**First Place**

**Not Enough**

**by Gabrielle Pariag**

**age 12**

Everyone here has beautiful eyes

Or at least I think

My parents say it is sadness

I say it is hope

I am wrong

There is never enough hope

Not enough to go around

Not enough to share with all of them

Stranded upon the boarder of Macedonia

We wait

Not for freedom, but for fate

A refugee sees 1,000 more miles than anyone else can wish

Not because we are helpless

But because we are strong

Lost our families and homes

We want a new start, want to see a new start

But like always

There isn't enough for 9

Not enough for 9 million

**Second Place**

**Crying**

**by Madeline Lupi**

**age 11**

I am different.

I don't cry tears of sadness,

or defeat,

or surrender.

I do the opposite.

I cry a river in my imagination and sail away among the stars.

I cry a river away from all the humanity and logic.

I cry a river that will protect me against all fearful creatures that want to hurt me.

My crying is my defense, not my vulnerability.

I stroll around my memories and swim through my dreams.

I play with my knowledge and sing with my feelings.

My river of tears leads me to my peace and equanimity

I have faith that one day I will finally stop drowning in criticism, discomfort, despair, and cowardness

and one day live in tranquility

among the mermaids

and hippocampui

and breath my tears of contentment.

**Third Place**

**Depth**

**by Logan Kirchner**

**age 12**

As I descend, and the faster I go,

My air bubble seem like they bend and flow.

As strange as he noise was at it's prime,

I was preoccupied at the time.

When I looked up, slow and cautious,

I started to become more and more nauseous.

Then my expression changed to woe,

As the creature waved and spun slow.

Its length was unimaginable,

And its size was unfathomable.

It seemed friendly and kind,

Until it made it bind.

It grabbed my tank tight,

and it pulled with all its might.

With all of the strength I could muster,

My actions became sporadic and flustered.

As I tried to regain my breath,

The only thing in my mind was death.

When I called my comrade for some help,

He came and cut me out of the kelp.

**Honorable Mention**

**Struggling**

**by Bryn Taylor**

**age 12**

How can I be strong when there is no strength,

What can I look into when there is no length,

If I am failing what must I do to bring it back up,

What can I do when I need help, break down and blowup.

How can I succeed when there is no success,

He who tears at our emotions everyday we go to learn,

What will I do when I walk in, my stomach churns,

And when I arrived on my desk I saw that big red F.

I don't understand why I am failing so very bad,

Oh, how I am so frustrated and mad,

Friends are there to help you succeed,

But I know it's him that makes me fall him with the greed.

School is a struggle for some not just me,

Some are Struggle's victim there is no escape,

He devours our success him the discourage cape,

So let my fellow friends and me please go free.

Can't he just leave us alone,

Or better yet lead us in the right direction,

From all the intelligence we have shown,

Wait what's that an A, I have finally made my correction.

**A pizza the Size of the Sun**

**by Summer Goodsell**

**age 7**

I made a pizza the size of the sun. A pizza, a pizza, a pizza, how fun!

I put the toppings on where the sun's rays fall. Nothing can stop me nothing at all.

I threw it up high when the sun baked quick. My friend said, "Wow so slick."

It toss and turn all it's big self. So quiet and mischievous just like an elf.

I made a pizza the size of the sun. A pizza, a pizza a pizza how fun!

**Summer is Over**

**by Ali Beth Wilson**

**age 8**

1 The fall has come

2 With an ease

3 Trees are shaking

4 Dropping leaves

2 With an ease

5 The wind is coming

4 Dropping leaves

6 The sticks are drumming

5 The wind is coming

7 Slow but steady

6 The sticks are drumming

8 Summer is over

7 Slow but steady

3 Trees are shaking

8 Summer is over

1 The fall has come