

Grade 6-8

Poetry

1st Place

Emilia M.

When I grow up

What shall I be when I grow up

Oh what shall I be

A driver, a diver

Oh please will you help me

I want to have a noble job

Yes, something that's noble and true

But I still don't know what to do

Because nothing seems noble and true

Perhaps I'll be a sailor

Or maybe a Marine

But I don't want to be a tutor

For schools are very mean

Mother said to be a nurse

For it's noble work to do

But that's not the job I want to pursue

Cause you have to work holidays too

Papa said to be a worker
For it's a job that's noble and true
But workers never get noticed
And that's true, too

Auntie said "Be a cook"
It's the perfect job for you
But cooks have too much work
So that's a no, too

Grandpa said to be a Lawyer
For the law is noble, too
But there's too many rules in the law
So that's not what I will do

Grandma said, "Be a fireman"
And you'll always do what's right
I say, "Grandma, I'm not a man."
And I'd rather keep ON my light.

None of those are the job for me
So that's what I won't do
Now here's a new question I see

What shall I do

I know, I'll be an author

Famous from sea to sea

And then when I've left the earth

Everyone will remember me.

Grade 6-8

Poetry

2nd Place

Kyranni A.

Heard

I hear voices around me
But not mine
I read the stories around me
But I'm too scared to make my own
I watch and listen
But I'm never heard
I speak where no one will hear me
But fear if they don't
I wait for my turn to speak
But still I don't feel heard
I wait for my moment to shine
But it's never enough
So I'll wait for someone to listen
For someone to hear
But I will speak for the unspoken
Speak for the fear that someone won't be heard
But most of all I speak to be heard

Grade 6-8

Poetry

3rd Place

Claire S.

To Be a Child Again

I see

The wisp of cloud

Smoldering high

Content on grinning

The sun

A shadow of the past

And a resemblance

Of the future.

To be a child again

Is to draw a memory

And paint it on life

To smear everything

With too much color

To slip on ice

Because you were skating

To catch a snowflake

On your tongue

To run around

In a muddy field.

I cast the sun a look of grace and shape the glistening snow.

Grade 6-8

Poetry

Honorable
Mention

Emilia M.

2-P-6

Runaway Puppy

My puppy bounds down the street

Oh, she has lost her leash

Then tired, she lies at my feet

Quickly I put on her leash

And lead her softly home

Grade 6-8

Poetry

Honorable

Mention

Claire S.

Binary Code

Binary

By definition

Is two options

Two opinions

Two oppositions

Designed to fit together to form a larger picture

A figure with two sides

Or two rows

Or two columns

With a crease down the middle

To determine

Which side gets what.

Binary code

By definition

Is a creation from the 1600s

With just two numerals

Equating to limitless possibilities

With multiple meanings

Meaning that it is impossible

Impassible

Unthinkable

For humans to create binary.

Living things exist 3 dimensionally.

Living in 2d would be living without oxygen

Or without an exhale of CO2 drifting into the atmosphere.

Living in 2d would be living in stop or go

To or fro

Yes or no.

Similar to the way strings of binary numbers are called character strings,

Could a multitude of human characteristics be called the same thing?

Have the numerals bled into life?

The insurmountable pressure

That society has felt

To determine a binary response

Leaves us caught in expectation.

If "maybe" was a possibility, our spectrum could be broadened.

See more, do more.

A perfectly practical response to anything

Remains to be

"Possibly."

Grade 6-8

Poetry

Honorable

Mention

Shrigauri H.

Paper

So much potential
In just a piece of paper.
What is it,
But a strip of dried wood pulp?

Maybe an artist will say,
A blank canvas,
Or unfinished origami,
Or papier-mâché,
Or maybe nothing.

Maybe a writer will say,
A blank page,
Or an unwritten letter,
Or an untold story,
Or maybe nothing.

Maybe a child will say,
A paper airplane,
Or undone homework,
Or a pretend crown,
Or maybe everything.

Maybe a pencil will say,
It's something to cover.

Maybe an eraser will say,
It's something to reveal.

Maybe scissors will say,
It's something to cut.

Maybe tape will say,
It's something to heal.

Maybe a staple will say,
It's something to hold together.

Or maybe a staple will say,
It's something to bite through.

Maybe a notebook will say,

It's mine.

But maybe a recycling bin will, too.

So much potential
In just a piece of paper.
What is it,
To you?