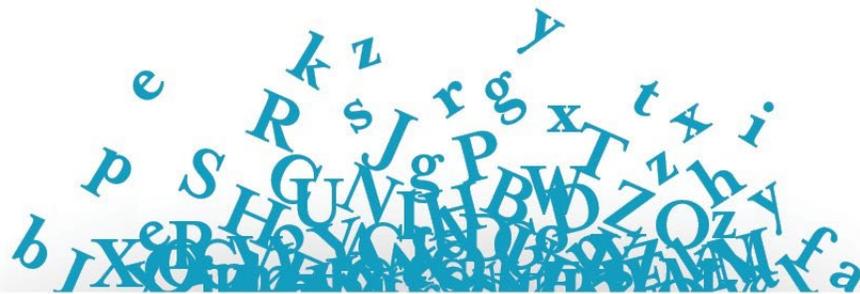


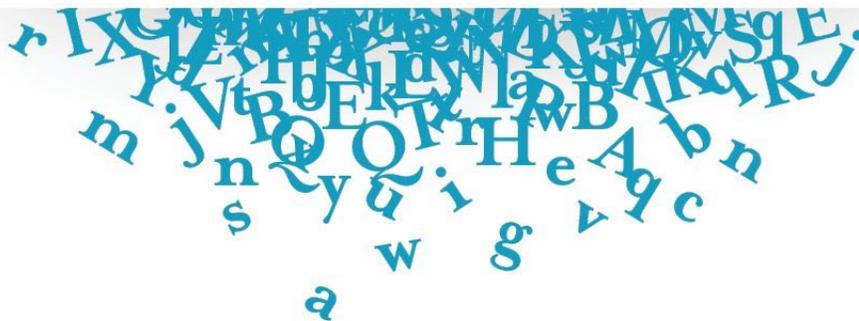


30th Annual Poetry Contest

Award-winning poetry from students in York and Adams County



A Celebration of **POETRY**



2019



Where your story begins

April 3rd, 2019

Youth Services Staff at Martin Library is proud to present the compilation of poetry from our 30th Annual Poetry Contest. The intrinsic value of the event is evidenced by the continued support of local educators. We received 165 entries this year, many submitted by school librarians and teachers on behalf of their students. We thank them for encouraging the young poets of York and Adams County.

Our panel of judges generously devoted time and expertise to ensuring that a quality pool of winners was selected. We thank them for their continued support of this program.

Each winner receives a copy of this book of poems. The book will also be distributed to the school libraries of each of the winners and all York and Adams County Libraries. A copy will also be placed into circulation at Martin Library.

Martin Library thanks all those who submitted entries to the competition and we hope that York and Adams County students will continue to find self-expression and satisfaction in their creative efforts.

Martin Library congratulates the winners of our 30th Annual Poetry Contest!

Grades 1 and 2

- 1st place: Lydia Clouser, "Wishing Stars"
1st Grade, Newberry Elementary School
- 2nd place: Blake Shiflet, "Frog Poem"
2nd Grade, Yorkshire Elementary School
- 3rd place: Steven Zhang, "Kangaroo"
2nd Grade, Yorkshire Elementary School

Grades 3 and 4

- 1st place: Molly McDonough, "The Tornado"
4th Grade, Dallastown Area Intermediate School
- 2nd place: Eden Gracey, "Cheetahs"
4th Grade, Indian Rock Elementary School
- 3rd place: Jayvin Barnes, "Milkyway Galaxy"
4th Grade, York Academy Regional Charter School

Grades 5 and 6

- 1st place: Adam Gaidos, "Lost in Darkness"
5th Grade, Dallastown Area Intermediate School
- 2nd place: Gwendalynne Bode, "The Pearl on the Beach"
5th Grade, North Hills Elementary School
- 3rd place: Aryanna Vernick-Cohen, "Diamonds"
5th Grade, Spring Forge Intermediate School

Grades 7 and 8

- 1st place: Bea Ricafort, "A Rose's Foot Soldiers"
8th Grade, Southern Middle School
- 2nd place: Rebecca Diaz, "Good Bye is For Better"
7th Grade, Central York Middle School
- 3rd place: Sophia Thoma, "Ebbing Slowly at First"
7th Grade, Gettysburg Area Middle School

Grades 9 and 10

- 1st place: Cambria Shrader, "Perquisition"
9th Grade, Spring Grove Area Senior High School
- 2nd place: Madeline Myers, "It is Times Like This"
10th Grade, West York Area High School
- 3rd place: Michaela Monticchio, "Always Only Three Feet Off the Ground"
10th Grade, Logos Academy

Grades 11 and 12

- 1st place: Kaylee Renfrew, "Self-Love of a Groupie Girl"
11th Grade, Dover Area High School
- 2nd place: Molly Griffith, "This Inky Night"
11th Grade, Biglerville High School
- 3rd place: Tess Becket, "All Soul's Day"
12th Grade, 21st Century Cyber Charter School

Lydia Clouser
First Grade
Newberry Elementary School

Wishing Stars

It is night. The air is cool and windy.
I look up and see a million stars,
white and glittery.
I say, "Those are beautiful."
I close my eyes and
wish and wish and wish.

Blake Shiflet
Second Grade
Yorkshire Elementary School

Frog Poem

I love how the frog is green.

It is bright and it is seen.

It is funny how they hop.

And then they make a sudden stop.

O my the frog's tongue is long.

And how do flies stick on so strong.

Kangaroo

A kangaroo has fur that's brown.

They can hop up and down.

They have strong skinny legs.

They do not lay any eggs.

They even have a little pouch.

But they never say ouch.

Molly McDonough
Fourth Grade
Dallastown Area Intermediate School

The Tornado

DRIP, DRIP, DRIZZLE. More than a frizzle. **BOOM!**
CRASH!

The lightning flash. Watching through the window as it comes closer. Hoping for a rainbow, but instead a tornado. Lights go off, we go to the basement. Hoping the tornado will be sent anywhere but here. We quiver and shiver with fear, staying here, half asleep. Waiting, waiting, watching. Finally, it's over.
House destroyed, like an
asteroid.

Cheetahs

I am a cheetah
I hunt for my prey
I silently sneak up on them
Then I pounce. Wow, you might say

I run fast as the wind
I am yellow with spots
And when I run to my prey
It's faster than an apple rots

I am the world's fastest land animal
I think that's cool
You might have learned that fact
Maybe at school

I am endangered
It makes me very sad
That there could be no more of me
In fact, it's very bad

Milkyway Galaxy

A ndromedan stars

T oo many to count

M ake me melt like a milkyway

O oh I'm looking at millions of stars

S tar light, star bright, first star I see tonight

P aint splatters everywhere

H ow many galaxies are there to count?

E verywhere I look new stars to see

R ecreating the galaxy with new shapes and
colors

E xamples of the colors of galaxies you can see in
the night

Adam Gaidos
Fifth Grade
Dallastown Area Intermediate School

Lost In Darkness

Day fell,
night began,
and everything was black.
Thunder started roaring,
and my heart began to shake.
My home was lost,
and so was I
until light came back for me.

Gwendalynne Bode
Fifth Grade
North Hills Elementary School

The Pearl on the Beach

My room is small.
There is one window,
looking out upon the ocean.
My brother, Hunter
has locked me in.
It is dark.
I don't like it.
Shadows creep along,
like spiders
in a web.
The waves crash.
I can hear it.
My mind spins.
Should I dare go?
Yes.
Yes.
Yes.
I open the window.
Wind pushes my hair back.
The salty air
fills my nose.
Mary?
Mother's voice rings.
My last chance.
My legs dangle
over the window.
I make my decision,
and sprint towards the beach.
I keep running
until my feet hit water.
Warmth washes over me
like a hot bath.
This was where I belonged.
I walk along the beach,
humming a tune as I go.
It surprises me
when a sharp pain
goes up my foot.
Tears sting my eyes.
I will not cry.
I will not cry.

I will not cry.
I lift my foot
and am delighted.
An oyster rests
in front of me.
What could be inside?
I pick up the oyster,
it's cold shell
has sand
covering the outside.
I cradle it in my arms
and walk to a mound of sand.
Then I think better.
I will take it home.
I will give it
to mother.
It is her
30th anniversary.
She will be
so proud.
I turn around
and walk.
Walking...
Walking...
Walking...
I creep in
the front door.
No one is home.
I am relieved.
If mother had known
that I was at the beach,
I would be in
BIG TROUBLE.
Mother had
forbade me
to go to the beach
all alone.
She says
IT IS NOT SAFE.
I go to my room.
Hunter is snooping
through my things.
Get away, Hunter.
This is my room,
not yours.
I say.
Hunter turns
and says back
Mary,

*you know nothing.
It is mother's
Anniversary.
You have not
gotten her
a gift.
I push Hunter out.
I do know things.
Hunter is just
mean,
 mean,
 mean!
I grab some tweezers,
and try to open
the oyster.
It will not budge.
I try again.
It will not budge.
I get scissors.
I try again.
It will not budge.
I get a hammer.
I use the back,
and try again.
I can see
a small pearl.
Mother will be
so delighted.
I shove the hammer under.
The oyster flies open.
The pearl
rolls on
the floor.
I pick it up,
and wash it off.
I cut some string,
add some shells,
and the pearl.
It glimmers
like the sun.
Mother calls me
downstairs.
Mary?
Come down.
I have something
to tell you.
I pick up the necklace
and hurry downstairs.*

Mother has
a big cake.
Frosted with
icing,
fluffy like clouds.
Happy Anniversary.
I say.
I give mother
the necklace.
Tears appear
in her eyes.
*That is the best thing,
that I could ever ask for.*
Mother pulls me
into a tight squeeze.
We sit together,
eat cake,
and enjoy our time,
for the rest
of the night.

Aryanna Vernick-Cohen
Fifth Grade
Spring Forge Intermediate School

Diamonds

Brilliant, glimmering,
Magnificent, reflecting,
Pulchritudinous!

Bea Ricafort
Eighth Grade
Southern Middle School

A Rose's Foot Soldiers

Thorns:

Broken, bristling, and beautiful.
The beasts guarding the princess's turret.
Seeping,
Seeping,
Seeping.
"Through the cracks?"

I reach forth,
For that lovely rose.
Black spots dot my vision,
I fall forward,
Backwards.
*"Dreaming of a dream.
Long forgotten?"*
It was beautiful.
Let them all see.

*"We are but blind soldiers,
Endeavoring through a wide path,
With nothing but thorns in the way.
Broken, bristled,
Beautiful? "*

Dancing 'cross the night she goes--
"Voices! Voices!"
I see her!
Just a touch away,
Let me be free,
O, cruel night.

I reach for the ledge,
Pushing away the thorns,
And see her lustrous eyes!
And her glistening hair!
And her cruel smile.
I fall
Forward,
Backwards,
Falling to the thorns.
I see my blind and ignorant mistakes.
Fearful, dependent, and the death of me.

Rebecca Diaz
Seventh Grade
Central York Middle School

Good Bye Is For Better

Anger rips through me
Raging like a bull seeing red
An earthquake shredding me into pieces of the person I once was
I was supposed to be the patient good little girl

I'm not
I'm not supposed to do anything they didn't approve of
I wasn't allowed to leave the house they kept me caged in
So I broke those rules
Solely for the reason of being pried and viewed like a zoo animal
I don't want it
I don't want to be ripped apart and only left with what they don't need
Because they only want one thing of me
Humanity

They used those words
And they stretched their arms to push and pull me
The worst though is the emotions that they toyed with
I left and I'm never returning

Bullied
Bruised
Broken
Blindly strolling down the streets
Trolling for a meal and shelter
Seeing riches but not experiencing it
Not regretting for a second leaving

Sophia Thoma
Seventh Grade
Gettysburg Area Middle School

Ebbing slowly at first, I thought nothing of them
They snuck up on me:
Surging whitecaps, furiously crashing upon each other
Dragging me under
Suffocating my desperate pleas, until
Silence

Cambria Shrader
Ninth Grade
Spring Grove Area Senior High School

Perquisition

I want someone
To write their poetry about me
Place me in every story
Wrap me up in their words

I want someone
To search me out in crowds
Hear my voice above others
Think of me when they're alone

I want someone to write about
The way my handwriting slants with frantic thoughts
Or how my hands shake when I'm nervous
Or the color of my eyes

The way I stay up until 4am
Decoding the universe
Planning conversations I'll never have
Or lost in worlds that don't exist

My favorite jacket
The way my hair falls over my face
Or my stupid sense of humor
My crooked teeth, my quiet smile

The way I laugh too loudly
Talk too much, or not at all
The walls I throw up around myself
And the grin on my face when they fall

I want someone
To write about me
My quirks and my flaws
And everything in between

Just once I'd like to be called
Beautiful
By someone who isn't obligated to say it
By a voice that says my name
Like a prayer

I want to be
Somebody's daydream
A fairytale, a princess
A goddess, a queen

But I'm not, and I won't be
Because no one else thinks in poetry
But that's okay
I can write it about myself
(I am)

So these are my words
This isn't narcissism
Or pride
Or overconfidence

This is self-love
Pure and simple
Because some days
No one else will love me
And I will have to do it myself

Madeline Myers
Tenth Grade
West York Area High School

It is times like this where I turn to my pen and my paper solely.
I fold in on myself with my words and my thoughts as my only company.
If I write it down,
If I make it tangible,
Maybe my mind will be able to comprehend the complexity and intensity of the emotions
That stirs together amongst images of the past.
Even now, I do not understand why I was so easily pulled under the water,
When I know to stay out of the waves.
I have swam before, always making it back safely.
Somehow, this was a different current.
And the sea called to me, whispering pretty words and soothing promises.
The shades of blue shimmered like danger, intoxicating danger.
It was simply far too enchanting to resist.
I cannot stand on the shore now and contemplate what happened.
I cannot wonder if I was merely too weak to stay above the waves. I was not.
After all, my words are power and flow through my veins like a waterfall of epic proportion.
Perhaps the current was too strong.
Yet, it is a question without an answer for I will never be able to truly ask.
So, for now, I write.
I write so that there may soon be a time where my heart does not ache
With the faint dull of the past at the mention of him.
I write so that I will someday be able to laugh off seeing him
Without feeling the signature pang that knocks the breath out of me.
I write to remind myself that beautiful things grow from pain.
I have survived this swim and now, it is time for me to learn the lesson of it.
I will grow and rise until I have found the true happiness for which I so desperately seek.
And when I am on top of the world,
I will bask in the sunshine, without one glance backwards at the roaring ocean.

Michaela Monticchio
Tenth Grade
Logos Academy

Always Only Three Feet Off the Ground

I am walking on a tightrope.

Barely balancing, slowly stepping, never ending, a fog of fear surrounding.

I start to worry about things out of my control, then my rope begins to shake, I am

barely balancing, slowly stepping, it's never ending.

As I begin to panic my head starts to spin,

then comes this horrible feeling from within.

But I cannot stop so I am barely balancing, slowly stepping, it's never ending.

People have tied their ropes near mine

walking alongside me for a time.

They outpaced me in the end,

leaving me without a friend.

I'm exhausted and barely balancing, slowly stepping it's never ending.

After years of walking without a purpose suddenly a Shining Light appears, quenching

all my fears.

It is quiet and yet my heart sings loud, peace is found, I look down for the first time

realizing my rope was always only three feet off the ground.

Now I'm free from all my fear, quickly I run, bathed in the sun, I am beautifully

balancing, swiftly stepping, with joy abounding.

Kaylee Renfrew
Eleventh Grade
Dover Area High School

Self-Love of a Groupie Girl

We were sitting on a faded picnic table,
trying to tie cherry stems with our tongues,
spitting the seeds at passing ants.
Drops of Jupiter was playing
on the radio beside us.
“I like this song,” she said,
gray eyes like comets.
“Makes me want to roll down the car windows,
and blast some old rock music.”
She ran a hand through her cropped hair.
I wondered if she knew she contained
her own drops of Jupiter.

We were sitting on the pool edge,
tying up our hair-
mine tangling into long chlorine knots,
hers dripping pink dye on her shoulders.
We kicked at the water with painted toes.
She hummed ‘Face Like Thunder’,
performing for suntanning onlookers.
I wondered, if it was safe-
to swim next to a thunderstorm of a girl.

We were sitting on a frayed beach towel,
cross-legged, tying clover flowers into crowns.
Wind blew campfire smoke into our watery eyes.
I picked at a burnt marshmallow,
she picked up a few lines.
“I remember an all white day,
with eight story waves,
he said ‘your eyes are gray’,
we were living on Coeur d’Alene.”
The fire crackled and clapped for her,
I did too.
I wondered if we were iconic enough
to change our names to Lana and Ray.

We were sitting on the sandy ground,
tying up each other's score in a card game.
I took her Joker and Queens,
she scanned stations, looking for anyone
playing Blink-182 in between rounds.
Jacks gasped and cards fell
when she sang a few lyrics.
I wondered if it really was all the small things.

We were sitting on faded swings.
I was tying my shoelaces,
she was tangling her headphones.
The sun danced in the sky,
to her voice duetting with
Marina's, crooning from the soft speakers.
Sounding like diamonds and singing about

Lies and Ruins.
Ice cream dripped onto her jean shorts.
"There's bits of you in all these songs,"
I sighed.
"So why don't you love yourself,
like you love this music?"

Molly Griffith
Eleventh Grade
Biglerville High School

this inky night
will be the rest of our lives
only the streetlights remember what day once was
their buzzing yellow casting you in forged sunlight
again and again
dark and light, black and white
the whispered whoosh of tires over asphalt
the pooling void of the road ahead, drawing us in
headlights are scissors, never sharp enough to cut the dark
forehead icy against the glass
an empty city
you, me, and this beast
prowling the streets

Tess Becket
Twelfth Grade
21st Century Cyber Charter School

All Souls' Day

as children we were wild
criss-cross in the backseat on
a road trip to wonder -

concerned about nothing
except everything we'd regret
as we grew

worlds of knowledge on
delicate fingers,
we acted reckless
murder stories and earthly fables
in bedroom ruins
of stuffed animals

every other week
I decided to hate you;
you devoured something sweet
in the fridge or teased me
about my long legs

but we always talked
until I loved you again
and forever.

at age seven and eleven,
Mother drove home
from the town over
our dog Frank

I held his paw
on our porch,
said goodbye
humming you are not
alone
until you swept me
into the house
long legs wrapped
around your shoulders

clothed in young grief, we cried
through our little bodies
used Michael Jackson, backgammon
as bandages to heal

mouthfuls
of leftover Halloween
and morning orange juice,
running downstairs
on All Souls' Day, I left
Honey, a teddy bear
I held every night

on the kitchen table
next to a candle.

months after the flame
you won a blue stuffed dog
at a carnival game and
placed it in my arms

I held it so tightly,
your smile grew

light, like you'd given all
of your love

for seven years, we grew slowly
into bony teenagers with ephemeral grins
and began life as children
in older bodies;

when sentience turned dreary, we tried to rebel
stole two pints of Ben and Jerry's
to avoid digging ourselves a backyard coffin

as night closed into winter,
instead of meeting a girl
you could have loved forever,
you cancelled an evening date
to play Dreamcast with me;

I held my eyes open until 3 AM that night
you shit talked until morning
and I startled our sleeping parents
because I laughed and screamed
when I almost beat you

-

now, shadows line the hallways
wind shakes maple trees
at midnight

nobody's awake. falling asleep i don't
hear you -
no records humming across the hall
no laundry on the floor
no lights turned on

in dreams i hugged you
by a U-Haul truck

for years

you stayed
longer than expected,
drove home from the hospital
to care for our parents

without you, my body grows older
but i still need you here

with me sitting at the kitchen table
 singing Michael Jackson

two days after Halloween,

sometimes i lie myself
across the carpet of your room
and stare for hours at the missing of you

Meet the 2019 Panel of Judges

Judy Wolfman (Grades 1 and 2)

Judy Wolfman retired from teaching Pre-K at Ferguson Elementary in the York City School District. She is a professional storyteller and author of several published books, plays and magazine articles. She founded a Reader's Theatre troupe six years ago, that performs at various places throughout York County. Judy teaches workshops and classes on writing, storytelling and acting.

Lori Leckrone (Grades 3 and 4)

Lori Leckrone, a children's librarian, earned her B.S. in English from Liberty University and her MLS in Library Science from Clarion University. In addition to being a librarian, Lori has spent the last fourteen years homeschooling her children, reading many good books, and traveling to various parts of the globe.

JJ Sheffer (Grades 5 and 6)

JJ Sheffer is president of New Muse Entertainment, a company that produces special events, and also spent the last five years running CoWork155, York's first co-working site. She is part of the team responsible for the I Love York City campaign; Kable House Presents, a concert series hosted in York's historic Central Market; York: Crafted, a series of events featuring brief lectures on what it means to be a craftsman in York, PA; York Story Slam, an open mic storytelling series; and several other arts and humanities programs for specific audiences.

Jennifer Nesbitt (Grades 7 and 8)

Jennifer Nesbitt is associate professor of English at the York Campus of Penn State University. She is the author of a book about interwar British women writers (*Narrative Settlements*, 2005) and is writing a book about rum and drinking scenes in Caribbean literature. Recently, Dr. Nesbitt lectured widely on the TV series *Downton Abbey*; she has published two articles about the series.

Carla Christopher-Waid (Grades 9 and 10)

Artist-activist, Carla Christopher, was York's fourth Poet Laureate. An award-winning author of three published collections of poetry and a poetic memoir, Carla has also been featured on multiple audio recordings, performs with the poetry-funk fusion band, Groove Ink, and is the co-owner of Community Arts Ink, a local independent press. An M.Div candidate at United Lutheran Seminary in Gettysburg, Carla is the director of Children, Youth, and Family Ministries at Union Lutheran Church.

Carol Clark Williams (Grades 11 and 12)

Carol Clark Williams is poet laureate emeritus of York, Pennsylvania, and a Pushcart nominee. She has won local, state and national awards for her poetry. Carol was awarded the 2017 Above and Beyond Award by the National Poetry Society for her work with young poets. She teaches poetry workshops for high school students, senior centers, support groups, and residents of institutions. Carol's poems have been published in print and online journals including *Mad Poets Review*, *Margie*, *Byline*, *The Pedestal*, *Fledgling Rag* and *Bent Pin Quarterly*.