

Grade 3-5

Poetry

3rd Place

Michelangelo S.

Trees

The trees are peaceful
yes, it is true. But its
because they are not
two, they only want to
help each other out
and kick the weeds out.

Sometimes you need
to fight for what's right.
Yes but that's not good
for you or your friends
too. It would be best
if you thought about
your family and their
families too. It

would be devastating
to hear that their sons
would be slaughtered
by some foreign war
they would cry out
stop! No more!! agree

Let's do so in a peaceful
way not aggressively
let's not bite, kick, and
scratch as children do
but wait, I'm a child too
what I'm trying to say
is, be peaceful like the
trees would be a
breeze if we could be
peaceful like the trees.

Grade 3-5

Poetry

2nd Place

Shrigauri H.

Home, Sweet Home

I've been to many different lands,
Greeted many different faces,
Heard tongues that I can't understand,
Belonging to many different races.

I've seen the animals and plants
And cultures that thrive there,
Some fairly common and well-known,
But others rather rare.

Although I've been to many places,
There's one I love the most.
This place is always the most wonderful,
No matter how friendly the host.

I'm sure all of you have been
To this place I love so.
There's a special spot in my heart for it,
And I call it my *home, sweet home*

Grade 3-5

Poetry

1st Place

Shrigauri H.

The Sky

In the early morning
Pre-dawn light,
As the sky turns pink,
Day breaks into night.

The stars say good-bye
And melt away,
For the start of a morning
Of a new day.

Before long,
The sun begins to rise,
Soaring up, up, up,
To paint the morning skies.

The sky is filled
With brilliant hues,
Reds and golds,
And purples and blues.

Before long,
The sky is bright sapphire,
The sun is high up in the sky,
And continues to rise higher.

Fluffy white clouds
Puff lazily away.
It's the afternoon
Of a lovely day.

Before long,
The sun starts to sink.
The brightest stars
Come to life with a wink.

The sky fills again
With a rainbow of hues.
Now pink and orange

And gold and deep blue.

Before long,
The sky is dotted with white
All the stars coming out,
Shining ever so bright.

The moon rises,
As night fully falls.
And the air is filled
With insect calls.

Before long,
The moon begins
To fall into the horizon,
As night's barrier thins.

In the early morning
Pre-dawn light,
As the sky turns pink,
Day breaks into night...