



*Pueblo  
City-County  
Library District  
14th Annual  
Poetry Contest*

**Sponsored by  
Friends of the Library  
&  
Pueblo City-County  
Library District**

**PUEBLO CITY-COUNTY  
LIBRARY**

**Ideas · Imagination · Information**

# The Pueblo City-County Library District 2011 Poetry Contest

The Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with the Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the Fourteenth Annual Poetry Contest. Poets, from second grade to adult, were invited to enter.

Poems could be about any topic ranging from snakes to the sunrise, happy or sad, rhyming or free form. Winners were chosen from various age groups. Poems were to be no longer than one page, and contestants were limited to three entries.

The poets, whose poems were selected as the winning entries, were invited to read their poems at a special program sponsored by the Friends of the Library. Winners received a \$10 gift certificate to Books Again used bookstore, courtesy of the Friends of the Library. The judges for the fourteenth Annual Poetry Contest were: James Amos, Brenda D. Fickey, Doris Kester, Patty Kester, Carol King, Kathy Knox, Jeannine Semrau, Annette Warfield, Jon Walker, and Sherry Wingo.

There were a total of 881 entries with 171 second grade students, 134 third grade students, 112 fourth grade students, 112 fifth grade students, 39 sixth grade students, 105 seventh grade students, 51 eighth grade students, 136 high school students, and 21 adults.

The Library wishes to thank everyone who entered the contest and to encourage them to participate in the contest again next year.

# 14th Annual Poetry Contest

## Honorable Mention

### 1st grade

**Pg. 6 JaciLynn Davison**  
Rye Elementary School

**Beautiful Grace**  
Mrs. Montabano

## Winners

### 2nd grade

**Pg. 7 Eddie Darnell**  
Sunset Park Elementary

**Math**  
Mrs. Stinchcomb

**Pg. 8 Aautumn Kiefer**  
Somerville Elementary School

**The Rain**  
Mrs. Mehalovitz

**Pg. 9 Kameron Leyva**  
Goodnight School

**Untitled**  
Mrs. Hillebrand

**Pg. 10 Albert Martinez**  
Belmont Elementary School

**Spring**  
Mrs. Woodworth

### 3rd grade

**Pg. 11 Jackson Helzer**  
Belmont Elementary School

**Untitled**  
Mrs. Grasso

**Pg. 12 Abby Torres**  
Desert Sage Elementary School

**Gray Wolves**  
Mr. Trivisonno

### 4th grade

**Pg. 13 Caliope Gallagher**  
Beulah School for Natural Sciences

**Listen**  
Ms. Allen

**Pg. 14 Sebin Kim**  
Goodnight School

**Untitled**  
Mrs. Thielemier

## 5th grade

- Pg. 15**     **Dylan Allenback**  
Carlile Elementary School
- Pg. 16**     **Logan Castro**  
Goodnight School
- Pg. 17**     **Cassie Daly**  
Cedar Ridge Elementary School

## **Tropical Waterfall**

Mrs. Vannelli

## **Snowflake**

Mr. Shue

## **Summer's Colors**

Mr. Buckallew

## 6th grade

- Pg. 18**     **Diana Aguirre**  
Roncalli Middle School
- Pg. 19**     **Rebecca Ann Edwards**  
Corwin International Magnet School
- Pg. 20**     **Marissa Macaluso**  
Roncalli Middle School

## **Love**

Mrs. Kitchen

## **My Big Bold Crabbe Apple Tree**

Mr. Jones

## **The Pain of Disorganization**

Mrs. Kitchen

## 7th grade

- Pg. 21**     **Dakotah Chavez**  
Pitts Middle School
- Pg. 22**     **Kaylene Khosla**  
Roncalli Middle School
- Pg. 23**     **Mariah Vasquez**  
Pitts Middle School

## **Just Because...**

Ms. Purkey

## **I Remember**

Mrs. Pacheco

## **Dealing with Dishonesty**

Ms. Purkey

## 8th grade

- Pg. 24**     **Justin Cando**  
Bessemer Academy
- Pg. 25**     **Quetzal Gallagher**  
Beulah School for Natural Sciences
- Pg. 26**     **Morgan Kester**  
Heaton Middle School

## **Troy's Last Battle**

Mr. Cook

## **I Am**

Mr. Gallagher

## **Ink**

Ms. Vertovec

## High School

<b>Pg. 27</b>	<b>Joanna Mayfield</b> Pueblo County High School	<b>I Miss You</b> Mr. Otero	<b>11th grade</b>
<b>Pg. 28</b>	<b>Catherine Otero</b> East High School	<b>You are a Stereotype</b> Mrs. Koshak	<b>9th grade</b>
<b>Pg. 29</b>	<b>Hayley Smith</b> Pueblo West High School	<b>The Choice is Yours</b> Mrs. Graham	<b>10th grade</b>
<b>Pg. 30</b>	<b>Sabrina Trevillian</b> Centennial High School	<b>Tow Truck</b> Ms. Vivoda	<b>11th grade</b>
<b>Pg. 31</b>	<b>Devin Trujillo</b> Pueblo County High School	<b>Basketball</b> Mr. Otero	<b>11th grade</b>
<b>Pg. 32</b>	<b>Leilani Valle</b> East High School	<b>Daddy's Little Girl</b> Mrs. Smith	<b>11th grade</b>

## Adult

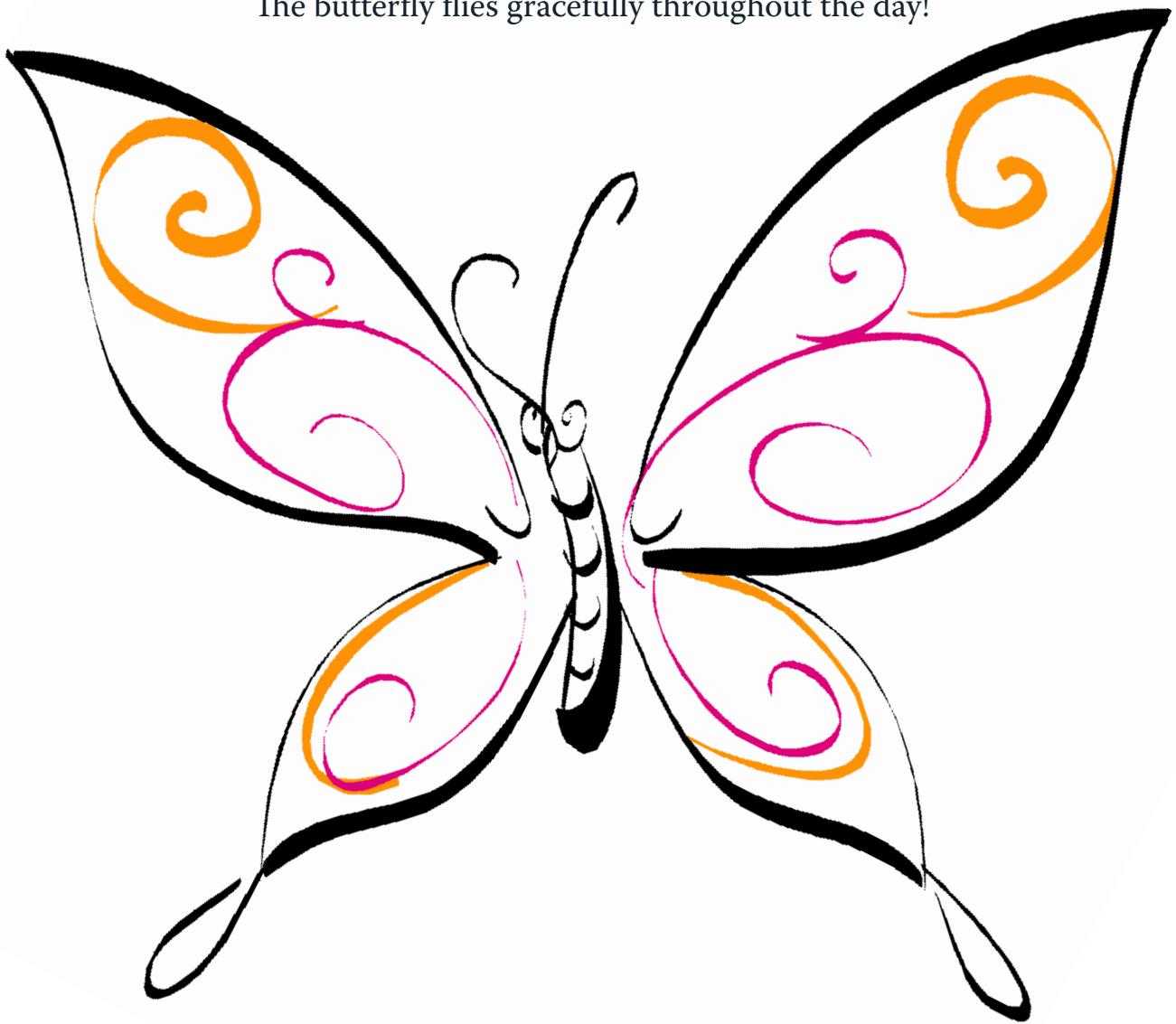
<b>Pg. 33</b>	<b>Edith Edson</b>	<b>Cycle Madness</b>
<b>Pg. 34</b>	<b>Edith Edson</b>	<b>Snakes are Super</b>
<b>Pg. 35</b>	<b>Kris Jeter, Ph.D.</b>	<b>From Weekly Kugels to Thrice Daily Kegels</b>
<b>Pg. 36</b>	<b>Kris Jeter, Ph.D.</b>	<b>The Miller Clan's Annual Vacation</b>
<b>Pg. 37</b>	<b>Mary L. Mantini</b>	<b>Messenger</b>
<b>Pg. 38</b>	<b>Damiana E. Morales</b>	<b>Read the Yellowbook: Restaurants</b>
<b>Pg. 39</b>	<b>Betty J. Watson</b>	<b>Untitled</b>

# Honorable Mention

## *Beautiful Grace*

*By JaciLynn Davison*

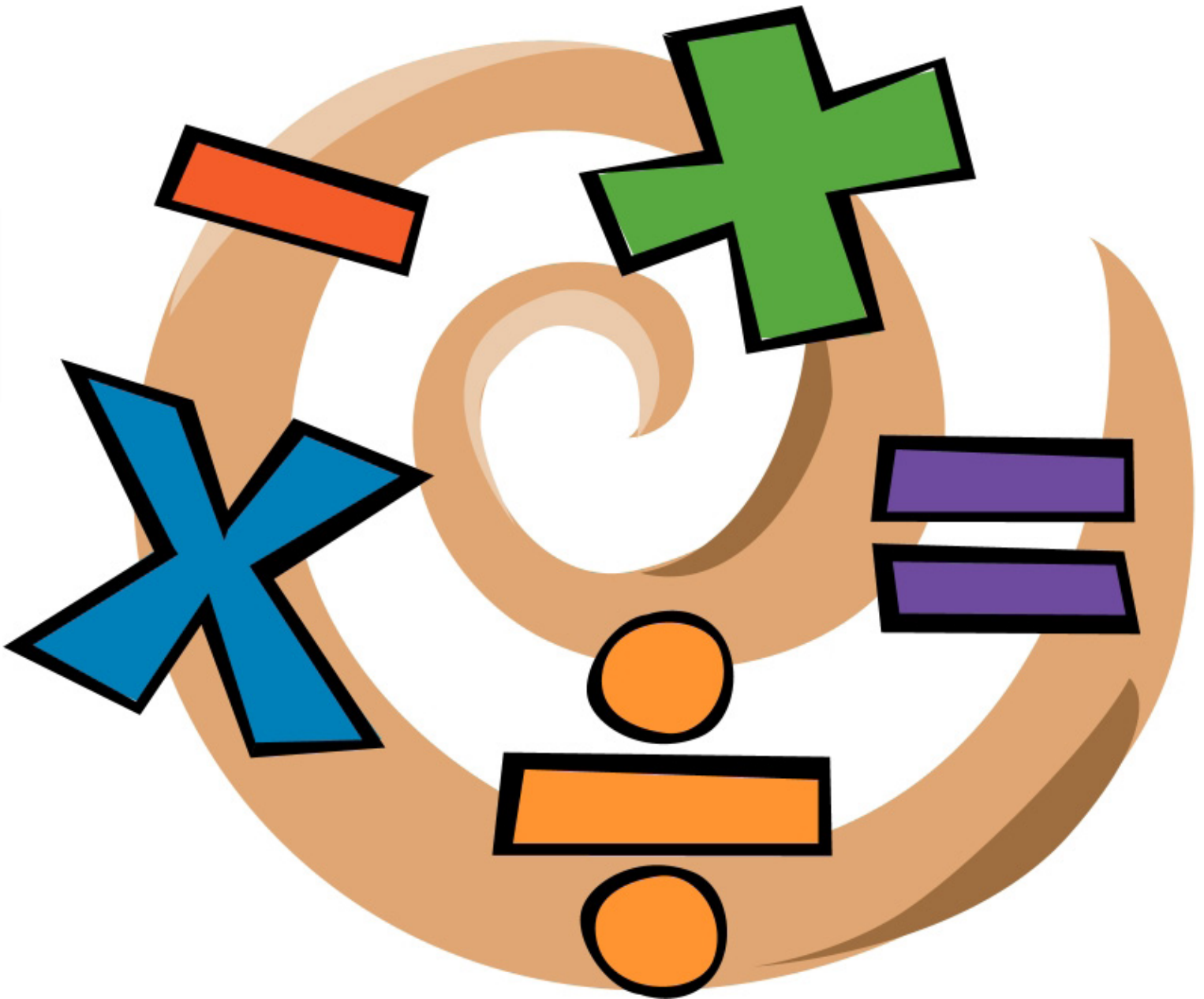
Wings spread wide,  
Gliding through the sky.  
Wonderful colors,  
One never the same as the other.  
Their beauty shall stay,  
The butterfly flies gracefully throughout the day!



# Math

By Eddie Darnell

Addition and subtraction.  
Shapes and fractions.  
Two plus two is four.  
Four plus four is eight.  
I want to do more,  
I think math is great!





# *The Rain*

*By Autumn Kiefer*

Drip drop the rain won't stop  
But I like it!

Drip drop the rain is pouring  
But I like it!

Drip drop the rain is so cold and wet  
But I like it!

Drip drop I had so much fun  
But my time in the rain is done!





# Untitled

By Kameron Leyva

Bats hunt for their food  
Killing insects that eat crops  
Bats like to eat bugs



# Spring

By Albert Martínez

**S** is for spider

**P** is for purple

**R** is for rain

**I** is for insects

**N** is for nature

**G** is for going to bloom



# Untitled

By Jackson Helzer

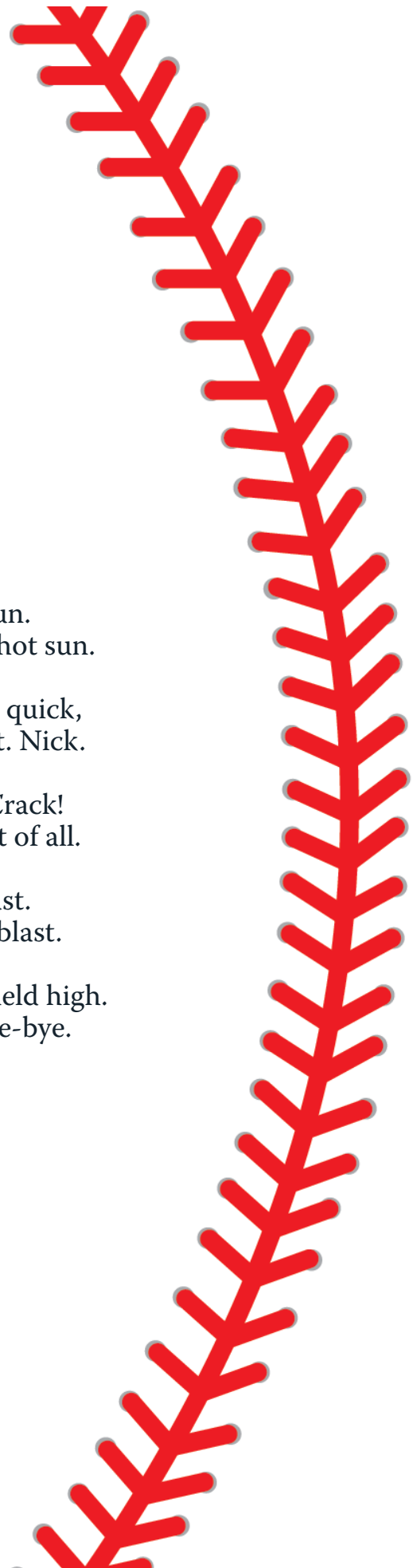
Baseball, Baseball is really fun.  
Even if you're playing in the hot, hot sun.

The pitcher so lively, limber and quick,  
Much like our friend good old St. Nick.

The batter swings at the ball! Crack!  
Hoping for a homer, the greatest of all.

The outfielders run, oh so fast.  
Trying to catch the home run blast.

But while they stand with gloves held high.  
That home run ball just says bye-bye.



# Gray Wolves

*By Abby Torres*

I am a wolf, I can live almost anywhere  
In the mountains I like to run.  
Chasing moose is lots of fun.  
When I catch him it's quite a treat.  
Moose is such a tasty meat to eat.  
We run in packs to catch more snacks.  
I am an alpha female when I'm angry.  
I point my tail.  
Wolves that growl make me howl.  
If my pups call yup-yup, I know its time to herd them up.  
I was once endangered.  
Now I'm no longer a stranger.



# Listen

By Caliope Gallagher

Can you hear them?  
They laugh. They giggle.  
They smile. They play.  
They scream. They shout.

He hears them all.  
He feels the wind brush his cheek.  
He knows what to do.

Listen.

Listen to the wind and you'll hear them too.

Can you hear them?  
Listen and you'll know what to do.





# Untitled

By Sebin Kim

Happiness is green.  
It smells like flowers.  
It tastes like sweet raspberries.  
It sounds like birds chirping.  
It feels like being carried in the clouds.  
It looks like mother nature.  
Happiness is loving everything around you.

# *Tropical Waterfall*


*By Dylan Allenback*

Flowing with the wind  
In the darkest night.  
Rushing down as foamy white.  
Falling down to the  
Caldest sight.  
Some animals  
Wading in just to get a little sip  
At the end of a tropical  
waterfall!




# Snowflake

By Logan Castro




Crystal branches spread far from my heart  
To catch and cling to a newborn mountain pine.  
The soft laughter of my friends  
Echoes in the wind as we dance,  
Grasping a burst of warmth from a cottage hearth fire.

So as I fall, fall from the winter heavens  
Destined to touch the frozen layer of earth below,  
I form into something new, unique.  
I will fall and fall...never stopping  
Never resting, never to tire.





This is the path I've taken many years before  
One only that I can explain.  
Away I go, gliding the currents of air,  
Looking upward toward the sky  
So dark and blue  
A thousand pinpoints of lights twinkle  
Clothed in some heavenly attire.



A quick breeze rushes from the west,  
Pulls me off course.  
I'm waiting for another to push me home,  
Home where my family is,  
Where the frigid air calls us all into being,  
Singing like some angelic choir.

Then, a ray of sunshine...  
The light of the heavens.  
I feel the change, the collective murmur of voices  
We join together...a tinkling, silver, burble of joy  
A spring of life, flowing to an unknown place.  
I will be back again on some cool crisp day.  
A promise? To this I truly aspire.





# Summer's Colors

*By Cassie Daly*

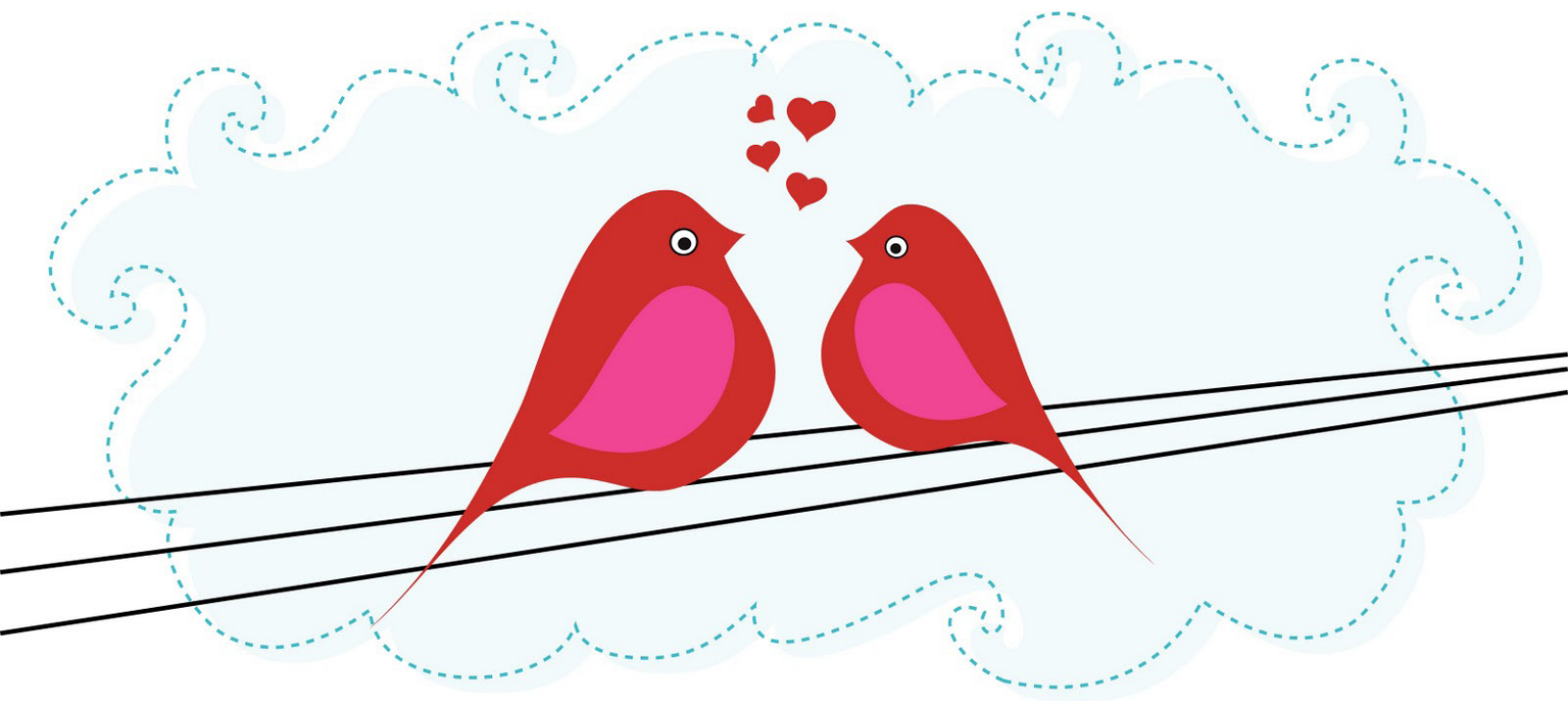
What's that I see?  
Something bright it might be  
With leaves of color  
Which bring tons of wonder.  
It sprouts here and there  
With the most gentle of care.  
Thus I can see  
What this might be.  
It is bright and bold  
And can not stand the cold.  
During summer it brings great color  
But how I no longer wonder  
For this is a flower.  
And brings such a great power



# Love

*By Diana Aguirre*

Love is a wonderful thing  
Love is the color of red  
Love is fearful and sad  
Love can hurt you when you don't expect it  
Love can be cheerful  
Love is between two people that love each other  
Love is something that you would have to find  
Love can be where you don't look, it could be right under your nose  
Love is bright and sunny  
Love is when you get married  
Love is when both people get along  
Love can come unexpectedly  
Love is when you care for someone  
Love is the fear of getting married  
Love is when you care for that you love  
Love you once,  
Love you still,  
Will always love you,  
Love you with my heart.



# My Big Bold Crabbe Apple Tree

By *Rebecca Ann Edwards*

You've been there since I was little,  
And have been there growing up.  
I've climbed your branches,  
Ready to explore.  
I've slept below your leaves,  
And rested against your trunk.  
You've held my imagination for so long,  
And now they want to tear you down.  
How can they not see your beauty?  
They look at you with a blind eye,  
And I'm the only one who can see.



# The Pain of Disorganization

By Marissa Macaluso

One thing to another never something right. Always redoing and finding something that might work out right.

Lots of different colors, shapes and sizes. This way! No that way! Maybe the other way? One inch binder, two inch and three inch. Folders, notebooks, dividers and paper. Markers, pencils and crayons, so many tools. So many I can't count anymore.

Keeping everything straight is a chore. This goes here but that goes there, where does this go? I don't know!

Time goes by as I figure things out. Finally, ready to go without a doubt. Mom calls out. "Got all your stuff?" Oh no, soccer and karate now what to do?

MORE ORGANIZING

Scrambling to get my shorts, cleats, socks and shin guards. Karate uniform, mouth piece, sparring gear and staff.

Where can they be? The closet or bedroom, I've lost all hope.

When I get to school I have no homework.

Soccer comes I have no ball.

Finally karate, I hope I have everything. Oh no, my brown belt! That's fifty more knuckle push ups Ugggggggh.....

Tomorrow is another day of organizing.

I'm already tired just thinking about it!



# Just Because

By *Dakotah Chavez*

Just because I'm a girl,  
Doesn't mean I can't fish, hunt, play sports, be a hard worker, be successful, fight my own battles.

Just because I'm a teen,  
Doesn't mean I am wild, rebellious, naïve, irresponsible, promiscuous, incapable, loud, disorganized, gullible, reckless.

Just because I am young,  
Doesn't mean that I can't be intelligent, curious, considerate, have goals and dreams, know what I want out of life.

Just because I'm quiet,  
Doesn't mean I don't talk, have a lot of friends, know how to have fun, have opinions, stand up for what I believe in, have talent, know what's going on.

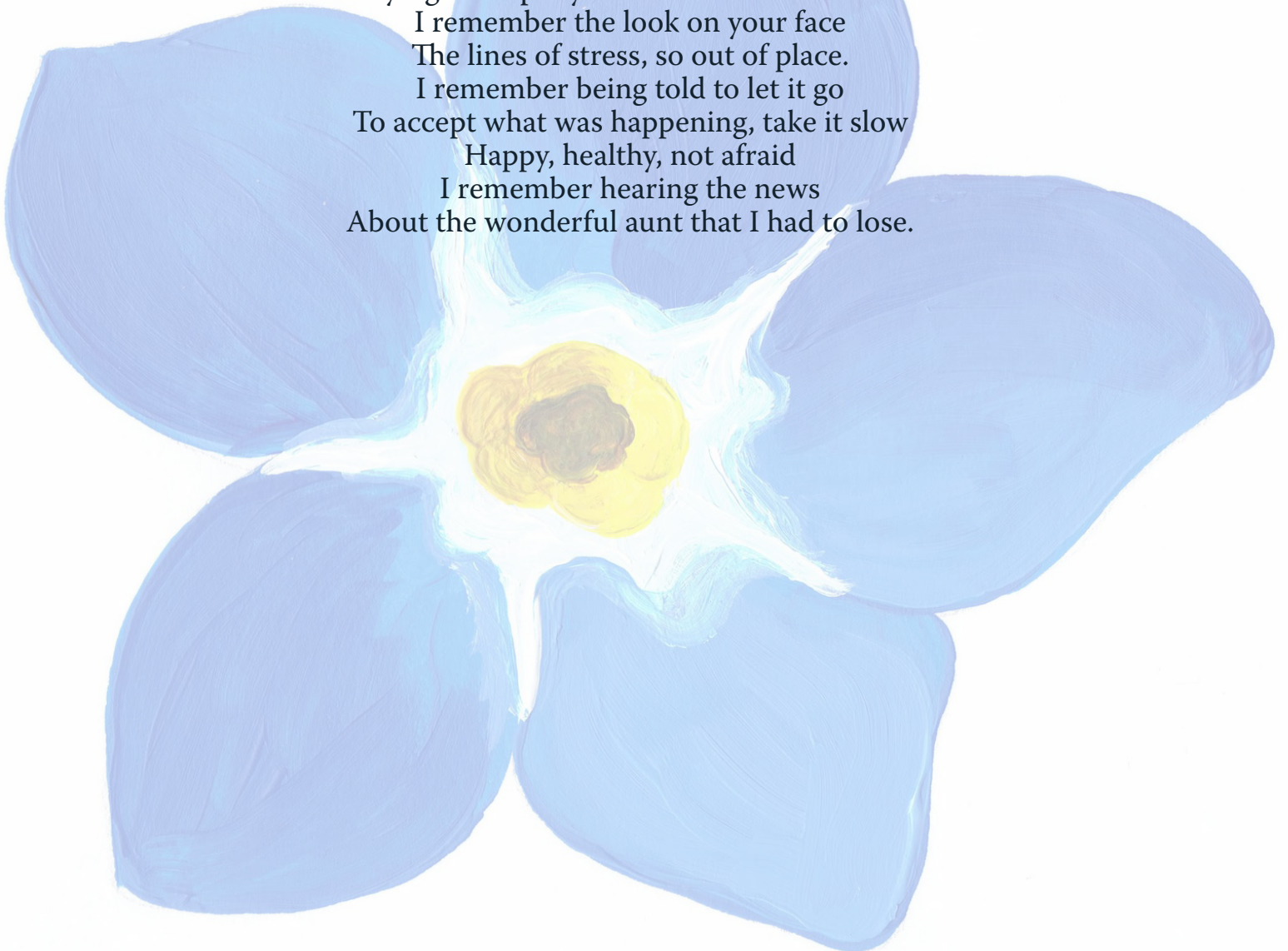
Just because I'm me,  
I can accomplish anything.



# I Remember

By Kaylene Khosla

I remember seeing you  
Smiling, gazing enjoying the view.  
I remember hearing you talk  
The jokes, the laughs the gossip walk.  
I remember hearing your name  
Not striking, not exotic, just the same.  
I remember hearing the news  
The tough decision on which you had to choose  
To be treated and try to get healthy  
To pay for the surgery that was intended for the wealthy  
Or to let things go on the way they were  
Wondering, praying, waiting for the cure.  
I remember taking care of you  
Trying to help my mother do the same too.  
I remember the look on your face  
The lines of stress, so out of place.  
I remember being told to let it go  
To accept what was happening, take it slow  
Happy, healthy, not afraid  
I remember hearing the news  
About the wonderful aunt that I had to lose.



# Dealing with Dishonesty

By *María Vasquez*

Sometimes it is hard  
To know what to do  
When dealing with trouble,  
A problem or two.

A classmate is cheating,  
A friend tells a lie,  
An acquaintance is drunk,  
A sibling is getting high.

Dishonesty reigns.  
You're alone and confused.  
Alone with your conscience,  
Alone with your views.

When faced with issues of  
Wrong or right.  
Do you submit to peer pressure  
Or do you strive for the light?

Sometimes it is hard to stand up for what you believe.  
To know when to stand tall and when to turn and leave.  
To know when "everybody" might be wrong.  
Maybe they just need a long voice,  
Courageous and strong.  
Though you may be fearful to take that first stride,  
Its worth it, because you'll have your honor and pride.

# Troy's Last Battle

By *Justin Cando*

Slow and deadly  
Moans a medley  
Limbs all buried  
In the sand bar.

These men will creep  
And you will weep  
For knights of Troy  
From land afar.

All run and spree  
From them you see  
For on this night  
Fall man and boy.

Moving slowly  
Walking lowly  
For one fake horse  
Won't bring them joy.

For all Troy's land  
And beach with sand  
And on this night  
Troy loses all force.

Their town gets burned  
And I have yearned  
A tale of men  
Killed by a horse.



# I Am

By Quetzal Gallagher

The giver  
The taker  
The shy  
The sly

The fan  
The hero  
The hunter  
The hunted

The brother  
The father  
The lover  
The other

The confidant  
The proud  
The peaceful  
The hushed

The seeker  
The dreamer  
The thinker  
The answer

The fuse  
The explosion  
The chaos  
The foolish

The follower  
The leader  
The guardian  
The keeper

The voice  
The noise  
The beginning  
The end

I am me  
O'lordy o'lordy  
I am me  
(the one and only)

# Ink

*By Morgan Kester*

Black ink scrawled out on paper  
Telling so many stories long stored as thoughts and emotions  
Paper and pen is courage.  
The ability to say what you can't to another's face.  
Paper and pen is life,  
The birth of a new story,  
A new thought,  
A new idea.  
Paper and pen is a new beginning.  
The ability to start over as many times as you like  
And leave your mistakes behind.

So give me paper.  
Give me a pen.  
And let me speak my mind.

# I Miss You

By Joanna Mayfield

It's been fourteen years since I saw your face  
A girl without a dad is hard to handle.  
I miss you, but your death I managed to embrace.  
When the other children saw their dads,  
They ran and jumped in their arms I stood there and cried.

As far as growing up I have done good.

Every father's day I see you in my heart far away but never apart.

I stay out of trouble just like I should.

I love you my father always and always from the start.  
Independence Day is different for me the day of your death the day I envy.  
As I think of you I wonder if you're an actual memory  
If I really remember you, your strength, your face, your voice, your heart.  
Do I really remember or is it just a story?  
I love you my father you live in my heart.

# You are a Stereotype

By Catherine Otero

You are the girl  
Who wears short skirts  
And loves to flirt.

You are the boy  
Who plays all the sports  
But is of the cocky sort.

You are the girl  
Who sits in the back  
And has questions, but is too afraid to ask.

You are the boy  
Who wears his pants too low  
And craves attention, so puts on a show.

You are the girl  
Who wears all black  
But who's really quite nice, as a matter of fact.

You are the boy  
Who wears earrings and chains  
With nothing to lose and everything to gain.

You are the girl  
In funny clothes  
Who you truly are, nobody knows.

You are the boy  
Who gets good grades  
One of the best out of the whole decade.

You are the girl  
Who's painfully shy  
But no matter what, will always try.

You are the boy  
Who laughs a lot  
Pulls pranks, but never gets caught.

You are the girl  
Who's super smart  
And who always seems to stand apart.

You are the boy  
Who everyone loves  
Popularity, you have a lot of.  
Some may ask where one may find  
So many people of different minds  
There's only one place with this whirlpool  
And we'll call it high school.

# The Choice is Yours

By Hayley Smith

Make a mistake  
Live or die  
Deal with it  
Just don't cry.

It's up to you  
What path you choose  
People you hang out with  
Where you buy your shoes.

What you do with your life  
How you do in school  
It's all up to you  
So don't be a fool!

Accept the consequences  
Of mistakes you make  
Stay true to yourself  
Never be fake.

Learn from it all  
What you ended up choosing  
Try to come out winning  
Don't settle for losing.

# Tow Truck

*By Sabrina Trevillian*

Lonely little tow truck,  
Filling up with dust.  
In the dirt it gets stuck,  
Covering up in rust.

Used to be a grand thing.  
All spiffed up with shine.  
Now it is no longer towing;  
It's withering away with time.

Then there came that one boy,  
Lost of hope and all his joy,  
Who found the little tow truck,  
And saved it from the muck.

Cleaning it up and shining its gears,  
He kept the truck for all his years.





# Basketball

By Devín Trujillo

It's my favorite sport.  
When you dribble up and down the court  
When opposite team members jump for the ball  
    Everything gets quiet.  
    Intensity rises.  
    Emotions soar.  
The feeling is indescribable.

# Daddy's Little Girl

By Leilani Valle

Love may come and go throughout your life.  
Boys may come in and out of your life.  
But there's always one man there for you to  
Make you laugh when your heart is broken.  
Or if you just need a guy to talk to, he is the  
One guy that watches you grow up to be a  
Big beautiful flower, a man that could teach  
You his dork dance moves, he's there. Through  
Thick and thin, the man who goes through all  
Of this with you would be your dad. Being  
Daddy's little girl could mean a lot to you and  
Him sometimes its just important for you just  
To hold your dad in your arms and not let him  
Go. You know whatever you tell him you could  
Say it in confidence because you know he won't  
Judge you because you always know that you  
Would be daddy's little girl through rough times  
And through good times because you know that  
Daddy loves you because you're his little angel.  
He looks at you and your smile just melts his  
Heart because he knows when he talks about  
You he says proudly that's my little girl, and  
She's a great daughter. I'm proud she's my  
Little angel; I raised her well



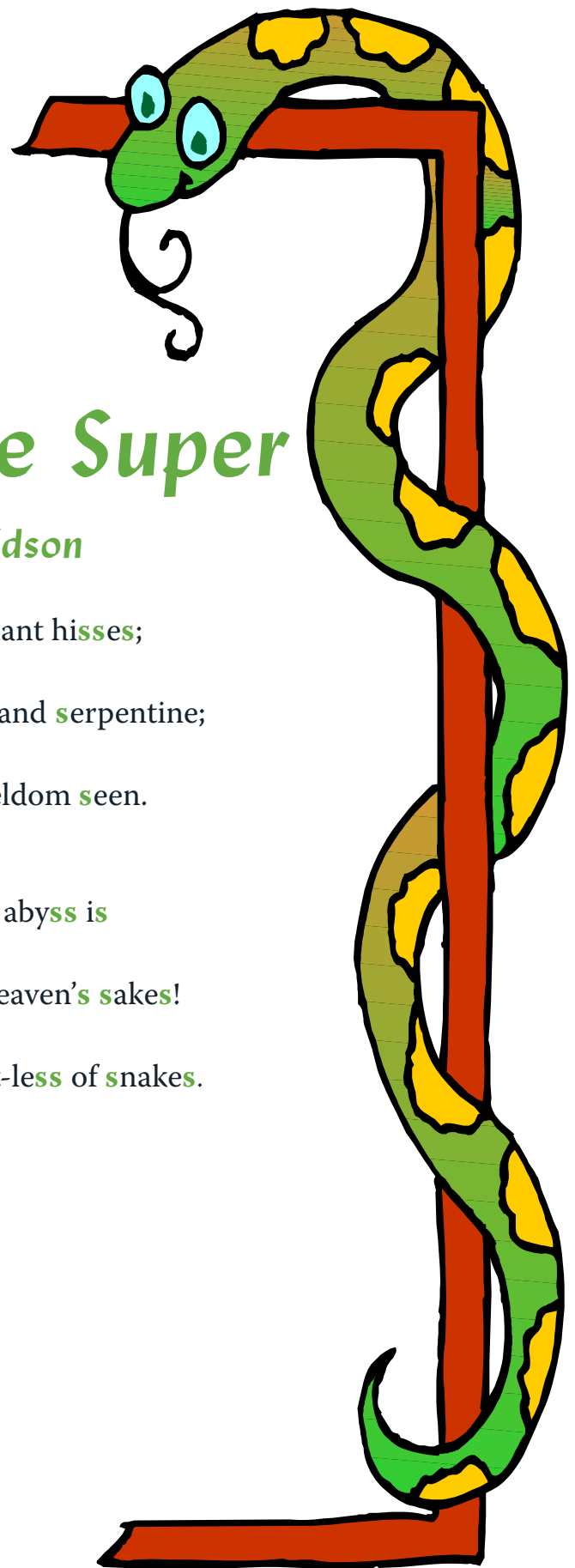
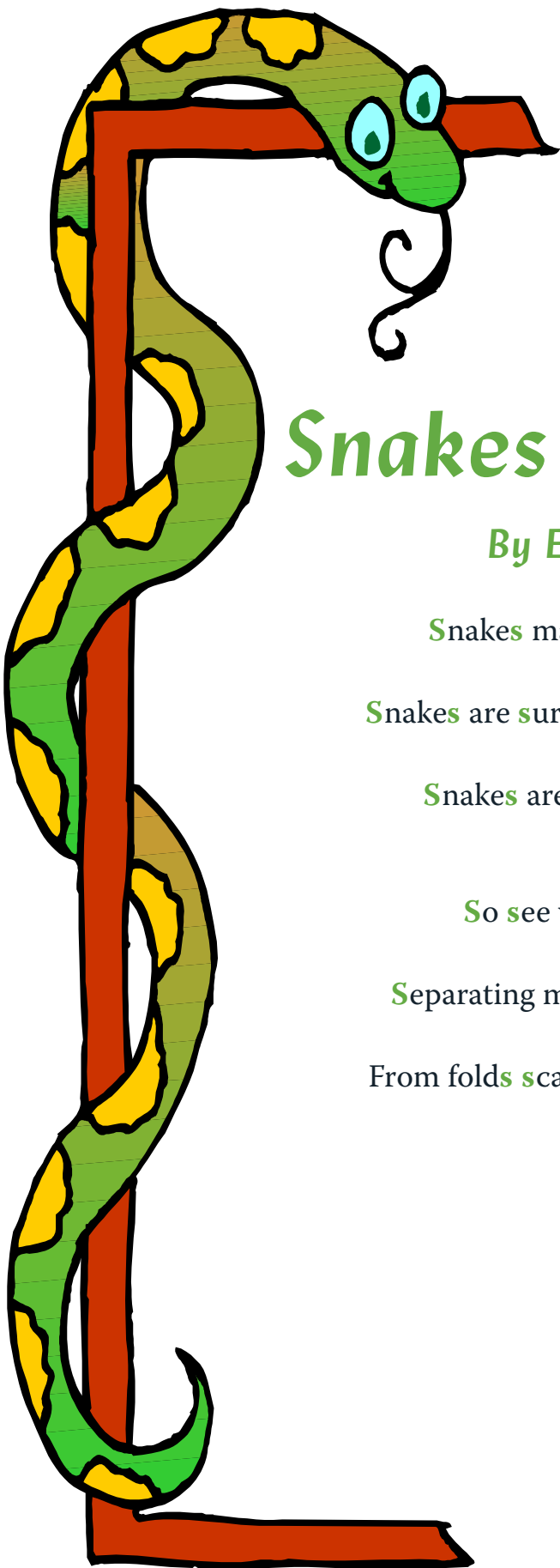
# Cycle Madness

By Edith Edson

Streaking down the pavement  
On her three-wheeled bike,  
Pigtails flying out behind  
Joy lights her face—freedom!

Back at home she parks her  
Temporary wings;  
She steadies herself and then  
Gram reaches for her walker.





# Snakes are Super

By Edith Edson

Snakes make sibilant hisses;

Snakes are surprising and serpentine;

Snakes are very seldom seen.

So see what an abyss is

Separating me, for heaven's sakes!

From folds scared spit-less of snakes.

# *From Weekly Kugels to Thrice Daily Kegels*

*By Kris Jeter, Ph.D.*

Some years ago when I was a child,  
The rhythm of time was gentle, mild.  
Each Friday the week began  
When seet odors overran –  
We would eat and ogle  
Mama's fresh baked Kugel

Today as an adult,  
My time is a tumult  
Of three daily smart-phone alarms.  
I must do my ten core pre warms,  
My trainer's health exercise finagles.  
Alas, Kugles are exchanged for kegels



# The Miller Clan's Annual Vacation

By Kris Jeter, Ph.D.

Each year, the Miller clan visits Colorado –  
The Millers are large armies of moths on the go!



Every early June  
Ari becomes a ghoul!  
Ari, the house cat  
Is a deft acrobat –  
The fearless jumper,  
The “Great Miller Hunter”.

Without missing any beat,  
Ari lays moths at my feet.  
Each deflated insect kite,  
He gulps down in one large bite.

To the archetypal linguists, these are royal battles.  
Millers are army cutworms, *Euxoa Auxiliaris*.  
In Hebrew, Ari is Lion, Royal King of Jungles

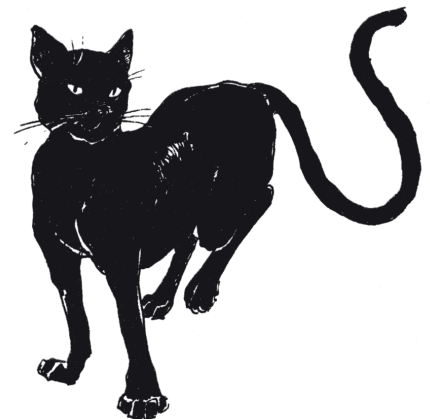
For Ari, this annual Miller hunt  
Is the cycle of life, a fun punt  
To demonstrate his hunting skill,  
To supplement his menu bill.



It takes Ari just an hour.  
I wonder, do moths taste sweet, sour?  
Since Ari does not sicken  
Perhaps they're “just like chicken”!



Each year, the Millers summer in the mountains –  
Then winter back on the plains – if not eaten!



# Messenger

By Mary L. Mantini

Alas, poor book  
Lying in the gutter  
Devoid of a cover  
Your pages matted together  
Left vacant and abandoned

Once proudly displayed for all to see  
Your spine stood tall and straight,  
Words printed in Gold on your cover

Aye,  
Carried a message to the world  
Written by men of old  
Many hands held you

Behold,  
A lifeless form degraded to a status called "Trash"  
You were once the measure of all good things.  
Now you wait for an unknown fate.

# Read the Yellowbook: Restaurants

By *Damiana E. Morales*

No one eats dem at home anymore,  
A sad state of affairs indeed.

Leafing through the yellow pages, with red striped borders galore.  
As anyone can read and see, eat in, take out, we deliver! Catering and more!  
Visa, Mastercard, credit, debit. Cash no longer needed!

There's Applebee's, Arby's and A & W,  
Beans to Go and Big Daddy's Diner,  
Breakfast, lunch or dinner, anytime!  
Bring the children, kids, grandma, grandpa, nana, nano too.

Lunch buffet, dinner buffet, all day special buffet, Sunday buffet with crab legs.  
There's Jack, Jade, Janey, Jaspers, Jacki, Jean, Jefe's, Jodi, Jovito, Johnny and Jorge's.  
Not to be outdone,  
There's traditional, hand-held, smothered, deep fried, or baked. What'll you have, Hon!

Just in case you didn't know,  
There's the combination, the monster, the mini-monster, the works,  
The mexi-burger, the burger, cheeseburger, jumbo burger, jumbo cheeseburger  
The green giant, the mini-green giant and the slopper.

Or are you Feelin' a little:  
Regular Feelin', Mushroom Feelin', Bell Feelin', Italian Feelin'  
Ultimate Feelin' or just plain Chicken Feelin'.  
Stirfried, deep fried, pan fried, charcoaled, boiled, broiled or smoked.

Would you like 5 pieces, a bucket or prefer a half-order  
4 piece which is  $\frac{1}{2}$  chix, 2 piece which is  $\frac{1}{4}$  chix, spaghetti and one meatball  
Start at the A's and end at the P's and no you'll not be ready to roll  
You'll be plumb tuckered-out, and decide to stay home.



# Untitled

By Betty Watson

When you're 93 it's hard to be  
As active as before.  
Arthritis in your fingers hurt,  
To write is quite a chore.  
You cannot drive, so rides you need  
To get you to the store.  
It's quite the trick your shoes to tie;  
Your voice is bad to sing up high  
But anyway you have to try.  
So don't give up, just do your best  
And trust the Lord to do the rest.

