



Student Poetry Contest

Top 3 Winners (grades 3-5)

My Pencil Is a Dancer

She dances
twirling and swirling,
across the milk white paper,
her stage.
To me, a sentence.
To her, a dance
twirling, swirling, circling, flowing
with the music.
Scratch, scratch,
the sound of her bright red shoes.
Her flowing dress
like a bloomed daffodil.
At the end of every dance
she takes one last step
leaving behind one small dot.
She pauses
then floats up to join her fellow dancers
wearing identical yellow dresses.
Exhausted,
ready to view the next show.

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Blaze

Heatedly dancing up and down,
Its orange light flickering up and over the shadows.
Pushing away darkness with a soft yet fierce glow,
Warmth flowing from its twirling flames.
Gray clouds puff up from its irritated crackling.
It burns down, extinguishing to become embers ...
Only remnants of its once harsh temper.

Poem Copyright © by Siena Lee

Sister's Song

Through the glass I see you,
Such tiny little hands.
I cannot reach to touch you,
For this I was banned.
Mommy says they make you sleep a lot,
In order to get strong.
Your little lungs do not work,
So to you I sing this song.
“Rest little brother,
Don’t you make a peep.
I want you to get better,
So please get your sleep.
I’ll stand by your side,
In the day or night.
Whispering soft songs,
So you will not be fright.
When your eyes open up,
You will finally see.
Your big sister waiting,
To give you your teddy.”

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Student Poetry Contest

Top 3 Winners (grades 6-7)

The Sea

The sea is that of a thousand swans
Drinking upon the billows
From her lips, she brews a frothy bliss
Rest your head into her pillow
Her hair ripples in the breeze
Her eyes are knowing and plain
She's experienced joy and laughter
But suffering just the same
You can hear her emerald giggle
In the caw of midnight gulls
Her lullabies soothe the sky
To sleep, as well as wooden hulls
You can tell her all your secrets,
Whisper them in her ear
She grins and flips her moistened hair
As daylight disappears
"Good night!" she cries to the setting sun
She puts the world at ease
"To bed," she says with a flashing wink
"There's another day to seize."

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Hope

Hope is a wildfire
starting in the barren lands of melancholy and despair.
Something sparks: a flicker of faith, an ember of promise.
It could extinguish, never to return.
Or it could ignite, casting light on the darkness of desperation
and filling the emptiness of rejection.
The once small spark, now a wildfire,
spreading through the vast regions of our minds
and enveloping all traces of loss,
till all that is left is hope:
a wildfire of hope

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Autumn

Autumn swoops in
in a gorgeous gossamer gown
filled with colors as deep and dark as the sea
as merry and happy as a July sun
she casually waltzes by
knowing the world sighs and wonders at her beauty
Then with a gust of wind and a flourish
she strips the leaves from their branches
to decorate the cold earth
in the colors that reflect
the feeling of summer coming to a close
And as she departs
her work finished
knowing she will have to wait until next year
to be glorified and beloved by all the beauty lovers
in this cold cruel world
she sends the first frost
as her last effort
to let them shiver and quake
to know she will be back next year

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Source: <http://www.libraryofpoetry.com/WinnerPoems/2016-W16DivisionWinners.html>

From the American Poetry Society: "Dedicated to the expression of creativity through poetry, a forum in which writers may share their thoughts, feelings, and experiences, a free poetry contest and the opportunity to see your poetry in print and on the Internet."