

Youth Art Day 2021

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 3-5

1ST PLACE

Grace Simpson
Grade 5
Susquenita Middle School
Poetry
"Snow Day"

If school was cancelled, I wouldn't frown.
For there would be snow covering the ground.
I'd go outside and eat some food.
I might even draw, but that depends on my mood.

I'd watch TV and play piano awhile.
And then dive head first into a snow pile.
Snow days are awesome; I have a lot of fun.
But then come morning, the snow melts from the sun.

SECOND PLACE

Abigail Troutman
4th Grade
Susquenita Elementary School
Poetry
"Doodling"

“Doodling”

Doodling is the
thing I do when I'm bored.

When there's time to waste,
I doodle.

If there's something to do
and I don't want to do it...
I doodle.

Sometimes it's squiggly lines.
Sometimes it's a work of art.

All doodles are
masterpieces
in disguise.

THIRD PLACE

Maggie Finkenbinder

3rd Grade

Susquenita Elementary School

Poetry

Wiggly Swigly Worm

So one day I was walking on the sidewalk
And boom a swigly wiggly worm that is
riding a niggly wiggly brity bike. It was
so funny bunny. The next day I was
riding my bike to the library and while
I was going. I saw 3 punchy gunch lunchy
dogs that has 35 wheels 3 seats and the
swigly wigly worms was on them. AH
AHA. I am losing my mind.

Youth Art Day 2021

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 6-8

FIRST PLACE

Ethan Swan

8 grade

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Grown in Texas

Grown in Texas

Seeds are what they are grown from

Grown in Texas with the Camry hum

Green, white with red inside

Big, small, large, and wide

Roll them down a hill, in a house too

Maybe in a barn, if that's the right move

Eat them outside, in a train or a car

If you're talking fruits this is certainly the star

Always cut the white, dismiss the green

Clear the black seeds, if it's the right thing

The scrumptious, sweet, savory smell

If you see this food, you are sure to tell

This food is delicious, never eat the rind

When you are eating, choose this food to dine

So if you enjoy fruits you're sure to like

This is the right food to ensure delight

FIRST PLACE

Ava Swann

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

A Dog's Perspective

A Dog's Perspective

faster, faster, I chase the frisbee

just barely dancing away.

then I hear something and stop,

as I turn with great dismay,

seeing a terrible roaring beast

but I want to fight it anyway.

I corner the beast by the tree,

but it darts up, up, and away.

with a swish of its long fuzzy tail

it disappears like a ghost in the dark green veil

and I bark, bark, bark! but to no avail

THIRD PLACE

Andy Herrera

Grade 7

Susquenita Middle School

Poetry: Haiku Error

Error 404

Your haiku could not be found

Try again later

SECOND PLACE

Deena Korlewitz

Susquenita Middle School

Grade 7

Poetry: Fireworks

*Last night I saw the fireworks,
They really help when darkness lurks.
With their shimmering, glimmering sparks.
All sense of foreboding,
Is gone while they are exploding.
Sparkly, shimmering, shining,
Like a picture perfect party in the sky.*

SECOND PLACE

Makayla Shoop

Grade 8

Greenwood Middle School

Poetry

Never Give Up

Never Give Up

Life may be tough,

Things can be rough,

There will be bad days

So keep your head and heels up.

It may feel like a maze,

Never give up

Never turn your back and run

Through the good times and bad

Always shoot for the sun,

There's always more to be done.

So never get mad,

Never give up

Youth Art Day 2021

Division: Literature

Category: Poetry

Grades: 9-12

FIRST PLACE

Tyler Sherman

10

Greenwood Middle/High School

Poetry

Midnight

Midnight

The day's darkest hour,

When the night is most eerie.

Moonlight shines throughout,

Stirring the woodland creatures

Who sing to the sound of wind.

SECOND PLACE

Hunter Flickinger

10

Greenwood Middle/High School

Poetry

Turkey Season

Turkey Season

The morning finally came

When the man woke up at five past three

He was ready and excited to take part in this game

For the night before he couldn't sleep

Out to his car he made his way

For he was hoping that today was the day

He then took the car ride about 15 miles

To where he was planning to stay for awhile

He got out of his car and dressed in his gear

Before hiking a while to listen by ear

Once he had hear the glorious sound

He was on the birds trail like an aged bloodhound

He closed the distance moving slowly and swift

He adored the mountain as if it was a gift

Once in position to make it all go down

The man made one loud cluck and once again heard the sound

He knew where the bird was even though it was dark

It's like a sixth sense that comes from the heart

The man was ready for the bird to fly down

For he was waiting to put the pin on his crown

The bird then stopped calling and made the wrong move

And flew to the man who had not come to lose

He raised up his weapon at the pace of a snail

For if he went any faster the target would bail

Waiting and waiting for him to pop up his head

The man was hoping that today he would get him dead

The bird sounded off one final time

Before coming within range only nine

Nine yards between the man and the bird

Off went the safety but the target had heard

Out poked his head from behind the large oak

But it was to late for him for he was staring at a full choke

The shot was then fired and down dropped the bird

The man celebrated hoping that all had heard

He got up and ran to where the bird was now laying

Once he got to the bird he found himself praying

He thanked the bird for it's final sacrifice

For if it weren't for the bird he would not feel this nice

The turkey had fallen for it could not compete

And the man's turkey season had now been complete

SECOND PLACE

Ella Goodling

West Perry High School
Grade 11

Poetry

Lonely Fearful Cat

A lonely fearful cat:

You notice her in the corner waiting to be alone,
notice how wide her eyes grow, her shrink-wrapped bones.

She runs like her life depends on it, trying to escape,
trying to make it just one day at a time.

You can see she only finds safety when alone, when she can protect herself.

No one hears her cries
except you.

But you *must* ignore the meow that travels through every inch of your skin, every hair on your head.

And now she is stuck between the couch and the chair,
caught in the opening, feeling like she, even covered in fur, stands naked in front
of a crowd.

Her voice cracks while trying to ask for help,

Threads of her fur stand like soldiers in a war she knows she'll lose.

You see why she fights;

you see her on display for people who housebreak her, take out the wild, tame the parts
meant to be untameable;

Why didn't you help her? Why did you watch her fall apart?

Why did you do the same?

THIRD PLACE

Ella Seiber

Grade 10

Greenwood Middle/High School

Poetry

Let Us Reach the Tunnel's End

Let Us Reach the Tunnel's End

I miss the days of freedom
When you could see me smile
Where we could give a hug or two
And masks were not a style

I miss the big school dances
Getting all dressed up with friends
Just to take two pictures
And dance until the night ends

I envy the past
I long for a future
Filled with memories that last

I wish for a way;
A road I could take
To get away for a day

I miss the days of freedom
When I was just a child

No one stood socially distanced

And recess time got wild

If we ever do

Reach the tunnel's end

Promise me you'll be there too

I won't miss you then

Nor will I miss the virus

That caused us all the pain

Then we'll leave it all behind us.