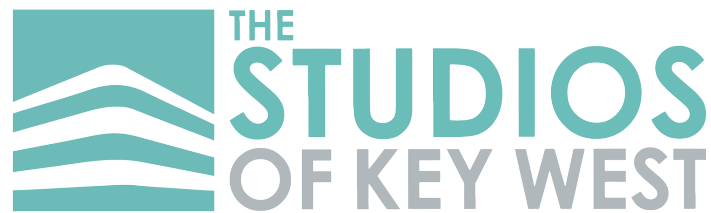


ROBERT FROST POETRY CONTEST Winning Poems

Teens Category - Age 13-18



Dominik Galaz, age 14
First Place

Time's Ameliorate Love

Love is a spring season bloom,
An eros floret, bloomed for the time is warm,
Through the piercing cold that left its scars,
A fallen weed to Flora's conform.

Love is a warm summer night,
A stargaze bliss by Asteria's charm,
The mellow embrace, an angel in one's hands,
A shooting star from heaven, a lover's glance.

Love is a florid autumn,
Like a leaf's fall, an enchanting praise,
Falling to one's love, a euphoria of joy,
A glowing lover's grace, for Cupid's envoy.

Love is an untamed winter,
Lost keys to a lover's heart,
Through blizzards of fire and snowfalls of resolve,
When Spring settles dusk to dawn.

Antonio Gomez, age 17
Second Place

Melancholia

A dismal phantasm festering all throughout,
Of such grim desires that one would rather doze,
The state in which all gaiety is sequestered in a drought,
And of which only hopelessness arose

A being of wretched plan with only dark berceuse,
With such lullabies ringing through one's skull esoterically,
Left with none but the cadavers that would become a muse,
And the voices which told them what to do incomprehensibly

A tabula rasa of emotions, void of avidity,
A hollow dramatis personae, vacant of joy,
A clay mask painted with vigor but behind mere placidity,
Yet along with mocked calmness, a storm of thoughts, disorderly

And though I may dance and prance, laugh and sing,
None of it outweighs the heart on the scale,
That I plead to cease beating,
So that the snowy feather may lift from the scale and sail.

Sofia Dubon Espinoza, age 15
Third Place

While the Snow Falls Silently

Music is much more than a set of notes giving shape to a melody. The songs she composes are a refuge. Chords that speak of dreams and fears. Compasses that illuminate the shadows of the cold and lonely world in which she grew up. Muses who have transformed their past into a brilliant present.

Life has turned her into a box of messy moments and frustrated dreams. She feels like he has lost his place in the world and no longer remembers that person she always wanted to be.

As the snow falls silently, she discovers that destiny does not always have the last word and that moments, good or bad, turn us into everything we are now. That sometimes it is enough to listen to your heart to find yourself. And that there are reasons and loves capable of surviving the thaw and becoming beautiful melodies.

Annalynne Dodd, age 13
Honorable Mention

My Mother

My mother was bright
And warm.
A hot summer day.
The weight of life crushing my poor mama.
She buckled under the pressure of life,
And took her own.
Her death, like winter,
Cold and sad.
May comes,
And we drop flowers into the ocean that once held
Her lifeless body.
She, herself, a flower.
Beautiful and swaying in the wind.
Did she know what would become of her?

Lizzie Portillo Alonso, age 13
Honorable Mention

Palaces of silver and gold cannot be designed overnight,
That is what my father has always told me
No matter what you do... Just Do things right.
I have to be diligent.
I have to be careful.
It's like stepping in glass and shattering with every step.
Like a burning flame that will never but ever give out.
It's like a roller coaster with every step
No matter how careful. It's like,
A sunny summer day or a thundering thunder.
You have to move on,
You have to be diligent
Despite being a painful nightmare.
I Have To Move On.
Doesn't matter the punches,
Doesn't matter the language
You have to move on and I Do as well.
In every building made with pride.
An architect remains inside fixing pieces
with heavy hearts
It's just what it takes to make a work of art
And with wounds
And cuts
And Making dreams out of clay
Hoping that towers don't fall
Hoping we don't see blood spill on the floor.

Taylor Thomason, age 13
Honorable Mention

Invincible Summer: A Beacon of Light in Winter's Embrace

In the heart of frost, where winter's chill holds sway,
A flame ignites, an unseen sun's eternal ray.
Though snow may blanket, and cold winds may bite,
Within, a warmth glows, a beacon of light.

In the darkest hours, when all seems lost and gray,
Hope springs forth, an unwavering display.
For deep within the soul's recesses, there lies,
An ember of courage, defying winter's cries.

Through trials and tribulations, through the coldest night,
The spirit endures, bathed in its own resplendent light.
For within the depths of despair's icy embrace,
Lies the seed of resilience, the promise of grace.

So let winter rage on, with its frost and its gloom,
For within the soul's fortress, there blooms a sacred bloom.
An invincible summer, burning bright and true,
A testament to the strength that resides within you.