

Pueblo City County Library District

16th Annual Poetry Contest



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



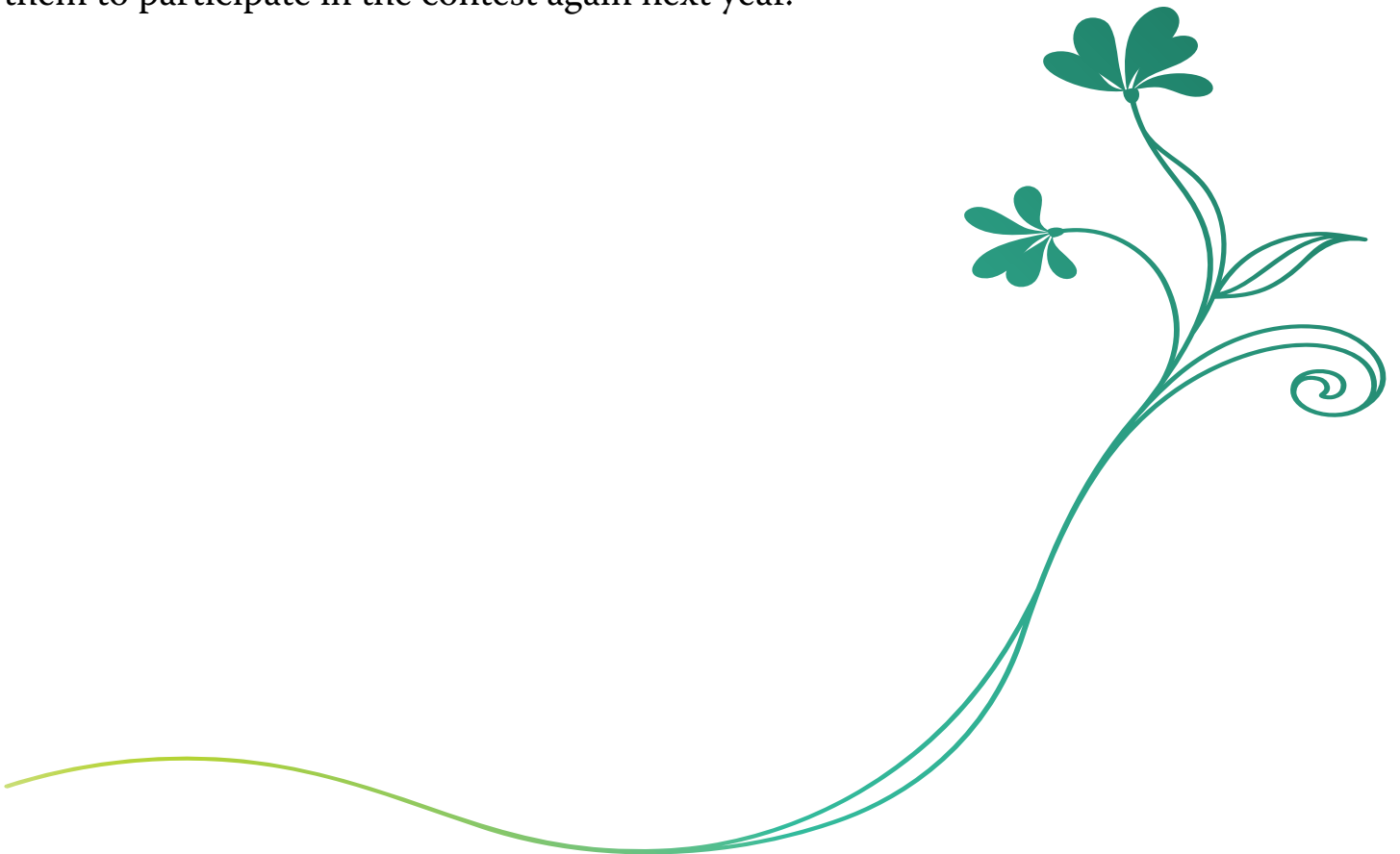
The Pueblo City-County Library District 2013 Poetry Contest

The Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with the Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 16th 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 16th Annual Poetry Contest were: Beth Bryant, Varina Kosovich, Doreen Martinez, Kathy Mauro, Lois Pfof, Sherry Wingo and Kathy Zerfas. There were a total of 614 entries.

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



Pueblo City-County Library District 16th Annual Poetry Contest 2013 Winning Entries

2nd Grade

Paige Hyatt	McClelland School – Ms. Calderon
Alexandra Kennedy	McClelland School – Ms. Calderon
Wilder Unwin	Home School

3rd Grade

David Archuletta	South Mesa Elementary School – Mrs. Trujillo
Zachary Arnold	St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Starcer
Eli Baca	Belmont Elementary School – Ms. Pannuzio
Aubereana Perez	South Mesa Elementary School – Mrs. Trujillo
Kristen Williams	Belmont Elementary School – Mrs. Grasso

4th Grade

Zachary Klovas	Belmont Elementary School – Mrs. Meier
Eavia Ryan	Home School

5th Grade

Caitlin Johnston	Belmont Elementary School – Mrs. Radford
J.B. Misiaszek	St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Santisteven
Bella Zanutelli	St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Santisteven

Middle School

Jessica Barker	District 70 Online Academy – Ms. Smith
Sierra Gomez	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Teagan Hurley	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Allison Kelley	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson

Pueblo City-County Library District 16th Annual Poetry Contest 2013 Winning Entries

Jessica Lerille	Corwin International Magnet School – Mrs. Alexander
MacKenzie Lucas	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Amanda Martinez	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Maxwell Parman	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Taylor Snow	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson
Helen Vong	Goodnight Elementary School – Mrs. Robson

High School

Lawrence Anaya	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Jerrika Bailey	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Larcy Brooks	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Callista Collins	South High School – Ms. Kochevar
Christopher Farris	South High School – Ms. Holmes
William Finley	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Megan Graham	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Dante Jubert	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Michael Krause	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Emily Perez	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Michael Quintana	Centennial High School – Ms. Vivoda
Cody Waye	South High School – Ms. Holmes

Adult

Danielle Holmes
Edith McDowell Edson
Sandra Miller

Sisters and Brothers

By Paige Hyatt

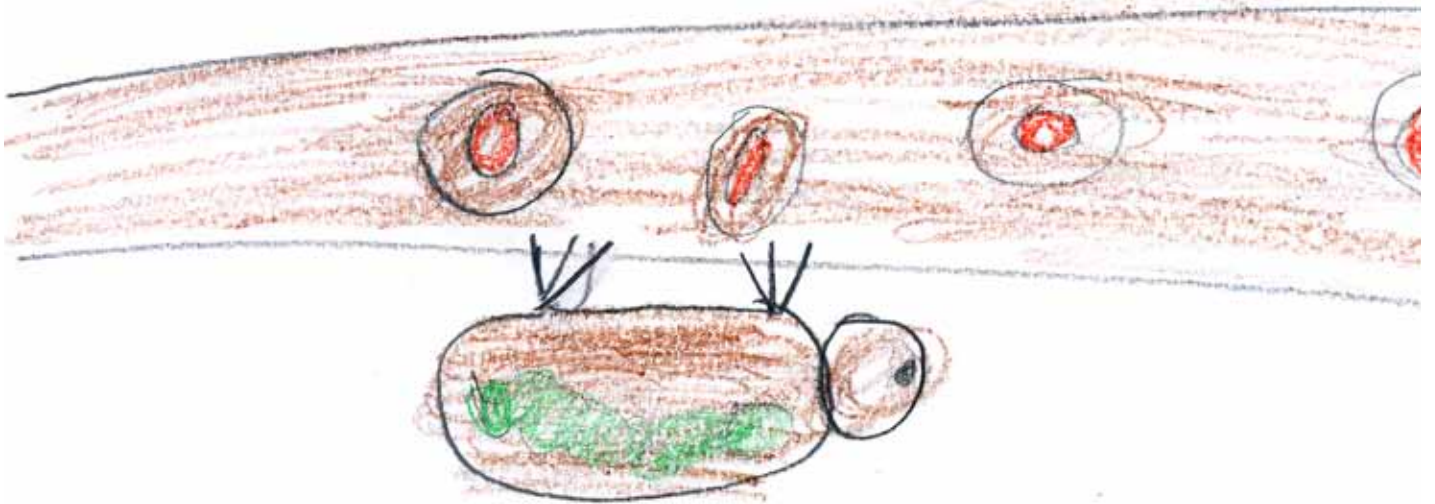
Sisters play with love and joy,
Brothers play like a monster's boy.



Sloth

By Alexandra Kennedy

It's slow,
It's hanging low,
It's a hairy sloth,
It ate a moth.



Rodeo

By Wilder Unwin

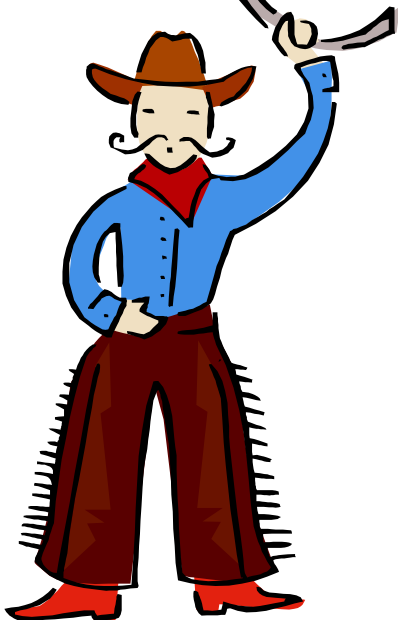
Riding a bull,

Only for 8 seconds,

Dangerous as can be,

Everyone is watching,

Only one not scared is me.

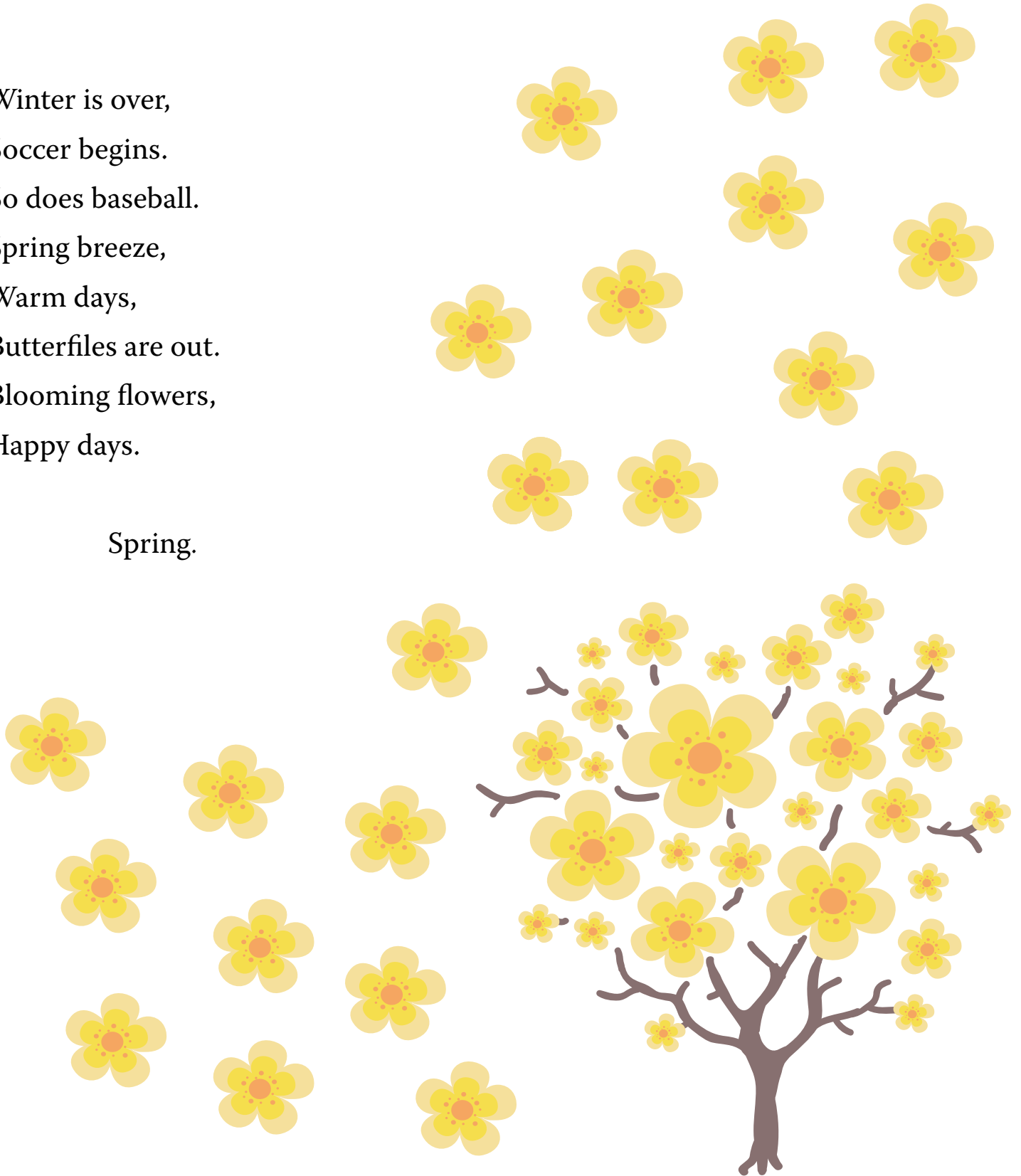


Spring

By David Archuletta

Winter is over,
Soccer begins.
So does baseball.
Spring breeze,
Warm days,
Butterflies are out.
Blooming flowers,
Happy days.

Spring.



Limerick

By Zachary Arnold

There once was a kid named Mark

He liked to eat bark.

Then he got sick

Because he chewed on a stick.

Then he got better and went to the park.



Computer

By Eli Baca

Communication

Outlet

Many downloads

Pictures

Unplugged

Technology

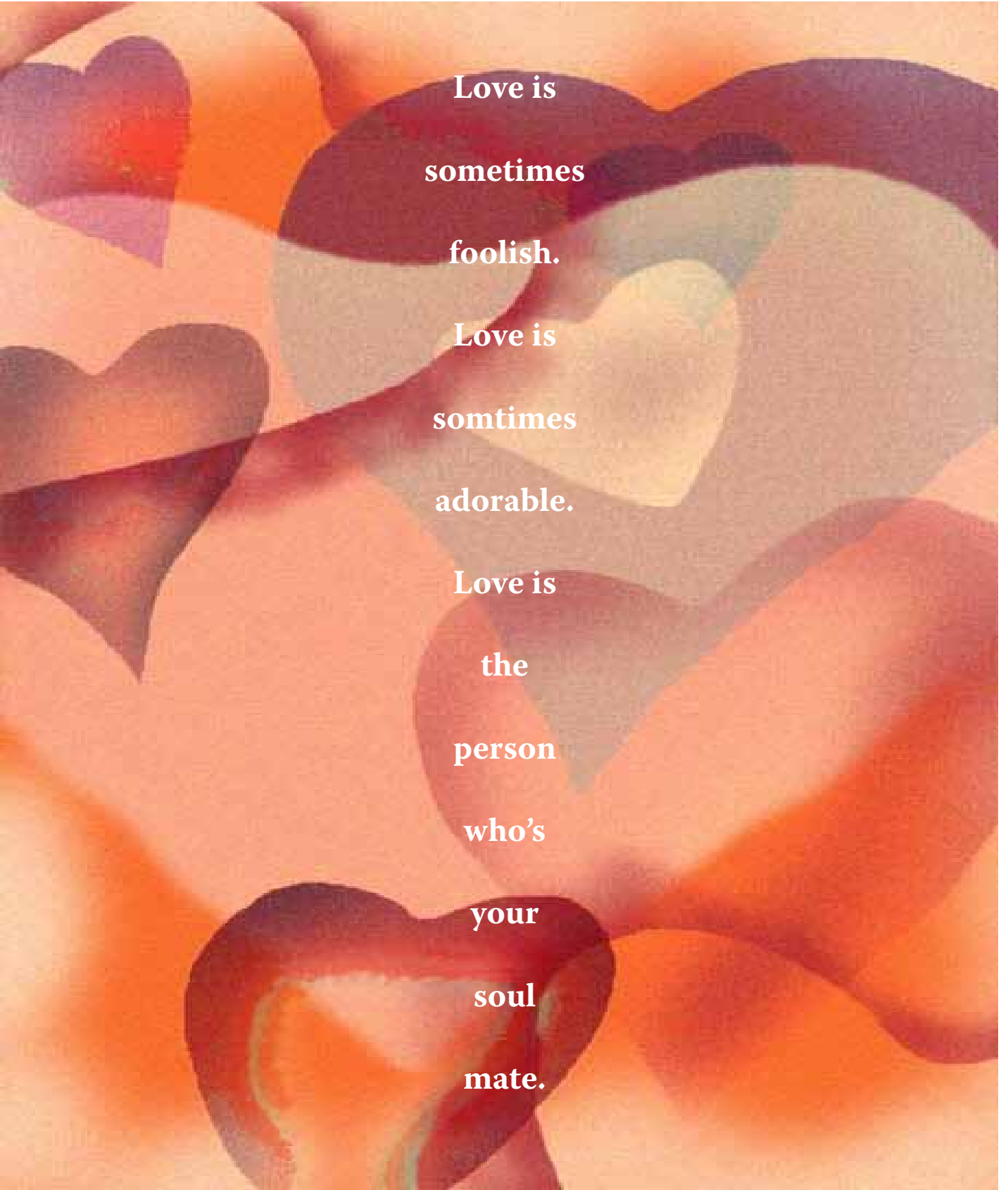
Explorer

Renaissance place



Love Is

By Aubereana Perez



Love is
sometimes
foolish.

Love is
sometimes
adorable.

Love is
the
person
who's
your
soul
mate.

Butterflies

By Kristen Williams

Butterflies, butterflies all around,
Butterflies, butterflies on the ground,
Butterflies, butterflies in the sky,
Butterflies, butterflies soaring high,
Butterflies, butterflies in a tree,
Butterflies, butterflies come to me!
Butterflies, butterflies such a pretty sight,
Butterflies, butterflies, they shine in the light.



Mind Game

By Zachary Klovas



The smell of fresh cut grass
Put on your game face
Throw the heat

The crack of the bat
Muscles are tense
Mind and legs are racing

Battle for position
Diving for safety
The score board changes

My Pet Max

By Eavia Ryan

My pet Max is silly,
Really, really silly.

Max wants in when he's out,
And out when he's in.
He thinks we should cater
To his every whim.

Max just loves to eat,
And gets stuck under the table.
Is under my feet,
In my room if he is able.

Max plays outside with me,
We both like that, you see.
He makes me happy as can be,
He is funnier than TV.

Max gives me a slobber kiss,
I wish that I could have another.
I would like to have a dog,
But I love Max, my baby brother.

Snow

By Caitlin Johnston

It's snowing, snowing, outside now,
It's snowing, snowing, start the plow.

Flakes all different and not one the same,
Changing shapes is what they became.

Packing it up and building men,
While the big bulky brown bears, are warm in their den.

The snow sticks together as best friends,
Making a blanket as it extends.

Snow is as gentle as cute cuddly kittens,
Although you may need some big, warm, mittens.

Hot chocolate yummm, is my favorite,
So after it snows, I sure savor it.

Loving snow is the way to go, unless you like the sun,
So play and roll until you see the snow no more none.

Adventures

By J.B. Misiaszek

I am adventurous

Adventures can be fun

I hate it when they're done

There are many battles I have won

I have even got a gun

I want to take many more

You can even go to the store

Just don't run into a door

Adventures are cool

Don't become a fool

You can go into a pool

Adventures are fun

I can't believe it when they're done

I hope you have at least one



Sports

By Bella Zanotelli



Sports are fun and cool

Soccer is the best

But you can also swim in a pool

Be careful because you get little rest

But don't make yourself look like a fool

Your coaches may put you to the test

But always use your brain as a main tool

Your coaches will be watching for who's the best

Then the team you can rule

But don't act like a pest

Don't try to look cool if you really are a fool

Don't act better than the rest

Or you will end up playing pool

So give it a rest that you're not the best

Summer

By Jessica Barker

The sun shines throughout the day,
As it hugs the Earth.
The flowers sing,
As the wind passes.
Barbecues dance,
As the grill sizzles.
Water parks beg,
As the children come in loads.
Mosquitoes and butterflies scatter,
As you walk by.
Fireworks burst with joy,
In the darkness of the night.
Three months of fun.



Life in a Hourglass

By Sierra Gomez

Tick tock hear the clock countdown,
I wish the minute hand could be rewound.
So much to do and so much I need to say,
Will tomorrow be too late?

I feel the moment slip into the past,
like sand through an hourglass.
In the madness of it all I guess I just forget,
To do all the things I said.

So now I'm going to try a little harder
I'll make every minute last longer,
I'll learn to forgive and forget
Because we don't have long,
I'll make the most of it.



Relax

By Teagan Hurley

Close your eyes and breathe the fresh air

Smell the salt water with wind in your hair

Not a care in the world not a thought of despair

Just the beauty of life that is very rare

At some point you've got to quit worrying and just break free

Like a bird in soaring through the air

Tear the pain away and let nature carry you away to a place of peace and
ease.



In Future Years

By Allison Kelley



I hope one day

I find my way

I don't know now

But someday I'll learn how

To pick my career

And not veer

From the path I choose

While not getting the blues

When things don't go my way

I'll try another day

Whether I choose engineer or athlete

I'll keep myself on my feet

And one day help the world

Before it becomes unfurled

Lacking

By Jessica Lerille

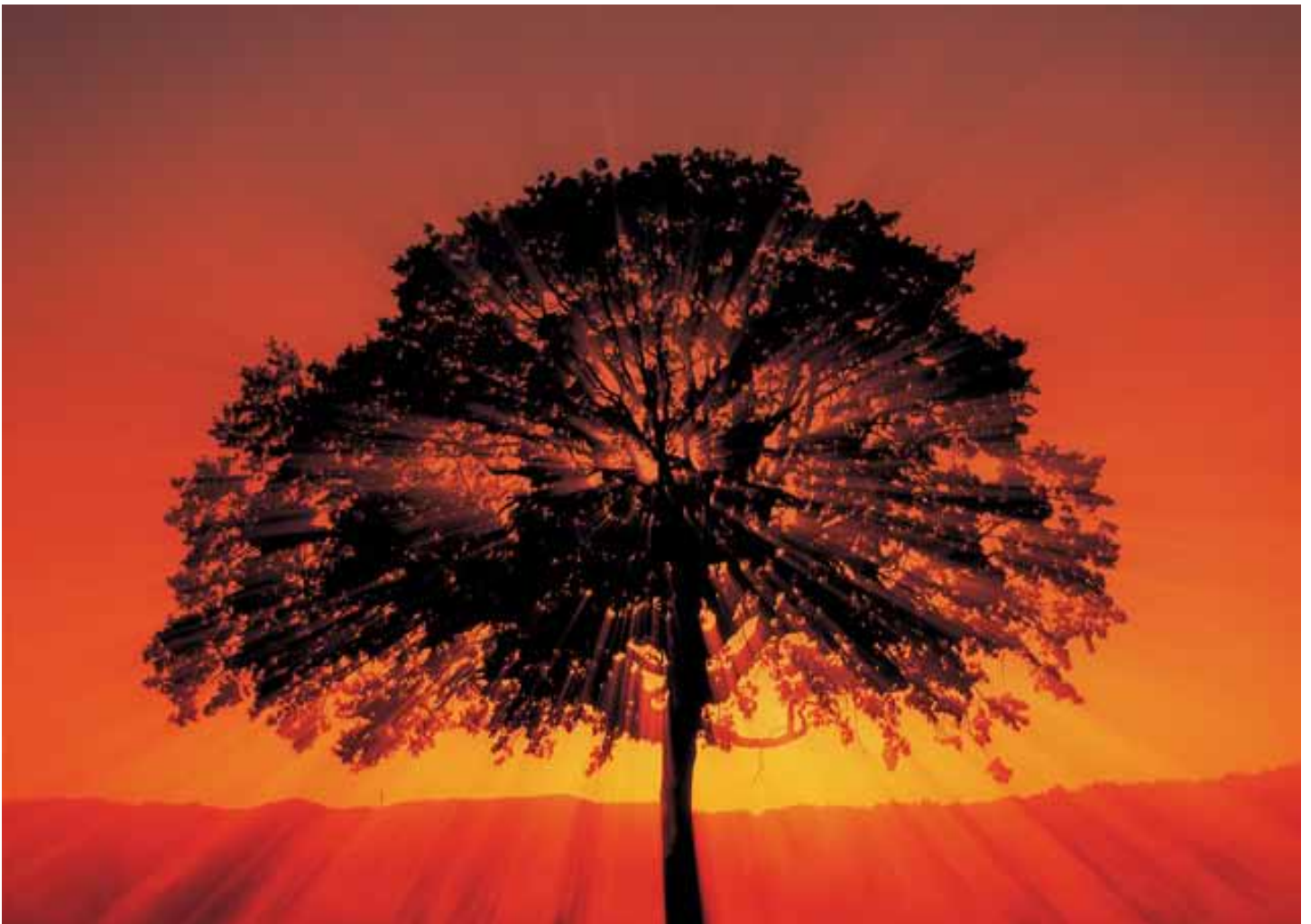
I look in the mirror.
Who's this girl looking back?
She looks nothing like me.
What does she lack?
Where's the conviction in her eyes?
The dimples in her cheeks?
The perfume she wore,
To attract the perfect boy she seeks?
The girl I'm looking at,
She's starting to blend in.
The bullies are drowning her.
The drama is drawing attention.
She lacks the confidence she once wore!
The pride within her walk,
Is missing something more.
And she's decided not to talk.
This girl, her hair is brown.
Her eyes are somewhat green.
I can't quite put my finger on it.
The difference is something unseen.



Tree

By MacKenzie Lucas

The trees the trees they are so tall
And strong as well you see
They come in many colors
Their voices filled with glee
The trees they just grow everywhere
Their leaves have many lines
They provide shelter and water and food
For animals of many kind
Oh, what would we do without our trees
For they play a giant part
In the huge circle that does make up the earth



Missing You

By Amanda Martinez



Roses are red
The sky is blue
These past few years
Have been so hard without you
Everyday I sit and wonder why
You had to leave and say goodbye
I wish I could've told you how much I would cry
If I knew that was going to be our last goodbye
I knew you loved me just like I loved you
But I understand when God takes you and turns you into
Something better and new
If I had one last chance to see you
I would say how much I love you
I wish you could've stayed around longer
Our bond would have grown so much stronger
But maybe someday when our time has come we will meet
And reunite as one.

Football

By Maxwell Parman

The opening kick soars through the air,
The ball flies without a care.
I hope this game is fair and square.

It is now our ball, we take the field.
My team will not yield.
I run the ball, using my blockers as shield.

I hold the ball tight,
I dodge defenders left and right,
I fight my way to the end zone.

My teammates and coaches high five me,
They all scream and shout.
I see a college scout looking about!



Alone and Happy

By Taylor Snow

Sitting alone

In a cold, dark room
Produced by my emotions.

It's a labyrinth, a maze.
I feel the need to escape.
The thing I don't know is
There is no physical exit.

I try every pathway
But to no avail.

All I can feel
Are dead ends.

Nothing but dead ends.

I finally find a passage.

I think that I can leave.

I follow the never-ending twists and turns

But come to the same room as before.

I sit down on the floor
Of the cold, dark room.

I sit and cry for what seems like hours.

Suddenly, you open
A warm, glowing exit.

I stand and start towards the light.

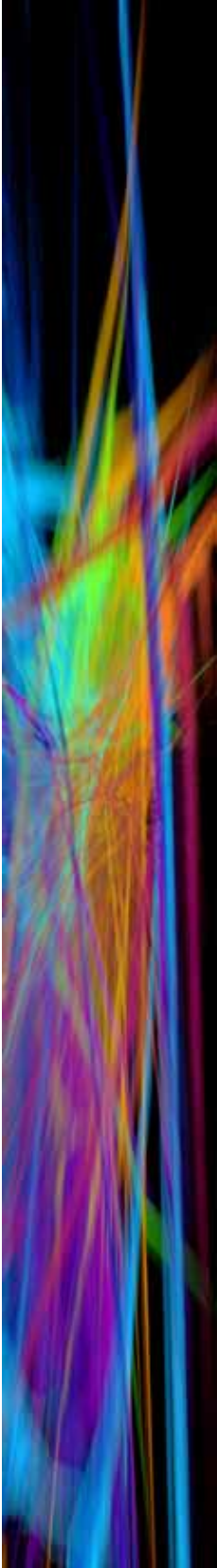
Walking into a happy, golden glow

Produced by my emotions.



Friend

By Helen Vong



You say you were my friend.

I believed in you.

Your smile was fake

Your laughter was nothing

It was the same.

I thought you were someone I was looking for.

It was all a lie,

A lie to my life.

You tricked me,

And I fell for it.

You wasted me.

My tears are real.

Your comfort was a magic trick.

I found out how you made me smile,

Your secret is revealed.

And I hate you,

All your words have stuck into my mind.

I cannot stop thinking about them.

You betrayed me.

To think you were the one,

My trust was given to you.

You were someone special to me.

But you lied to my face.

How could you.

You have changed the way I look.

I trust no one.

The Ride

By Lawrence Anaya

Sitting in the chutes waiting for your ride
The big bull comes in and the cowboys give you a high five.
When the chute opens you start to spin and turn,
Nothing else matters except for these simple words.
Keep your left foot on the left and your right foot on the right
Hand in the middle and everything will be alright.
As eight seconds sound the cowboy lets go,
He holds the record at the rodeo. Flying through the air
Wondering where is the ground, he is an airborne cowboy, well known in this
Little town.
He lands on his back; dust fills the air gasping for breath
He knows he has to get out of the giant bull's hair.
While the fighters protect, he runs for his life, tips his hat to the crowd
And says I'm off for the night.



My Sisters

Jerrika Bailey



Stark in contrast
Two lovely, long-haired beauties,
Born of the same blood
And being raised together.
We share more than two parents.
We share secrets, hopes, and dreams.
We share silly moments and moments of darkness.
We share victory and defeat.
She reads my every thought
And she defends me when I cannot.
We are warriors of this world together,
Listening to our favorite songs on the radio and dancing around.
How am I so blessed?
My sister is my best friend.

Our differences provide harmony;
Each of us growing up in different homes,
With different experiences,
Generating different beliefs
And somehow joining the differences to build a friendship
And a bond even beyond that.
We share a passion for living life with open hearts and open minds.
Actively teaching each other what it's all about,
Although I believe I do more learning than teaching.
We are linked together by something magical,
Jamming out with voices lifted high
And the wind tousling luscious locks.
How I am so blessed.
My best friend is my sister.

Gym Class

By Larcy Brooks

I'm not good at sports anyway,
I don't like them to begin with.
That's why I'm here in the first place
This is where they put the kids that don't belong because
 they can't run a mile
 they can't hit a baseball bat
 they can't shoot a hoop
As if these things are some measure of our self worth.

But that's not all who's here —
This is no safe place for rejects, no,
See we're outcasts in our own seclusion.
Because gym class is the bully's domain.
 In a place where shoves are just a foul
 assault is just fair play.
And all that is even if the coach can see past his favorite teammate enough to help.

Because the bullying comes down from the top,
The apples don't fall far from the tree.
This is the man doling out participation points for an attack,
The man who thinks dodgeball is just good wholesome fun,
Doesn't know how we pray every day that dodgeball won't be today.

How can he?
He was the one throwing the dodgeball just a few decades ago.
 They learn to bully from a bully,
 And we learn fear in the process.



Always Together

By Callista Collins



There is a photograph
Placed in a plastic frame
On the wood entertainment center

The frame contains a family photograph
Five heads that all look similar
One of those heads belongs to me

Tears of joy are in my eyes
From noticing how everyone has changed
But the photograph has not

People change, memories do not
It's a part of life
So is maturing
And going off on your own
Because you think you're ready
But there will always be those people
That you know you will need

Apart maybe in distance...
But never in heart.

Atlas

By Christopher Farris

Burdens, heavy as boulders, are hard to carry,
but I can manage.

Stacking higher and higher,
but I manage.

The sting of loss is still piercing, I should grieve,
but I can manage.

Trying to hold my world up, I'm no Atlas.
Can I manage?

Maybe more hands lifting will stop my back from breaking.

Maybe the strongest ones admit defeat.

Maybe there's still time.

Help me manage.



Untitled

By William Finley

My greatest treasure my beard
my greatest fear; to be sheared
like a lamb led to the slaughter
a clay pot destroyed by the potter

my facial hair serves as inspiration
a thing to invoke flirtation
burly beards bearing boastful pride
a bearded company bona fide

There may come a day when the hair may remain
the old "clean cut" regulations slain
an army marches on for beard rights
a revolution this army incites

beards should be allowed to grow
black as coal, red as crimson white as snow
people passing by with disgusted glances
bombarding bearded men like ancient lances

Their judgment like hounds
we pray they alter their frowns
the freedom, the peace of mind
to tread about and find
my beard is beloved, treasured



Life Goes On

My Megan Graham

Babies born every minute,
So pure and little.
Dependent on moms and dads,
Developing more and more everyday.

Toddlers weeble wobble around,
Exploring a mobile life.
First steps, first words,
And milestones met.

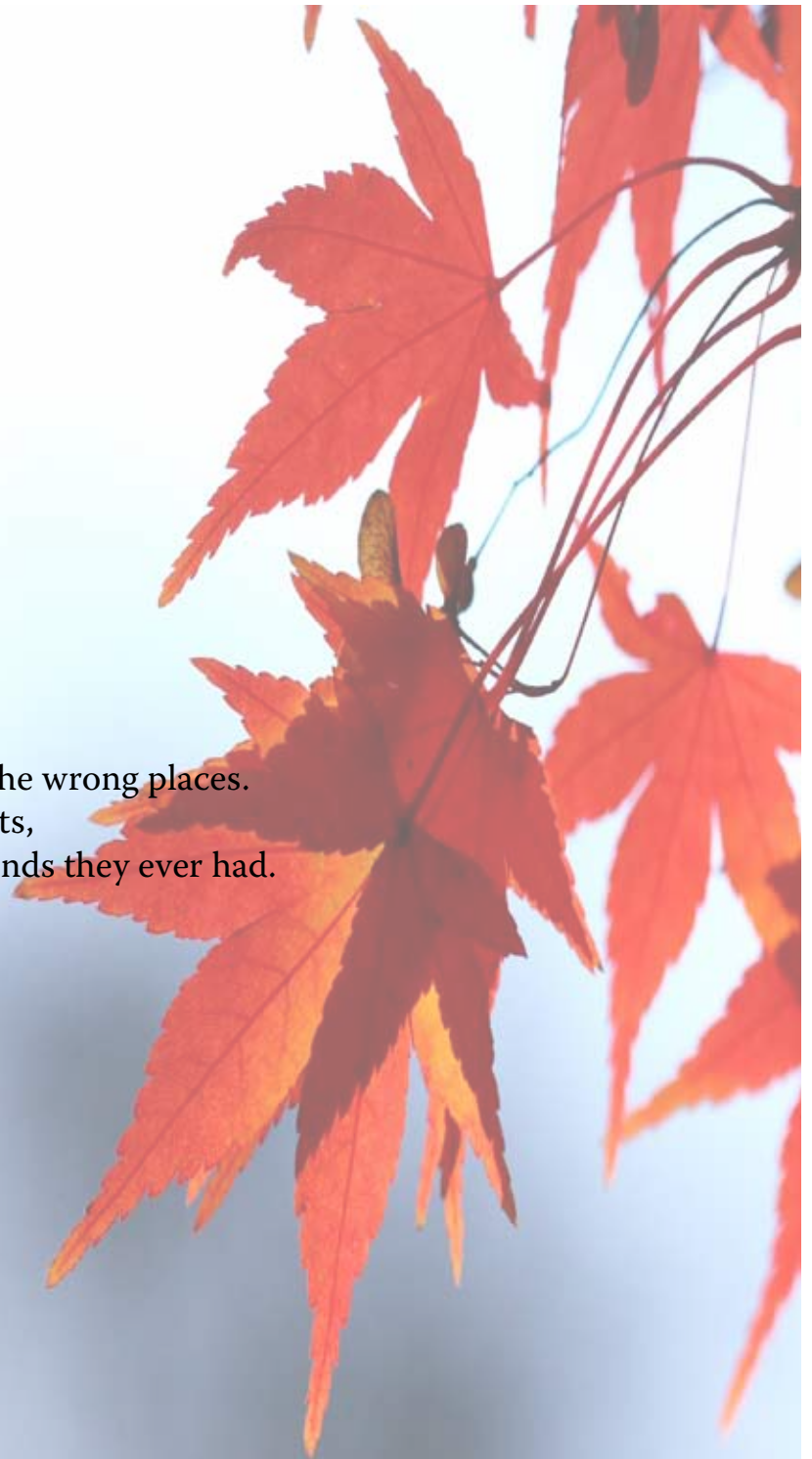
Little boys and girls,
Racing around the playground.
Yearning to be older and bigger,
Dreaming of living a cool kid's life.

Teens going through the motions,
Looking to find themselves, often in the wrong places.
The final year before the real world hits,
They find their niche and the best friends they ever had.

Time to grow up,
What to do?
So many options and so little help,
Being forced to part.

Saying goodbye is the hardest part,
But promises are made and broken.
New friends are made,
And the old ones remembered.

Life goes on,
Marriages and babies are had.
Those people that you once couldn't live without,
Become faint memories.



The Back Country

By Dante Jubert

The fresh air hits the body,
refreshed surrounded by no one
but yourself, the sky filled with
billions of creatures at night dancing
around the fire light.

The higher the ground the more
dangerous the ascent becomes,
higher than the tree tops and
land of no man. Peace and
tranquillity only found in the land
of the untracked.



Mongolian War

By Michael Krause

A steady beat of drums rumbles through the open field.
Man after man tramples the grass,
Leaving dust and mud in its place.
A man, a boy really, not an age prepared for war,
Marching in line with his fellow fighters,
Thinks back to only a day before.

It was a hot summer day in a dry arid land
There was much to be heard, there was much to be had
Markets covered the streets and gold flooded the ground
But then the general told them to shut it all down.
Then the streets grew quite quiet, save for one thing,
The beat of a drum and the march of a king.
Now the walls had been built and the soldiers been trained,
But nothing prepared for the arrows that rained,
Down they came like an afternoon storm
And stopped only long enough for the people to mourn,
For just beyond the gates rose a thunderous roar
As ten thousand men tore down the cities door.
Waves of barbarians flooded the streets.
Generals upon general with enormous fleets.
And there near the front of the cities great fall,
Stands the man of before who remembers it all.

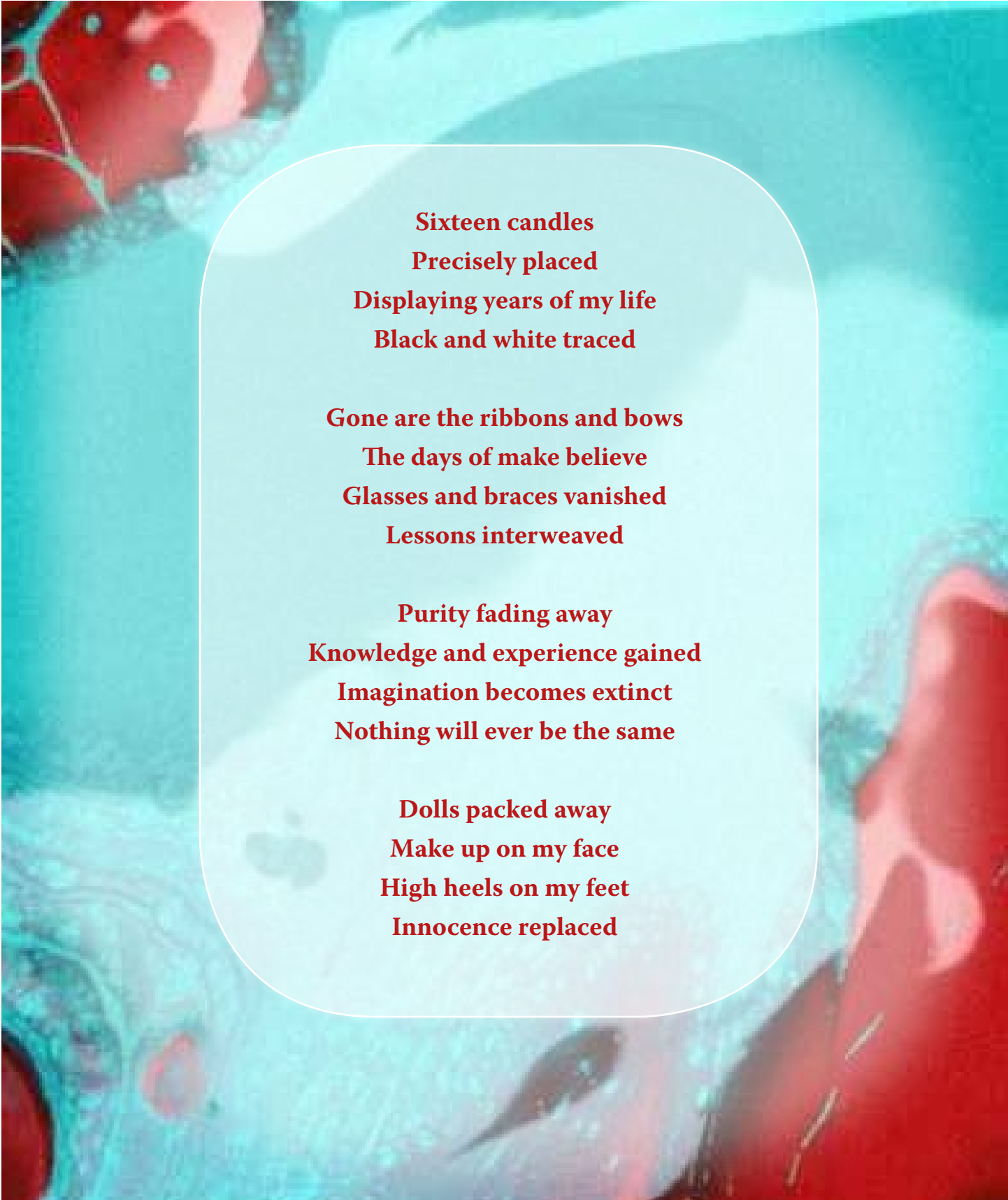
Never a fear in his life his shakes not a bit
As he dismounts a horsemen and watches him fall.
Not far in the distance he sees a great man.
A cat among mice, a wolf among lambs.
Up high on his horse he hold something red
Upon closer look the boy sees a bloodied head.
On such a sight, the boys stomach churns
But he turns to the fight and stomachs the urge.

Not a glorious battle the boy remembers
Just his first of many more.
But it got the job done and that's all that he cares
As he thinks back to the day before.



Moving On

By Emily Perez



**Sixteen candles
Precisely placed
Displaying years of my life
Black and white traced**

**Gone are the ribbons and bows
The days of make believe
Glasses and braces vanished
Lessons interweaved**

**Purity fading away
Knowledge and experience gained
Imagination becomes extinct
Nothing will ever be the same**

**Dolls packed away
Make up on my face
High heels on my feet
Innocence replaced**

Among Us

By Michael Quintana

They're walking among us.
Those who wake and fake their smile,
Trying not to break like a fragile vial,
Simply trying to gain someone's trust,
Worried that they will be left in the dust,
May even longing to be below the dust.

But do we stop? No, of course we don't.
We are all too concerned with "I"...
Me... The important one...
"What am I going to have for lunch?"
"What am I going do after school?"
"What am I, I, I, I..."

STOP... Just stop and look around.
You may be surprised at who's around,
A gem . . . a dusty gem that just needs
to be picked up and dusted off.
Just remember, they're walking
Among us



Born to Die

By Cody Waye

As I took my first breath
outside of my mother's womb,
death started the countdown
on my life clock.
Still a smile upon
my face, an everyday accessory.
Only he knows when my existence
will drift away.
It's a bittersweet moment,
gazing into the eyes of my newborn niece.
Unexpected teardrops
trickling down my face.
We are all born to die.



Single Family Home

By Danielle Holmes

Near rectangular windows, faded front door,
plastic chairs throw shade at empty bottles,
junk mail rotting in the mailbox,
marking the passage of time.

Cracked kitchen tile atop uneven foundation,
slammed doors sifting dust over guitar picks,
ketchup packets, empty cigarette cartons.
Getting by on nuclear dreams.

He loved her, proof in the offspring,
affection written in pancakes, foot rubs,
beer on a trying day. Loved so hard
he punched holes in the walls.

Mice appeared and so did the poison,
set out in small dishes, waiting.
One furry body, bloated with death,
immobile near mismatched toys.

They left his promises, vows to do better,
floating like smoke-spun cobwebs,
words like a noose. Just a rundown house
with holes in its walls.

With time, one duct-taped duffel, he disappeared.
Mice soon after. Deep within cinderblocks,
beams, something shifted –
and the foundation finally settled.



Windmill – A Trilogy

By Edith McDowell Edson

Daughter's Song

On top of the hill
Where the windmill stood
I sat very still
And gazed all I could

At the sweep of land
'Neath the azure sky
And I felt as grand
As the hawk on high.



Mother's Lament

On top of the hill
Where the windmill stands
I drank in my fill
Of the barren lands

Where nothing will grow,
And the hot wind sweeps
With its song of woe;
And the woman weeps.



Mother's Vision

Tears streamed down
As a healing balm.
I gazed at the skies
And I felt a deep calm.

I vowed I would cope
With the wind and the heat.
The hawk gave me hope,
And the strength to defeat.

His Broomstick Pony

By Sandra Miller

**his broomstick pony
ushers future destiny
cowboy days ahead**

