

Youth Art Day 2020

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 3-5

Abigail A. Troutman

Grade: 3

School: Susquenita Elementary School

Category: Literature - Poem

Title: Water in Motion

1st Place

Water in Motion

Water is big,
water is small.
Living things
need it all.

But the water
in the ocean,
in motion...
is the water
that makes me feel
small.

Claire Finkenbinder 2
Susquenita Elementary
Grade 4
Poetry
The Beauty of Nature

2nd Place

The Beauty of Nature

The grass is so green

The sky is so blue

As I look at the stars

I see the bright moon

When I walk through the forest of big shady trees

I watch as the leaves blow gently in the breeze

I look around for something to see

My eye catches a busy bumble bee

As it buzzes around from flower to flower

Collecting pollen on every hour

I love nature it is so unique

I wish it was for everyone to seek

Hunter Otstott-Zaring

5th Grade

3

Newport Elementary School

Literature – Poetry

Hunting with my Pap

3rd Place

Hunting with my Pap

Shooting my deer

Was quite a surprise,

I almost hit him in the ear,

Thank goodness I didn't hit him in the eyes.

We were walking up the hill

I slipped

And almost took a spill

I felt like I had been whipped.

We got to the shed,

I looked out the window

My belly wanted fed

And my pap said, "Oh look, there's a doe!"

Youth Art Day 2020

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 6-8

Lillian A. Stricker

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Molly

1st Place

Molly

Molly is a pretty girl, she's very smart and lean,
And when you get to know her you find she is never mean.
She really loves her family, including the cat.
And she likes the cosy warmth from the thermostat.
Her eyes are like stars, shining from above,
She is fast as a cheetah and as graceful as a dove.
Stuffed animals are her favorite things,
She's not interested in diamond rings.
Her tail will wag with happiness, when you come around,
And when she finds you sleeping, she'll try to not make a sound.
She'll always be there for you, through the curves and bends,
Even when your time together comes to the very end.

Aivrey Sutton

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Mi perra

1st Place

MI PERRA

MI PERRA

EL MÁS LOCO, CORRE POR SEMANAS.

LO MÁS DIVERTIDO ES QUE SU ROSTRO SE MUEVE CUANDO CAMINA.

EL OPORTUNISTA, MIRA EL ESPERA.

EL SOBRENATURALISTA, LADRA AL AIRE.

EL HONESTO, TIENDE A BURLARSE DE SÍ MISMO.

EL MÁS LINDO, ÉL ES MI PANTALLA DE BLOQUEO.

EL CONVERSADOR, EXPRESA SUS OPINIONES.

MI PERRA, LO QUIERO MUCHO.

MI PERRA

MI PERRA!

THE CRAZIEST, HE RUNS FOR WEEKS.

THE FUNNIEST, HIS FACE MOVES WHEN HE WALKS.

THE OPPORTUNIST, HE LOOKS HE WAITS.

THE SUPERNATURALIST, HE BARKS AT THE AIR.

THE HONEST, HE TENDS TO SNITCH ON HIMSELF.

THE CUTEST, HE IS MY LOCK SCREEN.

THE CONVERSATIONALIST, HE VOICES HIS OPINIONS.

MI PERRA, I LOVE HIM VERY MUCH.

Lia Zurenko

2

Grade 8

Greenwood Middleschool

Poetry

Red

2nd Place

Red

Vivid, essential, strong, fierce

Your eyes it would pierce

The color of the leaves as they fall

One of the primary colors, it conquers all

Purses, clothes, bags all made in this color

Red really is like no other

Often found in nature as blood, rose petals, cardinals and more

Or even in a manmade place like the sign on a little corner store

Red triumphs over all, it dominates

But can also compromise

Burgundy, orange, and pink, with many colors it might link

Red may agree with green, you might see this on a mangosteen

Or perhaps on the cover of your favorite magazine

Without red, the world would be bland

Please don't misunderstand, without the color red

We would have no colors secondhand!

McKenna Weller 2

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Life is Fragile

2nd Place

Life is Fragile

Life is fragile
But you are strong
It beats you up all year long,
So take the hits
Let yourself be found
Although it pushes you all around

Be independent
Sing your own song
Be a leader don't follow along
Do not quit
Do not frown
Keep your head high for then you can't drown

Find your happy place
Something that makes you smile
Go ahead stay there for a while
Live to learn, laugh and love
Live in present live right now
Try these things you might say "wow!"

Samuel Lee Watts

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

No one doesn't care

2nd Place

No one doesn't care

No one doesn't care what "they" say

And that is ok

If you have ever had your feelings crushed continuously

Coming from all around ... you know

No one doesn't care what "they" say

People portray that they don't care what "they" say

But they lie and keep it inside

I say to them -- those who keep it inside -- do not hide

No one doesn't care what "they" say

And that is ok

Let it out

Tell someone you trust

Some one you trust without a doubt

Tell them how it felt

How it hurt -- how you dealt with this feeling that melts

It will make that feeling go so far over where nobody knows

So never forget

No matter how old you get

No one doesn't care what "they" say

And that -- is ok

Olivia Clegg 3

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Pablo's Adventures

3rd Place

Pablo's Adventures

Pablo the Penguin was a shy guy

He didn't like to go anywhere...

Because he couldn't fly

He wanted to leave all of his world behind

And fly real high up upon the sky

He could be at the height of a rocket

He would stay in his own air pocket

He could play games like chess

Or maybe take a nap and rest

Pablo could even go on his own type of quest

Pablo the Penguin was no longer a shy guy

But upon his adventures he became high in the sky

He understood that he was a butterfly

And realized that he was a great guy...

Until his mother woke him up with a lullaby

Naomi Mae Showalter

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Enjoy The Beauty of Nature

3rd Place

Enjoy The Beauty of Nature

As the sun goes down tonight, and the sky is a beautiful bright,
you see the day as it turns to night.

By the time it's dark outside, and the moon lights the deep night sky,
you see the stars' twinkling bright light.

Then after you adore the luscious night sky, you go to bed and turn off the light.

Then in the morning your all bright eyed, and ready to endure the morning sun tide.
As you go outside to enjoy the light, you see that the beauty of nature feels so right.

You see flowers dancing in the wind, while the grass so green and thin.

You think to yourself "boy what a wonderful day," but then dark storm clouds roll your
way.

So you decide to go in your house and hide a while, till the storm has passed by a mile.
An hour later, after the storm rolled off, you go outside and breathe the air, so calm, so
soft, and wait till nature has dried off.

Till it all dried off, you admired the glistening shine of the wet grass,
so small, so bright, so soft.

You then think, "Wow, the beauty of nature does feel so right."

You then enjoy the rest of your day, with no doubt or spite.

Youth Art Day 2020

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 9-12

Trinity Snyder

12th

West Perry Highschool

Poetry

Stable

1st Place

Step one: Primer

Cover the truth of how you held my hand when no one was looking.

Step two: Foundation

Hide the places where your lips touched my neck.

Step three: Blush

Don't let them see how pale you are; no one found out. I promise.

Step four: Highlighter

Blend the memory of us between seatbelts because I think your sister saw.

Step five: Brows

Fill in the corners and darken it with shame.

Step six: Eyeshadow

Create a masterpiece of justifying your touch.

Step seven: Mascara

Layer after layer, yet nothing changes, your eyes meet mine only in secret.

Step eight: Lipstick

Stain my clothes with the smell of Old Spice and Red Bull.

Step nine: Setting Spray

Drip your sweet words into the cracks of my ribs.

Step ten: Makeup Remover

Wipe away the remorse and its demanding silhouette.

Repeat Steps one through ten daily until you have forgotten the sound of his keys unlocking the door to his car.

Jacob Smith
Grade 12
West Perry High School

Poetry
Soapsuds

1st Place

When the moonlight falls in through my window
And spills shades of you all over the bedroom floor
I frantically start to clean
Hoping that maybe if I collect the dust from my nightstand once more
I'll forget that your fingerprints used to be embedded there
I'll throw out the movie tickets and take down the Polaroids
I'll sweep the carpet free of who you used to be
And light candles to remove your deodorant from the air
I'll scrub you away from every surface
And try to pretend you were never here at all
But as I pull the fitted sheet tight across my mattress
I choke on your scent
Still clinging there
Three months
And a hundred heavy duty cycles later

Sarah McNiven

Grade 11

West Perry High School

Poetry

Dissection

1st Place

Marine Science.

End of the day:

I dissect dead squids

To learn things I already know.

“Poor thing: it used to be alive”

Scalpel. Incision. Easy cut. Next step.

I look for the heart though I

know its no longer

beating.

Tearing apart the eye

Doesn't help me see clearly,

but I tear away.

My lungs collapse under

fragmented gills and stink in the air.

Formaldehyde floods the crevices of my tongue

and weaves a bitter taste into each breath.

I dissect dead squids to

discard old organs and fill myself

with worksheet answers;

sew me up.

Inside my mind.

End of the day:

I dissect myself

To learn things I already know.

“Poor thing: she used to feel alive”

Scalpel. Incision. Easy cut. Next step.

I look for a heart, but

forget to check if it's

beating.

Tearing myself apart

Doesn't help me feel

but maybe that's why I tear away.

I collapse under

fragmented thoughts and inkless pages.
Insecurities flood the crevices in my brain
and weave a a bitterness into my soul

I cut my soul apart
To fit my organs into place.
I am not a page of worksheet answers;
let me bleed.

Lizzie Boyer 2

9th grade

West Perry High School

Poetry

Snowflake

2nd Place

People are like snowflakes.

Some are elaborate

resting on your eyelashes

for a nanosecond before melting.

Some are simple and small,

finding solace in your hair or

on your pink jacket sleeve.

Some you gather up

and blow at the camera,

hoping for the perfect shot for your Instagram.

Some you roll into snowball forts,

throwing others at people

so you can have the first pick of hot chocolate.

Some you sled down,

laughing as you race your friends down

that big hill in your neighborhood.

And some you let fall,

onto your flushed cheeks,

blue lips,

freezing fingers covered with mittens that aren't doing justice to the biting cold.

People are like snowflakes,

complex and fragile,

changing every second,

only lasting for a minute.

Brooke Mitchell
11th Grade
West Perry High School
How Will He Grow?

2

2nd Place

Little Boy drinks his tears because
Momma can't pay the water bill
Momma plays with fire because
Pappa swallows the sun every night
Pappa tempts fate because
Because that's just what Pappa does
And so when Little Boy grows
To sob in the moon's shadow
Don't tell him the moon is a reflection
Shadows are just spots the light missed
The boy hides from his mother's fire
Like the heat of a phoenix will burn him to ashes
Just like her
And Pappa
Pappa scatters Momma's remains in the yard
Before returning to the bar

-How Will He Grow?

Alyssa Swann
10th Grade
Greenwood High School
Literature *Poetry*
Árbol

2

2nd Place

Árbol

The great earthy walls
Covered in shining green trees
Glistening and fresh
Like tiny dewdrops on
A past chilly spring morning.

Olivia Stuckey

3



10th Grade

West Perry High School

Poetry

“Sleep”

3rd Place

Sleep

By: Olivia Stuckey

Sometimes the sadness
will feel comforting.

It will wrap you in its arms
with the soothing embrace

of a mother
and whisper,

“Rest now, child.”

On these days,

I beg of you,

do not let it lull you to sleep.

Do anything you can

to pry its fingers from your skin,

if only for a moment,

and declare,

“I’m not tired quite yet.”

Spencer Lloyd Watts

3

10th Grade

Greenwood High School

Poetry

I Miss You

3rd Place

When I was young

We used to eat popsicles on the porch

And lick them with our tongues

But now fate extinguished your torch

I miss you

As I got bigger

You were still there

We acted as though we were Pooh and Tigger

But now your life string has a tear

I miss you

Now I'm older

You are not here anymore

I will never forget how you carried me on your shoulders

And I will always love you

I miss you

Izzy Shuler

10

3

Greenwood High School

Poetry

Ode To My Record Player

3rd Place

My record player is a whirlpool,
spiraling vinyls into hurricanes of melody.
Such powerful sound cannot be reached
even from the depths of a raging mosh pit filled with metalheads.

Ravishing Audio-Technica, the latest model.

Though it may skip and collect dust,
it never fails to miss a James Hetfield "yeah!"
or a moment of Slipknot madness.

Behold its silver accents and how it brings out

Kurt Cobain's raspy accent.

With the touch of a needle it can weave together harmony.
Such a glamorous instrument can sure play some glam metal.

This record player is a sleek dinner plate
on which my feast of grunge and sludge is served.

It holds vinyls shaped of angelic halos,
although people say deathcore is from the devil.

My record player is my most prized possession,
apart from the albums it so loves to spin right round.

You name it, this machine can play all...
but first, you'll need about \$40 for that deluxe vinyl of Bowie's greatest hits.