

# 2015 WINNING STUDENT POEMS

## High School Poems

### FIRST PLACE:

Igniting the Inevitable

A supply of prey and a spell of warm weather  
I quickly lashed a sealskin line.  
Clouds cast twilight colors onto canyon walls  
below.  
Sculpted by water and time,  
she's wild.  
The ice is disappearing.  
Storm clouds clear to reveal frosted cliffs.  
We've got to stop just talking about this.  
This is no place to dream small.  
A taste of freedom  
rich enough to share,  
I can only say I was satisfied.  
We know you've been sleeping.  
What the hell happened?  
Digging for the truth.

—Matthew Rasmussen, 12th Grade, Lincoln High School, Eau Claire

### SECOND PLACE:

Whom do I visualize reading my poem?

My dad who thinks  
all I think about  
is boys not  
on school  
so that's  
why I am sitting  
here writing  
one just to make  
him happy for  
once when I  
am in school not  
thinking about boys  
but focused on school

—Bristol Hitsman, 9th Grade, Coleman High School, Coleman

### THIRD PLACE:

somethin about hemoglobin  
Maybe (make) voice moar wtery...,,make voice sound more watery,,  
dislocated bu;t on pt., whispery  
Hey,  
I wnna talk 2 u if u  
wnna hav some1 2 talk 2  
(me)" (in canon

—Nadia John, 13th Grade, Sheboygan North High School, Sheboygan

HONORABLE MENTION:  
Whom do you visualize as your reader?

a homeless man  
who has been living  
in a box  
found my poem  
looking for money

my father  
who believed in me  
throughout my journey  
reads my poem  
with tears in his eyes

my grandchildren  
rummaging through a chest  
find a slip of paper  
leaving fingerprints

—Jennifer Styczynski, 9th Grade, Coleman High School, Coleman

Growth to HUH?

I've planted a seed  
rain decends from the clouds  
drowning the dirt in the ground  
from a seed to a sapling  
I don't know what happening

—Jayson Schedgic, 12th Grade, Lincoln High School, Eau Claire

## Christmas Morning

It was Christmas morning.  
I had plans to stay up all night and  
wait for Santa to drop off  
all my presents. Cookies were out  
along with a glass of milk.

My parents must of knew my plan.  
Why perhaps because I told them.  
They were probably sitting there

waiting for me to pass out,  
then they could move me to my room.

Two people who are always so loud,  
yelling at each other, but not in a  
serious tone of voice. They never  
meant for anyone to take it serious.

They only went out once in awhile.  
Thinking back to the night,  
he never did anything bad to him.  
The cut above the eye, my  
dad drunk not knowing what he did.  
My brother innocent as a boy could be.

—Jensyn Schaal, 12th Grade, Coleman High School, Coleman

## Middle School Poems

FIRST PLACE:

Farting

Smelly  
Gassy  
And stinky  
Farts are gross  
But farting is life  
Shrek is life  
Some farts are long  
Some are short  
Some are loud  
Some are Silent  
Like ninjas floating through the air  
Farts are like onions  
Shout out to all my onions

Only the Illuminati  
Knows the true power  
Of the fart  
Fart as much as you can  
Because YOLO potato  
To be born again

—Matt Johnson, 8th Grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire

SECOND PLACE:  
Water

I am water  
You cannot control me  
No matter how hard you try  
You take me for granted  
Killing my children for food  
Pumping oil into my veins  
I give many things  
yet I ask for nothing in return  
I don't care if humans live or die  
It doesn't affect me in any way  
I cover  $\frac{3}{4}$  of this Earth  
I could easily kill off all human life  
I could drown them  
I could cut off their water source  
I could destroy their world  
But I won't.  
I am water  
How powerful are you?  
I could drown them  
I could cut off their water source  
I could destroy their world  
But I won't.  
I am water  
How powerful are you?

—Aubrey Schoeneman, 7th Grade, Mercer School, Mercer

THIRD PLACE:  
Childhood

Chili cheese Fritos  
Sleeping uncle on the couch  
Sleeping pup a few feet away  
An old TV with an old Xbox  
Action figures spread out on the floor  
Playing games until mom comes home

Plastic plate with a hot dog cut into little pieces  
The sun shines in through the window  
Show all of the dust settling to the floor  
Like paratroopers invading a country  
I sit on top of my sleeping uncle  
Holding a controller bigger than my head  
I hear the door open  
And my mom's keys jangling  
Struggling to get the keys out of the old lock  
I run to greet my mom with a hug  
My uncle wakes up and talks to my mom  
She thanks him and says thank you  
Next she grabs the leash and we go outside  
And walk to school to go pick up my sister from kindergarten

—Jacob Emerson, 8th Grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire

#### HONORABLE MENTION:

Corn

Row after row, kernels anxiously waiting like soldiers  
yellow-uniformed and ready.  
The time has come.  
The husk is brown.  
Open it.  
It wants  
the heat.  
It wants the oil.  
It wants to burst  
when it reaches that temp—  
like this world might do if we wait long enough

—Luna Franzmann, 6th Grade, Homeschooled, Barneveld

#### Slow Her Down

Honey-sweet slogans drip off  
Forked silver tongues and past  
Metal-caged fanged adjunct  
Chicken-wire frames swathed with  
Tanned hide and silk.  
Hordes of chinaware idols pose shoulder to shoulder  
Haloed by moonlight and shattered glass  
Leaning for support, holding hands as they march ever forth  
Strengthened by blaspheme  
Armored by well-rehearsed lines  
And who would guess  
'Twas all lies?

And those nymphets have caught sight of the paths their minds  
wander down  
Could they possibly  
Maybe  
Follow suit?  
And so another cog is added to the churning of that boundless  
nameless machine  
A solemn countenance turns to swanlike grace  
Cherry-lacquered hands from eyes of Caribbean blue  
Lost Little Girls traipse  
Like Little Tin soldiers  
All for what vanishes  
As you close your  
Eyes.

—Josie Mae Butzler, 8th Grade, South Middle School, Eau Claire

M.I.A.

My uncle had gone to war 5 years ago and is now  
M.I.A.  
MISSING - since the war began  
IN - the war since I last saw him,  
ACTION - since last seen on the battle field.  
Here was my last letter to him:  
Dear Parker, James,  
I was sending this letter to ask you  
if there was anything I could do  
to help in the Iraq war.  
I could make scarves, gloves, socks,  
or anything  
for my knitting skills to improve.  
even if any of your friends  
need anything.  
I'm sorry about your friend  
Johnny Killings,  
it was a true loss  
that he died so young.  
Love, Elsie Parker

—Molly Sutliff, 7th Grade, Homeschooled, Menomonie