

Grade 6-8
Poetry
1st Place

Kyranni A.

Your song

Your heart like a flower
Song like a bird
Gone forever
Never to be heard
Maybe
Not forever
Just for now
As you sit on your throne above the clouds
For you can see me
But i can not
You can feel me
But i can not
I hear your song
Your song my little bird
You flew away without a word
No time for goodbye
Not even a last hello
I will see you soon
As will everyone else
But i will sing your song
To keep you here
In your throne above the clouds i hope you may hear

Grade 6-8

Poetry

2nd Place

Rachel R.

I was born fast

I'm gone at last

though I'm gone, still,

my trail

my feeling

my taste

me

I contain a memory

of things lost

of things found

flowing down

a secret and subtle message

for the pure of heart and the watchful

deep sadness

inner joy

more than can even be described

only there when you hear

the memory of a tear

Grade 6-8
Poetry
3rd Place

Claire S.

Hope

We have been stepped upon, we have been swallowed
We have been hurt, we have been hollowed
But we are the dream that we sleep to come true
And we are the nightmares haunting the past
But we have the future to count on alas.
We have been injured and seen the unknown
But now we have crowned the known in honor upraised.
We were trapped in a plant with no green
But we cut free and will be running with glee.
Soon we'll be floating above the afloat
We'll be flying past the flyers
Faster, Stronger, Better
Than we were before.
We are the soarers,
We are the callers,
We are the menders,
We are the stallers,
But we can be strong.
To call upon, to soar upon
Our country, our world, our future.
We are a crash that's been healed.
A shipwreck that's been glued.
The scars are still deadly and a sight to be seen
But our skin has become stronger than before.
We have been peeled, but now we appeal.
We have been hurt, we have been healed.
We have the hardships that come with the glory
The glory that comes with the might
That comes with the right
The right to fight
For our happiness
Our own life that we still live.
Days upon glorious days.
Days upon precarious days
The plants dry, and the sun not to shine.
But heal the plant
By watering can
That glitters to the shining path lit up by the yellow sun
On the red brick road.
All because we can
And we will.
Our sores of which we hid
Are now strengths of which we broadly show.
Much of our life has hardly been living
But now we are live; are all too alive

Buzzing with excitement
Of which we dwell upon
Of which we will live upon.
For we have a lovely life.

**Grade 6-8 Poetry
Honorable
Mention**

**Crystal
Alexandra A.-A.**

Forgiveness

Forgiveness.

It seems like it's just a word.

But it is, in fact,

The only way a person heals.

You might say,

"Why should I forgive this person

If they have scarred me for life?

They don't deserve forgiveness."

They might not deserve it.

They may have scarred you for life.

They may have done the most insignificant thing,

Or they may have taken away what you loved the most.

Yet, if you don't forgive them,

Your scars will never heal.

Your heart will grow cold,

And won't be at peace.

Forgiving sets you free,

And it heals the heart.

It works as glue;

It mends your broken pieces.

Do not hate, but love.

Do not resent, but forgive.

It will only take these three words:

"I forgive you."

Choose forgiveness

And choose love.

Don't lose hope,

For better days are coming.

Grade 6-8
Poetry
Honorable
Mention

Emma G.

The Stress is a Hill Up

The stress

The build up

Can I keep up

I can't keep up

The hill will build up, up, up

Now the hill is coming down

There's a landslide and it's going out of town

I can't stop it going around me

It's even going behind me

The hill is going down, down, down

I'm shaking

I'm quaking

I can't keep myself from breaking

Should I start breaking through the rubble

Should I walk away and have it double

I start to walk away, away, away

But a hand reaches out from the rubble to help you move on

It's a friend, a loved one, someone to count on

I take the hand and on we go

Through the rubble very slow

Our hand's still a double

And the hill of rubble doesn't double but disappears going, going, gone

The hill is gone

Then you move on

But the hand is gone

Because it did its job

The stress is not a hill up

The land rolls out and you move on,on ,on

Grade 6-8
Poetry
Honorable
Mention

Shrigauri H.

Hourglass

...Turn it over and start anew--

Gleaming glass, gilded gold,
Inside of it, this glass does hold
The secret source of endless time,
Worn by years to dust and grime.

Stolen from the land of sea,
Caught and never to be free,
Captured in this glassy cage,
Counting time till the end of days.

Second, minutes, years to come--
Crushed to sand that must succumb
To forces that we cannot see;
That rule our lives eternally.

Mountains of time, golden brown,
Slipping past with not a sound,
Centuries of long-sought time--
Swept away by the next turn of tide.

A two-bodied cage connected through
A strip of space, a welded tube,
Through which the single seconds of sand
Fall through and at long last land.

Time is fair and time is true;
The last grain of time slips through--
Time's up!
Now, turn it over and start anew...