

Middle School Division

1st Place:

The Past

By: Breana Shulman

I long for the past, how it used to be.
And yet I wasn't there.

I wish things were as simple
quiet, nice, and peaceful
as it was before technology changed it all.

Before there was theft,
evil, kidnapping, complications
and so much more from what it was and could be.

You could relax and enjoy life
for what it was
without evil in it.

I want to see a world of green
without any gray metal in sight
or the black asphalt of freeways and roads.

I want to be able to keep life simple
without using cell phones or laptops,
or anything else that doesn't depend on nature.

I long for the past, how it used to be.
And yet I wasn't there.

2nd Place:

Innocent Criminal

By: Crystal Moon

The eyes bore into my soul, beckoning, begging.
It appeals to my heart, seemingly cherubic,
but its intentions are blacker than death.
It stole not only food items
of valuable wealth, of care and treasure,
but it ran off with my emotions,
the slit-eyed thief, the triangle ears
that penetrate the inner mood.

It came to my room like a guest of honor,

cleaning after itself, even keeping quiet
in a formal mood that had my approval.
I left, not knowing that I would come back
to chaos, to darkness burning my eyes,
and there the cat was, in the corner there,
licking its paws expectantly.
The innocent stare it gave me, the face that humbled itself,
forced me to deliver the underserved forgiveness.

Now I watch as it scars the peaceful, orderly life
that I once had, and yearn to have once more.
I loathe the accursed thing, but it forces me
to love it with a false heart.

3rd Place:

Not that Person Anymore

By: Leila Artuz

I'm not that person anymore to be there when you need me
You've changed,
I've changed,
Things changed
When you cry I'm not there to comfort you in your time of need
Someone has taken my spot
I remember dancing and having fun with and just letting loose
And talking for hours on the phone about how not so interesting our
lives are
What Happened?
Was it summer, Friends, relationships?
I'm not that person anymore but inside I'm dying to be

Honorable Mention:

You

By: Darshan Vora

You are unreachable, about as possible as me touching the sun.
You are beautiful, lightening up the room instantly

I am lost, confused, dazed into your two gorgeous eyes.
You could say anything, but I wouldn't hear, too puzzled, by you.

I am defenseless to your smile.
It hypnotizes anything and everything in its surrounding.

I am fascinated by your perfection.

Your humor and beauty

Going crazy for you is an understatement

High School Division

1st Place:

Our...

By: Alexandra Cauley

So sweet and cold
calling, calling to us
Framing stars between your fingertips
On our small planet

Do you ever feel Egypt in that solar ash
or hear echoes of the Aegean in this expanding ultramarine?
This endless night, though we watch the sun

And those
Mesas on Mars, Plutonian plateaus, could you
tell me a little more
about those?

Falling through the chromosphere
through chasms and channels,
so strange and beautiful, you cannot begin to grasp
these glittering lonely places
rocks or ruins?
such an expansive above, and I am waiting.

Oh, where does it end?
All those notes you sing begin to sound the same
as we drift through space

The aurora lights, a last view of your face
sitting on the moon waiting for it all to come back
How ghostly, this longing.

ripples of our Martian sandunes
surround me with warmth and desolation
Is it the sky I'm watching? I'll just
close my eyes for a little while
I'm still here.

Dangling your hand over the side of a star

feeling some cosmic ocean slip past
Oh, won't you say hello to Calypso for me on your way...

Even as you wander the galaxy
I'll be waiting forever
On our small planet.

2nd Place:

An Isolated Occurrence

By: Marilu Grismer

It is just now becoming light.
I awaken enveloped in a cool, gray mist
As the sound of surging surf
Beck me to the shoreline.

As I rise, the sun rises behind me,
Bringing forth a new day.
Walking down a gentle rise,
My feet are at once submerged by the tide.

As I wander farther from shore,
My eyes carefully search the infinite,
Empty horizon for some of a gull suddenly stirs me
From my momentary mental lapse.

Despondently, I turn, my tattered garments
Whipping in the wind, and retreat to
The island silhouetted before me;
Desperately attempting to convince myself
That none of this is real, but
Unequivocally losing the argument
With each firm footstep that I take.

3rd Place:

Poor Moon

By: Evangeline Sheridan

Its army of stars
Slowly dieing
In a battle
Against the city lights
Where people do not sleep
And wolves no longer howl
Lonely and unnoticed
Beauty never realized

Except by lovers in the park
And children dreaming before sleep
Its ladders of light
Falling to earth
Inviting anyone to climb
Climb into the sky

Honorable Mentions:

Will you still love me tomorrow?

By: Kelly Hartmann

Will you still love me tomorrow?
How long will this love last?
Who is to say this love won't have today.
For I love you and don't want to lose you.
Not to someone with bigger boobs,
Not to someone with smaller hips,
Not to someone with a shorter skirt,
I rather you leave because of my character.
But I don't want you to leave because of something physical.
I love you.
And want you to forever love...
...my smaller boobs, big hips, and normal skirts.

The Days of Yesterday

By: Adriana Vazquez

Was it not just yesterday when we were running about?

It was, it was
Certainly, without a doubt
I remember the days of little cares
We were much younger back then
But alas! Time has had its toll
Into ladies, we have grown
Some things are different now
While others remain the same
As numbers increase our age
Our looks have not much changed
The game of make believe, we still often play
Though not as once we did
We now pretend to say
We believe we are different than we once were
We are smarter, braver, kinder
And while perhaps there things are true

We do not believe it to be so
Instead our days of little cares have passed
And the days of worldly pressures have consumed
Our near impossible goal
The yardstick of perfection
We pretend we do not care
What others think about us
We pretend it does not kill
When others gossip about us
What happened to the days of yesterday?