

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



How I Wish - First Place Youth

By Caitlyn Dixon

A man scowls
Above a crowd
And though he's rude,
He's doubly proud.

Though he has exhibited
Nothing good
His peers whisper
That he could.

Oh! How I wish
For a little sense
For these words do
Terrors to my ears.

A counter sifts through
Mountains of greed
Perfectly aware
He makes us bleed

He taxes the people
Twice - tenfold
And hides his motives
Under mountains of gold.

A man glares
At a cold stone wall
And anticipates
A proud city to fall.

Sirens wail
Like children at night
And raining down
Inglorious might.

Oh! How I wish
For a little sympathy
For these actions do
Terrors to my eyes.

A child stands
Brave and tall
On behalf of
These who fall

Awarded metal
For sealing the debt
Of a man
Neither ever met

A love shall see
This world is cruel
With enough coal
To feed and fuel

Oh! How I wish
For a little peace
For these deeds
Do terrors to my soul.



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Music to My Ears - Second Place Youth

By Willow Robinson

The usual annoyance of ticking pens
calms my mind
steadies my heart.

Layered by the creaking of chairs
drawing me back
to the room.

The crunch of pencils getting sharpened
appending texture
and satisfaction.

Abased by the silk skin of whispers
lyrics
a makeshift song.

The steady sound of pencils drawing,
in the back of a book,
form soft strokes of beat.

I listen to this song
I find focus
as if it were silent.

I close my eyes
all the while
listening.

I don't join in
just listen,
letting the music
engulf my thoughts and put my mind to ease.



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Indiana's Peace Poem - Third Place Youth

By Indiana Ginglio

Peace is enjoying exciting hobbies of your choice,
Peace is not being forced to participate in a dull activity you do not like.

Peace is petting a sweet fluffy puppy,
Peace is not being bitten by a villainous mosquito.

Peace is enjoying a delectable meal,
Peace is not ingesting disgusting green zucchini.

Peace is resting in your serene garden,
Peace is not wandering in a deserted rundown town.

Peace is sitting on a warm sunlit beach,
Peace is not being trapped in a noisy classroom.

Peace is remaining present in the moment,
Peace is not fretting about tragic events of the past.

Peace is the tranquil sound of trickling water,
Peace is not a horrendous hurricane that many must see.

And that is the meaning of peace to me.



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Evening - Highly Commended Youth

By Isabel Wann

When evening comes, I see the sun
Halfway behind the trees.
I see the coral-orange clouds,
And the sky of bluish-green.

'Though the bellbirds are still ringing,
There's no warmth in the air.
I look upon the lush grass,
And see still some sunshine there.

Around the sun is her orange light
But time will find the coming night
The sky above will soon be grey
And gone will be this present day



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