

16th Annual Poetry Contest

RIVEREAST AT HOMECROFT ♥ TARA RYAN, GRADE 9-12

You Are My Star

You are my star
you twinkle like the stars.
You have my heart and soul
from the time I was born
to the time I am deceased.
You make me feel like I am
loved
but sometimes it is like
a roller coaster ride with all the
ups and downs.
Sometimes I feel like a leaf
falling from a tree as my life is
going on.
You make me laugh
when I am sad you make me
smile.
But most of all you make me
feel like I am blessed by an
angel from the heavens.
I know you won't give up on
me when things are going
wrong.
I know you will be the first to
say everything will be okay.
You are like a new song
everyone wants to listen to.
You are blessed in so many
ways it's hard to describe.

You are like Mother Nature—
you don't know what you're
going to do next.
But when you do speak
everyone stops and listens.
You are important and
you are alive in this world
for a reason.
But every day you are here,
the closer I get to you and trust
in you—a lot more than the first
time I met you.
So just to let you know I love
all of you for a reason.
by Tammy, Grade 10

Things were never the same
once Martin Luther King came
People looked at him as a
painting with a beautiful
frame
He would speak, the crowd so
loud
He rode the emotion of his
crowd
And took a bow
He had a dream that one day
People would not be judged
by the color of their skin

But by the content of their
characters

Whites were such amateurs
and he was
the cure
Dr. King and Malcolm X were
the best
at what they did, All the scared
kids
King was a whiz
at speaking
He was no weakling
at preaching and teaching
Maintaining focus with his eye
and mind
wide open
He was copin'
with his environment
Black people dying
White people going into early
retirement

He was the truth
And there's no pretending
He's the best
And that's the ending.
by Alex, Grade 11

HOLOCAUST POEMS ♥ MARY C. SMITH, FOUR SEASONS GRADE 5

5th graders wrote these poems after studying the Holocaust and reading books about the subject.

1st Place

The Devil's Favorite Son

I don't know how it happened
we were such a peaceful
family.
One day Adolph Hitler
gave a speech about Jews
making the fatherland
weak.
Then our neighbors turned
us in and now we're on the
train
to hell.
We're here, I see
lost souls, starving people,
dark clouds everywhere,
working people to death,
shooting squads and gas
chambers.
Every night when I fall asleep,
I think,
"Is this how my life will
end with Hitler, the devil's
favorite son?"
He took My mother.
He took My father.
He took My sister.
I will say it again, I will say it,
Hitler is the devil's
favorite son!
by Tucker

2nd Place

Holocaust

As the day goes by people cry,
Locked in cages, getting shot,
No one person, more than a
lot.
Getting food that's not even
good,
Begging for help,
And there's nothing you can
do.
Being victims of awful deaths,
People dying without a breath.
There it comes—Hitler's lie:
Choosing people,
Live or Die!
by Carlos

1st Place

Come and Go!

Sick in my body.
Tiny potato cakes everyday.
I sit playing with my rag dolls
wondering when I can get new
outfits for them, wondering
where Papa is?
Knowing he's gone. I can
still see him just sitting in his
favorite chair,
rocking back and forth,
singing his favorite song.
I just feel my heart drop as I
listen to the noisy rats.
I miss hearing mama say
my name,
thinking about friends.
If I'm going to see them again.
Thinking what grandma said
before she was gone,
"Someday you will fly
with the birds in the sky.
But to live life is a prize.
Stay strong, my loved one.
I will be with you every
moment.
You take care."
I look up at the sky and I say,
"Nana, I want to be free,
come back
and save me. Nana, you're the
one I need!"
I sit there looking at the ceiling
saying to myself, "What going
to happen to me?" I know if I
stay calm and play with dolls
I will be safe.
I hear a soft knock on the wall
I knock back. It's mama
telling me to be quiet. I see a
candle, it's the nice lady that's
helping us not die. She is
bringing us food, but I seem not
hungry,
my eyes suddenly fall asleep
I dream I'm in a nice peaceful
world. I'm finally asleep!
by Deija

2nd Place

Wrong!

I'm locked up,
I'm hurting,
No one can feel my pain.
I'm around people who are
dying,
crying,
missing their families.
But most of all we want to go
home.

I'm starving!
They don't feed us at all!
They are just full of hatred!
They want to kill us, what did
we do wrong?
Why can't there be peace in
the world?

I need to get out of here!
I don't get this! Why am I here?
Can someone save me? I
need help.

I'm hungry.
I don't know where I am?
Can anybody hear me?
I need to get out of here.
by Jada

3rd Place

heart - broken

going to sleep on a dirty floor
heart - broken
no more clean floor
wake up
no more hearts beating any
more
by Trinity



TEEN & PRE-TEEN ESSAYS

ST. FRANCIS-ST. JAMES UNITED ♥ BRENDA BRUSEGARD, GRADE 7-8

1st Place

Darkness

Staring into the darkness
Silence all around
Shadows creeping close
Staring at the wall
Sadness, darkness close by
There's no place to go.
by Estefany G., Grade 7

2nd Place

Baseball

With a bat...
come a pitcher
With a ball...
come a batter
With a glove...
comes a fielder
Add them all...
Magic
by Joe, Grade 8

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Camille Simpson, Four Seasons, Grade 4

"At Night," by Mattie
"Beautiful Mermaid," by Mai
"I Am," by Celia
"Spring," by Annabelle
"The River," by Lily

Mary-C-Smith, Four Seasons, Grade 5

"Holocaust," by Carl
"Violent Nazis," by Meng
"6 Million," by Kevin

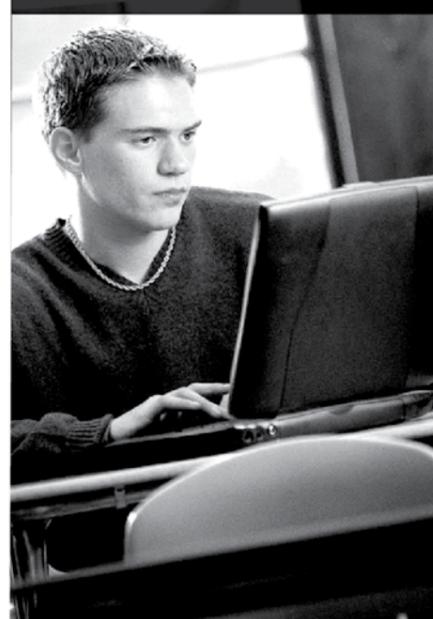
Ann Peck, SFSJ, Grade 5-6

"New York," by Kallie, Grade 5
"Cars," by Josie, Grade 6

Brenda Brusegard, SFS, Grade 7-8

"Turtles," by Marissa, Grade 7

WRITING OPPORTUNITIES GRADES 6-12



JUNE JR/SR HIGH ESSAYS

Deadline: May 9, Grades 6-12. Write
about something of interest to you.
300-500 words.

Thanks for 16 Years of Great Poetry

We thank the students for their inspiring poems, the teachers for their fine efforts, and our judges for their thoughtful selections.

Thanks to Our Sponsors

Special thanks to Milkweed Editions and the Alliance for Reading for their continuing support of literacy programs in our area schools. Special thanks to Debbie Meister for her many years of partnering on this project. Thanks to the City of St. Paul for a grant funding our Youth Writing Programs.

Come, Celebrate!

POETRY CELEBRATION

Red Balloon Bookstore, 891 Grand Ave, St. Paul
Sunday, May 15, 2pm. Call 651-224-8320 for directions.

1st, 2nd, 3rd Place & Honorable Mentions

Bring your family, teachers, and friends. Students are invited to read their poems and receive prizes. A copy of your poem will be available. Call 651-222-2105 for questions.