

Twenty-fourth Annual Youth Poetry Award Winners

Wednesday, April Eleventh
Two-thousand Twelve
Four o'clock in the afternoon
Maidu Library

First Grade

First Place: Haley Marks, Maidu Elementary

Untitled

Way down in the dark,
There was a little shark,
She swam around,
--she found,
A friend.
They dance and play
All day.
The end.

Second Place: Katie Lam, Diamond Creek Elementary

My Little Sister

My sister is good
Just like she should.
She is fun
She gets everything done.
She likes to wear dresses
Like a princess.
She likes cats
And she likes hats.
I love her
Because she plays
With me.
She is the best sister
In the world.

Third Place: Kairav Gonur, Catheryn Gates Elementary

Jello Fellow

Mellow Yellow,
Quite a fellow.
He could smell the jello,
Even when he bellowed.
And he will eat the jello,
Unless he is a pumpkin fellow!

Second Grade

First Place: Abby Lubin, Stoneridge Elementary

I Am

I am caring. I am friendly.

I wonder how many yellow stars are up in the sky.

I hear happy giggles on the playground and that makes me feel happy.

I see brown horses running at the ranch.

I want everybody to be happy.

I am caring. I am friendly.

I pretend to be a horse running free in the grassy field.

I feel joyful when I play ponies.

I touch the warm fur of a brown horse in the barn.

I worry about nightmares when I sleep.

I cry when I listen to Black Beauty.

I am caring. I am friendly.

I understand my horse Joleah will never come back from heaven.

I say all things come and go.

I dream about horses running free.

I try my best work even when I am about to give up.

I hope soon I will be a grown up.

I am caring I am friendly.

Second Place: Apryl Sabanal, Junction Elementary

Pill Bug

Tiny, shy bug

Curled up in a circle

Scared, alone, round

Third Place: Jessica Burdick, South Sutter Charter

Soccer Playing

Kicking, shouting, making goals

I love soccer it brings me joy.

Wearing cleats, and eating treats

Working together even in bad weather

Running, dribbling, heading the ball

I play soccer every fall

I'm always nice and I love my team

Playing soccer is my dream

I love soccer, let's make some noise

I love soccer even more than my toys!

Third Grade

First Place: Victor Acúna, Maidu Elementary

The Stars

A million sparkles making the night sky glow
Frozen fireworks beaming in the glowing horizon
Christmas lights making the heavens colorful
Fireflies gathering to light up the Earth
Guardian angels looking down below for shining clouds.

Second Place: Vivian Chang, Thomas Jefferson Elementary

Love

Love reminds me of red hearts when I draw them.
Love reminds me of my brother when I play with him.
Love reminds me of my turtle when I feed him.
Love reminds me of my friends when I talk to them.
Love reminds me of school when I learn.
And, love reminds me of tulips when I smell them.

Third Place: Sam Crawford, Maidu Elementary

Christmas

I see bright lights twinkling in the night.
I hear reindeer loudly prancing on the roof.
I feel fragile ornaments I put on the tree.
I smell delicious cookies baking in the oven.
I taste pecan pie melting in my mouth.
Christmas is amazing.
I see large Christmas trees with presents under them.
I hear sleigh bells jingling while Santa lands on the roof.
I feel cold snow lightly falling in my hair.
I smell mouth watering cinnamon rolls at Christmas parties.
I taste warm hot chocolate running down my throat.

Fourth Grade

First Place: Jonas Lee, Excelsior School

To Die and Live Again

Anger and sadness swelling up inside me,
Bitterness is taking control.
My teeth gritted, I walk across the floor, pacing.
I let out a cry of frustration.
Now transformed into sheer pain,

To Die and Live Again, continued

Each day is nonstop torture.
Ignored and shunned, I fall to my knees
And sob tears of sorrow.
I stand up guiltily.
I regret everything.
But walking out the door,
I realize I can still have faith.
There is still hope in this crooked world.
There is still love in my broken heart.
There is still kindness in my soul.
Now, with my soul cleansed by peace,
I walk off alone into the crimson sunset.

Second Place: Megan Feuerhelm, Excelsior School

Nature

Nature can move and stand still.
Nature has wings and nature has quills.
Nature can climb and nature can howl.
Nature can bite and nature can growl.
Nature can run and nature can play.
Nature can jump and nature can sway.
Nature can grow and nature can snow.
Nature can come in so many ways.
Nature's alive every day.

Third Place: Ella Raffin, Excelsior School

Nature

Nature. It comes in peace, not pieces.
Rivers run with a trickling sound
while swans are taking a dip.
Trees are rustling in the rapid wind
as birds are swooping in.
Children laugh and smile while playing
in the freshly cut grass.
There's a sun, bold and bright,
and a gleaming moon, full or crescent.
There are so many beauties in nature,
so let's all help them last.

Fifth Grade

First Place: Delaney Dannert, Excelsior School

Riverbed

Sunlight on water
Dapples the riverbed where
The spotted trout hide

Second Place: Caleb Koch, Excelsior School

The City

City crowds
Giant buildings overwhelm the
Kind people

Cool combinations of
Great food
Keep the customers inside

Creaking of hotel doors
Greetings from people
Knocking on my door

Crying of sirens
Gasping of people
Knowing there must be trouble

Closing of the day
Goodbyes from family
Kaleidoscope sun setting

Third Place: Alex Bersamin, Pershing Elementary

Ode to a Strawberry

Oh strawberry, you are so delicious.
When we buy you,
I just cannot wait to eat you.
After I take a bite out of your sweet luscious flesh,
I always crave for more.
You add sweetness to my life.
I do not fare well without you.
Oh, strawberry, you are so wonderful!

Sixth Grade

First Place: Emmy Nelson, Excelsior School

Four Seasons

Little animals sleeping,
White snow sparkling,
Naked trees waving,
Nature always changing.

Pink buds blooming,
Small eggs hatching,
Green grass growing,
Nature always changing.

Hot sun burning,
Warm wind blowing,
Blue waves crashing,
Nature always changing.

Colorful leaves falling,
Gentle rain coming,
Small animals gathering,
Nature always changing.

Second Place: Alexis Soto, Excelsior School

Rain

As I look out my window
I watch fat raindrops fall into puddles
And form new puddles
I listen
Hearing the pitter patter on the roof
I hear thunder
I count Mississippi's
One Mississippi...Two Mississippi...Three Mississippi
Lightning strikes
In a zigzag curve across the sky
The sky lights up with fire
I focus on the pitter patter of the roof again
The peaceful sound

Third Place: Cassandra Bennett, Silverado Middle School

...Through the Forest of My Mind

I am going through the

forest of my mind

I see memories of

my past

I see my sad time, my anger times, and my happy times

And I see my loved ones

I look at them and I am home

I'm still searching deeper and deeper into

my mind

There's a bit of light in my mind

and I feel the energy coming to me

I can see that it is life that will help me with my problems

that is why I have come

through ...

My mind

Seventh Grade

First Place: Kathryn Linton, Golden Hills School

Leaving

The oldest dog in the world

Sleeping in the buttery light

Of the sun that shines in a bright blue sky

While the world around her grows darker.

She does not notice the warmth of life leaving,

Doesn't feel herself go limp,

Doesn't know what's to come

Once she never stirs again.

Never again to see the break of day;

Doesn't know she is leaving.

Second Place: Jaden Troxel, Cavitt Jr. High School

Untitled

Reclining from the long year of work, it retires from the maple tree.

No skin. Only skeletons of the once dark, leafy greens lay petrified in the grass.

All trees are barren; green is replaced by a pastel assortment of reds, yellows, and browns.

The admired sun has now become shy behind mingling clouds.

Wind arouses goose bumps upon bare skin.

Animals prepare while summer naps.

Autumn is here waiting for Winter to awake.

Third Place: Katie Dunlop, Cavitt Jr. High School

Untitled

Kaleidoscope of colors,
Show me what you can see
I peer into your jewel-bright depths
And dream of what could be

Your forever changing pattern
Hypnotizes the eye
With the never-ending colors
It's not difficult to see why

Tiny hints of yellow
And here a splash of green
Your endless, stunning tones
Are like nothing we've ever seen

Kaleidoscope, kaleidoscope, you're soon about to go
For the sun we hold you up to is that light that makes you glow
But it sinks below the horizon, and light drains from the world
And just before your colors fade, I give you one last twirl

Eighth and Ninth Grades

First Place: Alexandra D'Costa, 8th Grade, California Virtual Academies

Noise

Sometimes it's calming:
The soft pattering of rain on a rooftop,
The crunch of Autumn leaves beneath your feet,
The playful splash of waves against a docked ship.

Sometimes it's inspirational:
A strong steady rhythm,
A word of profound wisdom,
The ecstatic roar of a cheering crowd.

Sometimes it's difficult to listen to:
The angry shriek of a whistle,
A harsh criticism that crushes your spirit,
An unfair judgment given without verification.

Although it surrounds us,
Noise, continued
We choose what we truly hear.
In the end, we must remember,
Everything we hear is just noise.

Second Place: Caitlyn Jordan, 8th Grade, W.T. Eich Intermediate
Her Voice

The way her voice
Smooth, deep, crooning, husky
Defined like no other
Caresses the notes, flies over the sounds of piano and guitars and the
slow beat of a drum.

The way her voice takes me far away
To winding streets, small cafes filled with
Smoke, golden light, broken voices, and secrets and smiles
Tears, laughter, and small secluded tables.

The way her voice demands, speaks truth
Witty, provocative, accusing, laughing
The flat honesty, the sadness that hides behind silly words
Hopeful, dreamy, deep.

The way her voice makes me close my eyes
Twirl around my room, stare through steamy windows
Daydream, laugh, cry, snap my fingers
And wonder.

Third Place: Danica Wong, 9th Grade, Mira Loma High School
Waiting

Before me is a wall,
A tall iron fence.
Beyond it are my friends,
My family and life.
But I am trapped behind it,
Waiting for the key.
The key to let me out of here
Lies just beyond the fence,
A little out of reach.
Everyday, as people pass,
I ask for them to help.

Waiting, continued

To just reach down and grab the key,
To come and let me free.
But no one turns,
And no one smiles.
They all just keep on walking,
While I sit here, waiting,
For someone to set me free.

Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Grades

First Place: Molly Williams, 11th grade, Woodcreek High School

Invasion

Sometimes I find myself in clouds of thoughts,
things that remind me of you.

Coffee;
It's pure silk and warmth.

Cigarettes;
although I don't know if you smoke,
your hazy gray jacket reminded me of them.

The thin book spines in the library;
where you spent your afternoons.

Thin-rimmed glasses;
What you and I both peered out of.

Striped sweaters;
black, blue and white.

Poetry;
I don't know if you wrote any,
but I think I saw you scribble beautiful words after class.

Then it became little things, then everything.
And you invaded my life.

Second Place: Chad Pickering, 11th Grade, Granite Bay High School

Bouquet of Smoke

Bouquet of smoke

Breathing a silent song
Delivered to victims
Bouquet of Smoke, continued
As gifts of fate

Bouquet of ashes
At wind's slightest touch
Airborne, swooping
Extracting the world of all color

Bouquet of roses
Blithely standing, leaning
Against all odds
Like the victims

Bouquet of smoke
When all else vanishes
We hope for better
But are always singing
For you.

Third Place: Tanvi Kamath, 12th Grade, Oakmont High School
Vista

Northern lights- ethereal wisps of steam,
I must run far to watch them glow,
but I must not stray from the balance beam
guiding my footsteps as I go.

Fireflies, dancing orbs, too swift to race,
lighting the darkest forest before flying away,
so tiny but so radiant-each a picture of grace,
I can't help but dream of following one some day.

Resonant symphonies, of hearts' songs,
filling the emptiest silence with a heavenly chime,
and rich color, for which the soul longs,
For a world is a void without music and rhyme.

Dazzling red herrings, at the bend in the road,
glimpses of glory of the greatest kind,
But this balance beam must stay my abode,
For the only real treasure is peace of mind.