

1<sup>st</sup> place

# Ordinary to The City

By Carly Neilson, age 17

I picture that mid-march day when the sun peeked its way through the clouds in Central Park

I remember that night I zoomed past other tourists on 42nd and Broadway

I reminisce about that rainy day I rushed into the Subway to get TKTS tickets for *Cats*

As I walked down 5th avenue there were people in suits clutching briefcases.

Men wearing hard hats and using loud machinery,

Women adorned *Prada* and *Chanel*

And then there are the ones like me:

The ones who gaze up at the skyscrapers in this grand city

The ones who marvel over the variety of this grand city

The ones who hope, wish, and imagine to one day be a part of this grand city

As I navigated those streets I wondered where I would fit in

If this scenario was a play what character would I be

How did those people see me?

In a place so unique, is everybody ordinary? Even me?

2<sup>nd</sup> place

## IRMA

By Marina Doyle, age 12 and Aliyah Gonzalez, age 13

People enter Publix worried  
Gather their families and stock up  
I can only imagine what is mobile in their heads  
Families scrambling to get out  
Toddlers in stroller's scream  
Tears fall from innocent individual's faces  
The winds speed up.  
The rain slightly stings your skin  
Irma is coming and coming fast.  
The whole family drenched in perspiration  
Living life as it once was  
Everyone is in despair of what we might come home to  
Hot, sweaty, and humid outside  
Candles light up everyone's bodies  
Lights flicker still as the power goes off  
Wondering, wondering, wondering  
As the night goes on, you will hear the rustle in the breeze  
The gone going of everything, and even some whole lives.  
As we sit in prolonged hours of traffic  
Devastation layered on every inch of land  
Petrified of our fate  
What is homebound  
Scarred faces as we surpass vehicles  
We make it to our damaged hometown.  
Houses' aroma of furry mold and spoiled food  
Belongings out on US 1's split and cracked highway  
The ache and burn of what comes next...  
Sorrow.  
Rue.  
Despair  
My hurricane experience.

3<sup>rd</sup> place

## My Place

By Jonathan Bahri, age 13

The ocean is a great place  
Full of wonders and mysteries  
All the things that came have come without a trace

The ocean is my peaceful place  
It is where I go without a trace  
Few can find me  
If they know where

The ocean is a mysterious place  
The creatures come and go without a trace  
Civilizations are lost  
People go missing  
But without a trace

The ocean is a pretty place  
Creatures with great beauty  
But they come without a trace

The ocean is a dangerous place  
Things disappear  
We try to find them  
But they have no trace

The ocean is a great place  
The ocean is my peaceful place  
The ocean is a mysterious place  
The ocean is a pretty place  
The ocean is a dangerous place

**Honorable mention**

**Elephants**

By Zoe Hays, age 13

Toot toot, trot trot  
As they frolic in the African fields  
They are Elephants  
Why do we do this to them  
They were so graceful, joyful and beautiful  
Now they lay down suffering  
Help them before they go  
Hunters why?  
Help, not destroy

Honorable mention

# If I See You Again

By Gwen Gaines, age 13

We were a team  
You were the superhero  
Kinda doing what we wanted

It the woods one day  
Out on the water the next  
ICEE's and Chicken

But one day you weren't here  
I called and called  
Waiting for you to save the day

You were gone  
I was gone  
WE were gone

## Honorable mention

# Untitled

By Dharma Murray, age 13

We step on the court  
The crowd begins to yell  
When we get ready to jump  
My heart starts to pump  
I shoot a three  
Then fall on my knee  
“Foul!”  
I made the first free throw  
You already know  
I shoot the second one  
Now I’m done  
We get the rebound  
And she hits the ground  
There’s five seconds on the clock  
I’m at half court and I dribble down some  
Two seconds and I shoot one  
Swishhh  
The game is over  
And we’re not hanging our shoulders.