

## 2023 Winning Poems

The winning poems are in alphabetical order by title.

### **BBQ**

By Lacey Ann Elder

When family and friends get together  
The smell of hamburgers and hotdogs  
Is in the air.  
Sounds of talking floats on  
The wind.  
I crunch potato chips in my  
Burger.

### **Delilah**

By AURI WAITE

Don't look away  
Enough flowers for you  
Little flowers, Delilah is my name  
I smell like a spring morning  
Lay on the wet grass  
Amazing flowers  
Happy humans everywhere

## **Fan Out**

By CLAIRE LEVESQUE

The violin  
bellows a  
soft, lullaby  
in the dignified  
church, as  
the dwelling murmurs  
down the aisle  
swaying to a  
lonely melody,  
presenting itself  
for the final  
promenade of  
a great man's  
life, while  
the world outside  
draws breath, so  
oblivious to the  
thrashing my  
heart formulates,  
like the clang  
of a train,  
rumbling  
on its  
abundant journeys.

## **Football**

By ARI BOULETTE

Fierce

OOOOOO, Luke fell

Ooh that must have hurt

Time- it's half time

Back to the game

All people back to the game

Late

## **My Heart Wasn't Ready**

By ELIZABETH BEAUDETTE

Your wings were ready my heart was not.

I feel like I was shot.

I still haven't caught my breath.

When you got taken from me,

I forgot what happiness was.

I wish I could have brought you back.

Since you have left, I had to start a family without you.

My daughter is my whole heart now.

She has your middle name Grammie.

So I still have a part of you.

I've had to look towards God a lot more lately,

To restart my heart back on track.

## **Nana's Child**

By CARLEY AUSTIN

I'm alive for you,  
like the tree lives for its leaves,  
you flow through me.  
Like water fluxes through roots that captivate life in its purest form.  
I'm blossoming in honor of your withering.  
Your leaves fell and nourished my soul,  
you're growing me from the ground up.  
You watch from a distance as I sprout from your fade,  
and all of the sudden you're gone visually, but spry inside of me.

## **Picture A Poem**

By ANNA CROCKET

I'm a child  
Asked to read  
A poem  
But I can't.  
Pictures and words  
I see the pictures  
Apple , trees, pig and  
Cars. Fields, hills and roads  
Red, green and blue  
Big, small and tall  
The words I do not know;  
Pictures are in my mind.  
Crackling foil in my  
hands. Pull it apart.  
It makes sense  
See in eye  
Picture are words  
Say them out loud  
I can't.  
I see pictures  
Not words  
The pictures  
Make the poem.

## **River**

By JAXON WHELPLEY

The blue river flows softly  
As the fox drinking the water hums  
The bird, a nice tune  
Then Bang-  
Everything goes silent

## **The Way Home**

by JESSICA KALFAIAN

How does a tree know  
to grow toward the sky  
not veer off course  
to break and fall?  
Sprung from the ruins  
of a twisted root  
as if given second life  
towering above us all.

How do birds know  
to burst into song  
before first light  
and praise the dawn?  
Will I ever make words  
sweet as those bird hymns  
or the sound of a river?  
Water doesn't try to flow  
backward up a mountain.

How does the dog know  
to lie patiently at the door?  
Life without you  
is like wandering the desert  
and writing *water*  
over and over again in the sand.  
Will we die of thirst  
before we learn to love?

## V

By MURIEL SCHLEIDER

Pry Merrily, Maestro.  
Down from  
Your podium,  
Come legendarily close.

Kissing contrarily,  
Preliminarily ask,  
(Your band's ears cupped)  
Is that your same horn?

Extemporarily  
Nod necessarily.  
Who plays parades with a mouthful of Maestro?

Tongue militarily,  
Beat biting tooth gaps.  
Probe mercenarily,  
Spurn in retreat.

Was he a performer?  
(Your band tuned its ears up)  
Mute momentarily.  
Is this your same horn?

Was he a good player?  
Yes, secondarily,  
Maestro, maestro.  
Did you play it too?

Swallow summarily,  
Scoring evasion.  
Who commands bands to burn inside a kiss?

Verily, verily  
Err exemplarily.  
O self same horn,  
Pry Maestro from  
Me.