute
My dog is smelly
He sure likes it
When I rub his belly
He runs around
And fetches his ball
He comes to me
When I call
"Bullseye!"
Yep that's his name
And playing fetch
Is his favorite game.

Third Grade

First Place: Natalie Lux, Greenhills Elementary School

Quick Trip

Two fish, three fish, here come the bead fish.
Swimming high, swimming low, the sky's so high to them down low.
We've seen the fish, it's time to go.
So hop in the car, we're ready to go,
Everybody's here, let's go, go, go.
A fancy car, where are we going?
Top of the roof - hey look it's snowing!
The snow is heavy, so sad to go.
We've had fun, so let it snow!

Second Place: Hayley Abea, Kaseberg Elementary School

Lakers/Heat (Diamante)

			Lakers		
		enjoying		exciting	
	dribbling		running		winning
ball		hoop		jersey	shorts
	losing		missing		pushing
		lame		unenjoyable	
			Heat		

Third Place: Aliyah Johnson, Kaseberg Elementary School

Snowflakes

Snowflakes
Comely, lively
Dancing, spinning, flying
So cute and tiny
Frozen rain

Honorable Mention: Xiomara Luque, Junction Elementary School

Under the Shady Apple Tree

Under the shady apple tree,
I notice 1 busy bee and 2 apples on top of me!
Beneath the shiny apple tree I see 3 roses that look spiky
and 4 cows that look chubby!
Below the big apple tree I see 5 ants with some cheese
and 6 bugs that look crazy!
Under the pretty apple tree
I see my best friend smile at me!
It makes me feel happy
Under the pretty apple tree!

Fourth Grade

First Place (Tied): Cassidy Smith, Excelsior Elementary School

I Know Gymnastics

I know gymnastics

The smell of fresh chalk,
Anxiety on the beam,
Girls sweating,
Food from the snack machine

I know gymnastics

The sound of punching off the springboard,
Coaches giving corrections, music from the floor routines,
Backflips on tumbling

I know gymnastics

I hear the audience clapping loudly,
Solid landings

I know gymnastics

First Place (Tied): Abby Eck, Twelve Bridges Elementary School

Wind Friends

The Wind and I are best friends,
Swishing and swooping,
Over hills and streams,
Through forests, over rocks.
Even when the wind is fierce,
We are companions.

When the wind is with me,
I am full of happiness and joy.
When the wind and I are separated,
I am sorrowful and lonely,
But I go outside and find the wind once again.
When the wind is blowing in my face and hair,
I feel free.

To me the wind is beautiful
To others maybe not,
But the wind and I are close friends,
Forever.

Third Place: Hayden Carroll, Ridgeview Elementary School

My World Of Fun

It began when I was 5. My best friend gave me one. A card so cool and colorful it looked like dreams of fun. I memorized names of all the characters from Whimsicott to Tentacruel. The powers they possess range from huge to minuscule. Every card is a tiny fantasy of what life could be. I trade them with my friends and hold some back just for me. I store them in a binder to keep them safe and clean. Each has its own story and personality. Brave. Silly. Mean. Some friends appreciate them and some don't think they're cool, but I don't care because I've created another world where fairness and justice rule. My mom says that someday I'll put all these cards away. Maybe, but for now my Pokemon cards are here to stay.

Honorable Mention: Ava Schauer, Excelsior Elementary School

Finn

Finn is my rabbit
My rabbit is shy
Shy is a new kid
A new kid has come to my school
School has homework
Homework is hard
Hard as rocks
Rocks can be colorful
Colorful is a rainbow!

Fifth Grade

First Place: Jalen Sells, Blue Oaks Elementary School

As The Water Flows

A stream trickling through
a row of slippery stones.

The lake's water rippling,
the water lapping at a shore of pebbles.

The river running over
a ledge, creating a thundering waterfall.

Under this waterfall
is a mystery, waiting to unfold.

Second Place: Hallie Christopherson, Excelsior Elementary School

Running

Hoovering
above the ground,
nothing below but air,
pressure shift from leg to leg,
I'm simply a floating feather.
Will I keep a steady pace,
while thirst gnaws my throat,

yet my only single thought,
is to finish at the end.
As I swerve around the final corner
the end is in sight.
It's still as my heart,
for it has seemed to stop beating.
It takes a lot of nerve,
to take the final sprint,
suddenly I'm a blur,
and then I'm at the end.

Third Place: Erin Basca, Excelsior Elementary School

Conference

They stare.
They don't move.
Stare as though I'm from another world.
I shuffle.
Time for conversation.
"Would you like some water?"
Edward is silent.
Amy is silent.
They stare.
They don't move.
This is not going well.
I look to Boss.
"Please talk," I say.
He is silent.
I sit around the table.
Nobody has touched their drinks.
I get up.
"I'm going."
They stare.
I groan.
I sit down.
They are rude.
They are still.
They are quiet.
Never try having a conference with your stuffed animals.

Honorable Mention: Annabelle Kerns, Excelsior Elementary School

Dancing

Dancing is like dreaming with my feet,
I always have to be on beat,
I whirl and twirl,
I curve and swerve,
I move and grove
and jump and spin.

A dance class is a wonderful thing to be in.
When I go on stage and bow,
I hear people shout with glee,
Then I say, "give it up for me—the
one and only dancing machine!"

Honorable Mention: Ransom Allen, Excelsior Elementary School

Skateboarding

Skateboarding is fun,
Skateboarding is fast,
Skateboarding is cool,
Unless you crash!

On skateboards you flip,
On skateboards you fly,
On skateboards you trip,
When watching the sky.

I'm learning to do it,
I'm learning to soar,
I can go the sidewalk,
But I want to learn more.

Sixth Grade

First Place: Mridini Vijay, Rocklin Elementary School

Valiance of Fire

Tinged with streaks of gold
It rages through the night
Bolts of valiant scarlet
A demon's only fright
Rises every second
Shining bold and bright
Vanquishes its path
A dastardly sight
Like a portion of the sun itself
It emits heat and light
Sears through my heart
And makes me stand and fight

Second Place: Rebecca Waterson, Excelsior Elementary School

Snow

Snow, an unpredictable thing, it can be harsh, it can easily sting.
But sometimes it is calm,
A great field of white,
Blinding, flashing, nothing else in sight.
Cold, cold, bitterly cold,
But beautiful too, in a frozen way.
Unique flakes of every size,
Floating down on a wintry day.
Collecting on windows,
Snow flitters by,
Twirling and dancing with an invisible guy.
Settling softly upon the grass,
It soon piles up,
No one can pass.

Third Place: Jonas Lee, Excelsior Elementary School

Shady Creek Haiku

The serene Madrone
waving slightly in the wind
as children pass by

The towering pine
shifting not in its steadfast
with puzzle piece bark

Peaceful, low-lying
shrubs grow in the fertile soil
brown branches growing

Seventh Grade

First Place: Kaitlyn Ang, Buljan Middle School

Snowflake

Breath of frosty ice
Crystallized tear of beauty
The winter snowflake.

None are the same shape
Delicate spokes of crystals
Precisely placed on.

Fragile by itself
Melts as soon as it touches
The soft snowy ground.

With its family
It is a huge blizzard storm
Mighty with power.

When the storm dies down,
The snowflake is by itself,
Cold and beautiful.

Second Place: Kavana Gonur, Buljan Middle School

STAY HUMBLE!

I feel like an angel, snowy white.
Buried in the clouds, dancing to the light.
Oh my, can this be true? I won my soccer game, 0-2.
My wings start to flap in victory's hue.

I have won a trophy and fame that spread.
Raising me above the cloudy bed!

Now I am a star, too close to the sun.
Beckoning and boasting to everyone.

My wings start to melt, of my stance in the height.
I start to plummet with my end in sight.

I gloated and blustered and dug me to a pit!
I don't know how, but want to get out of it.
In this hour of darkness I see my journey flash,
I remember "Pride comes before the fall" in a dash!

Eighth Grade

First Place: Claire Jordan, Eich Middle School

My Turn

I want to feel the earth shake as I bound over its bones
Sense the unknown disappear as I leap into the sky
Hear the wind howl as I run from its restraints
See the water jump as I glide through its depths
Listen to the birds applaud as I soar alongside the breeze
I want to grasp the stars as I spring from cloud to cloud
Watch the trees quake as I prepare to scale their limbs
Feel the air murmur as I shout out my name
Notice the sun beaming as I dance and twirl in its midst
Touch the winter's snow as I tread into its open arms
I want to be part of the world that surrounds me, yet never invites me in
See the chains fall away as I am freed of my burden
Hear sorrow whimper as I shove it aside
Part with the isolation of my world as I join one that embraces so many others
See the sky clear as I escape the mad waves that thrashed
Bit I am stuck, confined, and restricted
Watching as days, friends turn into things that pass me by
Waiting, craving, hoping for it to be my turn to run free

Second Place: Ashley Escobar, Winston Churchill Middle School

I Almost Thought This Was a Song Lyrics Contest (A Poem By Me)

you told me all of it would be over,
but then again that's just what you said

your voice full of hope,
but to me it's only dread

i wish you could be forgotten
like a delete button in my head

but instead you're here tonight
so hurry up and say:

when the world's about to stop
i'll try to think of you,
but all i see are the messy rooms
and the parties full of misery
and the aftermath of doom

so just close your eyes and play this game
'cause you're gonna die anyways

Third Place: Avalon Surratt, Cooley Middle School

Spider's Web

The Golden Orb spider has a brown and golden back with black and orange legs.

It spins its web for hours on end, and does not dare to stop for rest.

It twists and turns to create a crystal maze, doing so at its own pace.

When it finally completes its tiring task, it moves center web to relax.

The golden spider sitting upon a silver throne, waiting patiently for a meal to run into its home.

Its house is well placed, and the patient spider catches tiny winged prey for many days.

But the golden spider upon the silver throne should cherish every day it has known

For its happy days with lots of food will be over very soon

As the gardener with green rubber gloves

Knocks its silver throne to the dust.

Ninth & Tenth Grades

First Place: Caitlyn Jordan, Oakmont High School

The New Accessory

They're draping sadness around their wrists and calling it fashion; spinning slogans that read "Stressed, depressed, and well-dressed."

Pills are turning into pearls and they twist "bipolar" into the newest late night punch lines, laughing as our hospital files mutate into scripts.

Carving jewelry from the bones of teenagers, they're piecing together shirts shouting "eat less" from shivering frames, drawing flowers between long strands of rope, pressing dollars into funerals and empty days and ragged families.

Can't you see? Our razors are gold now, our shivers and panics and consuming grey are twisting into camera lenses and book pages and catwalks, Put on your rose-colored glasses, haven't you heard? Illness is the new accessory.

Second Place: Alexandra D'Costa, Creative Connections Arts Academy

Stripes

What's one more stripe on the Tiger?
So weary from the hunt
Chasing its elusive prey to no avail

What's one more stripe on the Tiger?
Limping toward the shade
Lying on the cool grass and panting in despair

Starving and desolate, no creature comes near
The once mighty feline, now shivers with fear

Those stripes never mattered, they all look alike
Each one represents the animal's strife

What's one more stripe on the Tiger?
Gathering its strength
Eyes alert, spotting a new feast

What's one more stripe on the Tiger?
Leaning back to pounce
Claws reaching out, sinking its teeth

Third Place: Devin Lindsey, Winters High School

Black Snow

The black snow enshrouds them, curling out like tentacles.
They don't see the tentacles.
I see the tentacles.
Taking them.
Tentacles.

I see the claws, I warn them of their fate.
I try to warn them of their fate.
I cannot speak of their fate.
I cannot speak.
Fate.

The beautiful, fresh winter snow is changed.
The snow is polluted and changed.
Snow that was once fresh.
Is changed.
Changed.

Black snow without a victim...
No more people.
No more cigarettes.

Honorable Mention: Hannah Stubee, Granite Bay High School

Tightrope

This whole thing's like climbing to the top of a roof
and I'm walking a tightrope while I'm thinking of you
I'd rather choke on the hard pill to swallow
than to take a risk and just acknowledge
it's not a game we choose to play, insanity;
it's something we are and something we always will be
If we fall now, there's no turning back around
so don't look down

Honorable Mention: Nicole Zenzola, Granite Bay High School

Always

No more phone calls or hugs, you were gone in a flash
A mother, a grandma, you disappeared too fast
It was all a surprise and it hit like a brick
But the memories you gave me, I know that they'll stick

Getting out of the car to see your bright, shining face
Your smile, your voice, time can never erase
Coming down from the stairs to see you sitting at the table
Always there to help, always willing, always able

Until the last moment, you were forever there for me
Safe inside my heart is where you'll always be
You never showed a weakness, you stood up tall and strong
You are my inspiration, my confidence all along

You had to be occupied and your hands were never still
You were always doing good and your memory always will

Now those hands are resting and that is how it stays
I love you more than words
Forever and always

Eleventh and Twelfth Grades

First Place: Iven Webster, Oakmont High School

Untitled

Vibrations hung on the steeple,
whispering spellbound melodies
in elevation of the soul.
Abominable things at Venus' door
screaming the name of beauty.
Hereupon, I proclaim this sweetest of songs
a song of myself
Within the song of every man lies
the bittersweet undertones of divinity.
To tame the mistress of harvest
to court Selene at twilight
to release the constellations of his own heart
upon the seas of time.
For his life is without hours
enduring for a time within
but greatest of itself without.

Second Place: Wesley Kao, Mira Loma High School

Void Illusion

Sometimes, I like to think.
Image myself as great, powerful.
Into void fantasies I sink,
Cloaked in things trivial, null.

A hero amongst men, I am,
Or am I a man amongst heroes?
Illusion, reality, mixed like sand,
Slipping through my fingers, I am zero.

At last, I have done it, a self-proclaimed savior,
I have triumphed adversity.
But truth be told, I lack strength and wit,
Honestly, I am obscurity.

Transported back to banal me,
I am one amongst many.
Through the eyes of others, I see,
That I have been reduced to solidarity.

Awards & Appreciation

Each winning author receives a medal, certificate, and prize backpack.

Kindly sponsored by the Friends of the Roseville Public Library.

Thank you to our judges:

Sharyn Hindley
Karen Holt
Ashley White