**First Place**

**Inspire**

**by Mandy Thorsen**

**age 13**

Poems are tough without inspiration

Trying to find some can make you want abdication.

Maybe if you just look around

You'll find some if you don't make a sound.

Oh, look, a bird! Over by the pole

No, never mind, that's far too dull.

Maybe if we walk up to the beach

No, it's too wavy, the sun too dark a peach.

Maybe if we explore the forest so deep

Then the ideas, into your mind they'll sleep.

Maybe if we rack the brains of a poets

You'll find inspiration for this, I know it!

Maybe the first crack of dawn will surprise us

When a beautiful sun in the morning arises.

Or maybe the dusk will bestow us the gift

Of an inspiring sunset, with the green flash so swift.

Poems are tough without inspiration

Trying to find some cane make you want abdication.

While you search for the idea you desire

I shall write this poem to teach you to inspire.

**Second Place**

**Beauty Through my Eyes**

**by Sofiya Ogorodnychuk**

**age 13**

If one of the things you believe in

Is that this world's an ugly place,

You must have never gone outside

At night and stared up into space.

You haven't felt the way the air

Changes in minutes before it rains,

Or watched the world pass below

Out the window of a plane.

You've never been awake so early

That you see the moment the sun starts to rise.

And you've never lay with your back on the grass

And made shapes with the clouds in the sky.

But maybe you've done all this

But still don't believe it's not true

It's because you can't see all the beauty.

**Third Place**

**57 Bel Air**

**by Patrick Roesser**

**age 17**

Its engine purrs like a fierce jungle cat.

It is as blue as a tropical sea.

As American as baseball and bat.

Oh! How I wish that this car belonged to me.

For it has beauty of days long since past

White wall tired, vinyl seats, chrome accents.

Like a jet this machine will zoom right past.

I'll try not to get into accidents.

Rockabilly, like honey on my tongue,

Or Doo-wop, like the sound of spring showers.

As old as a rock, bu still looks young.

Made by one or two great superpowers.

A breath of fresh air among the lifeless.

If only I had one at my address.

Honorable Mention

**Drift Away**

**by Eric Prindle**

**age 14**

The day has been beaten you,

You are no longer happy.

Just an empty body that roams the earth,

Looking for a way to find joy.

You walk around your home,

Looking for something to do.

Your sadness destroys you,

And you feel alone.

You walk to your room,

And fall to your bed,

Like a sack of flour,

Hitting the ground hard.

The day has been rough.

You were defeated in every way.

You sit their question what went wrong,

and how to fix it.

Your reach for your headphone,

Your drug, your escape.

You turn up the volume,

And you slowly drift away from this world of sadness.

**My Lifestyle**

**by Brendon Roney**

**age 14**

When I walk up to the plate,

I look dead into the eyes,

Of the one in control.

Sweat runs down the side of my face,

Before the shot is fired.

Tension runs through my head,

Not sure if it's going to be inside or out,

Fast or slow.

The pressure seeks the both of us,

Two outs and the bases loaded,

In the bottom of the 7th inning,

The crowd cheers louder than ever,

As the pitch is delivered.

Everything around me goes faint.

It's just the ball and I, as I focus closely.

I cock back, load, and swing.

The bat meets the ball and carries deep.

As tears roll down the opponent's faces,

I hang my cleats up until tomorrow.

Baseball is not just a sport.

It's a lifestyle.

**Beautiful, Peculiar Dimension**

**by Kaylee Davidson**

**age 14**

The peaceful notes float through the mind,

A gentle sound that pulls you into a different world, a separate dimension,

To some, it may seem peculiar, but to the music lovers of the world, it's beautiful, majestic even,

It allows you to escape reality, to explore a world of as infinitum peace and buoyancy.

Music allows a person to explore someone else's life, and their mind,

It shows you a world you never knew existed,

With it's beautiful language and auspicious beats,

You can get away from the stressful real world and enter a world you can relate to.

Music allows you to express yourself without being judged,

You can listen to what you want,

no one can be these to judge your music style,

And you can be free from the everlasting judgmental world.

No war, no fights, no awful demons,

In the universe of music, you are free,

Free from tension, stress, pain, anger,

every emotion besides happiness and peacefulness seems to float off your shoulders, and you are left with your fervent feelings for music.

Music can bring so many different emotions in one person,

Each emotion having a different meaning, different perspective, different view,

The sound can either ease your body or ease your mind,

Everything just disappears and you're left with the music, your emotions, and yourself.

**The Things I've once Knew**

**by Jack Budd**

**age 13**

I have travelled all across the land

From the Americas to Afghanistan

I have seen things old and New

And felt the winds that shook and blew

I have seen small towns flourish and throve

While others did not stay alive

I Have felt the ocean against my feet

As the sun shone down with impending heat

I have seen mountains tower so high

That they could almost touch the sky

And then I watched them shrivel down

Until they were leveled with the ground

I have seen forests far and wide

With animals that run and glide

I have seen people move in

And destroy the forest until it was so very thin

Today I saw these things destroyed

the beautiful sights I had so enjoyed

I remember them with all my heart

As I see them being torn apart