

Poetry is the
rhythmical
creation of
beauty in words.
-Edgar Allan Poe



Lady Ocean - First Place Junior

By Finlay Smith

Her arms wrap me in a loving embrace,
And her caress is soft and cool,
I sink into her depths in haste,
She is my home, my mother, my school.

She loves all her subjects just the same,
And her song is forever in my ears,
She heals all those who are in pain,
No matter how they appear.

As I dive into her waters, she strips away my façade,
Dragging it away with the tides,
Here with Lady Ocean, no one's beauty is ever marred,
By the protective wall behind which we all hide.

She is where I hurt; she is where I heal,
She is the place that I let go of my emotions,
When I am with her, only we are real,
It's just me and the beautiful Lady Ocean.

So when I feel all alone, and the whole world has turned against me,
I simply throw myself down at her shores,
When I am underneath the waves, I am tranquil, I am free,
My body floats while my heart begins to soar.

As I plunge into her crystal depths. Her beauty is all around me,
Her tranquil presence felt, not seen,
I can truly say that, while I am in the ocean,
I know what true peace really means.

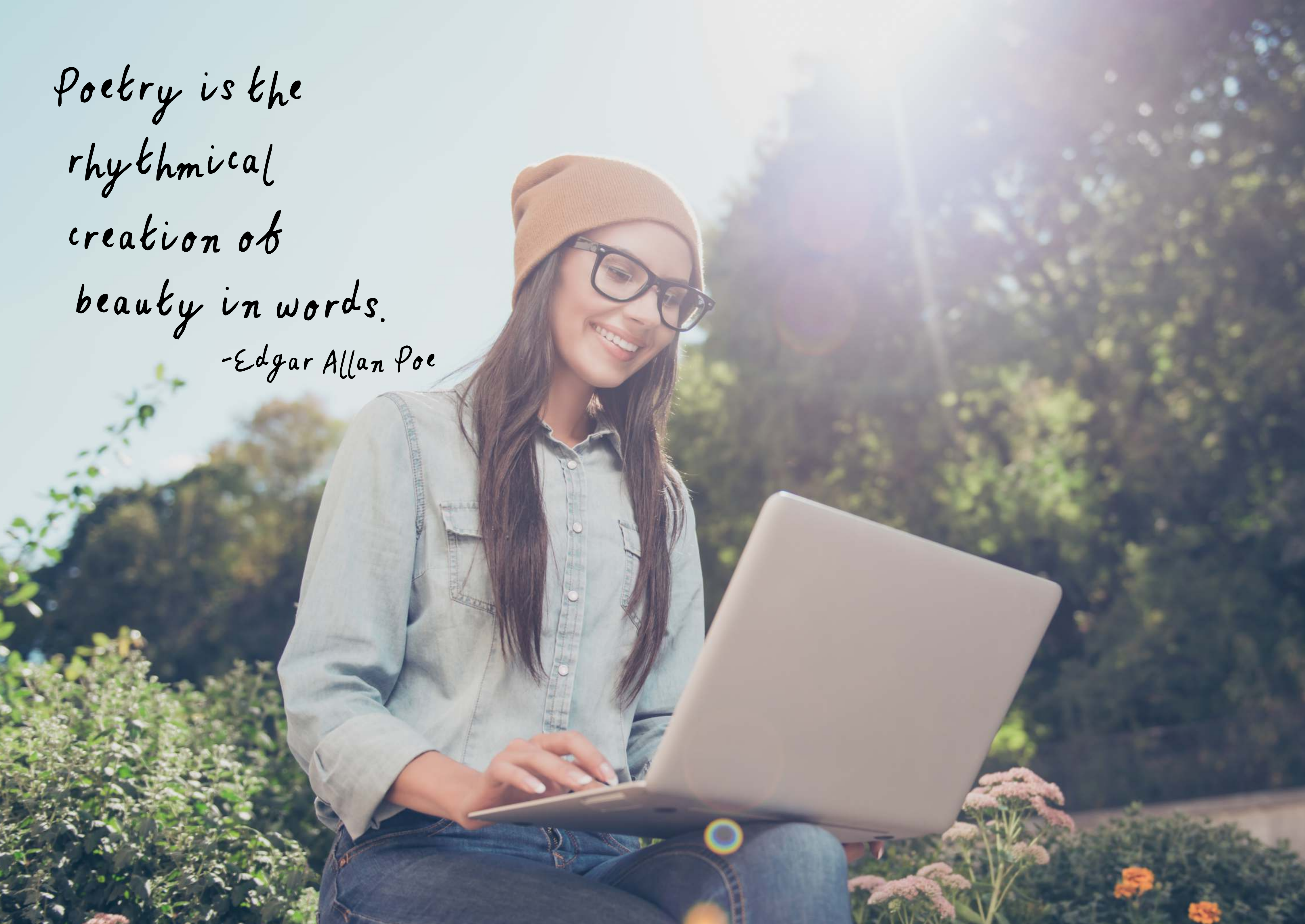


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Peace - Second Place Junior

By Ellen Leahy

Bang! The guns shot
Boom! My ears popped
The silence of the guns
The whispers and cries
The last call that ever lies

I wake up to peace
The sky is clean
The lights are shining
The slightest voice calls out to me

The army is here
A tank rushes past me
I stand up,
The cold air rushes through my spine
As I have my last days
At the age of nine

Peace is finally here
Just before dawn,
I see it
The light of heaven is born



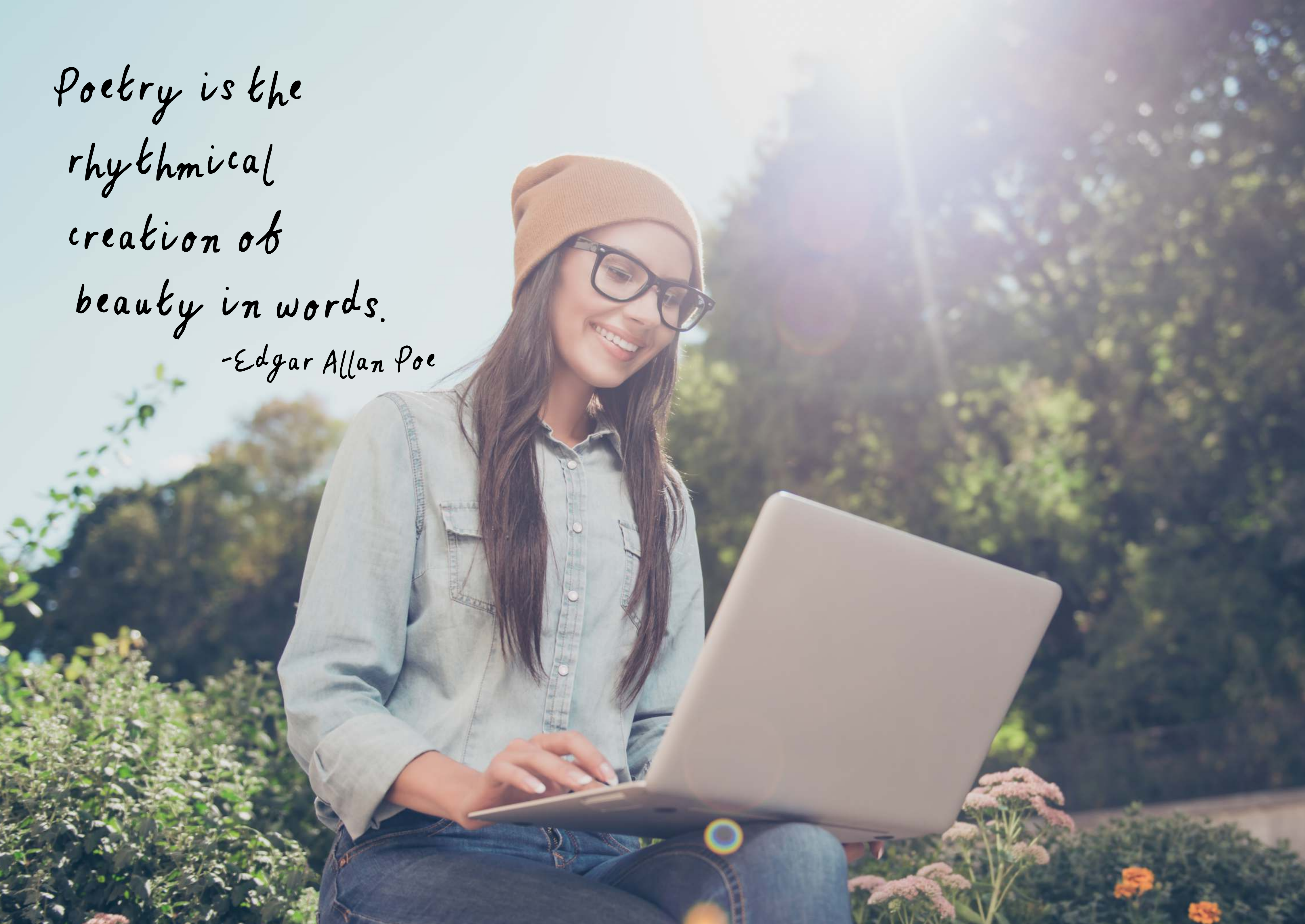
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Peace - Third Place Junior

By Cooper Jamieson

As I shut my eyes
I try to remove the stress within me
I try to listen to the waterfall
and the singing of the birds

As thoughts rush through my head
I do not notice them coming down
my moods have connected with the forests
I wish the whole world was like this

I am not thinking of the thoughts that make me stressed
all of these sounds make me feel the meaning of peace
I hear a bird take flight
the sound of this changes me

I stand up and open my eyes
I start to walk through the forest
I come to the sea
I think to myself here the peace comes again.



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The Peace of Winter - Highly Commended Junior

By May Russell

White snow everywhere around town
Icicles on the breezy, leafless trees
Nimble, I knelt down and felt the soft snow that doesn't happen every day
Tiny, tidy little snowflakes patterned ever so beautifully
Every flake of snow can build up and create a snow storm but I am cozy warm in my cottage
Resting horses breathe out steamy air sleepily while waiting to pull the carriage



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