

1st Annual Poetry Writing Contest

Congratulations to our Division One Winners!

1st Place

Untitled

By Kirsten Glaser

Through blinded eyes I see the world,
Beauty that is often ignored,
Scared souls of sinners,
Hearts overflowing with love and despair,
The minds of brilliant people.

Through deaf ears I hear the unheard,
Lullabies whispered softly to children,
"I do's" spoken confidently in church's across the universe
Gun shots fired unexpectedly
Fights between lovers, friends and enemies

Through muted vocal cords I speak,
Inspiring words to young people,
Apologies to those I have destroyed,
I love you to the people I wish to never lose,
Lessons that might someday change the world.

Honorable Mention

A Girl

By Katie Yetter

Here alone.
The sun has vanished; the moon has begun to open up.
The trees hover and fly above the horizon.
The moon gently floats up, above the dark and
silver, pink sunset.
The shadow of light soon reaches an end and the
dark, but dim white light rises above.

A mysterious girl waits for you, far away.
The long, Dark, Black hair flies and gently blows
in the cold, windy air.

She walks closer to you, as the rush of chills and
nightmares run through your mind vigorously.

The footsteps become a louder noise of thunder,
and the winds in the trees become a faint whisper.
Her hair blows and gently reaches back to touch
the cold, midnight air, that sweeps by her face.

A sweet, innocent smile wipes across her face.
You wonder why the fierce pressure of her being
beats down on your heart.
The reply wasn't a meaning, but a wondering glance
of disturbance.

She looks up to the sky as if she belongs there.
Slowly and gently, little raindrops fall down closer
to your face.
As they fall they drip down your cheek, and you shiver
as the rain falls down on you, and the cold winds blow
beside you, and throughout the earth.

The girl tilts her head and lifts her arm, slowly and steadily,
She passes a small and courteous wave to you and gently begins
to disappear.

She doesn't vanish or die, but fades.
She fades like a color of the rainbow after it rains.

The rain falls harder and you become soaked, and it becomes
harder to see the girl in front of you.

She fades completely, but a small light still stands.
This bright, massive light burns your eyes as you look.

The light wanders off into the cold dark night sky
A dream or a thought?

No, it was real.

A girl stands in front of me looking at the sky.

A dead soul perhaps...

No an angel.

An angel of life and the God of Rain, stood in the presence
of young child just like me...

Becoming a dream or a faint whisper.

That child was me.

The girl, an angel that finally let go,
and flew away.

Honorable Mention

War

By Nicole Morse

At war with one's self.
A body covered in ashes.
A fire still smoldering.
Hands still trembling.
No memory will withstand,
A test of time.

No amount of courage will pass.
Bare feet on embers.
Solo souls stand erect.
We were built for torture.
To stand alone.

Face the demons of our self.
Reflections fight.
No way to win,

Against the thing you hold most dear,
Your own.

Mud beneath your nails.
Streaks of dirt upon your face.
Blood coats our hands.

We will never be clean of our sins.
Fight what we may,
Demons will triumph.

They will stay.
I am my messiah.

Bones rattle.

A human's cage.

A skeleton of what's left of them.

1st Annual Poetry Writing Contest

Congratulations to our Division Two Winners!

1st Place

After the First Winter Storm By Juleigh Howard-Hobson

The storm's done. Two flowerpots of old mint,
From the kitchen garden, are full of brown
Leggy stalks and standing water. No scents
Of sharp leaves cling there anymore, no crowns
Of white fuzzy flowers, just shriveled stems
Stuck in flooded dirt. Even the red pots
Have lost their ruddy gleam, dully sitting
In a pile of blown leaves that ring their spot,
Wet leaf stuck to wetter leaf, each fitting
Each other's damp form until all of them
Make a solid wall of water laden
Crust. Small birds flitter, in the trees, waiting
For worms to wriggle themselves out of dry,
While mint pot pools reflect the clearing sky.

Honorable Mention

Woman Crossing the Bridge at Kent Falls By Joyce Carile

She walks like a tree
covered from head to toe
with flowers and lace.
A table set for company.

Cane slowly taps across the boards.
Gloved hands find rest
on the bridge rail.
Five miles of river travel by.

So alone
the solitude can be sliced
Like a hard piece of cheese.

Honorable Mention

Knitting Class (My Heart Unto Yours is Knit) By Toni Giarnese

If you ask me
how my knitting classes are going
I'd say that I like the orderly progression of the stitches,
each row of loops on the needle,
posed like a chorus line facing left.
I love to slide my fingers over the alpaca,
to feel the rhythm that builds with needles and yarn.
I am mesmerized by the subtle dance of knit and purl,
the growing weight of the piece as it shifts on my lap.
I clutch the bamboo needles
like a Newfoundland trucker who knits while he drives.

My hands explore new territory and acquire their own memory.
I work the fibers of Incan royalty
and the stitches leapfrog into stockinettes and ribs;
slip, slip, knit, slip, slip, knit
the thin wood pursuing strands of pistachio, poppy and purple.
I start the hank with a long-tail cast on,
then selvage the place where seams disappear.
I want to knit one, purl one, laugh one.
I want to make gloves that start with my fingers
when I lift the strand between the needles
and embrace yours when you split wood beside the barn.

~ A Note to All of Our Contestants ~

Judging of poetry is very subjective. Our guest judges, Joan Kunsch and Rennie McQuilkin read all of the poems and judged them accordingly. Mr. McQuilkin selected the Division One winners, while Ms. Kunsch selected the Division Two winners, with the Library staff acting as tie-breakers for both divisions when needed. Please keep in mind that if the same poems had been sent to different contest, the results may have been different. So please continue to write and to send your poetry to contests and magazines for publication. We certainly hope to see you and your work again!