

Robert Frost Poetry Contest for Kids and Teens

First Place

Antonio Gomez (age 15)

Allow me to be Perfectly Queer

A mount of hate upon one's head,
What am I to do, a mere agapornis,
For nothing more than wishing being unduly wed,
Truly, to catch the unicornis,

In the closet once again?
Nay! I say, what to do there?
I suppose the pantry shall do, to me I feign,
It appears there's room to spare,

But to break down those doors and walls,
Light, light against the night,
To let a rainbow shine through the halls,
To let the pride see the right, and ride swiftly unto the motley light.

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Second Place

Kai Lamontagne (age 13)

Self love, I guess

I'm taking care of myself again.

Replaced my binder that had staples I could scratch
my fingers on,
cleaned out my pencil pouch.

When I put my hands
to my face to wash it,
I was brought back to
the hospital by the smell
of the soap.

Sure, I still forget to
brush my teeth most nights,
But...
I'm trying.

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Third Place

Kieran Smith (age 14)

Perseus

The late starry sky glistens so bright.
Teeming with constellations, illuminated
with light.
Winter chills circulate throughout the air.
A telescope stranded on an open field,
patiently waiting for repair.

The following night, a small child comes
near, Fixing the instrument and making it
clear.

Peeking into the device, he looks
towards the stars, Viewing lost heroes,
down on the field from afar.

One in particular, the slayer of snakes,
Permeating the night without stops or
breaks.

To the monster who petrified with eyes of
her own, He achieved the
beheading of an ossifier of stone.

The constellation was Perseus, the boy
said quietly.

There's many stories and tales written of
his heroic propriety. Perseus, o' Perseus,
says the young child.

I wish you would stay here with me for a
while.

And so Perseus did, at the end of each
day.

He'd beam down with no sign of going
away.

As the time passed by, and cold air
became warm, Perseus was no longer
there anymore.

O' Perseus, o' Perseus, where have you
gone? The boy scavenged the
sky, from night until dawn. And each day,
after the sun had burned out,
The youngling would be there, devoid of
any doubt.

The seasons passed by and the child lost
hope.

O' Perseus, o' Perseus, where did you
go?

The autumn leaves fell and the air
became parched. And with new brisk
weather, a constellation had sparked.

Up high in the air, the old hero stood.
Peering down on the newly thriving
woods. No children around, just scraps
left to decay, And deep in the forest a
broken telescope lay.

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Honorable Mention

Anonymous

In Between Moments

The in between moments when tears bear the weight of mountains and blood stands
still and hair floats up alone

When lips quiver and eyes sink and brows furrow

When shoulders shrug and stomachs pucker and knees fold in

When phones sit silent and books grow dim and lonely girls wait for someone to care

A glimmer of something cold and serene

The sand and the sea

The discomfort of the ashy morsels between the toes,
ants crawling across the fingers, and sun on the back

The bite of the tongue as a stranger passes by

The wince and squint of the eyes as the breeze takes away the tension

The raise of the cheekbones in a broken smile

In between the moments of worry and breath

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Honorable Mention

Neslo Atilla (age 15)

Self, Reflected

years ago,
I met an astronaut
in a starry plain
just outside the Kuiper.
a suit crusted with ice shards glittered
like diamonds from a
black hole's belly.
I stopped.
I stared.
she did not seem bothered, just
floated, arms
freewheeling, legs swimming
through the ink of the darkness, like
pupils
free-floating in a pink blur of
iris, her helmet cracked
at the corner, paddling
like a child would through the vivid
expanse
of emptiness.

I asked her,
are you alright?

I asked her,
can you hear me?

I asked her,
where do you hail from?
who has mourned you?
is there a pool
back on Earth
where you learned to swim?

she twitched, then, a hand
flickering out of the blackness
gloved in white. a bare protection
against 2.7 Kelvins. but

she took my hand,
squeezed it tight, tapped
my unbroken helmet and
her voice crackled through, whispered
I'm alright.
I hear you, I hear you.
breathe, child. breathe.

I stared.
I breathed.
somehow, I sensed her smile, behind the
glassy blankness of
her shattered helmet. ice crystals
crusted her teeth and eyelashes
like diamonds.
I am always with you,
she told me.

then she let go.

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Honorable Mention

Samantha Pierre Louis (age 13)

Has blue always been better than the color brown?

why are my eyes compared to the dirt on the ground
why do hers represent the beauty of the ocean and mine don't
Why are hers blue and mine brown
why do people wish to have her eyes rather than to have mine
You think it's just the eyes?
it is everything even up to the hair
How come her hair is soft and smooth
while mine looks like it has never been combed through?
comparing my curls to her silky soft hair is hard
why does the comb go through her hair so perfectly
while I even refuse to do my hair
why do people have to compare us all the time
the way I talk and act...
they always compare
sometimes they just stand there and stare
they pass by me to go to her she was always known as pretty
people say I shouldn't even wish to compare
even when I was young
teachers refused to brush and braid my hair
so I would just sit and watch as they did theirs
wondering if they would do mine, if mine looked like theirs.