

2013 Student Winning Poems

High School Winning Poems

FIRST PLACE:

Eviscerate Sun

feeling the sickness tear into flesh
teeth keep on ripping apart my chest
breaking my bones, heart on a plate
succumbing to darkness, wallow in hate
watching my memories fall into dust
killing me slowly, massacre trust
seeing the static thrusting its knife
ridding my body of blood just as strife
follow the demons into the flame
helpless as evil reclaims my name
shredded by anger, eviscerate sun
break of the mirror, visage will run
follow the pieces, fall until shatter
catch what you will, little will matter
eyes are locked shut, mouth screams at the sky
keep my chin up, but still asking "why?"

—Andrew Peterson, 10th grade, Northwood School, Minong, WI

SECOND PLACE:

Evolution

Many things lose their place on this earth.
There is a give-and-take with every generation posed.
With each, we know there are secrets to be birthed.

The four-tusked elephant stepped away from the herd
before all the rest stepped toward their sad close.
Many things lose their place on this earth.

The eagle soars through the heavens with all his worth
among weak-footed kites. With pride, he shows
there are secrets yet to be birthed.

The tiger in his cell paces back and forth
Fighting the end of his day with his brothers. Too well, he knows
many things lose their place on this earth.

Before long, the tiger fades with the elephant and eagle in mere mirth.
These creatures lost beyond their kingdoms as the world shows
there are many secrets yet to be birthed.

With the eagle, I soar over sea and stream and firth
Until the darkening day I with fervor oppose.
I know many things lose their place on this earth.
I know I have secrets yet to be birthed.

—Annetta Lorraine Martin, 12th grade, Milwaukee High School of the Arts, Milwaukee, WI

THIRD PLACE:

Illiterate
Dry and smooth beneath calloused finger tips
Yet so fragile that with the slightest pressure it could rip
The minutely spotted stains on the crisp page
Spell out sounds and words of secret language
The blotted paper dances with the fire's glow
As shadows dance and flicker, to and fro
With warmth of hiding dry and safe inside the straw
I quiver in frustration still, fingers stiff and raw
An exhausting day of labor still nags upon my spine
Desperately I studied so the words would then me mine
Every night when darkness fell I would keep into that hut
Withdraw the book of inky text with door and window shut
Seated on my bony rum on rags and dirt and hay
Staring hopelessly at the letters and what they don't convey

—Kellyn Gagner, 10th grade, homeschooled

HONORABLE MENTION:

End

Spin the spider's web of lies, Then slowly, slowly watch them die.
Open up the monster's door, And you'll be haunted forevermore.
Try to swim against the tides, All you'll see is truth that dies.
And when the darkness slinks back in, Try to throw it out again.
But in the end all there is, Is the never ending fall of bliss.
Where happiness once lived and played, All the joy has fled away.
Until the day that slowly creeps, When all the plants and creatures weep.
When all the goodness fades away, And only death and destruction stay.
This is when the earth will end
Never to be made again.
For humans failed to love the earth, Then destroyed its beauty and worth.
Killing all the plants and trees, To power the cities and factories.
And because of the way we treated this place, Humans will never again show their face.

And while other species may live on, Ours will be forever gone.
This is how our world will end
Never to restart again.

—Emalie Kamin, 9th grade, Sheboygan North High School, Sheboygan, WI

A Vision Never Seen

Trees in a forest hug the sea
On a white coast in Maine
A swing choir directed by the cold, northern wind
Needles sing and sway in delight
Kissed by the salty spray.
Roots reach under the sand
For a distant, icy reef
That extends toward the sun
Within the depths of wrinkled shields of damp bark,
Time is recorded as rings and scars.
New saplings cry out in surprise to this bright world
Ancient motherly branches nestle close
Murmuring strength deep into the heartwood tree
Energy throughout the tree continually beats
Pump, pump, pump
Fast with every crashing wave of the ocean
One day, the young sprouts will spread
Nimble branches to embrace the clouds high in triumph,
And whisper lightly to their saplings of older times
When trees sang to the salty spray that clung
To this white coast in Maine

—Jessica Kust, 12th grade, Coleman High School, Coleman, WI

Great Gigs

Blink-182... My cousin Bethany and I drove to the Marcus Amphitheater in Milwaukee to see the self-proclaimed “best damn band” play their classic songs like “What’s My Age Again?” and new, unfamiliar ones live; the ringing in my ears persisted for several days afterwards.
All Time Low... We jammed out in our seats, unwilling to brave the pit brewing on the floor, even though this band was one of our all-time favorites.
Tonight Alive... I pressed my sweaty and sun burnt body against the metal fence that separated the band from me; in a dream-like state, I was only vaguely aware of the pushing behind me.
Pierce the Veil... I sat in my seat, awkwardly sandwiched between Bethany and her friend; the only song I knew was the one the other two didn’t know.
My Chemical Romance... Bethany and I stared at each other with our mouths wide open as “Mama” echoed around the amphitheater; we had never expected that they would play this terrible song, but we sang along anyways.

Yellowcard... The words to the classic Yellowcard song "Ocean Avenue," almost forgotten, surged forward from my third grade memories.
Breathe Carolina... Knowing only "Blackout" and "Last Night," I sat in the hard, plastic seat in the amphitheater and rested my incredibly sore feet.
Green Day... Dreams of this future concert fill my head when the introduction to my favorite Green Day song, "When I Come Around," blares through my stereo system.

—Mackenzie Meyer, 12th grade, Coleman High School, Coleman, WI

Middle School Winning Poems

FIRST PLACE:

Blueberries in August

Two-faced life
Like a mask split in half
Like a line drawn in the sand
Where do I stand?
Who am I really?
I'm lost like a bird that fell out of a nest
Like a tree covered with snow
The under sides of my branches exposed to the cold
My tops soft and warm
I want to be open
And take in the world
Me
Two letters
One word
But no one really knows what it means
I keep telling myself that my life is a canvas
That I'm free to paint whoever I want to be
But I keep covering myself back up
With layers and layers
Like blankets on a winter's night
I would be cold and bare if I removed them
But maybe that's what I need
To be raw and free
Again

—Danielle Pathos, 8th grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire, WI

SECOND PLACE:

The Beauty That Has No Name

When the moon dwells up in the gossamer glow
Of the luminous light that sheds,
My friend, think deeply under the moon

As you lie uneasy abed
Of the moon and its magical mystery,
The space 'twixt the planets and time
Where deeply bemingled with numberless stars
Drift dreamwalking souls intertwined
For whenever you dream you must leave behind
Solid and tangible things
And speed in a whisper past limits of time
For every soul carries wings
When looking up under a cloudless black sky
I see millions more then the stars
Though the stars in keeping with galaxy grace
Burn in places an ocean from ours
With unsearchable beauty encompassing space,
They frigidly twinkle in flame
On the slumbering souls, their beauty not lost
The beauty that has no name
For have you not ever when waking from sleep,
Felt caught in the stars enthral?
Or seen a faint glimmer of rushing past Mars,
Distant and hard to recall?

—Isabel Sovitzky, 8th grade, homeschooled

THIRD PLACE:

A Fall Night

October
Stars falling
Forecast for tomorrow
Mist of star dust
With a chance of doom

—Nathan Mongerson, 8th grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire, WI

HONORABLE MENTION:

Lost

Pieces of a window
Missing
Like the sun during the winter

Battered glass
Scattered like a puzzle
Hopeless

Graffiti
Filling the walls

As darkness arises
You feel
Lost

—Luis Nunez, 7th grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire, WI

Paradise

Leaves crinkle beneath my front tire
Crisp autumn air flows in and out of my hair
The ground glazed with a morning's dew
Birds greet me as I fly past
Water whooshing
Up around the sand I love to burrow my feet into
Trotting down the hill
Searching for my favorite seat
On top of the world
Where leaves tickle my nose
Sticky sap sticks to my jeans
But
It's my sweet escape
My paradise
No distractions
No cell service
Long days spent the best way
At the creek

—Ali Benson, 8th grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire, WI

My yz85

Fast, speedy, as it increases
blue, with colorful decals
the rush when you're high in the air
the dirt smacking your goggles
revving it, warming it up
smoke in the air, as the motor gets warm
30 secs, 15, BRAAAP!
the feeling of winning the whole shot
makes me feel faster than lighting
jump, back end whips around
crash
you're done, it's over
you've lost
My yz85

—Aaron Evans, 6th grade, Tomahawk Middle School, Tomahawk, WI