

A banner for the Robert Frost Poetry Contest. The text is white on a dark blue background, which is itself on a teal border decorated with colorful pencil and paper icons. The text reads: "Robert Frost Poetry Contest for kids (6-12) and teens (13-18)".

# Robert Frost Poetry Contest

for kids (6-12) and teens (13-18)

## Kids Winners

First place: Abbi Parker, age 10. Erasure poem "Last Year"

Second place: Elizabeth Marie Capote-Abreu, age 8. "The Forest"

Third place: Alivia Smith, age 10. "Gone and Alone"

Honorable mentions (in no particular order):

Mark Capote Abreu, age 12. "Nature Calls for Everyone"

Tessa Dickstein, age 10. "Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All"

Samuel Scepka, age 11. "Land of the Free"

## Teens Winners

First place: Antonio S. Gomez, age 14. "An Alphabetical, Sesquipedalianism Approach to the Nature of Poetry and Prose"

Second place: Brielle Stokes, age 18. "Ode to Spanish Needles"

Third place: Neslo Atilla, age 14. "The Tale of Orpheus"

Honorable mentions (in no particular order):

Dorcelie Juste, age 13. "Dear Racism"

Angelina Lilly Pegues, age 13. "One of Us"

Kieran Smith, age 13. "Our Earth"

# First place - Kids

Abbi Parker, age 10.

Erasure poem "Last Year"



## Second place - Kids

Elizabeth Marie Capote-Abreu, age 8.

"The Forest"

*A deep forest sun.*

*An acorn falls.*

*A frog leaps into its pond.*

*A great chirping comes from the trees.*

*A Blue Jay comes out of the trees.*

*The water begins to rush.*

*A mother duck come with its babies.*

## Third place - Kids

Alivia Smith, age 10.

"Gone and Alone"

Flowers growing around the field,  
The sun beaming in my face.  
Nothing wrong about it.  
But,  
Something is missing  
The green shimmer In his eyes,  
His fluffy hair,  
It always felt like I was touching the clouds.

Now, all that....is gone.  
He is gone.  
And now,  
I'm all alone.  
Nowhere to go,  
No one to see.  
Just sitting here,  
Looking at the stormy clouds  
And, the dead flowers falling  
To the ground.

## Honorable mention - Kids

Mark Capote Abreu, age 12.

"Nature Calls for Everyone"

### Nature Calls For Everyone

There's an old, ancient force in the wild  
A force that's much more than just mild  
It's been here since the earliest days  
When Earth's beings lived very savage ways  
It exists in the trees and in the oceans below  
In the plants and the animals that evolve and grow  
This force is known as nature to all  
It's responsible for seasons, like summer or fall  
Nature's responsible for the water we drink  
It's responsible for why we yawn or blink  
This force is the reason why we all exist  
Why we evolved from being monkey misfits  
Without nature, could anything survive?  
Nature gives the resources we derive  
Come to think of it, why do we call nature a force?  
It's our planet Earth's mother, of course!  
People have their own ideas on the matter  
In the book of answers, that sounds like another chapter  
In the end, nature is and always will be  
the reason For water, animals, gravity, and seasons  
The job nature has is never, ever done  
So remain all ears..  
Because **nature calls for everyone**

## Honorable mention - Kids

Tessa Dickstein, age 10.

"Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All"

Strangers in the hall, mean, creepy and tall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...

Big and scary creatures, long and small  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...

Big fluffy dogs, grey rats, rainbow birds, and orange pussycats  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...

Ghost in the hall, staring at me from on the wall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...

Mean old ladies and scary looking babies  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...

Planes and big blue sea's, birds and honey bees,  
Life doesn't frighten me at all...



## Honorable mention - Kids

Samuel Scepka, age 11.

"Land of the Free"

*They laugh at me because I'm different  
I laugh at them because they're all the same -Kurt Cobain*

They have a problem if I'm an immigrant  
Soon as you see one of them you take aim

You can't judge people off of their race  
You can't go around judging people by their outside traits  
No one should die cause the color of their face  
So start spreading love and just stop the hate

Our human rights will not be a debate  
Try all you want, you can't keep us in the shade  
All you ever do is discriminate  
Maybe one day we'll have rights even if we're gay

Right now is a shame, but we can be better, any day

# First place - Teens

Antonio S. Gomez, age 14.

“An Alphabetical, Sesquipedalianism Approach to the Nature of Poetry and Poets”

A true antithesis of any apathetic arch-conservatives,  
Non-banal ballads, of which in the babledom bring breathtaking bibliographies,  
Creating comprehensible cacophonies of cacaesthesia or cheer,  
Dramatic works of delight, despair or, dare I say, debauchery,  
Entertaining éclaircissements evocative of the likes of E. A. Poe,  
Fantasies like Frost forming a frisson of fallacies of freedom,  
Great Gatsby-esc grammaticalizations of the gay or grotesque,  
Harmonious or helter-skelter stories harking heralds of history,  
Ingenuitive inspiration and imagination, Iliad's indicative of much intellect,  
Judicious jays full of jargonic jeers and jests,  
Keen and kindred creators consisting of Keats and more sculpting knowledge like the  
Acropolis,  
Lucid literature loaded with limerence and lament invoking love and loathing,  
Majestically mindful or perhaps misanthropically macabre imagery,  
Narquois and nice with the greats causing nirvana, namely Noyes,  
Original, nigh omniscient observations originating obfuscation as if it were an Odyssey,  
Paradoxical pantomimes put forth by the posthumous and present,  
Quite a many quintessential quotes by the quaint and quirky, as if the Raven quoth,  
Robust resurrectionists recreating rows of rapture,  
Spinning soliloquies of the soul, enkindling a silver sheen like Shakespeare,  
To be or not to be, that is the tenacious thought that is teetering on the edge of all thinking,  
Until the universe's untimely demise shall all use the beauty of poetry unending,  
Voila! The vaudevillian vow to vanguard the virtue of prose as this itself veers verbose,  
Wonderful tales as witty as Whitman or whimsical as a whippoorwill,  
Xany gents and ladies acting as xenogogues for the xenial,  
Cloyed with yearn and yare as youthful as Yeats,  
As I with zeal reach the zenith of my zest.

**Second place - Teens**  
Brielle Stokes, age 18.  
"Ode to Spanish Needles"

A plane sprays herbicides overhead, taking out  
the imperfectly pleasant petals of Spanish needles  
and star-spread stalks of thistle. Fair or not,  
they fare the same fate. Smothered by silent  
synthetic assassins. The weeds wither while  
worthy greens grow in large hedges,  
these chosen children cover their careless sisters  
who only strive to survive in a world  
where the unwanted wilt and forever remain  
forgotten. Know that the ground of unmarked,  
forsaken graves can be a garden of flourishing  
flowers, fostered and well loved.

## Third place - Teens

Neslo Atilla, age 14.

"The Tale of Orpheus"

Eurydice was her name, and before long she became  
In my chest a darting flame, and so we were married. And between us we had joy, lyre and love  
in our employ, Greater than Helen of Troy, and suddenly she was buried.  
A snake it was that bit her foot and burnt my bleeding heart to soot, Suddenly I was hard put  
to break free of my sorrow.  
I wandered with tears in my eyes and turned my face up to the skies, And then like Eos' sunrise  
an idea graced the morrow.  
Just like the heroes before me, I would make my way beneath, Searching for my darling quarry,  
down the dark and shady mines. Hades would not slow my footfalls, Furies would not have the  
gall To stop me following the call that led me along the declines.  
So without a word I started for my nearly dear departed  
And before me the crowd parted like the waters Moses wrought. Never before had I better  
seen the long-forsaken mettle  
Of the teeming clank of fetters as I yearned for what I sought.  
"Worry not," said darkness' master, "we know that when you saw last her  
"Pretty face, as fresh as aster, you were overcome with grief.  
"An ultimatum for the man with music flowing from his hands:  
Do not cast even a glance back toward her, lest your love be brief."  
And so we set off on our travels, through the woods of banging gavels, And my mind slowly  
unraveled as through my thoughts terror flew. Was she truly there behind me? Footfalls  
padding soft and smoky Darting over those red poppies Demeter, in her sorrow, grew?  
My terror grew so great in time that just as we curved the incline  
I wondered at the long lifetime I might endure wearing a frown.  
I grew sure she was discarnate and whirled to ascertain—and tick,  
I learned too late 'twas not a trick; our clock of borrowed time wound down.

## Honorable mention - Teens

Dorcelie Juste, age 13.

"Dear Racism"

Racism, I've had enough  
From the color of our skins to our religions  
From the "N" word to the racist slurs.  
It's 2021 why is this still going on

The death of George Floyd, killed by a police officer  
Rings anger. People say his death was an "accident" - it wasn't  
It was the color of his skin  
Being colored isn't a choice!

To all those racists out there,  
Is it hard to treat colored people the same?  
Are you hating because you hate us?  
Or because you see others doing it?

Are you trying to kill us because it's fun?  
Or because we harmed you?  
Well your hate doesn't belong here  
So take it somewhere else.

## Honorable mention - Teens

Angelina Lilly Pegues, age 13.

"One of Us"

In the short years of my life,  
Nature has sung to me.  
An ambrosial song filled my senses That Man could never imitate.  
I hear the call both day and night  
Of Mother Ocean, Sister Forest, Father Sky, and Brother Wind.  
The untamed animals beacon to me  
in a warm welcome  
of guarded hope.  
Sympathetic Spirits of rebellion and independence study one another from afar... then we shift  
closer...closer still...till heartbeats and breath merge.  
Eyes lock and scent shared.  
More than curiosity, this is longing.  
Your peaceful savage energy is intoxicating.  
Your fierceness does not frighten me.  
I am enchanted by your desire for solitary togetherness.  
You reach out to me questioning my Nature.  
Are You one of **Us**?  
Show me your Soul.  
Only then can I decide.  
May we share, tenderly trust?  
Will you break my free spirit and cause me pain?  
Decisions are silently debated in slow, bestial time.  
Dare we touch physical forms  
or will this break our trance  
and allow Fear to snap our delicate bond?  
We shall harmonize a seductive wild song while we contemplate...  
Coo, click, hum, snort, squeak, thump, chirp, nicker  
Breath. Breath.        Breath. Breath.  
Patience...patience...Yes...  
You are revealed to Me.

## Honorable mention - Teens

Kieran Smith, age 13.

"Our Earth"

Life.

The sky closes us in like a wet paper towel.

Slide the glass bowl into the sun and let it cook.

Gently remove the rice from out of the mailbox.

Let it wait patiently for its transportation.

Pull the lever and chew the food.

Saliva slowly attacks each white grain.

Force the meal into the acidic pond,

And let it disintegrate in the stomach.

Chilled air fills the sacks with energy.

The oxygen quenches one's breath.

Slowly the pink balloons deflate,

And the continuous process repeats.

The cartilage cushions our exhausted feet.

Our two trees gradually lengthen and ascend.

The plates build walls of bone in our body,

And steadily we rise inches each year.

A small bump in the belly quickly enlarges.

It's like a basket of eggs though alive

The egg cracks open onto the bed,

And life has been bestowed upon another.

The battle has begun against no he or she.  
But something of a murderer.  
When hair falls off you know it just started.  
And so you must fight back.

The mysterious killer has attacked many,  
And of which nobody can cure.  
Only by destroying good and bad cells,  
Will a being defeat the assassin of cancer.

Clouds soar by our eyes,  
Crying as they stumble.  
Giving Earth something to drink,  
And giving us warm rain.  
Good times always come to an end.  
As we know money can't buy happiness.  
Let us spend the rest of our lives,  
Living life to the fullest.

The largest organ wrinkles as the day passes,  
It goes pale as the permeating light burns out.  
As the body starts shutting down to go to sleep,  
Life burns with it.