

Teen Poetry  
Honorable  
Mention

Edward T.

Fear

I am Him

The one who fears

The one who sees life grim

Whose terror brings tears

He sees the shadow

But does not know of light

And his greatest foe

Hunts for Him day and night

In the Darkest Hours

It no longer lurks in the Gloom

Above you it Towers

IT Awaits your Doom

Teen Poetry

3<sup>rd</sup> Place

Edward T.

## The Apple and the Pear

My mouth is like a symphony as I take my first bite into this delectable fruit called an apple  
The pear like a small quiet, but familiar tune, soothing and caressing my tongue whenever I bite  
into its meat

The apple in a wide spectrum of colors and flavors like varying music

The pear simple and mildly sweet like a tune incomplete

The pear's skin stiff and firm like aged leather

The apple smooth and perfect like silk

The apple is juicy and refreshing on hot summer days

Because of these things we might appreciate the pear's juice less

The pear a misfit of the many fruits existing in the world

The apple a majestic, well- respected figure and known extremely well by his adoring subjects

The pear is accepting, silent, and forgiving

The apple is strict harsh figure

Both very mouth-watering fruits that I would want to eat

In a bowl, from the freezer, fresh and clean

It doesn't matter where it's from

It's still a sweet treat

When I stand there in my kitchen

I put these fruits to the test

I like the wonderful pear

But I am positive that the apple is the best

Teen Poetry

2<sup>nd</sup> Place

Chloe C.

Iron Horse

Snow falls over iron  
Tracing the tracks with ice  
Frosted breath is illuminated  
Beneath the lamp's warm glow;

The world is contained  
Within this globe of light  
Surrounded by a wall of white  
I wait;

From the silence comes a sound  
A trumpeting call of arrival  
A golden eye peers through the night  
Approaching;

A sleek black beast appears  
Materializing in to sight  
A wraith from beyond  
Gliding over the ice;

It clatters down its road  
Slowing as it draws near  
reluctantly it stops with a hiss of hot breath  
A sharp shriek of protest;

The door opens with a rush of warm air  
I climb aboard  
The train runs on  
Taking me home.

~The world is burning piece by piece,  
Forests blaze in summers heat;

Oceans rage and rise and storm,  
Giving lightning force and form;

Cities blacken, then burn to ash,  
A spreading bruise, a toxic rash;

People everywhere turn ill,  
Sickness spreads, and maims, and kills;

The sky turns grey with deadly haze,  
The world we knew's been all but razed;

When Earth has nothing more to give,  
What will become of us who live.

Teen Poetry

1<sup>st</sup> Place

Fatima N.

**In I fell**

From this trip I've just been on,  
I have one major tale to tell  
I did not have to go very far  
I stepped right in and in I fell.

There were people with different powers  
and there the stars danced for hours and hours  
In the same place lived fire and ice  
and not all magic came for a price  
While walking along, there I found  
a place to which nothing each was bound  
A sound emanated from the wood  
where the people told me that I could

and ships could fly  
and none would cry  
and whimsical fantasies were not denied,  
for people cared  
and people loved  
and people dared  
and though some shoved,  
the voyage was worth

every held breath.

I walked on the earth

and saw many deaths,

but from afar, it seemed like a tease

watching it all, I let my mind hover

Hidden in shields and pages of trees

clothed underneath the very same cover.

To find this favorite fancied land,

you don't have at all to look

for it is free in the palm of your hand

just peek inside the sheets of a book.