Award-winning poems from the youth of Roseville

Wednesday, April eleventh Two-thousand thirteen Four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon Downtown Roseville Library

First Grade

First Place: Evangeline Gardiner, homeschool

Mavrick

I really miss Mavrick

Hove Mavrick really much

I can't stop thinking about Mavrick

He was the best dog we ever had

I cry every time I think of him

I remember how he would cuddle with me

I really miss Mavrick

Second Grade

First Place: Katie Lam, Diamond Creek Elementary School

The Little Steelhead Egg

Laying at the bottom of the tank.

Waiting to hatch out.

Staring at the other big and small fish swimming around.

Nervous and scared about swimming alone in the cold water.

I need to be brave and strong to do it.

It is getting very cramped in here.

Nudging, wiggling and pushing hard.

Pop!

I'm free!

Second Place: Ivan Valdez, Dry Creek School

I Want A Dog

I wish to have a dog so much.

I think I'd even name him Hutch.

He'd always be in a great mood

And every day I'd give him some food.

He'd be a good dog.

He'd be a good friend,

And when I was hurt,

As if looks could mend.

When he was sleeping, quiet as a mouse,

I'd wake him...and there stood a doggy house!

When we played soccer, he'd be goalie.

When the ball was far, he'd be rolling.

But for now I must dream of a dog named Hutch,

The dog that I'd love to have so much.

Third Place: Natalie Lux, Greenhills Elementary

Penguins

Black and white bodies

Waddle on orange webbed feet

Yellow plumed macaronis
Favorite food – fish
Shake their tail feathers back and forth
Live in cold icy home

Honorable Mention: Lennon Nuttal, Catherine Gates Elementary School Beach Lullaby
Sand on my feet
Wind in my hair
The birds are all whistling
The waves come in pairs
The slow swinging clouds
Come in a heap
As they all drift away
Sending me to sleep.

Third Grade

Reading
Why would you ever do anything else
Than read a book off of the shelf?
Even though you might be reading at home,
Why shouldn't you be with Caesar in Rome?
Or dancing and prancing with Tumnus the faun
Or with Cinderella at daybreak, at dawn.
You could be with the evil Heart Queen,
Or helping the Trunchbull to stop being mean!
You could tell the Beast that he really loves Belle,
Or be with the sad hunchback, ringing the bell!
Why would you ever do anything else
Than read a book off of the shelf?

First Place: Sophia Ledy, Catherine Gates Elementary School

Second Place: Jessica Burdick, South Sutter Charter School *Bats*Bats are mammals, but they have wings
They eat mosquitoes and have tiny fangs
They are normally black, but sometimes brown
And on tree branches, or in caves, they sleep upside down
Some bats eat fruit and others drink blood
I think it's disgusting, but it's what a bat does!
Bats send out sound waves through their mouth or nose
When a sound hits an object they know where to go
Bats are very clean, and groom themselves like cats
They are very helpful
So let's hear it for the Bats!

Third Place: Zoe Sampson, Maidu Elementary School *Christmas Is.*..

A thousand twinkling lights wrapped around a towering tree.

The howling wind rattling the windows.

The crackling fire warming my numb fingers.

The scent of freshly cut Christmas trees.

Hot chocolate warming me from my head to my toes.

Christmas time is awesome!

Colorful wrapped presents under my tree

And my stocking filled to the top.

Carolers singing merrily right outside my door.

The cold crispy air seeping through the window.

Cookies baking in the toasty oven.

Spicy hot apple cider swirling around my mouth.

Christmas time is awesome!

Honorable Mention: Tessa Ritchie, Newcastle Elementary School Banana Slug

Fat banana slug

Squishing, oozing, stretching lump

Let me take you home.

Fourth Grade

First Place: Sarah Withrow, Excelsior Elementary School

Hiding Place

By now I'm sweating

But my feet feel cool in the gentle creek

I love the feel of the smooth, round rocks in the water

But there are things to do

There are things to do tomorrow

Things to do next week

I wish I could swim all day in this cold, calm creek

Second Place: Morgan Dorty, Quail Glen Elementary School

Color Poem

Most days I'm mellow light pink

Kind and caring

Wonderful and harmless

Sometimes afraid to talk to people I know

I'm like a frog silently croaking.

But the part of me that no one seems to see

Is bright tiger lily orange

Happy and wild

Active and cheerful

But most don't see the bright tiger lily orange in me

They see mellow light pink.

Third Place: Tristan Jacques, Excelsior Elementary School

A Perfect Machine

A perfect machine would be a floating

Snack dispenser,

Uust insert a buck

(And cross your fingers for luck)

And give the stick a twirl, type what you want, and

There it is all crisp and clean and that's a

Perfectly, perfect snack machine.

Honorable Mention: Lara Hall, Excelsior Elementary School

Girbble Girbble

Girbble Girbble on the run

In your wheel that looks like fun!

You must be in awesome shape

Are you trying to escape?

That looks like my grappling hook!

Give me back that rope you took!

Matches, blow torch, chain saw too.

What do you expect to do?!

How'd you get that fuse to light

That looks like dynamite!

Scram, skedaddle, hit the road,

Quick get out it might explode!

Man I'll miss you, you were fun.

Girbble Girbble on the run!

Fifth Grade

First Place: Deanna Trieu, Rocklin Academy

The Universal Musical Instrument

We create emotions just with our voice

But can we create them just with noise?

The piano can make sounds high and low

To make people enlightened or to frighten them so

High finger patterns can make someone feel pleasant

Old fashioned minuets can make someone say "is this the present?"

Big booming chords can startle someone easily

Loud crescendos may leave you a bit tingly

Soft high notes can be like a bird

Ungraceful low notes being a monster absurd

Piano is a universal language everyone understands

Across the world, from Mexico to Thailand

Second Place: Avani Singh, Excelsior Elementary School

Imagine

Imagine a place,

Where even the most ugly monsters are allowed, And there is no popular crowd, The world is open to everyone, And nobody judges. And there will be no regrets, for people and their pets, Mothers will be proud, and fathers will cry, For this is life Life has its powers, To make lovely flowers, So close your eyes and.....

Third Place: Amanda Simon, Coyote Ridge Elementary One Shining Ruby A clump of basset hounds run astray We plan to purchase a floppy-eared dog today And I look into a pair of hazel eyes Then I can call "Ruby" mine She opens the closet door and eats truffles oh-so-fine She has glaucoma, and we're in the surgery room Now only one eye remains, and that is pure doom We hear extremely bad news Ruby is being put down, which sends me in deep blues We go to the veterinarian's to say unhappy good byes We know tears will gather in our eyes We see the dog that has a lively spirit Memories echo in the room, everyone can hear it I look into one hazel eye I think I might cry And I obviously do Ruby, Ruby I love you.

Honorable Mention: Abigail Haworth, Crestmont Elementary School *The Mystery*My head is spinning, I think
It's my imagination. I look out the
Window and see people watching me
Like I can do something. I try to move
My hands and feet, but it's no use.
Am I captured again? The people do have
On white coats; I think they are scientists.
I never really studied science. All my life
I just ran from them and figured out my
Powers. That's all.
I wake up.

Imagine.

Honorable Mention: Spencer, Adam and Brett, Excelsior Elementary School *The Greatness of the Library*

You walk into the library your hopes soar high.

Hundreds of books for you to try. Biographies and magazines my o'my. Hundreds of people to be inspired by. Your imagination fly high in the sky. Until that book catches your eye. You run over to the book and then you sigh. 'Cause the book is called "I Like Pie." But you pull it off and you start to read. Then you know that's all you need. Then you look up and hear a tick tock.

Then you start to cry. 'Cause now it's time to say goodbye. You pull yourself together because you had a great time. So you head for the check-out line. The librarian scans your card and you start to go. But you know you can go back so, you'll get up and go tomorrow.

Sixth Grade

First Place: Kaitlyn Ang, Crestmont Elementary School

Thunder

The storm approaches
Rolling in waves,
Cavemen once sat
Huddling in their caves.

After lightning, The big sound comes. Ominous and frightening Beating like a hundred drums.

Ducking under covers Scared to go to bed, Pushing under pillows The thing you call a head.

When the rolling stops Some are fast asleep. Others with troubled minds Are still counting sheep.

Second Place: Abby Gonzales, Sierra Gardens Elementary School

What Defines You? What defines you?

Your clothes or your shoe?

Well, it's not your appearance.

That's just an interference.

It's what's on the inside,

Not the outside.

Now, in actuality,

What Defines You?

Third Place: Angelica Lacap, Merryhill School

Spring

There are so many flowers. I don't like it.

I get allergic to pollen so I don't enjoy

It as much. Aggravated. That is what I feel during spring.

Mad, mad, mad. Even if my birthday

Is in March, I still don't look forward to Spring.

Birds, bees, trees, flowers. Annoying to me.

To others, it is a peaceful season. Not true.

Honorable Mention: Jeffrey N. Bassett, Excelsior Elementary School

Butterflies and Bees

Butterflies and Bees

That's Muhammad Ali

He can float, He can fly

He can sting.

Dancing in the ring.

Cassius Clay, normal kids like me

But steal his bike and then you'll see

He can float, he can fly and he can sting like a bee.

Went to the Olympics just so all could see

Him float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

Changed his name to Muhammad Ali,

Clobbered everyone from A to Z

Refused to fight, lost his name,

But no one could take his fame.

He's The Rumble in the Jungle, The Thrilla in Manila

All his opponents were filled with Shame

Soon all knew Ali's name.

Seventh Grade

First Place: Claire Jordan, W. T. Eich Intermediate School

A Life Like a Secret

Flitting through life, prancing through loss

Hovering over happiness, hiding from love

She has hair like thread, passed through so many people's lives

Lips like the wind, lips on a mouth that has whispered cries for help

Eyes like emeralds, prying eyes worthy but hidden

Skin like winter's snow, trampled on by unknown creatures

Heart like marble, smooth, cold, unfeeling

A life like a secret, kept held in, alone

The air swirling around her is dark and misty

If you do not look closely, you'll miss her

Her back is to the world, facing fantasy

In front of her is bright life, love, laughter

But when she turns back to reality A pearl of water escapes from her emerald eyes Cascading to the never ending depths of her sorrow

Second Place: Aziza Nussipov, Barbara Chilton Middle School

What Are You What are you?

Are you in the middle of nothing and existence

Are you an illusion?

Tricking your way into our minds

Playing games with our souls

Are you the result of thoughts drifting from our subconscious?

Or something real we can't seem to notice?

Monsters and hate exist because of you

Love, joy, and smiles exist because of you

You might be a small speck of dust or

A million galaxies yet to be discovered

We can look but cannot see

We can feel but cannot identify

I'm blinded by your glaring eye

I'm hurt by your revenge

I still do not know what you are

But I know now your name

You are life

Third Place: Cassandra Bennett, Silverado Middle School

A Night in the City

The rigid area of the blanket covers my small body

Scratchy and tender it feels, against my rough skin

The city screams with sounds, the sirens and car horns are like a lullaby

Forcing me to sleep, the flashes of lights take the color of my eyes

And flash unwanted colors in my mind

Beats of loud music boom my head

Voices muffled in my brain turn to crashing and yelling

An unwanted fight I must ignore, a slam of a door shatters the house

A yell and glass cracking follows, a male voice hurts my feelings

The mom yells and laughs, the male yells and laughs

The city has drunken them, a slap of skin lifts my eyelids

A shout follows along with cries, I cover the blanket over my greasy hair

Holding my tears of fear back, screams hurt my heart, I swallow my tears

They turn sour in my throat

Smells of smoke slip into my nose, I huff them out, but they burn my eyes.

I cough and cough, this night will end

Eighth Grade

First Place: Lauren Schmittner, Buljan Middle School

Winter Flowers

It soars the sky in a delicate form, twirling and gliding on the wind that cradles it, as a mother would cradle her child. Its reflective prism-like features, only noticeable with the closest scrutiny of a careful observer. One breath of warmth, and its elaborate, personally unique pattern will disappear from the scheme of the universe, for an unimaginable and unknown amount of space in time. It descends to the gradual sloping crest of a hill, in some far off land of frost and cold. It is singularly unusual, being the only of its kind to have its unique form, yet, even in its differences, it is still surrounded by all its brethren, entwined in a swirling dance of grace and style. Closer and closer it falls, slowly welcoming a rest from its flight. With almost no sound, it alights upon the minute tip of an evergreen quill. Here it will reside, until a wisp of wind or a chance of warmth penetrates its icy slumber and carries it away, never to be seen again. The snowflake.

Second Place: Emily Williams, Silverado Middle School

Around the Corner

What is it?

What lies in wait for me—

Around the bend I cannot see?

Steps uncertain, unknown to us

What this world is, but enter you must.

Darkness blocks my vision so

And what you see I do not know.

That corner looms in front of you,

And you know not whether to go or what to do.

How one gets to where they're going—

There will always be a stop

A place where reality bends

To your fears and your desires.

But what is it lurking there—

Beyond the corner that hides your fate?

Into the darkness we must go

Around the corner is the only way to know.

Third Place: Tia Hollmer, Twelve Bridges Middle School

The Open Back Pasture

As I walk along the old bob wire fence,

The weeds sway like an ocean of gold,

The birds chirp and sing their lovely songs.

I sit and think under a shady maple tree,

And let all my thoughts run loose.

In the open back pasture.

But now as I look through the back car window,

The gold ocean is now a ravenous storm, Of black and brown.
The birds are no longer playing or singing, And the maple tree stands,
The darkness surrounds.
As I leave,
The open back pasture

Ninth Grade

First Place: Krystyna Hrodz, Granite Bay High School *Hostage*I used to believe chains were demeaning, so rough, So powerful, degrading, possessive, so real, Holding us hostages until we've had enough, 'Till our eyes had no vision and our hearts could not feel.

'To those chains I am hostage, I would often think, But my lips would not move, and I wouldn't dare blink, Because I am a hostage, meaning I'm of no worth, I'm alone and I'm broken, yet I'm still on this Earth.

When will I be set free? I would cry, never ask, Because crying's a simple and effortless task. I'd tug at the chains, and extend towards the sky, But a hostage can't escape, I'd never know why.

And one day, it struck me as I glanced at the chain, Accompanied by misery, sorrow and pain. I smiled a little, to just know how it felt, And awe overtook me as I watched the chains melt.

These chains whimpered at smiles, they grimaced at joy, They deplete pleasure, they devour and destroy. These chains are our sanity confusing our minds, Confirming our doubts and feeding us lies.

I'm being held hostage by my own reflection; My beauty has passed, and I've no recollection. The one holding me hostage can, too, set me free The only one weighing my arms down was me.

Second Place: Alexandra D'Costa, Creative Connections Arts Academy Backwards

Living in Yesterday, is not as nice as it may seem
Pretty soon you'd realize, that your life is just a dream
And all the things you want to happen never can come true
Unless you have courage, to work your problems through
When you live in Yesterday, you know you cannot stay

Eventually the sands of time will whisk you far away In the land of Yesterday you simply are a guest Reliving parts of days gone by, the worst times and the best You can't change things in Yesterday; it stays the same year by year Come join me in tomorrow, it's so much nicer here

Third Place: Sarah Tileston, Roseville High School

Nowhere

The martian wind blows away my thoughts

As I stare into the vastness of space

"Come with me," he told me

"Come see the stars with me."

I just never thought

That it would feel like running

Running?

What does that even mean anymore?

Is it running from my problems

Or the monsters that roam behind me?

Darkness surrounds me now

I can't think anymore

Where am I?

I can't see anything

The only thing that I know is there

Is a little voice

Telling me

Nowhere

Honorable Mention: Jessica Wilson, Roseville High School

Fire

The anger I feel burns through me like a brush fire,

Consuming everything in sight,

Engulfing the old with flames,

Embracing the new life with light,

I feel so alive, but dead inside.

The pain hurts, but I can't let it show,

Just let it consume me with its rage,

Let it fuel me with its power,

Because tonight I stand alone,

Into the battlefield I go,

But when the first rays of sunlight slap my face,

I will ride home triumphant,

Welcoming its warm embrace

Knowing the fight is over,

And the fires, once brilliant and bold,

Will die down in a deep slumber, inside my soul.

Tenth Grade

First Place: Neha Kompella, Granite Bay High School

Window Into The Soul

They can sparkle with bemused delight

They can show love with a glowing light

They can gaze into the distance, thoughtful and deep

They can move restlessly, in the depths of sleep

Some are like the ocean, stormy and mysterious

Some are like forests, mossy and serious

Some are like honey, sweet and beguiling

Some are like night, dark and reviling

Showing the secrets deep inside one's heart

Proving what it means to be together or apart

To know the truth, to peel away the disguise

All you need is look in their eyes

Whether intense, fiery with a hidden passion

Or lucid and tranquil, with calm compassion Whether as light as water, or as dark as coal

They remain our winds into the soul

Second Place: Wesley Kao, Mira Loma High School

The Silence

I am sitting here in the silence.

The rising sun's rays dance over the hills in dancing colors,

Yet I see no light.

I am sitting here in the silence.

The grass ripples in waves under the warm west breeze,

Yet I feel no warmth.

I am sitting here in the silence.

Flowers open their faces to the sun, uncovering their sweet perfume—

Yet no scent reaches me.

I am sitting here in the silence.

Birds fly overhead, their mouths open in song,

Yet I hear no music.

A man walks down the lonely road.

Rejected, alone, broken hearted.

And I hear him—

I hear his words—

I hear the silence.

Third Place: Halona Harper, Woodcreek High School

Untitled

I wander slowly through evening forests. Shadows

Masquerade the navy sky. Stumbling, I cry out for you.

I drift towards the alabaster moon. Bright blue Crashes on grainy shores. Sparkling, white glitter pours From the sky like angels in the dark. I freeze, Ice blue rooting me in place. The ice turns to Light. I watch and the blue is you.

Honorable Mention: Natalie La Moure, homeschool Rest for the Leaves
Bright green leaves sat on the trees,
Yet dimmed more every day,
And in the fall, dropped quietly,
There peacefully they stayed.

The wind than came to lift them up, But held to very few, They tossed and turned and spun about, Yet on and on they flew.

They sailed o'er parks and kites and roofs, O'er cities and a state, Where finally the leaves were caught, In someone's picket gate.

The leaves, relieved, then gave a sigh, For though it was the best, The wind they rode was tiring, And now they got to rest.

Eleventh and Twelfth Grade

First Place: HaeLeigh Sinerius, Valley Christian Academy Soliloguy

What is this? What am I? Why am I here?

For a short exert then to disappear?

People say to start a journey that has never been embarked To make a blaze from your initial spark

People drag their feet desperate to leave footprints behind But me, sitting here, well I am just fine I feel no need to be exceptional at all that I do Frankly, to do so would seem rather lewd

If you go after something, take your whole heart Don't dare degrade it with intentions of leaving a mark In fact aren't accidental impacts always the best? Those are the ones that make us gluttons for success

To not dream of this is an enigma now days Everybody wants the spotlight, to take center stage Sometimes not getting caught in the cycle can be tough But for me, just me is enough. Second Place: Melody Santa Cruz, Roseville High School

Strong Coffee

My Mother, small and feisty

Drank sweet teas and bitter coffee.

I think it helped soothe her at home

And be strong for her

Long graveyard shifts.

Or perhaps just the opposite...

Maybe it's to make the nights a bit brighter.

And when she comes home.

Droopy-eyed with heavy feet,

The guilt won't dare touch her.

Because strong coffee lines

Strong souls

Third Place: Annie Biederman, Granite Bay High School

Dove's Wings and Sunbeams

Come to me, stay by my side.

The sun is frozen, white, hot, golden.

Our song so young, our voices as one.

Today lasts always, tomorrow casts shadows.

Come away with me to swim in gold kisses,

Honey whispers, sweet laughter so fine.

Souls bursting lovely, ribbons of life,

An ocean of dreamy glass heartstrings divine.

Dove's winds and sunbeams, come follow my light,

I live for today, heaven frozen time...

Cast not thin memories sailing lost on the sea.

Blue icicle eyes, cease to leave my side.

Tomorrow is coming—do you still know me?

How long will it take for the silver moon rising;

For the stars are not far, and the Nightingale's calling—

Yet our smiles burn on; shards of light we are sharing.

Look not for an answer, thrive only for today.

Dove's wings and sunbeams, come take me away.

Honorable Mention: Molly Williams, Woodcreek High School

Things We Would Do If We Were Together

Perhaps we could fog up each other's glasses

And draw smiley faces on them.

Then maybe we could sip flowery buds

In a cup and let them bloom into our mouth.

And then I'd trace the veins

Running up your wrists.

And we'd count the stars

In each other's eyes.

Awards

The author of each first and second place poem receives a medal, a prize book, and a certificate. Third place winners receive a medal and a certificate.

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Thank you to our judges: Brandon Cooper Mary Beth Embree Ashley Trew